

Pictures

From the life of a pilgrim.

Collected in the Mennonite community.

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Published

from

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From the life of a Mennonite youth.

(According to his available documents.)

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a. People who have skills are valued .

The following events take place during my school days. Unfortunately, our village school [in Gönnheim] was in a sorry state. The teacher himself was extremely poor in his knowledge, and one couldn't learn much from him. I was therefore sent to Friedelsheim, to the school of our Mennonites, where I learned to read, write, and do arithmetic quite well, and also to sing a little. However, geography, German language, writing exercises , drawing , etc. , were unknown subjects in a primary school of that time. Nevertheless, I practiced these subjects privately, out of my own volition, as much as I could; and through diligent reading of various books, I was able to acquire some knowledge and was therefore not entirely ignorant of geography.

It was at the beginning of 1814. The French, retreating from Russia , had already fled back across the German borders, and Russian military forces were stationed in my hometown, as in other places.

In those days, I had to show a high-ranking officer the way to Freinsheim. The journey was made by horse-drawn carriage, a type of wagon commonly seen among the Russians. I had to sit in front of him, facing him . The driver sat on the box and steered the horses.

The officer spoke very good German. When we left the village, he asked for the names of the places we could see around us. Then he asked about the location of larger cities, such as Mannheim, Mainz, Munich, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Paris, and finally about various countries. Thanks to my extensive reading, I was able to give him fairly accurate answers to all these questions.

In Freinsheim, a high-ranking officer was visited who was staying with Justice of the Peace Retzer .

I was downstairs in a room where, it seemed to me, the servants were staying. Suddenly the door opened and my officer came in and said, "Ah, here is my traveling companion," and took me by the hand, led me upstairs to a large, beautiful hall where several gentlemen in civilian clothes and officers were gathered, and introduced me to them as his traveling companion, with whom he had enjoyed a very pleasant conversation on the journey. At first, I was somewhat shy. No wonder, I had never been in such large and distinguished company before. But they seemed to enjoy themselves, and so I soon became more confident.

Then it was time to sit down to eat, and I wanted to leave; but my officer, taking me by the hand, said, "Not so fast, you'll dine with us." – So I ate many dishes I didn't know. But they were very good. And with the good food, delicious wine was drunk from magnificent goblets.

Then the host approached me, placed his hand on my shoulder, and said: "Well, little geographer, the wine you are drinking is not grown here, but in Spain, and is named after the city near which it grows, ' Malaga '. And can you tell me

where Spain is?" I gave the direction quite accurately, whereupon my officer said proudly: "My traveling companion knows all that."

In the evening we drove back and he gave me a Kronenthaler (4 M. 63) as a gift, with which I was supposed to buy a good book.

- b. How God helped this young man to buy Stilling's biography.

The wet and expensive years of 1816 and 1817, which brought so much hardship, were in another respect years of blessing for me. For I was awakened from my slumber by the general misery and great distress of those days and powerfully drawn to the Lord. In addition, I was seized by a great love of reading, indeed, one could say an addiction to reading. I read day and night, and sleep never came to my eyes. It was fortunate that only good books came into my hands. Terstegens, Arndts, Kempis, Bunhans, Stillings, and other Christian books were what I read with true hunger at that time. Stillings' writings appealed to me particularly, so much so that I would have gladly owned them.

To acquire them, I devised all sorts of ways to obtain the necessary funds. Of course, I also considered methods that weren't entirely honest, but I rejected them for that reason and decided on the fundamental principle: Nothing unjust! I could be all the more at peace knowing that the Lord never lacks resources. And if He grants me Stilling's writings, He will also provide me with the legal means to obtain them. And I received them in the most remarkable way. Namely, as follows:

One Sunday I went to our church in Erpolsheim. The sermon was about the Gospel of the poor widow who put in two small coins (Luke 21:1-4). The sermon made a deep impression on me. On my way home, I reflected on it, and my heart softened. Then a poor old man came towards me and asked for alms. I had all my cash with me; it consisted of a six-pfennig coin (69 pfennigs), which formed the basis for purchasing Stilling's writings. I couldn't refuse the poor man; rather, I gladly gave him everything. It was clear that this gift surprised him with joy, and he wanted to give more than ordinary thanks. "May the Lord reward you abundantly!" he said in thanks.

This depleted my funds for purchasing the Stillings books. And hadn't I thereby moved further away from my goal, rather than closer? No.

Opposite our house was an inn . One day, a distinguished rider stopped there. The innkeeper came to me and said, "Jakob! I have no one at home right now. Would you be so kind as to look after the stranger's horse so that I can attend to him properly?" I unbridled the horse and gave him water and bread. Then I bridled it again, which took me a lot of trouble until I got the hang of it ; but I finally succeeded. Before the gentleman mounted, he examined my bridle ; he was very pleased and gave me two six-pfennig coins .

Another time, I was standing in front of my father's house at dusk. A carriage came along ; it stopped, and one of the gentlemen sitting inside asked me how far it was to Wachenheim. I gave him the requested information, whereupon he asked me a further question: would I be so kind as to accompany them to Wachenheim with a lantern?

Of course, I was happy to do so, fetched the lantern, and sat down on the driver's seat next to him.

When we were near Wachenheim, the gentlemen in the carriage asked about the best inn in the village, and when I gave them the information as best I could, they had the coachman stop and light the lanterns on their carriage. Once this was done, they said to me, "You can turn back now; we'll find our way around Wachenheim." I got out, wished them a safe journey, and left. Then the gentlemen called me back to the carriage and said, "You showed us the way, and now you want to return empty-handed?" To which I replied, "I only did what one is obliged to do for any stranger ." The gentlemen replied , "That's true; but we also have an obligation to show our appreciation. Give me your hand in farewell!" With that, he pressed some money into my hand, and the carriage rolled on.

By the light of my lantern, I counted the money. There were 48 six-pfennig coins – that is, 4 florins and 48 kreuzers. To this I added my two six-bätzner , totaling 5 fl. 36 kr. (M. 60.). – Some time later I bought **Stilling's Life** and the Gray Man in a lending library in Mannheim for the sum of **five guilders and thirty-six kreuzers** .

- c. The same young man took holiday trips when he was a pupil in Beuggen.
 - 1. Back home, to Baden and Württemberg.

My first journey took place on April 25, 1825, with the pupil Beuderbeck , a dear, serious, quiet, Christian young man, to my homeland, and from there to Baden and Württemberg.

On May 2nd, towards evening, I arrived home with my aforementioned traveling companion to my father and sisters; they welcomed us joyfully. We stayed there for ten days, made many visits, and attended a church service in the hospital courtyard.

Starting our return journey, we walked from Friedelsheim via Speyer to Graben, where the well-known Pastor Heuhöfer , who had converted from the Catholic to the Protestant church , was standing. We heard him preach on Ascension Day. After the service, we visited him and then, accompanied by a Christian friend from Württemberg, went to Kleinsteinach, and the next day – May 12th – to Mühlhausen, where we visited Mr. Bronnenkant , a former pupil of Beugger .

In Mühlhausen I met the families who had left the Catholic Church with Pastor Henhöfer . They still possessed the spark of first love, and a true spirit of peace permeated their being. A visit to the castle was of particular importance to me. Steinegg, at the home of Baron von Gemmingen, from whom I learned the story of his departure from the Catholic Church along with the adult members of his family. As a keepsake, he gave me: "Christian Confession of Faith by Pastor Henhöfer of Mühlhausen."

From there we travelled via Pforzheim to Leonberg, where we paid a brief visit to a Mr. Josenhans , probably the father of the current inspector of the mission house in Basel. Mr. Josenhans accompanied us part of the way to Kornthal , where we arrived at noon and were very hospitably received by our former teacher in Beuggen, Mr. Barner.

Kornthal , a colony founded by G.W. Hoffmann, inhabited solely by devout Christians from Württemberg , made the best impression on me. It is known to possess excellent educational institutions. Its place of worship is not a church with a pulpit, but a prayer hall with a lectern around which the young people sit in a semicircle during services. A children's hour that Mr. Cullen held outdoors under shady trees on Sunday afternoons particularly impressed me.

On Sunday evening we left Kornthal for Stuttgart, the Württemberg capital, where we had letters to deliver to the merchant Häring. Upon handing them over, he so kindly and urgently invited us to stay with him that it would have been immodest not to accept. During our walks in the city, we also had the pleasure of seeing the King dining in a garden salon. It was a truly royal affair; but of all the royal courts, this was all we were able to observe. However, in contrast to our simple institutional fare, we too were treated royally by all the dear Christian friends, many of whom we visited in Stuttgart ; so that in this respect as well, we gained impressions of royal life .

On the day of our scheduled departure, our dear innkeeper , Herr Häring, came to our bedroom early, before daybreak, woke us, and said, "I 'm sorry to disturb your sleep. An urgent business trip compels me to leave quickly, and I've come to bid you farewell." He came to each of our beds and said a heartfelt goodbye. We wished him a safe journey and good business. As he left, he said, "Here on the table, I'll leave a small memento for each of you." And with that, he hurried away. In the morning, we found two folded pieces of paper, and in each were three Kronenthaler travel money (13M. 89).

Shouldn't we then remember the words in Psalm 127:2: "He gives to his friends even while they sleep?"

After breakfast, we said goodbye to Mrs. Häring and the Christian household staff and set off for the university town of Tübingen. Here we had errands to run for a Christian student named Vogler, and for Professor Steudel , who had invited us to lunch. The professor and his wife engaged in very lively conversation at the table, and I was quite surprised that this learned gentleman conversed so attentively with us Beugger pupils.

In Balingen we visited Jakob Baumann, a young linen merchant who often spoke in Beuggen, and his mother and sister. They were a lovely, Christian family. In the evening, the elderly mother treated us to a beer soup that could easily rival even a good wine soup.

Now on to Tuttlingen. There we carried out the tasks assigned to us by Helper Rommel and Judge Klett, two dear men of God. And now we crossed the Baden border to Schaffhausen. On the Tuttlingen Heights, we rested for a while and enjoyed the magnificent view of the Swiss mountains and Lake Constance. Here we were overtaken by pilgrims who walked with us to Schaffhausen. They were young people of both sexes who made this pilgrimage with truly pious intentions, because they believed it was a work by which they could earn their way to heaven, as is taught in their church.

We gladly engaged in conversation with them and took the opportunity to point out that the Word of God clearly and definitively teaches that we cannot earn heaven and

salvation through our good works, even if they were the best and noblest in human eyes, but that we are justified and saved, and thus heirs of heaven, only by grace through faith in Christ Jesus . To this they replied, "Yes, we are not allowed to read the Word of God ourselves; only our priests are allowed to read it, and we must believe what they teach us." We then asked them, "Whom do you believe most—God and his Word, or the Pope and his priests?" They were unsure what to say, but suggested that the Pope was above God in this matter. Could we leave it at that? No, we went a step further, took our little testaments out of our pockets, and read the following passages to them: "Search the Scriptures, because in them you think you have eternal life; and it is they that testify about me" (John 5:39). "If anyone teaches otherwise and does not abide in the sound words of our Lord Jesus Christ and in the teaching of godliness, he is darkened and knows nothing, but is plagued by arguments and quarrels about words, which give rise to envy, strife, slander, evil suspicions , etc. " (1 Timothy 6:3-5). "But even if we or an angel from heaven should preach to you a gospel contrary to the one we preached to you , let him be accursed" (Galatians 1:8). Then some of them said—and you could see they were serious—"We would love to read the Word of God, if only we could have it." We responded to this wish by inviting them that evening either to Mr. Alexander Beck's apple tree or to Mr. von Peier's rose garden; we wanted to ensure their wish was fulfilled. With this arrangement, we parted ways with them. Their sincerity could be seen in their attendance or absence. And they did indeed come.

We lodged with Mr. von Peier , in whose house we also met Mr. Alexander Beck. We naturally shared our experiences on

the journey, our conversation with the pilgrims, and the promise we had made to them with both gentlemen, and they readily agreed to fulfill our promise. When the good people arrived, each of them received a Bible as a gift. It was almost touching to see how they took the book with reverence and holy awe and kissed it . They were sent on their way with the exhortation to read it diligently and to ask God for enlightenment toward a right understanding . Their joy and gratitude were unmistakable; for when they shook our hands in farewell, we could hardly prevent them from kissing ours . What became of them, I do not know, of course; but the word of God holds the promise that it will not return empty-handed. Isaiah 55:11.

door to the room suddenly opened, and to everyone's amusement, a young, tame deer entered. At the host's invitation to pay its respects to the guests, it approached them, bowed its head to the ground, and pawed the ground. After paying its respects to the guests at the round table, it went to the host, who stroked it, gave it a treat, and then released it.

Now it was time to head back to dear Beuggen. But how could I leave Schaffhausen without mentioning the world-famous Rhine Falls? This magnificent natural phenomenon, where omnipotence appears in its grandeur and humankind in its smallness and insignificance ! The spectacle is most magnificent at the foot of Laufen Castle. There, the viewer stands under the shelter of a wooden balcony . The ground trembles beneath their feet, and before and above them, the water, white as snow, rolls, boiling, hissing, and foaming in a raging rush and with terrifying force into the depths. On the

opposite side, the falls appear in all their beauty. If the sun is shining just right, rainbows form in the fine mist that fills the entire air and wets the viewer's clothes. The sight is overwhelming. This mighty cataract (waterfall) had such a strong effect on me that I thought I could still hear its roar in my sleep that night, and I was startled and woke up.

2. Travel to Zurich without a passport.

Intending to visit friends nearby, I left Beuggen with some of my pupils during the school holidays. We hadn't planned on a longer trip, as the weather was very rainy. But lo and behold, suddenly the clouds vanished, the sky became clear and bright, and the sun shone bright and warm. Then our wanderlust awoke, and without further ado, we decided to travel to Zurich.

Along the way, we met up with some other students and our music teacher, Beutenmüller, who had caught the travel bug just like us. But none of us had passports or any kind of identification.

Arriving at the Zurich city gate, we were stopped by the officer on guard; he demanded our passports. We looked at each other, embarrassed.

The officer said: "It's quite obvious that you are not vagrants; but how is it that you, as a stranger, dare to travel without any kind of identification?"

We openly informed him of our unexpected decision to undertake this journey and expected a harsh judgment .

"With whom do you intend to stay ?" the officer asked. "With Mr. Kaufmann Wichelhaus !" was our reply.

"That's fine!" he said. "So that's where I'll meet you this evening!" And with that, he dismissed us kindly.

Mr. Wichelhaus We recounted our adventure at the gate and learned from him that this officer was invited to a family celebration at his home that evening. Evening arrived. The friendly officer appeared. "Where are my prisoners?" he asked immediately upon entering. Mr. Wichelhaus introduced us to him. – And then he welcomed us like a friend, and said with an official air, but in a joking tone: "Gentlemen and friends, I now declare you free!"

We spent a very pleasant evening in the company of this house; however, the appearance at the gate gave welcome cause for cheerful and harmless teasing, which we gladly accepted.

In Zurich we also visited Antistes Hess. He was celebrating his 90th birthday and was able to say on that day: "His hair is white, but his eyes are like an eagle's." As a memento, he gave everyone a Zurich Bible, which I still have.

Editor's note: The young man of that time is now an old man with silver hair, who has borne the honors and burdens of the school office for 44 years, and still bears those of the preaching office to this day.

3. Trip to Bern and through the Münsterthal .

When an institution like Beuggen gives its pupils a holiday, the classrooms are soon empty. Travel plans are usually already made, so the very next morning you can see brothers

happily setting off in groups of two or three. If, however, several of them travel together, they take a little longer to get ready for their journey.

That was also the case in the autumn of 1925. Several pupils, including myself, undertook a trip to Bern.

For the first few days we had continuous rain, which prompted some to turn back in Burgdorf. As we later learned, they arrived back in Beuggen just as the rain let up and the weather cleared up.

Our journey took us from Basel to Liestal, Olten, Aarburg, Zofingen, Sursen , Hutwyl , Burgdorf, Hofwyl , and then to Bern, the beautiful Swiss city on a peninsula in the Aar River. Despite the rain and mud, I thoroughly enjoyed the magnificent landscapes. And the many expressions of love and hospitality we encountered everywhere on this trip did us good , enriching our holiday both physically and mentally, and making our hiking easier. I can only remember it with gratitude and joy.

I found my visit to Hofwyl , the interesting institution of Herr von Fellenberg , very strange . The location of this institution is splendid, and the fresh, pious spirit that prevails there is very beneficial.

According to a report by Dr. A. Ostertag, who stayed at this institution for two weeks in 1836 to learn about the nature of its teaching and educational system, as well as its religious standpoint, the purpose of the institution was noble and great, solely Fellenberg's The principles were decidedly rationalistic. – Fellenberger spoke openly and frankly about this against Ostertag . To cite just one example: Fellenberger commented on original sin, saying, "It is a dream of theologians." Furthermore, prayers were never even said at meals in the institution. Therefore , it could not

*have a future, unlike similar institutions that were nevertheless founded on the spirit of Christ. Hofwyl was **not** founded on Christ as the rock. Nevertheless, it could make the best impression on a casual visitor, as Herr von Fellenberger was a noble, intelligent, and refined personality who devoted all his strength and love to his cause. There were also some Bible-believing men among the teaching staff. [Editor's note]*

From then on, we had glorious weather, so that I was able to see and enjoy the Bernese landscapes bathed in the radiant sunshine that made everything so pleasant, and these charming scenery often filled me with wonder and amazement. It goes without saying that we didn't miss the opportunity to see the bears in Bern.

After a stay of ten days, partly in Bern and partly in the surrounding area, we began our return journey, via Laupen. Murten, Erlach, the Moravian institution Mont Mirail, Lole, La Chaux- de-Fonds, Neuschatz via Münsterthal. In Münster, we visited the mother of Samuel Gobats, then a missionary student and now Bishop of Jerusalem, and several Mennonite families. In particular, we planned to visit the Moser Mennonite family, known as Champothans, in Kleinmünster, where we had a small adventure, which I will recount here.

One evening, we met a Mennonite on the street. (They were easily recognizable back then by their gray clothes with halters and their beards.) We asked him about Johannes Moser, and he told us that he lived half an hour away from Kleinmünster, up on the hill. On our way there, we frequently asked to make sure we were on the right track to Hans Moser's house. "Otherwise, yes!" was the usual reply. Evening fell, and we still saw no sign of a dwelling. Night finally broke, and a dense forest enveloped us in dreadful

darkness. We grew frightened and began to think we had lost our way. Then, all of a sudden, we heard dogs barking, and we went towards them . At last, we reached what appeared to be a human dwelling.

We entered and first came to a large kitchen where several fires were burning, around which groups of men, women, young men and women sat, seemingly preparing their dinner, and speaking German and French.

We said, "Does Hans Moser live here?"

"Otherwise, probably!" was the reply.

My travel companion was now terribly afraid and thought we had fallen in with a gang of robbers .

Apart from the laconic reply: "Otherwise, probably!", we received no further information, and nobody cared about us.

I opened a door , and here too it was crowded with people of all ages and genders, of German and French tongue, some standing, some sitting, and some lying on the ground, carrying various kinds of luggage.

It was a long, narrow room. At the far end from the entrance door stood a table, in front of which sat a small old man, his white pointed cap pulled down over his ears, asleep, his arm resting on a book of the largest folio size. Next to the table was a cabinet, open and filled with books, bottles, vials, and pots.

Finally, the sleeping little man raised his head and called out a name. From the crowd, someone stepped towards him; he spoke softly to him, wrote something, and handed him

something, whereupon the dismissed man departed; then another name was called.

My fellow traveler whispered to me: "Do you think we're among a band of robbers? That man there is their captain, giving his subordinates the necessary orders!"

I then approached the little man at the table and asked: "Does Hans Moser live here?"

"Otherwise, probably!"

"Are you perhaps Hans Moser himself!"

"Otherwise, probably!"

"Do you know Mr. Angas ?"

"Otherwise, probably!"

He then gestured dismissively, indicating that I should wait my turn. I stepped back to my fellow traveler, but was unable to offer him any reassuring news.

A tall, handsome, well-dressed young man was just about to walk past us. I stopped him and asked if we could have something to eat.

"Otherwise, probably!" was the reply, and he was gone.

My companion said, "I can't eat anything!" I said to him, "Oh, just eat , we all have to die!"

It wasn't long before someone brought us roast meat, salad, and potatoes, and asked if we would like wine. Wörner—that

was the name of my traveling companion—immediately said, "No!" But I said, "Yes, just bring us a bottle of good wine!"

My dear Wörner was filled with mortal fear; he didn't eat or drink much. I, on the other hand, found it excellent.

As they were clearing the rubble, I asked to be assigned a place to sleep. Wörner said, "I can't sleep." "Very well," I said, "then you'll stay awake and wake me up if I need to."

A rather rickety ladder led to the room where we were to sleep. It contained two good beds, though. One of them was already occupied. Wörner whispered to me, "Take your money and your watch with you!" I said aloud, "What good will that do?"

When I tried to fall asleep, my travel companion, tormented by fear, nudged me with his elbow. Finally, sleep overtook him too, and I had peace.

A noise woke us up in the morning, and the handsome young man stood before our bed, offered us a good morning and said that he would soon come back and pick us up.

We had scarcely gotten out of bed and dressed in a bare minimum when he came and compelled us to follow him. He then led us into a magnificent room, the likes of which I had not expected to find in these mountains. It contained a sofa, upholstered chairs, a washstand with bowls, soap, a comb, and slippers. He, the young man, walked around occasionally and was exceedingly friendly, but carefully avoided all questions put to him. Finally, after we had finished our toilette, he invited us to breakfast. We followed him, and he then led us into the family room, where his father, the old

man with the pointed cap by the large book, and his mother—a venerable matron with a gray head—were waiting for us.

No sooner had we entered than the two old people approached us, greeted us with the heartfelt Swiss greeting: "Grüß Euch Gott!" (God bless you!), and asked for our forgiveness for the indifferent treatment we had received in their house. They had simply mistaken us for strangers seeking medical advice and help from the father !

Hans Moser was a world-famous doctor, and the strangers were all people seeking help.

When I told them about my traveling companion's fear, and that he thought we had fallen in with a band of robbers , the old mother wept and was not satisfied until we granted her request to stay with them for another day. The good mother then did everything she could to compensate us for the adventure we had experienced. – A walk through the Münsterthal is well worth a visit, as it's like Switzerland in miniature.

4. Journey to Weisenstein .

The Weisenstein is the Swiss equivalent of the Rigi. A trip to it was the plan of ten to twelve pupils, including myself, when the summer holidays of 1826 began. Our music teacher, Mr. Beutenmüller, led the group.

We got up early at 2 a.m. and prepared for the journey. One of the twelve – Johannes Schlosser – surprised us with a delicious cake for breakfast, which he had baked himself. The train departed at 3:30 a.m.

It was a glorious morning as we walked through the area covered in dew. We walked along beaded corridors. Our path led us via Rheinfelden to Bubendorf. We stopped at the baths there, because a former pupil of Beuggen was a private tutor there and wanted to join the tour.

Most of the group went ahead, while the two of us, Schlosser and I, waited with the tutor until he too was ready and equipped for the journey. During this waiting time, we conversed with the innkeeper's mother, a devout Christian woman who knew Stilling personally and held him in high esteem. We were to reunite with the rest of the group in Wallenburg, where we were to have lunch.

When we came to the gate of the town of Wallenburg, there stood a rural constable who asked us: "Are you from Biggen?" [Swiss for Beuggen] To our answer "Yes indeed!" he said: "Then you gentlemen should please follow me!"

He led us into a large, beautiful house, but it was not an inn. There we found our brothers sitting around a well-stuffed table, eating and drinking, and in the most cheerful and joyful mood.

Immediately upon our entry, a friendly girl appeared, greeted us warmly, and asked us to follow her. She led each of us into a separate room where water for washing, a fresh shirt, socks, and slippers were laid out. She asked us to make ourselves comfortable—and then disappeared. We didn't know what this meant, but gratefully made use of the amenities.

Having been cleaned of dust and refreshed by changing our clothes, we stepped back into the inn and remarked to the

others : "You seem to have visited a peculiar inn with a rare landlady?"

"Quiet!" they said, "we are not in a restaurant."

"But with whom?"

"We don't know!"

Then, light as an angelic figure, the Virgin floated in, urging us latecomers to sit down and help ourselves to what we had left, for lunch would be a long time coming. And, light and springy as she had come, she vanished. She came several times like this; each time she spoke a few kind words, apologized for the food not yet being ready, and then nimbly slipped away again.

Finally she arrived, invited us to lunch with heartwarming kindness, and led us into the dining room to a table laden with food. And there she made a request of us: "We would like to sing a few verses before the meal, as we did in Beuggen."

To this our music teacher replied: "We would be happy to do that , but wouldn't you also like to tell us with whom we have the honor of enjoying such noble hospitality?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a tone that expressed both shock and joy, "I must sincerely apologize to the gentlemen for keeping you in suspense for so long . I thought you knew . But now it's clear to me : I know you from the last Beuggen festival, but you can't possibly know all the festival-goers. You're with the district clerk, Mr. Schneider, and I'm his daughter. I'm just sorry that your father isn't home."

Now we understood the reason for this hospitality . We joyfully sang a few verses, and then thoroughly enjoyed our meal. Our kind hostess then told us that her father was visiting his son-in-law, the pastor Jaquet, in Glai .

“On your return journey you must stop by again ,” she asked, “then he will be home. Oh, how happy he will be; he is a particular friend of music and singing.”

At our farewell, which took place after 3 o'clock, she made us promise to return quite earnestly, and to be certain of this, we had to keep our shirts and socks on and leave ours behind to be washed . But only two others and I kept our word. The others took a different route on the way back.

The district clerk was an elderly man, but extremely friendly and lively. We spent a very pleasant evening with him and his charming daughter.

From here we went towards Weisenstein . Accompanied by a guide, we arrived at the inn there around midnight , but found no entry , for all the rooms were occupied by strangers, and everyone was so sound asleep that all our noise and shouting was in vain. First, we sought shelter from the night chill under a shed. And here I took off my sweat-soaked shirt and put on a dry one. Then we went to the Kulm [the highest peak of the mountain] and lit a fire, which warmed us on one side, but on the side facing away from the fire, we froze terribly. At daybreak, we also realized that our camp was very close to a terrifying precipice, into which the wind drove our music teacher's silk umbrella, and which could easily have been dangerous for us as well. The sunrise, however, made us forget everything. You have to see

something like that to get a real idea of it. Like a fireball, the sun rose in the east, gilding the magnificent mountain landscape. Above, the sun shone brightly, while below, mist shimmered like a rolling sea. At the foot of the mountain lay the city of Solothurn, shaped like a cube; the Aare River meandered like a blue ribbon through the lush meadows, and several lakes glistened like mirrors. It was a sight one could gaze upon forever.

Around 9 o'clock we returned to the inn, hoping a coffee would revive our weary limbs; but sleep prevailed. We asked for beds and closed until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when a simple meal tasted much better.

We then descended a steep but much shorter path to Solothurn, and nearby we saw the Kidron Valley with Gethsemane. The whole scene is guarded and maintained by a hermit. On a gentle rise lie life-size figures of the sleeping disciples, and further back, by a bush, the Savior kneels, and above him, in the branches, an angel appears with the chalice in his hand. Seen from a distance, the scene looks good, but it is not the real Kidron Valley and Gethsemane of the Holy Land, but only a faint imitation, and therefore the impressions are not very profound.

Refreshed and strengthened in mind and body, we returned to our beloved Beuggen and resumed our studies with renewed courage. This was my last holiday trip there.

Finally , I cannot help but remark that the memory of these holiday trips still awakens in me a longing for beautiful Switzerland.

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