

**DEUTSCHE LIEBE  
(GERMAN LOVE)**

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Deutsche Liebe (German love) by F. Max Muller

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**F. MAX MULLER**

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# Deutsche Liebe

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Fragments from the Papers of an Alien

COLLECTED BY

F. MAX MÜLLER

TRANSLATED FROM THE SIXTH GERMAN EDITION

By G. A. M.

LONDON

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1884

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*P R E F A C E .*

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**W**HO has not once in his life sat down at a desk where shortly before another sat who now rests in the grave? Who has not had to open the locks which for long years hid the most sacred secrets of a heart that now lies hidden in the holy calm of the churchyard? Here are the letters which were so loved by him whom we all loved so well ; here are pictures and ribbons and books with marks on every page. Who can now read and decipher them? Who can gather together the faded and broken leaves of this rose, and endow them once more with living

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fragrance? The flames, which among the Greeks received the body of the departed for fiery destruction,—the flames into which the ancients cast everything that had been most dear to the living,—are still the safest resting-place for such relics. With trembling hesitation the bereaved friend reads the pages which no eye had ever seen, save the one now closed for ever; and when he has satisfied himself by a rapid glance that these pages and letters contain nothing which the world calls important, he throws them hastily on the glowing coals; they flame up, and are gone.

From such flames the following pages were saved. They were intended at first for the friends only of the lost one; but as they have found friends amongst strangers, they may, since so it is to be, wander forth again into the

wide world. The Editor would gladly have given more, but the pages were too much torn and destroyed to be collected and pieced together again.

F. MAX MÜLLER.





## *GERMAN LOVE.*

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### FIRST RECOLLECTION.

CHILDHOOD has its mysteries and its wonders: but who can describe them? who can interpret them? We have all wandered through that silent enchanted forest; we have all, at one time, opened our eyes in a perplexity of happiness, and the fair reality of life overflowed our souls. Then we knew not where we were, or who we were: the whole world then was ours, and we belonged to the whole world. That was an eternal life, without beginning and without end; without break and without pain. Our hearts

were bright as the sky in spring, fresh as the scent of the violet, calm and holy as a Sunday morn.

And what disturbs this peace of God in the child? How can this unconscious and innocent life ever have an end? What drives us forth from this bliss of union and communion, and leaves us suddenly alone and desolate in this darkening life?

Say not, with solemn brow, that it is sin. Can a child sin? Say rather that we do not know, and must resign ourselves.

Is it sin that changes the bud into the flower the flower into fruit, and the fruit into dust?

Is it sin that changes the caterpillar into a chrysalis, the chrysalis into a butterfly, and the butterfly into dust?

And is it sin that makes the child a man, and the man hoary-headed, and the hoary head