

PARABLES

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Parables by Friedrich Adolph Krummacher

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FRIEDRICH ADOLPH KRUMMACHER

PARABLES

Parables.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.



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The Hyacinth.

EMILY was distressed because the winter lasted so long; for she loved flowers, and had a little garden of her own, in which she raised very fine ones with her own hands. Therefore she was eager for the spring to come, and the winter to pass away. One day her father said, "See, Emily, I have brought you a bulbous root; but you must rear it for yourself with great care."

"How can I do that, my father?" answered the little girl: "the snow lies without, and the earth is as hard as a stone." She said this because she did not know that flowers could be raised in pots, and had never seen such a thing. So her father gave her a little flower-pot filled with earth, and Emily put the root into it; but she looked at her father, and smiled, doubting whether he had spoken in earnest or not. For she thought that the blue heavens must be over the flower, and the soft breath of Spring

around it, and that anything so splendid could never be reared by *her* hands. For the lowly simplicity of childhood expects not that extraordinary things should take place on its own account.

After a few days the earth in the flower-pot was pushed up, and little green leaves arose from the top of it, and came forth to the light. Then Emily rejoiced, and made her father and mother, and the whole house, acquainted with the birth of the young plant.

The parents smiled, and said to one another, "Now we shall see her tend her little plant, as a child, with quiet love and hope. As we rejoice in Emily, so she in her tender nursling."

Carefully did Emily water the plant, and then smiled with pleasure upon it.

The father saw it, and said, "Right, my child, sunshine must follow the rain and dew. The beam of a kindly eye gives its worth to the good deed which the hand performs. Thy little plant will thrive, Emily."

After a while the leaves came out of the earth in full blow, and shining with a lovely green. This increased Emily's joy. "Oh," said

she, in the fulness of her heart, "I shall be well satisfied, even if no flowers should ever come."

"Contented spirit!" said her father. "More shall be given thee than thou darest hope for. It is the reward of modest contentment." Then he shewed her the flower-bud, lying hid between the green leaves.

Emily's care and attention increased each day, as by little and little the flower-bud was unfolded. With gentle hand she sprinkled water upon the plant, and asked whether there were enough—whether too much—or whether it might not be too cold for it. And when a gleam of sunshine came through the window, she softly carried the plant into it, and her breath removed the dust from the leaves, just as the morning air breathes over the roses.

Emily fell asleep at night amid thoughts of her flowers, and waked with the same in the morning. Many times in her dreams did she see her hyacinth in full bloom, and when in the morning it had not flowered, and Emily found it was but a dream, she was not impatient or discouraged, but said smiling, "The flowers may come yet." Sometimes also she asked her father