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THE MINISTER'S SABBATH NIGHT.

Rest him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth
With great and gracious messages of love;
But Thy ambassador is weary now,
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.
Now care for him as thou hast cared for us
In sending him, and cause him to lie down
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.
Let Thy hand be now beneath his head,
And Thine upholding right encircle him,
And, underneath, the Everlasting arms
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,
Hushed like a little child, without one care;
And so give Thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master. He hath poured for us
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.
Now fill his chalice, give him sweet new draughts
Of life and love, with Thine own hand; be Thou
His ministrant to-night; draw very near
In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.

O speak to him! Thou knowest how to speak
A word in season to Thy weary ones,
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,
And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and shine."

Rest him, O loving Spirit! Let Thy calm
Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,
Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest
Beneath its shadow; let him know afresh
The infinite truth and might of Thy dear name—
"Our Comforter!" As gentlest touch will stay
The rough vibrations of a jarring chord,
So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain,
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,
And let Thy holy music overflow
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

REMINISCENCES OF PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

No. 6.

REV. ELIAS HARRISON.

The Hon. B. Stoddard was Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of the elder Adams. He returned to Georgetown in 1801, and established a Tontine office in imitation, we suppose, of Tont, the Italian, but spent his last days on the heights of Bladensburg. Two of his grand-sons were in the Confederate army, and to one of them four thousand of our invaders surrendered at Winchester, but not under an apple tree. A third is a minister of the Southern Presbyterian Church.

We have alluded in these talks to the Presbytery of Baltimore. It was founded as an Old School organization, but it became a kind of Metempsychosis Presbytery, after the decease of its earliest members. Its ministers took to reading Ovid, and Calvinists were metamorphosed into half Arminians, and some of them perhaps were dyed three-fourths in the wool. Their filaments would no longer make the blue stockings said to have been worn by the Scotch. But there was one who was not *worried* in the contest. Who was he? Elias Harrison, who ran as briskly as possible to the sound Presbytery of Winchester.

In executing this task I wish to remember a few of my comrades in the Theological Seminary at Princeton who became preachers. In my time they were comparatively few in number. Swarms afterwards arrived. We shall give a few specimens and then pass on to some of the great Doctors. At Zurich all the cantons are shown in specimens.—There are reasons why we first mention Dr. Harrison. They need not be stated because they are so obvious. He was always slow in giving his age, for to the last year of his life he was a good looking man. Not very tall, compactly built, and large black eyes which suited a complexion somewhat sallow. His family had to guess at his age when he died. We searched his study, but could find no record of the date.

Orange, near Newark, N. J., was the place of his nativity. There is something mellow in the name. It reminds us of lands productive in such a juicy fruit, and of a Prince who wrested the thumb-screws from the grasp of the Stuarts. The Rev. Asa Hillyer was his pastor, and he regarded him with a reverence perfectly filial. He joined the Seminary in 1815, but acting at the same time as Tutor in the College, he could not attend the lectures with regularity. We were glad to see him, whenever he came.—He expressed a wish to teach for awhile after he should be licensed to preach. We suggested the Academy in the social town of Alexandria be obtained. In October, 1816, he reached the place, but after teaching two years, was chosen assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian church. The congregation was small but wealthy. The second church had been formed from the first which came under the care of the Rev. Wells Andrews, one of the most innocent of men, and the two lived in great harmony. We went down to see them in their new quarters.—The boat that plied between Georgetown and Alexandria at the time went by horse-power, and though a frequent passenger it never mangled my limbs or broke my neck. Had it behaved itself in that way, these Octogenarian papers could never have been written.

Dr. Harrison cherished an intense affection for his new home. The level streets, the splendid harbor, and the social habits of the people made Alexandria an agreeable residence to one in whom the organ of inhabitiveness was strongly developed. He was remarkably punctual in attending the courts of the Church; but so soon as the body adjourned, he was off to the quirs of the Potomac city. But above all, he was interested in the people of his charge, and often felt, "Tell me, oh thou whom my soul loveth where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon." We do not say that he was imprisoned like Rastell in the Happy Valley, for he sometimes broke down the fence and escaped. Not to Cairo, the Pyramids or the cascades of the Nile, or the petrified forests of Egypt, but on a voyage to the West In-

dies, excursions to Jersey, and Virginia localities. But glad enough to get back to Bellhaven. When the fire of heaven reduced his church to ashes, he was among the generous sons and daughters of the South, and on his return the Phoenix of Presbyterianism perched on the renovated edifice, and his people could say, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, oh Jerusalem."

We beg our readers not to forget that these papers are written at *Scrapville*. We cannot go over a pastorate of forty-three years, and every reader of a religious newspaper knows the duties of a pastor. The subject of this sketch was naturally diffident. He reached his people more perhaps by catechetical instruction, Bible classes, Wednesday night lectures, Sabbath Schools, prayer meetings, than in other ways. By such means he was brought into contiguity with his flock. All knew that his heart was warm under an exterior somewhat cool. Many were added to the church, and his congregation would have been large could he have stopped emigration. But God is the guide of all emigrants.

Dr. Harrison was never a busy body in other men's concerns. This was one cause of the respect in which he was held. He spent many evenings with the families of his charge, but after his morning repast he went to the Post office, received his mail, and then returned to his study, which was in a room so high that he lived above the world. He took Lord's Pamphlets and studied the Prophecies; but to my certain knowledge never became a Millenarian. From the moral height of his studio, he could look down on Alexandria and say with truth,

"Debt is a monster of such horrid mien
As to be hated, needs but to be seen."

This beloved brother died in the winter of '63 when the dense clouds of war were suspended over the South. Three or four of his sermons were published in a local periodical published by Dr. Muir. His funeral sermon was preached by the writer to an immense audience, drawn by respect to his memory. In consequence of the war this study was not performed till the fall of '65. His spirit then had been ranging for some time among the golden groves of the Upper Paradise.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

PAUL'S BAPTISM.

BY REV. H. H. HAWES.

No. 2.

We have seen that "baptism" does not always mean the use of water, and often does not even admit the acting of a human administrator. Therefore it does not follow as a matter of course, when Paul is said to have been baptized, that he was baptized in, with or under water. Some may raise "horrid hands" at such an idea. But, "to the law and to the testimony." There is no positive evidence that even one drop of water ever touched Paul in baptism. He had been circumcised. Why should he have been baptized with water? Other circumcised believers, as already shown, were not baptized with water. Why should Paul be? The records of his conversion and baptism are Acts ix: 1-19, and xxii: 6-16. And now—

1. What right had Ananias to administer baptism? He is not mentioned as a minister of the gospel. He is not in the records, told of God to baptize Saul of Tarsus. All that we know of him is (1.) He was a disciple living at Damascus. (2.) He was "a devout man of the law, having a good report of all the Jews which dwell there." (3.) God sent him to be instrumental in restoring Saul to sight, and to deliver a message to him. "Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost." (4.) He was sent, Acts xxii: 14, 15, to tell Saul that he had been chosen of God to be an Apostle, and had given him the signs of Apostleship.

Twist and turn the records as we will, this is all that we can clearly get out of them.—If Ananias was "a devout man according to the law," this indicates that he, like Simon, was a circumcised believer. As a "man of the law" he is spoken of, and not as a minister of the gospel. If he was in "good report of all the Jews which dwell there," at Damascus, this indicates that he did not hold a place of prominence as a follower of Jesus Christ. For where was the prominent follower of Christ, who was not persecuted by the Jews? Again and again we hear of those who believed, fearing to openly confess Christ, because of the Jews. But this was not true of any preacher of the gospel, nor of any "disciple" who became a preacher.—No minister of the gospel of Christ, had "good report of the Jews" where he dwelt. Look and see. But Ananias had this good report—was in high favor among the Jews. We must therefore conclude that he was not a minister of the gospel, and could not administer the sacrament of baptism. Who, then, baptized Paul? No one was sent to him but Ananias; and Ananias was not an Apostle, nor a minister of the gospel.

2. The records do not say nor show that Ananias baptized him, nor that he was baptized at all with water. What then, was his baptism? It is impossible that any one shall say that there was a human administrator acting here at all.

Ananias finished his mission when he delivered God's message. But Paul "received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized." What was the mission of Ananias? "Jesus * * * hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost." This being "filled with the Holy Ghost" was the baptism which he received—the baptism which Jesus Christ administered to His

chosen Apostles, and which Judas Iscariot never received, by reason of his traitorous conduct and death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

THE CONFERENCE AT SHANGHAI.

Rev. Mr. DuBose sent us the first of a series of articles on this conference, but the remainder had not been received. In the meantime I think our readers will be interested in the following earnest letter of Rev. Mr. Helm, of Hangchow, on the same subject.—*CHR. PRESS.*

While our Southern General Assembly was in session in New Orleans, a more important conference was in session in Shanghai. I say more important, for although it consisted of those representing only about 12,000 Christian converts, it was a Conference representing three of the greatest Bible Societies in the world, and the missions of Churches in the United States and Canada, embracing about 6,000,000 Christians, besides the various English, Scotch and Basle missions. In all there were nineteen missions and Bible Societies represented by over one hundred and twenty men and women. In addition to the 12,000 native Christians they are representatives of 300,000,000 heathen that depend for the word of life on them, and their foreign and native brethren who could not be present. The questions that came before them were of more vital importance than those of the Revised Book that is now agitating our Southern Church, as they involved the most vital questions connected with the native church that is the hope of China's millions. Among the questions discussed was foot binding which is more important and difficult than dancing which has been discussed in the home papers during the winter. It is difficult to realize the power of this evil custom. One of the Emperors tried by edicts to do away with it. But though he was able to subdue the heads of the men and make them wear the queue, he could not loose the bandages on woman's foot. In most parts of China the custom holds except with the poor women who work in the fields, and with that class which dishonor their sex. Hence large feet with nice clothing brand the possessor in a way that every respectable woman shrinks from. And children that they may be respectable, and marry well, will cheerfully undergo the pain that attends this inhuman practice; and abuse their parents when they grow up if their feet were not bandaged.—

In one district the missionaries report only about half of the little girls are saved alive at birth, and in other districts about seven-tenths escape death at the mother's or grandmother's hand. And of those seven-tenths have small feet. The mother feeling that the family is too poor to bring up all the girls unless they have large feet so as to earn their own livelihood, will destroy them, rather than expose them to reproach, or to the laborious and humble life of a large footed woman.—In some Christian churches this cruel custom is not entirely done away with, so powerful is custom and fashion. This is one of the social evils Christianity has to eradicate by training the moral sentiment of the native church. This can be done by teaching Christians to look upon the practice as cruel, and dishonoring to God who fashioned the foot; and by teaching them to seek for wives only the large footed girls, thus making it become a badge of the Christian community instead of the humble or the debased.

Several missionaries were unable to be present because engaged in ministering to the famine stricken people in Shantung. "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." He sent famine and then put it in the hearts of heathen, semi-Christians, and Christians, all along the coast of China and Japan to give \$30,000 or \$40,000 to relieve the afflicted; and to turn all the funds over to missionaries (mostly Protestants) to disburse. And the officials at last said to one: "Mr. Richards do as you please. You have done well so far, and I doubt not you will continue to manage your charities equally as well." From fifteen to thirty thousand are being relieved daily by these funds. And in some parts there seems to be a genuine religious interest.

By the late Margary murder, and treaty growing out of it, new ports have been thrown open up to the head waters of the Yangtze Kiang, in the Chekiang province, in Kwangtung and in Sze-chuen, the largest of the eighteen provinces. The door is opening wider and wider and the people are far less prejudiced than heretofore. Last year's ingathering was greater than in any preceding year. What was impressed upon the Conference above almost every thing was the magnitude of the field, and the insufficiency of the present force. An address, prepared by a committee of one from each of the societies represented at the Conference, was prepared and printed at the expense of one missionary, who volunteered to bear the costs, to be sent to all Christian countries here represented, urging them to send more men to China. And when I saw that brother Hous-ton's health had compelled him to postpone an immediate return to China, and remembered that some of our present small force in this field are not very strong, it did seem that out of the twenty-three seniors in Union Theological Seminary some one would feel the call of God to this vast and encouraging field. No one will doubt the magnitude of the field, though some may feel disposed to smile at the expression "encouraging field." Yet it is precipitantly so, and every year makes it increasingly so in the number of converts.

There is a vast preparatory work doing that is almost imperceptible, yet is of great importance. In 1835, Dr. Medhurst went up the almost sealed coast of China landing where he could, and scattering a quantity of

tracts just published at Hong kong. Just a generation afterwards a native preacher landed on the small island of Lam-yit, near Foo-chow, and, while preaching off the beach, was told to come up to the house of one of his audience and see books just like those he had. The person stated that his father had received them many years before, and when dying charged his sons to keep those books and hand-by-me some persons would come and explain them. In six months over sixty converts were baptized on that island.

Dr. I know not how to write. If the command of our Lord, if the sad sight of perishing souls, the sorrows and cruelties of heathenism, if the way God is opening up China to the gospel, and honoring his servants in the salvation of souls, will not move our young men and women to consecrate themselves to this work, van are the words of man. We need men and means, but most of all we need the power of the Holy Ghost baptizing those in the field. This was the key-note of all our Conference's devotional services. It was struck by Mr. John in a powerful address at the beginning of the Conference on "The Holy Spirit in Relation to Missionary work." He is a man endeared to all who met him by the loveliness and consecration of his life. A Welshman, he throws all his soul with the national enthusiasm into his work for souls, and God has honored him.

One of the most blessed sights of the Conference was the jealous care shown by every one lest a word or act would wound a brother. There was a question that had stirred missionaries to a disgraceful controversy about a generation ago, and which has been discussed at length recently. But here every one prayed and labored to prevent any personal feeling, marring the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of love. And one brother who "spoke unadvisedly with his lips," when the *vesata questionis* was introduced in an article from England, arose and begged forgiveness of God and his brethren ere the Conference closed. The last session of two and a half hours was altogether a season of devotion where spirit blended with spirit, and good byes were uttered in broken voices, or expressed by the silent grasp of the hand. All left, feeling it good to have been there. One of the last acts was to pledge ourselves to spend part of every Saturday evening in prayer for one another by name.

Were the question of fraternal relations discussed in a joint assembly under the influence of the Holy Spirit as was the Shanghai Conference, it would be doubtless settled by a mutual confession and a strong union of brethren in the Lord. The most marked element of the Conference was the earnest spirit of devotion, of prayer for the Holy Spirit, and of brotherly love, that bound in one, Episcopalians, Baptist, Congregationalists, Methodist and Presbyterians. As one writer expressed it, we were drawn nearer to one another by being drawn closer to Christ, the centre and bond of our union.

All this is written not to laud our Conference, but to the praise of God who abounded to us in love and joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. And we say to one and all our brethren, "Pray for us." This is the help above all others we seek at your hands.

Respectfully yours in the faith,
B. HELM.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

Mr. Editor: The article of your correspondent, "John Knox" (Notes on the Assembly), in the *Central* of July 18th, is in the main much to my liking. But one or two of his remarks merit a passing notice. He says, "I did not like the long lecture Dr. McIlwaine read to the Assembly and the Presbyteries. We want a report of things done, and not a sermon instructing us what is our duty. No doubt the intention was good, but it was a mistake." Now, if the good Secretary did for once suffer his zeal to get the better of his judgment in "lecturing" the Presbyteries and churches about their delinquencies in supporting the Church causes, he was sufficiently rebuked and cautioned by the members of the Assembly, and he was prompt to disclaim the intention to usurp any undue authority, and to recall any improper word. Several writers since the Assembly have added their criticism and censure of the Secretary's assumption. Has there not been enough said about this little indiscretion, and is it not time that these reflections be dropped, and Dr. McIlwaine's feelings be saved further mortification? But the remark which I am chiefly concerned to notice is the one that follows the above reference to Dr. McIlwaine.

Alluding to the lack of adequate means for the prosecution of Church causes, your correspondent says, "The trouble is the want of faith and love in the Church, and no amount of scolding ever did or can increase life in Christian hearts. The case requires another and a very different remedy—even more of life from above." This is a very common way of disposing of this knotty question, but does not meet the difficulty, for the reason that the remedy proposed is only part of the truth, and in itself is a *speciosa fallacia*. How is more "faith and love," "more of life from above," produced "in Christian hearts"? Not, it is true by any "amount of scolding," but by the truth.—

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." "Sanctify them by the truth." "Receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls." "This is the love of God, that ye keep his commandments." "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth, through the Spirit, unto unfeigned love of the brethren."

Love to Christ is a powerful motive to prompt to the performance of known duty.

But neither love nor any other Christian grace can teach what duty is; and hence has no power in itself to secure the performance of duty. No amount of love to God would ever have led a Christian to "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," if he did not know and believe that God had commanded it. The Christian mind must be thoroughly enlightened by the truth, and the conscience thoroughly awake to its obligation, before love knows in what direction duty lies. "The trouble is (not) the want of faith and love in the Church. Even with the lamentably low state of spiritual life in Christian hearts, there is enough of "faith and love in the Church" to produce double and triple the present revenue of the Church, if Christians were taught what God's command is, and were enabled by the Spirit heartily to accept it.

In the opinion, that *this* is the prime trouble, I am supported by our General Assembly. The Assembly of 1875 gave the following deliverance on this question.

"We are convinced that the chief causes which interfere with our more complete success are two, viz.: (1.) *The failure of many ministers to expound with sufficient fulness and freedom the Scriptural doctrine of worshiping God with our substance;* and (2.) *The neglect by many church sessions of their bounden duty to afford to the people, as they are solemnly enjoined to do, the opportunity for making such contributions as they may choose, to the six objects proposed by the Assembly.* With regard to the first of these hindrances, it is pertinent to remark that, to the ministry of the Word, above all other agencies, the Lord Jesus looks for the enlightenment of His Church, and her growth in this as in all other graces. And if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who is prepared for the battle? When the believer's mind and conscience are tenderly but fully enlightened, he will respond to the Master's voice. Giving to Christ a thank-offering will become a part of his worship, as spontaneous and delightful as prayer or praise. Ignorance of God's Word lies at the root of illiberality in truly pious persons, and gives occasion for the injudicious appeals so often made to blind feeling, appeals which soon become insufferably irksome and intolerable. Let God's messengers faithfully declare Christ's law as it is revealed in the Scriptures, and they shall witness the fulfillment of His promise: "My word that goeth forth out of my mouth shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that whereunto I sent it." * * *

As the best means of remedying these defects: 1. The Assembly solemnly urges upon all pastors and other ministers, their obligation to expound fully to the people the duty and privilege of giving to Christ, as an essential part of acceptable worship." Z.

THOLOUK: THE STUDENT-PROFESSOR.

BY REV. E. A. LAWRENCE, JR.

Before me, as I write, is a little case of carved wood holding two photographs. One is a woman with small, clear-cut, winning face, high forehead, a delicate, firm-set mouth, short grayish curls hanging about the ears, and a light cap thrown over the head. She seems about fifty-five. The other looks like a grim, battered warrior. Forehead, cheeks and chin are plowed into great rugged furrows. The brow is broad rather than high, eyes dim as with near-sightedness, nostrils distended. The broad mouth is fixed like a mastic's in a firm straight line, its corners curving up, while in the woman's mouth they curve down. On the sides of the face are patches of white whiskers. The head is covered with dark brown hair. One wonders who such a face would look when it smiles. The hands clasp each other firmly as if held by a resolute will. He is certainly over seventy.

And these are Professor and Mrs. Tholouk, whose memory should always be united as their pictures are here, in one frame.

And now that he is gone I look over the too brief notes taken of rich and happy hours spent with them, to find anything which will give me the right to add to the much that has already been written about this rugged-faced, tender-hearted old man. Death gives fresh interest to tales oft told, and there may be incidents new to some which will illustrate the spirit of this man, of whom the most any can say is, "We loved him."

The great secret of his power was his affection for the young, especially young students. He preferred buds to blossoms. His delight in their company was not that of the naturalist, who values the individual only for what it can tell him of the species, but that of the father, who loves each and all of his children however many, present or absent.

I once asked him whether he did not become weary of teaching the same things, for half a century, over and over again to successive generations of students.

"There are two kinds of professors," he replied, "book-professors and student-professors. The student-professor loves his hearers more than his book, and when he would otherwise be weary, the thought that he is imparting strength and knowledge to them makes the old tasks always pleasant." He added that while he enjoyed lecturing, he should like still better to walk up and down among his students, talking personally with them, telling them his beliefs and questioning them as to theirs. And as is well known he did this every day for years. The remarkable trio which, soon after the old clock in the market-place had rung out eleven, regularly issued from the gate of his garden was too well known to attract much notice from neighbors, but a stranger would have stopped to look at it. An old man, stooping as under a heavy burden, with a loose cloak thrown over his shoulder, and a cane in his hand. His body-guard two young men, with red or blue caps, and parti-colored ribbons about the neck, who reverently watch each movement and lie in wait for every

word or look. They cautiously move forward with what irascible military officers used to call, when seen in loitering soldiers, "that cursed Tholouk gait." They hobble over the rough pavements, and about the narrow streets of the city, or wind their way out to the fields, and stroll along the banks of the Saale, often stopping in animated talk, or respond to some startling challenge from the professor.

But only the initiated knew what these "pleasure wanderings" (*Lustwandlungen*) meant. Great as is the good which Tholouk has done as preacher, as teacher, as writer, the influence of these morning hours will last longer and extend wider than books, lectures or sermons. This was the time when a most delicate psychometer was applied by hands as steady and skillful as a surgeon's, and tender as any father's. The heart was probed, motives were tested, curiosity was excited and ignorance exposed. When the student had been humbled by seeing his weakness, a keen stroke of wit, or some loving encouragement would nerve him to new efforts. The secret aim of all his questions, sarcasms, illustrations, was always self-knowledge. He believed what he wrote in his first and favorite book: "Only by descending into the hell of self-knowledge can we rise to the heaven of divine knowledge."

In the first walk I took with him my companion was a young Lutheran fresh from the gymnasium, to whom, very likely, as to others, the professor had introduced me as "an American, whom of course you cannot understand in his Choctaw language, the only wonder being that he is white and not red."

The question soon rose as to the difference between the Lutheran and Reformed Churches. My companion had avowed himself a strong Lutheran, but when asked to define the distinction he floundered, and finally, swamped in his own ignorance, confessed that he did not really know what the difference was. I have known an intelligent Swiss lady to soberly state the main difference as being that one used red, the other white wine at the communion, and I more than half think her right. "Well, then," said Tholouk, "let me give you some advice. You have asked me to find you a place where you can have free board. There is no such place for any more Lutherans, but there are several for Reformed students. You know no reason why you should be a Lutheran rather than Reformed, and so you have no convictions to sacrifice on the subject. Therefore let me advise you to become a Reformed student, in which case I can get you what you wish." There was a twinkle in his eye as he turned to me, but the words were spoken in great seriousness, accompanied by a piercing look, as if he would read the most secret workings of the heart. The bribe however was rejected, and the student Tholouk began to study his own faith as never before. Of like kind was his celebrated question, "Why the dear God has made so many Chinese and so few Prussians?" He wished to draw the mind from the thoughts of God's direct creation to his use of natural causes and laws. The question which often confused young men, "Do you love my wife?" (with sternness) would only confuse those who put words for ideas. Others would answer, as did one by asserting an esteem, while denying fondness. Some subtle purpose always lay in these queries, which often seemed so frivolous or captious. "Do you suppose the Pope is a good man?" "Would you say to the king of Siam, 'I am your most devoted dog?'" "How do you know that Spinoza was not right?" "Don't you find Frau Tholouk's soup too bitter?" (at table.)—

"What do you think when you see these flowers?" and then, when a long discourse has been manufactured about the thoughts one might be expected to have, "Now, I don't have any such thoughts at all."

He had a quick perception of the ludicrous. "Two of your countrymen once left my house, after taking tea with me, without so much as even saying good-bye. Up and off is that the custom of Americans?" He also spoke of two who never carried handkerchiefs, and then looked sharply at me to see how I should defend my countrymen. Seldom have I seen him more amused than when he once told how, the night before, he had lost his way in his own garden. At six he left the covered walk where he had been pacing for an hour, and started for his study, only a few rods distant. But snow had just fallen, covering all the paths. It was dark, and the professor nearly blind. He groped his way along, but became confused, lost the track and suddenly brought up against a brick wall. He was as helpless as a child. Where he was, and how to get out, he did not know. "Karl! Karl! Komm her!" a plaintive voice was heard crying; and the astonished body servant had to take the lost man by the arm and march him on toward the study.

His ready wit often upset most elaborate arguments. Two men inclined to a natural religion were once discussing in the cars the subject of church-going, never noticing an old man, who, muffled in a cloak, seemed to sleep in an opposite corner. They agreed that the ordinances of the church were not at all necessary, that sermons were a bore, and that all men could worship God better by going on Sundays into the woods and fields, and there studying him in his works. All at once, "But what if it rains?" shot forth from under the pile of clothes opposite, and all was silence. Churches were left alone for that time.

During my first winter in Halle an accident had shut me up in my room for two or three weeks. One day I heard some one below, slowly picking his way through the intricate passages of my rickety boarding-

house. A feeble step mounts the stairs, the door is pushed open, and that dear old man comes toward me, breathless, supported by a friend, but with a sweet, deep smile which made that battered homely face beautiful, and lit up my narrow room with a flood of sunshine. He had been anxious; wanted to see me; wished to know if I was gaining; hoped I should soon be about again. I replied that I had no doubt the accident was all for the best. "Ah, but, Herr Lawrence, that depends. To whom are things for the best? All things work together for good—to them that love God. So, unless we love God, they may not be at all for our good." That lesson I think I shall remember.

Also many others, I trust, learned during a summer spent with the Tholouk family at Suederde, in the Hartz Mountains. Here Nitzsch, Bunsen, Hengstenberg have spent many weeks and months; here Dorner visited Tholouk, and George Bancroft had a summer residence. Here the professor was at his best and merriest. Care was "down on the wind." We rode and rambled over the hills, through Rosstrappe into caves, out to dinner parties, the Frau Rühie being almost always at his side, and everywhere Tholouk's mind and life lay open like a book before us. Friends came from all quarters to see the veteran theologian, old pupils sprang up out of the ground, men of the nobility vied in attentions to him, and the simplest, most childlike one of all was the central figure, yet his eyes, too, were always keenest, and female vanities or male pomposities were quickly punctured by his wit. These things, however, and many others, cannot be written here; nor anything concerning his position and influence as a theologian. It is the man more than the scholar whom Germany and Christendom mourn to-day.

It was a sad American who one spring morning went to take leave of the beloved old man. The professor was in his study.—He calls the leave-taker to sit down beside him on the sofa. Some affectionate inquiries are made, a few words of cheer and love spoken, and both rise. The professor is as much affected as the student. His sweet spirit rises and glorifies his face. Tears are in his eyes. He, who was called the Last of the Church Fathers, places his arms fondly about his pupil, stoops, gives the paternal kiss, then says, "You will find Mrs. Tholouk in the parlor, waiting to say good-bye to you." And the door closes between us.

He died June 10th, 1877. Looking at the last letter received from him, I find it dated June 11th, 1875. It breathes the same interest in his young friends as ever, and makes special inquiry about the state of the churches in America.

He was wise. As harmless as a dove, as wise as a serpent. He was a youth among the young, a child among men, a father in the Church. Constant struggles with bodily pain had sweetened, not embittered him.—He was deeply read in the School of the Heart. He did more than teach his pupils; he loved them.

His last distinct words were, "I fear not! The death of Christ for me!"

Christian Union.

Little Crosses.

Christ comes to us morning by morning, to present to us for the day then opening divers little crosses—twistings of our will, interferences with our plans, disappointments of our pleasures. Do we kiss them, and take them up, and follow in his rear, like Simon the Cyrenian? Or do we toss them from us scornfully because they are so little, and wait for great afflictions to approve our piety, and our resignation to his will? Ah, how might we accommodate to the small matters of religion generally those words of the Lord respecting the children: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." Despise not little sins; they have ruined many a soul. Despise not little duties; they have been to many a saved man an excellent discipline of humanity. Despise not little temptations; rightly met, they have often nerved the character for some fiery trial. And despise not little crosses; for when taken up, and lovingly accepted at the Lord's hand, they have made men meet for a great crown, even a crown of righteousness and life, which the Lord has promised to those that love him.

Don't Be Too Critical.

Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle, in society.—It will not do any one good, and it will do you harm—if you mind being called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manners don't please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, can not be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one and the speech of that one, the dress of the other and the opinions of 't'other, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will be pleased with you. And if it is known you are hard to suit, few will take pains to suit you.

WELL ANSWERED.—John Alexander, of No. 1935 Arch Street, Philadelphia, has given a very direct and positive answer to the question whether, as an exhibitor in the Permanent Exhibition, he is "in favor of opening the Exhibition on Sunday." He objects that the vote of the exhibitors would not be a satisfactory way of settling the question, and asks the pointed question, "If a majority of votes can settle our obligation due to the observance of the Fourth Commandment why not include the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh also?" And he closes his letter with a round shot as follows:—"If I may sit in church and have my property exhibited, and tempt my employes and others to violate law and neglect their families, am I not guilty, even should nine-tenths of the exhibitors vote for it? We respectfully, but earnestly, protest against Sabbath opening, and if it is done, all our exhibits shall be withdrawn."—*Presbyterian*.