





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Reli
Treat.

GOTTHOLD'S EMBLEMS:

OR

INVISIBLE THINGS UNDERSTOOD

BY

THINGS THAT ARE MADE.

BY CHRISTIAN SCRIVER,

MINISTER OF MAGDEBURG IN 1671.

TRANSLATED FROM THE TWENTY-EIGHTH GERMAN EDITION

BY

THE REV. ROBERT MENZIES,

HODDAM.

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and GOD in everything."

SECOND SERIES.

EDINBURGH:

T. & T. CLARK, 38, GEORGE STREET.

LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.; DUBLIN: JOHN

ROBERTSON, AND HODGES AND SMITH.

MDCCLVII.

1894
1894 0

£

CONTENTS.

	Page
CLXXXIII. THE RYE IN FLOWER,	1
CLXXXIV. TRANSPLANTED TREES AND FLOWERS,	3
CLXXXV. THE TOAD,	5
CLXXXVI. THE BEE MADE A PREY,	7
CLXXXVII. DUST,	8
CLXXXVIII. THE SHOOTING-MATCH,	11
CLXXXIX. THE SPIDER,	13
CXC. THE WEARISOME RAIN,	16
CXCI. THE MIDGE,	18
CXCII. THE MIDGE. (2D MED.),	19
CXCIII. THE WITHERED FLOWERS,	21
CXCIV. THE BIRD IN THE HANDS OF CHILDREN,	23
CXCV. THE CENTRE,	24
CXCVI. THE VINE.	25
CXCVII. THE NAIL IN THE TREE,	27
CXCVIII. THE ANTIDOTE TO MELANCHOLY,	29
CXCIX. THE ONLY CHILD.	30
CC. THE ENEMY,	32
CCI. THE GRAFTS,	34
CCII. THE STUBBORN TREE,	36
CCIII. THE TEMPTED WOMAN,	37
CCIV. GOD AND THE WORLD,	39
CCV. THE SUN,	40

	Page
CCVI. THE SUN. (2D MED.),	42
CCVII. THE FRAGRANT FLOWERS,	43
CCVIII. THE SWARM OF BEES,	45
CCIX. THE WASP,	47
CCX. SWEET WINE.	49
CCXI. THE ELDER TREE,	51
CCXII. THE DOUBLE FLOWERS,	52
CCXIII. THE CABBAGE.	54
CCXIV. THE WEED,	56
CCXV. THE ELM,	57
CCXVI. THE PIKE,	58
CCXVII. INGRATITUDE,	60
CCXVIII. THE MULBERRY TREE,	61
CCXIX. THE BURNING-GLASS,	63
CCXX. THE ORPHANS,	64
CCXXI. THE FLIES,	66
CCXXII. THE FLIES. (2D MED.),	68
CCXXIII. THE FAIR,	69
CCXXIV. SOUL VENDERS,	70
CCXXV. THE ORANGE TREE,	72
CCXXVI. THE POOR MAN,	75
CCXXVII. THE INCOGNITO,	76
CCXXVIII. THE TREE BY THE WATER-SIDE,	77
CCXXIX. THE SHADOW OF THE TREE IN THE WATER,	79
CCXXX. THE BROOK,	80
CCXXXI. FLOUR,	81
CCXXXII. THE BAD CROP,	83
CCXXXIII. THE DISMANTLED HOUSE.	85
CCXXXIV. THE SATIATED CHILD,	88
CCXXXV. THE ENTERTAINMENT.	89
CCXXXVI. THE PEARL NECKLACE.	91
CCXXXVII. THE PEARL NECKLACE. (2D MED.),	92
CCXXXVIII. THE ELDER TREE,	93

	Page
CCXXXIX. THE TREE WITHOUT A FENCE,	95
CCXL. THE IMPALED TOAD,	97
CCXLI. THE GRUBS IN THE BEE-HIVE,	99
CCXLII. THE ANTS,	101
CCXLIII. THE ROPEMAKER,	103
CCXLIV. THE HEN AND THE FLAX,	104
CCXLV. THE HARVEST,	105
CCXLVI. THE YOUNG TREE,	107
CCXLVII. THE PUMPKIN,	109
CCXLVIII. THE VINE,	110
CCXLIX. THE FOUL VESSEL,	112
CCL. THE FRUITFUL TREE,	114
CCLI. MAN AND HIS SAVIOUR,	115
CCLII. THE BEE,	117
CCLIII. A STRANGE SEA,	119
CCLIV. HEAVEN,	120
CCLV. THE TOMBSTONE,	122
CCLVI. THE ARTIFICIAL PICTURE,	123
CCLVII. WASHING THE HANDS,	125
CCLVIII. THE MICROSCOPE,	126
CCLIX. THE OAK OVERGROWN WITH IVY,	129
CCLX. PARENTS AND CHILDREN,	130
CCLXI. TEARS,	131
CCLXII. THE CHILDREN'S CUP,	134
CCLXIII. BEGGING,	135
CCLXIV. THE OWL NAILED TO THE DOOR,	137
CCLXV. THE CORN RAT,	139
CCLXVI. THE WALNUT,	141
CCLXVII. DROSS AND CHAFF,	143
CCLXVIII. THE MILL,	144
CCLXIX. THE GENEROUS TREE,	145
CCLXX. THE SHEEP,	147
CCLXXI. THE SERPENT'S SKIN,	149

	Page
CCLXXII. THE FAGGOT-BEARER,	150
CCLXXIII. TUNING A LUTE,	152
CCLXXIV. THE STRANGE BARGAIN,	154
CCLXXV. THE LIGHT,	156
CCLXXVI. THE LIGHT. (2D MED.),	157
CCLXXVII. THE LIGHT. (3D MED.),	158
CCLXXVIII. THE LIGHT. (4TH MED.),	159
CCLXXIX. THE LIGHT. (5TH MED.),	160
CCLXXX. THE LIGHT. (6TH MED.),	161
CCLXXXI. THE LIGHT. (7TH MED.),	161
CCLXXXII. THE LIGHT. (8TH MED.),	162
CCLXXXIII. THE LIGHT. (9TH MED.),	163
CCLXXXIV. THE LIGHT. (10TH MED.),	164
CCLXXXV. AMBER,	165
CCLXXXVI. THE BLINDED BIRD,	166
CCLXXXVII. THE MENDICANT,	168
CCLXXXVIII. THE DIVISION,	170
CCLXXXIX. THE DIVISION. (2D MED.),	171
CCXC. THE ALTAR,	173
CCXCI. AN UNEXPECTED SHOT,	175
CCXCII. THE HOLY SUPPER,	176
CCXCIII. THE HOLY SUPPER. (2D MED.),	178
CCXCIV. THE TREMBLING POPLAR,	180
CCXCV. SERVANTS,	182
CCXCVI. SERVANTS. (2D MED.),	184
CCXCVII. THE PROSTRATE TREES,	185
CCXCVIII. AFTER-PAINS,	187
CCXCIX. BURS,	189
CCC. LAUGHTER.	190
CCCI. THE DISCONSOLATE MAN,	192
CCCII. WHY GOD PERMITS SIN.	194
CCCIII. THE MAGNITUDE OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES,	196

	Page
CCCIV. THE DAMAGED BELL,	199
CCCV. THE SMOKING CHIMNEYS,	200
CCCVI. SENSELESS THIEVES,	201
CCCVII. IRASCIBILITY,	203
CCCVIII. THE FEU,	205
CCCIX. BENEDICT WORT,	208
CCCX. WHEAT,	210
CCCXI. THE COIN,	211
CCCXII. THE CONTRACT,	213
CCCXIII. THE DIFFICULTY OF FAITH,	215
CCCXIV. PALPITATION OF THE HEART,	216
CCCXV. PALPITATION OF THE HEART. (2D MED.),	218
CCCXVI. PALPITATION OF THE HEART. (3D MED.),	221
CCCXVII. THE BIER,	222
CCCXVIII. THE SHEW-DISH,	224
CCCXIX. THE SAVINGS-BOX,	225
CCCXX. THE AXE LAID TO THE ROOT OF THE TREE,	227
CCCXXI. BOOKS,	228
CCCXXII. COLOCYNTHS,	230
CCCXXIII. GREY HAIRS,	232
CCCXXIV. THE CLOCK,	233
CCCXXV. LOSS OF MEMORY,	235
CCCXXVI. THE FRAGRANT DEATH'S-HEAD,	237
CCCXXVII. BANTERING,	238
CCCXXVIII. INVISIBLE WRITING,	240
CCCXXIX. THE STARRY HEAVENS,	241
CCCXXX. PALE GOLD,	243
CCCXXXI. PALE GOLD. (2D MED.),	244
CCCXXXII. THE BEST DISH,	246
CCCXXXIII. THE HOWLING DOG,	248
CCCXXXIV. THE LOST PENNY,	249
CCCXXXV. THE RING,	251
CCCXXXVI. THE RING. (2D MED.),	252

	Page
CCCXXXVII. THE RING. (3D MED.),	253
CCCXXXVIII. THE RING. (4TH MED.),	254
CCCXXXIX. BLIND MAN'S BUFF,	255
CCCXL. THE MOTHER SUCKLING HER BABE,	257
CCCXLI. THE MOTHER SUCKLING HER BABE. (2D MED.),	259
CCCXLII. THE WATER-DROP,	260
CCCXLIII. THE JOURNEY,	261
CCCXLIV. THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN,	263
CCCXLV. THE CYPHER,	265
CCCXLVI. THE NUMBER BEFORE THE CYPHER,	267
CCCXLVII. THE PILLOW,	268
CCCXLVIII. THE PILLOW. (2D MED.),	270
CCCXLIX. THE PILLOW. (3D MED.),	271
CCCL. THE HEAP OF WHEAT,	272
CCCLI. THE THOUGHTS,	274
CCCLII. THE THOUGHTS. (2D MED.),	276
CCCLIII. FRIENDSHIP,	277
CCCLIV. THE HEDGE-THORNS AND FRUIT TREES,	279
CCCLV. THE WATCH,	280
CCCLVI. THE NEW-BORN BABE,	281
CCCLVII. THE BILL OF EXCHANGE AND RICHES,	283
CCCLVIII. THE PAINTER,	286
CCCLIX. THE CONCEPTION OF A PORTRAIT,	288
CCCLX. THE MORNING STAR,	289
CCCLXI. THE NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES,	291
CCCLXII. MUSIC,	293
CCCLXIII. BEAUTY,	294
CCCLXIV. THE WILL,	296
CCCLXV. ANOTHER WILL,	298
CCCLXVI. THE CONCLUSION,	300

GOTTHOLD'S EMBLEMS.

~~~~~  
CLXXXIII.

THE RYE IN FLOWER.

JULY 1.

EXPERIENCE shows that if you pluck a stalk of rye, strip it of the blossom, and hold it for a little in your hand, the blossom will come again. Conversing with a friend, to whom he had shown this, and who expressed his surprise at the fact, and his desire to know the cause, *Gotthold* said: In many things we observe a strong vegetative power. From the grain of corn in the ground nature elicits a shoot, and pushes it through the stiff crust of the earth, and then from the shoot a stalk, and from the stalk, an ear. In trees there is a pressure which moves the sap, and

from the solid wood, produces leaves, and flowers, and fruits. In the stock and branches of the vine too, the sap is forced upwards, and when the pruning has made the room to hold it insufficient, it flows out as if the plant were weeping. Now in these ears there is a power of the same kind, and of a strength sufficient to renew the blossom, even when that has been stripped away. This power others may call by what name, and describe in what way, they please. I say, that it is the incessantly productive goodness of God, which operates always, makes all things shoot and grow, and never ceases promoting the good of man.

But what you observe in plants, you ought also to experience within yourself; according to the words of the apostle: *As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.* (Rom. viii. 14.) In truth the power of God's Spirit is never at rest. It quickens and moves continually the hearts of the godly. From it proceed all holy thoughts, devout desires, heavenly yearnings, longing sighs, affectionate tears, fervent prayers, and unwearied diligence in the service of God and mankind; as flower succeeds flower in the rye, so does one act of devotion, love and joy, another. If you have no experience of

the kind, learn now, from this humble stalk, that the fault is your own ; either you do not mark, or you do not obey, the motions of God's Spirit.

Lord Jesus ! what can I do without Thy strength ? For what am I fit without Thy Spirit ? Unless it quicken the inward powers of my soul, I am impotent alike either to will or to do. Quicken me then, O God, but help me likewise to obey Thy impulse with alacrity.

#### CLXXXIV.

#### TRANSPLANTED TREES AND FLOWERS.

JULY 2.

As *Gotthold* was examining with delight some double pinks, which at the time were in full blossom, he was told by the gardener that the same plants had in former years borne only single flowers, but that they had been improved and beautified by repeated transplantations, and that in the same manner a change of soil encreases the growth, and accelerates the bearing of a young tree.

This reminded *Gotthold* that the same happens to men. Many a man, who at home, would scarcely have borne even single flowers, when transplanted by Divine Providence abroad, bears double ones ; another, who if rooted in its native soil, would never have been more than a puny twig, is removed to a foreign clime, and there spreads far and wide his luxuriant boughs, and bears fruit to the delight of all. In his native place, a man is seldom judged of by his real qualities, but much oftener by the opinion of his friends or adversaries. If of high and noble lineage, the lustre of his family may easily brighten his darkness, and not seldom empty bladders swim upon the surface. If, on the contrary, he be of humble parentage, and the first or second perhaps who has shed the light of honours, or arts upon the family, all the rest, from dislike or fear, do their utmost to obscure it, imagining that the more one rises, the more must the others fall. At home, accordingly, a man is esteemed only as much as love or hatred, friendship or enmity, favour or dislike, permit him to be. Abroad it is the man himself who is considered, and not the coat he wears. Often too, strangers are like the gardeners, or flower fanciers, who prefer beautiful exotics for the ornaments of their beds.

My God, I thank Thee for having, so far above all my expectations, transplanted me from the place of my nativity to a foreign soil, where, until this hour, Thou hast shaded me by Thy grace, and shed on me the dews of Thy blessing! Enable me to bear much fruit unto Thee and my neighbour, and with Jacob, daily to say: "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant." (Gen. xxxii 10.)

---

CLXXXV.

THE TOAD.

JULY 3.

GOTTHOLD one day observed a great toad, red and swollen with venom, seated near a beautiful plant of sage, beneath which, the moment it saw him, it crept for concealment. And so, thought he with himself, it is a fact that this venemous creature is fond of the noble plant, and delights to haunt it. And the reason why we so often see rue planted beside sage is, that rue is the toad's enemy, and

keeps it at a distance. Continuing his reflections, he found here an adumbration of a person possessed otherwise of good qualities, but troubled with a sour and malignant temper. Many a one has received from God and Nature excellent talents, and also cultivated them with diligence and skill. He leads a reputable life, attends the public ordinances of religion, prays, sings psalms, and, according to his ability, distributes to the poor. All the while, however, he has conceived a strong dislike and implacable enmity against certain of his neighbours, and indulges these feelings on the pretext that there are just and sufficient grounds for them. But what is such hatred and rancour but a venemous toad, poisoning the goodly plant of his whole life, and rendering it worthless in the sight of God? Happy he who reflects on this, and at all times carries about with him, as the antidote to malice, a plant of rue transferred from the Word of God into his heart.

*Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.*

## CLXXXVI.

## THE BEE MADE A PREY.

JULY 4.

GOTTHOLD one day stood before a beehive, and observed with delight how the little honey birds departed and arrived, and from time to time returned home laden with the spoils of the flowers. Meanwhile a great yellow hornet—that wolf among the bees—came buzzing up, in eager quest of a prey. As it was evening-tide, and the bees, after the heat of the day, had settled about the mouth of the hive, to breathe the cool air, it was amusing to observe that their fierce adversary lacked courage to attack their combined host and serried ranks. True, he often advanced for the purpose, but seeing how densely and compactly they were sitting, was forced to retreat empty-handed. At last, a bee, somewhat belated, arrived by itself, and on this straggler he instantly seized, fell with it to the earth, and dealt with it at his pleasure. *Gotthold* thought with himself: How excellent a thing is unity and concord!

If this little bee, which had probably ventured further, and, for that reason reached home later than the rest, had formed one of the united swarm, it would not have fallen into the enemy's hands. How comes it then that we men reflect so little upon the danger of discord? Never are the assaults of our spiritual foe so successful, as when he finds us disunited by variance and envy. *Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.* (Ps. cxxxiii. 1.) *Help us, Lord Jesus, to have the same love, and to be of one accord, of one mind, endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace* (Phil. ii. 2, and Eph. iv. 3), *that the God of love and of peace, may be with us* (2 Cor. xiii 11), and that the infernal robber may gain no advantage over us.

---

CLXXXVII.

DUST.

JULY 5.

ON an excursion into the country during the hot days of summer, *Gotthold* discovered that the clothes

of the party were thickly covered with dust, which they had not perceived as it fell, but which now gave them trouble enough to brush and shake off. From this occurrence, said he, let us reap a useful admonition on the subject of sin and its properties. At the present season, when the weather is fine and undisturbed by showers, dust is easily raised and falls plentifully. In like manner it is, when flesh and blood enjoy fair weather and sunshine, that sinful lusts are most apt to be excited, and drop most thickly in actual sins.

As dust consists of many minute particles, and falls imperceptibly, so that we scarcely perceive, until we are bespread with it : so do many small sins combine to form a great one, which is called habit and security, and is the nearest stage to hell.

As dust injures clothes, and sometimes sticks so fast that it can by no means be removed from them, and as no one likes it, but labours, as we are now doing, to brush it off, even so sin makes us hateful in the sight of God, and disreputable in that of men, so that we ought justly to take all pains to purge our conscience and amend our life.

No one who travels in weather like this, can escape the dust; and just as little upon the pilgrimage

of this transitory life, can any boast of being unsullied by sin.

In fine, as the dust settles and lies as quietly as if it had no existence, but is stirred and raised by the slightest breath of wind, so it sometimes seems as if sin no longer dwelt within us, but was vanquished and annihilated, and we freed from all restraint to serve God in a pure and blameless life : No sooner does opportunity occur than sin makes its appearance, and we discover that we have much more of the world in our hearts than we had ever supposed.

Alas ! Thou righteous God, how abominable and defiled in Thy most holy sight are my garments and walk. No doubt, from day to day, I brush the dust away, but ah, me ! how little good it does ! Forgive me, O my Father, forgive me, and do Thou Thyself cleanse and purge me, granting grace that my walk may be habitually circumspect, and that, at last, I may enter pure and unsullied into Thy city.

## CLXXXVIII.

## THE SHOOTING-MATCH.

JULY 6.

IN a certain neighbourhood, the young men had been allowed, for pleasure and pastime, to set up a target, at which they shot, all endeavouring to do their best. *Gotthold* happened to be in the vicinity, and, hearing the reports, fell into the following train of reflection: All of these shooters aim at the black mark, and yet there can be little doubt that only a few will hit it. The same is the case with our Christianity and its perfection. Since the fall we no longer (to use the sportsman's phrase) have a steady hand: But although an outline of Divine perfection, in other words, the Law, is set before us, as the mark at which, in all our thoughts, words, and works, we are to aim; still we so often shoot aside, that our perfection is really imperfection, and we must even reckon it a kind of perfection to be aware how imperfect we are, mourn over our defects, and

endeavour, by the practice of godliness, to grow daily better. None of us has reached the mark as we ought to have done : But we are all upon the way to it, one nearer, another not so near, and God is satisfied with us, if He only find us labouring and pressing towards it. Would that men were but satisfied with each other, when this one strikes the centre, and that one only touches the corner of the target ! Why do we despise a brother because we are nearing the goal, while he is doing his best to follow ? Show me the man who has always hit and never missed the mark,—I mean who has at all times and in all things chosen the better part,—and I will look upon him with astonishment, as an angel. My God ! keep my Christianity in continual exercise, for exercise brings increase, and increase, at last, perfection,—not, perhaps, such as will satisfy man, but such as will satisfy Thee, my benign and merciful Judge !

## CLXXXIX.

## THE SPIDER.

JULY 7.

A GREAT SPIDER had woven a circular net, spread it out, and, according to custom, taken her place in the centre, where she lay in wait for imprudent flies and gnats, of which to make a prey. *Gotthold* observed: Alas! how like this vile insect is the worldly and covetous man, who weaves all his devices for the purpose of alluring the simple into his snare, entangling them in difficulties and enriching himself at their expense. Yes, said one of his friends, there are now, unfortunately, too many such characters, and sometimes I cannot help wondering how the righteous God can behold with so much forbearance the presumptuous sins they commit, and the wrongs and oppressions they inflict upon the poor and simple, or how He can suffer the unjust and ungodly to afflict good and holy souls, and press from them so many anxious sighs and tears.

To this *Gotthold* replied: From what you say, I infer that, were you ever to occupy the throne of the Most High, and wield at your will the thunder and lightning, you would scarcely find bolts enough to slay the wicked, and drive them to hell. It would be inconceivable how any one could ever take it into his head *that God was too merciful to us, or be angry at Him for not being angry enough*, if we had not the instance of the Prophet Jonah in Scripture, and the actual experience of it daily in ourselves. Recollect that our thoughts are not God's thoughts (Isa. lv. 8), and that He would govern, in a very whimsical way, were He to make us His counsellors. The spider, which you see here, seated on her wide-spread snare, is a venemous, and, as we at first imagine, a useless creature. The rabbins tell us that King David of old used to wonder what could have induced God to create it. He was afterwards, however, taught that even such a contemptible insect can sometimes be of use; for, when he took refuge in the cave from the pursuit of Saul, a spider, at the Divine command, immediately spread its net over the entrance, so that the last thing which the king could have expected, was the concealment of his adversary within. There can, like-

wise, be little doubt, that this and other insects attract and absorb the noxious exhalations which taint the air ; and this is the reason why physicians, in times of pestilence, recommend us to carry a spider enclosed in a nut-shell, and suspended at our neck, in order that it may act as a sponge, and imbibe the poisonous vapours. In the same way, the God of love has holy reasons for His forbearance towards the ungodly ; and these, we may partly understand by careful reflection, but in part also must leave to His inscrutable wisdom. If we are true Christians, it should be enough for us to know, that the mercy and incomparable long-suffering of God are conspicuously displayed in the case of such wicked men. With a patience truly Divine, the Lord waits for their repentance that He may save their souls ; and however great the injury which, in the meanwhile, a wicked man may do to those about him, still it is only temporal, subserves their best interests, exercises them in patience and godliness, and is never to be compared with the loss of a human soul, which is what God seeks to prevent. If, however, the sinner refuse to repent, a time will come, when, like a spider, he shall have imbibed his full measure of venom, vice, and wickedness,

and then the Divine justice will pull him down, and tread him to pieces with the whole tissue of his projects.

My God, *there is no harder task than to own the justice of Thy judgments, and leave Thee uncensured in Thy marvellous ways, and yet there is nothing more conducive to peace of mind.* Do then as Thou wilt; I will be dumb and look on, and wait with patience for the end.

~~~~~

CXC.

THE WEARISOME RAIN.

JULY 8.

A TRACT of wet and stormy weather had set in, and continued so long that people at last disliked even to look out at the window. Many thereupon became impatient, and nothing was more common than to make and hear complaints of the bad weather. Says *Gotthold*: What do you mean by bad weather? Can any thing be worse than we, bad and ungodly men, who are born and bred in wickedness,

have grown up in it, and, did not the Divine mercy prevent, would also die in it. Be assured, it is anything but a venial sin to censure God's weather, and speak as if it were never good enough for us, or worthy of our gratitude. Did we but reflect who we are and what we do, we would soon forget to murmur at the weather, and would rather be thankful to God for raining mere water upon us, and not fire and brimstone.

My God, I thank Thee from the bottom of my heart for this forbearance. I thank Thee also for having given me a home, beneath whose roof, despite the storm, I now sit safe and dry, and along with it, a sufficiency of bodily nourishment, so that I am under no necessity to seek for food in the heavy rain. O faithful God, if to Thy ever wise and holy will, it shall, perchance, seem fit to involve my soul in a storm, I know not whither I could fly for refuge but to Thyself, and to the tent and tabernacle of Thy grace and truth; *For in the time of trouble Thou shalt hide me in Thy pavilion; in the secret of Thy tabernacle shalt Thou hide me.* (Ps. xxvii. 5.) *In the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge until these calamities be overpast.* (Ps. lvii. 1.)

CXCI.

THE MIDGE.

JULY 9.

As *Gotthold* and some friends were one evening seated under a shady tree, they were sorely plagued by the midges, and found great difficulty in driving them off with branches and bunches of leaves, which they plucked for the purpose. Hereupon one of the party remarked: If it be true that everything which God has created is of some use, I would like to know what good end is served by these vile and stupid insects, which do nothing but plague one.

Gotthold replied: It is itself a benefit that a midge gives you pain, and by every sting reminds you of the Fall. Besides, you have here a proof that there is no pleasure in the world unattended by pain, inasmuch as under this beautiful tree, upon this delightful green, and at this happy meeting of friends, there are midges to torment us. They thus admonish us not to seek solid or lasting satisfactions here on

earth, and far less to fasten our hearts upon them. If you fancy you do not require to be reminded of this, I assure you that to many nothing is more needful.

CXCII.

THE MIDGE. (2D MED.)

JULY 10.

AFTER a pause, *Gotthold* proceeded: The Creator of the universe has likewise displayed such exquisite art upon the smallest midge, that the more attentively the greatest scholars in the world examine it, the more are they filled with astonishment, and want words to express their thoughts. Tell me how it is that an active, living, and, to a certain extent, sagacious spirit, can inhabit so small a body? How does it govern and move those tiny wings and feeble limbs? What makes the sting strong and hard enough to penetrate a tough and thick substance like the skin of man and other animals, being at the same time hollow, and forming a slender tube

through which it imbibes their blood? Whence has it the power of suction? whence the shrill voice which rings like a trumpet? How comes it to be so prudent and cautious, knowing when to fly away, when to return, and upon what part of an animal to light and find nourishment? It is known to retreat before an acrid smell. Tell me, my friend, where is the organ with which it inhales the tainted air? In fine, where is the place of its birth? and how are such vast swarms of them bred? what makes it flutter and sport so joyously in the air, especially during a continuance of good weather? Do you know these things? If not, then learn that the midge—that despicable creature, that mean and odious insect—serves to convict you of your ignorance. Alas! ye senseless children of men, who would foolishly climb to heaven, be content to tarry upon the earth, where, if you seek subjects to study and explore, you will find more than you will be able to master, though you study all your lifetime.

My God! how unsearchable is Thy wisdom, how incomprehensible Thy power! I am ashamed of having so often deemed myself wise and well-informed, although my wisdom never sufficed to comprehend a midge. Henceforth I will no more aspire

to that praise, but leave it wholly to Thee. Thy wisdom shall govern my folly.



CXCIII.

THE WITHERED FLOWERS.

JULY 11.

GOTTHOLD seeing some withered flowers strewed upon the table, thought with himself: Like these are the pleasures and pomps of this world, which quickly pass away and have no stability! On further reflection, it seemed to him that such a flower might also image forth a heart exhausted with sorrow and care, and he exclaimed: Alas! how many withered and aching hearts there are in these disastrous times! how many pious Christians, who can scarcely stand erect for sorrow, but hang the head like drooping flowers! How many thousand thousand tears are daily shed over afflicted Christendom! How many anxious sighs are wafted to God in heaven! And yet the wicked world, secure and reckless, gives no heed to them, but wrongs the poor children of God,

and laughs the while, yea crushes and vexes the hearts of Christians without remorse. But as the vapours which ascend from the earth descend to it again in rain and wind, thunder and lightning, even so the mournful sighs and wailings of the godly will one day turn into fire and brimstone, and fall upon the heads of their enemies. Meanwhile, ye whose hearts are sad and heavy, moderate your grief, and be not too greatly troubled. God in heaven attends to your tears and lamentations. The whole creation sighs in concert with you. Methinks I see the holy angels weeping for all the grief and anguish, wrongs and miseries, with which your hearts are overwhelmed. But God will help. He will not leave the righteous to suffer for ever. Lift up your hanging head, and know that your salvation draweth nigh. *Shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him, though He bear long with them. I tell you that he will avenge them speedily.* (Luke xviii. 7, 8.) *O my God, comfort all sorrowful and troubled hearts, and then mine will not be forgotten.*

CXCIV.

THE BIRD IN THE HANDS OF CHILDREN.

JULY 12.

A PARTY of children were amusing themselves with a bird, to whose leg they had fastened a string. The poor thing fluttered into the air, and wished to escape, but felt itself suddenly checked and drawn downwards. *Gotthold*, who saw what was passing, thought with himself: It is even so with our soul when it gets entangled with temporal things and worldly lusts. Good friends, merry company, diversions, and meetings of all kinds, are often nothing but cords which restrain the heart, and hinder it from mounting on the wings of devotion, fervent desire, and aspiration towards heaven. I have often been present at an entertainment, and greatly enjoyed it, without observing or suspecting at the time, that my heart had become attached to some earthly object; but this I afterwards discovered with alarm, when it would fain have soared aloft in

communion with God. Often, too, does one man sport with another, as the children are doing with this bird, and, though with no bad intention, but rather with a wish to please, seriously injure his religious character.

Happy the man who can cast off these bonds, and more and more disengage himself from worldly satisfactions; but O how blessed that soul which seeks its peace and joy, pleasure and delight, in God, tastes a few drops of His sweetness, and forgets, in the fruition of them, even the lawful pleasures of the world!



CXCIV.

THE CENTRE.

JULY 13.

GOTTHOLD continued: God is a centre to the soul; and, just as in a circle, what is nearest the centre is subject to least motion, so the closer the soul is to God, the less the movement and agitation to which it is exposed. Make the experiment upon a level area: sink a staff into the ground, attach a line to

it, and around it as a centre, describe a circle of considerable extent; then bid some friend walk round the circle, while you do the same round another drawn at a shorter distance from the staff. You will find that your friend will have to walk long and fast to complete his task, but that a few steps will be enough for yours. It is the same with the soul. The greater its distance from God and spiritual and heavenly things, the wider the circuit it will have to make, the faster it will have to speed without knowing why, and the more will it seek, but be unable to find, rest. He, however, who, by devotion and faith, love and resignation, keeps as near as possible to God, finds that which his heart desires.



CXCVI.

THE VINE.

JULY 14.

GOTTHOLD visiting a person who was in deep affliction and sorrow, was told by the family that he was in the garden. Thither he followed, and found him

employed in clearing a vine of its superfluous leaves. After a friendly salute, he inquired what he was doing. "I find," was the reply, "that, owing to the abundant rain, this vine is overgrown with wood and leaves, which prevents the sun from reaching and ripening the grapes. I am therefore pruning part of them away, that it may bring its fruit to maturity." *Gotthold* rejoined: And do you find that in this operation the vine resists and opposes you? If not, why are you displeased that a gracious God should do to you what your vine must not be displeased that you do to it? You prune off the superfluous foliage in order that it may bear the better fruit; and God takes away your temporal blessings and earthly comforts, in order that faith may produce its noble fruits of love, humility, patience, hope, and prayer, and these larger and fairer and sweeter than before. Let them talk as they please: When a man has a superfluity of all things, and is a total stranger to the cross, the Sun of Righteousness, with its gracious rays, can scarcely reach the heart; and hence his Christianity usually bears only the harsh and acrid fruits of hypocrisy, pride, unkindness, and implacability. *Let God, therefore, do with you as He will; He will do you no harm.* You are

now stripping the vine of its leaves; in spring you hoed it, planted layers, pruned the suckers, and bound the branches. My friend, you are yourself a branch on the spiritual Vine, which is the Lord Jesus. God is the dresser, and He well knows that, without His grace and care, He can look for no good at your hands. This is the reason why He employs contempt to lay you in the earth, trials to prune, affliction to restrain, and poverty to strip you of your leaves. He intends it all to make His grace sweeter to you, and your heart sweeter to Him.

O my God, withdraw not from me Thy care, otherwise I shall grow wild and corrupt. Prune, bind, and strip me as Thou wilt; my comfort shall be, that Thou canst never mean it for evil.



CXCVII.

THE NAIL IN THE TREE.

JULY 15.

A WORTHY man had fastened a lath to a tree in his garden, with an iron nail. The consequence was,

that the tree gradually withered, and this was a subject of great grief to him; but he was quite at a loss to conjecture the cause of it. Conversing with him on the subject, *Gotthold* recollected having both read, and ascertained by experience, that an iron nail driven into a green tree usually causes it to wither, and explained this to the man. Being also aware that he was frequently afflicted with melancholy, he added: See here the emblem of one in whose heart grief and despondency are fixed like a nail. He too, like this tree, must soon languish and fade, for *heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop* (Prov. xii. 25), and the Son of Sirach declares that sorrow hath killed many, and there is no profit therein. The melancholy are like the patients who attempt to cure their malady by a variety and repetition of medicines, which, however, often only exhausts their strength and accelerates death. A better way is, by less medicine and more temperance, to assist nature to struggle successfully with the complaint. In like manner, it is better to brood little and pray much, than to attempt to cure misfortune by melancholy, and so substitute one evil for another.

CXCVIII.

THE ANTIDOTE TO MELANCHOLY.

JULY 16.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: If you will take my advice, I will suggest to you an excellent antidote to despondency and care. Choose some pious and familiar friend, to whom you can boldly disclose your trouble, and thereby relieve your burdened heart. The man who has a heavy load to bear, and far to go, and none to help him, soon tires and sinks; but if he share the load with a kind-hearted comrade, he can proceed a greater distance. It is the same with the sorrows of this troubled life. Our Saviour Himself, in the depths of His agony, sought comfort from His disciples, and repeatedly came to them, saying, *Could ye not watch with Me one hour?* (Matt. xxvi. 10.) Lord Jesus, well dost Thou know the feelings of a disconsolate heart. For Thy sorrow's sake, help all the sorrowful, and lighten all hearts oppressed with care.

CXCIX.

THE ONLY CHILD.

JULY 17.

A MARRIED couple of rank and fortune had an only son, and, as usually happens in such cases, loved and admired him to excess. He was the delight of their eyes and the comfort of their hearts. They would not permit the cold wind to blow, nor an unfriendly face to look upon him, and in all things gave him his will. *Gotthold* saw this, and remarked: Beware how you provoke God to jealousy, and, by the intemperance of your affection, vitally injure your son. Do you fancy that the Most High has given you an idol to make you forget Himself? It would be strange conduct for a bride, having received a picture from her bridegroom, were she to become so enamoured of the gift as to lose all thought of the giver; and yet this is what you do. God has given you your child, that the sight of him, from time to time, might remind you of His goodness, and induce

you to praise Him with filial reverence. You, however, have set your hearts so wholly upon your son, that I know not whether you have any leisure to think of your Heavenly Father. This is like the fondness of apes, which caress and kiss their offspring to death. It is like the ivy or hop twining around the young and fruitful tree, till at last they strangle it. Let it be your study to rear and possess not a son merely, but likewise a godly son. Indulging a child is like exposing a cask to the sun or hot air: It shrinks, and if it do not fall to pieces, at least becomes incapable of holding liquid. In the same way, parental affection, when carried to excess and unrestrained by reason and piety, is the ruin of children, and renders them unfit for all sound doctrine and virtue.

After pausing for a while, *Gotthold* continued and said: This only son of yours reminds me that man has but one soul. (Ps. xxii. 20.) O how desirable that it were as much the object of his love and attention, as your son is of yours. In truth, however, many act as recklessly as if they had ten souls in reserve, not reflecting that by losing the one, they lose all, and that all for ever.

Besides, O my God, I have also to consider that

my soul is not my own, but Thine. Thou hast purchased it with the blood of Thy Son, and ought I to steal from Thee what has cost Thee so great a price. And yet, my Father, I am quite unfit for the custody of so precious a jewel. Too surely would I neglect and lose it. Thou Thyself must best know how to keep what has cost Thee so dear.

CC.

THE ENEMY.

JULY 18.

A MAN was often complaining of the annoyance of an enemy, plainly showing that his heart was filled with hatred, and that, were opportunity to offer, he would not neglect to retaliate the hostility. This person *Gotthold* took aside and thus admonished: You are always talking of your enemy, but be assured that he to whom you give the name can do you no harm, so long as you trust in God, and follow after that which is good. Be upon your guard against yourself. Open enemies are far less dangerous than

secret ones. The carnal man is really hostile to himself, when he indulges hatred, and meditates revenge against those of whose hostility he complains, inasmuch as he thereby makes an enemy of God, who hates all implacable and malevolent dispositions. With due consideration, your supposed enemy may become the means of doing you so much good, that you will have reason to esteem him as your friend, and thank God on his account. An enemy is often like a medicine, which at first sickens and disorders the stomach, but afterwards removes the malady, and restores the health. An enemy teaches us to walk circumspectly ; we must always be afraid of his sharp and hostile observation, and know that he will mark our halting, and publish it abroad to our shame and injury. An enemy impels us to prayer, and teaches us to place a higher value upon the friendship of God. An enemy exercises us in patience, confirms our faith, tests our charity, implants meekness, crushes pride, weans us from the world, and sweetens to us the prospect of heaven. Unless the fire and hammer do their part, the shapeless lump of gold can never become the goblet which graces a monarch's table ; and just as little, without tribulation, can carnal men be converted into pious Christians. Look less,

then, at the hammer than at the hand which wields it for your good. My God! how shall I thank thee, for having made even the wrath and bitterness, the slander and envy, of my enemies subservient to my best interests! They thought it for evil against me, but Thou hast turned their malice into the means of my edification. *The world's enmity has made Thee and me the best of friends.*

CCI.

THE GRAFTS.

JULY 19.

GOTTHOLD, inspecting some young grafts on the stock of a fruit tree, which were shown him by a friend, and which had grown with extraordinary vigour, and reached in a short time to a great height, observed: This also is one of the miracles of nature, which we have daily before our eyes, but seldom contemplate or improve to our edification. A wild stock has all its branches pruned away, and is hewn down to a span's length. It is then split, has foreign

shoots inserted into it, and is afterwards bound ; and not only does it adopt the strange shoots and nourish them with its sap and vigour, but even permits them to gain the mastery so far as to make it forget its wildness, and bear beautiful and delicious fruit. Now, I say that of that fruit we are not worthy to taste, if we do not here gratefully acknowledge the marvellous goodness of God, and take occasion to draw some reflections that may make us better Christians. Our heart is a wild and untamed stock, which God plants in the garden of his Church, hews down, and, by repentance, reduces to despair of its own faculties and powers. He then engrafts into it Christ Jesus, his beloved Son—that noble Branch from the root of Jesse (Is. xi. 1), that through Him we may be filled with the fruits of righteousness (Phil. i. 11), and called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He may be glorified. (Is. lxi. 3.) Let us therefore see well to it, that neither presumptuous sins, nor the temptations of Satan or the world, be ever permitted to break off or uproot this noble shoot from our hearts. Let us, by diligent reflection and self-examination, ascertain that Christianity is growing within us,—in other words, that our faith, charity, patience, and godliness, are on the increase.

CCII.

THE STUBBORN TREE.

JULY 20.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: The majority of Christians resemble the stock which strikes from below the graft, wastes its sap upon wild branches, and permits the adopted ones to wither. They point their thoughts chiefly to earthly things, which efface Christ and heaven from their memories. The love of temporal possessions, luxury, pomp of dress, science, art, falsehood, enmity, hypocrisy, and other such things, shoot and grow and gather strength from day to day, as any one may see who but looks upon recent times. Godliness, on the contrary, so far from increasing, gradually declines. The Lord Jesus, with His precious merits, saving Gospel, and holy and harmless life, is torn and uprooted from the heart, and no longer held in esteem (Dan. ix. 26). But sorrow and woe be to the Christian in whose heart Christ does not take root and grow,

flourish, and bear fruit. As a barren and corrupt tree, he has nothing to expect but the axe of the Divine wrath, and the fire that is not quenched (Matt. iii. 10).

Lord Jesus, cleave my heart with Thy law; engraft Thyself deep into it by faith; bind it fast to Thee by love; govern and change it by Thy Spirit and grace; and keep it by Thy power unto holy fruitfulness here, and eternal blessedness hereafter.



CCIII.

THE TEMPTED WOMAN.

JULY 21.

A YOUNG woman, grievously tormented and driven to despair by blasphemous and horrible thoughts, was brought to *Gotthold* from the country. After conversing with her, and doing his best affectionately to instruct and console her, he sent her away visibly tranquillized, and remarked to one of the members of his family: It is in such cases of affliction as this that we discover the difference between Divine and

worldly consolation. Here we have a proof that the world, with all its carnal wisdom, luxury, pomp, power, and pleasure, is utter vanity, and can do nothing. Let it try. Go then, O World! to a person thus tempted in mind; comfort and cheer her if you can; place a bright crown upon her head, and a sceptre, inlaid with jewels, in her hand; adorn her fingers with costly rings, and her arms with golden bracelets; hang a chain of the largest and choicest pearls about her neck; pin a sparkling jewel on her breast; pour out for her the most generous wines in goblets of gold and silver; scatter roses upon the floor; provide sweet and melodious music; lead her forth into some royal garden; spread for her a soft and gorgeous couch; open all your treasures; tax your powers to the utmost, and counsel and console the poor victim of despair. Or, if you fancy these somewhat too costly and rare, provide other means and appliances,—such, for instance, as those in which you usually delight: Call for a tankard of good ale; add a bottle or two of wine and brandy; let pipes and tobacco be brought forth; lay dice and cards upon the table; let the alehouse fiddler or piper come and play his merriest strains; exhaust all your jests and fun,

shout, and sing ; and then see what you have done to comfort the sorrowful heart, or ease its anguish. If all prove of no avail, then learn at last, thou fool, that thy pleasures, glory, and consolation, are vain.



CCIV.

GOD AND THE WORLD.

JULY 22.

GOTTHOLD continued: Alas, ye children of men ! why do you so fondly love the world ? Why *forsake the fountain of living waters, and hew out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water* (Jer. ii. 13) ? Why *spend money for that which is not bread, and labour for that which satisfieth not* (Is. lv. 2) ? Why forsake the God of all consolation, and set your heart upon the world, which is, like the apple of Sodom, beautiful to look upon, but inwardly full of ashes, or not less like decayed timber, which, no doubt, glistens in the dark, as if it were some precious thing, or replete with fire, but disappoints him who stoops to pick it up, or hopes that it will warm his hands ?

Jesus, my Lord! Thou hast the words of eternal life (John vi. 67, 68); Thou hast strong and lasting consolation; Thou hast a loving heart, lips to comfort, and hands to help. With Thee there is both counsel and might. I have often found the world false, but never Thee. Thou art an unfading flower of strength and refreshment, and with Thee is the fountain of life that never runs dry. *Let who will then forsake Thee: for my part I have no wish, and know as little where, to better my condition. Be this, then, my resolution for ever: Jesus, I will not forsake Thee.*



CCV.

THE SUN.

JULY 23.

IN a company of pious persons, the sun happened to become the subject of conversation, when one of them observed: Day by day *God maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good* (Matt. v. 45). But alas! the evil regard it as little as do the brutes,

and even the good are far from giving it the attention it deserves. Of those who live beneath the sun, how few there are whom the sight of this most glorious orb incites to the praise and love of its Almighty Creator! Seneca tells us of a voluptuary who, for a long course of years, had never seen either its rising or its setting; for in the evening, when it set, his eyes were already closed with wine, and in the morning, when it rose, he had not slept out his sleep. This person, methinks, might have found many a match in our own days, and even among those who bear the Christian name. And yet how noble a miracle of the omnipotence, goodness, and wisdom of God, is the sun, and how immense a blessing to mankind and the whole visible creation! In this light the Saviour presents it to us in the words above quoted, designating it, not without cause, "*His Sun.*" *Gotthold* thereupon remarked: You have said what is true, but permit me to add: The almighty, benign, and wise Creator, has in this marvellous orb stamped a magnificent image of Himself. As a philosopher once observed, the sun is a visible Deity, and the Deity a visible sun. Viewed through a powerful telescope, it appears like a vast and ever-heaving ocean of ascending vapours,

or like molten brass boiling in vast cauldrons, and emitting smoke mingled with light and fire. It is hence inferred, that it is not merely the source of natural light, but likewise the origin of all prolific power, and, so to speak, the heart of nature and the soul of the world. And mark—such also is our God. He is a fountain for ever overflowing with good, and good alone,—a delectable fire for ever burning,—a charming light for ever shining,—an ever living, ever active and prolific Being, from whom all things originally derive existence.



CCVI.

THE SUN. (2D MED.)

JULY 24.

LET us, however, further reflect, that God's children ought likewise to be His followers, and so, mortal deities and suns upon the earth. The compassion of the Lord is new every morning (Lam. iii. 23). Every morning does the sun rise, and rejoice to run his course; and with the same daily regularity ought

the child of God to renew his purpose of ministering advice and succour to all about him ; and, after the manner of his God, have more readiness to give than another to receive. It is impossible for the sun to be without light, and quite as impossible for a true Christian to be destitute of love, gentleness, alacrity to serve, and the desire to do good.

Lord Jesus, Thou art the sun and joy of my heart. If there be in me any light, ability, readiness of will, it is all from Thee. As God sheds His light and exerts His influence through the sun, so dost Thou through me. I lay claim to no goodness of my own ; but implore of Thee mercifully to forgive me for so often obstructing Thine, and darkening Thy light with my shadow.



CCVII.

THE FRAGRANT FLOWERS.

JULY 25.

THE company had walked into the garden, when *Gotthold* continued: Perhaps you think the sun too

sublime an emblem. Well, then, contemplate these little flowers—a violet, a rose, a pink—springing from the earth and growing at your feet. See with what delight they unfold their blossoms for your service! how they continually exhale their sweet and powerful fragrance to strengthen and refresh your heart! The closer you hold them to you, or approach towards them, the more are you sensible of their sweetness. It is even so with our God. Never do we find Him destitute of vital power and effluent love and goodness. The nearer we are to Him in spirit and faith, the more do we taste His benignity. He rejoices over us to do us good. (Jer. xxxii. 41.) He loves us freely. (Hos. xiv. 5.) Let us not forget, however, that we ought to resemble Him. Our heart, like a rose, should diffuse itself abroad, and, as it were, exhale only benevolence, gentleness, and alacrity to oblige.

CCVIII.

THE SWARM OF BEES.

JULY 26.

A SWARM of bees had flown from a neighbour's garden into that of *Gotthold*, and settled on a young tree. From this he took occasion to observe: These visitors cannot have come over to us for nothing, and, if we please to reflect, they may give us a useful lesson, and thereby pay for their quarters. In my opinion, the device of a swarm of bees hanging upon a branch, and with the motto, "I will never forsake thee," would happily represent the Christian Church and their love to Jesus. The whole swarm, as is well known, is governed by a monarch, exercising an authority, not of coercion, but love; and so strong is the reciprocal attachment of the little honey birds to their prince, that they quit the hive with him, and follow and never leave him. When he flies, they do the same; when he alights, they fasten to him; if he remove, they hasten after him; and if,

by some accident, his wings be injured, and he fall to the ground, they fall upon and cover him, as I have seen with my own eyes.

It is the same with the church of the saints : they have one only head, Jesus ; and on Him their whole heart is set, and their whole soul depends. Willingly and cheerfully they follow whithersoever He leads. Their common motto is, “Jesus, I will never leave thee.” They are all animated by His spirit and governed by His love ; their very essence is fellowship with their Lord and with each other. Let us therefore endeavour to be found in this society. The whole of Christianity is comprised in three things—to believe, to love, and to obey Jesus. These are things, however, which we must be learning all our life.

Alas, Jesus ! when shall my love to Thee equal that of the bees to their king ! Ask of me the question once asked of Peter (John xxi. 26), and I must needs answer Thee with sorrow and tears ; for my heart bears witness that my love is still so weak as scarcely to deserve the name. I love Thee, it is true ; but what am I to Thee, or what proportion does my love bear to Thy deserts ? I have but one consolation, that the will is here. When I say, “ I

love Thee," I say it with sorrow and tears ; but when I say, " I would that I loved Thee with all my heart, and soul, and strength," I say it with joy and confidence, for I say it with truth. Dearest Saviour, pierce my heart with the fiery darts of Thy love ; force Thy way into its inmost chambers ; sink into the depths of my soul, and let both heart and soul blaze and swell with love to Thee.

CCIX.

THE WASP.

JULY 27.

A WASP had entered *Gotthold's* study, and for a time fluttered and buzzed before the window. At last he rose, caught it, and cut it into three parts. He then observed, with astonishment, that these three parts,—the head,—the breast and wings,—the stomach and sting,—although wholly separate from each other, had all, nevertheless, life in them. The head, when touched with a straw, still retained the power of catching it with its teeth, and suspending itself from it ; the breast with the wings fluttered continually

round and round, without being able to rise ; the stomach, when touched, was instantly ready with the sting. This reminded him that he had read of St Augustine's having once witnessed a similar phenomenon, and of his being unable to understand how the several parts into which an insect was cut, could still crawl about like the whole of it. *Gotthold* was equally at a loss to explain how the soul, so to speak, could be dissected like the body. But he soon said to himself : This may at least help me to comprehend how it is possible for the damned to suffer everlasting death, and yet never cease to live. We cannot doubt that when delivered into the hands of devils, they will be treated with the utmost cruelty, and, as I suppose, sorely mutilated, not to terminate their existence, but only to augment their pain, as every limb apart will suffer as much as the whole body when entire. They will thus be always dying, and yet will never die, but live in everlasting death.

As this wasp's head, even after death, if one may so say, attempts to bite, and the tail to sting, so the damned will for ever retain their hatred against God and man, and so their everlasting malice will justly entail upon them everlasting anguish. Ah me ! eternity ! eternity ! This is the worst of all the

terrors of hell. That which has an end, however dreadful otherwise, admits of hope and consolation ; but where shall an end be found to an endless eternity ! How blind, then, we are to forget hell as we do, especially as the best means to escape, is to meditate frequently upon it !



CCX.

SWEET WINE.

JULY 28.

GOTTHOLD had a bottle of sweet wine, and his child expressing, as children do, a wish to taste it, he poured a little into his cup, gave it him to drink, and enquired : How do you like it ? To this the child replied : *Sweet*. He then asked, How sweet is it ? and received again the same answer, *Sweet, sweet* ; at which he smiled, and observed : And so all that you can say is, that it is sweet. Ah, my God, he proceeded, sweet also is Thy grace, and delectable the drops of Thy goodness ! This I feel and taste in spirit and faith ; but were I asked, how sweet and delectable they are, I should be quite as unable

as this child to say more than that Thy grace is sweet. Its sweetness, in fact, is better experienced than expressed. I feel in my heart, and taste something in my soul which penetrates the bones and marrow, and is of all delights the most delightful, and of all sweetnesses the sweetest. So sweet is it that it kills all bitterness, and that I can neither conceive nor describe it. And yet, my God, they are but a few drops of Thy love and grace, which thus baffle my understanding and my tongue. How then will it be in heaven, when Thou shalt give me to drink of them in mighty floods ! O infinite God ! Thy sweetness and felicity are infinite like Thyself ! When will it be my lot to behold Thy face, and taste the full measure of Thy sweetness ! Wert Thou to convert all seas and rivers—all lakes, ponds, and fountains into wormwood and gall, and pour the whole upon my head, a drop or two of Thy love and goodness would be enough to sweeten and render it delightful. Vouchsafe to me, in this present life, as much of Thy sweetness as shall seem right to Thee, and be profitable to me. *In the life to come, I shall be content to gather, beneath the table of the elect, the crumbs of Thy grace, and the drops of Thy goodness, and through all eternity never ask for more.*

CCXI.

THE ELDER TREE.

JULY 29.

ONE day, as he strolled along a river, *Gotthold* came to a straight and stately elder tree, growing upon the bank, and said to himself: This kind of timber is the softest, and can without difficulty be split, cut, and wrought; and yet experience proves that it does not rot in water. In fact, the greater part of the city of Venice stands upon piles of elder, which, sunk in the sea, form the foundation of the great and massive buildings.

It is the same with meek hearts. There is no better foundation for important undertakings of public or private utility, than that intelligent modesty, which is gentle indeed, and ready to yield as far as a good conscience will allow, but which nevertheless lasts and continues stable in the flood of contradiction.

Lord Jesus, Thou wert meek and humble in heart, and on Thy love and meekness the fabric of our

salvation was founded, and still subsists. Wert Thou not meek and patient, how could any of us be saved? *Give to me a meek and loving heart, and let this be the foundation of all my intercourse with men.*

CCXII.

THE DOUBLE FLOWERS.

JULY 30.

GOTTHOLD, being in a garden, was shown some blue and yellow violets which were bearing double flowers, and were therefore regarded as something rare. He remarked, however, that in proportion as they had gained in show, they had lost in fragrance, as compared with the single, and began: How comes it to pass that generally the most showy and pompous plants are surpassed in other qualities by the more humble and unpretending? The roses, which, on account of their numerous petals, are called centifolds, are no doubt beautiful to the eye, but are excelled in fragrance by those which have much fewer. Some prefer the water obtained from the wild rose to that which is distilled from the best

of the centifoils ; and every one knows that the proud imperial crown and gaudy tulip are far less fragrant than the violet, and many of its sister plants that creep upon the ground. The same rule obtains among men. Where there is much show, there is never much power ; where great consequence in the world's eyes, very little in God's. Nay (and this I would not dare to affirm, were it not declared by Him whom no man may gainsay), *that which is highly esteemed among men, is abomination in the sight of God.* (Luke xvi. 15.) Those men who are great and eminent for their learning and wisdom, their superior talents, vast fortunes, and lofty honours, are too often, like these double flowers, destitute of the fragrance of godliness, and the strength of love. *For not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called ;* but the foolish, and base, and despised things of this world, are those which God hath chosen. (1 Cor. i. 26.) How comes it, then, that we are all so anxious to be great, and rich, and honourable, though God is pleased to show forth His power in the meek, and poor, and humble ? Better be humble and bear much fruit, than exalted and bear none. My God, I ask not of Thee the leaves of external consequence,—I will be content to continue

simple, lowly, and plain, if Thou wilt only give me grace to serve Thee and my neighbour. Outward pomp withers like a flower, but inward worth lasts even after death.

CCXIII.

THE CABBAGE.

JULY 31.

IN a cabbage-field *Gotthold* observed, that although the plants had been large and strong, they had almost all, after transplantation, lost their external leaves; and these it was melancholy to see hanging withered and drooping around the little hearts and feeble stems. He thought within himself, “*This is dying to live again.*” Had these plants remained upon the spot on which they were reared from their diminutive seeds, they could not have grown to their full size and maturity. Now, however, that they have been transplanted, their outward beauty perishes, but the little leaves of the heart survive, and, with diligent watering and care, will ere long shoot.

and close, and bear on sturdy stems the nutritious heads which all admire.

My God! it is thus Thou dealest with believers. In the world we spring from sinful seed, and being flesh born of the flesh (John iii. 6), would never grow to be holy or useful plants. But the hand of Jesus transplants us into the garden of the Church, that we may become the planting of the Lord, that He may be glorified. (Is. lxi. 3.) Then we are overtaken by the heat of the cross, and whatever else Thy wonderful counsel (Is. xxviii. 29) deems requisite for our growth. We die to live: die to sin, that we may live to righteousness; die to the world, that we may live to God. The old man dies, that the new man may live; the flesh dies, that the Spirit may live and reign within us.—My God, let me be such a plant!

CCXIV.

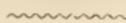
THE WEED.

AUGUST 1.

ONE day *Gotthold* saw a nettle growing in a flower border, and, on attempting to pull it up, found that he brought with it a quantity of the soil, of which, with its many roots and fibres, it had taken a firm hold. It is the same, he inwardly thought, with our conversion. Where God would extirpate the plant of sin from our hearts, alas! how strong the hold it has taken! and with how many roots of evil concupiscence it has fastened and entwined itself on every side! The consequence is inevitable—part of the heart must come with it; by which I mean, that it cannot be torn up without pain, anguish, and sorrow. But what does that matter? Weeds which are only removed from the surface shoot again; and unless they are thoroughly extirpated, it is not safe to plant flowers or herbs in their place. Vain, therefore, is the attempt to make ourselves good by

a forced and unsteady resolution, while we retain the love of evil in our breast, for that is only waiting a favourable season and opportunity to shoot afresh.

My God, do Thou Thyself extirpate the root of bitterness from my heart! Use any means which seems good in Thy sight for this purpose; it may wound the sinful flesh, *but better temporal than eternal pain.*



CCXV.

THE ELM.

AUGUST 2.

GOTTHOLD observing a common elm, recollected having read that when, in the month of April or May, this tree is moistened with a small and gentle rain, and immediately after warmed with the rays of the sun, its leaves curl, and a blister is formed, within which the pent and heated moisture breeds gnats and other insects. On this account it is sometimes called the gnat-tree. Approaching nearer, he found it to be matter of fact, and that some of

the leaves still retained their insect fruit, while in others it had already escaped through a small orifice. What we observe in this tree, thought he, is quite of a piece with what occurs to those who cannot bear prosperity. God sheds upon them the dew of His blessing and the beams of His grace, in order to promote their growth in piety and gratitude; but their evil heart spawns avarice and luxury, pride, ingratitude, and ungodliness.

Preserve me, O my God, from these sins, and give me grace to make a good use of Thy blessings.



CCXVI.

THE PIKE.

AUGUST 3.

STROLLING along the banks of a pond, *Gotthold* observed a pike basking in the sun, and so pleased with the sweet and soothing rays as to forget itself and the danger to which it was exposed. Thereupon a boy approached, and with a snare formed of horse hair, and fastened to the end of a rod, which he

skilfully cast over its head, pulled it in an instant out of the water. Ah me ! said *Gotthold*, with a deep sigh, how evidently do I here behold shadowed forth the danger of my poor soul ! When the beams of temporal prosperity play upon us to our heart's desire, so grateful are they to corrupt flesh and blood, that, immersed in sordid pleasure, luxury, and security, we lose all sense of spiritual danger and all thought of eternity. In this state many are, in fact, suddenly snatched away, to the eternal ruin of their souls.

O my God, vouchsafe to me Thy grace, that I may learn *to rejoice as though I rejoiced not, and buy as though I possessed not, and use this world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away.* (1 Cor. vii. 30, 31.) In the midst of pleasures and enjoyments, let me still feel, like the Psalmist, that the best of all is to draw near unto Thee (Ps. lxxiii. 28) ; and may I never forget Thy fear. Break also the snares with which Satan endeavours to make a prey of my soul, but which, in my misery, I cannot see ; and for this I shall laud and praise Thee in eternity.

CCXXVII.

INGRATITUDE.

AUGUST 4.

A PERSON was lamenting that, though he had done good to numbers of his fellow-men, he had been rewarded with gratitude by few, and with ingratitude by many; and he averred, that for this reason he was resolved henceforward to limit and restrain his liberality. *Gotthold* replied: Friend, did you ever see the horses taken to water? They rush into some beautiful stream or tranquil lake, and drink of it to their heart's content; after which they turn their backs upon it, or stamp in it with their feet until the water is polluted. This is the price they pay for their refreshing draught. But what, then, does the noble river? It immediately floats away the mud, and continues after, as it was before, full, and free of access for the same or other thirsty creatures. And so must you also do. If there really be a fountain of genuine charity in your heart, it will

constantly and spontaneously overflow, whether those who drink of it are thankful or not. He is a senseless husbandman who expects to reap the produce of his seed before the harvest. This life is the season for sowing and scattering; we shall reap hereafter.

My God, grant that my bounty may be a clear and transparent river, flowing from pure charity, and uncontaminated by self-love, ambition, or interest. Thanks are due, not to me, but Thee, from whom all I possess is derived. And what are the paltry gifts for which my neighbour forgets to thank me, compared with the immense blessings for which I have so often forgotten to be grateful to Thee!

CCXVIII.

THE MULBERRY TREE.

AUGUST 5.

GOTTHOLD seeing a mulberry tree with its dense foliage, and its berries partly red and immature, and partly dark brown and ripe, approached,

the day being sultry, regaled himself for a little with its pleasant shade and fruit. He likewise took occasion to say: Justly art thou called the wisest among the trees; for, although the last to show thy foliage in the spring, thou securest by the delay the protection of thy fruit from the cold; and yet, in due season—that is, when the heat is greatest—bearest thy cooling and refreshing clusters. It is the same with the grace and heart-quickenng consolation of my God. The Lord Jesus is the tree of life implanted in my soul. Sometimes, however, it seems to me, or I imagine in my distress, as if He had neither leaves to shade nor fruits to refresh me, so that I am ready to say: Is the green tree withered? (Luke xxiii. 31.) Has the Lord God forgotten to be gracious, or Jesus how to save? O Lord, how long! how long! And yet, dear Saviour, Thou hast always chosen the fittest time; and when my misery and anguish were at the worst, never failed plentifully to expand Thy foliage and bear Thy fruit for my refreshment, giving me good reason to rejoice in Thy grace (Mic. vii. 9), and to say: *I sit down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit is sweet unto my taste.* (Cant. ii. 3.)

CCXIX.

THE BURNING-GLASS.

AUGUST 6.

GOTTHOLD was present where a party of friends were amusing themselves with an artificially-cut glass, which concentrated the rays of the sun, and so not only exploded powder, but kindled straw, and even cloth and hard-wood. Let this, said he, remind us, for our good, of *Opportunity* to sin; for that is a means by which many a cold log (I mean heart) has been set on fire and excited to its ruin. Our eyes, which in many respects resemble this instrument, are sometimes justly called the heart's burning-glass, because they catch the opportunities to sin, and thereby infect the heart, and give occasion to carry vicious inclinations into effect. This was the case even in Paradise: *For the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and pleasant to the eyes; and she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat.* (Gen. iii. 6.) The same thing likewise happened to King David when he

beheld Bathsheba in the bath (2 Sam. xi. 2): and if the wife of Potiphar had closed these windows, passion would never have gained the mastery in her breast. (Gen. xxxix. 7.) If, therefore, you would avoid sin, avoid all opportunities of committing it; and as this glass cannot burn unless it be kept still and motionless, so the moment you find your eyes fixed on an opportunity of sinning, recollect the danger to which your heart is exposed, and escape with the utmost speed from the ruin threatening your soul.

My God, take me under Thy protection, and grant that my eyes may never lust, and so may never mislead my heart, nor set it on fire with sinful passion.

CCXX.

THE ORPHANS.

AUGUST 7.

A GOOD man had died in the bloom of life, leaving behind him several infant children. The plentiful

tears of the widow went deep into *Gotthold's* heart, nor less the simple sorrow of the orphans, who were all the more objects of pity, that they did not understand the cause they had to weep. He too sighed, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed: Thou marvellous God! how contrary are Thy doings to what seem good to us! Is not this disconsolate widow like a vine whose prop the wind has taken away and levelled with the earth? What better is her household than a low hedge, which every one will think himself at liberty to overstep? What else the young orphans, but flowers growing in the wild forest, and on which all the beasts will trample? But pardon me, Thou faithful God! that, from tender compassion to these disconsolate mourners, I venture to speak thus boldly with Thee. Thou must respect Thy name, and have opportunity to show, that *Thou art the Father of the fatherless, and the Judge of the widows.* (Ps. lxxviii. 5.) Show it then here! Thy counsel is always best. The gardener does not scruple to hew down the old tree, that the young ones growing around, but which were previously injured by its shade, may have room to thrive. Even so the life of parents would often prove their children's ruin. But when the shade is removed, there is nothing save

the open heaven above their heads ; and so they learn to fear and to put their trust in Thee, and from Thee alone to expect blessing, protection, and defence. Heavenly Father ! Thou wilt, no doubt, do more for these orphans than their earthly parent, with all his affection, could ever have accomplished. Yes, my God, in them, and in their much afflicted mother, glorify now Thy name !

CCXXI.

THE FLIES.

AUGUST 8.

It happened that, at dinner, the flies in vast numbers haunted the apartment, and not only flitted around the heads of the guests with most annoying din, but settled upon their plates, and even upon their faces. *Gotthold* remarked : These are a shameless kind of insect, lighting upon everything without distinction, and returning the moment they are chased away. In my opinion, they have been made by the Almighty Creator to teach us the lesson of

our inability and helplessness, inasmuch as the mightiest of men is not mighty enough to compel a fly to keep off his face. It buzzes and hums around his head as if it meant to mock him; and when he attempts to kill it, off it flies, but only to return the next instant. And how comes it that we forgive an insect for such conduct, without being provoked, whereas the least symptom of an insult which we receive, or imagine we receive, from a neighbour, kindles our indignation to such a pitch, that we would fain stir up an insurrection in heaven and earth to avenge the fancied injury? My friend, *is it not absurd to allow a fly to dance upon your nose*, and yet to be so sensitive of injury from a man who, in many cases, had not the slightest intention to injure you? Rather ought we to consider it an honour to be wrongfully insulted and reviled. Just as the fly defiles whatever it touches, and especially such objects as are the most polished and white, so likewise is the slanderer wont to pollute with his obloquy all he can, and particularly to assail those who outshine others by the lustre of the virtue and innocence which they have received as gifts from God.

CCXXII.

THE FLIES. (2D MED.)

AUGUST 9.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: Moreover, as the swarms of flies are never more bold and wanton than when the sun is brightest, and the summer days most sultry, but lose their strength and lie benumbed when the weather suddenly turns cold, or the harvest approaches; so they may further picture forth those persons whom temporal prosperity inflates with pride, insolence, and contempt of God and men, but who, on the other hand, are discouraged by the slightest affliction, or unforeseen mischance. Of this temper, more or less, are the hearts of all men,—insolent in prosperity, and discouraged in adversity. (Jer. xvii. 9.) Discouragement in adversity, however, betrays want of faith and trust in God; while nothing is more foolish than the pride and insolence of the prosperous. What is a fly? It is here now, and the next moment gone. It often makes a mighty

stir and din, but scarcely alights ere it receives its death-blow, or falls into the spider's web, or drinks the poison set for it, and so pays for its insolence with its life. And what else is man but such a fly? He, too, often bustles about in the world, as if he would remove mountains; boasts and shows himself off, rages and threatens; and lo! in the twinkling of an eye, death catches him in its snare, *and in that very day do his thoughts perish.* (Ps. cxlvi. 4.)

Help me, Thou everlasting God! always to remember and own my nothingness, to guard against pride and presumptuous sins, and, all my days, to lead a godly life in Thy fear.



CCXXIII.

THE FAIR.

AUGUST 10.

HEARING of a fair which had been held in a certain town, and of the vast multitudes which had attended it, *Gotthold* observed: The great majority of these people were actuated by the hope of temporal gain,

which may be called the sun of worldly hearts, inasmuch as these all turn, like sun flowers, towards it ; or we may call it, as did the shrewd Dutchman, the Fifth Gospel of corrupt Christendom, and the Grand Idol of the present world, which so many thousand souls worship and serve. O that there were among us the same keen desire for spiritual gain ! A mountebank comes forward, and publishes his lies, at the highest pitch of his voice, and hundreds gather around, and never tire of listening to him. But let a preacher, or minister of Jesus Christ, appear on the Sabbath, and make offer to all of his Master's succour and grace, and, alas ! how few there are who have any hearty desire for the gifts !

~~~~~

CCXXIV.

SOUL VENDERS.

AUGUST 11.

GOTTHOLD proceeded : At fairs, all sorts of wares, even men and their souls, are exposed for sale. Nay, what is of all things the most strange, there are many

who will sell their souls for less than they will, any other commodity. The traitor Judas consented to sell his Lord and Master for thirty pieces of silver. Rightly viewed, it was his own soul which he sold; and, compared with the present world, the price which the miserable man obtained was not inconsiderable. For, as I believe, there are many who, to gain or put into their purse thirty pieces of silver, would, if it were possible, sell their souls thirty times over. If you doubt this, reflect that, as often as a man possesses himself of any object by unjust and ungodly means, he burdens his conscience, sins against his God, and, as far as he can, virtually sells his poor soul for base lucre. Miserable creatures that we are! how comes it to pass that in worldly traffic we weigh and measure so correctly, and show ourselves so shrewd and prudent, but never think of weighing temporal things with eternal, or measuring transitory gains with everlasting losses, and in matters which concern our salvation, are as stupid as the brutes? Were I to ask an unrighteous man to sell his heart, he would instantly reply in the negative; and though I were to offer for it a hundred thousand ducats, he would still insist that he was not so great a fool as to part with his heart for money,

inasmuch as, without a heart, he could not live, and without life, money would be useless. O fellow-man! if temporal life be too precious to be sold for gold, why for gold do you part with your soul and life eternal? Why do you reckon that so worthless which appears to God of such inestimable value, that He consented to redeem it with the blood of His only and well-beloved Son? I, for my part, agree with the holy apostle, who says: *Godliness, with contentment, is great gain: for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; and having food and raiment, let us therewith be content.*



## CCXXV.

## THE ORANGE TREE.

AUGUST 12.

In the garden of a man of rank, *Gotthold* was shown a young orange tree bearing fruit, part of which was almost ripe, and part still small and green. He was told that in warm countries, such as Spain and Italy, where it attains to its full height and perfection, the

orange tree is found, so to speak, continually serving man ; inasmuch as, at one and the same time, ripe fruit, and half-ripe fruit, and even blossom, may all be seen upon it. He thereupon replied : It would be the same with our common apple and pear trees, were it not for the severity of the cold in winter. In spring, when they burst the bud, and are gradually adorned by nature with leaves, and flowers, and fruit, you may already discover the leaf and fruit buds with which they intend to gain our love and admiration in the year to come. In harvest, too, when the foliage drops off, these remain as the hope of the following summer, and can be recognised and distinguished by the skilful gardener. From the inanimate creatures let us learn our duty. Nature continues in incessant action ; and having once received from her omnipotent Creator the command to minister to man with her fertility, she never pauses, but works, germinates, and produces in succession, leaves, flowers, and fruits, to the utmost of her ability. And why should not we do the same, seeing that God has not only made and planted, but even watered us with the blood and Spirit of His dear Son, to the end that we may bear fruits of love and gratitude both to Him and our neighbour ?

There can be no doubt that in all the plants of righteousness which He has planted there is an ever active, forcing, and prolific power, for, in the remarkable words of the apostle, *as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God* (Rom. viii. 14); and again, *the love of Christ constraineth us.* (2 Cor. v. 14.) When they have performed one work of love, or borne one fruit of righteousness to the glory of God and the service of the brethren, they are already in spirit bearing fresh blossoms and pondering on others. Be it summer or winter, never do you find them without good fruit, or at least never without blossoms, leaves, and fruit-buds; by which I mean, holy and sincere desires and resolutions to advance God's glory, and be serviceable to mankind. They are *partakers of the Divine nature* (2 Pet. i. 4), and have the spirit and the mind of Christ. (1 Cor. ii. 16.)

Jesus, my Lord, without Thee we can do nothing. Abide Thou in me, and I in Thee (John xv. 5), and then never shall I want either fruitfulness or fruit.

## CCXXVI.

## THE POOR MAN.

AUGUST 13.

A MAN, old and poor, had gone out to beg; but feeling himself too feeble to proceed, had sat down in the street, and was leaning his back upon a wall, and his head upon a raised stone. In this position he was found by *Gotthold*, who, having accosted him and inquired into his circumstances, addressed to him a word of comfort, and promised to contrive some means of relieving his necessities; for which ere long a good opportunity offered. Alas! O my God, said he, how unsearchable are Thy ways, how unfathomable Thy judgments, how mysterious the allotments of Thy providence! One man lives in affluence, and has every accommodation he can wish or desire; another sleeps upon the street, with no curtain but the heaven, and no couch but the pavement. And yet they are both men; nay, the former may be Thine enemy, and the latter Thy friend and dear child.

O my God, what have I given to Thee more than this second Lazarus, and wherein do I excel him? In nothing, save perhaps that there is more sin on my part, and (in respect of temporal things) more goodness on Thine.

~~~~~

CCXXVII.

THE INCOGNITO.

AUGUST 14.

HEAVENLY FATHER, proceeded *Gotthold*, Thy prophet declares that *blessed is the man that considereth the poor.* (Ps. xli. 2.) One would imagine that little consideration is necessary, when we see before us the sufferer's misery. The world rushes past, and thinks, Who knows what a vagabond he is? Who knows but he has brought all this wretchedness upon his own head? I, however, know that the great and mighty have sometimes disguised themselves in mean attire, in order to discover the true character of their dependents; I know, too, that my Sovereign, Jesus, conceals himself beneath the beggar's cloak, that he

may put my heart to the test, and ascertain whether He or money is dearer to it. No, no, my Saviour, Thou must not thus pass me by; disguise Thyself as Thou wilt, I still recognise Thee. I thank Thee for having now deemed me worthy to knock at my door, and apply to me for relief. I will take to heart the penury of this forsaken beggar, and relieve him to the utmost of my means. Ah, my Saviour, vouchsafe to me not only to do, but also to will (Phil. ii. 13); and grant that my poor doing and willing may be mercifully accepted of Thee. This time it is Thou who comest before my door; ere long it will be my turn to knock at Thine. O never let me find the door of mercy or heaven shut against me!

CCXXVIII.

THE TREE BY THE WATER-SIDE.

AUGUST 15.

As *Gotthold* was one fine day walking along the bank of a lake, he remarked that the shadow of a tree which grew upon the bank formed a correct and vivid picture upon the water. At the same time, he

recollected that an ingenious political author employs this image to illustrate to his prince the vicissitude of good and bad fortune, and warn him against indulging security and pride at the successful progress of his measures. How easily it may happen that a tree which grows on the bank, and reflects its branches, loaded with foliage and fruit, upon the surface of a lake, and so, as it were, indulges self-complacency, may be uprooted by a storm, and laid prostrate in the water. And no less easily a man whom God has planted by the water's side—by which I mean, one whom He has permitted to grow great and conspicuous for temporal wealth, prosperity, and honour—may, at the nod of the Most High, be overthrown by some calamity, and levelled with the ground, a laughing-stock and astonishment to all. Does not the royal prophet say: *I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree, yet he passed away, and so he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found?* (Ps. xxxvii. 35, 36.) Wherefore, let a man, when he is full, remember that he may one day suffer hunger; and when he is rich, that he may be reduced to poverty and want: for, between morning and evening great changes may happen.

CCXXIX.

THE SHADOW OF THE TREE IN THE WATER.

AUGUST 16.

GAZING once more upon the lake, and continuing to reflect, *Gotthold* conceived that the tree mirrored upon the water imaged forth the transitory nature of temporal blessings, in contrast with the stability of those which are eternal. The fashion of the world, said he, with all its pomp, is like this image on the water: God has portrayed the glory of heaven in the terrestrial creation, but done it, so to speak, upon fluid; that is, he has connected all things with vanity, to the end that man may not love that which is of a mere shadowy nature, but learn from it to long after heavenly realities. How vain is this image of the tree! Agitate the water, and it is gone. It is the same with the things of this world: the least sinister accident shatters and annihilates them. How foolish, then, we are to hunt after a vanishing shadow, and grasp at it to the peril of our souls,

while we care so little for that stable and never-fading inheritance which is reserved in heaven for the lovers of God!

CCXXX.

THE BROOK.

AUGUST 17.

ONE evening a party of labourers, returning from the fields, seated themselves beside a little brook, and not only drank of its fresh and cooling water, but used it to wash off the sweat and dust from their persons. *Gotthold*, seeing them as he passed, thought with himself: My God, how sweet and pleasant to me is the pure stream of Thy goodness, which this brook adumbrates to my view! However circumspect I may suppose my walk during the day to have been, I yet cannot wholly avoid contracting various defilements; and these I always see best when evening brings leisure for meditation, and I examine what the work of the day has been. But the stream of thy heart-refreshing grace is then my

resort. In it I wash and cleanse away my sins, and find solace and refreshment for my weary soul. And as this brook not merely washes off impurities, but overwhelms them, so that they can no longer be found, even so Thy Divine mercy, and the stream of my Saviour's blood, not only purge away, but extinguish my sins, sweeping them into the depths of the sea, where through all eternity they shall be remembered no more.

Lord Jesus, Thou fountain of life! Thy grace is my consolation, Thy overflowing goodness, fresh water to my troubled heart. Would that I had as many tongues as there are drops in this stream! Their only work should be to extol Thine incomprehensible love and goodness.



CCXXXI.

FLOUR.

AUGUST 18.

GOTTHOLD seeing that the maid had poured a quantity of flour into a dish for baking, said to her: No

one should ever set the sponge, without first comparing a handful of flour with a handful of earth, in order to understand the goodness and omnipotence by which God has contrived to extract from the black and coarse earth so fair and white a substance as flour: Unfortunately, however, our reflection seldom extends further than our sight. God ordained, in the Law, that the two lambs, sacrificed morning and evening every day, should be offered with flour, and oil, and wine (Exod. xxix. 40); and thereby signifying that daily thanks are due to Him every time we appease our hunger with these His most excellent gifts. In like manner, He enjoined that the offerer of a meat-offering of flour *shall pour oil upon it, and put frankincense thereon* (Lev. ii. 1), in order to signify that we ought to sprinkle our flour with the oil of charity to the needy, and sanctify it with the incense of prayer and gratitude to God. Call to mind also the meal-barrel of the widow of Sarepta, which, in a time of sore dearth, was never to waste, nor the cruise of oil to fail, in order that the prophet Elias might have food, and she and her son share it with him. (1 Kings xvii. 12.) This was done for our instruction and comfort, and to teach us that we should not look at our own, so much as at the Divine

supplies, which are never exhausted, but stand always open and accessible to those who trust in God.

My God, give me of Thy mercy, in this world, bread sufficient for my wants, and heaven in the world to come. If I have now reason to thank Thee for my daily bread, with what joy shall I not thank Thee in eternity, when Thou shalt give me to eat of the hidden manna! (Rev. ii. 17.)

CCXXXII.

THE BAD CROP.

AUGUST 19.

OWING to the severe drought, and long want of rain, the crop (in 1661) was very deficient, especially in the early kinds of grain; the greater part of which, being scarce half a span in length, could not be mown, and, having been scorched and destroyed, was besides cornless. This gave rise to general complaints, both among town and country people, so that two men rarely met without manifesting their despondency, and expressing themselves in most un-

becoming terms. *Gotthold* thereupon observed: I am now sensible of the truth of the proverb, which says, that if God were to be so complaisant as to carry us on His back to Rome, we would not thank Him for His pains, if He did not also set us down upon an easy chair. How comes it to pass that, in the present dearth, there are so few who thankfully reflect upon the rich and plentiful seasons of which we have had so long a succession. I cannot recollect of having then heard nearly so much praise and thanksgiving for the abundance of the Divine blessing, as I now hear complaints on account of its deficiency. It really is a serious fault to reckon the blessings of God so small, and His punishments so great and so far above our deserts; whereas it is His goodness and our sins which exceed all weight and number, while His punishments and our deserts are exceedingly small. Only compute, I beseech you, and you will soon find, that the abundance of former seasons would have more than sufficed to compensate for the deficiency of the present, if we had only dealt prudently, and not squandered it with so lavish a hand. Weigh likewise the magnitude of our sin and guilt on the one hand, and God's right and power to punish us on the other; and who can deny that, were

He to cause the harvest to misgive, and the grain to wither, not only for one, but every season, thus leaving us to pine for hunger, so far from wronging, He would only treat us as we have justly merited. Let us also reflect, for our comfort, that it is no difficult matter for Almighty God, who pardons the sins of the penitent, also to swell the little stores of the faithful, and even in the midst of dearth to satisfy them abundantly. O my God, Thou kind and gracious Master ! give me, above all things, a heart easily contented, and able either to be poor or to be hungry, to abound or to suffer need.



CCXXXIII.

THE DISMANTLED HOUSE.

AUGUST 20.

GOTTHOLD happened one day to pass a house, from which war and pestilence had swept away the inmates, whose roof and partitions had afterwards fallen, and which was now tottering to its ruin. Here, said he, we behold the fruits of our sins, which are what

empty cities of their populations, and houses of their inhabitants. (Is. vi. 11.) And it is no wonder that God chases and expels us from our mansions, when we refuse to have Him for our fellow-lodger, and make screens of our walls, behind which to sin, as we fancy, in security. The spectacle of this house, forsaken by man, and falling into ruin, shall now remind me of the wretchedness of that soul which, persevering in a course of sin and impenitence, God in righteous judgment forsakes. It is the haunt of the foul birds of night and hell, which fly in and out at their pleasure. All about it is crumbling to pieces, and preparing for everlasting destruction. The worst punishment which can be inflicted upon man in this present life, is when God withdraws from him the hand of grace, gives him up to a reprobate mind, and permits him to walk according to the inclinations of his wicked heart. In that case, Satan has gained the game, and bridles and saddles the steed to ride it at his pleasure. The man becomes a ball which the devils toss from hand to hand, and plunge out of one sin into another. His mind is a forge, in which infernal spirits manufacture the works and weapons of darkness. I now understand what is meant when the Lord our God exclaims: *Woe to them when I*

depart from them. (Hos. ix. 12.) And again : *I have taken away my peace from this people, even loving-kindness and mercies.* (Jer. xvi. 5.) There is, however, a difference between this house and a profligate given over to the power of hell : the one exhibits its miserable condition to the view of all who pass, whereas the spiritual wretchedness and ruin of the other are often disguised by temporal prosperity, and the success of his licentious projects. The danger is, however, all the greater, the more it escapes the notice both of himself and others.

Leave me not, then, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. (Ps. xxvii. 9.) Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. (Ps. li. 11.) Let me not have my own will ; withdraw not from me Thy watchful care. Let my soul continue at all times the habitation of Thy Spirit. I would rather be deserted by the world, by health, by honour, by pleasure, by earthly blessings, by friends, by all, than by Thee and Thy grace.

CCXXXIV.

THE SATIATED CHILD.

AUGUST 21.

A CHILD, after a full meal, had asked a slice of bread, and, sitting down, broke it into crumbs. Here, said *Gotthold*, see the consequences of superfluity, and what harm it does our corrupt nature to have more than it needs. This child, if hungry, would eat the wholesome bread with relish, and not willingly lose a crumb. Now, however, that he is satisfied, he plays with it, and wastes it. And we older children do the same. Hard times are best for teaching us economy and the prudent and grateful use of the gifts of God. Superfluity has always an attendant, whose name is prodigality; *and never are more sins committed, than when God is most generous to the world, and pours out His blessings like an overflowing flood.* On the other hand, never do men look so often or so earnestly to heaven, as when the bread-basket is lifted above their reach, and dearth teaches them how precious is the Divine blessing.

Merciful God ! I cannot say how it would be best to treat the world. For when Thou givest little, it murmurs and complains ; and when Thou givest much, vaunts and plays the fool. O my Father, exercise forbearance with its folly. For my own part, I will desire neither poverty nor riches, neither want nor abundance. In either condition, I have no confidence in myself. One thing, however, I know I wish,—give me, O my Father, what is agreeable to Thy will.



CCXXXV.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

AUGUST 22.

GOTTHOLD was invited to an entertainment, and had the hope held out, that he would meet with a friend whom he loved, and in whose society he took the greatest delight. On joining the party, however, he learned that, owing to some unforeseen occurrence, this friend was not to be present, and felt too much chagrined to take any share in the hilarity. The circumstance afterwards led him into the following

train of thought : The pious soul that sincerely loves and fervently longs for the Lord Jesus, experiences what I lately did. She seeks her Beloved in all places, objects, and events. If she find Him, who is happier ? If she find Him not, who more disconsolate ? Ah ! Lord Jesus, Thou best of Friends, Thou art the object of my love ; my soul seeketh Thee ; my heart longeth after Thee. What care I for the world, with all its pleasures and pomps, its power and glory, unless I find Thee in it ? What care I for the daintiest food, the sweetest drinks, and the merriest company, unless Thou art present, and unless I can dip my morsel in Thy wounds, sweeten my drought with Thy grace, and hear Thy pleasant words. *Verily, my Saviour, were I even in heaven, and did not find Thee there, it would seem to me no heaven at all.* Wherefore, Lord Jesus ! when I seek Thee, with tears, sighs, yearnings of heart, and patient hope, hide not Thyself from me, but suffer me to find Thee ; *For, Lord ! whom have I in the heaven but Thee ? and there is none upon the earth that I desire besides Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth ; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.* (Ps. lxxiii. 25, 26.)

CCXXXVI.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

AUGUST 23.

A COSTLY pearl necklace, just purchased for a young lady, was shown to *Gotthold*, and led him to say : In these days little attention is paid to the admonition of the holy apostle, who requires that women *adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety ; not with broided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.* (1 Tim. ii. 9.) No female now abstains from wearing pearls, but she who has neither pearls to wear, nor money to buy them. And, considering the natural love of the sex for ornament, this might be allowed, under the condition that no lady should be entitled to wear pearls, unless she could either make, or take from them, a subject of holy meditation. For example : the pearl, as most naturalists inform us, is the product of the dew of heaven ; for, when the oyster sees the weather bright and clear, it is said to open its shells at the early dawn,

while the dew is falling, and greedily to drink in the silver drops, which petrify within it, and afterwards, by their white and snowy lustre, betray their celestial origin. In the same way ought our hearts to be eager and open to imbibe the dew of heavenly grace, when it drops at the preaching of the word.

~~~~~  
CCXXXVII.

THE PEARL NECKLACE. (2D MED.)

AUGUST 24.

GOTTHOLD proceeded : I cannot recollect having ever heard of any pious lady, whether old or young, who, at her departure from this world, cared to have her pearls and other ornaments about her. On the contrary, we read of a Princess, who, on her death-bed, expressed her contempt for them, exclaiming, Away with such trash ! and do Thou, O Christ Jesus, adorn my soul with Thy royal robes ! Provide yourselves, therefore, with such pearls as may strengthen your soul at death, and adorn it in the sight of Jesus.

As pearls are strung upon a thread, and hung for ornament about the neck, so ought the Christian to string upon his memory those precious texts of Scripture, which contain the kernel, sap, and strength of heavenly wisdom, that he may have them ready for use, both in life and death.

Above all, every time you decorate yourself with these bright and glistening jewels, remember that your soul ought to wear a similar ornament of virtue, godliness, and good behaviour; otherwise the pearls will be ashamed of the vile object they are compelled to adorn.

My God! my pearls shall be my tears. Give me grace to shed them for sorrow at my sin, for joy at Thy goodness, and for desire after Thy heavenly felicity, and I shall ask for no other pearls.

---

### CCXXXVIII.

#### THE ELDER TREE.

AUGUST 25.

AN acquaintance one day observed to *Gotthold*, as they were passing a great elder-tree, which was loaded

with berries, that he wondered why this species of tree was not held in greater estimation, considering that its fruit is so useful in medicine, and the juice decocted from it so justly entitled to be called the German Panacea. To this *Gotthold* replied: It is true that there is not a single part of it which is not of some medical use. In spring, the young buds, at their bursting, form an excellent salad, which, taken in proper quantity, carries off the morbid fluids; the blossom, when plucked, yields a cooling and wholesome beverage; the berries contain an excellent juice, which promotes respiration, and counteracts the effects of poison; the little kernels, in the fruit, when beaten to powder, are said to be beneficial in various diseases; and the sap extracted from the outer bark of the root, and taken with wine, is a good antidote to the dropsy. The tree, however, has several drawbacks. One is, its strong and baneful odour, which oppresses the head of all who approach it; and another its commonness, for it grows beside every wall and hedge, and often where one would least expect it. Accordingly, it is a striking emblem of a man of learning, experience, and ability, but of rude and unpolished manners, who forgets to clean the basket in which he takes his excellent wares

to market, or who makes himself too common, and, like the hen, scrapes on every dunghill. Take my word for it, pleasing manners are often the colour and gilding which beautify the timber image. Many a damsel, with only beauty enough not to be called ill-favoured, often succeeds, by the grace of her manner and deportment, in making herself a general favourite ; and the old adage is true, that he who gains in learning, but loses in manners, in so far grows a smaller, instead of a greater man. The same happens with whatever is made too common. Nor need we wonder that the wares are suspected, which the merchant himself holds cheap, and daily exposes in his shop. *It is a great point of wisdom to know the right time to display, and the right time to conceal knowledge.*

~~~~~  
CCXXXIX.

THE TREE WITHOUT A FENCE.

AUGUST 26.

AT no great distance, they perceived an apple tree standing in an open garden. Beautiful fruit loaded

the branches, but it was not allowed time to ripen, being shaken off and destroyed by the boys, as the stones and sticks scattered around too plainly showed. I pity, said *Gotthold*, this noble tree, and would that I could purchase and transplant it into my garden. I mark in it, however, a true image of widows, and of orphans. It is they who in this world are most exposed to wrong, and enjoy the least protection. Their branches may be loaded with fruit,—by which I mean, that through God's blessing, and the industry of the deceased, they may possess property,—but for all that, they are treated like this tree, which every one shakes in passing. Opportunities are seldom wanting—plenty of missiles are lying around ; and, being widows and orphans, they are compelled to suffer what the world pleases to inflict. For this reason, in the Hebrew tongue, the word for a widow signifies *to bind* and *to be silent*,—intimating, so to speak, that their hands are tied, and that they must needs suffer much injustice, and yet hold their peace.

My God ! take me not away in the midst of my days, that my wife may never be a widow, nor my children orphans, and so compelled to take their place in the ranks of the miserable and disconsolate.

If, however, Thou shalt order it otherwise, be Thou a Husband to my wife, and a Father to my children.

CCXL.

THE IMPALED TOAD.

AUGUST 27.

GOTTHOLD saw in a garden a toad pierced through with a sharp rod, and dried in the sun; and being asked why the creature was tortured in this way, when it might be easily killed with a blow, or crushed to death in a moment, he replied: In my opinion, it is with many a mere custom. They do it in imitation of others, whom they have seen do it before. With some, again, it is sheer cruelty; they imagine they cannot torture so odious a creature enough. It is also done, however, by sensible men, in order to a medicinal use, inasmuch as an exsiccated toad, if held for a sufficient time in the hand, stops excessive bleeding at the nose, and during pestilence, when laid upon the glands, is believed to imbibe the poison, and to swell in consequence; just as

the scorpion, when applied to the wound it has inflicted, becomes an antidote to its own venom. Here then we have an agreeable emblem of the way in which the all-wise God contrives to turn our sins into a medicine for our souls. You will willingly own, that however wantonly we commit it, sin is more odious in God's eyes, and more venomous as respects the welfare of man, than even a toad. This venomous spiritual reptile, therefore, God takes, impales upon the cross of Christ, and dries in the heat of tribulation. In this manner it indeed expires; but as man still continues flesh and blood, and is constantly inclined to relapse, God keeps the sin of the past continually before his eyes, in order to warn him against sin in future. Many a man has some sin or other, of which he never thinks but with bitter sorrow and repentance, and of whose pardon (having sought it through faith in Christ) he just as little doubts, but of which he yet cannot shake off the painful recollection. He has therefore to deplore, in the words of David, that *his sin is ever before him* (Ps. li. 3); and that, like a phantom, it sometimes scares him in company and occupation, and even startles him in his sleep. If you please to say that this is the work of the devil, who would fain

keep the penitent sinner in perpetual doubt and distress, as the nearest stage to despair, I have no objection ; but at the same time you must also admit, that it does not take place without the permission of the Most High. He, however, has a very different end in view ; for He seeks to cure sin by sin, and to make one poison counteract another. The constant exhibition of former offences is designed to restrain His child from pride and ambition, security, presumption, contempt of others, implacability, and the like, and to make his life a lasting act of repentance.

My God ! I have often little notion how well meant, on Thy part, is that which appears most injurious to me. That I may not fall from Thy grace, Thou often demeanest Thyself, as if I had no share in it.



CCXLI.

THE GRUBS IN THE BEE-HIVE.

AUGUST 28.

WHEN inspecting a row of bee-hives, *Gotthold* discovered under one of them a number of ash-coloured,

red-headed grubs, scattered upon the ground, which the bees had killed and carried out. On asking an old bee-cultivator the explanation of this, he was told that the busy bees occasionally lighted upon a noxious plant, sucked from it an unwholesome juice, which they brought to the hive, and from which these grubs were produced. *Gotthold* mused and said: If that be the case, it furnishes an excellent emblem of ill-gotten gain. Many a man, like a bee, labours hard to earn his livelihood. The desire of increasing his fortune, however, induces him to light indiscriminately and thoughtlessly upon every flower;—by which I mean, that he adopts all expedients, just and unjust, to enrich himself; shuts his eyes to the good of his neighbour; and so adds to his hoard many a penny burdened with the curses and sighs, the blood and tears, of the poor. Ere long, however, such unhallowed gain breeds worms and maggots, and these gnaw and devour his conscience and good name, his fortune and family. The Word of God tells us this when it says, *In the revenues of the wicked is trouble.* (Prov. xv. 6.)

Keep me, Thou righteous God, from ever seeking my own advantage to the detriment of others, that so, instead of possessing a treasure and provision, I may

not carry about a gnawing worm in my conscience, and estate. *What would it profit me were I to gain the whole world, and lose my own soul?* (Matt. xvi. 26.)



CCXLII.

THE ANTS.

AUGUST 29.

GOTTHOLD happened by chance to come upon an ant-hill, and entertained himself for a while with observing the assiduous labours of these little insects. He recollected the words of Solomon : *Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways, and be wise : which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat, and gathereth her food in the harvest.* (Prov. vi. 6-8.) As he further mused, he said : My God, no doubt there are many who equal these little creatures in their pains and care to collect and provide temporal supplies. But how comes it to pass, that we are so slothful in laying up a store for the wants of our souls? Ants often rather drag than carry

splinters and straws larger than themselves ; and so do the children of men frequently burden themselves with a load of care greatly beyond their strength, and, if well considered, quite as worthless as a straw. It is to this the prophet alludes when he says : *Surely they are disquieted in vain. He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.* (Ps. xxxix. 6.) *They think little of eternal things, and devote scarce a fragment of their time to meditation upon that time when time shall be no more.* Knowing, as I well do, that a winter will one day overtake me, in which Thou wilt either appoint for me sore trials, or summon death to approach, it shall now be my incessant employment to collect and store in my heart the precious grains of scripture texts, in order that, when all else is consumed, my soul may never lack a supply of consolation.

CCXLIII.

THE ROPEMAKER.

AUGUST 30.

SEEING a ropemaker at his work, *Gotthold* looked on for a while in silence, and then said : Holy Scripture compares sins to cords (Prov. v. 22 ; Isa. v. 18), and with great propriety ; for, as a rope is twined from many threads, so is sin very rarely single : but one grows out of another, and often the new is committed to cover or excuse the old. Wicked suggestions are the first threads, the cherishing of these with satisfaction the second, the sinful purpose the third ; the execution of it then twists the cord, and perseverance in it binds the sinner to his ruin. For instance, it sometimes happens that a man will secretly purloin something from his neighbour : this is one sin. Suspected, and questioned upon the subject, he denies the fact : this is a second. Expostulated with, he curses and swears : this is a third. Offended by the expostulation, he conceives

an implacable hatred against his accuser, and slanders him in every possible way : this is a fourth and fifth. And, lastly, he keeps the stolen property, and prefers losing his soul to the infamy consequent upon restoring it. Ah me, what a strong cord of the devil have we here ! and how few there are who can disentangle themselves from it ! And as this rope-maker is always moving backwards, while he has his work in front, and lengthens out the cord as he goes, even so do most men persevere in their sins, and look as little to the consequences as they can see what is behind them.

CCXLIV.

THE HEN AND THE FLAX.

AUGUST 31.

GOTTHOLD proceeded : The safest way, in matters that concern the soul, is to consider nothing little or insignificant, but instantly to break in pieces the threads of sin, before Satan has had time to multiply them ; otherwise, we shall fare like the hen, which,

caught at first by one of its claws in the flax, proceeds until it so firmly entangles both its feet, that, without the help of man, it cannot extricate itself, and is easily caught.

My faithful God! hold me with Thy hand, that I fall into no sin, *not even into that which I do not know and recognise as such*; and that so Satan may not, contrary to my hope, convert it into a snare, which cannot be broken without extreme danger to my soul.



CCXLV.

THE HARVEST.

SEPTEMBER 1.

TOWARDS the fall of the year, a party of friends were taking a walk in the vicinity of a town, when one of them began and said: Alas! how all things are now rushing, as if down hill, towards the cold and gloomy winter! We no longer hear the voice of a single bird! The lark mourns to see the grain mown down and carted away, and the fields left to it all naked and bare. To this *Gotthold* replied: The birds sing most

in spring, and are silent in summer ; and this, in my opinion, God has in His goodness ordained, in order that, while as yet we see the precious fruits of the earth only in their growth, and rejoice in them only in hope, the music of the feathered songsters may stir us up to praise Him. Afterwards, however, when we begin actually to enjoy His manifold bounties, and bear the precious grain in thousands of cart-loads into our barns, the birds keep silence, as if they deemed it needless to remind us of our duty, because, amidst the profusion of the gifts, it was not possible to forget the Giver. Look around you, and on every hand you will see one load of grain carted away after another. Do you suppose that the bountiful Father, who caused it to grow, may hope to receive for each a hymn of praise and thanksgiving? And yet such a tribute is due to Him for every single ear, inasmuch as the whole combined skill and power of the human race could not, without His aid, have reared a single ear from the earth.

O holy God! would we but praise Thee, and love Thee, and live in obedience to Thy will, as long as Thou continuest Thy blessings to us, never would our hearts be empty of Thy love, our mouths of Thy praise, or our walk of Thy fear!

CCXLVI.

THE YOUNG TREE.

SEPTEMBER 2.

GOTTHOLD had in his garden a young tree, which he had engrafted with his own hand, trained with care and attention, and from which he had, for some seasons, been anxiously expecting the reward of its fruit. When at last it came into bearing, and he had the satisfaction of plucking the first fine and rosy apples, he said : How comes it that the fruit of a young stock, which has been reared by ourselves, although perhaps consisting only of a few apples, gives us more delight than whole basketfuls of other fruit ? There can be no doubt that self-love is secretly at work in the matter, leading us to take greater delight in that which, however small, is yet our own, than in that which, however great, belongs to another. From the fact, however, I can in some measure understand how great must be the delight to parents, when God gratifies them with the fruits of their children's vir-

tue and good conduct. Children at first are, so to speak, young twigs, sprouted or lopped from the parents' heart. They are watered plentifully with their sweat and tears, pruned by strict and godly discipline, watched with assiduous care, warmed and as it were shone upon with heartfelt love, and manured with their whole fortune. Who then can adequately describe their joy, when they see their little twigs shoot, and thrive, and grow; and when, to their planting and watering, God adds the increase, and the young and cherished tree begins to drop its blessed fruits into their lap?

My God, here are my little plants. True it is, that I have spared no affection, care, pains, sighs, or outlay upon them. Still their growth and success depend not on these, but solely upon Thy grace. Grant, O Father, that I may one day be regaled with the fruit of their godliness and virtue. This, in my opinion, is the noblest and best of all transitory satisfactions. But why do I say transitory? Will any one deny that the delight of pious parents in pious children endures for ever?

CCXLVII.

THE PUMPKIN.

SEPTEMBER 3.

GOTTHOLD, calling one day upon a friend, and finding, in the room into which he was shown, a pumpkin inscribed with the owner's name, the initial letters of his motto, and the date, observed: See here, the characters you once scratched or cut on this pumpkin, when it was soft and little, have grown with it, and in such a way, that even now we can recognise your hand. My friend, do the same with your children. In their young and tender years, your tongue should be a pen (Ps. xlv. 1), with which to write or engrave upon their hearts the commandments of God, the love of virtue, and the hatred of sin. Whatever you either cut or mould into them in infancy, you will be able, in after life, to see and read. To many parents, their children are a roll written within and without with lamentation and woe (Ezek. ii. 10);—I mean, they experience nothing from them

but grief of heart. For this, however, they have themselves to blame, inasmuch as, by scandalous language, bad example, and over indulgence, and not less by the neglect of wholesome correction, they engraved the characters of wickedness upon them in their youth, and these have gradually grown with their growth, and at last become indelible. *Alas! when shall we Christians begin to pay due attention to the training of our children? Not until we accustom them to feel, that to commit a sin is more painful than to lose a thousand dollars or even life itself, shall we leave behind us a generation of better Christians.*

Lord Jesus, engrave Thy holy name deeply upon my heart, and upon the hearts of all my family, that we may never forget Thee, or the duty which we owe to Thee.

CCXLVIII.

THE VINE.

SEPTEMBER 4.

A FRIEND complained to *Gotthold* of the weakness of his faith, and the distress this gave him. *Gotthold*

pointed to a vine which had twined and fastened itself around a pole, and was hanging loaded with beautiful clusters, and said : Frail is that plant ; but what harm is done to it by its frailty, especially as the Creator has been pleased to make it what it is ? As little will it prejudice your faith, that it is weak, provided only it be sincere and unfeigned. Faith is the work of God, and He bestows it in such measures as He wills and judges right. Let the measure of it which He has given you, be deemed sufficient by you. Take for pole and prop the cross of the Saviour, and the Word of God. Twine around these with all the power which God vouchsafes. A heart sensible of its weakness, and prostrating itself continually with humble sighs at the feet of the Divine mercy, is more acceptable than that which presumes upon the strength of its faith, and falls into security and pride. Can you suppose that the sinful woman who lay and wept at the Lord's feet, was less approved than the swelling and haughty Pharisee ? (Luke vii. 38.)

CCXLIX.

THE FOUL VESSEL.

SEPTEMBER 5.

A DRINK was brought to *Gotthold*, which tasted of the vessel in which it had been contained; and this led him to observe: We have here an emblem of our thoughts, words, and works. Our heart is defiled by sin, and hence a taint of sinfulness cleaves unfortunately to everything we take in hand; and although, from the force of habit, this may be imperceptible to us, it does not escape the eye of the omniscient, holy, and righteous God. O yes, replied a pious man, who heard the observation, our wicked and ungodly hearts give us much to do. By the mouth of the prophet (Jer. iv. 14), God exhorts us: *Wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved*; and, in compliance with the exhortation, I have for many years been occupied washing the unclean vessel with fervent prayers, floods of tears, constant struggles, new resolutions,

and diligent attention and study of the Divine Word. Hitherto, however, I can find no trace of any good having been done. The stains are here and there so deeply fixed, that no washing avails to purge them out; and this often sinks me into despondency, and makes me imagine that my Christianity is not worth a straw. One main reason, rejoined *Gotthold*, why God does not, in this present life, wholly cleanse the heart, and deliver it from original sin, is, that we may be preserved from pride, and, like weak and thirsty children, continually cling to the grace and wounds of the Lord Jesus. We must not on that account, however, despair of our Christianity, or suppose that, because it does not please ourselves, it is also displeasing to God. God is a most affectionate Father; and being aware that, in this world, His children will never be without weaknesses and sins, He exercises patience with them. Then, opening a work of Tauler, he read the following passage: *Lord, Thou seest to the bottom of all hearts, and understandest all thoughts. Thou knowest well how willingly I would give back into Thy hands a pure and heavenly soul. All I have, however, is this foul vessel, full of filth and temptation; such as it is, I offer it to Thee. If it were better, to Thee I would*

still give it. All I ask is, that Thou wouldst wash it with Thy pure blood, and so make it meet to receive Thy holy influence.

CCL.

THE FRUITFUL TREE.

SEPTEMBER 6.

As he passed a garden, *Gotthold* observed a pear tree, whose branches were bending to the ground, as if they would break with the weight of the fruit. On asking a friend, who was with him, What do you think it is which this tree needs? he was answered: A prop or two, to support the overloaded boughs. No, rejoined *Gotthold*, but hands to pluck, and baskets to contain, the fruit. It presents to us a beautiful emblem of the Lord Jesus, our beloved Saviour. He needs me, and I Him; and so we suit each other. Nor think it strange when I say, that the Lord Jesus needs me. I mean, that He needs me, as this tree does baskets; or as the widow's cruse, which God had blessed, needed empty vessels to

hold the oil (1 Kings xvii. 12); or as the mother, whose breasts overflow, needs the child to suck the milk. Love constrains the Lord to seek me, as my wants do me to seek Him. He possesses all things—heaven, earth, and all which they contain; but these He does not need. What He needs is, souls and hearts, to replenish with His grace and Spirit, and bless with His salvation. O mighty love, tender compassion, and mercy of our Saviour! He, who needs nothing else, cannot do without sinful and wretched man.

CCLI.

MAN AND HIS SAVIOUR.

SEPTEMBER 7.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: And what think you of our need of the Lord Jesus? For my part, my soul is like a hungry and thirsty child, and I need His love and consolations for my refreshment; I am a wandering and lost sheep, and I need Him as a good and faithful Shepherd; my soul is like a frightened

dove pursued by the hawk, and I need His wounds for a refuge; I am a feeble vine, and I need His cross to lay hold of and wind myself about; I am a sinner, and I need His righteousness; I am naked and bare, and need His holiness and innocence for a covering; I am in trouble and alarm, and I need his solace; I am ignorant, and I need his teaching; simple and foolish, and I need the guidance of His Holy Spirit. In no situation, and at no time, can I do without Him. Do I pray? He must prompt and intercede for me. Am I arraigned by Satan at the Divine tribunal? He must be my Advocate. Am I in affliction? He must be my helper. Am I persecuted by the world? He must defend me. When I am forsaken, He must be my support; when dying, my life; when mouldering in the grave, my resurrection. Well, then, I will rather part with all the world, and all that it contains, than with Thee, my Saviour; and, God be thanked, I know that Thou, too, art neither able nor willing to do without me. Thou art rich, and I am poor; Thou hast abundance, and I am needy; Thou hast righteousness, and I sins; Thou hast wine and oil, and I wounds; Thou hast cordials and refreshments, and I hunger and thirst. Use me then, my Saviour, for

whatever purpose and in whatever way Thou mayest require. Here is my poor heart, an empty vessel ; fill it with Thy grace. Here is my sinful and troubled soul ; quicken and refresh it with Thy love. Take my heart for Thine abode ; my mouth, to spread the glory of Thy name ; my love, and all my powers, for the advancement of Thy honour and the service of Thy believing people. And never suffer the steadfastness and confidence of my faith to abate, that so at all times I may be enabled from the heart to say : *Jesus needs me, and I Him ; and so we suit each other.*

CCLII.

THE BEE.

SEPTEMBER 8.

GOTTHOLD saw a bee flutter for a while around a pot of honey, and at last light upon it, intending to feast to its heart's content. It, however, fell in, and, being besmeared in every limb, miserably perished. On this he mused, and said : It is the same with

temporal prosperity, and that abundance of wealth, honour, and pleasure, which are sought for by the world as greedily as honey is by the bee. A bee is a happy creature so long as it is assiduously occupied in gathering honey from the flowers, and by slow degrees accumulating a store of it. When, however, it meets with a hoard like this, it knows not what to do, and is betrayed into ruin. In like manner, many a man shows himself godly, humble, pious, so long as he is obliged, from day to day, to earn his bread with the sweat of his brow, and constant difficulty and toil. Let some extraordinary turn of fortune, however, suddenly put him in possession of great wealth, and it becomes a stair by which he descends to the pit of destruction. A bee perishing like this, in a pot of honey, might be painted with the motto, *Abundance is my ruin*. What, then, O my God, ought I to desire? A great fortune might prove to me a great misfortune, and abundance issue in eternal want. Grant me grace, that, like a bee, I may diligently labour in Thy fear, and not in vain, for the portion of bread convenient for me. In other respects, be Thou my wealth, and then I shall be exempt from danger.

CCLIII.

A STRANGE SEA.

SEPTEMBER 9.

AFTER a while, *Gotthold* remarked: The world is like a great ocean, on which, strange to say, most of the mariners suffer shipwreck in calm and pleasant weather; whereas the storms and raging waves of trouble waft them to the haven of eternal bliss. Upon this ocean I too am steering my little bark. Be with me, O my God, and guide me to the wished-for shore. It will matter little then, whether I sailed in calm and sunshine, or through storms and tempests.

CCLIV.

HEAVEN.

SEPTEMBER 10.

GOTTHOLD, pondering upon the misery of the times, and the great disorder occasioned by the war in all places and among all ranks, walked forth into the country in a desponding mood. Reaching the summit of a hill, which commanded an extensive view of the neighbouring country, he tarried for a while, and indulged in the following train of thought: I here behold cities, villages, and fields; forests, parks, and meadows; hedges, rocks, cattle, birds, and men;—but all of them, as it were, comprehended by heaven, and enclosed within its circle. Look where I may, heaven is still the last and farthest object on which my eye must rest. In the same way, I may be assured, that whatever is, or happens in the world, be it good or bad, is subjected to the heavenly government and providence. This is the vast hoop which, amidst the sore destruction and manifold

strifes which prevail, keeps the world together. With this belt, my all-powerful, and wise, and gracious God encircles all things. Just as no one can find a spot of earth on which he has not the heaven for a roof above and a fence around him, so just as little can any one withdraw himself from that Divine and universal governance which disposes all things to the glory of the Most High, and the salvation of the righteous. Why, then, art Thou cast down, O my soul, or why disquieted within me? If things go strangely in the world, the strangest thing is this, that a Divine order runs through the worst confusion of human affairs. *Let them go as they will, they cannot go otherwise than as God wills.* You may meet with much to offend, distress, and harm you; but only look a little further, and you will see the heavens beyond, as the last object in sight, governing, comprehending, and terminating all the rest. It matters little what may be the course things take, if it only tend to heaven. Why should you be offended because, in times of insecurity, war, and rapine like these, God does not translate you to the better world in an easy chair? Let it suffice you to know, that all His paths are mercy and truth (Ps. xxv. 10), and all terminate in heaven at last.

CCLV.

THE TOMBSTONE.

SEPTEMBER 11.

As he walked about in a churchyard, surveying the tombstones, and reading the texts and mottoes engraved upon them, *Gotthold* exclaimed: How tranquil and blessed the slumber of a child of God, under a simple stone like this, which commends, for imitation to his survivors, the faith in which he died! To an ungodly man, however, what avails a pompous grave; what the sculptured shield and helmet; what the long epitaph and array of titles? Verily, I fear its only use will be to indicate to the Devil, on the great day of resurrection, where to seek for his accursed corpse. He whose life has been a grief to many, and his death a joy, will reap no benefit from posthumous honours. The sight of his grave will only make the victims of his injustice waft after him more and heavier sighs, to aggravate his woe in the world beyond.

My God! enable me, by Thy grace, to raise a monument to myself in the minds of the poor, the oppressed, and disconsolate, and to inscribe it with an honourable epitaph. My graving tool, pencil, and pen, shall be a generous hand, a soothing tongue, and a sympathising heart. Grant but this, and I will not change tombstones with the most celebrated characters and greatest heroes of the world.



CCLVI.

THE ARTIFICIAL PICTURE.

SEPTEMBER 12.

A MAN of rank possessed a piece of painting, which, when looked at as it lay extended upon a long table, showed only a few coarse strokes and confused patches of colour; but when viewed through a glass, which was fixed at one end, beautifully and correctly portrayed a lady stretched upon the ground, her arm resting upon a skull, and a book lying open before her, which she was reading, with tears in her eyes. *Gotthold*, on the picture being shown to him,

was greatly surprised, and said: I cannot but express the thoughts which arise in my mind. This picture, methinks, very aptly represents the Divine providence and all-wise government of the world. Viewed merely upon the surface, nothing can seem more jarring or disordered. It offends not only the heathen, but even Christians. The course of things is well described by Solomon: *I turned and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.* (Eccles. ix. 11). On the other hand, they who contemplate the state of the world through the glass of the Word and of faith, speedily become convinced that a secret order runs through this apparent disorder; and though previously unable to distinguish one form or object from another, soon discover that the wise and mighty hand of God has skilfully fitted all things into each other, and, amidst the thousand complicated changes which take place, keeps the course of His providence unchanged, so that what we call Fortune, Accident, or Chance, is in reality nothing but the execution of His merciful, righteous, and immutable plans.

CCLVII.

WASHING THE HANDS.

SEPTEMBER 13.

ONE morning, as *Gotthold* was pouring water into a basin, he recollected the words of Scripture: *I will wash mine hands in innocency* (Ps. xxvi. 6)—a text which shows how diligently the Royal Prophet had endeavoured to lead a blameless life, and walk habitually in the fear of God. Upon this he mused, and said: Henceforth, my God, every time I pour out water to wash with, I will call to mind that it is my duty to cleanse my hands from wicked actions, my mouth from wicked words, and my heart from wicked lusts and desires, that so I may be enabled to lift up holy hands unto Thee, and with unspotted lips and heart worship Thee, to the best of my ability. What will it profit me to strive after outward purity, if my heart is filthy and abominable in Thy sight? Can the food nourish me which I have earned with polluted hands, or seized with violence and injustice,

or eaten with insensibility and ingratitude? Ah! no, my God; far from me be food like this. My first care shall be to maintain a blameless walk; my next, when I have thoughtlessly defiled myself, to cleanse and wash away the stain, and remove mine iniquity from Thine eyes. *Purge me, O my God, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.* (Ps. li. 7).

CCLVIII.

THE MICROSCOPE.

SEPTEMBER 14.

A FRIEND had fitted two glasses into a little ivory box in such a way that any small object, like a midge or other insect, when put into it, and viewed through the smaller and upper glass, seemed of enormous size, and all its parts, however diminutive, were distinctly visible. If, however, the box was reversed, and the objects contemplated through the larger glass, they then appeared to shrink below the usual size. *Gotthold* looked upon the contrivance with no

ordinary pleasure, and said : I know not what better name to give this box than the *magnifying glass*. In my opinion, however, the hearts of the proud and hypocritical are of the same construction. When they contemplate what is their own—their virtues and talents—they see through a glass which self-love has so artfully prepared, that all seems of vast dimensions, and they imagine that they have good reason to boast and congratulate themselves upon their gifts. If, however, they have occasion to look at their neighbour and his good points, they turn the little box upside down, and all seems small and commonplace. They observe their own faults and vices through the diminishing glass, and reckon them very inconsiderable ; while they contemplate their neighbour's from the opposite side, and so convert a midge into an elephant. The greatest of all delusions in the world is that which man voluntarily practises upon himself, and which betrays him with his eyes open, into pride, self-esteem, and contempt of others. You will own that the heart of the Pharisee, who looked upon himself as a mighty saint, and upon the Publican as a brand fit for the burning, was of this description. That Pharisee, however, has left behind him a numerous offspring,

and spread his line over the whole earth. In fact, I do not believe there exists the man who has not sometimes used such a box in the way we have described. This is the source of all the mischief in the world ; for, by magnifying ourselves and diminishing our neighbour, we come to fancy that we ought to bear nothing, and he all things. It also breeds boasting, disdain, wrath, hatred, implacability, insolence, and the like ; and therefore the Word of God reminds *every man not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think* (Rom. xii. 3), and distinctly says : *If any man think himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.* (Gal. vi. 3).

My God, I perceive that it is self-love, and its offspring, self-deception, which shut the gates of heaven, and lead men, as if in a delicious dream, to hell. O ! give me grace not to follow myself and my delusions, but Thee and Thy Word. It will then be impossible for me to go astray.

CCLIX.

THE OAK OVERGROWN WITH IVY.

SEPTEMBER 15.

GOTTHOLD saw an almost withered tree overgrown with ivy to the topmost bough. Well, said he to himself, this ivy really lives upon plunder; for by the fibres which it has sunk into the bark, it has gradually imbibed the whole sap from the tree, and thus waxed great at its expense. It is a true and expressive emblem of the selfish and cunning, who sometimes drain off the means of the friends who first lent them a helping hand, and reduce them to withered stocks. It further occurred to him, that it likewise shadowed forth carnal-minded comrades and friends, who, as it were, fasten upon a man, and insensibly suck out of him his life-blood and heart, till he becomes a dry and rotten stump, fit only to be hewn down and cast into the fire. He recollected the words of Peter: *Abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.* (1 Pet. ii. 11.)

CCLX.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

SEPTEMBER 16.

As he walked along, it seemed to *Gotthold* that the tree overgrown with ivy was, in another point of view, an agreeable emblem of the connection between parents and children. Parents bring their offspring into the world with pain and sorrow, train them with care, nourish them by hard labour, marry them at great expense, and meanwhile grow old and cold, poor and needy, and after having given bread to others, come to want it themselves. Most undutiful, however, are the children who do not, like the ivy, cover the old stock when thus withered and sapless,—I mean, who do not cherish their parents in the poverty and feebleness of age, gladden them with their prosperity, nourish them with their food, give them to drink out of their cup, clothe them with their raiment, and to the last show them all filial affection and respect. Help me, O God! to

guard against selfishness, low pleasure, ungodly friendship, and base ingratitude to my worthy parents. Cause me to wax strong in Thy grace and blessing, that I may always entwine and shelter my parental stock with reverence and affection.

~~~~~  
CCLXI.

## TEARS.

SEPTEMBER 17.

GOTTHOLD chanced to see a widow, of whose piety he was aware, but not less of her poverty and affliction, seated in the garden behind her humble dwelling, and there frequently raising her hands to heaven, uttering one deep sigh after another, and accompanying these with such floods of tears, that he could not help wondering why they did not drain the fountain which supplied them. He could scarce refrain from weeping in sympathy, and called to mind the words of the son of Sirach: Do not the tears run down the widow's cheek, and is not her cry against him that causeth them to fall? After

gazing for a while, he approached somewhat nearer to the place, and was perceived. At the sight of him the widow instantly blushed, dried her eyes, and endeavoured to conceal that she had been addressing such anxious supplications to God, and pouring out her afflicted heart in his presence. *Gotthold*, however, remarked: I call to mind the words of the prophet: *A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted, because they were not. But thus saith the Lord, Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy works shall be rewarded.* (Jer. xxxi. 15, 16.) That your heart is crushed with anguish, the many tears which I have seen you shed forbid me to doubt; for what are tears but a fluid which some peculiar grief wrings from a troubled heart? And even as the strongest essence is extracted by fire from the finest herbs and flowers, so may tears be said to be the sap which the heat of sorrow and the cross draw from the afflicted heart, and carry off by the channel of the eyes. Be of good cheer then, and know, for certain, that the Lord hears your supplication, and puts your tears into His bottle. Now you are sowing in tears; hereafter you shall reap in joy. (Ps. cxxvi. 5.) The

tears you shed will be changed into wine, which you will drink with inconceivable delight in heaven; or they will become pearls, and adorn your crown of honour in the life eternal.

When she heard these words, the poor widow wept more bitterly than before, and said, with mournful voice: Truly, if every Christian receives a measure which he must fill with his tears, large is the one which has been allotted to me. But I am content that it should be so, and thank my faithful God, who, after my much weeping and bitter sorrow, never fails to apply some solace to my burdened heart.

My God, vouchsafe to me also this grace of tears. They mitigate grief, break and soften the heart; nor wilt Thou behold them flow without fatherly compassion.

## CCLXII.

## THE CHILDREN'S CUP.

SEPTEMBER 18.

A SAGACIOUS father had purchased for his children a little cup, out of which they were to drink, and little plates, from which to eat their food, and made it a rule that when these were once emptied, they received no more. *Gotthold* saw and approved this strict domestic discipline, but at the same time said : Friend, how comes it to pass that what we find beneficial for our children, we are unwilling to approve when done by an all-wise God to ourselves. We fix and measure out for them a convenient portion of meat and drink, and yet we are seldom satisfied with that which the Most High, in His good pleasure, ordains for ourselves. Do we suppose that we men, in our folly, understand what is good for our children's health, better than God, what is good for our salvation? O my God, had I my will in temporal things, I would use them in the most

senseless way, and, as children do with meat and drink, would bring upon my poor soul sorrow and distress by my excesses. Heavenly Father, allot to me a cup either large or small, and *pour into it much or little, as Thou wilt; but give me always a few drops of Thy blessing and grace, and with these I shall be satisfied.*



## CCLXIII.

## BEGGING.

SEPTEMBER 19.

AN old man, who had once possessed great wealth, and lived sumptuously, was begging for alms before the door of a neighbour, who sighed to see him, and said: Here we behold the lamentable fruits of war, which has consumed a once large estate, and reduced this unfortunate man to such penury, that he now goes about a spectacle to us all, and a premonition of what may perhaps await ourselves. *Gotthold* heard what he said, and remarked: No doubt we read in Scripture that the seed of the righteous shall not

beg bread (Ps. xxxvii. 25); but notwithstanding we also read that there was once a righteous man, whose soul was deemed worthy of being carried by angels into the bosom of Abraham,—I mean Lazarus, and who yet was a beggar. (Luke xvi. 20.) From this we must infer, that to have to seek their bread before the doors of others, is a penalty to the ungodly, but a trial to the righteous, and at least no impediment to their salvation. All is under the wise and gracious direction of God, who, in many a case, finds that the only way of bringing a man to heaven, is to make him a beggar. Nor can any doubt that it is better to enter into life, in poverty, weakness, and contempt, and with only the beggar's staff in our hand, than having great possessions to be cast into hell fire. And who would not rather be a beggar in time, than in eternity? Lazarus was a beggar here, and could not obtain the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table; the rich man was a beggar hereafter, and could not obtain so much as a drop of water to cool his burning tongue. *It is therefore better to beg for bread with Lazarus in this world, than for water with the rich man in the world to come.*

My God, what need I care how I reach it, provided

I only do reach heaven? Lead me to it by the shortest road, and in whatever garb Thou wilt: by Thy grace, I will be faithful to Thee, even to the beggar's staff.

~~~~~

CCLXIV.

THE OWL NAILED TO THE DOOR.

SEPTEMBER 20.

PASSING a country house, *Gotthold* observed a dead owl nailed to the door, and said to his companion: Do you know how it happens that this bird is treated as you see, and made a public spectacle? It is an old superstition derived from heathenism. The heathen, who were greatly addicted to augury, considered an owl the herald of evil, and when they supposed it to have predicted any calamity, eagerly hunted, until they caught, it either alive or dead. They then nailed it to the door in the manner you see, thereby, as they imagined, bringing the calamity upon its own head, and averting it from the inmates of the house. Is it not then disgraceful that there are

many Christians who have so little Christianity about them, as to be more afraid of the cry of a bird than of the consequences of the dreadful curses and sinful language they utter or listen to. I will, however, still further improve the circumstance, to suggest a few good thoughts. The owl is a bird which shuns the light, and loves the darkness. It is seldom seen by day, but sallies forth at twilight in quest of food; and if it chance to appear while the sun shines, the little birds flock about it, either from curiosity or instinctive aversion. In this way, it is a type of the ungodly children of the world; for they too love the darkness more than the light. They may be prudent and sagacious in matters that are transitory, vain, and sinful, but in such as are divine, spiritual, and heavenly, they see and understand less than nothing, and, by their scandalous example and ungodly talk, frequently seduce others from the ways of holiness. But of the end to which they surely come, we have a memorial in the owl nailed to the door. Having loved the works of darkness, they shall be cast into the outer and eternal darkness, and, for their everlasting torment, fastened with the bolts of God's dreadful judgments to the gate of hell. *Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let*

us put on the armour of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envy.
(Rom. xiii. 12, 13.)



CCLXV.

THE CORN RAT.

SEPTEMBER 21.

GOTTHOLD one day saw some young shepherd lads digging in a field for a rat, which they at last caught in its hole. They also found that it had there laid up a tolerable supply of provender for the winter. The animal made a stout resistance, and sprang at them in its rage, but all to no purpose. Dexterously contriving to slip a cord about its neck, they at length strangled it. *Gotthold* recollected having once read that this creature is so greedy and ill-natured, that it will drive off its own mate from the hoard it has collected, and even use its teeth to hinder her from touching it; but that the mate cunningly makes a way on the opposite side, and so, unobserved by her

churlish partner, helps herself to her share. He then looked upon the dead animal, and said : Here I have an emblem of that covetous farmer, whose ground brought forth plentifully, and who thought within himself that he would build greater barns, and there store up his fruits and goods for many years, but to whom God said : *Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee : then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided ?* (Luke xii. 20.) It were to be wished that this fool and that animal had fewer imitators in the world. Alas, how many there are who gather at the expense of others ! They build themselves a robber's den, as the rat does its hole, and they accumulate whatever, by right or wrong, they can lay their hands upon. At the same time, they are so discontented, envious, and unmerciful, that they always fancy themselves in poverty, pay no regard to the wants of needy brethren, and grudge another, or even themselves, the smallest boon. *But can there be a greater folly than to forget eternal things, and merely to store up without using, in time, those that are temporal ?* At last the fool must depart this life, and resign his property to others. Then will he find, when alas ! it is too late, that he has really been storing up everlasting torments for himself,

and, even against his will, temporal blessings for others.

Save me, O my God, from folly like this. Of the good things of the present life I will gather such a store, as I warrantably may for the needful support of myself and my family, and the relief of my poorer neighbours. In doing so, however, I will not forget likewise *to lay up a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where neither thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.* (Luke xii. 33.)



CCLXVI.

THE WALNUT.

SEPTEMBER 22.

SOME walnuts, in their green husks, beaten and bruised as they came from the tree, were set before *Gotthold*, who ate of them, and mused as follows: This kernel must possess peculiar virtues, because nature encloses and protects it from the first, and ere it is well grown, with four, and afterwards with three, separate coverings; and it is not her custom

to lavish such an amount of care, except upon things of special excellence. In this respect, it seems to me a fit image of human piety; for there is no man whose goodness is not hidden beneath several husks of sin. I cannot reach the heart of the nut without first soiling my fingers with the sap of the outward rind, breaking the hard shell, and at last peeling off the pale yellow skin. To all this trouble, however, I cheerfully submit, because I am rewarded by the sweetness of the kernel. Why then should I not be satisfied with my neighbour, even though he be not all kernel and virtue? Why not patiently bear with his faults, especially when I clearly see that he is not an empty nut,—by which I mean, that his heart is not corrupt, but in many respects influenced by faith and charity,—though he be unable all at once to cast off his innate and deeply-rooted faults?

CCLXVII.

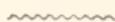
DROSS AND CHAFF.

SEPTEMBER 23.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: Fine gold is not all equally pure and sterling, but more or less coated with dross, from which it must be purified by the fire. The finest wheat has a mixture of chaff, which, when fanned, it leaves behind. We endure the bad for the sake of the good in other things; why should we not act upon the same principle with our fellow-men? In persons who are virtuous and worthy, all is not worth and virtue; among the bad, we must reckon him to be the best who has the fewest faults.

My God, in Thy presence I have nothing to say, but that of all sinners I am the chief! In the sight of men, however, it is enough if they can discover some one good point, for whose sake to be indulgent to my faults, as I am to theirs. As for those who fancy that they have no faults with which to soil their neighbour's fingers, and are all kernel, I leave

Thee to be their judge, who art the Judge of all the earth.



CCLXVIII.

THE MILL.

SEPTEMBER 24.

As he one day passed a mill, *Gotthold* recollected the wise observation of a certain prince: Man's heart is like a millstone: pour in corn, and round it goes, bruising and grinding, and converting it into flour; whereas, give it no corn, and the stone indeed turns round, but only grinds itself away, and becomes ever thinner, and smaller, and narrower. Even so the heart of man requires to have always something to do, and happy he who continually occupies it with good and holy thoughts, otherwise it may soon consume and waste itself by useless anxieties, or wicked and carnal suggestions. When the millstones are not nicely adjusted, grain may indeed be poured in, but comes away only half-ground, or not ground at all. The same often happens with our heart, when our devo-

tion is not sufficiently resolute. On such occasions, we read the finest texts without knowing what we have read, and pray without hearing our own prayers. The eye flits over the sacred page, the mouth pours forth the words, and clappers like a mill, but the heart meanwhile turns from one strange thought to another; and such reading, and such prayer, are more a useless form than a devotion acceptable to God.

My God, I too have often, in conversing with Thee, been like one asleep and unconscious of what he says. Mercifully forgive me for this, and associate henceforth Thy Spirit with my heart, that my prayer may be as devout as Thy majesty and my own necessities require.

~~~~~

## CCLXIX.

### THE GENEROUS TREE.

SEPTEMBER 25.

A BEAUTIFUL tree was so laden with fruit, that it bent its branches to the ground, and, as it were, offered

it to men in handfuls. *Gotthold* beheld it with pleasure, praised God for the blessing, and, the apples being in season, approached to take one. The force, however, which he used, shook the slender bough, and the consequence was, that several dropped at his feet. Fair tree, he exclaimed, how generous thou art! Thou givest me more than I desire; reminding me thereby of the incomprehensible and unmerited goodness of God, which presents its blessings as it were upon loaded branches; says to us, *Behold me, behold me* (Is. lxxv. 1); and *does exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.* (Eph. iii. 20.) Hannah, the afflicted woman, prays for a child, and obtains six. (1 Sam. i. 20, ii. 21.) Solomon asks for wisdom to enable him rightly to govern his subjects, and obtains not wisdom only, but riches and honour, such as scarce any other monarch ever possessed. (1 Kings iii. 12, 13.) We often ask for daily bread; but as the ripe apples drop in numbers into my hand, so dost Thou, my God, exceed our asking when this is good for us, and conducive to our salvation. What has a child to do with unripe fruit? And just as little would it profit me to receive that which is hurtful to the soul, even though I asked for it. And we, too, should resemble this tree;

presenting the fruits of faith to all who ask them, extending our loaded branches, and distributing with a liberal hand to the needy! As this is seldom done, we have reason to fear that in the garden of God not a few of the trees are unfruitful, mere cumberers of the ground, and which have therefore nothing to expect but the axe and the fire.

My God, make me fruitful, and ever ready to minister to my neighbour, as all Thy creatures do to me.



## CCLXX.

## THE SHEEP.

SEPTEMBER 26.

GOTTHOLD one day saw a farmer carefully counting his sheep as they came from the field. Happening at the time to be in an anxious and sorrowful mood, he gave vent to his feelings, and said: Why art thou cast down, my soul? and why disquieted with anxious thoughts? Surely thou must be as dear to the Most High as his lambs to this farmer.

Art thou not better than many sheep? Is not Christ Jesus thy Shepherd? Has not He risked His blood and life for thee? Hast thou no interest in His words: *I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand?* (John x. 28.) This man is numbering his flock; and thinkest thou that God does not also count and care for His believing children and elect, especially as His beloved Son has averred, that the very hairs of our head are all numbered? (Matt. x. 30. During the day, I may perhaps have gone astray, and heedlessly followed my own devices; still, at the approach of evening, when the faithful Shepherd counts His lambs, He will mark my absence, and graciously seek and bring me back. Lord Jesus, *I have gone astray like a lost sheep: seek Thy servant; for I do not forget Thy commandments.* (Ps. cxix. 176.)

## CCLXXI.

## THE SERPENT'S SKIN.

SEPTEMBER 27.

As he walked through a thicket, *Gotthold* found a serpent's skin so entire, that he could distinctly mark the head and eyes. This reminded him of the words of a great wit: When I see one who is rich and ungodly frequently changing his apparel, it reminds me of the serpents, which cast their skins, but nevertheless continue serpents still. Afterwards, he mused as follows: This venomous and hateful reptile annually strips off its old coat, thereby renovating its nature and repairing its strength. Why, then, should not we endeavour to put off the old man, and be renewed in the spirit of our mind; and put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness? (Eph. iv. 22, 23, 24.) Alas, my God! this is a work too difficult for myself; and, unless Thy helping hand strip off the old integument of sin, and Thy grace and Spirit

renew my nature, all my own efforts will be vain. I know that the serpent does not lose its skin, until it force its way through some strait aperture; and just as little can I be renewed without trouble and sorrow, crosses and hardship. But what of that, provided these make me better and more pleasing to Thee! Painfully was I born into this world, and not without pain can I be born into heaven. *Create in me, therefore, a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me.* (Ps. li. 10.)



## CCLXXII.

## THE FAGGOT-BEARER.

SEPTEMBER 28.

A MAN, afflicted with age and poverty, used to saunter to a wood at a little distance from the town, and there collect sticks and branches, which he brought home upon his back. Happening one day to meet him with his load, *Gotthold* said to himself: My God, I thank Thee for having hitherto graciously vouchsafed to me such a measure of wealth as

exempts me from the necessity of thus providing my fuel. And yet the crosses and troubles I suffer, both within and without, are often so heavy, that I would gladly exchange them for such a load of wood, did I not recollect that it belongs not to man, but Thee, to choose his burden. And why should I refuse to walk in my Master's footsteps, and to bear the cross? Faithful God! weigh out for me my burden and my patience in equal scales. Along with the one, give me also the other: I will cheerfully bear what I must, but let me not bear it without Thy help. Strengthen me with Thy grace, and I shall then feel no weight too heavy; for Thy strength is made perfect in weakness. (2 Cor. xii. 9.) But O how I love to anticipate the happy day, when, at my exit from this world, I shall lay down every burden, and, free and unencumbered, pursue my way to heaven, escorted by the holy angels!

## CCLXXIII.

## TUNING A LUTE.

SEPTEMBER 29.

GOTTHOLD one day happened to find a friend tuning his lute, which proved a work of some labour. This led him to say: The Christian may aptly be compared to such an instrument. A lute is made of common and soft timber, which has not itself, but the hand of the workman, to thank for fashioning it into what it is. In like manner, a Christian has no distinction above other men, save that the hand of a merciful God has made of him a vessel of grace. As a lute requires to be strung, and skilfully tuned and touched, so must the finger of God furnish the heart of the Christian with good thoughts, and then adjust them to the honour of His name. However beautiful a lute may be, it is easily put out of tune, and, therefore, needs continual care. And so does our Christianity. Disattuned by the devil, the wicked world, and our own perverse will, it would

sound harshly, did not the gracious hand of the Most High daily regulate and correct it.

At the same time, let us remember what duties are ours. If we labour to tune a lute, that its sound may not grate upon human ears, why do we not take equal pains to harmonise and regulate our thoughts, words, and works, that they may not offend the sharp eyes and ears of the Most High? We hear at once if but a single string is out of tune; and yet we often neither mark, nor care for, the discord between our life and walk, and God's holy commandments. Men instantly tell us of the false note in our music; and let us also, my friend, admonish each other, when we perceive a flaw or discord in our Christianity.

Lord Jesus! tune, regulate, and mould my life, to make it consonant with Thine. It is true that my strings are weak, and cannot sustain so high a pitch as Thy perfection. I console myself, however, with the thought, that, as in this lute there are higher and lower clefs, so, among Christians, there are both the strong and the weak; and Thou art satisfied with both, provided only they are not false.

## CCLXXIV.

## THE STRANGE BARGAIN.

SEPTEMBER 30.

IN a well-known city there lived two merchants—one of them a skilful arithmetician, and generally an able man; the other, inexperienced in figures, and by no means a match for the former in talent. They made the following bargain: The first sold a horse to the second; but, instead of fixing a definite sum of money as the price, they agreed that it should be regulated by the thirty-two nails with which the four shoes were fastened to the animal's hoofs, and should be paid in millet—one grain being given for the first nail, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on; that is, doubling the number at every nail. The buyer was at first delighted at purchasing a fine charger for what he fancied a very moderate price; but, when the account came to be settled, he found that the quantity of grain which, by the terms of the agreement, he was required

to pay, was enormous. In fact, he would have been reduced to beggary, if some sensible friends had not interposed, and procured a dissolution of the bargain. *Gotthold*, who heard the story, observed: Well does it exemplify the wiles of Satan. By promising merry hours and temporal gain, he persuades and seduces man at first into what he calls venial faults, and labours to keep him in these until they have grown into a habit. Afterwards he advances by geometrical progression. Sin grows from sin, and one transgression follows another, the new being always the double of the old; and so the increase proceeds, until at last the base pleasure which has been bought, can be paid for only with that which is above all price—namely, the immortal soul; unless, indeed, God mercifully interpose in time, with His Holy Spirit opening the sinner's eyes, convincing him of the deception, and inducing him to revoke the bargain, and implore help and deliverance from his Saviour, Jesus Christ. It is, therefore, best to keep oneself aloof, in every way, from Satan and his concerns, and to regard no sin as venial and small. How can it be that, when it is committed in opposition to the holy will of the Most High God?

My God, teach me to reckon every sin great, so

long as I live ; but O let me look upon the very greatest sins as little when I die !

~~~~~  
CCLXXV.

THE LIGHT.

OCTOBER 1.

GOTTHOLD, wishing to seal a letter, called for a lighted candle. The maid obeyed his orders ; but, proceeding too hastily, the flame, which had not yet gathered sufficient strength, went out. Here, said *Gotthold*, we have that which may well remind us of the gentleness and moderation to be observed in our comportment towards weak and erring brethren. Had this candle, when first lighted, been carried slowly, and shaded by the hand from the air, it would not have been extinguished, but would soon have burned with vigour. In like manner, many a weak brother might be set right, if we only came to his help in the right way, and with kindly advice. It is not by violent strokes that you reduce the dislocated limb. Christ Himself does not quench

the smoking flax, but blows upon it with the gentle breath of the blessed words that proceed out of His mouth (Luke iv. 22); and this was the reason why disconsolate sinners flocked around, and pressed upon Him, to hear what He said. (Luke v. 1; xv. 1.)

CCLXXVI.

THE LIGHT. (2D MED.)

OCTOBER 2.

THE candle being lighted again, and brought into the room, one of the company inquired if there were no other good thoughts which the sight of it was calculated to suggest. Doubtless there are, replied *Gotthold*, and of these I shall attempt to give you a specimen. You saw how some of this party shaded their eyes with their hands when the candle was brought into the apartment—no doubt, because their eyes were weak, and the sudden change from darkness to light too much for them. I hope these persons will not be offended, when I say that, in so

far, they remind me of the malicious, who cannot witness the success and promotion of others without sore eyes and sore hearts; which is quite contrary to Christian charity. When God kindles a light, we should be willing to rejoice in it, and not close or cover our eyes against it, far less endeavour, with the breath of envy, to blow it out.

CCLXXVII.

THE LIGHT. (3D MED.)

OCTOBER 3.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: The flame of a candle has generally its origin in a spark, which is caused by the collision of flint and steel, or the friction of other bodies, and is then caught by some ignitable substance. In the same way, Faith, Virtue, and Godliness, are usually kindled and maintained by the strokes of misfortune and adversity; and the sparks which God elicits from these should be received and fostered in susceptible hearts. The candle, however, when lighted, is not placed under a chair, or beneath a

bushel ; but in a candlestick, and upon the table, so that it giveth light unto all that are in the house. And even *so ought we to let our light so shine before men, that they may see our works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven.* (Matt. v. 15, 16.) From time to time, too, the candle is snuffed, in order to brighten the flame ; and in the same way does God often afflict his children with the cross, to brighten the lustre of their faith.



CCLXXVIII.

THE LIGHT. (4TH MED.)

OCTOBER 4.

GOTTHOLD proceeded : The candle, by burning and shining, consumes itself ; but gives light to others, and ministers to their use. In the same way ought we to reckon ourselves happy, when we are permitted to employ our bodily and mental powers in the service of God and our neighbour, although we thereby gradually waste them away, and become ripe for death. It is better to consume our life in care and

discomfort for the service of others, than in luxury and pleasure to our own destruction.

CCLXXIX.

THE LIGHT. (5TH MED.)

OCTOBER 5.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: A burning candle is blown out by the breath, and by the same breath a smoking one is blown in; and, even so, it is equally easy for the Most High to take away our prosperity when it makes us proud, and to restore it to us when we are humbled. He does the one with the breath of His displeasure, the other with that of His grace.

CCLXXX.

THE LIGHT. (6TH MED.)

OCTOBER 6.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: Hold a lighted candle above a candle which has been blown out, but is still smoking, and the flame will drop through the smoke from the one to the other, and kindle it afresh. And, even so, when we imagine our faith, comfort, and happiness to be wholly gone, God hears the anxious and humble sighs which ascend to Him, like smoke, from our hearts, and, by the flame of His grace, which never ceases to burn, soon rekindles in us light, joy, and life.

CCLXXXI.

THE LIGHT. (7TH MED.)

OCTOBER 7.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: Set a candle in an airy place, and it does not burn well. The flame is blown to

and fro ; the wax, or grease, flows unprofitably away, and the candle is so much the sooner consumed. This is the image of a man who exposes his heart to the winds of the world : he is tossed about and tormented with useless cares. Such a one can scarcely be made a good Christian : he has not sufficient rest, and shortens his own life.

CCLXXXII.

THE LIGHT. (8TH MED.)

OCTOBER 8.

GOTTHOLD proceeded : The flame naturally rises above itself ; it always takes an upward course. At the same time, it must of necessity draw that which feeds it from the candle below. Even so, our faith is a heavenly principle, and cannot but soar to the things which are above ; while, at the same time, it is nurtured and preserved in humility and self-abasement.

CCLXXXIII.

THE LIGHT. (9TH MED.)

OCTOBER 9.

GOTTHOLD proceeded : So long as the candle, whether standing or moved, is in an erect position, it is fed by the wax, or grease ; but these overwhelm and extinguish it when turned upside down, or pointed to the ground. In the same way, a Christian may innocently use temporal blessings, for the good of himself and others, so long as he does not drown his mind in the love of them, but keeps it habitually directed heavenwards. If, however, he foolishly avert his affections from heaven, and set them too fondly upon transitory objects—wasting his means in luxury and unseemly excess—the light of faith and godliness is sure to be extinguished.

CCLXXXIV.

THE LIGHT. (10TH MED.)

OCTOBER 10.

GOTTHOLD added further : Often, in the evening, we see the midges swarming about the candle, and never desisting until they have singed their wings, and even burned their bodies. The same happens to all who, with presumptuous and inquisitive thoughts, flutter around that Light which no man can approach unto. (1 Tim. vi. 16.) In place of enlightening, it dazzles or destroys them. Nor is any *one so incapable of comprehending the Divine mysteries as he who fancies that he has a special talent for the task*, and ventures, with ingenious intellect, to pry into all things.

Lord Jesus ! Thou light of the world, be also the light of my soul. What a candlestick is without the candle, that is my reason without Thy grace and Spirit. Grant that I may here, as a child of the light, walk in the light ; and hereafter be also found meet for the inheritance of the saints in light !

CCLXXXV.

AMBER.

OCTOBER 11.

AMBER, which learned doctors have called the European or German balsam, on account of its sanatory virtue in many cases of disease, possesses the peculiar property, that, when warmed by friction, it attracts straws, chaff, scraps of paper, and other light objects, which happen to be near it. *Gotthold* had one day the opportunity of verifying the fact, and beheld it with great satisfaction. He soon bethought him, however, that it shadowed forth what is a common effect of licentious company and talk upon good morals. A man, born with noble dispositions, virtuously educated, and possessed of good talents and an unblemished reputation, often comes into connection with the ungodly world, and, ere he has time to be upon his guard, sinful flesh and blood are inflamed, and he eagerly grasps at worldly pleasures, and vanities of every

sort, thereby prejudicing his former good behaviour, and exposing his soul to danger.

Save me, O Thou faithful God, from all injurious contact with the world; that my heart may never be excited by opportunity, or the thirst of pleasure, fall from the fear of Thee, attach itself to low vanities, and so be destroyed.



CCLXXXVI.

THE BLINDED BIRD.

OCTOBER 12.

GOTTHOLD was one day shown into an apartment, in which a number of birds were kept for the entertainment of their owner. Among these was a nightingale, in a cage covered with green cloth, and a finch, blindfolded. As the owner said, and as experience testified, these two surpassed all the rest in the mirth and pleasantness of their notes. *Gotthold* observed: Although I cannot approve of imprisoning these poor little creatures, and far less of depriving them of the use of their eyes and the light of the

sun, it yet gives me pleasure to behold in them the true emblem of a devout suppliant, who speaks to his God with filial boldness, and thanks Him with joyful lips for all His blessings. To this end, the soul must be in solitude and at peace, and not only choose a secret and undisturbed retreat, but keep aloof from its own worldly cares, thoughts, and wishes, and resign itself, with childlike confidence, to the Divine will. How blessed the man who prays with his soul blindfolded, seeing nothing but the mercy and majesty of God! His prayers, and psalms, and sighs, are so pleasing, that God and all the holy angels listen to them with delight. At first, indeed, it may appear strange and difficult, when we are told to look upon no earthly object with confidence; on further trial and experience, however, we will discover that no one observes more acutely, or sings more sweetly, than he who, sequestered from the world, and blindfolding the eyes of his understanding, directs his heart, in peace and simplicity, to God.

O my God! close my eyes, that I may see Thee; separate me from the world, that I may enjoy Thy company.

CCLXXXVII.

THE MENDICANT.

OCTOBER 13.

A STORY was told of a beggar, who, during the day, limped about upon crutches, pretending to be lame and impotent, and begging for alms with a mournful voice ; but who, in the evening, at his quarters, and in the midst of his comrades, cast his crutches away, took part in the carouse, and showed by dancing the perfect soundness of his limbs. Many expressed their surprise at this, and called the fellow, impostor, thief, and vagabond. But *Gotthold* observed : My friends, he is not the first, and just as little will he be the last, to practise falsehood for the sake of money. Do you suppose that he has not many a match, even among those who go about arrayed in silk and satin ? How many try to cheat, not merely men, but God ! How many deceive themselves, as this beggar does his fellow-men ! Only reflect what takes place in church. We demean ourselves

devoutly during worship, penitently at confession, and decently and temperately at the season of communion. Our words then are: Ah me! I am a poor sinner; heartily do I deplore my transgressions; I cast myself upon the Divine mercy; I will be glad to mend my ways. O how grieved the beggar then is! and how afflicted he pretends to be! But only observe him when he has quitted the church, laid aside his assumed devotion and fictitious piety, is left to himself, and returns to his wanton associates. In a moment, sin, repentance, good resolutions, heaven and hell, are all forgotten. Devotion is drowned, conscience cast away, and the poor sinner no longer sorrowful, sick, and wretched, but bold, reckless, haughty, and ungovernable. We wonder, and with good reason, that, under the Papacy, people believe that they can promote their salvation by purchasing a monk's hood and wearing it in the grave. We are not, however, aware that we ourselves have only chosen the hood of a hypocrite in preference to that of a monk. This is the disguise which most Christians wear, and in which they also die: they seem to think that to become a *new creature* in Christ is a very poor affair.

Alas, Lord Jesus! of all deceptions in the world,

none is so common as self-deception. Looking into the mirror of self-love, men fancy that, if they please themselves, they must also be pleasing to Thee; whereas the very opposite is the case. O let Thy Holy Spirit guide me into all truth, and keep me from imposing upon myself.

CCLXXXVIII.

THE DIVISION.

OCTOBER 14.

GOTTHOLD hearing that several relatives were soon to meet, for the purpose of dividing a considerable inheritance, took occasion to say to them: Take heed that you do not divide hearts as well as property. The eye of a man often looks askance, when others attempt to share with him that of which he would fain appropriate the whole. A philosopher not improperly calls self-love a dissolvent, because it often disunites the hearts of the nearest relatives, and converts their love into hatred. In Paris, not many years ago, two gentlemen, at the division of a property

of which they had been left joint heirs, proceeded from words to blows, when one of them killed the other with a pestle, and afterwards cut his own throat. In this way, Satan came in for a share. I myself was once present at the implementing of a will, when the minds of the relations became exasperated to such a pitch, that they broke to pieces the most costly vessels, and tore into shreds beautiful tapestries and hangings, neither wishing to give anything to the other. Nor did they ever afterwards in their lives meet or exchange words. O cursed wealth, of which the devil makes an apple of discord! O unhallowed inheritance, which breaks the bond of Christian love, and forfeits the inheritance in heaven!

~~~~~

CCLXXXIX.

THE DIVISION. (2D MED.)

OCTOBER 15.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: Beloved Saviour, most unjustly did the world divide with Thee. It gave Thee only what Thou couldst not like—poverty, contempt,

disgrace, the cross, the thorny crown, the scourge ; and yet Thou didst not demur, fully satisfied with Thy Father's love and holy will. And still it does the same. Small is the share of the good things that perish which falls to the believer's lot. Generally it is little greater than Thine. But with this he is content, anticipating another division which will take place at death, and in which body and soul, wealth, honour, and all else will be divided, and nothing left to man but what he shall have treasured in his inmost soul. Happy he who shall then be able to say, *The Lord is my portion and mine inheritance.* For myself, I shall easily arrange shares with the world. *It will give to me my crucified and insulted Saviour, with His poverty and thorny crown, and I will let it keep the rest. We shall then be quits.*

## CCXC.

## THE ALTAR.

OCTOBER 16.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman and his lady had presented to a church a new and costly altar, tastefully carved, and richly decorated with gold. *Gotthold*, having gone with a friend to inspect it, observed : It greatly delights me to see that the love of the Lord Jesus Christ is still felt, and still proclaimed before the world, by monuments like this. Our dearly-beloved Saviour has, in the venerable sacrament of the Supper, instituted a memorial of His love for us. Why should not we, according to our means, and prompted by a believing and grateful heart, bequeath a monument of reciprocal affection to Him ? I remember the words of a pious Jew, who says, "Were the entire globe to be suddenly converted into a lump of gold, and the hands of skilful artists forthwith to construct it into mansions and temples, it would still be unfit even for the footstool of our Lord." And what is all the

gold of the world, compared to the blood and love of the Lord Jesus Christ? Know, however, that the very humblest among His holy and believing friends can erect a better and more costly altar than this. The Jew annexes to the words which we have quoted, “That, nevertheless, the holy soul is God’s favourite habitation;” and I will say, That the penitent and believing heart is the most beautiful of altars. Such an altar, however, every godly man can erect, without expense; and, consequently, even poverty has no excuse for refusing it.

Well then, Lord Jesus, make an altar of my heart, and let it be consecrated in faith and love wholly and exclusively to Thy service. Here will I offer to Thee my understanding, will and memory—my tears, sighs, and prayers; and thus be at once both altar and priest.

## CCXCI.

## AN UNEXPECTED SHOT.

OCTOBER 17.

As *Gotthold* was sauntering for pleasure through a little wood, he heard the sudden report of a musket, which rang from a thicket at his side, and was so loud that his ears tingled. At first he was startled, and somewhat provoked at the sportsman, who, for the sake of killing a hare, had given him so violent a shock. But he soon recovered his presence of mind, mused, and said : How unexpectedly the sportsman discharges his piece, while his prey is feeding in security ; and with what cunning and perseverance does not the infernal hunter track my poor soul, seeking the opportunity to slay, and cast it into everlasting destruction !

O my God, keep Thine eye upon me, and let all his efforts fail and miscarry. How greatly I was startled by the sudden report ! And yet what was it, compared to the thunder-clap which, on the last

day, when the children of men are sunk in deep security and tranquil indulgence, shall shake and crumble, kindle and reduce to ashes, the vast fabric of the world !

---

## CCXCII.

### THE HOLY SUPPER.

OCTOBER 18.

THE great sacredness of the Holy Supper being upon one occasion the subject of discourse, *Gotthold* spoke as follows : I wonder and heartily rejoice at all the miracles of love which were wrought by Jesus Christ, but at none of them more than at this astonishing institution, in which He verily feeds us with His holy and life-giving flesh, and gives us to drink of His most precious blood. As the sun shines brightest at noon, so does Divine love shed its most glorious beams in this marvellous repast. Here the Son of God has opened wide His heart, like a rose in full bloom. Here he presents to me, not His garments or picture, not silver or gold, not crown or

sceptre, but *Himself*, with His whole merits, complete righteousness, heaven and perfect bliss. When (2 Sam. xii. 3) the prophet Nathan wished to show how greatly the poor man loved his little ewe-lamb, he used the words: *It did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter.* Jesus loves me more. He feeds me with the bread of life, which is Himself; I drink not merely from His cup, but from His sacred wounds, and repose in the lap of His grace, and in the assurance of His love. He treats me as His son and brother, nay, as His own heart; connects Himself with me in an ineffable way; and becomes my meat, drink, life, strength, joy and comfort—in short, my all. Here my soul is joined unto, pervaded by, and commingled with His soul—my body with His body—my heart with His heart—my frailty, wretchedness, wants, and imperfections, with His Divine nature, glory, and holiness. When I draw near, I see Thee, O Christ, in spirit and faith, with Thy sacred and bleeding wounds. I hear Thee calling, *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* (Matt. xi. 28, 29.) When I partake, Thy voice whispers, *Ye in Me, and I in you.* When I depart, my soul responds, *My Beloved is mine,*

*and I am His.* (Cant. ii. 10, vii. 10.) After the heavenly repast, the dessert, if I may so speak, is the conclusion (ver. 31-39) of that golden chapter, the eighth of the Epistle to the Romans. O how well is it with me then! How enraptured is my soul! How cheered is my heart! How proudly I can defy Satan, sin, death, and the world, with all its vanity! It seems to me as if I were no more my former self, but had been transformed into Christ, not indeed in person, but so that His righteousness, victory, life, and all that He possesses, are my own. I know not then that any such things as sin, misery, crosses, penury, death, or devil, exist in the world. This only I know, that Christ is Head over all things, and is mine.

## CCXCIII.

THE HOLY SUPPER. (2D MED.)

OCTOBER 19.

BUT alas! proceeded *Gotthold*, to what a pass has it come with this sacred and venerable institution!

Foolish reason pretends to teach and criticise her Master, and has converted the memorial of love into a bone of contention. Scoffers and atheists laugh at it, hypocrites profane, the general crowd inconsiderately rush to it, without repentance, faith, love, devotion, self-examination, or holy resolutions. O thou ungodly and accursed world! what more could a gracious and loving God do for thee than He has done? or what could be worse than what thou doest to Him! He has given thee His Son, and thou hast made of Him the minister of sin. (Gal. ii. 17.) He has offered thee the riches of His grace, and thou hast turned it into lasciviousness. (Jude, 4.) He has given thee His Word, and thou hast made it a laughing-stock. He has promised thee forgiveness of sins, and thou hast taken occasion from it to sin with a higher hand. He has instituted, by His Son, this so dear feast of love, and thou hast made a cloak of it to hide all kinds of hypocrisy and carnal security. Fill up, then, the measure of thine iniquity; ere long the just and holy God will pour it into thy bosom.

Lord Jesus, let me be one of the few to whom Thou and all Thy words, institutions, acts, and gifts, are sacred and precious. Let Thy venerable Sacrament

be heaven to me here below, until I reach the heaven above.

---

CCXCIV.

THE TREMBLING POPLAR.

OCTOBER 20.

THERE is a species of poplar whose leaves have long and slender stalks, and are therefore often rustled by a breeze too faint to stir the foliage of the other trees. Noticing the fact one day, when there was scarce a breath of air, *Gotthold* thought with himself: This tree is the emblem of a man with a wounded and uneasy conscience, which takes alarm at the most trifling cause, and agitates him to such a pitch, that he knows not whither to fly. *The wicked man trembleth all his days, saith the Scripture (Job xv. 20, Luth. Ver.): a dreadful sound is in his ears; and though there be peace, he feareth that the destroyer shall come upon him, and that he shall not escape misfortune.* The Jews tell us of *Cain*, when sojourning in the land of *Nod*—which is the land of

motion—that wherever he trode, the earth quaked beneath his feet, as if unwilling to bear the fratricide. Be that as it may, it is at least certain, that he who has a troubled conscience can find rest nowhere. The threat pronounced by God upon the evil-doer is fulfilled in him (Deut. xxviii. 65): *Thou shalt find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but the Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing eyes, and sorrow of mind.* It is a sore calamity and distress when, from age, sickness, or accident, we are afflicted with a trembling of the head, or limbs; but it is far worse when a troubled conscience makes the heart within us quake like an aspen leaf.

Merciful God, help me, by Thy grace, never to do what my conscience forbids. Sin may be pleasant to swallow, but bitter is the pain with which it afterwards wrings the bosom. Not all the world, with all its wealth and honour, pleasures and consolations, can soothe or tranquillize it. Rest for the soul flows from no other source than the wounds of Jesus.

## CCXCV.

## SERVANTS.

OCTOBER 21.

GOTTHOLD having inquired of the servants, who had been for some time in his family, whether they were disposed to remain, received for answer : That they had no cause of complaint ; knew not what better they could do ; and, if he were equally satisfied with them, had no wish to change their place. *Gotthold*, on his part, having no ground for dissatisfaction, retained them in his employment. The occasion, however, led him to reflect as follows : Between master and servant, mistress and maid, there is no difference but that which God has made, for a short interval in this present world. The stars, though not all of one magnitude or brightness, have all places in one common heaven : in like manner, we occupy different degrees of honour, rank, and wealth, but have the same firmament of grace over our heads—namely, *one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all.*

*who is above all, and through all, and in us all.* (Eph. iv. 5, 6.) What right then have I to despise or injure my domestics, although they must call me master, and wait my command and pleasure? And what if they shall attain to higher degrees of faith, charity, meekness, patience, and contentment, than I do! We read of a hermit who had a high notion of his own sanctity. It was revealed to him, however, that in this respect he was greatly inferior to a poor girl, who was waiting-maid at an inn. With this person he sought an interview, and, having inquired in what her pious deeds and acceptable services consisted, was answered: That she was not conscious of any particular sanctity, but tried diligently and faithfully to execute the work of the house, and the other tasks assigned to her; and especially made it a rule, every time she lifted a bundle of faggots to carry it into the kitchen, to meditate with cordial affection upon Him who, from love to her and all mankind, had once borne the tree of the cross. In the same way, many a precious stone lies neglected upon the ground, but nevertheless continues to be a precious stone. The pearl oyster is rough and unsightly on the outside, but beautiful and bright within, and precious for what it

contains. Even so pious servants are often humble and despised in the world's eyes, but great in God's.

CCXCVI.

SERVANTS. (2D MED.)

OCTOBER 22.

AFTER a pause, *Gotthold* proceeded: In short, all of us are servants. Yes, Lord God, Thy servant am I, and cheerfully will I stay in Thy service, for I like it well. I have no complaint to make; Thou hast been to me a most kind and gracious Master; I love Thy manner, Thy commandments, Thy ways, Thy family rules, Thy cross, Thy work, and Thy wages. Oh! that my conduct had always been such as to satisfy Thee! And yet Thou art so good, that Thou hast patience even with our faults, and rulest us with much forbearance. Grant to me, therefore, O God, the honour of being, and of continuing all my life and through all eternity to be Thy servant.

## CCXCVII.

## THE PROSTRATÈ TREES.

OCTOBER 23.

A STORM of wind had blown down a number of stately trees in a wood, so that they lay in a long line like corpses on a battle-field. Returning from the place, and reflecting upon what he had seen, *Gotthold* happened to pass a tree which stood alone in the open field, but which, notwithstanding, had sustained no injury from the blast. It surprised him not a little that this hermit should have kept his feet, while his fellows in the centre of the wood, where they might have mutually protected each other, had suffered so severely. On further reflection, however, he came to see that trees which grow side by side in the thick of the forest, cannot strike their roots so firmly into the earth as their brethren in the open field. Besides, from want of room, they shoot up tall and slender into the air, and, mutually sheltering each other, are not moved by common

winds, but are afterwards all the more liable to be blown down by violent gales. On the contrary, the tree in an exposed situation becomes habituated to the blast, is short and branchy, and strikes as many and as sturdy roots into the earth, as the boughs which it stretches into the air. For this reason it can brave the storm and tempest.

It is the same, said he to himself, with men, whom the Scripture so frequently compares to trees. In vain will you seek for true Christians—such, I mean, as really deserve the name—in the throng of the haughty and presumptuous. Shelter them from temptation, and human trees will thrive and expand their leafy tops to the pleasant sunbeams; but let a storm arise, and they tumble one upon another. On the other hand, that which is solitary, poor, and despised in the world's eyes, being accustomed from its youth upwards to temptation, firmly rooted in faith and grounded in love, stands fast, and is kept by the power of God unto salvation.

My God, in Thy grace I will strike deep, and spread far and wide the roots of my faith. Thou art my rock, my salvation, my defence. I shall not be moved, however violent the storm that smites me. (Ps. lxii. 2.)

## CCXCVIII.

## AFTER-PAINS.

OCTOBER 24.

EXPERIENCE testifies that after a severe fall, or the fracture of an arm or leg, although the injury may have been successfully cured, yet the patient frequently feels pain in the injured part, especially at the approach of a storm. Some sensations of the kind, led *Gotthold* to reflect upon them, and he was at a loss what to call them but a secret impulse of the love of God—intended to remind us that our gratitude is due to Him, as long as we live, for graciously protecting us in the hour of danger, and so far mitigating the evil, as that it should not break our neck, or cripple us for life. But just like the body, he proceeded to say, so has the soul its mis- hap, its convalescence, and after-pains.

Alas! my God, what else is this life but a miry way, a sheet of slippery ice, and a dangerous ladder? How easily we may happen to fall and hurt

*our soul.* (Prov. viii. 36, Luth. Ver.) In such a case, no doubt, Thou tenderly pitiest us and healest our infirmities. But that we may not forget ourselves, and may learn to walk humbly and circumspectly, our conscience sometimes feels the smart of former falls. *My God!* when the painful remembrance of my past sins recurs, I will Thank Thee, that Thou didst not suddenly cut me off in my transgressions, but in Thine unspeakable goodness didst spare my life. I will also thank Thee for not leaving me at ease under my hurt, but for adopting means to cure it thoroughly in this present life, that it may not terminate in everlasting death hereafter. The pains of conscience are caused by the wine of the law, which Thou pourest in to cleanse the wound. But along with the wine, Thou also pourest in the oil of mercy to soothe and heal it. Be it smart, or be it solace, both, I am certain, will work together for my good.

## CCXCIX.

## B U R S.

OCTOBER 25.

As the sheep were feeding among bur-docks, *Gotthold* observed the burs sticking thickly upon their wool. The same thing happens, he thought, when the contentious come into the company of the good. They fasten on them, and leave nothing uncensured; and however the man of peace may strive to shake off the brawler, the latter still clings to him, like a bur to the wool. Hence the observation of Solomon: *If a wise man contendeth with a foolish man, whether he rage or laugh, there is no rest.* (Prov. xxix. 9.) *Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue.* (Ps. cxx. 2.)

## CCC.

## LAUGHTER.

OCTOBER 26.

PASSING a tavern one Sabbath-day, *Gotthold* heard the loud and boisterous laughter of a great company resounding from it, and said, with a sigh: Alas, beloved Saviour! how little attention is paid to the word which Thou hast spoken: *Woe unto you that are full, for ye shall hunger! woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep!* (Luke vi. 25.) We read that the heathen, in ancient times, figured Laughter as a god, erected a statue, and, with great rejoicings, celebrated an annual feast, in his honour. The nominal Christians of our own day have, as it appears, been learning their customs; but, in place of one, have built *many* temples to the idols of Laughter and Joy, and meet in them, not annually, but rather weekly and daily—showing far greater diligence in their worship than in the service of the true God. Even the Sabbath has become a day for

tippling and swinish excess; piety is changed into pomp, seriousness into sensuality. But alas! laughter like this makes devils laugh, and is a premonition and prelude of everlasting weeping and wailing; just as the laugh of new-born infants is justly regarded by physicians and mothers as a sign of the sharp pains and bitter crying that are to ensue.

This reminds me of a strange and melancholy story, which took place, ten or twelve years ago, in a celebrated commercial city. A well-dressed and handsome youth entered an inn, called for breakfast, then for beer and wine, and at last for gamesters and musicians. He spent the whole day in mirth and jollity of every conceivable sort; and, when evening came, paid the bill, and bade the musicians follow him, playing their very best. He then took the way to the navigable river which flows in the vicinity—dancing, singing, and laughing as he went—and walked into the water, to the astonishment of the musicians, who, fancying it was diversion, looked on and continued to play. At last, calling for a right merry tune, and throwing them a dollar from the stream, he laughed aloud, cried Good-night, gentlemen, plunged into the deep, and was drowned. It was generally supposed that he was a clerk from

some distant place, who had squandered the money of his principal, and did not dare to face the day of reckoning. Fear of punishment on earth plunged him into everlasting wailing. Such is the mirth, the pleasure, and the laughter of the world.

Holy and merciful God, grant me grace to rejoice as though I rejoiced not. Thou art the fountain of true, heavenly, and perpetual joy. Be Thou the joy of my heart, and then will I willingly forego the joys of the world. Better enter into heaven weeping and mourning, than go to hell with mirth and laughter.

## CCCI.

## THE DISCONSOLATE MAN.

OCTOBER 27.

A PERSON in deep distress called one day on *Gotthold*, told him that he had something to say, and expressed a wish to converse with him alone. Being shown into a side-chamber, he began to shed such a flood of tears as rendered vain any attempt to utter a word. You wished to speak with me, said *Gotthold*.

and now, though your lips are silent, I can easily understand, from the language of your eyes, that your heart is burdened with some great distress. Dear sir, do tell me what it is, and relieve your mind. Ah! said the stranger, sin, sin! thou poison of the soul! how dost thou gnaw and plague my poor heart! To this *Gotthold* rejoined with a smile: You had almost made me as disconsolate as yourself, and drawn tears from my eyes by those that flow from your own. But, so far as I can understand, this sorrow of yours is not worth sorrowing for; nay, your grief even makes me glad, and I take delight in your distress. Indeed, even the holy angels smile to see you weep, and the Lord Jesus Himself rejoices because you mourn. Had I witnessed your sin, I might then have wept; but, now that you are weeping tears of sorrow for it, you give me cause heartily to rejoice. This is *that godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of.* (2 Cor. vii. 10.) I wish, from my inmost soul, that I saw all the impenitent and secure in the state in which you are. *There are many indeed who weep because they cannot have their will, not many, because they have had it. I see plenty of mourners in the world, but few who mourn for themselves; and yet miserable is that*

*soul which has never once wept for its own undoing.* Disconsolate hearts, however, are the proper vessels to be filled with the blood and consolations of the Lord Jesus. Weep, then, and let the fountain of your tears flow unrestrained. The heavenly Physician is already seeking a remedy for your sorrow.

## CCCII.

## WHY GOD PERMITS SIN.

OCTOBER 28.

AH ME! continued the stranger, why did God permit me to go astray, and commit sin? In truth, replied *Gotthold*, you may be certain that it would have been much more pleasing to Him if you had not sinned; but, since the thing is done, be thankful that, in His mercy and forbearance, He did not punish you in the act, and, by a sudden death, hurry you into eternal perdition. Understand likewise, that, being infinitely powerful and good. He would not suffer evil to take place in the world at all, if His infinite power and goodness could not turn it

into good. Meditation upon sin breeds godly sorrow, holy hatred of a sinful life, contempt of the world, and longing after heaven. The soul which is watered with such rain as your penitent tears, will flourish with the graces of humility and meekness, long-suffering, loving-kindness, and compassion for others. No one teaches more gently, or waits more patiently, or comforts more effectually, or forgives more heartily, than he who has himself needed gentleness, patience, comfort, and forgiveness. Who loves the Lord Jesus so much as he to whom many sins have been forgiven? Who has so strong a relish for the sweetness of grace as he who, under the painful smart of his misdeeds, has tasted the Divine displeasure? Ascribe your fall to yourself, and your own wickedness; but ascribe the season you have had for repentance, and the insight which you have obtained into the deformity of sin, and the hearty desire you cherish for the grace of God, solely to the Divine goodness. *That is of so marvellous a kind, that it strengthens us even by our frailties, and raises us by our falls.*

## CCCIII.

## THE MAGNITUDE OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

OCTOBER 29.

IN a company of friends, the conversation happened to turn upon the magnitude of the sun, moon, and other stars, when one of them observed: It seems to me scarcely credible, that a body, apparently no bigger than a ball of fire or a glittering speck, should yet be many thousand miles in circumference. *Gotthold* heard the remark, and, in explanation of the matter, observed: Did you, when abroad at night, ever happen to see a fire kindled by herdsmen, or hunters in the forest, or, for the benefit of sailors, on the sea-shore. Beheld from a distance, it seems so small, that you would declare it was only a spark. The nearer you approach it, however, the juster the notion you obtain of its magnitude. It is the same with the balls on the top of lofty spires: many a one, when he sees them from the ground, fancies they are no larger than his hat: and yet, you

are aware, they are several ells in circumference. It is also the same, he proceeded to say, with the heavenly bodies; and when I now inform you that astronomers have indisputably proved that these are many millions of miles remote from the earth, you may perhaps be mightily astonished at a distance so vast; but, admitting the fact, you can have no difficulty in conceiving that, in spite of their prodigious size, the stars should yet appear to us so small.

In order, however, that we may reap some spiritual profit from this subject, let me take occasion, from your doubts, to remind you of the unbelief which we naturally inherit regarding Divine and heavenly things. Earthly objects, which are before our eyes and lie at our feet, appear to us great and valuable, and worthy our utmost efforts; and so we strive laboriously after them, although they owe all their magnitude to our imagination; whereas, on the contrary, the heavenly things which God holds forth to our view in His promises, and intimates to us by many a foretaste of His benignity—all vast and glorious although in reality they be—are reckoned small and inconsiderable, and sought after with little diligence or pains. The reason is, that we are on the earth, and are earthly-minded. They, however, who,

on the wings of faith and devout contemplation, soar somewhat nearer to heaven, imagine the earth to be a little ball, and the great and haughty among mankind, with all their mighty enterprises, to be mere ants or worms that crawl upon it. The same persons, on the other hand, see heavenly things as great, glorious, and desirable—suitable to the greatness of Him who dwells in heaven. Learn, therefore, in future, to think little of what is thought great upon earth, and to aspire after that heaven in which alone are to be found great joy, great peace, great riches, great honour, great society, a great house, a great God, and a great and endless felicity.

My God, *grant unto me what well beseems a soul which Thou lovest and chooseth—a proper sense of pride*, that I may look upon this poor and passing shadow of a world as nothing, seeing that it cannot satisfy the wants of a spirit so noble in its nature, and so precious in Thine eyes. Grant also that I may pant after Thee and Thy heavenly kingdom, where all will be greater than my puny mind can now conceive.

## CCCIV.

## THE DAMAGED BELL.

OCTOBER 30.

A BELL in the neighbourhood had been rent, and, when being rung, clearly evinced, by its tone, the damage it had sustained. *Gotthold*, happening to hear it, mused as follows: In the same way, it is scarcely possible that the faults of those who occupy lofty stations in the world can remain concealed. The more highly they are exalted, the further off do men hear their good or defective tone. In persons of low degree, even great faults are little thought of; and the humbler they are, the more speedily and effectually will their evil report be swallowed up by the humbleness of their condition. Among the lofty, however, the smallest blemishes are reckoned great, and, by their exalted station, spread to a greater distance.

Keep me, my God, from casting a stumbling-block before any. I will rather be humble, unknown, and good, than great, renowned, and ungodly.

## CCCV.

## THE SMOKING CHIMNEYS.

OCTOBER 31.

OBSERVING the smoke rising in columns from the chimneys of the houses, *Gotthold* concluded that the work of preparation for the mid-day meal was proceeding in the kitchens, and exclaimed, in the words of the Lord Jesus : *My meat is to do the will of Him that sent—created, redeemed, and sanctified—me, and to finish His work.* (John iv. 34.) My God, he added, as smoke ascends from the kitchens where our bodily food is cooked, so, in the preparation of the spiritual meat, ought prayer to ascend to Thee. But this, alas ! I fear, it does from comparatively few houses or hearts, at least as abundantly as it ought. O let me never forget that *my prayer should be set forth before Thee as incense.* (Ps. cxli. 2.)

## CCCVI.

## SENSELESS THIEVES.

NOVEMBER 1.

SOME one mentioned the fact, that mice are not only fond of nibbling articles of food, but in some instances have ventured to trail silver buttons and chains, small coins, and even golden buckles, into their holes. This reminded *Gotthold* that the same thing is done by the jackdaws and ravens, which in some houses are kept for the diversion of the children; and especially that there once was a jackdaw, which had collected together a quantity of coins, rings, thimbles, and the like, and thereby excited much suspicion among the members of the family, until at length it was detected, and the treasure carried off; at which it became highly incensed, and sufficiently demonstrated its unwillingness to lose the articles it had purloined, although these were of no use to it. He thereupon said: Mark here a pleasing image of selfish and avaricious men, who scrape upon all sides,

and, by foul means or fair, amass a hoard, which is about as useful to them as their stolen treasures are to mice or jackdaws. They might be excused for acting the same foolish part as these animals, if they could do it with the same impunity; but to acquire temporal things, and lose eternal—to hoard gold and forget God—to provide what will be matter of laughter to your heirs, but of wailing and gnashing of teeth to your poor soul, is really too absurd. What great privilege is it to be the mere guardian of a treasure, which a mouse, a raven, or a dog may be as well? And can there be a more extravagant folly than to be willing to lose the soul rather than ill-gotten gain?

*O Lord my God, incline my heart unto Thy testimonies, and not to covetousness. (Ps. cxix. 36.)*

## CCCVII.

## IRASCIBILITY.

NOVEMBER 2.

A LADY of good breeding, and in other respects piously disposed, complained that she was liable to sudden anger, and often became exasperated to such a pitch, that she grew pale in the face, and trembled in every limb. The fit, indeed, was seldom of long duration, but always left behind it repentance and sorrow in her heart, injured her health, and impaired her whole frame. *Gotthold* said : Be thankful to God that you have at least been brought to the knowledge of your sin and error, for the first step in amendment is to understand where amendment is required. Neither do I doubt that you would gladly be rid of your sin, which is the second, and just as little that you are diligent in prayer against it, which is the third step. For the rest, if of two evils we ought to choose the least, sudden anger upon slight and inadequate occasions is at any rate better than

secret and cunning malice, which burns the longer the more it is concealed, and generally breaks out, at its own time, into inextinguishable revenge. Irascibility is like a flame in flax or straw, which suddenly blazes up, and as suddenly dies; and those subject to it are for the most part upright, truthful, and honourable men, who, when the transitory heat is past, repair by their liberality any injury they may have done. Slow wrath, however, is like the flame of sulphur, or like fire in green wood, which, the longer it takes to kindle, burns with all the more intense heat. Persons who, when they receive an affront, knavishly smile, keep silence, and pretend indifference, generally treasure up rancour in their breasts, and wait for some convenient time to discharge it with greater vengeance. They are like goats, which deliberately recede from their adversary when they mean to give him a hard blow, and level him with the ground. Of such persons it is well to beware. For yourself, as you know your nature, learn to apply the strongest rein at the part most accustomed to rebel. Stop the holes, and strengthen the weak places where the flood is most apt to overflow, or burst the dam. Keep continually in view the forbearance and loving-kindness of God, and the

mekness and gentleness of the Lord Jesus, and cease not daily to implore of Him a little drop of His goodness to cool the heat of your heart. *Then will you experience what the grace and Spirit of God, and our own prayers and struggles with our nature, can accomplish.*

~~~~~  
CCCVIII.

THE FEU.

NOVEMBER 3.

IN a company, mention happened to be made of certain free houses in a town, with valuable lands adjoining, which in early times had been given as a reward to the family of the proprietors, but on the condition, that every year, on a certain day, they should pay a farthing into the public exchequer. To some who expressed their surprise at this, *Gotthold* observed: Many similar instances are to be found in feudal law and history; for example, Charles V. bestowed upon the knights of Rhodes the island of Malta, upon the condition that they should annually

deliver to him, and to the kings of Spain and Sicily, his successors, a falcon. A nobleman in France is bound to present his superior every year, on St Martin's day, with a wren. Others must, in the same manner, deliver a pig's head ; others, a chaplet of roses ; others, a lark tied to a carriage ; others, a twig in leaf ; others, the same in blossom. One man is bound, every Christmas eve, to bring a faggot of wood to his Lord Superior's chimney ; another, upon the name-day of his lady, to sing a song in her praise ; and a third, at certain appointed times, to call upon the frogs to cease their croaking, with many other strange and ridiculous obligations. It is easy to see that such feudal titles could scarcely have had any other design than to connect with the property a constantly recurring memorial of those to whom the owners were indebted for its possession ; otherwise, there is certainly no equality, or suitable proportion, between a farthing and a handsome estate yielding some hundred dollars of annual revenue.

Let us here, however, call to mind that between God—the Almighty, inexhaustibly rich and generous Lord, and us—the poor children of men, the same relation obtains. He is Lord paramount, of whom all—emperors, kings and princes, counts,

noblemen, citizens, and peasants—hold their feus ; for although the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, yet hath He given it to the children of men. (Ps. xxiv. 1 ; Ps. cxv. 16.) There is therefore no man who is not the vassal and feudatory of God. To all He has allotted some portion of His vast domain, to one more, and to another less, according as it has seemed good to His wisdom. And what is it which the Most High requires from us in return for all the benefits we enjoy ? Not much—a thankful sigh, the hearty praise of His blessed name, a cheerful hymn to His honour, and, now and then, a little gift to a needy neighbour. O unthankful man, blush and be ashamed to withhold so small a return. What is all thy thanksgiving, compared with God's blessings ? and yet, small although it be, thou too so often forgettest to pay it.

My God, I too hold a feu from Thee. Much hast Thou given to me, and little, or rather nothing, can I give Thee in return ; *for what but nothing is all my thanks ?* But deign, gracious Lord, to accept of them. *I would give Thee more, if I had more to give.*

CCCIX.

BENEDICT WORT.

NOVEMBER 4.

THIS well-known and beautiful plant *Gotthold* found growing on a desert spot, long after it had cast its little orange flower, and got its brown and hairy seed-pod. He pulled it from the ground, wiped the soil from the red-coloured root, and soon scented the sweet perfume of the pink by which it is distinguished. He recollected also that it is frequently gathered and suspended in beer and wine, to which it imparts not only an agreeable perfume and pleasant taste, but likewise a virtue to strengthen the heart, purify the blood, and warm the stomach. Sweet plant, said he then to himself, how many there are who, unacquainted with the virtues which the Creator has concealed in thy root, tread thee under foot! In this respect, thou art a charming emblem of true Christians, whom the Holy Spirit deigns to entitle, *the hidden ones of God*. (Ps. lxxxiii. 3.) In them

God hides His goodness, wraps them about with many crosses, and much tribulation and contempt. They bear the marks of Him from whom they take their name, and who concealed His pre-eminence in abasement, His power in infirmity, and His life in death; and, accordingly, they seek not their own honour, but hide their treasure in humility. Sometimes, however, when it pleases God to exhibit the pattern of a good Christian to the world, they are acknowledged and brought to light.

My God! make me willing to be, and to remain for ever, one of Thy *hidden ones*. What harm will it do me to be despised or overlooked by the world, when I am acknowledged by Thee? If, however, Thou hast appointed me to minister to others with Thy gifts and graces, Thou wilt also find a way to rescue me from obscurity.

CCCX.

WHEAT.

NOVEMBER 5.

GOTTHOLD one day looked on while a farmer's wheat was being thrashed, and observed that the men not only stoutly beat it, but trode upon it with their feet ; and, finally, by various expedients, separated the good grain from the chaff, dust, and other impurities. How comes it, he asked himself, that whatever is of a useful nature, and intended to be profitable to the world, must suffer much, and be subjected to every kind of ill-treatment ; but that man, who himself does with other things as he lists, is unwilling to suffer, or permit God to deal as He lists with him ? Wheat, which is the noblest of all the products of the earth, is here thrashed, trode upon, swept about, tossed into the air, sifted, shaken and shovelled, and afterwards ground, re-sifted, and baked, and so arrives at last upon the tables of princes and kings. What then do I mean in being

displeased with God, because He does not strew my path with rose leaves, or translate me to heaven in an easy chair? By what other process could the wheat be cleaned? and how could I be sanctified or saved, were I to remain a stranger to the cross, and to affliction?

Deal with me, therefore, O my God, as Thou wilt, and grant that what is Thy will, may also be mine. Thrash, toss, and sift me, that, at last, I may appear as white and pure bread upon Thy table. I will suffer all the more willingly, knowing, as I do, the words of Thy servant: Bread-corn is bruised, and yet not destroyed by thrashing. This also is done by the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working. (Is. xxviii. 28, 29, Luth. Vers.)

~~~~~  
CCCXI.

## THE COIN.

NOVEMBER 6.

GOTTHOLD, being present in a company where a new coin, bearing the likeness of a great potentate, was

produced, put the question : For what reason, think you, do monarchs cause their image to be stamped upon the coin of the realm? To this one replied : No doubt, in order thus too, to set up a memorial of themselves to posterity ; there being nothing which men store and preserve with so much pains as money. In my opinion, said another, a prince imprints his likeness upon the coin, as he does his seal upon a letter, in order to authenticate and give it currency as lawful and sterling. Said a third, it may probably be also done to remind the subjects heartily to love and pray for the authorities under whose shield and protection they are enabled, in freedom and safety, to sell and buy, carry on trade and commerce, travel, or stay at home. My explanation, subjoined *Gotthold*, would be, that a sovereign intends, by the exhibition of his image, to remind his subjects of his authority, power, and justice, that under this strong inducement, they may show the same integrity and uprightness in their dealings and transactions, as if the prince himself were agent, and ratified these by his presence. Let the occasion also remind us, that our hearts ought to be a Divine medal, stamped with the image of Christ, the Prince of heaven ; and that all we say, or

think, or do, should bear the impress of His love, gentleness, humility, kindness, temperance, charity, contentment, and truth.

Ah! Lord Jesus, Do Thou Thyself stamp Thine image upon my heart, that it may be acknowledged as sterling in heaven. The dollars and ducats which we so highly value, receive the royal or princely image only by being subjected to the hammer and the stamp. Even so, no one can be renewed into the image of God, unless he submit with cheerfulness and patience to the blessed cross.



## CCCXII.

### THE CONTRACT.

NOVEMBER 7.

GOTTHOLD happened to be present when two neighbours entered into a contract. It was thought advisable that the terms should be drawn up in writing; but, as the party who gave the promise offered his right hand to the other, saying, There is my right hand—I will execute what I have undertaken like an honest man,

the other was instantly satisfied, and replied : Since you have given your word and hand, I trust you as an honest man. Well done, my friends ! exclaimed *Gotthold* ; this is old German truth and integrity. Would that they were still universal ! Christian sincerity should be the most binding of all obligations ; but, being now so rare, recourse has been had to writings and seals ; and even these are not always found to be the best security. But another thought has just entered my mind : We men do occasionally trust a fellow-man in whom we discover some trace or hope of truthfulness, provided he pledge his hand and word. Why, then, do we not trust God, whom no one ever found false ? We have His word in the Scripture and its promises ; we have His hand in the dealings of His providence, and in the experiences of our whole life ; we have His heart in the crucified Jesus ; and, I might also add, His letter, written with the blood of His Son, and confirmed by the seal of His Holy Spirit. What, then, should hinder us from joyfully and fearlessly trusting Him with our whole heart and soul ? We trust a father, a mother, a brother, because they are related to us by blood ; we trust a lawyer for his wisdom, and commit to him our affairs ; we trust a physician for his

skill, and confide our health into his hands. Why, then, do we not trust God, who is all, knows all, and is both able and willing to do all that is necessary for our present good and final salvation ?



## CCCXIII.

## THE DIFFICULTY OF FAITH.

NOVEMBER 8.

BUT, said one of the parties, who would really refuse to trust the blessed God? None of us certainly, said *Gotthold*, so long as he has also faith in his own hand or purse; otherwise, to trust in God is a difficult, nay, an impossible task, for an earthly-minded, sinful, and timid heart. Such a heart cannot trust God without God's help, nor depend upon His grace without His grace's aid. Faith has many enemies and gainsayers; and therefore it is a fight, and only keeps its ground by fighting. It has to comprehend the great God and His whole heaven in a little heart; and that is no easy task. A mother takes and carries about her child in her arms; soothes,

fondles, kisses it ; gives it meat and drink, and is very patient with it. But how long is it ere the child, on its part, learns to know the mother, returns her embraces and smiles, and shows her love and respect ? For myself, I can say with thankfulness, that now, through many trials, conflicts, struggles, temptations, sighs, and prayers, I have come so far, that I am beginning to believe that God is my gracious Father, and that I have an interest in the crucified Jesus, and in his merits, blood, and death. This is a lesson which I learn from day to day. Like a tender infant at the mother's breast, I lie at the Saviour's wounds, and imbibe from them His blood and spirit, that I may grow in strength. *Lord, I believe : help Thou my unbelief.*



## CCCXIV.

## PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

NOVEMBER 9.

THE conversation in a company happening to turn upon the beating and motion of the heart in the

human body, great admiration was expressed at the power and wisdom with which the Creator has so contrived these, as to keep the blood in circulation, and impregnate it with vital power, assimilating the heart, as one of the company observed, to the great machines which, through secret pipes, distribute water over a whole city. *Gotthold* observed: Let this remind us of the expression which the Holy Spirit has twice used respecting David, namely, *that his heart smote him* (1 Sam. xxiv. 5), upon one occasion, when, in the cave, he cut off the skirt of Saul's robe; and upon another (2 Sam. xxiv. 10), after he had numbered the people. And let us supplicate as a grace from God, that, whenever we are tempted, by imprudence or infirmity, to enter on any doubtful or dangerous course, our heart may in the same way beat and palpitate, to warn us of our danger; or that, if we have already been misled, and are fallen into sin, it may give us no rest, but smite and compel us, till, with true repentance, we fly to the cross of Christ, and find rest for it in Him. Not without reason do I call such palpitation a grace of God; for, in fact, it is nothing else but Christ and His Spirit knocking at the door of our heart, either to dissuade us from sinning, or induce us to repent of

having sinned. In the body, the stoppage of the heart's beating indicates the presence of death ; and, even so, he who no longer feels palpitation in his conscience, is, even though living, spiritually dead.

---

CCCXV.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART. (2D MED.)

NOVEMBER 10.

IN the case even of the criminal who has long stifled his conscience, the heart beats violently when he labours under apprehension or anxiety. We are told of an ingenious judge, who, as an easy and expeditious way of detecting a murderer among a number of persons who were suspected, ordered them all to stand round him in a circle, and uncover their bosoms. He then proceeded to lay his hand upon each in succession over the region of the heart, and discovered the perpetrator by the violence of the palpitation.

Here *Gotthold* paused ; but a learned man, who

was present, took up the word, and said that he had recently met with a very beautiful story, which was highly appropriate to the subject of conversation; and that, if it was the company's pleasure, he would briefly relate it. It happened in Switzerland, about one hundred and twenty years ago, that a worthy peasant was sentenced to the flames for adherence to the truth of the Gospel. After many admirable proofs of constancy and fortitude during his confinement, he, so to speak, bequeathed to posterity a most remarkable one immediately before his death. When bound, and ready to be thrown into the fire, he craved permission to speak once more to the judge, who, according to the Swiss custom, required to be also present at the execution. After repeatedly refusing, the judge at last came forward, when the peasant addressed him thus: You have this day condemned me to death. Now, I freely admit that I am a poor sinner, but positively deny that I am a heretic, because from my heart I believe and confess all that is contained in the Apostles' Creed (which he thereupon repeated from beginning to end). Now, then, sir, he proceeded to say, I have but one last request to make; which is, that you will approach and place your hand, first upon my breast, and then

upon your own, and afterwards frankly and truthfully declare, before this assembled multitude, which of the two, mine or yours, is beating most violently with fear and anxiety. For my part, I quit the world with alacrity and joy, to go and be with Christ, in whom I have always believed; what your feelings are at this moment is best known to yourself. The judge could make no answer, and commanded them instantly to light the pile. It was evident, however, from his looks, that he was more afraid than the martyr.

*Gotthold* offered the thanks of the company to the speaker for his beautiful story, with which, he said, he had not met in any of the martyrologies, and added: Let us, therefore, earnestly desire and continually pray, in the name of Christ, to God, graciously to give to us at our death an equally calm, happy, and fearless heart.

## CCCXVI.

## PALPITATION OF THE HEART. (3D MED.)

NOVEMBER 11.

IN every man whose heart beats thus calmly during life, it will also beat calmly at death. No doubt, in dying men its pulsation is quickened, as if it would fain ward off the growing sickness, and resist the assault of dissolution ; in which effort it exhausts its strength, and is at last broken and overcome. With this, however, not only may tranquillity of heart and peace of mind, but a joyful desire to depart, perfectly co-exist. A good man, upon his death-bed, happening to hear one of the bystanders remark, O me ! how his heart is beating ! replied : What of that ? When the runner nears the goal, although his breath be almost gone, he yet collects the residue of his strength, and even augments his speed, that none may outstrip him. And, even so, my heart now pants and *presses toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ* (Phil. iii. 14) ; and,

thank God, I will soon reach it, and fall into my Saviour's arms. The bystanders could scarcely refrain from tears, and united in imploring the strength and support of the Holy Spirit, that he might be enabled to finish his course with joy, and receive the crown of glory from the hand of the Lord.

~~~~~

CCCXVII.

THE BIER.

NOVEMBER 12.

GOTTHOLD, seeing a hearse standing at a door, concluded that there was a corpse in the house, and that it was about to be interred. Reminded thereby of his own mortality, he said to himself: Perhaps this is the very bier which will one day bear thee to thy grave; and, whether or not, at least the wood is already grown from which thine shall be made. Wherefore, O man, be prepared to die, and so live that, when mourners are bearing thy body to the grave, angels may be bearing thy soul to heaven. Continuing his reflections, Alas! said he, were such

a bier to be stationed at the door of every house which contains the dead, where could boards be found to make enough of them? For, alas! many a man is dead while he liveth; yea, all are dead who live in impenitence and presumptuous sins. God is the soul of our soul, and the life of our life; and Christ must dwell in our heart by faith, and be the heart of our heart, to enable us to say, with St Paul: *I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.* (Gal. ii. 20.) Just as the heart is the workshop of the soul, from which it distributes natural heat and vital energy into all the veins and members; even so must the Lord Jesus generate in us spiritual life, and diffuse his Spirit into all our powers, senses, desires, thoughts, and motions. Where this is not done, there is no life. The ungodly man is a living corpse; the worm of sinful desire consumes his conscience; he is an abomination in the eyes of the Saviour, and offensive to God and the holy angels. As ravens rejoice over carrion, so infernal spirits exult over the soul that is dead in sin; and where is the house in which such a soul may not be found?

Jesus, my Lord, unless Thou deign to live within me, it were better for me to die at once. *Be Thou my life, or I care not to live a moment longer.*

CCCXVIII.

THE SHEW-DISH.

NOVEMBER 13.

INSPECTING a shew-dish, which had been made to adorn the table at a coming banquet, *Gotthold* began: The world still cherishes her ancient tastes, and seeks enjoyment in vanity. Right well does she know that such a dish as this is a mere painted figure of wood, wax, and other materials; and, except for the pains and labour that have been spent upon it, worth little or nothing. And yet she fancies that she is specially honoured and entertained when so worthless a thing is served up, and presented for a while to her view. We have another instance of this in paintings. I have seen the picture of a monk—of an old, wrinkled woman—of a beggar with tattered clothes,—purchased for a hundred, nay, sometimes for more than a thousand dollars; and that by persons who would have scorned to waste a word upon a real monk, or so much as a

look upon a real old woman, and would not have given an actual living beggar a penny to keep him alive. It thus appears that man is not only pleased to be deceived by a skilful hand, but even rewards the deceptive art with large sums of money. *Surely every man walketh in a vain show.* (Ps. xxxix. 6.) What is their pleasure? Vanity. What their skill? Deception. What their honour? Folly.

My God! the beautiful firmament—the work of Thy fingers—shall be my shew-dish, and the crucified Jesus my picture. In the former, I contemplate what Thy hand has prepared for our felicity; in the latter, the means by which that felicity may be attained. Away with all that is vain; my only wish is for a blessed eternity.

~~~~~

CCCXIX.

THE SAVINGS-BOX.

NOVEMBER 14.

GOTTHOLD'S sons had purchased a savings-box, to keep the little sums of money they occasionally

received, and found that, however easy to drop the pieces in, it was much more difficult to bring them out. He thereupon observed: That is an emblem of the hearts and coffers of the vast majority of the men of these times. They are very greedy to take, but very backward to give, especially for the glory of God, and the relief of the poor. O how long we must shake, and how many arts we must try, before we can extract even a penny from a hard and penurious man for the service of God or his neighbour! So long as he lives, he imagines that the business for which he came into the world, is to collect and keep money; but when he has to leave the world, and when death breaks the saving box to pieces, and he must resign his hoard to others, he does it with reluctance and displeasure. I really believe that, were it not too absurd and useless, many a miser, in making his will, would do what a miser once actually did, appoint himself his own heir. How dreadful a folly to hoard up gold, and to lose heaven!

Jesus, save me from the infatuation of avarice! I too will lay up a treasure, but Thou shalt have the keeping of it. I will consign it to Thee through the hands of Thy needy members, and never will that be lost which is under Thy charge!

## CCCXX.

## THE AXE LAID TO THE ROOT OF THE TREE.

NOVEMBER 15.

As he walked in a forest, *Gotthold* came upon two wood-cutters, who were exerting all their might to fell an oak. In reply to his question, why this was done? they showed him that the tree was dead at the top, and therefore good for nothing but firewood. From this *Gotthold* took occasion to draw a useful lesson: Wretched man that I am, he said to himself, smiting his breast, how securely I live on from day to day, put far off in my thoughts, or rather think of nothing less than, my latter end; and yet death is daily hewing at the tree of my life, and the sturdy strokes he gives it, one after another, will ere long, and perhaps far sooner than I expect, stretch it upon the ground! Yes, *the axe is already laid unto the root of the tree; and every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire.* (Matt. iii. 10.)

Ah! my God, grant unto me that I *may be*

*filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Christ Jesus, unto Thy glory and praise* (Phil. i. 11); and that, with holy vigilance and cheerful faith, I may await the last stroke which death will give me at Thy bidding.

~~~~~  
CCCXXI.

BOOKS.

NOVEMBER 16.

A STUDENT of theology complained one day that he was too poor to procure a sufficient supply of books; and yet, according to his opinion, a study without books was like a druggist's shop, in which the un-stopped phials and empty boxes can furnish no medicine for the cure of disease. *Gotthold* replied: There is some truth in what you say; but, my good Sir, do not imagine that a multitude of books is the only source from which it is possible to derive that erudition and mental culture which are acceptable in the sight of God. In fact, they often do more harm than good. It is possible to dry up a vast

stream by draining off its waters into little currents ; and this is what happens to the mind which is prompted by curiosity or the hope of fame to read much, and toil through many books, but which gains only the boast of having read them ; at the same time losing its humility and godliness. How foolish, too, is the man who sets up a number of costly volumes, like superfluous furniture, for mere ornament, and is far more careful to keep them from contracting a single spot of ink than to use them as the means of instructing his ignorance, and correcting his faults. Compared with fools like these, you ought to be considered fortunate. *Better a man without books, than books without a man.* Select for yourself one or two of superior excellence, and lay them not aside, until it is observable in both you and them that they have been well used. That copy of an old author, which a pious lady had read so often, and bedewed so plentifully with her tears, that the pages had grown thin and sallow, was worth all the libraries of all hypocrites and nominal Christians collected into one. Be less concerned, therefore, about the number of the books you read, and more about the good use you make of them. The best of books is the Bible ; it is the treasury of all spiritual

and divine sciences. To it, therefore, you must give the preference, because it will instruct you unto the kingdom of heaven.

CCCXXII.

COLOCYNTHS.

NOVEMBER 17.

A COMPANY, who had been much annoyed by the censorious tongue of one of its members, had contrived at meal time to rub his plate with colocynths, the juice of which made whatever was put upon it bitter and loathsome. He tried all the dishes, one after another, and felt quite at a loss to understand how he could relish none of them. At length he called for another plate; but as this had, by the company's command, been secretly treated in the same manner, he found the food just as disagreeable as before, and began to fancy that he was sick, although in other respects quite free from all uneasy feelings. The story being told to *Gotthold*, he could not quite approve the conduct of the company, but yet was

pleased that the censorious man had been shown, in the colocynth juice, so striking an emblem of his own embittered temper. Malevolence, said he, is in point of fact a real colocynth juice, for, if it once infect our heart, nothing in a neighbour any longer pleases us. If he walk, his gait is proud and haughty; if he laugh, he is derisive; if he weep, he is hypocritical; if he look grave, he is insolent. Every fault about him swells into magnitude, and every virtue shrinks into littleness; we are vexed to hear him praised, pleased to hear him depreciated, and help to do it. The consequence is, that ill-will continually increases, because Satan provides the fuel, and suspicion pours oil into the fire. Well, then, does the apostle admonish: *Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger be put away from you.* (Eph. iv. 31.) *Looking diligently, lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you, and thereby many be defiled.* (Heb. xii. 15.)

Lord Jesus, Thou who art meek in heart, preserve me from such hurtful bitterness, that it may never gain the mastery over me; and if at any time, through infirmity, I give way to immoderate anger, grant that I may be willing to be reconciled, *and not suffer the sun to go down upon my wrath.* (Eph. iv. 26.)

CCCXXIII.

GREY HAIRS.

NOVEMBER 18.

GOTTHOLD meeting an old and worthy man, who lifted his hat to him, and thereby exposed his silvery locks, thought with himself: How true it is, as the Scripture says, that *the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness; and that the grey head is the beauty of old men!* (Prov. xvi. 31; xx. 29.) God himself, when he appeared in a human form, was pleased to wear grey hair (Dan. vii. 9; Rev. i. 14); and, in His Law, has enjoined the young *to rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man.* (Lev. xix. 32.) Even the heathen discovered, by the light of nature, that it is disgraceful not to treat the hoary head with respect. This silvery crown cannot be won without a world of care, trouble, and sorrow; and, therefore, every white hair upon it should admonish the young to show it due honour, thankfully acknowledge its toils,

and supplicate of God long to spare and preserve the heads whose silvery locks conceal much wise counsel, large experience, and lofty gifts.

My God! my time is in Thy hands. Should it please Thee to lengthen my life, and complete, as Thou hast begun, the work of blanching my locks, grant me grace to wear them as an unsullied crown of honour. Should this not be Thy pleasure, I shall be satisfied with knowing, as I do, *that wisdom is grey hair unto men, and an unspotted life old age.*

CCCXXIV.

THE CLOCK.

NOVEMBER 19.

GOTTHOLD had taken a clock to pieces for the purpose of cleaning it; and, while afterwards engaged in again putting it together, all manner of thoughts entered his mind. He recognised it as no inconsiderable, although an almost unnoticed blessing, that God has given to men an invention so ingenious and useful, enabling them as it does correctly to

divide their time, and employ it in profitable labours, and especially reminding them, by every hour that strikes, of the vain and fleeting nature of life, and the rapid approach of death. At last, it seemed to him to present a beautiful emblem of Christianity. A clock, he said, when in good order, is always going, and one wheel propelling another; and even so must true Christianity be in continual exercise, and every act of godliness make way for the next. As a clock, however, needs to be constantly inspected, and frequently set and cleaned, so God, in His faithfulness and long-suffering, has continual work to do, amending, purifying, and regulating our Christianity. Moreover, as a clock does not go without a proportional weight, so the practice of piety likewise comes to a stop unless the Most High append the cross to our heart. In doing this, however, He takes care to burden no one above his ability.

Thou faithful God! let my Christianity be always under Thy gracious inspection. Unless Thou set, purify, and regulate it, it will never go well. Append to it as much of the cross as Thou mayest judge right, or it may require. Thou art merciful, and wilt not impose a greater burden than I can bear.

CCCXXV.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

NOVEMBER 20.

FROM the letter of a friend, *Gotthold* learned that a man of learning, with whom he was acquainted, had lost his memory, and thereby been incapacitated for all business of importance. Having often both heard and read of similar cases, he reflected upon them, and ere long convinced himself that the Most High has good reasons for permitting them to happen. They serve to teach men that it is in His power to deprive them of intellectual gifts, no less than of goods of fortune and advantages of person; and, consequently, that in every respect He is their Lord Superior. And this lesson should induce them to fear and love Him, and to use all things for the advancement of His glory and in accordance with His will.

Moreover, he proceeded, I am not sure whether a retentive memory is absolutely preferable to a feeble

one or not. No doubt the memory is a treasury in which a fund of sound and useful knowledge, experience, precepts, and instances, may be collected and preserved. By many a one, however, it is filled with things which are evil, and which, in place of promoting, prove a great hinderance to holiness and salvation. Happy the man who always remembers—*1st, his sin*, that he may be kept from security and pride, exercise constant repentance, and, with faith and humility, have recourse to God's mercy and the Saviour's merits; *2d, the benefits he has received from others*—that he may show his gratitude; *3d, death*—that, like a Christian, he may prepare for its approach. But happy, likewise, the man who totally forgets—*1st, his own good deeds*, so as never to vaunt them before God or man, nor in heart or word upbraid those to whom they were done; *2d, the injuries and affronts he has received from others*, so as never to indulge anger or revenge; and *3d, lost property*, so as not vainly to distress and vex himself with cares.

Vouchsafe to me, O my God, this kind of memory, and this kind of forgetfulness.

CCCXXVI.

THE FRAGRANT DEATH'S-HEAD.

NOVEMBER 21.

ONE of *Gotthold's* friends had got a little scent-box, made in the shape of a death's-head, with a screw at the skull for opening and taking it asunder. It then showed various cells, filled with fragrant balm. Being asked why he had made the box in this particular shape, he replied : In order to have something continually reminding me of my mortality. On this *Gotthold* rejoined : You have done well if such was indeed your object, and not rather to possess a curiosity for people to gaze and wonder at. The thought of the mortality to which, like all your race, you are subjected, may be infinitely more profitable to you than all kinds of balm. If seized with the delirium of pride, reflect that death will one day reduce you to dust and ashes, and wither your pomp like a flower. If overcome by angry passion, take to heart that death stands behind you with his axe,

and only waits the signal from God to reduce you in an instant to the impotency of a dead gnat. If your heart ache, and your head be distracted with cares, recollect that all your trouble and anxiety will one day come to a blessed end. O how precious, how fragrant, how superlatively sweet a balm it is, upon every emergency to remember our mortality!

Help me, O my God, continually to live as if I did not live, that so at last I may die as if I were not dying.

CCCXXVII.

BANTERING.

NOVEMBER 22.

It happened that a pious but simple-minded man was present in a company, and was assailed by them with all manner of witty and derisive talk, or, according to the usual expression, made a fool of. *Gotthold*, reflecting upon the fact, observed: Alas! how small the regard paid to simple-mindedness and piety! It has come at last to such a pass, that the good and

simple, whom the Bible so highly esteems, are fools and laughing-stocks to the world. If this is not, what else can be, a sin? Who but the Lord Jesus and His Spirit are here laughed at and contemned? and what have we but Herod and his men of war setting Him at nought and mocking Him afresh? (Luke xxiii. 11.) The only recourse for a pious man in such circumstances is, to complain to God; and the only sources from which such vexatious conduct can proceed are, petulance, pride, and contempt of poor brethren. When, therefore, you wish to indulge your mirth, see that you do it without offending your neighbour, or committing any other kind of sin; and never forget that you shall one day have to give an account of every idle word you have spoken. (Matt. xii. 36.) If, however, what you want is a fool to make game of you, you need not travel far to seek, but may find one beneath your own coat, or looking out upon you from the mirror in which you behold your image. Only recall the follies which you have committed all the days of your life, and how often your sins have made you a laughing-stock to the infernal spirits; and this recollection, I hope, will banish from your mind every wish to make a fool of others.

Keep me, O my God, from imagining that I am wise, and my neighbour simple. To good and pious hearts Thou vouchsafest Thy grace.

~~~~~

CCCXXVIII.

INVISIBLE WRITING.

NOVEMBER 23.

SOME one happened to say that characters written upon paper with orange or onion juice, and afterwards dried, cannot at first be seen or read, but become legible the moment they are dipped in water. It is the same, said *Gotthold*, with men's actions. They scarcely take notice of their sins, or at least soon forget and are little concerned about them. Let God, however, immerse their conscience in the waves of trouble and the pains of death, and that which happened to the prophet happens to them. They behold *a roll written within and without, and therein lamentation, and mourning, and woe.* (Ezek. ii. 10.) Wherefore, let us live good and Christian lives, that so, when it

pleases our God, we may likewise die good and Christian deaths.

## CCCXXIX.

## THE STARRY HEAVENS.

NOVEMBER 24.

As *Gotthold* was one evening gazing upon the star-bespangled heavens, a deep sigh escaped him, and thus he spoke: My God, these innumerable stars which I see in the azure vault are so many witnesses and indicators of Thy inconceivable goodness. Yea, methinks I see in every one of them the eye of Thy Divine providence and powerful government benignly looking down upon us Thy children. Some pretend that the stars are nothing else but images of the sun reflected a thousand-fold in the crystal heaven, which Job tells us "is as a molten looking-glass." (Job xxxvii. 18.) Be that as it may, of one thing at least I am certain—that Thy inconceivable goodness, power, and wisdom, are reflected in the countless multitude of these bright and beaming orbs,

inasmuch as the contemplation of the magnificent dome which Thy finger has so skilfully framed, powerfully constructed, and splendidly garnished, as if with pendant lamps of gold, forbids me to doubt of the superlative glory of that heaven which shall be the eternal habitation of the elect. My Father, if the visible and transitory creation is so lovely, what may I not expect the invisible and everlasting to be! If heaven is so fair on the outside, what will it not be within! Methinks every star is calling aloud to me: *They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.* (Dan. xii. 3.)

My God! let me shine as a light in this present world, that I may shine with everlasting glory in the world to come. What, however, is my soul without Thy grace, but a lantern without a light? Shine Thou within me; for if not, I am mere darkness.

## CCCXXX.

## PALE GOLD.

NOVEMBER 25.

BEING shown a Spanish ducat which was paler than the common, and raised some suspicion in the owner's mind that it was not sterling, *Gotthold* said: So far as I know, there is a species of gold which is much inferior to that of Hungary in colour, though not at all in value; and of this your ducat has probably been made. At the same time, I am much surprised that all gold has not long ago grown pale and wan with fear and terror, considering that, according to a wise man's words, there are so many hands which seize, and so many hearts which seek it, for no other purpose but to confine and restrain it, like the worst of malefactors, in prison and in fetters; although, no doubt, this is done, not from hatred, but foolish affection. God has given us a brief summary of His commandments, and said: *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with*

*all thy mind ; and, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself* (Matt. xxii. 37-39) ; and the devil, following His example, has condensed all his temptations into one short epitome : Thou shalt love gold and money with all thy heart, and soul, and mind ; love it more than God, justice, conscience, and thy neighbour ; and endeavour after it with all thy might. Judge now which of these commandments is best obeyed in the world.

### CCCXXI.

PALE GOLD. (2D MED.)

NOVEMBER 26.

IMPROVE the occasion also by recollecting what effect the first sight and mere appearance of things often has upon the minds of men. You thought this ducat base, because it was of a pale colour ; and, even so, in other things we often fancy that what is not bright and showy cannot be good. But there may be many an honest and simple-minded man who, although poor and of humble rank, has yet his

heart full of love to God and his neighbour, and in whom the want of external advantages is compensated by unfeigned faith, sincere devotion, godly zeal, and deep humility. For this reason, we ought never to judge by mere appearances, lest we thereby reject and despise him whom God chooses and honours.

My God, by the help of Thy grace, I will endeavour to exceed all the expectations which men have formed respecting me. Though the whole world were to believe me good, this would not make me one whit better than I really am; and just as little could the world harm me by denouncing me as wicked, if I am really endeavouring to be good and daily to grow better. I will do my utmost, however, to avoid even the appearance of evil, and give occasion to no one to speak ill of me. *Lord, all my desire is before Thee, and my groaning is not hid from Thee.* (Ps. xxxviii. 9.)

## CCCXXXII.

## THE BEST DISH.

NOVEMBER 27.

GOTTHOLD, being one of the company at a banquet, proposed, for their diversion, the question, What is the best dish which a host can present to his guests? To this one replied: The familiar and improving conversation of good friends, appealing to the words of the wise monarch: *Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith.* (Prov. xv. 17.) Another said: The best dish seems to me to be the courtesy and tidiness of the lady of the house; for, *if she change her face, and darken her countenance like sackcloth,* or give any ground for the suspicion that the hands which dressed it were not clean, there is little pleasure or relish even in the costliest fare. Said a third: The best dish is that which is first offered to a hungry man; for the reason why the voluptuary can find, among the many which are served, scarcely one to please him, is, that

he eats sooner and more than necessity requires, and never uses hunger as a sauce to his food. In the opinion of a fourth, the best dish was an open and generous heart on the part of the host ; for, if the guest have the slightest ground to suppose that he has not been willingly or disinterestedly invited, or that he is grudgingly entertained, or that his words are marked and treasured up, he will have little relish for any of the dishes. *Gotthold* then took up the word, and added : There is certainly reason in your answers, but I too will say what I think. The best dish is that which has been earned by fair means and with a good conscience, is enjoyed with gratitude and reverence towards God, and of which the poor beggar at the gate receives his share : *For how can any dish be called good which is seasoned with the tears and sighs of oppressed Christians, and with the Divine malediction ?* No dish is good which does not do the eater good ; and what good can any dish do which is eaten with such a sauce ? Wherever gratitude to God and charity to poor neighbours are forgotten, the last cup in life's banquet is usually quaffed amid the flames of hell, as the rich voluptuary experienced. (Luke xvi. 23.)

Lord Jesus, give me only a crust of bread, but

let it be bedropped with Thy blessing, moistened from Thy wounds, and sweetened by Thy love: I will gladly share it with a needy brother, and desire no other or better fare.

---

CCCXXXIII.

THE HOWLING DOG.

NOVEMBER 28.

GOTTHOLD had a dog which used to attend him on his walks. On one occasion, however, it happened, for some cause or other, to stay behind, and, contrary to custom, allowed him to take his walk alone. At his return, he pretended that he was about to chastise it, lifted his stick, and spoke to it roughly. The dog, as if conscious of its fault, cowered at his feet, uttered the most doleful cries, and crawled about upon the ground before him. Thou mighty, glorious, and eternal God! said *Gotthold* to himself, with a sigh, when shall I grow as wise as this irrational creature? Every day I sin against Thee and my Master Jesus; and, though bound

always to follow Thy steps, yet, times without number, I desert Thee, and follow my own carnal inclinations. But, alas! when do I ever humble myself before Thee, as this brute does before me—a sinful and impotent man? The woman who was a sinner, and the Syro-Phœnician mother (Matt. xv. 27), cast themselves at the feet of Jesus; but there are few who sincerely imitate their example. The corrupt heart is like an inflated bladder, which always inclines to float on the surface of the water.

Lord, teach me to reflect that in Thy kingdom humiliation is the one only way to honour.

## CCCXXXIV.

## THE LOST PENNY.

NOVEMBER 29.

ONE of the maids in *Gotthold's* family had lost a penny. In searching for it, she used all diligence; swept the house, lighted a candle, and wept when her search proved fruitless. Said *Gotthold* to himself: I greatly wish that, for every sin which a man com-

mits, he were to drop from his purse a penny, dollar, or ducat, according to the amount of his fortune. In that case, I am convinced far fewer sins would be committed. Is it not a dreadful blindness, *that we will weep for the loss of a penny, and laugh when, by presumptuous sin, we lose God and His grace?* Our money appears from this to be dearer to us than our God. To many, however, God and gold are one and the same. O thou secure and senseless world, what will become of thee at last! On his death-bed, gold cannot, and God, in his righteous judgment, will not, help the ungodly man. From what, then, can help come?

My God! were I to gain the whole world, and keep it in possession and enjoyment, but by daily transgression to forfeit Thy grace, what good would all my gains and fortune do me! Let me lose what I may, or, to speak more correctly, what Thou wilt; but O take not from me Thy grace, and then I shall have lost nothing, for Thy grace is all.

## CCCXXXV.

## THE RING.

NOVEMBER 30.

A LADY of quality once asked *Gotthold* what lessons in the practice of piety she should learn from the gold rings upon her fingers. Let the marriage one, he replied, remind you that your soul is the bride of the Lord Jesus, espoused to Him in faith; and, for this reason, be at all times true to Him, and strive to keep your soul, like a pure and chaste virgin, unspotted from the world and its pollutions. When worldly and sinful thoughts intrude into your mind, consider that they are the unchaste suggestions of Satan, who would fain estrange you from the Lord Jesus. If there be a stone set in the ring, reflect that, in the same way, Christ, the bright jasper and ruby, must be embraced by our faith; because, of itself, faith is of little worth, but with Christ, and through Him, is worth heaven itself.

## CCCXXXVI.

## THE RING. (2D MED.)

DECEMBER 1.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: As the right hand, by wielding the pen or sword, and undergoing all kinds of toil, earns and procures the rings, and yet must often resign to the left, which does less of the work, the honour of wearing them; even so, remember that in the world they who merit honour most are frequently destitute of it; and look to yourself, whether the honour you enjoy has been really deserved, or whether, for example, men merely call you a Christian, and say you are virtuous, godly, benevolent, while perhaps you are conscious of never having yet earnestly attempted to be what these names imply that you are.

## CCCXXXVII.

## THE RING. (3D MED.)

DECEMBER 2.

GOTTHOLD further observed : Gold is the noblest of the metals, pure and fine, tried in the fire, soft, and easily wrought. It is also more ductile than any other sort of ore, and emits a fainter sound beneath the stroke of the hammer. And, even so, do thou labour to have a pure and gentle heart. Be not offended with the blessed cross, which is our God's purgatorial fire, the means by which the heart's natural wildness may be purged away. Be pitiful, kind, and peaceable. Stretch your will to the utmost in the service of the needy. Learn also to be patient and dumb when the Most High beats you with the hammer of affliction, and be assured that this will do you good.

## CCCXXXVIII.

## THE RING. (4TH MED.)

DECEMBER 3.

GOTTHOLD finally added: Did the sight of rings always suggest such thoughts as these, they might be worn with less sin and greater profit. Otherwise, hear my opinion of them: I once knew a poor old woman, who, when she wanted to retain any matter in her memory, used to twist a thread or straw about her finger. Now, were any one to do the same for the purpose of reminding himself of his Christianity, his prayers, or good resolutions to serve God and man, I would regard such thread or straw as more excellent than all the costly rings which are worn for luxury, without godliness.

## CCCXXXIX.

## BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

DECEMBER 4.

THE manner of playing this game is, to bind the eyes of one of the company, who then gropes about blindfold, and is all the while pushed and pulled by his comrades, until he can lay hold of one of them, who must thereupon take his place. *Gotthold*, coming upon a party of young people who were diverting themselves in this way, inquired of a bystander, What, think you, is the commonest game in the world? In my own opinion, it is this: Blind man's buff is played everywhere, not merely by children and youths, but likewise, although unconsciously, by the old and wise. I here recollect the pleasing fancy of an ingenious author, who figures the human soul as a shepherdess at play with Worldly Wisdom, Wealth, Fame, and Pleasure; and suffering these her playmates to bind her eyes in sport, ignorant

that they are all the time in secret league with Satan, who slips from a wood, and catches the soul rushing blindfold into his arms. This beautiful allegory portrays the manner in which man, blinded by the world and his own fleshly desires, departs from God, and unconsciously falls into the snares of the devil. Alas, O Lord! how many thousand thousand souls there are who rush in this very way, with bandaged eyes, darkened senses, and hardened hearts, and amidst sport and laughter, into Satan's arms. With how many wise, learned, rich, and respectable people, he is daily playing at blind man's buff, although they neither think nor care about the matter! How many there are who suffer bad company to draw a cowl over their head; or their wives, best friends, and nearest relatives, to bind a handkerchief upon their eyes! And we love to have it so, because we call it sport, pleasure, diversion, love, intimacy, or a joke. In short, we reckon that to be a pastime which exposes the soul to the greatest danger, or even plunges it into perdition.

Ah! my God, keep me from ever playing such a game. Give me eyes opened and enlightened by Thy Holy Spirit, that I may walk in the light, eschew the deceitful sports of the devil and the

world, and escape in safety from their snares. This, O my Father, Thou hast hitherto been pleased to do. Though I have sometimes been persuaded to join the game, Thou hast torn the bandage from my eyes, and delivered my soul; and for this be thanks and praise ascribed unto Thee through all eternity.

## CCCXL.

## THE MOTHER SUCKLING HER BABE.

DECEMBER 5.

GOTTHOLD had seen a mother sitting and giving her child the breast, and was devoutly musing on the subject, when he received a visit from a friend. Come, said he to this person, and I will show you a miracle; and, forthwith conducting him into the apartment, he pointed to the mother and the child. Do you call that a miracle? asked the friend. Yes, rejoined *Gotthold*, not one, but many combined. First, there is the infant itself, whose formation in the womb by the Divine hand is a miracle of omni-

potence, wisdom, and goodness. Secondly, there is the mother's breast, which God has filled with delicious milk, combining the elementary ingredients of all the various kinds of meat and drink, and designed for the use of the tender babe, who continually finds in it nourishment both to allay his hunger and gratify his taste. It is the little suckling's wine cellar and pantry, and a fortune better to him than silver and gold, pearls and precious stones. The third miracle is the mother's heart, which the all-wise Creator has connected with the breast, in order, so to speak, to warm, sweeten, and flavour the milk with love. As the breast must never want milk, so must the heart never want deep and inexhaustible affection. Reflect on the care, hardship, trouble, watching, and toil, which a mother must endure before her child can call her mother; and then say if it be not a miracle of Divine love, that she joyfully overcomes it all, and, despite her sufferings, so tenderly loves and fondly caresses her offspring. God works thousands of miracles of the kind, if ungrateful men would but mark and acknowledge them.

## CCCXLI.

THE MOTHER SUCKLING HER BABE. (2D MED.)

DECEMBER 6.

GOTTHOLD proceeded : Yes, God himself is the nursing mother of the universe—that is, the Author and Preserver of all things ; and an old ecclesiastical writer calls the Lord Jesus His maternal breast, because of His fulness we all receive grace for grace, and from His sacred wounds imbibe consolation for our souls. Ah, my God ! grant that, every time I see a mother suckling her child, I may think of this ; and grant too, that when my soul languishes, like a feeble babe, in the last sufferings of death, it may be satisfied and replenished with Thy consolations, and then fall asleep in bliss.

## CCCXLII.

## THE WATER-DROP.

DECEMBER 7.

THE spigot not being properly secured in a water cask, there was a constant dropping into a bason which stood upon the ground below. *Gotthold* saw it, and observed: This seems a very trivial circumstance, and yet it may suggest to us what ought never to be forgotten as long as we live. The rich man, when tormented in hell, implored a single drop of water to cool his burning tongue, but implored it in vain. (Luke xvi. 23.) Ah me! how small a refreshment it would have been to one weltering in the fiery flames, to receive into his mouth the small quantity of water which adheres to the tip of the finger after being dipped into a fountain; and yet it was refused: intimating that in hell no comfort or alleviation however small, no intermission however brief, can be hoped for. For this reason, when we hear the dropping of water, let us reflect

on the fleetingness of life. As drop follows drop, until the cask is empty, so does hour follow hour, and one day or year another, until life is spent. What, then, would become of us, if all consolation terminated with our breath, and were we never, through all eternity, to taste the refreshment of a single drop of water?

My God! Thy loving-kindness and tender mercy are daily distilled from heaven in innumerable drops, and blessed is the man on whom they fall! But he who contemns or abuses the drops of grace in time, does not deserve even a drop of water through all eternity. On the other hand, he who in this life is satisfied to receive Thy grace in drops, shall hereafter be made to drink of it as a river. (Ps. xxxvi. 8.)

---

### CCCXLIII.

#### THE JOURNEY.

DECEMBER 8.

GOTTHOLD and some friends were in the act of starting on a journey, which was to occupy several days.

All was ready, and the carriage at the door ; but one of the party did not make his appearance, and, on being sent for, it was found that he had not packed his clothes, or made the other necessary preparations. He arrived at last, however, and they drove off ; when *Gotthold* began : We must not allow you to escape with impunity for having now delayed and detained us a whole hour ; and your punishment shall be to listen to a good and salutary admonition, and bear it about constantly in your mind. Do you know, then, whom you have this day been imitating ? The children of the world. For these find, or make for themselves, so much to do with the world's vanities, that they never are in a state of readiness for departing out of it. They do not think of death, and so postpone to the last hour the collecting of their travelling gear ; by which I mean, exercising repentance, faith, confession, prayer, and holy living. Never till then do they set their house in order, make their will, or attempt to disengage themselves from the world, which has often, however, taken so strong a hold of them, that they quit it only with reluctance and secret or open murmuring. There are not many, says a wise Dutchman, who finish their lives before they die. Very few go,

most are dragged, to the grave; and, instead of leaving the world, they are hunted out of it. Preparation for death seems to me of vast moment, and the neglecting or postponing of it good for neither living nor dying.

## CCCXLIV.

## THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

DECEMBER 9.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: The Christian, at his death, should not be like the child who is forced by the rod to quit his play, but like one who is wearied of it, and willing to go to bed. Neither ought he to be like the mariner whose vessel is drifted, by the violence of the tempest, from the shore, tossed to and fro upon the ocean, and at last suffers wreck and destruction; but like one who is ready for the voyage, and, the moment the wind is favourable, cheerfully weighs anchor, and, full of hope and joy, launches forth into the deep. The pious monk Staupitz says: Die as Christ did, and then, beyond all doubt,

your death will be good and blessed. But how, then, did Christ die? *No man*, He Himself says, *taketh My life from Me, but I lay it down of Myself* (John x. 18); and St Luke tells us that, *when the time was come that He should be received up, He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem*; that is, He took the way to it with a confident and cheerful heart, and an intrepid look. Let us follow this great Forerunner; and, that we may do it with alacrity and confidence, and be at all times ready, let us so order our affairs, *that, when we come to die, we may have nothing else to do*. Thus should it be with me while I write, and thus with you while you read my words.

Lord Jesus, beloved Saviour, do Thou Thyself make us ready.

## CCCXLV.

## THE CYPHER.

DECEMBER 10.

GOTTHOLD observed a boy taking lessons in arithmetic, and said: There is here much to suggest good thoughts; for the present, however, I will select the cypher. I once heard of a sagacious man, who, being on his death-bed, was solicited to leave some memorial to his friends. Unable to articulate, he made signs to have pen and ink brought to him, and with these traced two great circles, or nothings, upon a sheet of paper. After his decease, there was much speculation what these could mean. The common conjecture was, that he intended to signify that the body and the soul have their appointed circuits, and that, when these are finished, they return severally to their origin—the body to the earth, and the spirit unto God. (Eccles. xii. 7.) In my opinion, however, the two cyphers must have been intended to show the nullity of all terrestrial things, just as

the wisest of monarchs could find nothing but vanity and vexation in the learning, pleasures, joys, honour, wealth, and glory of the world. (Eccles. ii. 3-11.) In fact, these are like the rockets which at festivals are discharged to amuse the crowd, but whose bright shining, and towering flame, end only in ashes. All that the world contains may justly be likened to a note inscribed with a series of such cyphers, each of equal value with the other, but all of them worth nothing. Ye men of learning, what is all your erudition? A fragrant vapour, with which you entertain yourselves and others, but which speedily melts into the air. Ye great philosophers, what is your wisdom? A spider's web, woven with ingenuity and pains, but of no use save to catch moths. Ye men of rank, what is your dignity? An evening shadow, which, the longer it is, will the sooner disappear. Ye rich, what is your abundant wealth? A rose with many thorns; the flower soon withers, but the thorns remain. Voluptuaries, what is your pleasure? A sweet dream, which leaves you nothing when you awake but unsatisfied desire. It is a rule in Christian arithmetic, that, take nothing from nothing, and nothing remains. The world has nothing, gives nothing, and is nothing.

## CCCXLVI.

## THE NUMBER BEFORE THE CYPHER.

DECEMBER 11.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: The children of God, however, are acquainted with an art by which they can make something out of nothing; for, if to several cyphers, otherwise of no value, I prefix a number, they then amount to several thousands. And, even so, the whole world, were I to possess it, would do me no good without the grace of God in Christ. If, however, I prefer Jesus to worldly things—that is, if I receive them humbly, as a loan, from the hand of my Redeemer, and use them, in faith and love, to His glory—they then acquire a high value, and may have the honour of being entered into the day-book and ledger of God.

Lord Jesus! out of Thee, all things are nothing; and in Thee, nothing is all. Riches are nothing, unless they minister to Thy poverty; the loftiest rank is nothing, if it seek not its honour in Thy

ignominy and thorny crown ; knowledge is nothing, if it knows not Thee ; and pleasure nothing, if it is not tempered and sanctified by Thy cross. In short, the world is the world, and nothing, but Jesus is Jesus, and all.

---

### CCCXLVII.

#### THE PILLOW.

DECEMBER 12.

MENTION having been made of some one who had received a considerable inheritance, one of the company remarked that it would be a comfortable pillow for him ; meaning that, with such affluent means, he would now have no occasion to vex his mind, or disturb his rest with cares. Said *Gotthold* : And so you fancy that the softest kind of pillow on which to rest the head is a bag of money. What if I could prove that they sleep least who have most money, and that, with great riches, there is often little rest. We all know the story of the Emperor Sigismund, who, having on one occasion received forty thousand

ducats, and lain awake the whole of the following night, thinking how to spend them, made it his first business in the morning to distribute them among the most deserving of his courtiers. Experience shows us that wealth is often accompanied by avarice, than which there is no greater foe to sleep. Granting, however, that a large fortune is a comfortable pillow to a man while he lives, what will it do for him when he comes to die? Let me also remind you that there is another kind of pillow—I mean a false trust in the Divine grace and mercy, or in the sincerity of our faith, or in the pardon of our sins, or in a death-bed repentance, or in our right to eternal life—of which many a wicked man, though continuing in presumptuous sins, ventures to boast. This pillow is prepared by Satan, who can transform himself not only into an angel of light, but also into a comforter. He suckles his children with false hope, sings to them a sweet song, and rocks them into the sleep of security. May God, in his mercy, preserve us from such a pillow as this!

## CCCXLVIII.

## THE PILLOW. (2D MED.)

DECEMBER 13.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: Believers and good men have the best of all pillows; and that is, the bosom of Jesus, in which they find the grace of God, rest for their souls, and peace to their consciences. They are like children who, after having walked all day in filial obedience, when evening comes, kiss their parents' hand, receive their blessing, go to bed with them in the same chamber, and calmly and securely fall asleep under their eye. He who, in faith, has reclined his head upon the breast and heart of Jesus, resigned himself wholly to God, and learned to trust in His fatherly goodness and care, and to keep a conscience pure and void of offence, cannot but sleep quietly; for, though his body wake, his soul reposes upon this pillow, and is undisturbed.

## CCCXLIX.

## THE PILLOW. (3D MED.)

DECEMBER 14.

GOTTHOLD further said: A good man, when he happened to be overtaken by adversity, and felt his head and heart harassed with anxieties, used to take the Bible, read and searched in it until he came to some comforting text, suitable to his case; and then, with his head upon the book, pondered and inwardly digested the words until he fell asleep. On awakening, he generally found that his cares were gone, resigned himself to the fatherly will of God, and thus found comfort and rest for his soul. What think you of such a pillow as this?

Lord Jesus! Thou art the refuge of my soul, the pillow of my head, the comfort and portion of my heart. Wide as it is, the world is not large enough to be my place of rest. When Thou didst become man, and enter it as a babe, Thou wert content to lie in a manger. (Luke ii. 7.) Nor was it a hard bed, as

we might fancy ; for it was spread for Thee by Thy Father's will, and Thy own love to man. For me, let them spread the couch, in this world, how and where they please ; in the sacred will of my God, and the love of Jesus Christ, I will tranquilly repose.

~~~~~  
CCCL.

THE HEAP OF WHEAT.

DECEMBER 15.

WHEAT is justly considered the best and most beautiful species of grain, as it not merely pleases the eye with its fine, dark yellow hue, but likewise gratifies the appetite with its snow-white flour. Beholding on one occasion a vast heap of it upon a barn floor, *Gotthold* clasped his hands in devout admiration, raised his eyes to heaven, and said to himself : Gracious Father, and Preserver of all Thy creatures, *Thou makest peace in our borders, and fillest us with the finest of the wheat.* (Ps. cxlvii. 14.) This goodly heap contains many thousand grains, and every one of them is but a little drop from Thy

Divine goodness, without which nothing can be salutary to the human body. Broad at the bottom, and pointed at the top, the heap also reminds me that Thy great grace extends in innumerable blessings over the whole globe, but culminates in this, *that every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Light.* (James i. 17.) Yes, my God, it was a great and marvellous work, when Thou didst cause bread to grow in the clouds for Thy people, and to drop with the dew in heaps around their camp; and yet, heavenly Father, I look with no less wonder at this gift of Thine, which lies here heaped up before mine eyes. The corn from the sky was white and clear, like the clouds which produced it, as they likewise do the silvery rain. The earth, however, is black, foul, and stony; and yet the fruit it bears is of a beautiful dark-yellow hue, and filled with the whitest flour. I believe the one would be deemed as great a miracle as the other if it only happened as seldom.

My God! had I as many tongues as there are grains in this heap, never could I sufficiently praise and extol Thee and Thy marvellous goodness.

CCCLI.

THE THOUGHTS.

DECEMBER 16.

GOTTHOLD, observing one of his family absorbed in deep thought, inquired, Why so pensive? Of what are you thinking? The answer was, Of nothing. To which he rejoined: It is impossible for a man not to be thinking of something. We ought, however, to accustom ourselves to have no thoughts but such as we should not be afraid to divulge were we unexpectedly interrogated about them; inasmuch as, whatever they are, though hidden from men, they cannot be concealed from God. Such as the thoughts are, the soul is. The cask, long after it has been emptied, still retains the scent of the liquor with which it was formerly filled; and in the same way do the thoughts leave behind them the trace of their nature and quality in the heart. And as wine is never put into a foul or fetid cask, so never does God

pour His grace into the heart which is voluntarily defiled with evil thoughts. The thoughts are the soul's pinions, with which it wings its way either to heaven or to hell. With these it may either, like Noah's dove, light upon an olive-tree, and pluck from it a twig; or, like the raven, settle upon a carcase, and defile itself. They are the possessions and wealth of the soul, as Job calls them. (Job xvii. 11, Hebr.) This treasure of the heart, however, derives all its value from the stamp it bears; for thoughts not impressed with the seal of God, the love of Jesus, or the marks of His Holy Spirit, must be reckoned false money, which will not pass. See, then, well to it, that you cherish and harbour no evil thoughts in your heart. I do not say that they must never enter, for this would be to require too much, and more than, since the fall, is possible. The heart is an inn, and, rightfully, no thoughts ought to be admitted into it but such as are on their way either from or to heaven; otherwise, it becomes a licentious haunt, like that of which the Lord says: *O Jerusalem, how long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?* (Jer. iv. 14.) The first stage to actual sin is, to think evil thoughts; the second, to love and cherish them. A foreign teacher says that they

are the first-born children of original sin, and the parents of every other kind of it. .

CCCLII.

THE THOUGHTS. (2D MED.)

DECEMBER 17.

THE person he had addressed here observed : Alas ! it is often hard to banish evil thoughts from the mind. They are like midges, which, the more we beat and chase them away, only return in greater numbers. To this *Gotthold* rejoined : A chaste and modest lady cannot always prevent some prodigal from following her, declaring his pretended passion, writing her letters, sauntering by night around her house, and singing beneath her window. She has it, however, fully in her power to repel him with indignation, burn his letters, close the window, avert her ears, and finally tell all to her husband, and implore his aid. It is the same with the believing and pious soul. She, too, must sometimes endure the sinful addresses of Satan, but never ceases

zealously to resist and repel them with her utmost might and power ; and yet her best course is to turn with her complaint and tears to God, and so occupy herself with Him and His affection, and the other duties of her calling, as to have no leisure to attend to Satan's proposals.

Lord Jesus ! my soul is an inn, and the sign and motto which it displays is, "The Broken Heart." Here none shall find reception but Thou, and whatever comes from or goes to Thee. If the emissaries of Satan (evil thoughts) sometimes steal in, I will never rest until they are expelled. Help me to keep this resolution, that Thy abode may remain clean, and uncontaminated by such loathsome intruders.



CCCLIII.

FRIENDSHIP.

DECEMBER 18.

A pious student once came to *Gotthold*, saying that he had long desired to be on terms of intimacy and friendship with him, and had now ventured to call

upon him for the purpose. *Gotthold* interrupted him, and said : Indeed ! but, perhaps, if I can now prove to you that we are nearly connected by blood, you will not henceforth think so great pains necessary to obtain my friendship. I do not mean that, as men—the poor and the rich, the great and the humble, the famous and the unknown—we all spring from one parent, even Adam, and consequently, as men, are bound to love one another ; but wish you to reflect with me, whether all who believe in Christ are not, as children of God, made of one blood—namely, that of Jesus Christ—by which they have been redeemed from the power of Satan, reconciled to God, and united to each other in unfeigned and everlasting friendship. For this reason, I will in future consider you not merely as a friend, but as a blood relation. Being, however, as we are, descended from so noble a stock, and belonging to that family of the saints who have received the honour of the Divine adoption, let us show ourselves worthy of our birth, and adorn our friendship with a holy conversation.

CCCLIV.

THE HEDGE-THORNS AND FRUIT TREES.

DECEMBER 19.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: An ungodly and worldly-minded friendship appears to me like hedge-thorns which have grown into each other, and seem as if they had combined and conspired only to do evil, by pricking and scratching all who come into contact with them. We, however, who are the children of God and blood relations of Jesus Christ, ought to be like the fruit trees in an orchard, or the various kinds of flowers in a parterre, conjoined in love and peace for all acts of kindness and service.

Ah! Lord Jesus, forget not that I am Thy relation by blood, and enable me likewise never to forget this.

CCCLV.

THE WATCH.

DECEMBER 20.

GOTTHOLD, observing that one of his friends always carried his watch about with him, looked at it while travelling or transacting other important business, nay, not unfrequently even took it out in company, to ascertain how time was going, thus mused with himself: If nothing be more precious than the fleeting time which the Most High has allotted to man for living and doing good, it is certainly a commendable practice to weigh it as if in scales, and portion it out with the utmost care and exactness, reflecting on the words of the apostle: *As we have therefore opportunity (time), let us do good unto all men.* (Gal. vi. 10.) The true watch, however, which, at little cost, though with great benefit, I shall carry about with me, is the fear of my God; and of this I shall appoint my conscience inspector, that I may do nothing but what is well-pleasing to Him, and re-

quired by the brevity of life. A conscientious heart goes perpetually like a watch, and, if we attend to it, will tell us correctly what the hour is, and when it is time either for walking circumspectly, forsaking sin, or turning to God.

Thou faithful God! I thank Thee for having put the watch of conscience into the breast of man, and that, amidst all his enjoyments and employments, it strikes the hour so clearly that he cannot choose but hear it. Grant me grace piously to regulate my actions by it, and to lose no opportunity of doing good.

CCCLVI.

THE NEW-BORN BABE.

DECEMBER 21.

GOTTHOLD, beholding a babe as it lay in the cradle a few hours after its birth, remarked: It was well said by our worthy forefathers, that such a babe should be kissed by all, the moment they see it, in honour of the Hand which is here detected in the

very act of working a miracle. Who among the children of men takes sufficiently to heart the Divine wisdom, goodness, and power, which such a miracle displays ; and, when he hears of the birth of a child, remembers his own with gratitude to his Maker ? But why speak of one miracle ? There are here many combined. God forms man in secret ; fashions him with His hands ; does it with such exquisite art, *that man can never be a sufficient wonder to himself* ; overshadows the tender creature with such power, and nourishes it with such skill, as confounds the wit of all the wise. When the time for the birth arrives, it is He who does the midwife's part. (Ps. xxii. 9, 10.) Nor is His goodness less the babe's best keeper. It never sleeps nor slumbers beside our cradles ; and, without its care, that of all others would be insufficient to rear us.

My God, *I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well.* (Ps. cxxxix. 14.) To Thee, my Creator and Preserver, I am indebted for all—for my body and its members, for my soul and its powers. The endeavour of my life, therefore, shall be, to praise Thee at all times with my soul and body, which are Thine.

CCCLVII.

THE BILL OF EXCHANGE AND RICHES.

DECEMBER 22.

A LARGE sum had been remitted to *Gotthold*, for one of the members of his family, by a bill of exchange. When the money was being paid, he observed on the countenances of the bystanders the astonishment commonly felt, especially by the young, at the sight of so considerable a quantity of coin, and took occasion to say: Learn in youth to withstand the fascination of money, and not to contemplate it with pleasure or appetence, as if it were some excellent and precious thing. It is, in fact, glittering earth, and nothing more. Unstable and fugitive, it flits from one to another, and is like the withered leaves which the wind drives to and fro, and collects here in one heap, there in another. I know not whether there exists such a thing as a coin stamped with a pair of pinions; but I wish this were the device which monarchs put upon their dollars

and ducats, to show that riches make to themselves wings and fly away. Even, however, if wealth were more permanent, in what respect is man the better for it? The rich have little advantage over their poorer brethren in the chief things of this life. They are born like others; like them, they eat and drink—greater dainties perhaps, but with less appetite, and no other effect than allaying hunger; like them, they wear raiment, which answers no other purpose than to cover and protect the body; like them, they are fretted with cares, and to a greater degree, because desire is wont to grow with possession; like them, too, they sicken, and, like them, they die. They must then part with all their money, and little good will it do them before the judgment-seat of Christ to have once possessed it. The rich give their children gold and silver pieces to play with; other children have only counters for the purpose, or manufacture money for themselves, of bits of paper and broken pottery. But the one child grows weary of the game, and goes to bed quite as soon as the other. It is the same with us old men: Life is a game, and, whatever our playthings may be, we must part with them at last, and resign them into the hands of others. Let us, therefore, learn to look

upon money with disdain, and to reflect, when we see it, Of what use will it be to me on a death-bed, or when arraigned at the tribunal of Christ? The more of it I have, the greater my responsibility. God is better than gold; rather let me be rich in Him, than rich in the world and its things. If riches, however, be allotted to you, forget not to transfer some portion of them, by bills of exchange, to heaven, in order that, when you yourself follow, you may find a provision laid up there. Bestow your money on the needy members of Christ. They will give you, in return, their pious sighs and intercessions as a bill of exchange, which will be accepted in heaven, and, as merchants say, paid at sight. This is the best method of insuring property, and enjoying it even when life is past. But, alas! as an excellent doctor of our own day observes, God has little credit in the world. He says: Give, and it shall be given unto you. But no one will accept the security, alleging, What I have, I have; what I may get, who can tell? But if thou, O world, wilt not trust God and His Word, I, for my part, will do it cheerfully; and time will show which of us fares the best.

CCCLVIII.

THE PAINTER.

DECEMBER 23.

GOTTHOLD one day visiting a painter who was both a skilful artist and a pious Christian, found him occupied with the portrait of a young man, and, after looking on for a while in silence, said to him: I do not know whether you can bear to be spoken to while at work; although I can easily suppose that this must distract your attention, just as it disturbs a scholar's reflections. The painter replied that such was not the case, and that *Gotthold's* discourse being, as he was sure it would be, of an edifying kind, would rather prove an agreeable diversion to his mind. On this *Gotthold* proceeded: You are aware that, in the words of inspiration, *Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth before our eyes* (Gal. iii. 1), not only as a *propitiation* (Rom. iii. 25), but likewise as an *example*. (1 Pet. ii. 21.) Accordingly, He is the great original which we must endeavour in our

lives to copy. *We have been predestinated by God to be conformed to the image of His Son* (Rom. viii. 29) ; and ought, as Christians, to be so many beautiful pictures for the decoration of His house. Every picture, however, which wants resemblance to His Son, will be rejected. Much is said of the portrait of the Saviour reported to have been sent to Abgarus, king of Edessa. The legend bears, that that monarch commissioned an artist to paint a portrait of our Lord from the life ; but that the artist found this to be impracticable, as the radiance which His countenance diffused quite dazzled his eyes, and that the Lord thereupon applied to his face a cloth, on which the likeness was imprinted. The picture is, to this day, believed to exist somewhere, and is held in great honour. Be that, however, as it may, if you wish to know what were Christ's appearance and figure, you have only to contemplate one of His true followers ; and the gentleness, meekness, humility, chastity, temperance, and other divine virtues which you will see beaming from his eyes, constitute the true image of Christ, and the one about which we ought to be most concerned.

CCCLIX.

THE CONCEPTION OF A PORTRAIT.

DECEMBER 24.

GOTTHOLD further said: A painter requires, by long and repeatedly viewing the countenance he has to paint, to impress it in the first instance on his heart, in order afterwards, as far as possible, to produce it with colours upon the canvass. And, in the same way, it is upon the heart that the image of Jesus Christ must first be formed, and then afterwards transferred into a holy life, and an affectionate and godly walk. Once impressed upon the heart, it will soon show itself in the thoughts, words, actions, and gestures. And, in this work, never must we grow weary or dispirited. A picture is not painted at a stroke, but is brought by slow degrees, after many sittings, and with cautious touches, to perfection. To have the Saviour formed in his heart, and copied into his life, is a task which will last the Christian all his days; and, O me! how many interruptions

will he meet, and how often will what has cost him much painful labour be obliterated ! We must not, however, be discouraged, remembering that our very errors are lessons, and that perfection is the offspring of imperfection.

Lord Jesus, deign to accept our poor efforts and good-will ; and do Thou Thyself impress Thine image upon our hearts, that it may also be outwardly recognised in our good conversation.

CCCLX.

THE MORNING STAR.

DECEMBER 25.

GOTTHOLD, as once, at break of day, he beheld the morning star beaming in all its pomp and beauty, thought with himself : Even a half-brutal heart could not but be struck with astonishment at beholding, for the first time, this bright and charming orb. Men often tell us, and sometimes falsely, of new and wondrous stars ; but, to me, every time I behold it, this one appears to have acquired new and

additional lustre, and to be a peculiar marvel of the firmament. Nor can it fail to remind me of Thee, Lord Jesus; for dost Thou not call Thyself *the bright and morning star*? (Rev. xxii. 6.) It is not fiery red; it darts no sparkling flame around; but, from its bright lamp, pours so sweet and silvery a radiance, that we never weary of gazing upon it. And even so, my Saviour, Thou art not passionate, merciless, or wrathful; but so gentle are the rays which Thy Divine and inconceivable love sheds upon us, that only he who does not or will not know, can help loving, Thee. My soul never tires of contemplating Thee; and never turns to Thee one look or thought, without experiencing Thy consolatory light. The rising of the morning star is the signal of the approach of day; and even so, when Thou, Lord Jesus, shinest into my heart, the dawn commences; the darkness of sin, ignorance, and sorrow, disappears; and the day of salvation gives me light and alacrity to walk before Thee in the paths of peace and holiness. How many complain that they have no star, by which they mean, no good fortune! For my part, I have a most propitious one; and that art Thou, Lord Jesus, the bright and morning star, from whom I derive success and blessing on all, and in

all things which, in Thy name, I attempt and undertake.

CCCLXI.

THE NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.

DECEMBER 26.

A LITTLE boy had got a new suit of clothes, of which he was excessively proud. *Gotthold* saw him, and, with a smile, said to the family: Human nature is very fickle; it soon tires of old things, and is always eager for novelties. We relish what is new and strange much more than what is old and familiar. The prophet tells us, however, that the Lord's compassions are new every morning; which means, as I understand it, that it is every morning as fresh and new to our most gracious God to do us good, in body and soul, as if He had never done it before. He never wearies, never loses the relish for it, feels constantly fresh delight in manifesting His goodness towards us. O that it were equally fresh and new to us to be thankful to Him; and that, every morn-

ing, the first sighs and words which escaped from our lips were directed to His glory and praise ! To this the royal prophet exhorts, saying, *Sing unto the Lord a new song* ; as if he meant, Never let the Lord's praise seem to you an old and tiresome work, but think it always as fresh and new as if you were engaging in it for the first time. Observe, too, how cautiously this child now comports himself in his new dress ; whereas he cared not how he soiled the old. Even so, never let the robe of righteousness, with which Christ has clothed us in baptism, appear old in our eyes. Rather let us feel as if we put it on new and fresh every morning ; and let us walk cautiously and circumspectly, that we may not stain it with presumptuous sins.

My God ! Thou fountain of all goodness, the more we draw from Thy bounty, the larger and fresher is its stream. Thou art more willing to give than we are to receive. O grant that my heart may be a fountain, from which Thy praise and glory may never cease to flow !

CCCLXII.

MUSIC.

DECEMBER 27.

GOTTHOLD, hearing two well-tuned lutes sounding in the distance, experienced a high delight, and said to a friend who accompanied him: I am not at all surprised that, when Elisha was about to prophesy, he called for a minstrel (2 Kings iii. 15); for God's noble gift of music has a wondrous power to illumine and exhilarate the human mind. It is, however, much to be deplored that this, like other creatures of God, has been *made subject to vanity, not willingly*, and compelled to minister to the carnal pleasure of the luxurious and the worldly. Let it also remind us of the vital power inherent in the Word of God, which may well also be compared to a well-tuned lute, considering the perfect accordance of the Old Testament with the New, and of each book with itself and with all the rest. Every chapter, yea, every text, is a sweetly-sounding string, touched by

the finger of God, which is the Holy Spirit. Happy the man who loves this music of the heart, and listens in spirit to its mighty tones !

My God ! in hours of sorrow, cause me to hear the sacred melody of the Word, that I may be cheered and comforted in Thee.

CCCLXIII.

BEAUTY.

DECEMBER 28.

HEARING a young lady highly praised for her beauty, *Gotthold* asked : What kind of beauty do you mean ? Merely that of the body, or that also of the mind ? I see well that you have been looking no further than the sign which nature displays outside the house, but have never asked for the host who dwells within. Beauty is an excellent gift of God, nor has the pen of the Holy Spirit forgotten to speak its praise ; but it is virtuous and godly beauty alone which Scripture honours, expressly declaring, on the other hand, *that a fair woman, which is without*

discretion, is as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout. (Prov. xi. 22.) Many a pretty girl is like the flower called the imperial crown, which is admired, no doubt, for its showy appearance, but despised for its unpleasant odour. Were her mind as free from pride, selfishness, luxury, and levity, as her countenance from spots or wrinkles; and could she govern her inward inclinations as she does her external carriage, she would have none to match her. But who loves the caterpillar, and such insects, however showy their appearance, and bright and variegated the colours that adorn them, seeing they injure and defile the trees and plants on which they settle? What the better is an apple for its rosy skin, if the maggot have penetrated and devoured its heart? What care I for the beautiful brown of the nut, if it be worm-eaten, and fill the mouth with corruption? Even so, external beauty of person deserves no praise, unless matched with the inward beauty of virtue and holiness. It is, therefore, *far better to acquire beauty than to be born with it.* The best kind is that which does not wither at the touch of fever, like a flower, but lasts and endures on a bed of sickness, in old age, and even at death.

My God! my beauty exists only in the sunshine

of Thy grace. Without light, nothing is beautiful ; and, unless irradiated by Thy goodness, every object is ugly and hideous. Lord Jesus ! Thou fairest of the sons of men, shed on my poor soul the beams of Thy love ; that is all the beauty I desire.

~~~~~

CCCLXIV.

THE WILL.

DECEMBER 29. •

GOTTHOLD had to do with a will in which his family were concerned, and which caused him all kinds of trouble and inconvenience. Conversing on the subject with an influential friend, he said : It is much to be deplored that that equity for which the widow prayed is now no longer to be found, and that, as the Scriptures express it, *judgment is turned to worm-wood, and righteousness cast to the ground.* (Amos v. 7, Luth. Vers.) Gentlemen of the law appear to me, for the most part, to be like persons wandering in a forest, who have become so perplexed amongst the bushes and brakes, that they can no

longer find their way out. What sort of grapes they gather from the thorns, and figs from the thistles, it is easy to conceive.

There is, however, another Testament, about which I shall concern myself more ; I mean that which the Saviour wrote shortly before His decease, and in which He nominated believers His heirs. He had never either cared or sought for temporal things, and became at last so poor as not to have even a coat ; and, therefore, He could not bequeath to them wealth. All He possessed was His cross, His thorny crown, His blood, His Holy Spirit, His sweet consolations, and His loving heart. These, therefore, He has left to us ; and I rejoice in the bequest. Satan would fain dispute the Will ; but it is well attested, and I have already entered into possession of the property.

## CCCLXV.

## ANOTHER WILL.

DECEMBER 30.

GOTTHOLD proceeded: In order not to appear ungrateful, I too will indite and leave behind me a testament. I recollect a story, told by one heathen of another, in the following terms: Eudamidas, a citizen of Corinth, died in poverty; but having two wealthy friends, Arctæus and Charixenus, he left behind him the following testament: In virtue of this my last will, I bequeath to Arctæus my aged mother, to be taken home to his house, and supported for the remainder of her life; to Charixenus I bequeath my daughter, to be portioned and honourably fitted out by him, to the best of his ability. In the event, however, of either of the two dying, my will is, that the survivor shall supply the place of the deceased. This testament occasioned much mirth and laughter. The two legatees, however, were pleased with the testimony it gave of the

confidence reposed in them by their departed friend ; and as, in the course of a few days, Charixenus departed this life, Arctæus undertook the double trust, and affectionately executed it. If heathens, then, thus trusted, and showed themselves so faithful to each other, even after their decease, why should not I cherish a far greater confidence in the most faithful of all friends, my beloved Master, Jesus? I hereby, therefore, nominate Him my sole heir, bequeathing and consigning to Him, first, my soul, and next, my children, sisters, blood relations, and acquaintances, that He may adopt, protect, keep, and provide for them, by His mighty power unto salvation. The whole residue of the estate which I leave behind me in the world, shall be entrusted to His holy counsel and will, that He may do and deal with it as He lists, to the advancement of His glory, and the salvation of those I leave behind.

## CCCLXVI.

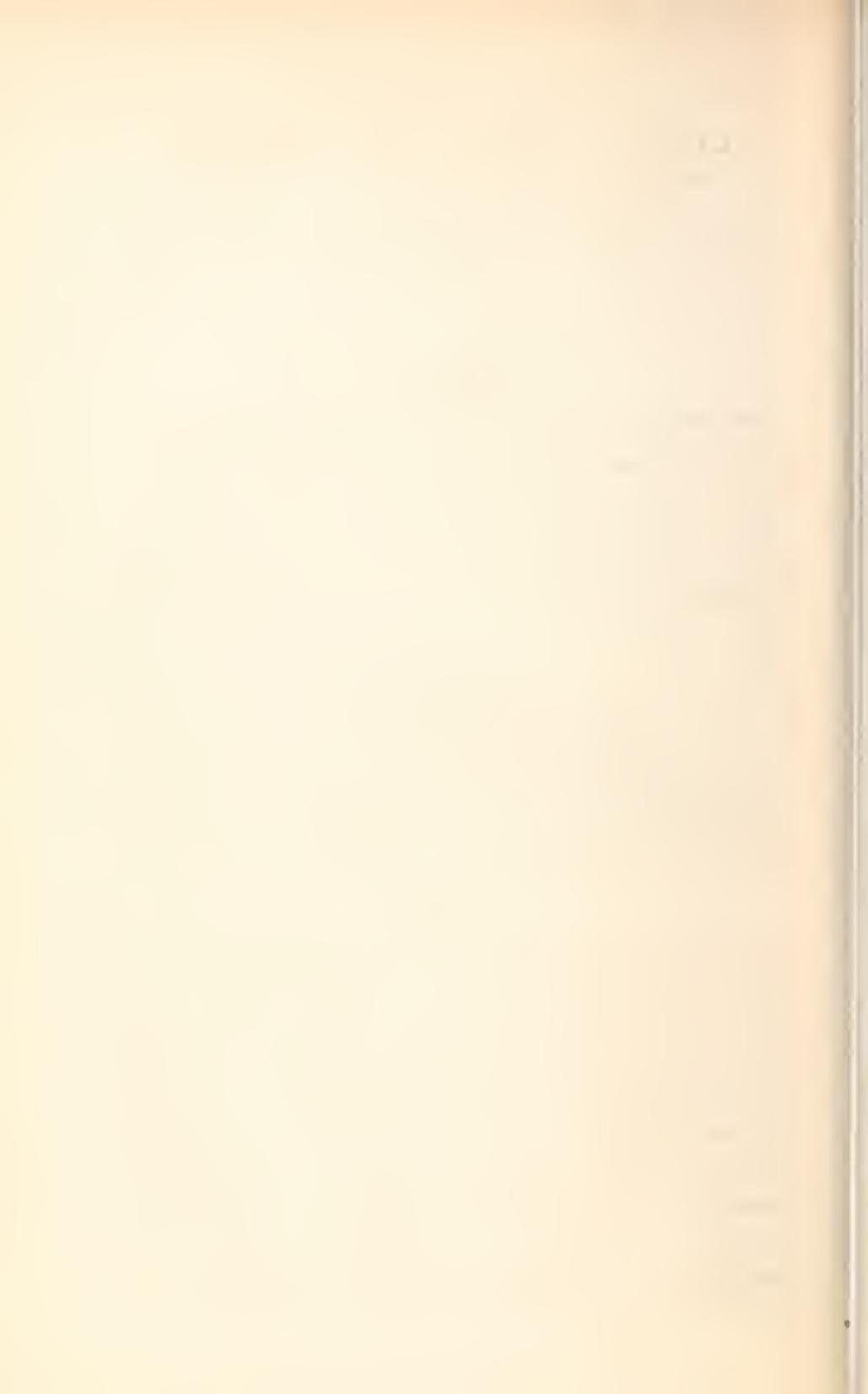
## THE CONCLUSION.

DECEMBER 31.

MY God ! I conclude this little book, as I began it, in the name of Jesus. Its good thoughts, if any such it contain, are but sparks of Thy heavenly light ; and whither ought the flame to point, or to whom aspire, but to Thee ? All glory, honour, and praise, are justly Thine ; and seeing as I do, that, of myself, I am unequal to the task of praising Thee for the goodness which Thou hast shown me all my life, I have tried if I could not, by these meditations, stir up the hearts of others, and prevail upon them to unite with me in praising Thee as the glorious, loving, merciful, only wise, and righteous God. As the fire was mine which kindled their oblation, I wished to look upon it, although offered upon another's altar, as in some measure coming from me. O my God ! could I publish Thy praise with a thousand tongues and hearts, and prolong it through all eternity, it

would still fall short of Thy deserts. Thou hast merited infinitely more at my hands. Let this book, then, praise Thee ; or rather, let it be a testimony how willingly I would publish and extend Thy praise, and show forth Thy goodness to all the world, not only during my life, but even after my decease. If, however, there be anything in the book which has not been meditated on with the devotion, humility, and awe, nor imparted to others with the tender affection required by Thy majesty and my own duty, mercifully forgive it ; and remember that even the holiest thoughts have been pondered in a sinful heart, the words uttered by a human tongue, and the pen wielded by an unclean hand. Yet still I am, and for ever shall be, Thy servant.

THE END.



In crown 8vo, price 4s. 6d., cloth,

# LIGHT FROM THE CROSS; SERMONS ON THE PASSION OF OUR LORD.

Translated from the German of Dr A. THOLUCK,  
UNIVERSITY PREACHER, AND PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY  
OF HALLE.

---

## CONTENTS.

### PART FIRST.

THE CROSS A REVEALER OF THE HEARTS OF MEN.—I. The Appearance of Jesus Christ in the Flesh is the Test which Tries and Brings to Light what is in every Human Heart.—LUKE ii. 34, 35. II. The History of our Saviour's Passion makes Manifest in Caiaphas, to what a Degree the Human Heart may Harden itself against the Truth.—MATTHEW xiii. 14, 15. III. The History of our Saviour's Passion makes Manifest in Judas, to what a Degree the Human Heart may Harden itself against the Truth, after having once known the Way of Righteousness.—2 PETER ii. 20, 21. IV. The History of our Saviour's Passion Reveals in Pilate, to what a Degree the Human Heart is capable of Shallowness and Vanity.—JOHN xviii. 38. V. The History of our Saviour's Passion makes Manifest in Peter, to what an Extent the Human Heart may Waver in its Attachment to Him in whom it has confessedly Found the Words of Eternal Life.—JOHN vi. 67-69; and LUKE xxii. 60-62.—VI. The History of the Saviour's Death and Resurrection Reveals in Mary, the Mother of our Lord, what a Human Heart may become under the Training and Discipline of God.—LUKE ii. 34, 35. VII. The History of our Saviour's Death and Resurrection Reveals in Thomas, what a Human Heart may become under the Training and Discipline of God.—JOHN xx. 29.

### PART SECOND.

THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.—I. Jesus in Gethsemane.—MATTHEW xxvi. 36-46. II. Jesus and His Betrayer.—LUKE xxii. 47, 48. III. The Silence of Jesus.—MATTHEW xxvi. 62. IV. The Oath of Jesus.—MATTHEW xxvi. 63, 64. V. The Testimony of Jesus: "My Kingdom is not of this World."—JOHN xviii. 33-36. VI. The Confession of Jesus: "I am a King."—JOHN xviii. 37. VII. The Command of Jesus: "Weep not for Me, but Weep for yourselves."—LUKE xxiii. 26-31. VIII. The Prayer of Jesus: "Father, Forgive them, for they know not what they do."—LUKE xxiii. 33-35. IX. Jesus and the Penitent Thief.—LUKE xxiii. 39-43. X. The Filial Love of Jesus.—JOHN xix. 25-27. XI. "Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani? My God, My God, Why hast Thou Forsaken Me?"—MATTHEW xxvii. 45, 46. XII. "Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani? My God, My God, Why hast Thou Forsaken me?"—MATTHEW xxvii. 45, 46.—XIII. "Jesus saith, I Thirst."—JOHN xix. 28. XIV. The Death of Jesus.—JOHN xix. 30. XV. The Death of Jesus, Effects of the Death of Jesus.—LUKE xxiii. 46-48.

DR KRUMMACHER'S NEW WORK.

*In post 8vo, price 7s. 6d., cloth. Second Edition.*

## THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR;

OR,

## MEDITATIONS ON THE LAST DAYS OF THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. F. W. KRUMMACHER, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "ELIJAH THE TISHBITE."

Translated under the express sanction of the Author,

By SAMUEL JACKSON.

### CONTENTS.

THE OUTER COURT.—I. The Announcement.—II. The Anointing.—III. The Entry into Jerusalem.—IV. Christ Washing His Disciples' Feet.—V. The Passover.—VI. The Institution of the Lord's Supper.—VII. "Lord, is it I?"—VIII. Judas Iscariot.—IX. The Woe Denounced.—X. The Walk to Gethsemane.—XI. The Converse by the Way.

THE HOLY PLACE.—XII. Gethsemane.—Conflict and Victory.—XIII. Gethsemane—Import and Result.—XIV. The Sudden Assault.—XV. The Traitor's Kiss.—XVI. The Sword and the Cup.—XVII. Offering and Sacrifice.—XVIII. Christ before Annas.—XIX. The Judicial Procedure.—XX. The Fall of Peter.—XXI. The Great Confession.—XXII. Peter's Tears.—XXIII. "Prophecy to us, Thou Christ."—XXIV. Christ before the Sanhedrim.—XXV. The End of the Traitor.—XXVI. Christ before Pilate.—XXVII. The Accusations.—XXVIII. Christ a King.—XXIX. What is Truth?—XXX. The Lamb of God.—XXXI. Christ before Herod.—XXXII. Pilate our Advocate.—XXXIII. Jesus or Barabbas. XXXIV. Barabbas.—XXXV. The Scourging.—XXXVI. Ecce Homo!—XXXVII. The Close of the Proceedings.—XXXVIII. The Way to the Cross.—XXXIX. Simon of Cyrene.—XL. The Daughters of Jerusalem.

THE MOST HOLY PLACE.—XLI. The Crucifixion.—XLII. The Dividing of the Raiment.—XLIII. The Inscription.—XLIV. "Father, Forgive Them."—XLV. The Malefactor.—XLVI. The Legacy of Love.—XLVII. "Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani!"—XLVIII. "I Thirst!"—XLIX. "It is Finished!"—L. "Father, into Thy Hands I Commit My Spirit."—LI. The Signs that Followed.—LII. The Wound of the Lance.—LIII. The Interment.

This most interesting work is not inferior to the Author's "Elijah" in striking illustration, while it greatly excels it in matured thought.

# CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE

OF THE

PUBLICATIONS OF

T. AND T. CLARK,

38, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO., LONDON.

JOHN ROBERTSON, AND HODGES & SMITH, DUBLIN.

SMITH, ENGLISH, & CO., PHILADELPHIA;

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

---

## CONTENTS.

|                                                                                      | Page |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| I. FOREIGN THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY, . . . . .<br><i>New Arrangement of First Series.</i> | 2    |
| II. HERZOG'S THEOLOGICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA, . . . . .                                     | 5    |
| III. SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY (INCLUDING OWEN'S WORKS), . . . . .                         | 5    |
| IV. INTRODUCTIONS, . . . . .                                                         | 6    |
| V. COMMENTARIES—INCLUDING BENDEL'S GNOMON, . . . . .                                 | 6    |
| VI. EXEGETICAL AUXILIARY SCIENCE, . . . . .                                          | 9    |
| VII. CHURCH HISTORY, . . . . .                                                       | 11   |
| VIII. PROPHECY, . . . . .                                                            | 12   |
| IX. PRACTICAL THEOLOGY, . . . . .                                                    | 12   |
| X. SERMONS, . . . . .                                                                | 14   |
| XI. PHILOSOPHY, . . . . .                                                            | 14   |
| XII. MISCELLANEOUS, . . . . .                                                        | 15   |
| XIII. CHURCH LAW, . . . . .                                                          | 16   |
| XIV. SCHOOL BOOKS, . . . . .                                                         | 16   |

## I.—FOREIGN THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY.

THE First Series consists of 34 vols. 8vo, price L.8, 18s. 6d. (which may be paid by Instalments, if more convenient than in one sum). Of the Second Series 14 vols. are published, which may be had (with the remaining volumes for this year), on a remittance of Four Guineas, either direct or through a respectable Bookseller (including 1857).

The following is a List of the Works published. Each Work may be had separately at the prices marked within brackets.

### FIRST SERIES.

- HENGSTENBERG'S COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS. 3 Vols. (33s.)  
 HAGENBACH'S COMPENDIUM OF THE HISTORY OF DOCTRINES. 2 Vols. (21s.)  
 GIESELER'S COMPENDIUM OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. 5 Vols. (L.2, 12s. 6d.)  
 HENGSTENBERG ON THE REVELATION. 2 Vols. (21s.)  
 MÜLLER ON THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF SIN. 2 Vols. (21s.)  
 NEANDER'S GENERAL CHURCH HISTORY. 9 Vols. (L.2, 11s. 6d.)  
 OLSHAUSEN ON THE GOSPELS AND ACTS. 4 Vols. (42s.)  
 OLSHAUSEN ON THE ROMANS. (10s. 6d.)  
 OLSHAUSEN ON THE CORINTHIANS. (9s.)  
 OLSHAUSEN ON THE GALATIANS, EPHESIANS, COLOSSIANS, AND THESSALONIANS. (10s. 6d.)  
 OLSHAUSEN ON PHILIPPIANS, TITUS, AND TIMOTHY. (10s. 6d.)  
 OLSHAUSEN AND EBRARD ON THE HEBREWS. (10s. 6d.)  
 HAVERNICK'S HISTORICO-CRITICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE PENTATEUCH. (10s. 6d.)  
 HAVERNICK'S GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT. (10s. 6d.)

### ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

*First Year.*—HENGSTENBERG ON PSALMS, vols. 1 and 2; HAGENBACH, vol. 1; GIESELER, vol. 1.

*Second Year.*—OLSHAUSEN, vol. 1; HAGENBACH, vol. 2; NEANDER, vols. 1 and 2.

*Third Year.*—GIESELER, vol. 2; OLSHAUSEN, vol. 2; NEANDER, vol. 3; HENGSTENBERG, vol. 3.

*Fourth Year.*—OLSHAUSEN ON ROMANS; NEANDER, vols. 4 and 5; OLSHAUSEN, vol. 3.

*Fifth Year.*—NEANDER, vol. 6; HAVERNICK ON PENTATEUCH; OLSHAUSEN, vol. 4; OLSHAUSEN ON CORINTHIANS.

*Sixth Year.*—OLSHAUSEN ON GALATIANS; HENGSTENBERG ON REVELATION, vol. 1; OLSHAUSEN ON PHILIPPIANS; NEANDER, vol. 7.

*Seventh Year.*—NEANDER, vol. 8; HENGSTENBERG ON REVELATION, vol. 2; MÜLLER, vol. 1; HAVERNICK'S GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

*Eighth Year.*—MÜLLER, vol. 2; GIESELER, vols. 3 and 4; EBRARD ON HEBREWS.

*Supplementary.*—NEANDER, vol. 9; GIESELER, vol. 5.

\* \* \* To meet the wishes of such as wish to procure the volumes of each book consecutively, the First Series has also been arranged as below; but if the series is wished in this arrangement it must be *distinctly specified*, otherwise they will be sent in the order of original publication. At least two divisions must be ordered at once, and the Subscriptions must in every case be remitted in advance (21s. Nos. 1 to 7; 31s. 6d. for No. 8, containing 6 vols.). Any respectable bookseller will receive the order, and transmit it to the Publishers:—

- I. HENGSTENBERG ON PSALMS, 3 vols.; HAVERNICK'S GENERAL INTRODUCTION, 1 vol.
- II. OLSHAUSEN ON GOSPELS AND ACTS, 4 vols.
- III. OLSHAUSEN ON ROMANS TO TIMOTHY. 4 vols.
- IV. OLSHAUSEN AND EBRARD ON HEBREWS, 1 vol.; HENGSTENBERG ON REVELATION, 2 vols.; HAVERNICK ON PENTATEUCH, 1 vol.
- V. NEANDER'S CHURCH HISTORY, vols. 1 to 8.
- VII. NEANDER'S CHURCH HISTORY, vol. 9; GIESELER, vols. 1 to 3.
- VIII. GIESELER, vols. 4 and 5; MÜLLER, 2 vols.; HAGENBACH, 2 vols.

#### SECOND SERIES.

HENGSTENBERG'S CHRISTOLOGY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. Vols. First and Second. (10s. 6d. each.)

BAUMGARTEN'S APOSTOLIC HISTORY; Being an Account of the Development of the Early Church, in a Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. 3 Vols. (27s.)

"We have felt devoutly thankful to the great Head of the Church, who has raised up a champion able to meet, by an exposition of the

Acts, at once so profoundly scientific and so sublimely Christian, as that before us, one of the most pressing wants of our times. We have not the smallest hesitation in expressing our modest conviction, that in no previously uninspired portion of her history, has the Church of Christ possessed such means, as are here afforded her, of gaining a true insight into the meaning of her own glorious archives."—*Eclectic Review*.

ULLMANN'S REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION, Principally in Germany and the Netherlands. Translated by Rev. R. MENZIES. 2 Vols. 8vo. (21s.)

"A valuable contribution to the history of Christian dogmas, while at the same time it aids in retrieving from oblivion men whose actions upon the popular mind at once transmitted its impulse to the Reformers, and prepared a congenial soil for their tilth."—*North American Quarterly Review*.

"The reader will receive a rich treat from its perusal."—*Clerical Journal*.

"We hail this accession to our theological literature with unfeigned satisfaction."—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review*.

STIER ON THE WORDS OF THE LORD JESUS. Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. (10s. 6d. each.)

"One of the most precious books for the spiritual interpretation of the Gospels."—*Archdeacon Hare*.

"Dr Stier brings to the exposition of our Lord's discourses sound learning, a vigorous understanding, and a quick discernment; but what is better, he brings also a devout mind, and a habit of thought spiritual and deferential to the truth."—*Evangelical Christendom*.

KEIL'S COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF JOSHUA. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

*The following is the order of publication:—*

|                                                |                                           |
|------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| 1st Year.                                      | 2d Year.                                  |
| Hengstenberg's Christology,<br>Vol. 1.         | Ullmann, 2 Vols.<br>Stier, Vols. 1 and 2. |
| Baumgarten, 3 Vols.                            |                                           |
| 3d Year.                                       | 4th Year.                                 |
| Hengstenberg, Vol. 2.<br>Stier, Vols. 3, 4, 5. | Stier, Vol. 6.<br>Keil on Joshua.         |

The remaining Vols. for the year, will be KEIL on Kings and Chronicles, 2 Vols.

N.B.—*The Books for a single year cannot be supplied separately.*

Edinburgh: T. and T. CLARK. London (for Non-subscribers only): HAMILTON, ADAMS, and Co.

## II.—THEOLOGICAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

THE PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA: Being a Condensed Translation of HERZOG'S Real Encyclopædia. With Additions from other sources. Edited by Dr J. H. BOMBERGER.

It is expected this valuable Encyclopædia will be completed in about 16 Parts, at 3s. 6d.—Four of which are now ready. It will fill up what has hitherto been a blank in Theological Literature.

"In its claim to be accepted as the work of reference on a wide range of topics, this elaborate work has certainly no rival."—*Methodist Magazine*.

"If continued as it has been begun, it will be the only translation of the best Theological and Ecclesiastical Encyclopædia which has yet appeared, or is likely to appear, for a long time to come."—*News of the Churches*.

## III. SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.

NITZSCH'S SYSTEM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Translated from the fifth German edition. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"The production of a profoundly learned man, of vast powers of mind—his delineation of the Christian life possesses the rare merit of being more practical and full, more minute and extensive, more clear, accurate, and fresh, than is almost ever heard in the most popular enforcement of the subject from the pulpits of this country."—*Free Church Magazine*.

SCHLEIERMACHER'S BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE STUDY OF THEOLOGY. Drawn up to serve as the basis of Introductory Lectures. With Reminiscences of Schleiermacher by Lücke. Post 8vo, 4s.

MÜLLER (Dr JULIUS), THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF SIN. Translated by the Rev. W. Pulsford. 2 vols. 8vo, 21s. (For. Th. Lib., vols. 27 and 29.)

OWEN'S (Dr JOHN) WORKS, in 24 vols. 8vo. Best and only complete edition. Edited by Rev. Dr Gould:—

- I. THE WHOLE WORKS, 24 vols., L.6, 6s.
- II. THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS, 16 vols., L.4, 4s.
- III. THE THEOLOGOUmena, etc., 8s. 6d.
- IV. THE EXPOSITION OF THE HEBREWS, L.2, 2s.
- V. ANY SEPARATE VOLUME, 8s. 6d.

The Publishers would particularly invite attention to this most complete edition of Owen. Complete Lists of Contents of each Volume, and other particulars on application.

ULLMANN ON THE SINLESSNESS OF CHRIST, 2s.

LANGE AND RUCKERT ON THE RESURRECTION, 1s. 6d.

LOWMAN'S *a priori* ARGUMENT, 1s.

WOODS' (LEONARD, D.D.) WORKS OF—comprising (vols. 1 to 3) a complete system of Theology, and (vols. 4 and 5) Essays, Sermons, and Letters. 5 vols. 8vo, L.2.

Messrs Clark have only a very few copies of this valuable work, which having been imported direct, they offer at the above very low price.

#### IV. INTRODUCTIONS.

HAVERNICK'S GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT. Translated by Dr W. L. Alexander. 8vo, 10s. 6d. (For. Theol. Lib., vol. 28.)

HAVERNICK'S HISTORICO-CRITICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE PENTATEUCH. 8vo, 10s. 6d (For. Theol. Lib., vol. 18.)

GESS ON THE REVELATION OF GOD IN HIS WORD. Fscp. 8vo, 5s. (Bib. Cab., vol. 31.)

#### V. COMMENTARIES.

##### F. Old Testament.

HENGSTENBERG'S CHRISTOLOGY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, AND A COMMENTARY ON THE MESSIANIC PREDICTIONS. Second edition. Vols. 1 and 2, 8vo, 21s. (For. Theol. Lib., New Series, vols 1 and 9.) To be completed in four volumes.

KEIL'S COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF JOSHUA. 8vo., 10s. 6d. (Vol. 14 of New Series of Foreign Theological Library.)

"The spirit of the best old German biblical scholars, revives and glows in Keil. His volumes ought to find a place in every clerical library."—*Christian Times*.

ROSENMULLER ON THE MESSIANIC PSALMS. Fcap. 8vo, 7s. 6d. (Bib. Cab., vol. 32.)

UMBREIT'S EXPOSITION OF THE BOOK OF JOB. 2 vols. fscp., 8vo, 12s. (Bib. Cab., vols. 16 and 19.)

HENGSTENBERG'S COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS. 3 vols. 8vo, 33s. (For. Theol. Lib., First Series, vols. 1, 2, and 12.)

FAIRBAIRN (Professor) EZEKIEL AND THE BOOK OF HIS PROPHECY. An Exposition. 8vo, 10s. 6d. Second edition.

AUBERLEN (Professor). THE PROPHECIES OF DANIEL AND THE REVELATION OF ST JOHN, Viewed in their Mutual Relation, with an Exposition of the Principal Passages. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

KEIL'S COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF KINGS, Supplemented by Bertheau on Chronicles. 2 vols., 8vo, 21s. (For. Theol. Lib., vol. 15 and 16. New Series.) *Nearly ready.*

FAIRBAIRN'S JONAH: HIS LIFE, CHARACTER, AND MISSION, Viewed in connection with the Prophet's own times and future manifestations of God's mind and will in Prophecy. Fesp. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

### H. New Testament.

OLSHAUSEN'S BIBLICAL COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPELS AND ACTS. 4 vols. 8vo, L.2 2s. (Vols. 5, 10, 16, and 19, of For. Theol. Lib.)

"Dr Hermann Olshausen is one of those persons whom the pious hearts of Germany will long remember with affection and veneration. . . . On the great and fundamental doctrines of Christianity, Olshausen is as fixed and as stable as the rock on which the church is built. The consciousness of sin is, as his translator well remarks, 'the pivot in Olshausen's mind which moves all the rest;' deep inward experiences and the pressing need of a Redeemer, make him ever feel and ever avow that we are not following cunningly devised fables, but real, substantial, and vital truths, which breathe and burn through every page of the blessed Gospels. Many passages of real force, eloquence, and piety, have been marked by us in the perusal of these volumes. The translation of Olshausen's work, considering the difficulties inherent in the style of so thoughtful and often profound writer as Olshausen, is, on the whole, successfully executed."—*Christian Observer.*

STIER ON THE WORDS OF THE LORD JESUS. Vols. 1 to 6, 8vo, 10s. 6d. each. (Vols. 5, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13 of New Series of For. Theol. Lib.) *To be completed in eight volumes.*

THOLUCK'S EXPOSITION OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. 2 vols., fesp. 8vo, 12s. (Bib. Cab., vols. 6 and 20.)

LISCO'S EXPOSITION OF CHRIST'S PARABLES. Fesp. 8vo, 5s. (Bib. Cab., vol. 29.)

WITSIUS' EXPOSITION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER. Fesp. 8vo, 7s. (Bib. Cab., vol. 24.)

TITTMAN'S COMMENTARY ON JOHN'S GOSPEL. 2 vols., fesp. 8vo, 15s. (Bib. Cab., vols. 44 and 45.)

BAUMGARTEN'S APOSTOLIC HISTORY; Being an Account of the Development of the Early Church, in the Form of a Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. 3 vols., 8vo, 27s. (Vols. 2, 3, 4, of new series of For. Theol. Lib.)

OLSHAUSEN'S COMMENTARY ON THE ROMANS. 8vo, 10s. 6d. (For. Theol. Lib., vol. 13.)

THOLUCK'S EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS. 2 vols., fesp. 8vo, 12s. (Bib. Cab., vols. 5 and 12.)

OLSHAUSEN'S COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. 8vo, 9s. (For. Theol. Lib., vol. 20.)

BILROTH'S COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. 2 vols., fscp. 8vo, 12s. (Bib. Cab., vols. 21 and 23.)

OLSHAUSEN'S COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS, EPHESIANS, COLOSSIANS, AND THESSALONIANS. 8vo, 10s. 6d. (For. Theol. Lib., vol. 21.)

CALVIN ON THE EPISTLES TO GALATIANS AND EPHESIANS. Fscp. 8vo, 6s. (Bib. Cab., vol. 30.)

OLSHAUSEN'S COMMENTARY ON EPISTLES TO PHILIPPIANS, TITUS, AND FIRST TIMOTHY. 8vo, 10s. 6d. (For. Theol. Lib., vol. 23.)

CALVIN AND STORR ON THE EPISTLES TO THE PHILIPPIANS AND COLOSSIANS. Fscp. 8vo, 7s. (Bib. Cab., vol. 40.)

PATTERSON'S (REV. DR) COMMENTARIES, EXPOSITORY AND PRACTICAL, ON FIRST EPISTLE TO THESSALONIANS, JAMES, AND FIRST JOHN. Fscp. 8vo, 4s. 6d.

NEANDER (DR) THE EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE PHILIPPIANS, AND THE GENERAL EPISTLE OF JAMES, Practically and Historically Explained. Post 8vo, 3s.

OLSHAUSEN AND EBRARD'S COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. 8vo, 10s. 6d. (For. Theol. Lib., vol. 32.)

THOLUCK'S COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. 2 vols., fscp. 8vo., 12s. (Bib. Cab., vols. 38 and 39.)

PATTERSON (REV. DR A. S.) COMMENTARY, EXPOSITORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"This is one of these goodly well-proportioned octavos, whose external appearance prepossesses one in their favour; and the author has made a valuable contribution to the department of Biblical exegesis. Less voluminous and dogmatical than Owen, not so minutely philological as Moses Stuart and Tholuck, yet combining the excellencies of them all, the work before us is one that will not soon be superseded. It is precisely the kind of exposition that is required by a large number of intelligent Christians."—*English Presbyterian Messenger*, June 1856.

OWEN (DR JOHN) EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. 7 vols., 8vo. Best edition. Edited by Dr Goold. L.2, 2s.

STEIGER'S EXPOSITION OF FIRST PETER. 2 vols., fscp. 8vo., 12s. (Bib. Cab., vols. 13 and 14.)

LUCKE'S EXPOSITION OF THE THREE EPISTLES OF JOHN. Fscp. 8vo, 6s. (Bib. Cab., vol. 15.)

HENGSTENBERG (PROFESSOR) THE REVELATION OF ST JOHN; Expounded for those who Search the Scriptures. 2 vols., 8vo, 21s. (For. Theol. Lib., vols. 22 and 26.)

AUBERLEN (Professor) THE PROPHECIES OF DANIEL AND THE REVELATION OF ST JOHN in their Mutual Relation, with an Exposition of the Principal Passages. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"One of the latest contributions to the study of Apocalyptic prophecy. It is one of a very high order, and which must command attention. The author appears to us to possess, in no ordinary degree, those faculties of head and heart so absolutely necessary for the prosecution of that most difficult branch of sacred exegesis to which he has devoted himself."—From a review of the work in *Ecclesiastic*, continued through three successive numbers.

### BENDEL'S GNOMON OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

MESSRS CLARK are now happy to announce that Two Volumes of the Translation of Bengel will be ready in July, and the remaining Three Volumes by the end of this year, or early in 1858. The difficulty of the translation, and their extreme desire that the work should be in all respects as perfect as possible, must be their excuse for the delay in publishing. They trust, however, that the result of the laborious exertions of the gentlemen engaged on the book, will be to prove that Bengel *can* be translated into English, and that in a thorough and scholar-like manner, retaining, as far as is practicable, the critical unity of the original.

The Translation will be comprised in Five Volumes Octavo.

SUBSCRIPTION, 28s., payable in advance.

\* \* The Price will be raised immediately on the completion of the Work; it is requested that the Subscriptions may be remitted as early as possible.

The whole work is issued under the Editorship of the Rev. ANDREW R. FAUSSET, M.A., late University and Queen's Scholar, and Senior Classical and Gold Medalist, Trinity College, Dublin, Editor of Homer's Iliad, Livy, and Terence.

### VI.—EXEGETICAL AUXILIARY SCIENCE.

FAIRBAIRN ON THE TYPOLOGY OF SCRIPTURE, Viewed in Connection with the whole series of the Divine Dispensations. Third edition, greatly enlarged and improved. 2 vols. 8vo, 18s.

"I now say, no Biblical Student should be without Mr Fairbairn's *Typology*."—*Dr Samuel Lee, in his "Events and Times of the Visions of Daniel."*

"As the product of the labours of an original thinker, and of a sound theologian, who has at the same time scarcely left unexamined one previous writer on the subject, ancient or modern, this work will be a most valuable accession to the library of the theological student. As a whole, we believe it may, with the strictest truth, be pronounced the best work on the subject that has yet been published."—*Record*.

HENGSTENBERG'S EGYPT AND THE BOOKS OF MOSES: or, the Books of Moses Illustrated by the Monuments of Egypt. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

HENGSTENBERG'S DISSERTATIONS ON THE GENUINENESS OF THE PENTATEUCH. 2 vols. 8vo, 21s.

HENGSTENBERG'S DISSERTATIONS ON THE GENUINENESS OF DANIEL AND THE INTEGRITY OF ZECHARIAH, with a Dissertation on the History and Prophecies of Balaam. 8vo, 12s.

FORBES (Dr), THE SYMMETRICAL STRUCTURE OF SCRIPTURE; or, Scripture Parallelism Exemplified in an Analysis of the Decalogue, the Sermon on the Mount, and other Passages of the Sacred Writings. 8vo, 8s. 6d.

"The book is worth study; it is evidently the production of no ordinary man, and is pervaded by a spirit at once scientific and devout."—*Homilist*.

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS. First Series. Reprinted from the *Princeton Review*. Royal 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Very few copies remain of this valuable collection, and *it will never be reprinted*.

HAMILTON'S PENTATEUCH AND ITS ASSAILANTS; or, a Refutation of the Objections of Modern Scepticism to the Pentateuch. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"This work will place its author in the first rank of Christian apologists."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

LEWIS (Rev. G.), THE BIBLE, THE MISSAL, AND THE BREVIARY; or, Ritualism Self-Illustrated in the Liturgical Books of Rome, containing the Text of the entire Roman Missal, Rubrics, and Prefaces. Translated from the Latin. With Preliminary Dissertations and Notes from the Breviary, Pontifical, etc. 2 vols. 8vo, 15s.

"The exposition of these matters is conducted by Mr Lewis with great success, in a manner extremely creditable to his talents, judgment, and knowledge of his subject, and well fitted to be useful."—*Bulwark*.

DAVIDSON (Professor), SACRED HERMENEUTICS DEVELOPED AND APPLIED, including a History of Biblical Interpretation, from the earliest of the Fathers to the Reformation. 8vo, 21s.

A GREEK AND ENGLISH LEXICON OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D., late Prof. Extraord. of Sac. Lit. in the Theol. Sem., Andover. A new and improved edition, revised by ALEXANDER NEGRIS, Professor of Greek Literature, and by the Rev. JOHN DUNCAN, D.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in the New College, Edinburgh. One thick vol., 8vo, 10s. 6d.

ERNESTI ON THE INTERPRETATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. 2 vols. fscp. 8vo, 12s. (Bib. Cab., vols. 1 and 4.)

- PHILOLOGICAL TRACTS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS. 3 vols. fscp. 8vo, 18s. (Bib. Cab., vols. 2, 9, 37.)
- PAREAU ON INTERPRETATION OF OLD TESTAMENT. 2 vols. fscp. 8vo, 12s. (Bib. Cab., vols. 8, 25.)
- STUART'S GREEK SYNTAX OF NEW TESTAMENT. Fscp. 8vo, 6s. (Bib. Cab., vol. 10.)
- ROSENMULLER'S BIBLICAL GEOGRAPHY. 3 vols. fscp. 8vo, 18s. (Bib. Cab., vols. 11, 17, 34.)
- ROSENMULLER'S BIBLICAL MINERALOGY AND BOTANY. Fscp. 8vo, 6s. (Bib. Cab., vol. 27.)
- WEMYSS' CLAVIS SYMBOLICA. Fscp. 8vo, 7s. 6d. (Bib. Cab., vol. 26.)
- ROHR'S HISTORICO-GEOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF PALESTINE. Fscp. 8vo, 6s. (Bib. Cab., vol. 43.)
- HITCHCOCK'S GEOLOGY AND REVELATION. Fscp. 8vo, 6s.
- HACKETT (Professor), ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE; Suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land. 12mo, 3s. 6d.

## VII.—CHURCH HISTORY.

NEANDER'S GENERAL HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND CHURCH. 9 vols. 8vo, L. 2, 11s. 6d. (Vols. 7, 8, 11, 14, 15, 17, 24, 25, and 33 of For. Theol. Lib.)

*This is the only complete edition of Neander published in this country.*

GIESELER'S COMPENDIUM OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. 5 vols. 8vo, L. 2, 12s. 6d. (Vols. 4, 9, 30, 31, and 34 of For. Theol. Lib.)

BAUMGARTEN'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH DURING THE APOSTOLIC AGE. 3 vols. 8vo, 27s. (Vols. 2, 3, 4, of New Series of For. Theol. Lib.)

SCHAFF'S (Professor) HISTORY OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH; with a General Introduction to Church History. 2 vols. 8vo, 16s.

"Worthy of a German scholar, and of a disciple of Neander, and of a believing and free Christian and Protestant."—*Bunsen's Hippolytus*.

"Eminently scholarlike and learned, full of matter, not of crude materials, but of various and well-digested knowledge, the result of systematic training and long continued study."—*Biblical Repertory*.

HAGENBACH'S COMPENDIUM OF THE HISTORY OF DOCTRINES. 2 vols. 8vo, 21s. (Vols. 3 and 6 of For. Theol. Lib.)

"It is thoroughly critical; not a phrase, nor a fact is suffered to escape its notice; not a document can be found which is not examined and re-examined; step by step it pursues its toilsome course backward

into the history of the past, illuminating its records, and making its men to live, and speak, and act again, and giving to all its controversies and speculations an air almost of present reality. It is distinguished for its brevity, its clear statements of the leading points, its great candour, its ample references to the body of a contemporaneous literature."—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

ULLMANN'S REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION: Principally in Germany and the Netherlands. 2 vols. 8vo, 21s. (Vols. 6 and 8 of For. Theol. Lib., New Series.)

"Beyond doubt one of the finest ornaments of the recent theology of Germany, and a masterpiece of historical research and composition, as profound as it is clear."—*Dr Schaff*.

KAHNIS' (Professor) INTERNAL HISTORY OF GERMAN PROTESTANTISM SINCE THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY. Fscp. 8vo, 4s. 6d.

"In no other book could the English reader derive anything like the amount of information and instruction on the subject."—*Eclectic Review*.

SCHAFF'S GERMANY; its Universities, Theology, and Religion, with Sketches of NEANDER, THOLUCK, etc. Post 8vo, 7s.

COUARD ON THE LIFE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS. Fscp. 8vo, 5s. (Bib. Cab., vol. 33.)

SEMISCH'S LIFE, TIMES, AND WRITINGS OF JUSTIN MARTYR. 2 vols. fscp. 8vo, 15s. (Bib. Cab., vols. 41 and 42.)

## VIII.—PROPHECY.

FAIRBAIRN (Professor), PROPHECY VIEWED IN ITS DISTINCTIVE NATURE, ITS SPECIAL FUNCTIONS, AND PROPER INTERPRETATION. 8vo., 10s. 6d.

"Its completeness, its clearness, its thorough investigation of the whole subject in a systematic way, will render it, I think, the standard work on prophecy from this time."—*Rev. Dr Candlish*.

FAIRBAIRN'S EZEKIEL AND THE BOOK OF HIS PROPHECY. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"The exposition in general bears evidence that the author possesses a sound judgment and correct habits of thinking. Many of the practical remarks are pertinent and striking. It will be regarded as among the few books in the language, or even in any language, which casts much light on this very difficult prophecy."—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

AUBERLEN (Professor), PROPHECIES OF DANIEL AND THE REVELATION OF ST JOHN VIEWED IN THEIR MUTUAL RELATION. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

HENGSTENBERG'S EXPOSITION OF THE REVELATION OF ST JOHN. 2 vols. 8vo, 21s.

BROWN (Rev. Dr DAVID), CHRIST'S SECOND COMING; WILL IT BE PREMILLENIAL? Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"This is, in our judgment, one of the most able, comprehensive, and conclusive of the numerous works which the millennarian controversy has called forth. His argument has been very carefully prepared, and is characterized, not only by acuteness in detecting the weak points of the opposing theory, but also by candour in honestly meeting and grappling with the points in which its strength lies. We do not know any single volume which contains so full and satisfactory a digest of the reasonings and interpretations by which the advocates of the side of the question on which Mr Brown has arrayed himself, are accustomed to defend their position."—*Watchman*.

## IX.—PRACTICAL THEOLOGY.

VINET'S PASTORAL THEOLOGY: the Theory of a Gospel Ministry. Second edition, post 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"One or two rapid readings will not suffice to exhaust the treasures of Christian and pastoral experience, of enlightenment, of tenderness, of practical directions, of elevation, and of edification, which fill these pages. We will find it to our profit to read at least once a year this precious volume, if it were only as the means of serving us pastors for the examination of our conscience."—*Archives du Christianisme*.

VINET'S HOMILETICS: or the Theory of Preaching. Post 8vo, 6s.

"Vinet, from his previous studies, was especially at home on such a subject, in which he finds scope, not only for his powers of exposition, but also for his rich faculty of criticism, some exquisite gems of which are scattered up and down its pages."—*North British Review*.

NETTLETON AND HIS LABOURS, being a Memoir of the Great American Revivalist, edited by Rev. A. A. Bonar, author of "Memoirs of Robert M. M'Cheyne." Fscp. 8vo, 4s. 6d.

"A very remarkable work; we may safely aver that, so far as the Church is concerned, it is the Book of the Season, and it will unquestionably exert a very powerful influence upon the ministry of our land. If every minister who has the good of souls at heart, would now get it, we might have a summer of awakening throughout the land, and a rich harvest might yet be secured ere the winter, which, we fear, set in with its stormy tempests on the Church of God."—*British Messenger*.

COLE'S PRACTICAL DISCOURSE OF GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY, etc. Fscp. 8vo, 4s.

PIKE AND HAYWARD'S RELIGIOUS CASES OF CONSCIENCE, Answered in an Evangelical Manner. Fscp. 8vo, 4s.

GOTTHOLD'S EMBLEMS; or Invisible Things understood by Things that are Made. By Christian Scriver, Minister of Magdeburg in 1671. Translated from the 28th German edition, by the Rev. Robert Menzies. First and Second Series, crown 8vo, 5s. each.

"A peculiarly fascinating volume. It is rich in happy and beautiful thoughts, which grow on the root of genuine piety."—*Witness*.

KRUMMACHER'S SUFFERING SAVIOUR; or Meditations on the Last Days of the Sufferings of Christ. Second edition, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"We give it preference to everything hitherto produced by the gifted and devoted author. It is divinity of the most thoroughly evangelical description. Truth and tenderness have seldom been so successfully combined. Its popularity with the people of God, of every evangelical communion, we are confident, will grow with time. A book of the heart, to *that* it appeals in every page, with a force which it will be difficult to resist."—*Christian Witness*.

VINET'S VITAL CHRISTIANITY; Essays and Discourses on the Religions of Man and the Religion of God. Post 8vo, 2s.

KRUMMACHER'S LIFE OF CORNELIUS AND OF ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST. Fscp. 8vo, 6s. (Bib. Cab. vol. 22.)

## X.—SERMONS.

THOLUCK'S LIGHT FROM THE CROSS: Sermons on the Passion of our Lord. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

"Dr Tholuck's sermons are not common-place spoken essays, but carefully considered expositions of the operations of Divine grace in the human heart, being instructive and comforting to those who are accustomed, in any strict way, to review their inner life, and look to their crucified Lord as the fount of all heavenly influences."—*Literary Churchman*.

THOLUCK'S SERMONS; Life and Character of St Paul; Essay on Nature and Moral Influence of Heathenism, in one vol. fscp. 8vo, 6s.

AMERICAN PULPIT. Containing Sermons by Barnes, Cheever, Hodge, etc. Royal 12mo, 4s. 6d.

BARNES' (REV. ALBERT) PRACTICAL SERMONS. Fscp. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SPRING (REV. DR), THE MERCY SEAT. Thoughts suggested by the Lord's Prayer. Post 8vo, 2s.

## XI.—PHILOSOPHY.

CHALYBÆUS' HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY, from Kant to Hegel. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"An acute speculator, a fair critic and a lucid writer; these lectures are universally recognised as affording a perspicuous and impartial survey of the various modern systems of German philosophy, at once comprehensive and compendious. I am strongly impressed with the general fidelity and clearness of the translation."—*Sir William Hamilton*.

COUSIN'S (VICTOR) COURSE OF THE HISTORY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY. 2 vols. post 8vo, 8s. 6d.

COUSIN'S LECTURES ON THE TRUE, THE BEAUTIFUL, AND THE GOOD.  
Translated from the *last* French edition, under the sanction of  
the author. Post 8vo, 6s. 6d.

As a translation of an old edition is in the market, it is necessary  
to order expressly Messrs Clark's edition.

COUSIN ON THE DESTINY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY, AND EXPOSITION  
OF ECLECTICISM. Fscp. 8vo, 4s. 6d.

JOUFFROY'S PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS. Fscp. 8vo, 5s.

KANT'S METAPHYSICS OF ETHICS. 8vo, 16s.

KANT'S RELIGION WITHIN THE BOUNDARY OF TRUE REASON. 8vo,  
10s.

SMITH (PROFESSOR) ON THE RELATIONS OF FAITH AND PHILOSOPHY.  
Post 8vo, 9d.

MURDOCH'S SKETCHES OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY. 2s.

STAFFER'S LIFE OF KANT. 1s.

## XII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

VINET'S HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE EIGHTEENTH  
CENTURY, including Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, etc.  
8vo, 9s.

"A work of great interest, which abounds in illustrations of the pro-  
found views and broad literary sympathies of the author, and is the first  
attempt to estimate the literary age of Voltaire, etc., from a Christian  
point of view."—*North British Review*.

ANDERSON'S (REV. JOHN) CHRONICLES OF THE KIRK; or Scenes  
and Stories from the History of the Church of Scotland, from  
the Earliest Period to the time of the Second Reformation.  
Fscp. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THOMSON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. Royal 12mo, 3s. 6d.

MONTGOMERY (REV. ROBERT), THE GOSPEL IN ADVANCE OF THE  
AGE; being a Homily for the Times. 8vo, 6s.

BLAIR'S INQUIRY INTO THE STATE OF SLAVERY AMONG THE ROMANS.  
Fscp. 8vo, 6s.

THE GREEK LITURGY OF ST JAMES. Edited with an English In-  
troduction and Notes, together with a Latin Version of the  
Syriac Copy, and the Greek Text restored to its Original  
Purity, and Accompanied by a Literal English Translation.  
By the Rev. W. Trollope, M.A., Pembroke College, Cambridge.  
8vo, 4s., cloth.

- MOWES' MINISTER OF ANDOUSE ; a Tale of the Huguenots. 12mo, 3s.  
 SCHMID'S LITTLE LAMB and ROBIN REDBREAST. 1s. EASTER EGGS, 1s.  
 SCHMID'S FLOWER-BASKET ; a Story for Children. 12mo, 2s.  
 KRUMMACHER'S LITTLE DOVE, a Story for Children. 6d.

### XIII.—CHURCH LAW.

- COOK'S (Dr JOHN) STYLES OF WRITS AND FORMS OF PROCEDURE IN CHURCH COURTS OF SCOTLAND. Originally compiled by Church Law Society, and now Revised and Adapted to the Present State of the Law of the Church. Third edition, 8vo, 12s.  
 ACTS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, from 1633 to 1842. Reprinted from the Original Edition under the Superintendence of Church Law Society. Imperial 8vo, 1200 pages, 18s.  
 SUPPLEMENT TO ABOVE, containing Acts from 1843 to 1850, inclusive. Edited by Dr John Cook. Imp. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

### XIV.—SCHOOL BOOKS.

- HERODOTUS. Edited by Negriss, with Notes. Fscp. 8vo, 4s. 6d.  
 CLIO.\* Separately, 1s. 3d. with Wheeler's Notes ; 1s. with Negriss' Notes ; 9d. without Notes.  
 XENOPHON'S ANABASIS.\* Edited by Negriss. 2s., with Notes.  
 PINDAR.\* Edited by Negriss. 4s. 6d., with Notes.  
 \* The Publishers would invite attention to the above most accurate, as well as cheap editions.  
 THOMSON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. Royal 12mo, 3s. 6d.  
 STEWART'S ENGLISH GRAMMER. 18mo, 1s. 3d.  
 THORNLEY (MARGARET), SKELETON THEMES ; intended to Assist in Teaching and Acquiring the Art of Composition. Fscp. 8vo, 3s.  
 THORNLEY (Miss), THE TRUE END OF EDUCATION, and the Means adapted to it, in a Series of Familiar Letters to a Lady entering on the Duties of her profession as a Private Governess. 12mo, 4s. 6d.

