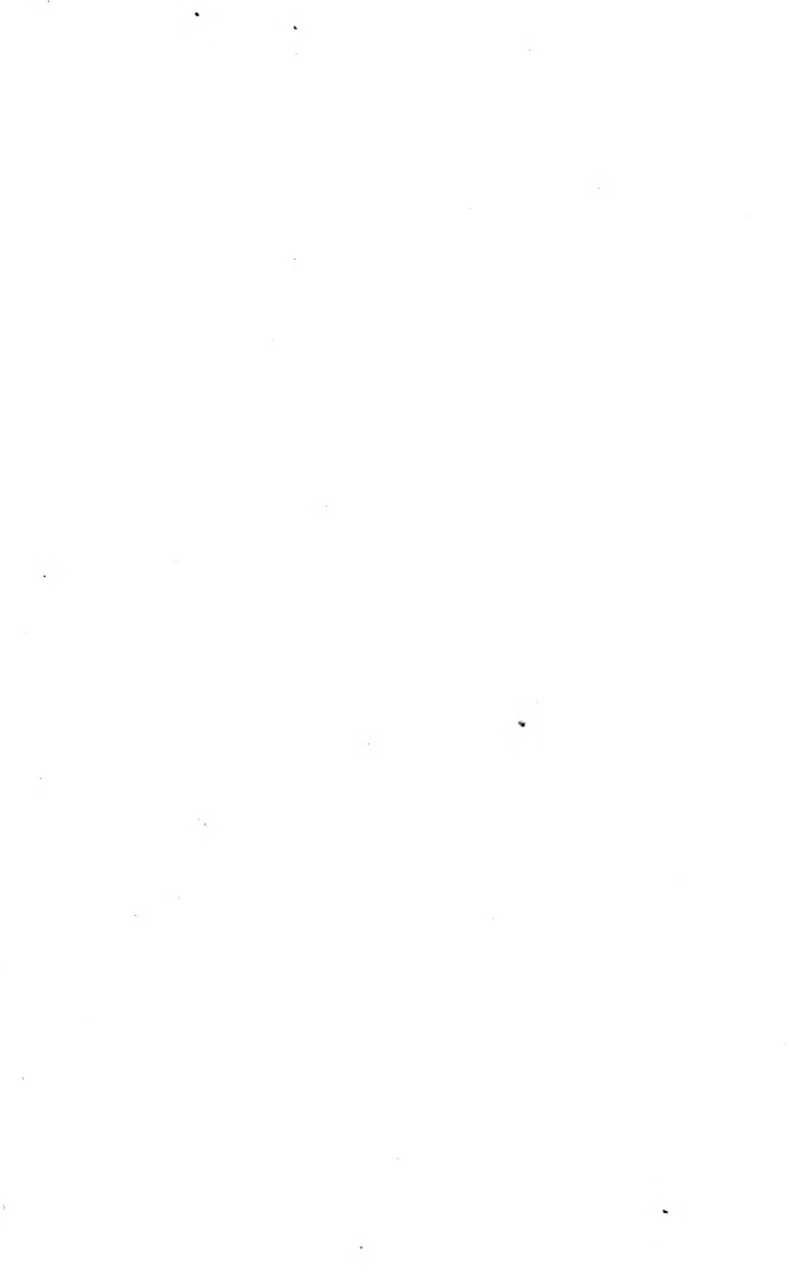


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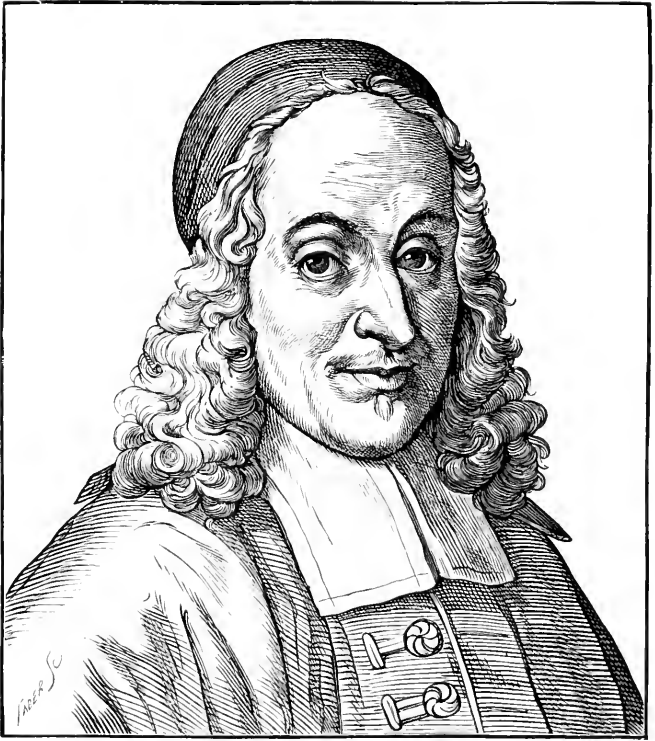
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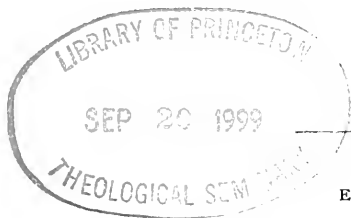
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PICTURES FROM THE LIFE:

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE WORKS OF WILDENHAIHN,

BY C. P. KRAUTH, D. D., LL. D.

THE religious literature in our day, meant for the people, and especially for the young, is almost boundless. In no department are there so many efforts, and so many failures, as in books designed to make a popular presentation of the doctrines, duties and history of religion. Few of them strike the true key-note to which the hearts of the people and of their children respond. Many of the books meet neither the demands of popularity, nor of real religious usefulness. Happily, one of their vices is the antidote to the other. It would be waste of time to read them; but they tempt nobody to waste that time. Some books are healthy enough in their religious character, but, unhappily, like the first class, are drearily unreadable. Some are attractive enough to the reader, but do him very little good, or produce positive harm. No book is so dangerous as a bad book masked with the pretences of religion.

Out of the great body of writers, very few have understood how to arrest the general heart, awaken in it a deep interest, and make that interest the means of promoting a genuine religious life. There is nothing

rarer than a book at once thoroughly captivating to the popular reader, and thoroughly wholesome religiously. Some readers are hopelessly fixed in the conviction that a good book must be tedious, and that real spiritual benefit cannot be harmonized with real enjoyment. Such is the conviction of some very devout people who sit down willingly to their reading as a salutary task. Such is the conviction of many who, in consequence of it, decline the task. Of some of the best of a widely-circulated class of books, the recommendation in charity can go no further than that they do no direct violence to the religious life which may already exist. They are at best neutral. They let the religious life alone. It cannot be claimed for them that they in any degree strengthen or nourish it. Where food is wanted, they do not furnish arsenic, they simply furnish husks. They do not poison the soul, they merely starve it. There are other books, not different in essential character from the ordinary run of fiction, but with just enough religion to smuggle them into Sunday-school libraries, and into religious families. A few sacred names and phrases are patched upon the "garment spotted with the flesh," and the eye of unpracticed and unsuspecting innocence catches only these, and assumes that all is right. The libraries meant for our children are full of catch-penny books, whose religious elements are mere trade marks—nothing more than inferior novels with a tincture of pious common-place. In this way the Sunday-school is often, without suspicion, undoing the best work of the Christian home and the Christian Church.

Happily, amid the vast and augmenting array of

failure, our time has not been wanting in very brilliant achievement. No country has been as rich as Germany in the highest class of effort in this direction, and none has had more signal successes. Germany has been rich, in the most recent period, in authors at once genuinely popular and genuinely Christian. There are men who draw song and story from the inspiration of the best life of the Christian people; the life which has lingered in true and holy hearts when spurious illumination has stifled it in the great, gay crowd, which claims to be the cultivated world. These men have become the apostles of Christian faith, the educators of the people in Christian love and Christian holiness. Among the greatest and most deservedly admired of these writers is KARL AUGUST WILDENHAHN. He was born in Stralan, Feb. 16th, 1805; received his primary education in his native place; studied theology in Leipzig, 1824-1829; became pastor in Schönefeld near Leipzig, 1837; subsequently was secondary pastor in Bautzen, and then counselor in its ecclesiastical and educational department. The title of D. D. was conferred on him by the nomination of the Theological Faculty of Leipzig, 1846, and in 1852 he received the Cross of Knighthood of the Order of Albert.

His whole life has been devoted to efficient labor for the Christian people, and for the thousands who are to be won to Christ. He has published a number of sermons, and of devotional works. He has also written some minor works of fiction, among which his "Village Histories of the Erz Mountains," second edition, 1852, reveal special power of delineation and a happy tact in touching the real life of the people.

But his master-pieces are his Historical Pictures from the life. The most important of these, arranged with reference to the chronology of the eras over which they pass, are:

1. MARTIN LUTHER (1483-1546); a life-picture of the first ten years of the Reformation. 3d Edit. 1858. This name covers a group of sketches, stories which have a certain completeness in themselves, yet are but parts of a great general conception.

2. HANS SACHS (1494-1576)—a family tradition. 1865.

3. JOHN ARNDT (1555-1621); a picture of the times from the Church and civic history of Brunswick, in the first year of the 17th Century. 2d Edit. 1858.

4. PAUL GERHARDT (1607-1675); a life-picture from the history of the Church in the times of the great Elector. 3d. Edit. 1857. The "great Elector" was Frederick William of Brandenburg (1640-1688).

5. PHILIPP JACOB SPENER (1635-1705); a historical life-picture from the period in which the School of Spener arose. 3d Edit. 1858.

6. VOLLBRECHT'S PILGRIMAGE, or the Resurrection of the Dead Christ. A history for our own day. 1840.

All these works are minute histories of great eras in the Protestant Church of Germany. The annals of the times are brought into unity by some commanding central figure, and vivified by so much fiction as can be wrought into strict harmony with the things actually done, and the things actually said. In most historical fiction the history waits on the fiction; in these works *the fiction waits on the history*. It is not here the novelist using history; it is

the historian using fiction, not to obscure the history, but to bring it into full relief. These works cultivate in the reader, not a love of fiction, but a love of history. They open to him fascinating pages, to which our English literature is a stranger. They will make our people know their Church better and love it more and will lead thousands to become acquainted with a glorious record, which would have remained sealed to them, but for these delightful works. Wildenhahn's books are in high repute both as history and as fiction, and are quoted as standards in history, as well as Christian classics in their walk in fiction. Few books can give so much sure profit, both intellectual and religious, with so much elevated enjoyment. They are pictures showing the master's touch. That is their charm. They are pictures to the life, thoroughly accurate, portraits strictly historical. That is their value to the thoughtful seeker of knowledge. They are life-pictures from the greatest eras of the great Church of the Reformation, reproducing their struggles, which were struggles for the common heritage of a pure faith and a holy life. This makes them treasures for the Christian heart and home, for old and young. While they have a pre-eminent attraction for our own household of faith, they will elicit an extraordinary interest and sympathy in the hearts of God's true children in all communions. No path in our best religious literature could be more completely unbeaten, and more delightful and profitable to traverse than that which a translation of Wildenhahn's works will open to the English reader.

The above comprehensive introduction was written some years ago, at the time of the publication of "The Blind Girl of Wittenberg;" and as the publisher has no idea that he can improve upon it, he uses it bodily as an introduction to "Life Pictures of Spener and His Times." He has chosen "Spener" as the most timely of Dr. Wildenhahn's works to bring before the public, and has confidence that their verdict will justify his selection. The following authorities have been given in the author's preface :

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PHILIPP JACOB SPENER.

CHAPTER I.

THE SPENERITES.

“Every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labor; it is the gift of God.”—Eccles. iii. 13.

ABOUT the hour of noon, on a pleasant, autumnal day, in the year 1688, there might have been seen traveling on the road that leads from the small village of Dohna to Dresden, a young man, whose dress and general appearance betokened him a joyous, careless, wandering student of the fine arts or of science. A knapsack, containing a few scanty articles of clothing, was slung over his back, less as a sign of that Diogenian frugality which discards all superfluities as unnecessary, than as a betrayer of that youthful improvidence, which, not unfrequently, classes things necessary among things superfluous. Possessed by that spirit of independence, which does not concern itself about the fashions of the world, he wore his dark hair altogether contrary to the prevailing custom of the times, permitting it to fall in flowing ringlets over his breast and shoulders. His staff he seemed to carry more for pleasure and as an ornament, than as a support, though his limping gait gave evidence that much travel had told upon one of his feet.

Having arrived opposite the inn of Lockwitz, a town occupying an exceedingly romantic site, about a league from Dresden, he paused for a few moments, looking along the highway, apparently, as if calculating the distance yet to be overcome, with a view to his remaining strength, but really and more especially, as we shall see presently, with a wise reference to the condition of his stomach; for he suddenly turned towards the door of the inn, entered the guest-room with a hasty salutation, and, with that youthful assurance which imagines itself master of the whole world, demanded of the hostess the best her kitchen and cellar could afford.

There was only one other guest present, except himself, a man somewhat past the prime of life, and dressed in a dark and well-worn suit of clothes. He occupied a table in one corner of the room, discussing a frugal meal, at long intervals, which he was filling up by earnestly reading in a book. He did not appear to notice the new-comer, and had, besides, assumed such an austere and sombre look, that a stranger felt no disposition to address him. Our traveler seated himself at another table, counted the contents of his purse (an operation which seemed attended with a not very flattering result,) took a survey of every part of the room, bestowed a hasty glance on his gloomy-looking companion, and seemed, as none of the family made their appearance, to grow weary of his presence; whilst the other appeared to become more and more absorbed in his book, his brow meanwhile continuing to assume a darker shade.

Suddenly the traveler rose from his seat, took from

a shelf above the door a piece of chalk, and, whilst casting a few hasty glances at his fellow-guest, rapidly drew with it some lines upon the table, and, when he had finished, nodded his head, as if in satisfaction. The other now also rose, crossed his hands on his back, after taking a few turns up and down the room, paused before the table of the traveler, examined, for a moment, the grotesque figure he had drawn, and then remarked, "My nose might be a little sharper; otherwise you have hit me pretty well." So saying, he returned to his seat in the corner, and began his alternate eating and reading as before. The perfect composure with which these words had been uttered, somewhat disconcerted the presuming sketcher, and the result was that he rubbed out, with his handkerchief, the well-executed sketch of the reading-eater, or rather eating-reader.

The hostess now entered with his dinner, and wished him "a blessed meal," and departed, once more leaving her two silent guests by themselves. As the artist commenced eating without further ceremony, the other, looking to where he sat, said, "Young man, have you forgotten to say, 'All eyes wait upon Thee'—and 'your gratias'?"

"And if I have," answered the artist, in a somewhat irritable manner, "what matters it to you?"

"You are right," added the other, and continued his eating and reading as before.

The presence of this singular man began to be painful to the artist. Though far from being of a timid disposition, the austere look and cold composure of his silent companion nevertheless oppressed him, and

closed his lips. Fortunately, however, relief from his awkward position was at hand; for the door opened, and a tall, lank individual, his head surmounted by a well-powdered wig, entered the room, haughtily bowing a silent salutation, and, as neither of the occupants seemed rightly to please him, seated himself at a third table; but presently, turning to the artist, he said, "You are, doubtless, a traveler, sir?"

"That is just as you may please to take it," replied the youth; "for after this day, I intend to lay aside my traveling staff for a long time to come."

"May I ask whence you came?" continued the man with the fashionable wig, at the same time whisking the dust from off his silver shoe-buckle with his handkerchief.

"I come," was the reply, "direct from Italy, the true home of art."

"You are then, I presume, a traveling artist, a profession which I almost envy you; and the more so, because I had, at one time, a very strong inclination to follow it myself, and was only prevented from doing so through the persuasion of my relatives, especially of my mother, who was a member of the noble house of Langendorf."

"Then, I presume you are a gentleman of noble birth?" inquired the artist.

"As you please," replied the other in a careless tone. "One-half of myself takes pride in the nobility of my ancestors, but the other half in the nobility of my scientific attainments. You perceive that these two halves make an entire whole. You are gazing at my dust-covered shoes," he continued, on noticing

that the artist was engaged in a somewhat quizzical examination of the exterior of this "entire whole." "All this is owing to my passion for roaming about over mountains and valleys, to drink in the beauties of nature. In such a passion you perceive there is something noble, which undeniable fact reconciles me to all the various inconveniences to which said passion exposes me. However, I have an equally strong passion, just now, for imitating the example of the Apostles, by shaking the dust from off my feet, inasmuch as the hostess of this house seems to pay but little attention to her guests. For it is written in the tenth chapter of the gospel according to St. Matthew, 'and whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet.'"

"It is also written," suddenly interrupted the morose-looking guest, 'Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey; neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves'—and shall we add 'nor a *wig*?' "

"Sir," exclaimed the fashionably-dressed gentleman, starting up and turning full upon the uninvited speaker,—“what concern have you with our discourse?”

"You are right," was the quiet reply, as the speaker began to eat and read as before.

Just at this time the sound of voices was heard from without, when the door opened, and a company of men and women entered the room with courteous greetings. Most of them at once approached, with the familiarity of old friends, the grave-looking guest, who immedi-

ately laid aside his book, and gave the new-comers a most cordial welcome, and whilst shaking hands with the men, said,—“You are very late to-day.”

“And you seem very early,” replied one of the men. “Did you not stay till after the close of the examina?”

“Of course I did,” was the reply; “who could have left before SPENER had pronounced the benediction and the Amen? I have apprised the hostess of your coming, and told her that you wish to dine here; for the distance from here to Dohna is too great to be traveled without eating.”

The elegant-looking gentleman, who upon the entrance of the new-comers, who proved to be simple peasants, had, with ostentatious haste, left his table because some of them had given signs of occupying part of it, and taken a seat at that occupied by the artist, now whispered in his neighbor's ear, “These are Pietists, and have just returned from SPENER's examina. Now you only wait, whilst I quiz them a little, and we shall have some sport.”

In the mean time the hostess appeared, spread a clean white cloth upon the table, placed the knives and forks, arranged the eatables brought in by a maid-servant, and said, “Now, good people, eat, and may God add His blessing.”

The guests, without heeding the artist and his neighbor with the silver shoe-buckles, now ranged themselves, standing around the table, for saying grace. The men, holding their hats between the thumbs of their folded hands, raised their eyes in joyful gratitude to heaven, whilst the women, crossing their hands upon their breasts, dropped their eyes, in pious mod-

esty and humility, to the ground. Whilst in this position, one among their number, an aged man, with long and silvery locks, but of a vigorous and comely stature, began to repeat, in a loud and solemn voice, the words of the Psalmist: "The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest Thy hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."

To this was added, by a young woman, with an humble, downward look,—

"Come, Lord Jesus, be Thou our guest,
And let what Thou dost give be blessed."

"Amen!" responded the entire company, as with one voice. Hereupon, they interchanged friendly and inviting glances; whilst some, including husbands and wives, gave each other an affectionate pressure of the hand, and sat down to their simple meal, which they began to despatch in silence.

"So you come from Dresden," at length remarked the fine gentleman with the wig, in a tone which was intended to appear polite, but which, nevertheless, betrayed a forced reserve; "where, doubtless, you attended the examina of the very reverend court-chaplain, Dr. PHILIPP JACOB SPENER?"

"You are right, sir," answered the man who had said grace. "Perhaps you also were present?"

"I?" asked the other, with an easy and affected smile. "Have you ever heard of one master becoming the pupil of another?"

"I do not rightly understand your meaning," replied the old man. "For, inasmuch as all of us have only *one* Master, I cannot comprehend why *you* will not be

a disciple. Since, however, this heavenly Master does no longer dwell among us visibly, and consequently cannot teach us in person the way, the truth, and the life, others, imbued with His Spirit, must do it in His name, and in accordance with His commandment; and this is what our Right Reverend Dr. SPENER has just done, who, though much he may be entitled to it, is far from assuming the name of master; for which reason we also call him only our spiritual father."

"And yet," added the elegant gentleman, "he is, nevertheless, a very able master, namely, a *school-master*; a title and office to which His Electoral Highness did, of course, not appoint him. He wanted a competent and learned court-chaplain, but obtained instead, unfortunately, only a competent school-master, a mistake which may easily occur."

At this, the gloomy-looking man, who had hitherto maintained his place in the corner, cast a withering look upon the speaker, and half-raised himself from his chair, as if about to reply; but as if suddenly recollecting himself, he quietly resumed his seat, whilst the old man replied: "Young sir, it seems that you are no friend to Dr. SPENER, therefore I pardon you this unjust attack upon him, though you ought, especially since you are, as appears by your dress, a clergyman, to be among the first to obey the divine injunction: 'Honor all men; love the brethren.'"

"According to the First Epistle of St. Peter," added the clerical gentleman, "It is also written in the third chapter of the Romans, 'Honor to whom honor is *due*.' Think you I do not fulfill this commandment? Have I not called your spiritual father, *master*?"

“I repeat to you,” continued the old man, mildly, “that the reverend gentleman does not desire such honor as is meant to be confessed by this title. He understands too well the injunction of our Redeemer, ‘Let no man call you master, for one —’”

“Right,” interrupted the other, “as it is written in Matthew, thirteenth chapter. But tell me what you have learned to-day at the examina?”

“Every part of it,” was the reply, “I cannot repeat, yet, we know that we have again learned how difficult it is to be a true Christian.”

“Ay! ay!” exclaimed the elegant gentleman, in learned astonishment, “Do you not know that in the fifth chapter of the First Epistle of St. John, it is written, ‘His commandments are not grievous?’ Does not, according to this, your spiritual father put forth teachings contrary to Scripture?”

This objection seemed to confuse the old man; for he bowed his head as if reflecting, and remained silent, when the reserved-looking man in the corner suddenly rose up and exclaimed, in a tone of ill-concealed passion, “You may be right, reverend Sir Master of Arts; for I believe such is your title. To devour widows’ houses, and, for a pretense to make long prayers, is not hard. To strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, is not hard. To pay tithe of mint and cummin, but to omit the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith, is not hard, and may, as you will readily grant, be acquired with but little pharisaical skill. But to fulfill God’s commandments will remain a difficult task, as long as one has not yet learned to *love* God. You understand what I mean, Sir Master?”

“Of course,” answered the Master of Arts, in visible embarrassment. “Yet, nevertheless,—that is, I intend to say, I cannot comprehend why these good people should go all the way from Dohna to Dresden, for the purpose of learning all this. Have they no ministers and teachers in their own town? Moreover, what is there about this SPENER, more than others? Is it his learning? *Proh dolor!* Why, he is not even able to converse properly in Latin, for which reason he has undertaken to examine candidates in the German language. Have you ever heard of His Electoral Highness’ former chaplains, such as Drs. Weller, Geier, Lucius, and others, having been guilty of such a scandalous proceeding?”

“Do you suppose,” rejoined the former speaker, “that true learning is to be judged of by such a criterion? In what language, think you, did Christ examine His disciples? In that which they daily conversed, and which they were able to speak most fluently and correctly, or in a foreign tongue, in the speaking of which the understanding only is engaged, because the heart cannot join? He who speaks to God, and of God, can do it best in that language which he acquired as a child; in this he speaks as a child of God, and needs no interpreter.”

“One can see,” replied the Master of Arts, with a supercilious smile, after having again put on his distinguished air, “that you have read or are a believer in the *Pia Desideria*. It is a pity, that the learned court-chaplain does not find many adherents among the learned and noble, and that even His Electoral Highness himself is any thing but friendly to his confessor.”

“There you are altogether mistaken,” contended the other. “That our gracious Elector protects our Right Reverend Mr. SPENER, and encourages his measures, which are promotive of true Christianity, is already evident, from the fact that His Electoral Highness has set apart the chapel of his gracious mother, the widowed Electress, for the special purpose of holding the examina therein, his own dwelling being much too small to afford adequate accommodation for the increasing numbers of such as are concerned for their salvation. And did he not, only a few weeks ago, issue a decree, making it the duty of every minister in his dominions, to introduce and attend to the same sort of catechetical instruction? And that the reverend Doctor, in his capacity as confessor, understands how to influence the heart of his Electoral Highness, and that his religious instructions are cordially received by him, is evident from his Electoral Highness’ own acknowledgment, inasmuch as he has, as you, Sir Master, are well aware, openly declared to his court, ‘that he should not have believed any one capable of so moving his heart, as Dr. SPENER has done?’”

“Your proofs rest upon a weak foundation,” continued the Master of Arts. “The general introduction of catechisation is a measure which originated during last year’s Diet, and to which His Electoral Highness was graciously pleased to offer no opposition. And that the influence upon his heart, of which you so much boast, is rapidly diminishing, I might show by a variety of facts, if certain considerations, as, for instance, my most confidential intimacy with my highly esteemed cousin, Herr von Langendorf, the favorite of His

Electoral Highness, did not impose silence upon me. Moreover, it would be difficult to comprehend how it could be otherwise. Our gracious Elector, who is such a stout-hearted warrior, and who, as the sainted Dr. Weller used to say of him, it is difficult to lift out of his saddle when once firmly seated in it, *Fortissimus in prima acie*, as we find in the Maccabees—but you do not understand Latin,—our gracious Elector, who, about five years ago, when the Turks were defeated at Vienna, planted the first Christian banner within the enemy's camp; could such a valiant man, who does not bear the sword in vain, as is written in Romans the thirteenth, find pleasure in the doings of these Pietists?"

"And what do you understand by the doings of the Pietists?" queried the gloomy speaker, somewhat hotly.

"The ruin of learning," was the ready reply. "If these Pietists gain the mastery, which they are, of course, not very likely to do, then Wittenberg and Leipzig might as well close their theological *Auditoria*. They care neither for *logic*, nor *metaphysics*, nor *apologetics*, nor *polemics*, by the aid of which latter science, the noble Christian art of disputing, the minister can alone perform what is written in Matthew the fifth, viz.: 'Let your light shine before men.'"

"And why," quickly interrupted the other. "*Why, how, and by what* is this light to shine? '*That they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven,*' adds the Lord. Now this is just it, Sir Master: the good works, *axia tās metanoias erga*, as Paul says, which means, as you know full well, works meet for repentance; these alone constitute true *learning*, and the true *light* before men."

“As is written in *Acts*, chapter the twenty-sixth,” added the Master of Arts, at the same time regarding his opponent with affected astonishment. “Who are you,” he continued, “that you understand *Greek*, though you should pronounce it more correctly, that is, according to the Reuchlian method.”

“My name can be nothing to you,” quietly replied the other. “But do you know how true *logic* is defined?”

“Well?” asked the Master of Arts, at the same time crossing his right foot over his left with an affected air.

“You think,” continued the other, “that *logic* is the art of thinking and reasoning correctly, so that one thing may be deduced from another, clearly and methodically. Perfectly correct; such is *human* logic. But that a *pure* and pious *thought* is also *followed* by a *pure* and pious *work*, so that there is always the most perfect agreement between the will of God and that of man, that ye are doers of the word, and not hearers or preachers only; this, sir, is *Christian* logic.”

“You ought to apply for the chair of the professor of philosophy at Wittenberg,” ironically remarked the Master of Arts.

“And why not?” asked the other. “For I can also tell you what *Christian metaphysics* is. You regard it as the first and noblest philosophical science, because you pretend to have found out by means of it, the Almighty, and discovered the secrets of His government. Well, yes, this is *human* metaphysics. But to *submit* humbly to God, to *worship* God in spirit and in truth, and to become daily more certain of victory in our warfare against the lusts of this world, so that we

may be able to do *all* things through Christ, who strengtheneth us, and know that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: this, sir, is *Christian metaphysics*. Do you follow me, Sir Master?"

"Truly," he replied, with haughty scorn. "I should scarcely have believed it possible that I could learn from you so much of what is new to me. May I beg you to proceed?"

"With pleasure," continued the other. "You imagine that the Pietists, for by this term you characterize those who endeavor to lead a life of piety, according to the instruction and example of Dr. SPENER, also care nothing about *apologetics*. What do you understand by *apologetics*? The art of defending our Christian faith against its enemies. Very well. And how do you do this? You write books upon books, and know how to prove by a thousand arguments, nicely arranged in battle array, that you are in the right. This is *human* apologetics. But how does the Christian apologist defend his faith? Not with the tongue, not with books, but with his own *life* and *conduct*. He pursues his way quietly and submissively, and receives with gratitude and a contented spirit his daily bread; he becomes rich in God, the more his riches in worldly goods and friendship decrease; he loves his enemies; he blesses them that curse him; he does good to them that hate him, and prays for them that despitefully use and persecute him; he loves sincerely and fervently just as he believes sincerely and fervently, and so lives, that even his very enemies shall be constrained, in view of his patience in the Lord, his penitence and fruits of righteousness, to pay him the

same tribute of praise, which was aforesaid paid by heathen lips to our Saviour on the Cross by acknowledging and confessing, of a truth, this is a righteous man. The Christian's faith must, after all, come from God. This is *Christian* apologetics. Shall I now tell you in what *Christian polemics* consist?"

"I will not exhaust your learning to its dregs," peevishly replied the Master of Arts, "especially since I do not know even to whom I am indebted for such profound instruction."

"My name can in no way concern you," repeated the other, casting, at the same time, a friendly glance towards the peasants, who were nodding their gratitude.

The Master of Arts, completely nonplused, was at a loss what to do. It may be that he felt somewhat ashamed, before his young neighbor, of having come out of the conflict without that promised victory, and yet his tongue refused to give utterance to the words, by which he would have liked to have secured it. "Here you can see," he at length said to him in a half-whisper, "that one gains no honor by disputing with this sort of men. They are ignorant of the principal thing, namely, logic. How can we gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, as is written in Matthew the seventh. If you have no objection, we will leave this house together, and enter again into another city."

"Let us stay a little longer," replied the artist, "for I like it here very well; besides, I perceive that these people are preparing to depart, and when they shall once be gone we can more quietly continue our conversation."

The peasants had finished their repast; the old man, the same who had said grace, now made a sign to his

companions, whereupon all rose up and ranged themselves around the table as before for returning thanks. The old man began: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people." •

The same woman who had taken part before added:

"Lord Jesus, Thee our thanks we bring
That Thou our gracious guest hast been."

When all responded, Amen. They now paid the hostess for their repast, shook hands with the grave-looking gentleman in the corner, bade the others a friendly good-bye, and took their departure. But the Master of Arts turned to his neighbor, and remarked in an angry voice, "That man yonder does not budge an inch. Yet it will not do for me to leave before he does, else he might think that I am afraid of him."

The subject of these remarks seemed, however, altogether unconscious of the presence of others, for he had already again taken up his book, and was engaged in its perusal more earnestly than ever.

"Are you willing to give up to that man?" asked the artist of the Master of Arts in a very low whisper. "Were I in your place, I would not give over till I had driven him from the field; for you are, doubtless, so much superior to him in learning, that you will not be long in gaining an easy victory."

The rogue—one might have read this in his light

smile—cared far less about the Master of Arts carrying off the victory, than for the dispute itself, which had begun really to amuse him. But the Master of Arts, thus reminded of his literary fame, drew his hand across his brow, as if endeavoring to find the most effectual means by which to drive his adversary from the field. At length, turning towards him, he said, “May I ask what book that is you are reading?”

“Why not?” was the reply. “Its title is, *Pia Desideria*, or *sincere desire for such reform of the true Evangelical Church as is acceptable to God*. And the name of the author is Dr. PHILIPP JACOB SPENER, court chaplain and confessor to his Electoral Highness of Saxony, and counsellor of the Consistory. And, if you desire it, I will tell you what I have just now been reading.”

And, without waiting for an answer, he immediately continued, not without a touch of irony in his voice, “Chapter third. Defects of *ministers*. As there is a lamentable state of things among the laity, so also it must, alas, be confessed, that there is much corruption among the clergy, and much of the evil now found among the common people must be ascribed to the example of the higher classes.’”

“I want none of your moralizing,” interrupted the Master of Arts. But the other did not heed him, and continued:

“It must be confessed, that there are not only to be found in the office of the ministry, *here* and *there*, men who are by no means free from giving *public* offence, but, also, that the number of those who have no proper appreciation of Christianity, which does not merely consist in abstinence from open vice, and in a moral life, is not so large as at first view appears.’”

“Save me from your uncalled-for sermon,” the Master of Arts again interrupted him. But the other did not suffer himself to be disturbed, and said, “I must at least finish the sentence: ‘Thus, then, there are many, whose lives, when viewed with common eyes, eyes influenced by the prevailing fashion of the times, appear without reproach, among whom is yet apparent, although in a subtle form, so much of the spirit of the world shown in the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye and the pride of life, that it is evident that they have never seriously undertaken to comply with the very first requirements of the gospel, namely, with that of self-denial.’”

“How flat this sounds!” criticised the Master of Arts, who found it necessary to give a different turn to the conversation, “precisely like the sermons of that celebrated man. It lacks point, power and unction. It is neither Leipzig nor Wittenberg style. It must be Frankfurt style. What a different kind of man was our sainted Lucius. Even the very titles, or, if you choose, the themes of his sermons, were full of life and power, and every word was poetic. I always carry a few of them about with me, not so much with a view of receiving any instruction therefrom, as for enjoyment.”

The Master of Arts hereupon drew forth from his pocket a few small tracts, assorted them carefully, and then continued: “Here is a funeral sermon from this same Dr. Lucius, referred to, on 2 Cor. iv. 8–10, where we are told that Paul was enabled to submit to all kinds of sufferings. Now, what theme, think you, that learned man has deduced from these words. Here it is—‘*The most effectual cooler under the heat of affliction!*’ How sublime and forcible and pointed!”

"Truly," assented the artist, "I am instantly reminded of a scorching summer's day in Naples, when one plunges into the sea to cool off."

The Master of Arts cast an inquiring look at his neighbor, but seeing that he appeared altogether serious, he continued, "The second sermon of the sainted Lucius was preached on the words, 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good!' And what is the theme? '*Glorious victory of the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.*' What originality! What poetry."

"Undoubtedly," said the artist. "I can picture to myself, how the Israelites are laying about them with their halberts and war-clubs, and how King Pharaoh is drowning in the Red Sea; and then the smoke of battle and the roar of cannon! What a fine picture this would make on canvas!"

"You look at this matter," replied the Master of Arts, "in a somewhat too worldly light. Moreover, you must remember that in Moses' time gunpowder had not yet been discovered! But the most elegant sermon which I have ever heard Dr. Lucius deliver, or even read, is this one, on the death of the court-chaplain, the sainted Dr. Weller. The very selection of the text, shows consummate taste and tact. It is taken from Isaiah xxxviii. 14, and reads thus: 'Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter: I did mourn as a dove!' And now comes the theme. '*The mourning dove, Jesus! or the anxious anxiety and groaning of a believing soul in misery and death!*' Can you imagine anything more striking and appropriate for a funeral sermon than this?"

"Certainly not," answered the artist. "One really sees the soul anxiously fluttering about like a dove."

"You are again viewing the subject in a too worldly light," said the Master of Arts, reprovngly. "But what say *you* to it?" he continued, turning to the third guest, who seemed, however, not to have paid the slightest attention to the discourse about the sermons; for he continued to read so earnestly in his book, that he did not hear the question addressed to him.

"Here you have the Pietist," said the ill-natured questioner to his neighbor. "Only a word about learning, science and poetry, and they are like clouds without water—like trees, whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots, as may be read in the epistle of Jude. 'They have ears, but hear not.' (Psalm 115.)" With this he returned his celebrated sermons to his pocket, favored the impolite reader with one of his most contemptuous scowls, and muttered between his teeth: '*Nolite porcos margaritis ornare,*' Matthew the seventh."

The artist could not conceal, by a smile, which he vainly strove to repress, how greatly he enjoyed the impotent wrath of the Master of Arts. When, therefore, profound silence had ensued among the guests, he turned to his neighbor with the question, "Honored Master of Arts, you have several times made use of the term '*Pietist,*' a term which is altogether new to me. Will you explain its meaning?"

"A Pietist," quickly replied the scholar, seizing the opportunity thus afforded to revenge himself on his immovable opponent, "a Pietist is one who regards it as a mortal sin to wear an embroidered handkerchief and a

wig ; one who fasts every other day, and wears shabby garments ; one who talks from morning till night about godliness, and who, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, attends SPENER'S examina. This is a Pietist."

"Mr. Nullenbrecher, (for such, I believe, is your name,)" cried the excited guest, "you understand Latin and Greek, Hebrew and Chaldaic ; but with all your learning, you are still not worthy to loose the latchet of the shoes of a man like the reverend SPENER."

"Who are you," asked the Master of Arts, his face crimson with rage, "that you address to me such insulting language—to me, a well-approved *candidatus* of the holy *ministerium*—to me, a *rite* practised *Magister* of the liberal arts, and *philosophiæ* Doctor—to me, the everywhere highly respected cousin of the favorite courtier of his Electoral Highness, Herr von Langendorf?"

"Who I am," replied the other, more coolly than before, "can be, as I now tell you, for the third time, of but little concern to you. It suffices you to be told that I am a Spenerite ; or, if you prefer it, a Pietist ; for I do not, as you see, wear a wig. You are, doubtless, a very learned man, and lack, of being also a learned *Christian*, at least *one* thing. In order to find out what that is, you need only attend on next Sunday, the Electoral Chapel, and after you have sung the following verse, from a hymn by Schamelius, viz. :

'Alas! how sore afraid am I,
My inmost soul is moving,
Because so many days passed by,
Which I've not been improving.
Wisdom can none but God supply,
Yet I, in self-love, did rely
On my poor strength to gain it.'

“And after you shall have asked yourself the question, ‘What lack I yet, that I may have eternal life?’ you need only turn your eyes towards the pulpit. There you will see a man, whose name is Philipp Jacob SPENER. And you need not listen long till you shall have received to your inquiry, what you still lack to be a Christian—the answer, ‘EVERYTHING.’”

“I ask you once more, who are you?” exclaimed Master Nullenbrecher, in a furious rage, at the same time leaping from his chair.

“Well,” was the reply, “if you attach so much importance to my name, know, then, that it is Andreas Petermann, and that I am the school-master of the town of Lockwitz.”

“A school-master!” exclaimed the Master of Arts, disdainfully, and turned his back towards him.

“Oh,” continued Petermann, “if you want titles and honors, I can accommodate you with them also. I have, in Wittenberg, studied *theologiam*; I am *Notarius Publicus Cæsarius*; I have learned enough of the Electoral Court physician, Dr. Buerger, to cure you of any fever, or to reset any dislocated part of your soul or body. Again, I have learned enough of the late writing-master, Weissshuhn, to write either in Roman or Gothic characters, or in running hand, with all sorts of ornamental flourishes, the patent of your pedigree or semi-nobility; and, in case you should be a friend to law-suits, Dr. Nikolai, of Dresden, has sufficiently instructed me to give you good legal advice, how to let honest men alone; and also, at the same time, to set up for you a letter of apology and honorable amende, for which I am at your service, free of all charge. I am,

moreover, sufficiently skilled in music to favor you, either upon the harp or the organ, with David's penitential psalm: 'O Lord! rebuke me not in Thine anger, neither chasten me in Thy hot displeasure; or, if you prefer to have it in Hebrew: *Jehovah, al beaphga thokicheni.*' "

After Petermann had, in this wise, enumerated his titles and honors, he again quietly resumed his book. But Nullenbrecher behaved like an enraged lion. He walked up and down the room with such long and rapid strides, that he shook the powder from his wig. Several times he appeared ready to begin his defence in a powerful manner, but seemed again unable to command the desired language. At length, with a sudden resolution, he grasped his hat and cane, and said, in a tone of half-smothered rage, as if soliloquizing, "Why should I vex myself with him? He is a *Spenerite*, a *Pictist*. 'A man that is a heretic, reject,' (Titus iii. 10,)" and unceremoniously left the room.

Petermann appeared not to have been in the least disturbed by this demonstration; for he continued quietly to read his book, as if nothing had happened. But the young artist was visibly affected, and one might have noticed, by the thoughtful expression of his eyes, that some resolution was maturing in his mind. At length he arose, approached the school-master with unfeigned respect, and said, "Mr. Petermann, can you forgive me for having caricatured you on the table with chalk?"

"It is already forgotten, young man," replied the school-master, with unexpected affability, whilst extending his hand.

“How glad I am,” continued the artist, “that you administered such a sound rebuke to that conceited Master of Arts, to whom I conceived an aversion at first sight. It is true I understand little or nothing about your learned dispute, yet this much is clear to me, that you are more honest in your profession of Christianity than Master Nullenbrecher, for by this name I believe you called him?”

“Yes,” said Petermann, “as often as I see him my blood begins to boil; not only because he is so exceedingly vain of his learning, which he displays on each and every occasion, but also because he has succeeded, by means of his literary fame and seminobility, to so blindfold a wealthy, but weak artisan of Dresden, that he promised him his only daughter in marriage, a maiden who excels in true Christian piety. You look at me with surprise, my young friend, and you think me, perhaps, the victim of jealousy. If so, you may dismiss such thoughts, for the maiden of whom I speak numbers only about eighteen summers, whilst I have seen fifty, and am, as you perceive, already gray, if not with *honor*, at least with *joy*.”

“What is the name of this maiden?” hastily asked the artist. “Since I have seen, in Italy, Madonnas painted from life, for I myself have never ventured upon such a subject, the very expression, ‘*pious maiden*,’ fills me with enthusiasm.”

“The name need but little concern you,” replied the schoolmaster. “It is enough for you to know that she is somewhat related to me on her mother’s side. If your stay in Italy has not altogether spoiled you,

so that you still find pleasure in gazing upon the scenery around Lockwitz, and if you have besides no aversion to the solitary and somewhat rough life of an old bachelor, a condition, which, in my case, is more the result of circumstances than choice, pay me an early visit; you shall be heartily welcome to my house."

"You show me much kindness, Mr. Petermann," said the artist, "and yet do not even so much as know who I am, and what my name is."

"Your name can concern me but little," replied the old man, with his stereotyped expression. "I care for the thing, the reality, the inner man, as my favorite Apostle Paul expresses himself; after the external man I never inquire, and therefore also, only make answer concerning my own, when people, such as Master Nullenbrecher, make inquiries concerning it."

"Do you occasionally visit the city," inquired the youth.

"Often," was the answer, "yet always only with a view to *one* object, and for the sake of *one* man. The object is to slake my thirst after the knowledge of true Christianity, and the man's name is SPENER."

"Well," added the artist, with confiding frankness, "add to this man one other, or rather only a young fellow—myself. If you would visit me only once in the house of my father, I would willingly visit you ten times in return. My father resides in Pirna street, and is an able goldsmith; Guldenmeyer by name."

"And are you George Guldenmeyer, his only son?" asked Petermann, quickly.

"Yes, I am," was the reply. "Do you know me?"

Petermann rose up, crossed his hands behind his back, shook his head thoughtfully, and said in a low voice, "Wonderful Divine Providence," and then, turning to the youth, he added, "I shall very soon pay you a visit, George Guldenmeyer. God protect you. Hasten on, that father and sister may soon rejoice in seeing you." Then the singular old man shook the youth warmly by the hand, placed his book under his arm, and passed hastily out of the house.

George Guldenmeyer, deeply moved, followed him with his eyes through the window, cast a remorseful look at the remains of his chalk-sketch upon the table, and said: "I would give something if I had never drawn this caricature," as he rubbed out, with his handkerchief, the last trace of that unsolicited, but, as it appeared, well-paid sketch. Handing to the hostess the last of his money, in payment of his entertainment, he once more resumed his journey to Dresden.

CHAPTER II.

THE ACQUAINTANCE IN THE CARRIAGE.

“He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.”—
Acts xi. 24.

GEORGE GULDENMEYER continued his journey at a much slower pace than was agreeable to his anxiety to meet again his father and sister. His sore foot began both to pain him and retard his progress, and he often halted and looked back to see whether there was not some chance vehicle coming up behind him, in which he might secure a seat for the remainder of the way. When, therefore, after some time, a sound, like that produced by running wheels, struck upon his ear, and when, soon after, a carriage, drawn by two horses, drove in sight, just after having rounded a curve in the road, which was hidden by a clump of trees laden with fruit, thus leaving no longer any doubt of his wish being realized, his courage revived, and he was now only impatient at the tardiness of the approach.

“It really seems,” he peevishly exclaimed, “as if it contained an invalid.” For the horses, besides giving evidence, by their appearance, of being a well-fed and strong pair of animals, were with difficulty restrained, by the driver, from running.

The carriage had now approached so near that George Guldenmeyer could distinctly recognize, as its

only occupant, a gentleman dressed in black; and, on looking closer, he noticed with a smile, that he was again about coming in contact with a person who was intellectually employed, at a time when others usually attend only to the physical part of their natures; for the gentleman in the carriage was engaged in attentively reading in a small, gilt-edged volume. Our traveler had calculated on being noticed by the distinguished gentleman, and invited to a seat beside him; but the occupant was so intent upon his book, that he did not even see the pedestrian at the roadside, to whom, now, no other alternative remained, than that of boldly asking for the coveted favor.

“Pardon me,” shouted George into the carriage, “does your way take you to Dresden?”

“Yes, my friend,” replied the gentleman, starting up in some surprise, but adding immediately in a tone of kindness, “If you wish to accompany me, jump in.”

“If you have no objection,” said George, at the same time placing one foot upon the carriage-step, and drawing the other one up after him with a somewhat rueful expression of countenance. “You do me a great kindness,” he added, apologetically, “for my sore foot would scarcely have carried me to the city. Besides, the weight of my whole body will prove less burdensome to your sprightly horses, than this shoe is to my poor foot. And if my presence does not otherwise incommode you—”

“Not in the least,” replied the gentleman, “you may already see, by this book, that I am fond of traveling in company.”

“But,” suggested the artist, very politely, “will my

companionship make amends for that of which I am about to deprive you?"

"If you love candor," returned the other, "I certainly feel constrained to say *no*; that is, in case I had reason to be apprehensive of sustaining any loss; for, should any thing contained in this book become lost, no man on earth could ever replace it."

This reply caused George some little uneasiness. Might not this very candor, on the part of his companion, be an indication of ill humor or vexation, on account of his intrusion? He cast an inquiring look toward him. But the kindness that beamed from his noble countenance could not be mistaken, especially by one gazing into those soft, mild, large, open eyes. He wore no wig—a circumstance that appeared singular, at a period when the fashion of wearing them was at its height; but his thick, soft, auburn hair being parted over his forehead, fell in long and natural ringlets upon his shoulders. On his head, he wore a close-fitting, black skull-cap, which, however, did not hide his broad and lofty forehead. Although his chin and upper lip were somewhat shaded by short tufts of hair, he was far from presenting a martial appearance; on the contrary, the mild and kindly expression of his countenance seemed to be made up of such a well-ordered combination of tranquillity, equanimity, submissiveness, and truthfulness, that the idea of the presence of worldliness, restlessness, fear, or of any evil passion did not occur to the beholder.

The artist, whose observation these features did, of course, not escape, could not, in his embarrassment, find an answer; he therefore extricated himself by

alluding to his sore foot, saying, "Nothing can be more disagreeable to the pedestrian than tight shoes. I shall have cause to remember a certain shoemaker in Prague a great deal longer than he deserves."

"Have you then made this long journey entirely on foot?" asked the elder of the two.

"Yes, and a much longer one," was the answer. "I am, by profession, an artist, just returning from the true home of art. I come from Italy. Ah, sir, have you ever been there? Have you ever breathed the ambrosial breezes of Italy?"

"I have inhaled a little, continuing your figure," said the other, smiling, "as far as this is possible, in going from Geneva to Lyons."

"What a delightful country! what a beautiful sky!" exclaimed George, with visible rapture, called forth by the remembrance. "Had I not been obliged to return to this bleak and dreary country, I would have built me a cottage, and remained in the only land where men know what life is."

"Well, and what is life?" asked the other.

"Life!" exclaimed George, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, "life, is to understand the language of the earth and sky, mountains and valleys, forests and fields, rivers and oceans. Life exists only where man emerges from his night of fretfulness and unworthy anxiety into the genial sunlight, drinking in, with eyes and lungs, vigor and energy; life is only a marriage between the soul and the wonderful glory of heaven and earth. Have you ever heard of the statue of Memnon, in the land of the Ethiopians? When the first beam of the rising sun sheds his light upon it, it

utters loud and joyous sounds, but sings a mournful funeral dirge at his setting. Hence, it is called the *Son of the morning*. Thus, also, should man be called; for it is only with the morning light, that man awakens to true life! Surely, life is only when there is light and warmth. Hence, Sons of the morning are only to be found in Hesperus, in Arcadia, in the home of the Muses and Graces, but not in this bleak and cheerless Saxonland, which lies between heat and cold, and is, therefore, naturally lukewarm."

"Ay, ay, my young friend," said his companion, "is it thus you disparage your fatherland? Do you not think that God, in His wisdom and goodness, has so formed the earth that men can be happy on whatever portion of it they dwell? And that every country is arched over by just such a sky as is most in harmony with it? Do you not think that man with his religion becomes a son of the morning, and that, in general, our religious faith is the morning-light of the new heaven?"

"It is easy to see," remarked the artist, evasively, "that Saxony is your fatherland."

"You are mistaken," continued the other. "My fatherland lies beneath a milder sky than that of Saxony, but precisely like Saxony, beneath the same sky which the hand of God has spread out above the whole earth, and which is illumined and warmed by the same sun as Hesperia and Arcadia. For, my young friend, everybody's Arcadia is—if the expression be proper—wherever God has placed him, and said, 'Here live and labor, and run after that which is above,' for the earth is everywhere the Lord's, and everywhere a good place to prepare for heaven."

The artist regarded his companion with a doubtful look and with evident embarrassment; but when he beheld beaming from his mild eyes the tenderest kindness, and a quiet, almost fascinating good-nature, he blushed at his false suspicions, dropt his eyes and asked: "Are you a resident of Dresden, dear sir?"

"I have been such for about three years and a half," was the response.

"You are then, perhaps, acquainted with my father," continued the artist with his accustomed frankness. "I mean Mr. Guldenmeyer in Pirna street. And do you know my sister Elizabeth? How the girl must have grown by this time! When I left home for Italy she was just sixteen, and as I have been absent for three years, she must now be nineteen. You cannot conceive how rejoiced I am at the prospect of again seeing her. I intend to surprise her, and if you have no objection, I will dismount at the city gate, and in spite of my lame foot, make my way by stealth into my father's house. There is only one thing about the girl which does not please me," he continued, without giving his companion time to reply to his questions: "Elizabeth used to be such a cheerful, merry thing, full of life in all she said and did; a true daughter of the morning," he added timidly. "Her first letters to me (I carry them all here next to my heart) breathe nothing but life and joy: they are a real fountain of delight. But gradually these ceased; her later letters became continually more serious, I might almost say indifferent, though ever full of a sister's love. Yet she talked so very much about religion, true Christianity, and at one time even sent me a book of sermons,

entitled, I believe, 'The Frankfurt Memorial,' written by a certain Dr. SPENER, but I found it impossible to read the tedious book through. This same SPENER is, I think, the present court chaplain at Dresden. Do you know him?"

"Very slightly," replied the elder, with an almost mournful smile. "However much I exert myself daily to find him out, his real character still remains a mystery to me."

"What do you think of him?" asked George further, not seeming to heed the intimation his language contained.

"I know only this much about him with certainty; that he means well with himself and others, and that the daily recurring consciousness of his imperfections, as well as his ever increasing dissatisfaction with himself, in the discharge of his duties, is to him a source of the deepest sorrow, in which he finds some relief only by the exercise of the liveliest trust in the grace of God and in the blessings derived from fervent prayer."

"This sounds very strange," remarked the artist, "and appears to me as unnecessary as it is extravagant. Why this needless mortification of one's self? A man can do no more than he is able! But," he continued after a short pause, "the name of this man is very extensively known. He is spoken of in almost every country through which I passed, by some in favorable, and by others again in unfavorable terms, as the leader of a sect denominated Pietists. I have almost become curious to know him, especially since my dear sister Elizabeth praises him beyond measure in every letter she writes."

“And what is the nature of the unfavorable reports about him?” inquired the elder.

“The unfavorable!” repeated the artist, looking doubtfully at his companion. “You are, perhaps, a friend, or an acquaintance of the gentleman? If so, I should think you would rather inquire after those which are favorable.”

“Not at all, my young friend,” rejoined the other, with a quiet look. “The good which one man says of another is almost always mixed up with error. Our judgment with regard to mankind is often warped or misguided either by a decided prepossession in his favor, or by a conscious or unconscious partiality, or by the want of a correct knowledge of human nature in general; whereas, it is, on the other hand, part of our natures to perceive the faults, shortcomings and sins of others much more readily and truly than their good and praiseworthy qualities. This is certainly very wisely so designed by God; for it is not by being praised that man becomes better and holier, but rather by being censured. Therefore, tell me, what evil is spoken of the court-chaplain.”

“I have,” replied George, “hardly the courage to repeat the evil spoken by others. For, though I am still young, and have but little experience, I yet know enough to convince me that it is, in all cases, more prudent and advantageous to repeat only the good. An evil report is, as I once heard, like an arrow which flies in a curve, till finally it turns its point back upon the slanderer.”

“That may be so,” assented the other, “yet not in this instance. For, having, after an absence of three

years, become almost a stranger in these parts, it is impossible for you to know whether what you call slander may not, after all, be a true and just verdict. At all events," he continued, "I give you the assurance that your communication shall do you no harm of any kind. Therefore, tell me frankly, what evil do men speak of the new court-chaplain?"

"If you insist upon it," said the artist, "I must needs tell you. Some whom I heard speak of him said that he was not fit for the court-chaplaincy at all, but only for being a schoolmaster; yea, that he was not even a learned theologian, inasmuch as he could not converse in Latin. Others said he was a hypocrite outwardly, seemingly pious, but, inwardly full of deceit and depravity; that he appeared fair without, but was, within— well, now, let me see; what were the words they used. They were, as far as I can remember, a quotation from the Holy Scriptures about the Pharisees."

"Within," composedly added the other, "full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness."

"Precisely so," said George; "that was it. Again, others said that in Dresden he had not a single true friend; neither among the nobles and men of rank, because he abused them in his sermons; nor, and especially, among the clergy, because he had on the occasion of his introductory sermon spoken disparagingly, not only of all his predecessors, but also of all the resident ministers, by saying that no one had, as yet, preached true Christianity in Dresden, but that he would make a beginning. I also heard from the lips of some clergymen that they dislike him because he

considers himself better than they. They could not, they said, comprehend how the Elector should overlook so many meritorious and learned men in his own dominion for the sake of such a hypocrite from a foreign country—from Lunneburg, I believe.”

“From Frankfurt,” said the other, correcting him.

“Yes, you are right,” continued George, “from Frankfurt—thus verifying again the saying that ‘a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.’ Some clergymen were also displeased with him for having been commanded, in obedience to his recommendation, and in imitation of his example, to hold examina with the children. Such puerilities, they said, were not becoming the office of the ministry, but belonged only to that of the school master. Also, that the Elector himself was not too favorable to him, since he but seldom attended his preaching, nor otherwise held much intercourse with him, which had not been the case with his predecessors; whilst others maintained that the Elector must certainly be favorable to him, because he had permitted the use of the court-chapel for his examina, and had, besides, ordained that he should be exempted from the paying of postage. All this, and a great deal more, I heard about him; for you have no idea how much is said concerning this man. I passed through Switzerland, Suabia, Franconia, Bohemia, and scarcely ever entered a place of entertainment where he was not made the subject of conversation—and where there was frequently said of him as much good in one place as there had been of evil in another. I, observed, however, upon the whole, that he has his *bitterest* enemies among the clergy themselves.”

"Alas, that this should be so!" said the elder, with a mournful look, rather to himself than to the communicative guest, and bowed his head.

"I am sorry," continued the artist, "if by my tattling I have caused you pain. You are, perhaps, a friend of the court-chaplain, and though I do not believe that you will repeat to him—"

"Make yourself perfectly easy," interrupted the other, smiling. "He already knows all this. It was only your remark that the minister has always his bitterest enemies among his fellow-ministers, which made me sad, because I feel that it is true."

"But," asked George, "how does this come? I should think that those who preach from their pulpits, 'Love one another, and judge not, that ye be not judged,' would, most of all, practise this among themselves."

"How this comes, you would like to know?" asked the other, whilst a deep shade of sorrow passed over his countenance. "Frequently it proceeds from a feeling of envy and jealousy, if one meets with greater approbation as a preacher than another, or derives in general more pecuniary gain from his office; sometimes from a sense of pride on account of their wisdom and knowledge, in consequence of which they become inclined to inveigh against others, in that in which they are of a different opinion; frequently from a love of ease, when another introduces something new,—not indeed because they really regard it as wrong or unchristian, but because they are afraid of being obliged to imitate it, in the event of its finding favor with the people, in which case their labors would be somewhat

increased. But sometimes it may, of course, also proceed from a true zeal for the cause of the Lord. Yet, in instances of this kind, it but rarely occurs that the declaration of Paul, 'they have a zeal, but not according to knowledge,' finds an appropriate application. What, however, on the whole, the individual causes may be, it must be confessed that this bad feeling, after all, proceeds from a want of true charity; for charity suffereth long, is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,—and those whose calling requires them to preach reconciliation to God, should first practise it toward man."

George felt himself deeply affected by the discourse of his companion. "How admirably," he at length said, "your description applies to an incident which I witnessed at an inn shortly before you had the goodness to give me a seat in your carriage. It happened at the inn in Lockwitz, where I had stopped for dinner. Whilst there, some peasants, with their wives, who, as I learned, had attended the examina of the court chaplain, entered the guest-room. Beside me sat a clerical gentleman from the city, Nullenbrecher by name, who severely censured these peasants on account of their attendance upon the examina, and endeavored, at the same time, to belittle the court-chaplain. But he found in a certain schoolmaster, whose name is Petermann, such a stanch opponent, that he was forced to yield the field, and fairly foaming with rage, left the room. I must confess that the controversy afforded me considerable amusement, especially the fact of that vain, swaggering Master Nullenbrecher's meeting with his well-deserved reward. The principal point of con-

troversy arose,—and about this I desire yet to ask you,—the principal point arose about the word "*Pietist*," a designation, I believe, applied to the followers of the court-chaplain, SPENER. I had asked Master Nullenbrecher as to the real meaning of the word, but he gave me such a venomous definition, that Petermann flew into a passion, and disputed the master clear out of the house. Perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me truly what a Pietist is."

"A Pietist," replied the other, "does not pretend to be any thing more than a good Christian; one who is truly pious, who seeks true Christianity, more in the exercise of virtue than in learned controversies; who always submits humbly to the will of God, even in cases where he does not comprehend it, and who takes the revealed Word of God for his only guide, in his spiritual and moral conduct."

"According to this," added the artist, "I see nothing in the least objectionable in the name; and yet, it seems to me as if it were used mostly in a sense of ridicule."

"Malice," continued his companion, "first invented this word; for those whose lives cause them to be called Pietists, call themselves by a different name, and desire to be nothing but Christians."

"I thank you for this explanation," said George: "it has again quieted my apprehensions in regard to my sister,—for I will not hide it from you, that as Elizabeth made such frequent mention of this SPENER, in her letters to me, and as he is commonly regarded as their leader, I feared that she also belonged to the Pietists; that is, as I have hitherto been led to believe,

to these canting hypocrites. Since, however, such is not the case, I shall so much the more joyfully press her again to my heart. For nothing is more disgusting to me, than that kind of piety which consists only in words. But I see we are at the city gate, and if you will allow, I will leave you here, in order to reach my father's house so as to surprise them."

"As you like," said George's companion, and ordered the coachman to halt. Whilst dismounting, George repeated his thanks and shook cordially the hand that had been offered to him in token of separation. But, just as he was about leaving the carriage, he turned quickly to his companion, and said: "Pardon me, dear sir, your acquaintance has been, to me, a source of such great pleasure, that I should esteem myself happy, if you would allow me to cultivate it still further. May I ask you who you are, and your name?"

The gentleman leaned out of the carriage, and, with a smile full of kindly humor, said: "I hope you will not be frightened, my young friend! My name is SPENER, and I am the new court-chaplain. Remember me kindly to your sister, and the Lord be with you."

George blushed again and again; he felt himself rooted to the spot, meanwhile the carriage, which he irresolutely followed with his eyes, having long since gone out of sight. Having entered the gate, the youth exclaimed, with a vexed shake of the head: "I, fool that I am, might have suspected it! I trust I have not said or done anything silly!" Then he turned to the right, and limped upon his way to his father's house, where awaited him a very strange surprise.

CHAPTER III.

WOOING.

“Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.”—Prov. xxxi: 30.

MR. NULLENBRECHER had, as we have seen, left the inn, at Lockwitz, in a great rage. To have been vanquished by a school-master he regarded as the most disgraceful circumstance that had ever befallen him. With flushed cheeks and rapid strides, he hastened toward the city, as if he there expected to find either shelter or consolation. At the Pirna gate, he was met by a young man who greeted him with a friendly bow; but Nullenbrecher rushed past him without returning it, and muttering to himself: “He, too, is a Spenerite, and a thorough one at that. Like master, like servant. Really,” he continued, derisively, “this is just to the point; for he is his amanuensis.”

Arrived at Pirna street, he turned toward a large house on his right, opened the door without knocking, and entered the room, exclaiming: “The Scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses’ seat, Matthew the xxiii. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?”

“Halloo, Mr. Nullenbrecher,” called out a man, who was seated in a corner of the room near a table, with a mug of wine before him, “pardon me, but to whom do you allude?”

“To whom do I allude?” asked Nullenbrecher. “To these new Conscientiarrians, these secret adherents of that *studiosus* Matthias Knutzen, who want to settle everything by an appeal to conscience, and yet they are only children in intelligence and knowledge! I allude to these *Labadists*, who boast of their being regenerated daily. Yea, verily, they are Labadists! Has not this very SPENER, as is commonly reported, made the acquaintance of this arch-hypocrite, *Labadie*, in Geneva? Has he not even translated his miserable book, entitled ‘*Devotional Exercises*,’ into German? But what am I saying? Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land, to make one *Pictist*; and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves, Matthew the xxiii. 15.”

“Have you again come in contact with the Pietists?” queried the other.

“Can one avoid it, sir?” replied the Master of Arts. “Wherever you go, you are sure to meet with Pietists: in private houses, in the open field, upon the highway, at the gates of the city, and especially in taverns, which they enter by legions.”

“Well, well, never mind,” interposed the other, consolingly. “My principle is, Live and let live! I pursue my course, and what course others may pursue does not concern me. Come here and take a drink. You see, I take my evening wine a little earlier than is usual with me; but that is your fault, not mine.”

“How so?” inquired the Master of Arts, at the same time regarding the mug with a look which was far from being disdainful.

“Only take a drink,” continued the other, “and then you shall know it. I have a *gospel* to proclaim to you, as you are wont to call it.”

Nullenbrecher took up the mug and began, at first, slowly and deliberately to sip the golden beverage; gave a nod of satisfaction; snapped his small, black eyes, good-humoredly; then took a vigorous draught, saying, “Your evening drink stands, to-day, in the comparative degree; it is really a spiritual beverage, *poma pneumaticon*, as it is written in the Epistle to the Corinthians.”

“You like it, then?” asked the other, smilingly. “You have hit it; it is intended to be a spiritual drink; for it was on your account that I, this day, mounted a tier higher in my cellar. Here, read this, and see what it contains.” Saying which, he handed his companion a small hastily-folded billet.

“From my high and noble cousin!” exclaimed Nullenbrecher, in some surprise, whilst reading the superscription. “From the favorite of His Electoral Highness? From the noble Lord of Langendorf? How came you by this letter?”

“He was here in person,” replied the other, with an air of pride. “Your high and noble cousin did me the honor to enter, in person, the lowly dwelling of a plain and humble citizen. He inquired for you,” he continued, as he saw that the Master of Arts was still looking at the superscription. “He said that he had good news for you, in reference to the pastor of Altleben, who has lately departed this life for a better. But when the right honorable Herr von Langendorf, your well-beloved cousin, did not find you here, and

being in great haste, he condescended to enter my Elizabeth's chamber, for the purpose of writing you this letter. And now please to read aloud, if its contents are agreeable."

The Master of Arts was still intently gazing with enraptured eyes on the superscription, and read aloud: "'To the high and noble-born, the high and learned Master of Arts, Nullenbrecher, well-approved *Candidatus* of sacred theology, present.' Do your hear this?" he added, whilst opening the letter: "such is the custom among the high-born and noble. Here you may know the court-cavalier by every word."

"Only read the contents!" insisted the other, at the same time treating himself to another drink.

The Master of Arts threw himself into a chair, coughed a few times, and began to read as follows:

"High and noble Master of Arts, especially highly esteemed cousin: not finding you at the house of your intended father-in-law, and being this evening especially engaged to His Serene Highness, the Elector, I considered it best, as the subject concerning which I wished to speak with you is of pressing importance, to write you a few lines, and that, too, in the chamber of your future wife, there being neither ink nor pen to be found in any other part of the house. I only intended to inform you, high and most honored cousin, that the minister at Altleben has departed this life, and that, in consequence, a pastorate, to which I most heartily wish you may be appointed, has become vacant. It yields a considerable income, whilst its duties will occupy but a small portion of your time. I have already proposed you to His Serene Highness,

and the Elector appears very favorably disposed towards you. His Serene Highness gave me, however, to understand, that he concerned himself but little about it, and left such matters, generally, to the disposition of the Consistory. I would, therefore, advise you to pay a visit, to-morrow, to Dr. SPENER, who, at present—though we trust it may not always be so—possesses great influence. To-morrow you may report progress to me at my private lodgings, when we shall see what is to be done further. *Salut de ma part, your intended, parbleu, une belle figure!*

“Ever ready to serve you, I am,

“Your cousin,

“HANS VON LANGENDORF.”

“Success to you, my intended son-in-law,” exclaimed the artisan, as soon as Nullenbrecher had finished, and was once more viewing the superscription with a beaming countenance. “This is, indeed, glad tidings, and it becomes us to welcome it with joy.” And having said this, he rose from his chair, took a long staff from a corner behind the stove, and with it gave three loud knocks against the ceiling.

“What are you doing, friend?” exclaimed the Master of Arts, whom the noise had frightened out of his ecstasy.

“What, do you not yet know the sound of my house-bell?” said the artisan, with a cheerful smile. “Its sound, I confess, is rather dull, yet you will soon see that it has been heeded.”

And so it was; for rapid steps were soon heard upon the stairs, then in the hall, and the door opened, and a young and lovely maiden, plainly and neatly

clad, and of about eighteen summers, entered with the question: "What would you have, dear father?" But when her eyes fell upon the guest, she was frightened, and blushing deeply, cast them toward the floor, and made a motion to retire.

"Stay, Elizabeth," called out her father in a somewhat authoritative tone. "Are you afraid of Mr. Nul-lenbrecher? If you only but knew what that letter contains, which his reverence holds in his hand! But I will not betray a friend's secret. Here, my child, take this mug and fill it out of the cask on the left, second tier."

Elizabeth received the mug with reluctance. She evidently had something on her mind, but feared to give it utterance. "Is it, mayhap, too much trouble for you to go into the cellar?" said the father, angrily.

"I have not declined to go, dear father," replied Elizabeth, trembling, and with downcast eyes, "I only thought—"

"Well, what did you think?" harshly interrupted the father.

"Pardon me, dear father," answered the maiden, "I only thought you would not send me to the cellar again to-day; for this is the anniversary of my good and sainted mother's death."

"What mean you?" passionately exclaimed the father. "Do you consider it a sin to drink a glass of wine on a day like this? My maxim is, 'Let the dead rest;' also 'Live and let live.' But who has appointed you spiritual guardian over your father? Have you no more filial obedience towards me, and respect for our reverend guest here, than to make use of this kind of language?"

Elizabeth kept back the tears that were fast filling her eyes, and, taking the mug, left the room in silence.

"Ay, ay, my dear sir," said Nullenbrecher, "you feed your little lamb with the stave-bands, *makël choblim*, according to Zechariah, the eleventh. If I am not mistaken, I think I saw her weep."

"Women's tears!" ejaculated the father, ill-humor-edly, and pacing rapidly up and down the room. "My principle is, the wife must learn to obey. And you, sir, will one day thank me for having been strict. Obedient daughters make obedient wives; that's my principle. Am I to suffer myself to be reprimanded by my own child? But whose fault is it? Our court-chaplain is at the bottom of it all. He has spoiled her. But she shall henceforth no longer attend his lectures."

"In this you may be correct," said the Master of Arts. "These lectures, which are, alas, becoming daily more popular, both among high and low, old and young, are a wicked contrivance; and Elizabeth's regular attendance, both on Wednesdays and Saturdays, has long been a matter of dislike to me, and I am sorry to see that she finds pleasure in such puerilities."

"And why, sir, did you not tell me this sooner?" rejoined the father, as he remained standing before his reverend guest. "Up to this moment I did not suspect that these juvenilities would be fraught with such evil consequences to my daughter. But I am getting tired of this talk about these Pietists. I intend to have nothing more to do with them; and what is more, neither shall my family."

Just then Elizabeth entered, placed the replenished mug silently and with downcast eyes upon the table, and was in the act of retiring, when the Master of Arts detained her by saying :

“Beautiful and honored Miss, you have doubtless brought us the best of wine, royal wine in golden vessels, as it is written in the book of Esther, first chapter; for, as you entered, I saw one of your tears drop into the mug. You have done what is said in the 102d Psalm: ‘I have mingled my drink with weeping.’ There can possibly be no better aroma, real *gleucos*, new wine, from which one becomes drunken, as it is written in Acts the second.”

Nullenbrecher smiled in self-satisfaction at his success in delivering himself of this speech, a circumstance which did not often happen to him. The artisan, however, seemed to take no delight in it, and, therefore, addressed the poor girl by saying: “Elizabeth, you know me to be a kind-hearted and indulgent man, but everything has an end; that’s my principle. From this day forward I forbid you to attend SPENER’S meetings. You have outgrown all such juvenilities. Do you hear?”

The maiden cast an astonished and deprecating look upon her father, and said: “You are surely not in earnest, dear father?”

“Indeed, I am,” he rejoined with increased vehemence. “In such matters, I never jest. I want an industrious and obedient daughter in my house, but no praying woman.”

“Dear father,” said Elizabeth, attempting to take hold of his hand; “by what act of mine have I merited

such a reproof? I pray you, take back these words, and—do not deprive my poor heart of its last and only source of comfort.”

“What is that you say?” the father exclaimed, angrily. “Deprive your heart of its last and only source of comfort? Are you then unhappy in your father’s house? Am I a tyrant who robs you of your peace? This is another of those Spenerite expressions which is calculated to disturb family peace! Go! If you have really learned anything in your meetings, practise the precept, ‘To obey, is better than sacrifice.’”

“As we find it in Samuel, first chapter and fifteenth verse,” Nullenbrecher quickly interrupted: “*Obedientia melior est sacrificio.*”

“Silence, I pray you,” said the artisan, in a half-polite and half-angry manner to his guest; “and do not mar my pleasure entirely on this day!” Then, turning to his daughter, he added, “Go back to your chamber and learn the fourth commandment.”

“*Parentem utrumque honorato,*” mumbled the Master of Arts to himself, whilst Elizabeth, weeping, left the room.

“Tell me, I entreat you, sir,” continued the father, “what sort of wedded life you expect to lead, if you begin to blunder at the very outset. The wife must learn early that she is in duty bound to obey her husband, otherwise there can be no happiness on earth; that’s my principle! But we’ll let this rest. Come, now, and take a drink with me. Your name is Nullenbrecher, and this golden friend is called sorrow-extinguisher. Here’s success to you, and abundance of honor!”

“All this might, indeed, easily come to pass,” suggested the Master of Arts, after having pledged his friend in a hearty draught. “Here you may learn what an advantage it is to have distinguished, and especially noble-born connections, who are favorites of his Serene Highness, the Elector.”

“And so, to-morrow, you intend paying a visit to the father of the Pietists, as you call him?” asked Mr. Guldenmeyer, as he took another hearty draught from the sorrow-extinguisher.

“It must be done,” was the reply, “however unpleasant it may be. Altleben, you know, is a good situation, a fact of which I am not ignorant; and our much-esteemed Miss Elizabeth will, doubtless, be pleased with it. I should, of course, have been much better satisfied if my high and noble-born cousin, Herr von Langendorf, had himself finished this business with his Serene Highness, the Elector. However—”

“Do you know that an idea,” interrupted the artisan, “has just now occurred to me, which may be of benefit to you, and save you the trouble of paying a visit to the court-chaplain? I can boast of standing in high favor with our superintendent, the Rev. Dr. Carpsov. I have but lately manufactured a gold chain for his youngest daughter, with which he was greatly delighted. I’ll go and request him to prepare the way for you with the court-chaplain.”

“What are you thinking about?” replied the Master of Arts, in the greatest astonishment. “Carpsov and SPENER! What an incongruity! Day and night would much sooner mingle than these men. You may also believe me when I tell you that SPENER has

not one friend among all the clergymen of this city, and I can blame none of them for it; least of all, Dr. Carpzov. After the decease of Dr. Lucius, no one had a prior and more valid claim to the occupancy of the first ecclesiastical station in the Electorate than he, or rather his father, that eminent scholar and professor at Leipzig. But SPENER must be brought hither from Frankfurt; the Pietist was preferred to the scholar, or, in other words, the prophet was also, with us, without honor in his own country, a fact that might be established by evidences which I might adduce from my own experience, if my high and noble-born cousin, who has the honor of being the favorite of his Serene Highness, the Elector, should not succeed in procuring for me the prophet's chair, I mean the curacy of Altleben. And now it just occurs to me—do you think, my dear sir, that my much-esteemed and well-approved Miss Elizabeth would be willing to remove to Altleben?"

"You do me great honor, great honor," exclaimed the artisan, who was beginning to feel the effects of the wine. "Drink, noble son, to a happy marriage with my daughter! But take my advice, and do not indulge her too much. She is really at heart a good girl, but has, like all other women, somewhat of a propensity for complaining and shedding tears, and seems determined to go to heaven by singing and praying. As to her dowry—well, you shall find that you are the son-in-law of the goldsmith Guldenmeyer. But how do you stand with my daughter?"

"Very well, I think," replied the other, vainly endeavoring to keep his tongue from stammering.

“She is as yet only a little shy and bashful, like a fond little turtle-dove in the clefts of the rock, and in the secret places of the stairs, as it is written in the Song of Solomon concerning Christ’s bride; for she has, whenever I made any tender advances towards her, thus far refused to turn her soft eyes upon me.”

“Ay, ay, my dear Mr. Nullenbrecher,” said the goldsmith laughing; “I see, you have been advancing a little too modestly and without showing sufficient tact. You must change your course, and that soon; yes, even this very day, especially since your expectations are so near being realized. If you have no objection, my son, we will celebrate your betrothal this very day.”

“My heart trembles with joy,” replied the Master of Arts, whilst a flash of light shot from his little eyes, “I feel like the children of Israel when Moses declared unto them the words of the covenant, as we find them in Deuteronomy: ‘The Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing eyes and sorrow of mind.’”

“Take this, then, and drown the sorrow of your mind,” suggested the goldsmith, handing him the mug. And, rising from his seat, he took hold of his wooden bell in the corner with an unsteady hand, and with it gave the three significant thumps against the ceiling.

“Do you think your little daughter will come down?” asked Nullenbrecher. “You sent her away, awhile ago, rather harshly.”

“You shall see directly, my right reverend son,” replied Guldenmeyer, throwing himself again some-

what awkwardly into his arm-chair. "My child," he continued, "is a good and obedient child. To obey is better than sacrifice; that's my principle. Only you present your suit in a neat and becoming manner, as you always do. My blessing I have already given you."

"As Isaac says to Esau, in Genesis," added the Master of Arts, and, hearing steps on the stairs, he hastily adjusted his wig, which had become somewhat deranged during their animated discourse.

Elizabeth entered, endeavoring, in vain, to conceal that she had been weeping, by keeping her blood-shot eyes fixed upon the floor. "You have called me, dear father," she said, remaining standing near the door.

"Come nearer, my child," exclaimed the father, "come nearer to me. You know, Elizabeth, I love you with all my heart; for you are my *only* child."

"Does your heart not think of my brother, also?" asked Elizabeth.

"Of George?" repeated the artisan, his wine-flushed countenance suddenly assuming a lowering and confused expression; "of your brother George? When I call you my only child, I mean, of course, that George is abroad, where he is, doubtless, better contented than he would be with us. He is, perhaps, this very day, making merry either in Rome or Naples, or wherever else he may be lounging about, the frivolous fellow."

"Are you angry with him?" asked the daughter, who seemed determined to prevent the Master of Arts from taking part in the conversation. "In his last letter, which was written at Florence, he holds out the hope of a speedy return."

“You are, then, keeping up a frequent correspondence,” said the father, with a sullen look, as he raised himself, with some difficulty, from his chair, in order to pace across the room.

“Not more frequent than you yourself know,” replied Elizabeth.

“Well, never mind this now,” rejoined the father. “I did not call you for the purpose of speaking to you about your brother George, but because our noble and right reverend guest, Mr. Nullenbrecher, has something to say to you. And now,” turning to him, he added, “you must speak for yourself, and allow me to resume my seat; for wine possesses the singular virtue of making the heart light and the body heavy.”

Elizabeth’s countenance became, suddenly, flushed with a crimson color, and a slight trembling of her hands betrayed the deep agitation of her mind. Nullenbrecher, however, rose, moved his left foot a little backwards, whilst making a graceful forward inclination with his head, drew his right foot after it, and commenced by saying, “Honored and esteemed, honored and most virtuous Miss Elizabeth! you know it is written in Genesis the 2d, verse 18—‘It is not good that man should be alone.’ Now it must be confessed that the Hebrew word *Adam* is not often so applied as to mean simply *a man*, though *kohcleth* 7, *Adam* stand undoubtedly for *isch*—that is, *a man*, and Luther should have so translated it; it is evident that in this passage, namely, in Genesis 2, v. 18, *Adam* stands for *isch*, especially since *Eva* or rather *Heva*, that is *life*, because it ought to be pronounced *chava*, a mistake which Luther copied after the *Vulgata*, which got it

from the *Septuaginta*—thus, then, for this reason, I say, because *Eva*—to abide by the customary expression—was at that time not even created, and, consequently, in using the word *Adam*, a *man* could only have been meant. Accordingly the entire passage may be rendered thus: ‘It is not good that the man be alone’—a rendering which conveys a meaning highly honorable to women.”

Having thus delivered himself, the Master of Arts paused, and cast an inquiring look upon Elizabeth, doubtless for the purpose of seeing what an impression his polite and learned speech had made upon her. But the poor girl stood before her learned companion like one spell-bound. At first the violent beating of her heart had forced her to drop her eyes to the floor; but as she listened to his learned harangue, she gradually regained her self-possession, and looking innocently up into his face, said, “Right reverend sir, you may laugh at my stupidity, but really I do not understand you.”

Just as Nullenbrecher, with a degree of patience unusual to him, was about commencing a repetition of his sermon, there was heard, in the direction of the corner where the arm-chair was standing, a sharp, nasal sound, which repeated at regular intervals sounded very like a snore. The weary head of the worthy artisan had sunk upon his breast, whilst his hands lay folded across his well-fed body.

Mr. Guldenmeyer was indulging in a sound sleep; an unfavorable omen for the expected betrothal, and, for the time being, painful to the maiden, who, under the circumstances, now considered herself as good as

alone with her unwelcome wooer. Nevertheless, this circumstance only tended to inspire her with the necessary courage. She knew that she must now rely upon herself, and, though her words and actions bore on all other occasions the stamp of innocence and good humor, she was also naturally of a somewhat playful disposition, and knew, when occasion required, and without bitterness, how to make good use of it. Already had her answer, that she could not understand the Master of Arts, betrayed her humor, in so far as she knew perfectly well what his frequent visits meant. That, however, her father had already given away her hand to him, she knew not, because he had considered it best to do so by virtue of his parental authority, without her knowledge and consent. Whilst, therefore, she was approaching the arm-chair, as if to put herself under its protection, her discreet suitor continued:

“Highly respectable, honored and most virtuous Miss! If the rendering of that passage be correct, and if every one is at liberty to apply to himself the declaration it contains, you will allow me to make use of a slight privilege, in which case the citation from Genesis—I mean the first book of the *Pentateuch*—will read, ‘It is not good that I am alone.’”

“Nor are you alone, sir,” replied she. “But allow me to put a pillow under my father’s back; his head seems very uncomfortable. My dear father knows that he cannot bear much wine, and yet he has forgotten himself to-day. I hope it will not injure him, sir?”

“Oh, no, *minime gentium*,” assured the Master of Arts. “This is a very natural connexion of things,

which we already find in the case of Lot, Genesis the 19th. But to return again to Genesis the 2d, verse 18. I think I told you, most honored and virtuous Miss Elizabeth, that I was fully justified in applying that passage to myself, just as if it read, '*Lo thou hejot ani lebadi.*' Now if this rendering——"

"But, I pray you, remember," interrupted the maiden, "you are such a very learned man, that you can have no idea how utterly impossible it is for a simple maiden like myself to comprehend your learning."

"I wish to show you," continued the indefatigable suitor, "that I have established upon the authority of that passage from the Bible, as is proper that a *Theologian* should do, not only my loneliness, but also the distastefulness of it to me, especially with reference to my future residence in Altleben. If, therefore——"

But our poor Master of Arts was not permitted to gain his end this time. A knock being heard at the door, Elizabeth started with affright, and sought refuge behind her father's chair. "Please go and see who knocked," she begged her unfortunate suitor. But before he could reach the door, it opened, and a young man entered.

"George, my brother George!" exclaimed Elizabeth, and flew into his arms. "Angel, sent to me by God just in the hour of need," she continued, and tears coursed down her cheeks.

"My beloved, my dear Elizabeth," said George, in broken accents, "my cherished sister, how have I longed to see you again. Thanks to God a thousand times that I meet you in health. But," he added, as his eye fell suddenly upon the sleeper, who had not

been in the least disturbed. "What is this? Is our father sick?"

"No," replied the sister; "compose yourself; father has taken his afternoon nap, to-day, a little later than usual. Is it not so, sir?"

But before the Master of Arts, who had opened his little black eyes as wide as possible, when he had made the disagreeable discovery that the newly-arrived individual was an old, or rather a new, acquaintance, was able to return an answer, George turned to him and said:

"Ay, Mr. Nullenbrecher, do we meet again here? I, of course, do not know," he suddenly added, in an altered tone, and with a displeased expression of countenance, "how it happens that you are here alone with my sister! Am I intruding?"

"Brother!" exclaimed Elizabeth, hiding her face on his breast; "George, why this bitter drop in the cup of my joy?"

"It was not my intention to give you pain," said George, caressingly, kissing her brow.

"You shall know all," she whispered to him, taking him by the hand and drawing him nearer to where the father was seated, who now exhibited some signs of awakening. But he only changed his position to a more easy one, and continued his nap.

The Master of Arts now began to feel that any further progress towards his betrothal was, at least for the present, at an end. The entrance of George, who had witnessed his discomfiture and flight from the Inn at Lockwitz, was anything but agreeable to him. He therefore took his hat and cane and said, "Most hon-

ored Miss, at another time I may find an opportunity to resume the subject, where to-day it has been broken off. Remember me kindly to Mr. Guldenmeyer, your much beloved father. And you, too, Mr. George Guldenmeyer, accept my most respectful compliments. My departure will be accounted to me for pain, as may be read in the Book of Wisdom." And with a polite bow, he left the room.

What happened further in the house of the goldsmith will be related hereafter.. At present we must follow our somewhat crest-fallen Master of Arts, Nullenbrecher, who found a healing balm for all his wounds in thinking of his cousin, the favorite of His Electoral Highness, the noble Herr von Langendorf.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INTERVIEW.

“This is a true saying, if a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work. A bishop then must be blameless.”—1 Tim. iii. 1, 2.

THERE is a sort of courage which exhibits itself towards those whom we regard as our inferiors, that is, a sort of intellectual superciliousness, but which is often by a single word converted into pusillanimity. With such a feeling of imagined superiority do we find our Master of Arts, Mr. Nullenbrecher, on the afternoon of the following day, standing in the ante-chamber of the parsonage near George's gate, in Schlosse Street, opposite the royal chapel of the widowed Electress, Anna Sophia, where at that time the court-chaplain resided.

With Nullenbrecher's external self, a marked change had taken place. Instead of the embroidered neckerchief, upon which he at other times so much prided himself, he now wore one exceedingly plain, and perfectly free from all ornament; his wig was so short that it might almost have been called shabby, and in place of his gilded shoe-buckles, which he had invariably worn on special occasions, his shoes boasted only of a pair of very unpretending silver ones. Mr. Rothner, Dr. SPENER's amanuensis and private secretary, who received and showed Nullenbrecher the door of the room in which SPENER was accustomed to receive

his visitors, was this time favored with an exceedingly courteous salutation.

“Will you not first announce me to his right-reverend magnificence?” asked Nullenbrecher.

“That is not necessary,” replied Rothner, “you have just arrived at the hour in which the Doctor has requested that all who wish to see him shall be admitted.”

“But,” objected Nullenbrecher, courteously, “I do not know whether his right reverend magnificence has any personal knowledge of me; had you not better first announce my name?”

“That is also not necessary,” was the reply. “You will know best how to announce yourself. Only knock.” And bowing politely, Rothner withdrew to another room.

Our distinguished friend being thus left alone, became somewhat disconcerted, and felt undecided what to do; though out of doors he was ever ready to sit in judgment upon the court-chaplain, now, when he was about to meet one of the most decried, but nevertheless also one of the best and most sincerely esteemed among his contemporaries, his courage forsook him. He first took a survey, as far as possible, of his corporeal self, adjusted once more his wig and neckerchief, and then gave a scarcely audible knock at the door. Notwithstanding, a voice from within called out, “Come in!” Nullenbrecher hesitated, when the door opened, and the noble and truly venerable SPENER, dressed in a plain morning gown, his head covered with a black skull-cap, from beneath which protruded his beautiful hair in natural curls, made his

appearance, and with a countenance radiant with kindness and unaffected affability said, "Come in, dear sir."

Now although Mr. Nullenbrecher had carefully studied the speech he had intended to make, his tongue, nevertheless, refused him utterance, and he remained silent and embarrassed.

"Take a seat," continued SPENER, pointing to a chair. "And what is it that has brought you to me?"

"Right reverend Magnificence," now stammered the Master of Arts. "Since your—"

"Pardon me," here SPENER interrupted him in a tone of mild earnestness, "that I so soon find fault with you. I cannot permit you to address me by such titles, which in reality should not be applied to any man, and least of all to me. If you choose to give me a title, you may in that case address me as the Elector's court chaplain, or if you prefer it, as Doctor of Divinity; at least I endeavor to the best of my ability, to become one step by step. What station do you occupy? You seem to be a clergyman."

"I am indeed a *Candidatus Ministerii* and Master of the liberal Arts," replied Nullenbrecher, at the same time rising from his chair, "but the time having arrived, that I should assume the responsibilities and dignity of the sacred office, and since my high and noble-born cousin, Herr von Langendorf, the favorite of his Electoral Highness, has informed me, per letter, that the pastor of Altleben is deceased, I have come —"

"To apply for that post?" SPENER again broke in, at this time with more interest than before.

“Certainly!” replied Nullenbrecher, bowing as politely as it was possible for him to do. SPENER shook his head with a painful smile and paced silently up and down the room. Then pausing before the petitioner, he said, “Keep your seat, sir! keep your seat. Let not my standing offend you. I do it on account of my health. Constant sitting at my writing desk compresses my chest, and a little exercise is therefore occasionally necessary. Be seated, then; we will continue our conversation in reference to your request a little longer.”

Whilst Nullenbrecher was thus obliged to resume his seat, SPENER commenced his walk up and down the room, and continued it with few exceptions during their entire colloquy. “Are your parents still living?” he said.

“My father has* been dead for many years,” replied the Master of Arts, “but my mother, who is a descendant of the noble house of Langendorf, in consequence of which the favorite of his Electoral Highness is my high and noble-born and much-esteemed cousin; yes, my mother, a pious, godly woman, still lives.”

“You may esteem yourself happy,” said SPENER, “at being able to award this tribute of praise to your mother, and you call to mind the image of my own good, sainted mother. I look upon a pious mother as the child’s visible angel; her eye keeps the most faithful vigils of any on earth over the child’s cradle, and indeed, over its whole future life. She possesses the power of sowing deepest the seed of the Word of God. A boy, that has been reared without the attention and guidance of a pious mother, can only with difficulty

acquire in after life that true spirit of piety which is the Christian's most precious ornament. A boy, whom his parents design setting apart for the ministry, should be separated from the vain things of this world, while yet in his cradle, so that the chief end and aim of his life, his future calling, may ever be present to his mind. How long is it since you determined to devote yourself to the Gospel ministry?"

Nullenbrecher, in order to appear to better advantage, felt himself obliged to resort to a falsehood; for the truth was, that he had only fully determined upon assuming the gown after he had entered the University, having first, guided by various selfish and ambitious considerations, manifested a preference for jurisprudence; and when he finally determined in favor of theology, it was done only because he hoped that his semi-nobility, together with the influence of his high and noble-born cousin, the favorite of his Electoral Highness, would advance him so much more speedily to honor and dignity. "It was a long time ago," was his answer, "inasmuch as my pious mother has reared me with a view to the ministry."

"God bless your mother!" said SPENER, who, in his exceeding good nature and honesty, never once thought of the possibility of being deceived, and who, besides, possessed so little knowledge of the world, that he understood correctly but seldom, or perhaps never, even strongly-marked characters. "A minister," he continued, "cannot, I repeat it, begin too early to inure himself to the leading of a pure, moral life. Our calling directs us to a more constant employment with heavenly and eternal things—to a more thorough

contemplation of the Holy Scriptures, and to a greater frequency in prayer, than does that of any among those of our brethren who are committed to our care, so that we stand only too much in need of the divine protection and consolation. For the minister is to become an example to his congregation, and must therefore avoid everything that might prove a stumbling-block to them. If he find this denying of self continue difficult, then he is not fit to be a minister, just because he cannot be an example to others. Or if he does deny himself, but complains on account of it, or claims for himself any special merit, because he, for Christ's sake, does not love the world and its lusts, he had better not seek the ministerial office at all, or relinquish it, if he has already entered the ministry, and learn first to love Christ before he attempts to preach love to Christ. For every servant of the Word of God must submit to the rule which Paul has laid down in the words. 'All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any.' How do you explain this passage, sir?"

This question took Nullenbrecher by surprise. The practical exposition of a passage of Scripture did not seem to be his forte. But he soon collected himself, and proud with the pleasure that he could let his light shine, replied, "*Panta moi exestin, all' ou panta sympherei.*" 1 Cor. vi. *Sympherein* properly means to carry together; also to carry, *comportare, simul portare*, as it is also used in *Acta Actorum—Actorum.*"

"You mean," said SPENER, smiling, prompting him, "that passage in the Acts of the Apostles, where it is

related that many of them that had used curious arts—”

“*Ta pericrga praxantes,*” interrupted Nullenbrecher.

SPENER, who had here expected no interruption, manifested surprise, discontinued his walk, and gazed silently and earnestly at the Master, so that, for a few minutes, deep silence reigned. Then he resumed his walk, and said quietly, yet with dignity: “Master Nullenbrecher, believe me, it is not my intention to subject you to a learned examination; but I only wished to assure myself of the manner in which you, who design to take charge of a congregation, would explain the Scriptures to the people. Therefore, allow me to repeat my former question. How do you understand that passage from Paul which you correctly quoted as being found in the sixth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians?”

Nullenbrecher, with downcast eyes, hesitated for some time with his answer. Then he said, rather despondingly: “*Exousiazesthai* means, in *potestatem redigi*, to be brought under subjection, *i. e.*, we are not to permit ourselves to be subjugated by anything.”

SPENER shook his head, remained again standing before the Master, and said, with an almost melancholy smile: “My dear sir, you prove by your explanation just the reverse, inasmuch as you permit yourself to be so completely subjugated by your learning that you are unable to enter into the true spirit itself. All knowledge, sir, all learning, is dead and useless, as long as it does not impart true life to the heart, or promote the cause of practical Christianity. The minister is called to preach the gospel to the poor. On

the rostrum science may pursue its course, for there knowledge is in its proper place; but the Church stands in need of a holy and active faith. If you will not take it amiss, I will endeavor to explain to you what I understand by the practical exposition of this passage."

And after having again resumed his walk up and down the room, he said: "That which thousands may do, without any one thinking it amiss of them, the minister might do also, but had better not do. Thus, for instance, if any one else should go once a week, or even once a day, to an inn, and drink his glass of beer or wine, no one would take offence at it, provided his circumstances permit it and he conduct himself withal in a proper and becoming manner.* Why could the minister of the gospel not do likewise? For, granting that the thing, in itself considered, is, in reality, not sinful, or for argument, even allowing that health requires a stimulant after the performance of arduous toil;—yet what would the members of a congregation say of the minister who should, in company with them, visit places of worldly pleasure? The place does not do it, my dear sir; neither does beer or wine, nor the coat he wears, but the office he holds. And though the minister should sit ever so well behaved and becomingly before his glass—and though he should only take half as much as every other temperate man

* The reader will bear in mind that the scene of our story is laid in *the seventeenth century*, and that the German places of public entertainment are vastly different from the drinking establishments of our own country. In the former there are no bar-rooms such as we find here, where liquors are displayed before the guest, but only guest-rooms, where men assemble and call for whatever refreshment they wish.

enjoys; yea, though he should, whilst thus indulging, even engage in an instructive and edifying conversation, he would still become a stone of stumbling to his people. For would not then the presence of the minister in the drinking-room be an invitation to his entire congregation to imitate his example? And must not these be offended that the same hand which, at the altar, blesses the bread and wine, offers in the bar-room, the glass in a welcome draught to others? Wine is a mocker, says Solomon, and may cause even the best of men to say, if not positively wicked, at least foolish things. But a foolish word spoken in a drinking-room does not remain there, but goes from house to house, and gains, by the fact of its having been uttered in the presence of the minister, the seal of special importance. And how is the minister to act on such occasions? Is he to smile at them? Certainly not; for even the appearance of taking pleasure therein throws, in the eyes of the people, a shadow upon his earnest preaching of the Cross in the sanctuary. Or is he to reprove them? Still less; for a foolish word will, if assailed, call forth seven other foolish words—and it shall be worse than it was at first. Or is he to remain indifferent, as if he had not heard them? Who will believe that he who has ears does not hear? To sum up, all things are indeed lawful unto the minister, but all things are not expedient. Therefore the minister acts much more wisely and advantageously if he goes into the Lord's Inn;—I mean, out into the woods and fields, up upon the mountains, and down into the valley. There heaven and earth are uttering only good words, to which one dare listen. Do you agree with me, Sir Master?"

The disconcerted Nullenbrecher looked as if sitting on burning coals. To him it seemed as though SPENER had looked into his very heart, and there read that it was just in this very particular that he did not put such a rigid construction on that passage. He did, indeed, console himself with the thought that he was personally unknown to the Doctor; yea, that he had so far not even asked him his name; but he felt, from his accusing conscience, that, in order to accomplish the object for which he had come, it would be best again to resort to a white lie. "Well and highly honored Doctor," he said, rising from his seat, "your words have deeply affected me, and, at the same time, afforded me solace in view of the numerous attacks by my colleagues, who have frequently found fault with me on account of my retired mode of life."

"Let not that trouble you," continued SPENER, soothingly, asking him again to be seated. "It is true, the words of a tale-bearer, says Solomon, are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly; but I, for my part, hold to the words of Paul, where he says: 'Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth.' Think you, Master, that I am suffered to remain unmolested? If I would have regulated my life and actions according to the opinions of the world, I should have been obliged to have renounced just that in which I regard myself to be most engaged in the service of Christ and my brethren, and which has hitherto crowned my labors with the happiest results. I mean the catechetical examina, of which evil-disposed men say, that they indeed became a school-

master, but not me, the court-chaplain. Will you, when once in charge of a congregation, entertain a like opinion?"

Nullenbrecher cast down his eyes. He scarcely entertained a doubt of SPENER intending these remarks for his special benefit. If, he thought to himself, it were really known to the court-chaplain that he was one of his bitterest defamers, his prospects, in regard to the rich pastorate at Altleben, were at an end. And yet there was, withal, so much kindness and unaffected tenderness in the Doctor's tone, that he again took courage and replied: "Well and highly esteemed Doctor, you have accomplished so much good by your catechetical examina, that your name is mentioned throughout the entire holy Roman empire with reverence and respect."

"This is not what I wished to know," rejoined SPENER. "I simply desired an assurance on your part, to the effect, that when once engaged as pastor, you will not look upon catechetical examina, as being an employment only fit for a schoolmaster."

"Certainly not!" answered the Master. "Certainly not. It happened only yesterday that I had occasion to vigorously repel such attacks directed against your most blessed work. It is painful to reflect that the good ever meets with more opposition than the evil."

"And why?" asked SPENER. "The good meets but seldom with opposition, on the ground of its not being recognized as such; but most of the obstacles that impede its progress, are thrown into its way by those who, instigated by pride, or offended vanity, or love of ease, or the fear of sustaining temporal loss, decline to

co-operate in its promotion; and then, in order to conceal from the world the true reason of their opposition, these calumniators betake themselves to all sorts of objections, which they raise ostensibly against the cause to be promoted, but really against the individual who endeavors to promote it. This evidences a great perverseness of human nature, which can only be successfully opposed by the Spirit of God, who works in us both to will and to do. If ministers, in all this, do not always succeed in setting a good example, the blame, though much they may attempt to throw it on the world, will yet most attach to themselves, because they either do not select or refuse to employ the proper means for that purpose, and especially also because they are, in their whole life and conduct, so completely entangled in the ordinary concerns of the world, that they cannot assail it, without, at the same time, assailing themselves. This applies more especially to the cultivation of too close an intimacy with the rich, who are addicted to worldly pleasure, to the participation in their social banquets and luxurious pleasures of every kind, such as extravagance in dress, as well as in the expensive arrangement of their domestic establishments generally. Now, it will also be your vocation, my dear sir, some day, to set in all this a good example to your congregation. Have you well considered this subject, and are you, in regard to it, of my opinion?"

"Entirely so, most honored Doctor," replied Nul-lenbrecher, whilst putting his hand to his plain, unembroidered neckerchief.

SPENER now took a few turns up and down the

room, and then halting suddenly before the candidate, asked; "Do you feel within yourself any inclination to covetousness?"

Nullenbrecher again cast down his eyes, as if he had become aware of how severely his conscience condemned him, but extricated himself by means of his learning, and replied: "Beware of covetousness, *phylassesthe apo tâs pleonxias*, as we find in Luke the 12th."

"Very true," said SPENER, "for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. Believe me, dear Master, no one has greater cause for bewareing of covetousness, and of every and all appearance of greediness, than the minister of the gospel. I am certain that the world would sooner pardon in a clergyman any other fault than that of covetousness. For money is such a sensuous, and, in itself considered, such a very insignificant thing, that the inordinate desire for its possession is most disgraceful to him whose duty it is to preach about those treasures which moth and rust do not corrupt. True, the minister, in common with the rest of the world, cannot live without money, but he should endeavor to be content with a penny where another one spends a shilling. The minister should look, first of all to God, then to his church, and if after that anything remains, he may also think of his family and of himself. For, dear sir, the minister is never to be concerned about leaving his heirs earthly treasures, but only to be useful to the souls confided to him; and he should write upon the very door-posts of his heart the prayer, that the mere suspicion of covetousness may not rob him of the con-

fidence of his flock. Do you know, sir, what I have ever most deeply regretted in a minister? It is, when he involves himself in litigations and lawsuits for the sake of worldly possessions. I hold, that rather than do this, an honest clergymen would yield a part, or, if need be, the whole of his claim. God will not permit His faithful servant to suffer want, but help him bear the burden He lays upon Him. The Kingdom of Christ, in which we have been called to serve, is not of this world; it can, therefore, also not be becoming in the minister to contend about temporal things; for he has an abundance, if supplied with what he needs, and this need be very little, if we choose. Our standing never depends upon that which the world regards as necessary, but upon the one thing needful to us as ministers, as pastors, and as examples to the church, namely, upon the preservation of the dignity of our sacred office, and the power of the Word of God which we preach."

As the court-chaplain said this, his countenance was lighted up by a holy fervor, and from his eyes beamed the light of a soul, happy in God, so that even though the poignancy, which his words here and there possessed, might, indeed, inflict a wound, yet they could not excite any feelings of animosity and bitterness. The tone of his voice was as mild as his soul was calm, and every expression and gesture bore evidence of the most inoffensive frankness. Such, however, seemed not to be the case with the Master: a transient shade of anger flitted over his countenance; and then, as if sensible of the danger in regard to his future prospects, his features assumed again the most humble

smile. SPENER himself may have been apprehensive of perhaps having wounded the feelings of his visitor, and therefore turned again to him with the remark: "Dear Master, I do not know your opinion; yet whatever it may be, I hope you will receive, kindly, my well-meant and friendly remarks. You called me, awhile ago, 'Right reverend magnificence;' I repeat to you, I, least of all, am worthy of such vain, honorary titles. You may believe me, that, in examining myself, I am often frightened, when I compare that which I ought to be, with that which I am."

SPENER'S eyes gave evidence of deep sorrow; he had laid his folded hands upon his breast, and a slight motion of his lips appeared to indicate that he was engaged in silent prayer to God. For a few minutes deep silence reigned throughout the room, which Nul-lenbrecher had not the courage to break, although he burned for an opportunity to present his request to the Doctor, in the speech which he had prepared before his coming. However, the opportunity again passed by, for SPENER resumed: "You have prepared yourself for the pastoral office; do not forget, dear sir, that you cannot prepare yourself too well for the worthy discharge of its sacred duties. I would particularly recommend to you an attentive perusal of the Holy Scriptures, with a devout mind, uninfluenced by the wisdom of this world, and, with fervent and constant prayer, which does not only wonderfully comfort, but also supplies our souls with an abundance of holy energy, and, in every temptation with persevering courage."

As SPENER here ceased, and resumed his chair,

Nullenbrecher regarded it as a sign for him to retire. He rose with a somewhat hesitating manner (for there had, as yet, nothing been said about the pastorate at Altleben), and cast a half-inquiring and half-timid look toward the court-chaplain, who rising again from his chair, went to the Master, offered him his hand, and said: "Pardon me, dear sir, if I have wounded you in anything I have said; it surely was unintentional. Prove it to me, by occasionally paying me a visit. At this hour, you shall daily be welcome."

Nullenbrecher had risen and bowed most humbly to the court-chaplain. Should he leave, without having his object accomplished? He took courage and said: "Very and Right Reverend Doctor, since the pastor at Altleben has died a blessed death, and since the place thus vacated cannot remain unprovided for, I—"

"Dear Master," somewhat earnestly rejoined SPENER, "I wish you had not again reminded me of this. Since, however, you have done so, I will openly and honestly tell you my opinion in regard to it. As to the situation at Altleben, you need not, as far as my influence is concerned, entertain any hope. Not, indeed, because I have any objections to urge against your doctrinal position, or against your walk and conversation (for I see you now only for the first time, and do not even know your name), but for other reasons, which I will state to you. The ministry of reconciliation does not come from men, but from God who controls the hearts and minds of men. Now, though I do not, under certain circumstances, regard any one modestly offering himself as absolutely objectionable, I yet do

not, as a general thing, like to see a minister obtaining a charge by these means, much less would I consent to aid him in so doing."

Nullenbrecher was as one petrified; he pulled at his unembroidered neckerchief, and betrayed, by the quick working of his features, that this candor was as unpleasant to him as it had been unexpected. But SPENER, who had not the remotest idea of wounding the man's feelings, continued calmly, and in a tone of mildness: "My view, in regard to the matter, is this: let every one foster and improve faithfully, carefully, and prayerfully the talents with which he has been endowed; let him never esteem himself worthy of a situation, but, instead of this, call upon God, in the simplicity of his heart, for the sanctification of his studies and their profitable application, and then leave the manner of his preferment entirely to the Lord, waiting humbly till He advance him. For, believe me, dear sir, God forgets no one who has properly prepared himself to be His servant. Pay me an occasional visit, so that we may mutually become better acquainted. Your time will come too. Meanwhile, I would like to note down your name; will you be kind enough, sir, to favor me with it?"

The face of the candidate turned first pale and then crimson; as he finally said hesitatingly and with down-cast eyes, "My name is Nullenbrecher, Master of Arts."

"Nullenbrecher?" repeated SPENER, beginning to reflect. "It seems to me, as if some one had only recently mentioned this name to me! Only yesterday, if I mistake not, as I was returning to Dresden, from a short visitation tour! Yes, I believe, the young

artist, whom I took with me, mentioned your name to me. I also just now recollect that the President of the consistory has already spoken to me about you, with the assurance, however, that he has no personal acquaintance with you. Now go, Peace be with you, Master Nullenbrecher, and I shall be pleased to have you call soon again."

Nullenbrecher, in consequence of the working of his features, presented a strange mixture of shame, vexation, rage, and forced respect due the court-chaplain, as the head of the evangelical ministry of Electoral Saxony. Silently, and with a scarcely perceptible bow, he left the room; and what kind of fruit this visit bore him, we shall see hereafter.

CHAPTER V.

A PEEP INTO THE HOUSE AND HEART.

“Which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing, or else excusing one another.”—Rom. ii. 15.

WE will again return to the house of Mr. Guldenmeyer. Within a small chamber on the ground floor, which commended itself at once to the heart and mind of the visitor by its neatness and cleanliness, we behold Elizabeth, buried in deep thought. Her features betrayed neither the emotions of joy nor of sorrow, and yet her bosom heaved, as if something disturbed her greatly. She had taken up “Arndt’s True Christianity,” her usual companion in trouble, a book, at that time, to be found in every Christian family, and, as SPENER had highly recommended it, exceedingly popular. She attempted to read, but her eyes wandered unsteadily over its pages. “I cannot read,” she at length exclaimed; “my anxiety, and—why should I hide it from myself?—my joy is too great. Why did the wicked old man reveal it to me? It would have been better for my peace of mind if I had never known it.”

Just at this time the sound of foot-steps was heard in the hall. “Dear me,” she exclaimed, “if this should be he! And yet no one but himself would dare to venture within my chamber.”

The door opened, and George entered, and, hastening

towards her, exclaimed: "The few hours during which I have been separated from you, dear Elizabeth, have almost seemed an eternity to me! Are you really deserving of such love?" he added, attempting at the same time, to embrace his sister, whilst the deepest crimson mantled her face. She, however, timidly retreated. "What," continued George, "is this the answer to my question?"

Bright tears fell from Elizabeth's eyes, and, without looking up she replied, in a trembling voice, "George, if you—if you love me, leave me now! Leave me! I beseech you, George, go! I shall, by the help of God, soon be more calm."

George stood still as if petrified. At length he exclaimed: "What does all this mean? Has any misfortune befallen you, Elizabeth?"

"No, no!" she replied; "and yet it is not much else. Please, George, leave me. Some day, perhaps, you may know all."

"And why not now?" persisted George, in a sorrowful tone. "Has the brother become a stranger to you? Has my absence deprived me of my right to your confidence? or have I ceased to be worthy of it? Is it possible, Elizabeth, that you should regard me with distrust?"

"God preserve me from committing such a wrong," replied the maiden. "But, if you have any pity for me, leave me alone for the present. It is all too new to me yet. Go, dear George, go!"

George moved towards the door; but, turning back again, he said, in a tone full of the deepest sorrow, "Elizabeth, if you knew how dearly I love you, you

could not cause me so much pain. How often, when pursuing my solitary journeying in distant lands, how often, when in fair Italy, I gazed with rapture upon its landscape, its seas and sky, my thoughts would revert again and again to my far-off home, into your little chamber, to you, and I would ask myself, 'Is her heart as full of you as is yours full of her?' I held a holiday as often as I received a letter from you, reading it daily for weeks, and carrying it about with me much oftener than I did my prayer-book. Besides this, the only way I could remember you was in my prayers to God, that He might ever preserve to me my sister's love. Returning, I traveled with the greatest speed, for I thought, 'every mile further on my way brings me one mile nearer to my dear sister Elizabeth.' And now, since your presence has calmed all my anxious thoughts—now, that I, with conscious pride, know myself your brother—now, that I study, day and night, how I may please you and render you happy and contented—now it is that your heart repulses me, and rears a wall of distrust between us. Elizabeth, you know not how deeply you grieve me."

"You know not how greatly you wrong me," replied Elizabeth. "You shall know all, only do not insist upon it now."

"I know," continued George, "what makes you so reserved towards me. Master Nullenbrecher has been appointed to the pastorate at Altleben. He is a distinguished and learned gentleman, is regarded with high favor by our father, whose will, I know, you esteem sacred."

Elizabeth looked at her brother with surprise and

astonishment, and attempted a reply, but only shook her head, and, with a painful smile, cast her eyes to the floor and remained silent.

“Elizabeth,” exclaimed George, approaching nearer to her, “you do not love Master Nullenbrecher, and I am again satisfied with you. But how could I, even for a single moment, have given way to the idea, that your pure, chaste and pious soul could have found pleasure in the ostentatious displays of that vain, presumptuous and heartless man? You, SPENER’S most faithful pupil; he, the most malicious traducer of that worthy and good man’s life and labors! No; it would be easier to reconcile day with night, than to harmonize your soul and his. And now, dear sister, since trouble has been removed, will you not tell me what misfortune has befallen you?”

“Do not urge me,” answered the sister; “for, even though I could persuade myself to tell you my secret, I would still not dare to do it; for he who imparted it to me, forbade it, and I feel that he has acted well in so doing.”

“Who has imparted it to you?” continued the indefatigable and unsatisfied brother. “Father? Yet, what secret could the father have between his children? Hold, now I have it. During my absence the Lockwitz school master has been with you; the maid told me so. It was he, Elizabeth.”

Elizabeth blushed deeply, and returned a scarcely audible affirmative to the inquisitive questioner.

“What possible secret can this man have to communicate to you?” said the brother. “Much as I respect him; yea, much as, notwithstanding the short-

ness of our acquaintance, my affections incline with unusual and unaccountable fervor towards him, as little am I pleased with him for playing the secret-monger between sister and brother. I shall hunt him up immediately, and call him to account. I know the house where he puts up when in the city. I must see him, though I should have to go to Lockwitz."

"You will not do it, George," importuned the maiden. "Will you not believe me, if I tell you, that some day you shall know all? And that you may know that I wish to conceal nothing from you of all that weighs upon my heart, I will tell you something, of which you never had even so much as a presentiment. I dare say, George, you have always regarded father as being a very rich man."

"And is he not?" asked George, in surprise.

"He was," she replied. "Alas! dear George, during your absence, many changes have taken place in our house, which changes were not always for the best. I fear there are dark days before us—before me. I have made a discovery, which fills me with very grave apprehensions."

George held his breath, in anxious expectation, and exclaimed, "Go on, go on!"

"You do not yet know," continued the maiden, "that, since the death of our dear, blessed mother, our household has been going backward, instead of forward. This might seriously reflect upon myself, who, from the time of the occurrence of that, to me, more than mournful event, have had the entire charge of the house; but I assure you that I am not so much to blame; though, since I know how it stands with

father, I cannot but blame myself somewhat. Father is good; but, God forgive me for saying it, almost too good, too careless of the future."

Do you refer to his future beyond the grave?" asked the brother, interrupting her. "Our father (may I be pardoned,) did not always think much of the word of God."

"I was not thinking of that just now," she replied, "though I know only too well that this *want* of genuine Christian piety, which sanctifies men's thoughts and dispositions, has become to him the source of *another* want. Formerly, when father attended to the shop himself, working from morning till night, all went well. His work passed for the best in the city; he had more customers than he could well attend to. But, since our blessed mother's death, all this has been changed. He enters the shop but seldom, and leaves everything to unskillful journeymen, by which means his earnings day by day grow less, because the work daily grows poorer, and people cannot be blamed for going elsewhere with their orders. Father does not see this, or will not see it; but continues to esteem himself as rich as ever, and is, withal, excessively liberal towards all, and carries everywhere an open purse. How praiseworthy soever this may be in a certain sense, it can, nevertheless, not continue without injury to himself; and this is already the case. Mr. Petermann has positively assured me, that the sums, which he has, little by little, borrowed on his house, have accumulated to an amount so large, that he is not able to pay it. Unfortunately, his principal creditor is a hard and ungodly man, and has already

intimated that he intends shortly to take possession of our house."

"That is bad," said the brother. "Such a thing had never entered my mind. The prospect of being turned out of house and home is not very pleasant. However, tell me truly, Elizabeth, do you regard it as a very great misfortune?"

"Certainly not, dear George," replied the maiden: "Father SPENER has, thanks be to God, taught me that there is a still greater misfortune than that of being poor in temporal goods. I am not afraid of *being* poor, but to *become* poor, that is sad."

"Are you then afraid of not having sufficient fortitude to bear it?" asked the brother.

"O, as for me, I am not afraid, nor for you, but for father. His property and estate are daily growing less, whilst his wants are increasing, especially since this disagreeable Master Nullenbrecher has been honoring our house with his visits. All this must come to an end some day, and that perhaps soon. Will father, who, from his youth, has been accustomed to abundance, be able to accommodate himself in his old age to poverty and want? And must it not make me doubly unhappy to hear him complain and see him suffer, without the ability to relieve him?"

"No, no, dear sister," said George, soothingly, "our aged father shall not suffer as long as I live. I will not have spent my father's money in Italy, for three years, in vain. Perhaps it is on this account that his pecuniary affairs are so unsettled."

"God forbid," she exclaimed, "that father should ever reproach you with this. The worst is, he has no

idea of his approaching ruin; for which reason, I think it would be well if his eyes were opened to his situation."

"Who shall undertake this?" asked George, sadly. "Father is now more irritable than I ever knew him before, and becomes so violent in his expressions, that one loses all courage to confer with him on such matters. It was only this morning, that I had a renewed proof of this. I spoke to him on the subject of his having forbidden you to attend SPENER's examina, and endeavored to explain to him respectfully how unjustly he was acting. But I had to suffer for it, by being obliged to listen to some very hard words."

"Is it then settled," interrupted Elizabeth, in a distressed voice, "that I am to attend the examina no more?"

"Compose yourself, dear sister," said the brother, soothingly. "Continue to do as heretofore, and I will accompany you. The dear, good man, gained my confidence so completely, when it was my good fortune first to meet with him, that I feel as though he had thrown a charm around me. At a more favorable time, I will get father into a different mind, and also seek an opportunity to confer with him on the subject of the unfortunate condition of his finances. It would, of course, be better if a spiritual family friend would undertake to influence his heart. O, if the Reverend SPENER could only once speak to him!"

"That will never happen," said the maiden, decidedly. "That hateful Master Nullenbrecher has taken care of that. Father is so completely prejudiced against him, that he makes a public boast of his never having heard him."

“But, why?” asked the brother.

“He has, in reality, no good reason for it,” continued Elizabeth. “But having heard that Father SPENER had most of his enemies among the rich and noble, and especially among the learned, he chimes in with them, and —” here she suddenly hesitated, and, weeping copiously, fell on her brother’s neck, and said, “O George, am I not most unfortunate in being obliged to say these things about my father?”

“Take heart,” said George, affectionately: “all will end better than our fears permit us at present to hope. Have you not read in the holy Scriptures, Trust in the Lord with all thy heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding? In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths. And now, my good, dear Elizabeth, remove the only secret now between us, by telling me what else weighs yet upon your mind? Open your heart to me, your brother, as a true sister should do.”

At this, as if again coming to herself, she tremblingly tore herself away from her brother, covered her eyes with her hands, and said in a voice scarcely audible, “Alas, I am not *that!*”

“What?” asked George, in great eagerness. “What are you not? I pray you for mercy’s sake, speak plainer!”

“Shall *I* speak plainer?” suddenly exclaimed the father, who had just entered. “What are you about, that you don’t even hear the door-bell any more? Have you nothing better to do, George, than to be here indulging in idle conversation, and as it seems vying with a woman in crying? Up, and hasten

quickly to the Rev. Master Nullenbrecher, give him my compliments with the request to honor my house forthwith with his presence, inasmuch as his high and noble-born cousin, the favorite of his Electoral Highness, the right noble Herr von Langendorf, has been graciously pleased to expect him here, in my humble abode, because he has something very important to say to him. And you, Elizabeth, provide us with something out of the well-known cask, to the left, second tier, and, also, with whatever else your kitchen may contain."

George, who in consequence of this sudden interruption, was not particularly disposed to obedience, had, nevertheless, been so intimidated by his father's command, that he left the chamber without a word of opposition. When the artisan, approaching a step nearer, said: "Elizabeth, I know that Petermann has been to see you! Should he have talked with you about certain matters, you will do well not to speak of them before I give you permission! Do you understand me?"

The poor girl trembled all over, and cast a look of anxious entreaty upon her father. This may have had the effect of somewhat softening his heart; for he stroked her brow with his hand, and said, "My child, my principle is, 'honor gone, all's gone!' Is your father to lose everything through you? Obey me, and do not throw away *your* HAPPINESS and *my* HONOR."

When Mr. Guldenmeyer had returned to his noble guest, he said, "I beg your gracious pardon, for having been obliged to leave your high and well-born grace alone, in consequence of my daughter not having

heard the ringing of the bell, whilst I repeat, with all due respect, my thanks for the high honor which your right noble grace has been pleased to confer on my humble house."

"You must not entertain such a mean opinion of yourself," replied the courtier, who lay carelessly stretched upon the big arm-chair, with his head bent a little to one side, in order that his elegantly curled wig might not suffer derangement, whilst his shining sword, with its heavily-gilt hilt, dangled by his side. "You are an artisan of this city, well-skilled and highly respected, both on account of your wealth and particularly on account of your beautiful daughter, who is justly looked upon as the crown among the maidens of the capital, and who would not compare unfavorably even with the ladies of the court. For this reason I too have most cheerfully consented that my highly distinguished and learned cousin, Master Nullenbrecher, should become your son-in-law, and myself, in consequence, a connection of your house. Since Altleben is not removed from here at too great a distance, I think of paying frequent visits there myself, in obedience to my cousinly affection. But where stays your dear little daughter?"

"She will soon make her appearance," replied the artisan, with a profound bow. "Your right noble grace does my house too much honor."

"And have you also sent for my cousin?" asked the cavalier.

"At your service," was the reply. "My son George has himself gone to hunt him up."

"I am curious to know," continued Herr von Lan-

gendorf, "what success he has met with at the court-chaplain's. His Electoral Highness has had the grace repeatedly to assure me that he will most willingly consent to the election of my cousin, as pastor at Altleben. But where stays your daughter, Mr. Guldenmeyer?"

"I wonder at it myself," replied the goldsmith, "that she has not yet made her appearance. However, it is the fashion of these women—perhaps she is, in honor of our distinguished guest, exchanging her simple dishabille, for a more becoming dress."

"Ah! but tell me, Mr. Guldenmeyer," exclaimed the courtier, "your daughter is reputed to be a very pious Christian maiden, and a constant attendant upon all the examina of the court-chaplain, where she always gives the aptest answers. Of this I have been assured through various sources; for I, myself, you must well understand, cannot consistently listen to a man who likes to point his sharpest weapons at the court, and who, in so doing, does not even spare his Electoral Highness. This makes Dr. SPENER, of course, popular among the people, who are attached to all who rail against the government, the nobility, and the reigning Electoral House. Are you also a Spenerite—a pietist, Mr. Goldenmeyer?"

"May God preserve me from this pietistic abomination," replied the artisan. "I can give your right noble grace the assurance, that I have never yet heard even one syllable from the lips of this court-chaplain, and that I have not the remotest hankering after his pious teachings. As regards my daughter—"

"Sure enough!" exclaimed the cavalier, "where is your daughter?"

“She is just at hand,” replied the father, “for I hear steps in the hall.” But the noble Herr von Langendorf was doomed to be again disappointed, for the door opened and in stepped Master Nullenbrecher. “Right honored cousin,” he exclaimed, and his quick breathing gave evidence that he had come in great haste, “I lament from the bottom of my soul, that the high and right noble Herr von Langendorf, has been necessitated to wait here for my humble person; I am, however, only in part to blame, inasmuch as I called at his dwelling, without finding him in.”

“No matter, my dear cousin,” said the cavalier. “I knew that we would be most likely to meet here, in the house of your father-in-law. But tell me, first of all, with what success have you met at the court-chaplain’s?”

“With none—none at all,” was the answer.

“What!” passionately exclaimed Herr von Langendorf—“did he dare to disregard my recommendation, and especially the wishes of his Electoral Highness?”

“Even so, right noble cousin,” assured the Master. “The very reverend gentleman had the rare consideration to tell me plainly that I need not cherish any hope in regard to Altleben, probably because I have not yet advanced so far as to be a pietist. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, according to Galatians, fifth chapter; a single *learned* look has deprived me of the favor of the *pietist*. Believe me, my right noble cousin, in these times it is exceedingly difficult for a real theologian to attain to station and honor.”

“Is it then really true that you have been rejected?” again asked the cavalier, raising himself from his chair,

and, in his anger, pressing, with his left hand, the hilt of his sword so violently, that its point touched the elegant curls which had fallen over his back. "On the honor of a knight, the insolent pietist shall rue this. The consistory sits to-morrow morning, for the purpose of holding an election; I will try some other means; if this does not succeed, then let me not be a branch of the noble house of Langendorf, if I do not overthrow the throne of this pietist."

"High and right noble cousin," said Nullenbrecher, "you show me such great favor and honor, by your unmerited kindness, that I shall never be able to return it."

"My affection, as your cousin, constrains me, *mon cher ami*," assured Herr von Langendorf, "and, moreover, I have accustomed myself to the thought of seeing you at Altleben, and—but Mr. Guldenmeyer, where, in all patience, stays your beautiful daughter? I hope my humble presence has not frightened the timid maid?"

"Pardon, your right noble grace!" begged the artisan. "I will myself go and see;" and he hastily left the room.

"How far are you on with the maiden?" asked the knight of his cousin, in a somewhat subdued tone.

Nullenbrecher shrugged his shoulders, and replied: "I have not quite reached the goal yet. Our betrothal was to have been celebrated a few days ago, and I was just in a fair way of drawing from her virgin lips the bridal yes, when her brother George unexpectedly entered, and entirely disconcerted my well-laid plan. I have hated the young man ever since, and am heartily glad that he did not follow me hither."

“But you certainly made sure of the father?” queried von Langendorf.

“Entirely so,” declared the Master. “Moreover, I also flatter myself that Miss Elizabeth, herself, is not altogether averse to me, at least so I conclude from that exceeding shyness with which she, on all occasions, avoids me!”

“Very true,” added the knight. “Things which are externally repellent, are internally attracted. You will not be jealous, cousin, I hope, if I should occasionally visit your wife, as *ma chère cousine*.”

“I would regard it as a great honor to myself, personally!” said Nullenbrecher, with a profound bow.

And now there was heard, in tolerably loud and harsh tones, in the hall, the voice of the artisan. Soon after the door opened, and he entered, followed by Elizabeth, who, pale and with downcast eyes, placed quietly and in silence, two bottles of wine upon the table.

“Ay, my pretty maid,” said the cavalier, addressing her, “whither have fled the roses from your cheeks? However, these lilies become y^eou still better. Are you sick?” he continued, raising her chin with knightly politeness. “Why has the pretty Elizabeth made us wait for her such a length of time?”

The poor girl was in great agony. Forced by her father, by threats and main strength, into the room, she found herself in the midst of three men, neither of whom could offer her protection or sympathy; the first, a nobleman, whose flattering speeches and attentions entered her heart like red-hot iron; the other, an uninvited, contentious and heartless suitor, from whose

first visit to the house, she dated all their domestic discord, and the third, her own father, who, blinded by mere rank, and perhaps also goaded by the upbraiding of an awakened conscience, was, by his harshness, far from exciting love and confidence in the heart of his child. Elizabeth stood there, mute and patient, like a lamb led to the slaughter, but in her heart, she prayed to the Lord.

"I told your right noble Grace," the artisan made answer, speaking for his child, "that my daughter had delayed only because she did not wish to appear before our distinguished guest in dishabille."

"My pretty child," said the knight, "do you not yet know that real beauty appears to best advantage in simple garb?"

"I beg your pardon, my well-esteemed cousin," exclaimed the Master, devouring Elizabeth with his little eyes, "the beautiful Judith washed and anointed herself with precious ointment, and braided the hair of her head, and put a tire upon it, and put on her garments of gladness, and put about her her bracelets, her chains, and her rings, and her earrings, and all her ornaments."

"You forget, my dear cousin," added Langendorf, with an affected smile, "that in comparing your pretty bride with the beautiful Judith, you predict not the most desirable fate for yourself; for Judith, if I remember right, was a young widow."

"Of course," assured Nullenbrecher, who, in his zeal to display his knowledge, altogether forgot both his bride and himself, "the beautiful Judith was a widow, in the time of the unbelieving Holo-

fernes, for the period of three years and six months, and her husband's name was Manasses, who died during harvest, in consequence of the great heat."

While the knight was speaking of the Master's young bride, a quick flash of thought suddenly passed over Elizabeth's countenance, and her cheeks crimsoned; she essayed a reply, but a look from her father bound her to silence. She was, however, to be relieved from her painful situation, at least for the present.

After a sounding knock, the door opened, and without waiting for an invitation to enter, in stepped a man, whose uniform betokened him to be an officer of the court, who, turning to Mr. Guldenmeyer, said, "Mr. Guldenmeyer, you are summoned to appear before the court to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock."

"I?" asked the goldsmith, in astonishment, "you must be mistaken, friend! What have I to do before court? At whose order do you summon me?"

"That is no business of mine, sir," replied the official, "neither would it be proper for me to tell you, even if I did know; yet I can inform you that Mr. Bennhofer has recently been about the court-house, and it may be he who entered complaint against you."

Guldenmeyer turned pale, and began to tremble from head to foot. He, however, soon regained his self-possession somewhat, and replied, "Very good, my friend, I shall appear; I suppose it concerns a certain guardianship, which Mr. Bennhofer and myself have assumed. Go, my good fellow, go; I shall be there at the hour appointed."

The official took his departure. In the mean time, Elizabeth, utterly forgetful of her own sorrow, turned to her father, and said, "Dear father, are you ill?"

"Who says that anything ails me?" he roughly demanded. And then, as if recollecting himself, he added in a milder tone, "You may be right, my child; my old complaint; I felt it this morning already, immediately on getting out of bed. Where is George?"

"I do not know, dear father," replied the daughter.

"He was at my lodgings, a short time ago," interposed the Master, "to announce to me that my high, and right noble, and much-honored cousin desired to see my humble self, here in your house. And when I asked him whether I should have the honor of his company, he replied that he was very sorry, inasmuch as he was obliged to make another call."

"My child," continued the goldsmith, without fully succeeding in regaining his composure, "could you not, in case that George should return too late, write a few lines for me to Mr. Bennhofer? I feel as though I had been too hasty in promising to appear on to-morrow, in consideration of my old complaint, which usually keeps me confined to bed for several days. Is it not so, my child? You can testify to the truth of what I say."

"You have, dear father, it is true, at times been afflicted with slight attacks of sickness," replied Elizabeth, "yet God, in his goodness, has always speedily restored you."

"True, true," continued the goldsmith, "yet the attack has sometimes lasted for eight days. And lest I should want an additional witness for to-morrow, you, Rev. Master, and perhaps also your right noble Herr von Langendorf, would not hesitate to attest my indisposition. For the same reason you will also pardon

me, noble sirs, for not having invited you to partake of some refreshments, though they have long been waiting for us upon the table. Having no appetite to-day myself, I was simple enough to suppose that you too—. If I may, however, beg of you—”

“Not at all, my dear sir,” interrupted the nobleman, “that you do really feel unwell is evidenced by the sudden change of your color, a symptom indicating disordered blood. You had, therefore, better retire to rest, and let your pretty daughter nurse you, when your complaint will doubtless soon give way. Moreover, my time is up, and I am expected by his Electoral Highness. Perhaps my cousin will accompany me.”

Nullenbrecher asserted his readiness to leave, and the two noble gentlemen politely took their departure. Having passed some little distance beyond the house, the knight asked, “Do you know the real cause of his sudden indisposition?”

“No!” returned the Master.

“There is something behind all this,” continued Langendorf, “some secret, I dare say, and it is ever an advantage to be privy to another’s secret. Perhaps you are acquainted with some member of the bar.”

“I cannot say that I am,” replied Nullenbrecher.

“Well,” added the cavalier, “I will look out for that. As regards the charge of Altleben, you must not yet resign all hope: I will interest myself for you. For it seems to me advisable that Elizabeth leave her father’s house as soon as possible, and become your faithful spouse. Now, farewell; and if otherwise not prevented, come to-morrow morning about this time to my private lodgings.” Thus these two men separated.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

Is not the life more than meat?—Matt. vi : 25.

ABOUT noon on the following day, the dining table at the house of the court chaplain contained rather more covers than usual. The house-wife doubtless expected some guests. Any one, not knowing her, but seeing her moving about among the children (all of whom esteemed it a favor if they could only take her hand), modestly arrayed in a simple gown, perfectly free from all display of fashionable finery, and wearing a plain, unpretending head-dress, trimmed with blue ribbon, would never have taken her to be Susannah Spener, the wife of the first clergyman in the Electorate, and daughter of the distinguished senator Ehrhardt of Strasburg. Although a wife for four and twenty years, although at the age of forty-five (she being born Jan. 8, A. D. 1644, in Strasburg,) and the mother of eleven children, six sons and five daughters, of whom the youngest was only six months old, she had, nevertheless, retained that fresh, unimpaired bodily vigor, which presages a long life and happy old age.

The choice of SPENER'S wife was really made by his mother, with whose wishes he however, did not render immediate compliance. For SPENER, in his retired bachelor life, which had been exclusively devoted to study, had settled down in the firm conviction that his habitual seriousness, and even severity of countenance

(though he was the very picture of the most winning gentleness), altogether unfitted him for conducting himself as lovingly towards a young woman as he should. It had, therefore, become his fixed determination to marry only a *widow*, who had been united to a rude and unkind husband, and who might consequently on that account the more readily be contented with this habitual seriousness. However, Susannah, though at that time a maiden of only twenty, nevertheless knew well how to accommodate herself, without much difficulty, to this seriousness of her husband; for she loved him with her whole heart.

Mother and children were standing in expectation of the arrival of the guests, when the door opened, and SPENER, accompanied by two gentlemen, entered. The one, a man tolerably advanced in years, betrayed by the elegance of his apparel, by several brilliant badges of honor about him, but more especially by the unmistakable dignity expressed in his noble countenance, that he was a personage of high distinction. The other, a man of middle age, could at once be recognized as a country clergyman. Whilst SPENER introduced both these gentlemen to his wife, he said, "My dear Susannah, this is the noble Baron von Seckendorf, whom you have long known as a kind well-wisher to our family; and this is the Rev. Mr. Gerber, from Schönberg, one of the first among my ministerial brethren in this vicinity, who has esteemed me worthy of a visit."

"Your Excellency confers an undeserved honor upon our house," said Mrs. Spener, addressing the Baron. "If our pleasant Dresden was not such a very

lovely place of sojourn, I might ask your Excellency how it was possible for you to leave, even for a time, your delightful Meuselwitz?"

"My Susannah certainly is right," added SPENER. "Since you have retired from public life, you have seldom or never left your estate, or rather your books."

The Baron replied with a smile, "I answer, with my beloved Horace,

"Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,"*

"Procul negotiis?" repeated SPENER with a hearty laugh. "Your voluminous commentary *de Lutheranism* bears evidence to the contrary, and does not permit you to enjoy so soon this desired rest, for you still owe us the conclusion of your admirable work."

"I bid you a hearty welcome, Mr. Gerber," said the housewife, now addressing herself to that gentleman. "We are glad that the distance of the way did not prevent you from taking a look at our beloved Dresden, and more especially that, whilst here, you did not forget to honor us with a visit."

"It is more than likely I would," replied Gerber, "not have come to Dresden at all, if it had not been for your husband."

"Not so, my dear friend," said SPENER, "save me the pain of that of which I am daily conscious—that my friends esteem me much more highly than I deserve; and do not increase my fears, that this undeserved praise may be fraught with evil to myself."

* Happy is he, who far from business cares, ploughs paternal fields with his own oxen.

“Are all these your children?” interrupted the Baron, who in the meantime had engaged himself with that portion of the family.

“All,” replied the Doctor; “and yet half of our children are absent. Our eldest daughter, Susannah Catharine, was married something more than two years ago, to Professor Dr. Rechenberg, in Leipzig; the second and our youngest, (for it has pleased the Lord to leave us only two of five daughters,) Elizabeth Sybilla, has been, for these three months, the wife of the Superintendent Birnbaum, in Colditz. My eldest son, John Jacob, is studying Physic and Mathematics, in Leipzig; and to complete the list, our youngest child, Ernst Gottfried, who, to the joy of my old age, was given to me by the Lord only a few months since, is now in the care of his nurse, inasmuch as my wife Susannah, the truest and best nurse of her children, would not forego the pleasure of being with us at table.”

“I have already noticed,” said the Baron smiling, “that your good wife stands very high with your children. Take care that you do not suffer by it! But, pardon my curiosity, dear friend, you have only thus far mentioned your absent children; will you not also introduce me to those present? These four promise you a happy old age! Have you yet determined on their future calling?”

“In regard to this one, I have,” replied the Doctor, pointing to a youth of eighteen, who bowed politely to the Baron, “Philip Lewis, who——”

“Pardon me, my dear husband,” interrupted the wife, “you are mistaken; Philip’s middle name is not Lewis, but Reinhard.”

“Very true,” said SPENER, laughing. “You women have, in such matters as this, a far better memory than we men. Well, then, this Philip Reinhard has devoted himself to the medical profession, and already prepares,” he added, jestingly, “pills and powders. A similar desire, probably from fraternal attachment, is also evinced by this one, Maximilian, who is attending the high school in this place. The other two, William and Jacob, are intended, with the help of God, to enter the church, if our hopes should not be disappointed. However, we show these children a great deal more attention than they deserve. Come, gentlemen, or my Susannah will chide us for letting the dinner get cold.”

SPENER now took off his skull-cap, folded his hands, and said, “Let us pray! Almighty and great God, faithful and loving Father! Unto Thee would we offer our humble thanks for Thine eternal love. Thou hast in all things dealt most fatherly with us. Thou hast provided for us, both in spiritual and temporal things, not only according to our need, but bountifully, for all of which we cannot be sufficiently grateful. The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest Thy hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing! Continue to give us our daily bread, and keep us ever in mind, that we are utterly unworthy of all Thy mercy and faithfulness, which Thou hast shown unto us. Let us thankfully receive whatever Thou dost send, meat and drink, good and evil days, life and death; and teach us to deal our bread to the hungry, and comfort them, even as Thou dost comfort us, through Thy dear Son, our Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.”

“It seems,” said the Baron, after having seated himself opposite the clergyman, and to the right of the court-chaplain, “it seems as though we obtained the proper *courage* to receive the gifts of God, for the refreshing and satisfying of our bodies, only after having offered a hearty prayer. If all were, at all times, as much concerned that their petition, ‘Give us this day our daily bread,’ might find acceptance, as is now the case with us, we think men would pray oftener, and learn, too, to cherish the certain hope, that every other believing and Christian prayer will, sooner or later, be answered.”

“Very true,” replied SPENER. “If, however, people complain that even their most devout prayers frequently remain entirely unanswered, it is because they do not pay sufficient attention to *how* the good God answers them, and also because they have, at the time of their being answered, forgotten what they had previously asked of Him. I mean, there is no such thing as an unanswered prayer, if men would only always endeavor to know the will of God, and rightly comprehend the Apostle’s declaration: ‘*All things shall work together for good, unto them that love the Lord.*’ For then every new cross which He lays upon us, will only be, in answer to our prayer, a removing of the old one. God sends an answer only in His *own* good time, but never in *ours*; and, if you have no objection, I will give you, from my own history, a very striking example.”

After all, and especially the Baron, had expressed an anxious desire that he would do so, SPENER, whose bodily wants were soon satisfied, thus continued:

“It was about the year '74 or '75, when I was still at Frankfurt, that I met one evening, whilst taking a solitary walk, a peasant by the name of Veit Martin, as I afterwards learned. He was about twenty years my senior. We walked for some distance in company, and he told me how it had hitherto fared with him, and this was dark and dreary enough. He was at that time very poor, with little or no prospect of ever being anything else. But he alluded to this in a spirit of such piety, that I became quite interested in him, and tendered him the little money I had about me. He could not, however, be prevailed upon to accept of it, but said, ‘As long as it should please God to preserve his health and strength, he hoped to be able to earn his daily bread, especially as fortunately it did not require much to satisfy his wants. Yet, should he in time become too old and frail to work, he had the joyful confidence in God, that He would surely not forsake him, but open the hearts of good men in his behalf.’ With this he left me, and I have not seen him since. But I have never forgotten him; in all my prayers I remembered him, and have done so this very morning. Now, about two weeks ago, a member of the city council of the city of Frankfurt called upon me, and, after having related to me many things about the good old city, where the grace of the Lord enabled me to preach the gospel of His Son for twenty years, he also mentioned that a pious woman, who recently died, had left a handsome legacy for the use of the poor, at the same time appointing the Mayor executor of her will. Hereupon so many had presented themselves, that they were altogether at a loss

how to make the sums to be distributed sufficiently small, and yet concerned that the more worthy among them should receive the largest share. I then asked him whether he could give me the names of some of the applicants, when the first he mentioned was that of Veit Martin. My heart leaped for joy that that pious man was still living. 'Well, my dear sir,' I said to the gentleman, 'if you will allow me to make a request, permit me to speak a good word for this Veit Martin.' And, in short, the noble councilman promised me that Veit Martin should receive the largest portion."

"You should add," remarked Mrs. Spener, "that the councilman expressly assured you that he conferred the favor on the poor man, *only* for your sake."

"Not for my sake, dear Susannah," replied the Doctor. "God preserve me from ever claiming such a merit for myself, who know best of all how unworthy I am of His grace. But for the sake of my *fervent prayers* God has so controlled events, that I can thank Him and say: '*The Lord has answered my prayer.*'"

"You are surely a good man," said the Baron, as he gave the court-chaplain a hearty pressure of the hand. "Really, when one hears you speak thus—you, whom thousands in the land bless as a man after God's own heart, who has re-awakened men from the sleep of dead knowledge and a proud and fruitless security of a mere faith in the letter, to a new life in Christ; you who can justly say, 'I believe, therefore, I speak; you——'"

"I pray your Excellency," interrupted SPENER, with a serious smile, "do not speak thus. Could you only

once look into the depth of my heart, you would find how little I have as yet apprehended, notwithstanding I may say that I have been apprehended of Christ. Yes, my noble sir, I have truly a delight in the law of the Lord, according to the inner man. Thus much I venture to testify concerning myself; yet the law in my members is bringing me, in spite of my fervent prayers, far too often into captivity to the law of sin, and my faith stands in daily need of the assistance of Him who strengtheneth us. For if I compare what I *am*, with what I *should* and *might* be, I can really not comprehend what others find in me that is so worthy of praise."

"Worthy of praise?" exclaimed the Baron. "If I could only do it, I scarcely know what to mention first. I shall never forget how you in Frankfurt—it may be about six years ago—first won the Elector by the power of your preaching; a man who partly through the influence of most of his courtiers, and partly on account of the warlike times in which we lived, was not so very fond of the Word of God. And when, a short time after, I had occasion to propose to you to come here, a voice within me said: 'This man goes a *blessing* into your Fatherland.'"

SPENER blushed at these words, and cast down his eyes, as if ashamed to meet the gaze of any one; and laying down his knife and fork, clasped his hands and said: "Noble sir, the blessing does not come with the *outward* man, but only with the divine Spirit *within us*, and also comes only to those who, led by the Spirit of God, learn to understand the word in Christ: 'We are the children of God!' The Lord has sent me to Dres-

den! And if my labors here are really attended with a blessing, it comes solely from Him. His be the glory for evermore!"

"Reverend Doctor," now began Mr. Gerber, after a short pause. "I must ask a favor of you. You say, God has sent you to Dresden! I have already been made familiar with some things in reference to this fact; but if you would relate to us in full how it was brought about, you would greatly oblige us."

"Most willingly," replied SPENER, as Seckendorf joined in the request. "My good wife will, however, have to assist me; at least, she had also considerable to do with it." And, whilst all forgot their eating and drinking, and even the eldest sons manifested the closest attention, the court-chaplain thus began, as he turned to the Baron:

"Your Excellency well knows, how I, with due respect and gratitude, declined the first call. I found it difficult to imagine that the Lord, who knows my incompetency, should have called me to such an exalted and important position, for which He had not fitted me. A short time after, it pleased the Lord to send me a very severe sickness, which prostrated me to such a degree that I thought the hour of my redemption had drawn nigh."

"I remember it as well as if it had occurred only to-day," joined in the wife. "You had just, dear Philipp, finished your sermon for the following Lord's day, when you called me to you. You said you had suddenly been overcome by great weakness, and would, therefore, not have sufficient strength to occupy your pulpit. And so, also, unfortunately, it proved. You

were obliged to betake yourself to your bed, where you were kept confined for thirty weeks. Alas, that was a sorrowful time for us all. All the medicines you took produced no effect, and we at last began to believe that you would die."

"But what was it," asked the Baron, addressing SPENER, "that so suddenly prostrated your strength?"

"I can scarcely say," replied he. "It could not have been the weakness of old age; for I numbered, at that time, only fifty years. Much less could it have resulted from the effects of over-exertion in the performance of my labors, for I have never felt any fatigue from them. But the cares of my pastoral office, to which I can devote myself only very imperfectly, anguish of conscience, on account of the great responsibility resting upon me, in regard to the many souls confided to my keeping; the mournful experience that the desirable fruits of repentance cannot always, or at least only very seldom, be produced; add to this the consciousness that, with greater energy, and with a little more pains and application, much more might have been achieved; and to crown all, I do not deny it, my anxious fears about the Church of Christ, together with the intelligence I received, during my sickness, of the abolition of the edict of Nantes,—all these may have caused a prostration of my physical strength, and retarded my recovery. Though I spent, during this trying period, many days and nights in prayer, the Lord did not even at last send me an answer for my own sake, but for the sake of my dear people in Frankfurt, whose fervent intercessions, in my behalf, had found acceptance in the sight of God. After a con-

finement of about seven months, I again arose with renewed vigor and encouragement."

"And," added the wife, "you must not forget to mention that the spring at Ems completed your restoration to health."

"But just at that very time," resumed SPENER, "when I considered my departure out of this world most imminent, it pleased the Lord to assure me, in several dreams, that He would spare my life yet awhile longer. These were, so far as I can remember, my first and my last dreams; for God has ever blessed me with exceedingly quiet and sound sleep. During one night I dreamed that I was passing out of my chamber into the one adjoining, to look after my sick son, little Jacob. On entering the chamber, I immediately noticed another door, from which a broad stairway led upward, where I beheld many splendid and elegant rooms, and, farther on, a bright light. Just as I was in the act of ascending to these wonderful apartments, I heard a voice calling to me, '*Stay where you are; you are not yet permitted to enter there.*' I replied, 'Only permit me but to ascend that I may see that beautiful light more distinctly;' and, after I had said this, such a brilliant glare burst upon my eyes, that I awoke. 'What is the meaning of this?' I said to myself. And then I thought, 'Perhaps you are not yet to go up, to walk in the light,' and soon again fell asleep. But God designed to reveal His will still further to me. I then dreamed that I was lying on a bed upon a very high mountain. Above me was the beautiful blue sky, so clear and pellucid, that it seemed as though I could penetrate to the very glory of the

Lord; but, far beneath me, deep down steep precipices, stretched out a beautiful, splendidly cultivated country; fields, meadows and human habitations, in countless numbers. 'Alas!' I said to myself, 'must I then stay up here, so entirely alone? How is it possible for me to get down to these people?' And then again I heard a voice, saying to me, 'A soft wind will come and carry you down,' and presently I felt my bed raised up and moving slowly down with me. And when I thought myself near the people, my eyes caught the summit of a high mountain, around which dark clouds were rolling up one upon another, whilst above and beyond these, the same brightness again burst upon my view, and I awoke from my dream a second time. Then I understood the Lord—I was not yet worthy to behold Him in His light, and should still abide on the earth. A month after this, His Electoral Highness sent me a second call to this place. Now, though, I could at once have regarded this call as coming from the Lord, inasmuch as I had received it without my seeking; yea, even against my wish and will, I had, nevertheless, not the courage immediately to follow it, a sense of my incompetency still holding me back. I looked upon the position offered me as an exceedingly difficult one, which would burden my conscience with great fear before God. But now I see it all. God has brought me hither, not to exalt, but rather to *humble* me."

Here the narrator paused, whilst pouring a little wine into a tumbler partly filled with water, with which he evidently refreshed himself. A deep silence prevailed among the company, who had long since ceased

their eating, and gazed fixedly at the speaker. No one, not even the Baron, ventured to request him to resume his narrative; for all noticed, that, in his inmost soul, he was living over again the entire occurrence. However, after a pause, he, of his own accord, continued thus :

“Since I could not within myself arrive at a conclusion, I submitted the whole matter to the noble council of the city of Frankfurt, with the request, to give me their advice. But those dear good gentlemen declined, and now—”

“You forget, my dear husband,” the wife exclaimed, “that the council, nevertheless, sent you a distinct answer. They informed you, that, if you felt a conviction that the call which had been tendered you came from the Lord, they could not have the courage, but rather regard it sinful to oppose it. But if, on the other hand, it depended upon their wish, they would never permit you to leave Frankfurt; for a man like you, they said, was needed at all times.”

SPENER cast upon his wife an earnest, almost reproachful look, as if he was far from being pleased with her for having related this circumstance, and then replied, “You know well, Susannah, that I could not altogether see my way clear as to whether that call came really from God. No alternative was, therefore, left me, amid these my conscientious doubts and fears, than to submit the subject, with the consent of the city council, to five of my beloved brethren in the ministry, for decision. None of them knew of the others having been called upon for their opinion, nor were they to know it, so that each might be the more

free and untrammelled in communing with God. As I knew all of them to be honest and godly men, who were just as anxiously concerned for the best interests of the Church as I was, and as we, moreover, cherished the sincerest fraternal love for one another, I entertained the hope, that every one among them would advise me, only after the most earnest and prayerful deliberation, either to remain in Frankfurt or to go to Dresden. And here you may see how wonderful the Lord is in counsel. My brethren were unanimous in their several conclusions, though each without the others' knowledge, that my call was from God, and that I was consequently, in duty bound to follow it, which, as you all know, I did."

The Baron, with a sad smile said, as SPENER here paused: "Reverend and excellent friend, what would the world be, if every man, yea, if only every minister of the gospel, were like you? How many others, whom I could easily name, would not have delayed their answer as long as you did! They would have looked much more to the splendor and honors that awaited them, and the large salary offered, than to their capacity and the Divine call."

SPENER replied, "The Church of Christ would be in a sad condition, indeed, if your apprehension were in general well founded. I think that a minister of the Word of God should NEVER personally interest himself in seeking a situation, but wait until a Divine call is extended to him, either in one way or another. Nothing but the consciousness of having been called of God to a charge imparts to us genuine freedom and cheerfulness in action. I have, therefore, never sought

any of the situations which I have hitherto occupied. Had I, however, at that time (to bring my narrative to a close,) still entertained a doubt, whether or not the decision at which my dear ministerial brethren had arrived was the correct one, I might soon afterwards have become still further convinced from the Word of God itself, that it was His will; for, on the day after his Electoral Highness had, in pursuance of my declaration, that I was perfectly willing to obey his commands, despatched to me a solemn call, accompanied by a passport, and even a kind invitation from the high consistory—on the very next day a wonderful revelation from the Lord took place. On entering the room occupied by my family, I found my oldest daughter, the same who is now married in Leipzig, entirely alone, and occupied with the sacred Scripture. Now, it happens that my children are accustomed to open the sacred volume at times, for the purpose of seeing what particular verse just falls under their finger, with a view to apply it to *current* events. I am well aware that this is also sometimes done by ignorant people, with the view of finding out *future* events; but my children are only permitted to do this by way of encouragement in their efforts to acquaint themselves with the Word of God, that they may more seriously take to heart the passages which are in this way brought to their immediate notice. The copy which my daughter Catherine had just then before her, was the small Lüneburg edition of the New Testament. She said she would, just for once, open a verse for me, and that with special reference to my prospective removal to Dresden. And

when she had done so, she showed me the passage, which was in the seventh chapter of the Acts, and, as I looked, the verse that met my eye was the third, where we read—however, Jacob, you may read it to us.”

And the boy arose cheerfully from the table, took up the Bible, and readily turned to the verse in question.

“Come here, my son,” exclaimed the Baron, and, having placed him between himself and his father, the boy read as follows:

“And said unto him, Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall show thee.”

“Wonderful!” exclaimed the Baron, at the same time looking musingly upon the sacred book.

“Wonderful, indeed, my noble sir,” said SPENER. “I was not a little astonished when I read it; for, were we to search the Scriptures through with all diligence, no passage more directly indicating that God wanted me to go, could possibly be found than this. And, as I then turned to the right, the tenth verse met my eye——”

And the boy, without being particularly requested, read:

“And delivered him out of all his afflictions, and gave him favor and wisdom in the sight of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and he made——”

“That will do, my son,” said SPENER, interrupting the juvenile reader. “What follows was not written for me.”

“And yet what *does* follow?” asked Seckendorf.

Jacob looked inquiringly at his father ; but when he saw him shaking his head, he, in silent obedience, closed the book. However, Mr. Gerber supplied the remainder of the passage from memory, and said :

“And he made him governor over Egypt and all his house.”

“Perfectly right,” exclaimed Seckendorf. “Have you not been appointed spiritual governor over the whole of Electoral Saxony? Are you not the spiritual adviser of the entire Electoral house?” But when the baron noticed how painfully this application of the passage affected the court-chaplain, he continued, “I acknowledge, my heart is filled with adoration of the power of God. But tell me, my dear friend, is it your opinion that the will of God may always be recognized in this manner? or may it not lead to many superstitious and dangerous misinterpretations?”

“Certainly not always,” replied SPENER, “for the reason, that our hearts are not always worthily prepared for understanding the counsel of the Lord, and ignorance and worldly-mindedness may, therefore, frequently sadly and sinfully abuse the Word of God in the Scriptures. Yet, when I reflect how wonderful the Lord is in counsel, and how excellent in working; when I feel convinced that, in the moral training of man, nothing, not even the very least, happens by chance, but all, all by the direction of our all-wise Father, I cannot regard such like observations as superstitious, though I myself search for and find the excellent working of God more in the manner of *how* it lays hold of, affects and comforts our hearts. Moreover, the sacred volume possesses such wonderful effi-

cacy, that it scarcely presents a passage which does not afford admonition and instruction, consolation and peace, at one and the same time, to every heart *willing* to understand."

"We must, of course, depend upon a right understanding," remarked the Baron.

"And the solemn frame of our hearts," added Mr. Gerber; "without this the Word of God passes by and leaves no trace behind."

"Both are necessary," continued SPENER; "and to these two a third must yet be added—namely, an *entire* submission of our own will to the will of God. He who searches in the Bible for that which he before called his own, and which he loved as his own, will never fail in finding it. Hence both good and evil, both that which is Christian and unchristian, has been defended by an appeal to the holy Scriptures. But the Lord says, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;' which means here, blessed are those who search the Scriptures free from the lusts and wisdom of the world; *they* only shall find therein the revealed will of God."

Here ensued a deep silence, Gerber regarding the pious man with visible marks of the deepest reverence. The amanuensis, Master Rothner, who, having been unavoidably detained, had only lately joined them at table, sat as if entranced, and with his eyes so intently fixed upon SPENER'S lips, as if determined that not one word should escape him. Seckendorf had laid his hands upon the head of the boy, who still continued to stand beside him, and, wrapped in deep thought, gazed upon the Bible before him. Then, as if speak-

ing to himself, he repeated in a low voice, the words of Scripture, “ ‘and delivered him out of *all his afflictions.*’ Tell me, my friend, has *this* too been realized in your case?”

“Yes, truly,” replied SPENER, “Alas, the Church of Christ was then in a sad condition, which has not been materially improved since. What at that time was happening along the Rhine, where the Evangelical Christians were driven from hearth and home by a rude and dissolute soldiery, who committed murder and arson everywhere, together with the fact that the majority of the Evangelical clergy found godliness merely in faith in the dead letter; this and much more had ever weighed heavily upon my heart. And so it happened that I, on a certain Sunday afternoon, was on my way to church, to superintend the prayer-meeting. Deep sorrow filled my heart as I reflected on the troubled and distressed condition of Christ’s Church on earth, and I silently asked the Lord, ‘Wilt thou not soon pity us as a father pitieth his children?’ And as I, with these words in my mind, entered the church, I heard the choir sing the fourth verse of that beautiful hymn, ‘Oh, God, look down from heaven, we pray,’ which Luther composed after the second Psalm, and which reads:

“God, therefore, saith, ‘I will arise,
My poor they do oppress.
I see their tears, I hear their cries;
Their wrongs shall have redress.
My healing word shall now appear;
The proud shall think its truths severe,
But it shall save the humble.’”

“If I mistake not,” said the baron, “I think I heard

the choir sing this same beautiful hymn a little while ago, before your house."

"Yes," replied the court-chaplain. "This was done agreeably to my wish. For these words entered at that time so deeply into my sorrowing soul, that it appeared to me as if dark night had suddenly been changed into a bright day of sunshine. I can say, in truth, that never in all my life had words fallen upon my ears, which seemed so little like any uttered by human voices as these—and I accepted them forthwith, with great inward satisfaction, as God's answer to my complaint. This hymn was also destined to become my favorite hymn of consolation; for when, later, as I was on my way to this place, I reached the Saxon frontier, a choir composed of school-children appeared around my carriage, and, strangely enough, repeated the same hymn; and thus it became so very dear to me, that I get our school-children to sing it for me weekly. Therefore, my noble and dear sir, I can truly say, the Lord has delivered me out of all my afflictions."

Just as SPENER had concluded, a voice was heard in the ante-chamber. Rothner hastened out, and after a few minutes returned with an exceedingly perturbed manner.

"What has happened, Master Rothner?" asked the court-chaplain, with a somewhat troubled look; for SPENER was naturally very timid and easily alarmed.

"His Electoral Highness," replied the amanuensis, "desires to see you at the castle in the course of an hour."

SPENER rose at once from his chair, not without signs of disagreeable surprise. "What can he mean?" he exclaimed. "Who was the messenger?"

"Herr von Langendorf," reported Rothner. "He took his leave immediately upon hearing that his Excellency, Baron Seckendorf, was here, and, upon the whole, did not look very pleasant."

"Alas!" exclaimed Mrs. Spener, "what does all this mean? Can it be that his Electoral Highness has anything against you, dear Philipp?"

"Compose yourself, my good wife," said the court-chaplain, though he was far from feeling easy in his own mind. "I am not conscious of having done anything wrong, except it be in that I have not done enough of good."

"Herr von Langendorf?" asked Seckendorf, with a smile, after SPENER had again resumed his seat, "does, in all probability, not belong to the flock to whose wants you minister, my dear friend? I already know him full well as a child of the world; and it is much to be regretted that there are many more like him near the person of his Electoral Highness."

"And yet," remarked Mr. Gerber, "there may be now more piously-inclined courtiers than could be found thirty or forty years ago, during the time of the Doctor's predecessor, the Rev. Dr. Jacob Weller."

"Have you any particular evidence of this fact?" inquired Seckendorf.

"The wife of Dr. Starke in Freiberg, who was the daughter of the sainted court-chaplain, Dr. Weller, related to me a singular incident which occurred between her father and his Electoral Highness, John George II., of blessed memory."

"Tell it, my dear brother!" exclaimed SPENER, with every mark of excited attention. "Your memory may perhaps serve you."

“It may have been in consequence of the thirty years’ war,” began Mr. Gerber, “that true godliness had suffered shipwreck among both high and low, and that an exceedingly worldly life was being led, especially at the courts of kings and princes—so much so, that in many places, for instance, a particular honor was attached to a man’s being able to imbibe the greatest possible quantity of wine. Such a mode of life did not, of course, accord with the penitential sermons which Dr. Weller was in the habit of preaching; and the courtiers especially exhibited great enmity against him, wherever they could, so that he was obliged to suffer a great deal of inconvenience and vexation. Yea, some of them, like Haman of old, sought to heap calumny upon the dear and faithful servant of Christ, so as to injure him with the Elector—and that, too, not without the desired result. For it became soon noised abroad that the Elector had really exhibited some signs of ungraciousness towards the court-chaplain, on which account the latter felt naturally much grieved. Now it so happened that his call contained a clause to the effect that he should, as the Elector’s confessor, enjoy the privilege of visiting his gracious Master *unannounced*. He therefore communed with his God, and prayed with his wife and children; and then, putting his call into his pocket, went straightway to the castle. Having arrived in the ante-chamber, he was at once admitted to the Elector’s private cabinet. He looked surprised at his confessor’s unexpected visit. But Dr. Weller, after offering the usual salutation, and paying his proper respects, asked ‘whether his Electoral Highness was satisfied with him in the discharge of the

duties of his office?' The Elector replied, 'Yes! only he wished the court-chaplain would not declaim so constantly and severely against drunkenness; for, at court, where so many and diverse people were congregated, things could not always be conducted just as he wished, and he only made himself enemies among the courtiers with his too earnest zeal.' Dr. Weller replied, 'If God only is my friend, the ill-will of all the courtiers—yea, even that of the Elector himself, cannot harm me;' and appealed to Ezekiel xxxiii., where the Lord says, 'So then, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman over the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word of my mouth, and warn them from me; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at *thy* hand.' One of the ministers present was highly offended at the plain dealing and boldness of the confessor, and endeavored to prejudice the Elector against him. When Dr. Weller perceived that his Highness seemed inclined to listen to the insinuations of his minister, he took his call from his pocket, laid it upon the table, and said, 'In this document it is written that I shall faithfully discharge the duties of my office, watch over and care for the precious souls of his Electoral Highness and those belonging to him, and neglect nothing that may be necessary to their benefit and salvation. This I have hitherto honestly endeavored to do, and intend to do in future. If I am, however, to be restrained from this, I can no longer, with a clear conscience, retain my office, and therefore pray humbly that your Electoral Highness will take back this call, and thus graciously release me from the further discharge of the duties of my office.'"

As the narrator here came to a short pause, and the most profound silence reigned throughout the room, all eyes were turned on SPENER, who sat immovable, with his head somewhat bowed on his breast. At length he looked at Mr. Gerber, and asked, "And what was His Electoral Highness' answer?"

"The Elector," Mr. Gerber continued, "returned such an answer as can only proceed from a pious prince. 'Dr. Weller,' he said, 'you are an honest and conscientious pastor, and mean it better with us than do all of our courtiers. Only continue to preach, as your office requires it. We have certainly gone too far. We cannot justify ourselves, and therefore deserve reproof and correction. Now you may go, dear Doctor, with the assurance that we are favorably disposed toward you.'"

"What a pious, genuine Christian, true princely bearing!" exclaimed SPENER. "Blessed art thou, O land, when thy king is the son of nobles!"

"You have," added the Baron, turning to Gerber, "given us a very correct statement. For all did really transpire just as you have related."

"And," continued Gerber, "in this respect the son is like the father. It is well-known that our present beloved Elector is by no means sensitive, but, on the contrary, very tolerant; and that he is neither inclined to sudden outbursts of anger nor revenge, I had full opportunity to learn only last autumn, whilst he was engaged in a general hunting expedition, near Schönberg, on which occasion he sojourned two weeks at the castle of that place. His Electoral Highness frequently sent for and engaged with me in devout

and edifying conversation. And, though some matters would now and then go contrary to his orders and arrangements, he, nevertheless, continued always kind and gracious."

"You have forgotten, dear brother," here interposed SPENER, who appeared to be absorbed in the self-sought audience of his predecessor, and to have overheard his estimate of George III., "you have forgotten to tell us how, after this, the courtiers conducted themselves towards Dr. Weller."

"The courtiers," replied Gerber, "stood from that hour in great fear of him, and were awed into silence, so that they did not venture again to calumniate him to the Elector. And in addition to this, he continued to enjoy the gracious favor of His Highness to the day of his blessed death, which happened on July 6, 1664."

"You have," said Seckendorf to Gerber, "recalled to my recollection a period in the events of which I was often forced to take an active part. John George II., who esteemed me worthy of his special confidence, was, on the whole, a pious prince. He had caused an edition of the Bible to be printed for himself, in quarto form, upon fine paper, with beautiful large type. This he used for his daily devotional readings, and also distributed many copies among his courtiers. It was also his custom to present a richly-bound copy to every ambassador upon his departure from court. I remember, in connection with this, a most beautiful incident. It happened that one of the imperial ambassadors was on a certain occasion, taking leave of the Elector, when he presented him with a precious diamond instead of a Bible, because he thought that the

ambassador, being a Roman Catholic, was not permitted to read the Bible, and would, therefore, not care to receive one, and, still less to retain it. The ambassador, however, politely declined to accept the diamond, and earnestly besought the Elector graciously to bestow upon him the same gift which had been received by other ambassadors, namely, a copy of the Bible, with the assurance that he would esteem it the most acceptable keepsake. This so greatly delighted the Elector, that he, with his own hand, wrote upon its fly-leaf a beautiful dedicatory verse, with his name, and then caused both the Bible and the jewel to be presented to the ambassador."

"I have also been credibly informed," added Gerber, "that, as often as Dr. Weller paid his morning visits to the Elector, he found him with a copy of the Hebrew and of the German Bible before him, frequently inquiring of the former the meaning of this or that Hebrew word."

"Very true," remarked Seckendorf. "I know that the Elector often sent for M. Bohemus, at that time the rector of the University, who was a most finished Hebrew scholar, and who acted as his instructor in this most difficult language for a period of three years, until he was able to read the Scriptures in the original."

A pause here ensuing, Mrs. Spener, who had hitherto regarded her husband with much uneasiness, said, "Dear Philipp, do not forget that you have been summoned to appear at the castle!"

SPENER rose hastily, as if awakened out of a dream, and said, "You are right, Susannah. I was in a fair

way of forgetting my duty. I am sorry, my dear friends, that I must leave you. May God give me strength and courage to become a worthy follower of Dr. Weller, and preserve in the Elector's son the spirit of his pious, sainted father. But let us first give thanks unto the Lord."

With this, SPENER took off his skull-cap, folded his hands, and when all present had arisen from their seats, prayed: "We thank Thee, our blessed God and Father, that Thou hast once more satisfied us with meat and drink, and hast done great things unto us, none of which we deserve. Lord! by Thy word Thou hast magnified Thy name above all. In the day when I cried Thou answeredst, and strengthened me with strength in my soul. All the kings of the earth shall praise Thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of Thy mouth. For though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly; but the proud He knoweth afar off. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? I will take the health-giving cup, and call upon the name of the Lord, and praise Him forever. Amen."

This prayer was, of course, the utterance of that which now more immediately engaged his mind. It seemed as if he stood in spirit already in the presence of his Electoral Highness. When he had finished he gave each of his guests a hearty pressure of the hand, and said, to the Baron, particularly, "I am very sorry that I must leave you. May I hope to see you again during the day?"

"Hardly, my dear friend," replied Seckendorf. "I came to Dresden with the intention of spending only

a few days here, and especially to see you once again. I may perhaps return to my beloved Meuselwitz during the course of this day, but certainly on to-morrow. If it please God, I shall return again on the first day of spring for a more protracted stay; yet, if you allow it, I will remain a little while with your good housewife and Mr. Gerber. Go, with God as your guide, and let me hear from you soon by letter."

SPENER hastened to his study, where he threw himself upon his knees in prayer. He then rose, calm and cheerful, arrayed himself in his robe of office, and departed on his way to the Elector.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ELECTOR AND HIS CONFESSOR.

“He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips, the king shall be his friend.”—PROV. xxii. 11.

AS the court-chaplain entered the large castle gate the Swiss guard posted there reverently gave way, and some even saluted him with the hand placed on their halberds, as they would have saluted an officer. When the lieutenant of the guard, who was a brother of Herr von Langendorf, saw this, he imperiously stepped out before them and exclaimed, “Weapon for weapon, a soldier’s honor for a soldier’s deserts. Whoever in future salutes without orders will be placed under guard,” and then withdrew with a feeling of self-satisfied authority.

Meanwhile, SPENER quietly traversed the well-known passages and saloons, noticing everywhere an unusual and somewhat noisy activity.

“Things about here seem almost to have a martial appearance,” he smilingly remarked to a courtier with an official business air, whom he knew, as they met along the corridor which led to the Elector’s apartments. “Is His Electoral Highness about preparing for another warlike expedition?”

“Not exactly, reverend sir,” replied the knight, with affected politeness. “An expedition will doubtless come off to-night, but it will be of a very pacific character; we are to have a theatrical performance and a

dance. I am almost inclined to believe," he added, with an ironical sneer, "that you, too, have been invited," and then, without waiting SPENER'S reply, passed smilingly on.

SPENER cast his eyes with a pained look to the ground, and having arrived at the ante-chamber, he requested the chamberlain in attendance, to announce to the Elector that he was awaiting his commands. The official complied in a sullen and haughty manner, and when he returned he opened the door and gave the Elector's confessor silently to understand that he was to enter; after which he again closed the door.

SPENER found himself alone, and all sorts of uneasy reflections passed through his mind. His sullen and scornful reception among the courtiers was not very well calculated to dispel accumulating doubts. He strove, by searching every recess of his heart, to discover that of which he might possibly have been accused. But however seriously he reflected, he could not think of any *direct* offence.

While thus engaged, a side door suddenly opened and John George III. entered. He was a man of commanding exterior, whose warlike propensity shone from his flashing eyes, and was still heightened by his full-grown moustache. The Elector was at that time in the forty-second year of his age, and his appearance indicated that the hardships of war, to which he had constantly exposed himself, had left their traces behind by greatly exhausting his youthful vigor.

"Enter, Doctor," he said in a loud tone of voice, without particularly noticing the other's salutation

and bow. "What we have to say to you had best be said without the presence of witnesses."

The Elector preceded and SPENER followed, not without some palpitation of the heart. "Be seated, Doctor," the Elector continued, after having himself taken a seat in his broad arm-chair. "Be seated."

After SPENER had rendered compliance with the will of the Elector, His Highness turned his piercing eyes full upon him and said, "Dear Doctor, we have never forgotten how you edified and comforted us by your words in Frankfurt, during the celebration of the Supper of our Lord. Neither will we conceal from you how you by your first sermon, preached in this place, affected our heart as no one has since been able to affect it. We have called you to our possessions with the confident belief that you would be a protector and defender of our evangelical faith, and a faithful pastor of our house. We have no intention in stating this to lay anything to your charge, and we are heartily pleased with the manner in which you discharge the duties of your office as preacher and pastor."

The Elector here ceased, as if to see what effect this introduction would have upon SPENER. As he, however, waited quietly and with a look of expectation for further developments, the former continued: "But tell us, Doctor, why is it that the people have so much against you? We have been informed that scarcely one of your resident brethren in the ministry is on friendly terms with you. It is even alleged that you do not preach the word of God according to the Scriptures, and especially according to the unaltered Augsburg Confession and the other Symbolical Books

of our Church, for which reason your orthodoxy is called in question. It is known to us that the ministers of the Church of the Cross have lodged complaint against you before our High Consistory, on account of some defamatory expressions that are said to have fallen from your lips. You are represented as having said, that true Christianity was in a very gloomy condition in our land, and that in consequence of this declaration you had found, especially in Carpzov, the superintendent, a zealous and dangerous opponent. Yea, even your catechetical examina, to the holding of which we gave our most willing consent, have not been without giving offence; and what surprises us most of all is the fact of your scholarship as a theologian being called in question. We are greatly concerned that you should vindicate yourself against these charges in our presence, especially as we are exceedingly reluctant to relinquish the good opinion which we have hitherto entertained concerning you. Speak, therefore, dear Doctor, and be assured, in advance, of our favor."

At first, SPENER had listened with considerable uneasiness to the remarks of his spiritual son. As soon, however, as he understood what the Elector actually wanted with him, his mind recovered its serenity, for he now knew what he had to bear, as well as that God would aid him in bearing it.

"Your Electoral Highness," he replied, calmly and respectfully, "it grieves me to have excited in so many respects the distrust of my gracious sovereign, and that so much the more, because the consciousness of my imperfections in the high offices with which I have

been graciously intrusted, are already becoming to me a burden, which weighs upon me daily with increasing heaviness, and which I am able to bear only by the Divine aid and protection; yet the charges which your Electoral Highness has specified in detail as being preferred against me are so manifold, that I am somewhat at a loss to know to which I may first be permitted to say a word in my defence."

"Well," said his Highness, "I am most concerned about the charges affecting your orthodoxy. In what estimation do you hold the Symbolical Books of our Church?"

"I do not hesitate," replied SPENER, "to frankly communicate my views on this subject to your Electoral Highness. To me the Holy Scripture is the only book upon earth which contains direct Divine revelations, such as were communicated through the agency of the Holy Spirit to the authors of the different books composing it. Such a theopneustic, as theologians call it, I can, however, not allow to be ascribed to the Symbolical Books, nor can I regard them as of such indispensable necessity, that the Church could not have existed without them. Just as little can I regard the Symbolical Books as universally binding, but only in so far as they are in agreement with the Holy Scripture."

"Only in so far as they are in agreement with the Holy Scripture!" repeated the Elector, in a tone of astonishment. "According to this, then, you belong to those who are more in favor of the *quatenus*, than the *quia*? Perhaps, to those who hide themselves behind the *quatenus*, the better to dispose of their own

wisdom, and who find the *quia* somewhat uncomfortable, because they are unwilling to bow to the Word of God?"*

"God forbid!" exclaimed SPENER. "I trust your Electoral Highness has not misapprehended my meaning, and will, therefore, graciously permit me to explain myself still further. We must discriminate between two classes. There may be some, who, though not regarding the teachings of the Symbolical Books entirely correct, but mixed up with error, do yet hide themselves behind the *quatenus* deceitfully, and from worldly motives merely, perhaps for the sake of obtaining a situation, whilst in their consciousness they reserve to themselves the liberty of rejecting whatever does not accord with their views. In this sense, a clergyman might also subscribe to the Koran, or to the articles of the Council of Trent, for there is, in both of these, to be found more or less of divine truth. Then again, there are others who receive the teachings and principal contents of the Symbolical Books as divine truth, but who are, nevertheless, willing to subscribe to them only in so far as they agree with the Holy Scripture, because they fear that this subscription might be taken as referring to every syllable

*The two Latin words *quia*, i. e., BECAUSE, and *quatenus*, i. e., IN SO FAR AS relate to the theological controversial question, in reference to the Symbolical Books, according to which the one party, who deny the entire agreement of the Symbolical Books with the Scriptures, are willing to acknowledge these confessional writings of our church, as a rule of doctrine only, in so far as (*quatenus*) they agree with the doctrines of the Bible, whilst our church has maintained, in these her confessional writings, the entire agreement of their doctrines with the Bible, and required subscription to them, because (*quia*) of this agreement.

and word, as also to such quoted passages as are therein contained, and which can better be pardoned than defended, because these incidentals do not agree with the Holy Scripture and its sense. Now, he who would not violate his conscience, cannot possibly consent to an unconditional and absolute subscription. And in this latter sense, your Electoral Highness may regard my opinion."

"But how," asked the Elector, "will you distinguish the hypocrite from such as are honest?"

"It is indeed true," replied SPENER, "that the eye of God is alone able to see into the human heart; nevertheless, there is, according to human regulations, a way by which false brethren may be prevented, at least to some extent, from entering the church. Thus, for instance, if any one being called upon to declare himself, in general, with reference to the truth of the doctrine in the articles of faith contained in the Symbolical Books, should attempt to dissemble with such a *quatenus*, of him we would be fully justified in assuming, that he was not honestly disposed towards the doctrines of our church."

"What is, therefore, peculiar in your opinion on this subject?" asked the Elector.

"I myself," replied SPENER, "do not hesitate to subscribe to the Symbolical Books with *quia*, because I have convinced myself that the teachers of our church, who have composed and received these writings, were far from intending to lay the conscience under constraint. Besides, our reformers have complained against the Papists, for attempting to bind the conscience to the decisions of men. Furthermore, our

church declares no where, that she considers her Symbolical Books fully equal to the Holy Scripture, or that she looks upon them as infallible. She rather left in them only a testimony, in order to set forth in a summary statement, the doctrines she confesses; yet, always so, that if any doubt should arise, the Holy Scripture is not to be interpreted by the Symbolical Books, but these by the Holy Scripture, which is, after all, the one and only rule and plummet of our faith. Now, being fully convinced that such was the intention of our reformers, I receive the Symbolical Books, *because* I regard their teachings, in articles of faith, as in agreement with the Holy Scripture. In connection with this, however, I must guard against the idea, that this obligation extends to subordinate matters, which do not properly belong to doctrines. But for the sake of weaker brethren, who, by virtue of their *quia*, also consider themselves, in conscience, bound to these subordinate matters, I regard it as fair to be satisfied with the subscription of *quatenus*, so soon as they have given a formal confession that they believe in the Biblical truth of the doctrine itself, which is taught in the Confession. For, no matter in what form the thing be expressed, it is our common fundamental position, that nothing whatsoever is to be accepted, except what is in accordance with the Holy Scripture, understood in its own proper sense. From this it follows, that I have no right to regard as errorists, and exclude from the communion of our church, all such as hold to our doctrines, but who yet scruple to bind themselves, in *all* things, to the Symbolical Books. But, on the other hand, I must justly regard as

enemies to our Lutheran church, all who, in toto and unconditionally, reject the Symbolical Books, refuse to obligate themselves to them, and desire to have them abolished from the church altogether. For if they are properly understood, and if their obligation be rightly comprehended, they are of great advantage, especially in our time; whilst their abolishment would be attended with great mischief. Besides, there is a great difference between non-introduction and abolishment. As regards the charge that the doctrines I inculcate, do not agree with the teachings of Luther, or still further, with those of the Holy Scripture, I trust your Electoral Highness will be able to give me a better testimony."

"We certainly feel constrained," replied the Elector, "to bear testimony, that we have ever found your teachings in accordance with the Holy Scripture. What you say concerning the Symbolical Books, appears to us to be fair; yet we, at the same time, can very easily comprehend how the views you entertain may give offence to many of your learned and hyper-orthodox brethren in the ministry. Do you, then, really despise science as much as you are accused of doing?"

SPENER gave a mournful smile, and replied: "It pains me to be accused without a cause. No one can more highly esteem every human science, which may be applied to a good use, than I do; for I recognize such as a precious gift from God, and sincerely pray to Him for its preservation. Were it otherwise, I would be ungrateful to all my teachers who instructed me in Divine and human knowledge. Yet, I regard

only such science as estimable and worthy of attention, which may be employed for the glory of God; and this must be possible with all true science. As often as I have had occasion to declare myself, in reference to universities, I always expressed a desire that the youth should, above all things, have their attention specially directed to the Holy Scripture, so that theology might not merely consist in a knowledge of the letter, or be only such as belongs to the theologian, but a real living knowledge, and that all their studies should be pursued in the fear of God. I esteem, honor and love science, but I prize a godly life far more, if only for the sake of the people, to whom heaven would be forever closed, if there was nothing besides learning to unlock it."

"There you are right, my dear Doctor," replied John George, "and when one hears you speak in this way, one cannot comprehend how it is that you have so many enemies. For we will not conceal from you the fact, that you have in the castle, apart from ourselves and family, not many advocates, and that it is just on account of the incessant intimations of dissatisfaction with you on the part of our courtiers, that we have been induced to have this conversation with you in regard to it. How do you account for this opposition?"

"My gracious sovereign," replied the court chaplain, with more frankness and cheerfulness than hitherto, "I would have to perish under a sense of my offences, did I not possess the comforting consciousness, that I have called forth these evil reports, by being honestly engaged in the service of Christ. Your Electoral High-

ness, there have nearly always been two kinds of Christians in the church of Christ; namely, such as rest satisfied with the letter, and who live according to their wisdom, and those who regard the fear of the Lord as the highest wisdom, and who are anxious to live according to this wisdom. The first hold to the form, the latter, to the essence; those desire to be known by their wisdom, these, by their true, Christian godliness; those boast of their strength, these of their weakness. My gracious sovereign, if my enemies could convict me of any departure from the true Evangelical doctrine, I could not have the courage to open my lips before your Electoral Highness. But God be thanked, this they cannot do. Yet because I, from my inmost conviction, war against a strait orthodoxy, which finds salvation more in an unfruitful faith in the letter, than in that genuine faith which works by love; simply because I regard the pulpit as a sacred place, where *only* the Word of God is to be preached and explained plainly, purely and powerfully, and not as a place where human wisdom should exhibit its dialectical skill, and show off its wrangling phrases; because I endeavor to edify and comfort my hearers, and lead them, through the consciousness of guilt and sin, to the necessity of the grace of God in Christ, and not, as is often the case, offer my people, instead of the preaching of Christ and in Christ, learned crumbs about Christ, which are more injurious to Christian life, than promotive of it; therefore, do they hate me, and speak all manner of evil against me, and all who are of the same mind with me, and designate us by the name of *Pictists*, and in such a way too, that we are regarded as a new heretical sect."

“Since you yourself have mentioned this name,” said the Elector, with a faint smile, “we will inform you, that a definition of the word Pietist has been submitted to us, which we will read to you.” And the Elector took from his writing-desk a legal document, opened it and read as follows: “By Pietists, nothing more is meant, than people who, by praying, sighing, hanging of the head and fasting, also by their dress and other matters, pretend to be holier, more righteous and godly than all others, whereas, it is nothing but affectation; people who attempt to lead others to piety, but have not the skill to do it; people who, to the neglect of all necessary studies, speak only of *studium pietatis*.”

“The enemy hath done this!” replied SPENER, calmly and with dignity, “and,” he added, “your Electoral Highness, I am almost surprised, that, in said definition, the name Spenerite is not alternately employed with that of Pietist. They abuse me on account of my zeal, and yet they cannot, in anything, convict me of error. To abuse any one, is much easier than to convict him of error. If there are a few, or even many, who seek to show their piety in the manner specified in the definition read by your Electoral Highness, why is the whole cause denounced for the sake of a few hypocritical individuals, and thus impede the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ to save that which is lost? Is it, then, absolutely unchristian and condemnable, to manifest outwardly, by simplicity and temperance, by praying and fasting, that we also endeavor to overcome the lust of the world within, and thus show, by our works, the nature of our faith? It is, apart from this,

lamentable enough, that true Christianity has not yet so thoroughly permeated the people, that in their search after truth, they avoid all delusive appearances, and that piety rather than learning may be pretended. But most painful of all is the circumstance that ministers, instead of uniting in mutual love and mild forbearance, in the one thing needful, should bear enmity toward each other, and thus bring the sanctuary of the people, I mean the Christian faith, into such bad repute."

"What do you intend to do?" asked the Elector.

"What I have hitherto done—courageously persevere," replied SPENER, "and unremittingly continue what I, with the help of God, have begun. My main efforts are specially directed towards correcting the abuses that have crept into the ministry, and towards gradually restoring the office, as far as I can do so, by precept and example, to that original purity and sanctity which the Lord enjoined and upon which its success mainly depends. Then see to it, that the students in our universities are led more and more to the study of the Bible, and the cultivation of true godliness, instead of either applying themselves to subjects which will eventually prove of but little advantage to them in the ministry, and entangle them only in scholastic trifles and subtleties; or by leading an ungodly life, render themselves unfit for the preparation of the Holy Spirit, who alone forms the true theologian."

"Are you," asked the Elector, as if these remarks had recalled a question previously meditated, "are you acquainted with a certain Master Nullenbrecher? He

has been represented to us as an able and learned candidatus, and we should have been pleased if you had appointed him pastor of Altleben."

"If," replied SPENER, "your Electoral Highness command such to the Consistory, it will and must be done."

"What have you against this candidate?" asked the Elector, somewhat testily.

"So far as I know him," replied SPENER, "which is, at most, but slightly, I cannot withhold from him the testimony of being a learned theologian, as our time makes them. Yet, in a country pastor, who is to instruct his people not so much in learning as in true godliness, in which he is at the same time to show them a good example, something further is requisite, which Master Nullenbrecher does not yet seem to possess, namely, a pious heart, free from the lust of this world, a sincere love for the pastoral office, and, above all, an humble modesty, which does not boast of its own strength, but which, in earnest prayer, asks, and in believing confidence, expects, the blessing on his office from the Lord. Besides, and your Electoral Highness sees, that I have nothing to conceal; besides, I was not very well pleased with the impetuous eagerness with which the candidate, in question, seeks, and the means he employs, in gaining possession of Altleben. I entertain the firmest conviction that the Lord knows every one whom He intends to call to His service, and that He will Himself call him, whenever his time has come."

The Elector remained for a time in thoughtful silence, then he rose from his chair, walked with folded arms

up and down, and said, rather to himself than to SPENER: "It is true the eagerness with which Langendorf presses the cause of his favorite, does not altogether please me. A too vehement solicitation of a spiritual office, does not always arise from the best motives. Stay Doctor," he said, interrupting himself, as Spener had respectfully risen from the chair, "keep your seat a little while longer! We have still something to say to you. Do you know our worthy knight, Langendorf?"

"But slightly, my gracious sovereign," replied SPENER.

"Have you any recollection," continued the Elector, "of ever having personally offended him?"

"None in the least," assured the court-chaplain. "I even believe that we have never so much as spoken to each other."

"Incomprehensible!" said the Elector. "We are really truly sorry that you, dear Doctor, have so few friends among our courtiers. Can you not assign us a reason for this?"

SPENER looked thoughtful for a moment, as if in doubt whether he might venture an open and honest reply. Then quickly collecting himself, he said: "Your Electoral Highness has ever been gracious to me beyond my deservings. This emboldens me also in this instance, to open my heart to you fearlessly and without reserve."

"Ay, how else, Doctor?" said the Elector, with a smile, such as he rarely gave, but which apparently proceeded from pure kindness. "I have often enough permitted you to look into my heart; why should you not also permit me to look into yours?" And with

this he again resumed his seat, crossed his legs so vigorously, that his golden spurs clattered, and regarded the Doctor with a look of unfeigned affection.

“Well, my gracious sovereign,” now began SPENER, in an easy and pleasant manner. “John says, ‘Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.’ These words, your Electoral Highness, explain why the Kingdom of God, and such as proclaim it, are in conflict with the children of this world. The world loves sensual enjoyment, and that not merely as a means of temporary recreation and repose, but as the object of the whole of this earthly life; but the Kingdom of God enjoins self-denial and abstinence, and requires the heart to raise itself above all sensual desires, and to become more and more convinced of the wretchedness of all temporal enjoyments. The eyes of the children of this world delight most in the pomp, magnificence, and glory of this earth, and love to feast upon whatever excites and promotes sensual enjoyment, and take the poison of damnation into the heart, which was designed only for a temple of the Holy Ghost. But the Kingdom of God requires that our eyes should look to His ways and righteousness. Our bodily eyes are to make the beginning, by lifting themselves up to heaven, so that our spiritual eyes may find their way thither with the greater certainty. The Christian is to have God and His Word always before his eyes, and in his heart; but the world finds this injunction uncom-

fortable, tedious, and troublesome. All pride is an abomination in the sight of the Lord, for that which engenders and promotes our pride, belongs only to earth, and is dust and ashes; and even the pride and self-conceit of our wisdom refer merely to an earthly good; for true wisdom is the fear of the Lord, which ever consists in humility and the believing subjection of our own wisdom and will to the wisdom and will of God the Father, as Christ has revealed it to us. Is it then to be wondered at, your Electoral Highness, that the ministers of the Word of God give offence to the children of this world? We assail them at their most sensitive point; we wish to deprive them of the very things they hold most dear; we inflict just such wounds upon them as will either never heal at all, or only with difficulty, because they despise the balm offered them in the Word of God! If I were told that all the world applauded me and my preaching, I would ask myself, with fear and trembling, Are you then such a vacillating reed, that you are tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness? and then, if this were so, I would not be worthy to be called a servant of Christ. Or I would say to myself, What a miracle! Have all men suddenly become godly? Since, however, neither is the case, these evil reports concerning me are my consolation and my joy. For I regard them as an evidence that I teach the way of the Lord aright."

The Elector had attentively listened; but his countenance assumed a frowning look when he rejoined by saying, "According to this, then, you require a man to lay aside all that is human. How is this possible?"

“Oh, no, my gracious sovereign,” replied the court-chaplain, with unruffled cheerfulness; “that would, of course, not be possible. We are so utterly dependent on the world for all our wants; yea, even for our moral improvement, that we cannot do without it. But, your Electoral Highness, it concerns the dominion of the spirit over the body; it concerns that faith which overcomes the world; it concerns a struggling and battling for freedom from that which would bring us under subjection to the lust of this world. The world with its pleasures is to serve us, wherever it is necessary for the preservation and invigoration of our physical life; but we are not to be slaves to lust, that it may control us. A pure heart is full of exceeding great joy.”

The Elector gazed for a time fixedly at his confessor, as if to assure himself whether he was in earnest, or as if himself had not yet determined whether or not to agree with him. He unmistakably considered the words in his heart, but was at a loss what to reply to them, when, all at once, his eyes fell upon the glittering coat-of-arms, ornamented with gold, which stood in a corner of the room, and glad to have found another subject for conversation, he quickly asked, in almost a commanding tone, “What is your opinion about war, Doctor?”

SPENER was taken by surprise. The frowning look of the Elector had not escaped him, and he knew well that his spiritual son was somewhat passionately fond of war. As his conscience, however, did not accuse him of any dereliction of duty or respect, he quickly rallied, and replied, boldly and unembarrassed, as one

who, knowing himself engaged in the service of his Lord, also feels assured of His protection and aid, "Your Electoral Highness knows that I am a servant of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which proclaims peace, and has only one law, the law of love toward all men. I, therefore, cannot be a panegyrist of war. Since, however, God, in His wisdom, permits such bloody conflicts, since the history of nations and states teaches me that war is often unavoidable, and since it may even be a work of love, correction, order and righteousness, I humbly bow to the inscrutable will of my God, assured that also wars belong to the ways of that Providence, by which He conducts men to Himself. My gracious sovereign, as long as the individual kingdoms in this world do not constitute the one real and true kingdom of God on earth, the sword of justice will have to govern, instead of the word of love; and so long will there be, both in Church and State, a different road to human greatness. The warrior, the prince, becomes great through the consciousness of his power, with which he knows how to guide the reins of government, hold nations in subjection, and establish, promote and secure national prosperity. The prince becomes great through the wisdom and courage with which he wards off and overcomes the dangers that threaten his realm, and curbs troublesome neighbors. With the Christian, it is, of course, different. The Christian becomes great through the consciousness of his weakness and unworthiness before God, which continually urges him to go on unto perfection, that he may abound more and more in the grace of God. The Christian becomes great in his humility and faith, with

which he knows how to endure tribulation and anguish; he becomes great through his subjection to the will of Him, who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. Both, however, the greatness of the prince and of the Christian, must become one; and the beginning of this is already to be found in the circumstance that the warrior, after he has gained a victory, throws himself upon his knees, and exclaims, 'Not unto me, O Lord! not unto me, but unto Thy name give praise and honor!'"

When SPENER, in his enthusiasm, almost forgetting where he was, here concluded, the Elector arose, crossed his arms, and, lost in thought, began again to walk back and forth. SPENER, regarding it as impolite to retain his seat, arose also; but the Elector again called to him, "Stay, Doctor; keep your seat; we may have something more to ask you."

SPENER obeyed, and waited respectfully for his sovereign to resume the discourse. Several minutes, however, elapsed, during which the Elector continued his walk in silence, yet with a significant working of his countenance. At length he stopped before his confessor, and said, "What is your opinion about dancing and theatrical performances?"

The Doctor was startled. He remembered that these very amusements were to come off at the castle in the evening; and he had, moreover, been informed that the Elector always heartily enjoyed them. When he, therefore, hesitated with his answer, the Elector continued, with some bitterness in his tone, "Well, Doctor, you hesitate to give us an answer. It seems to us that you have, thus far, maintained your cause pretty courageously."

"It would sorely grieve me," replied the confessor, whom the ill humor of the Elector had not escaped, "if your Electoral Highness had taken offence at my, it may be, awkward frankness. Though the most humble, I am, nevertheless, a faithful servant of your Electoral Highness, and God, the Searcher of hearts, knows that I never lift up my heart to Him in prayer, without asking Him to exercise protection and care over your Electoral Highness."

"I know it, Doctor," replied the prince, in a milder and kindlier tone, "and I thank you for dealing honestly and uprightly with me, which may not be the case with all about me. But give me an answer to my question."

"It would be wrong," continued the court-chaplain, "yea, even contrary to the expressed will of God and the example of our Lord Jesus Christ, if Christians were to regard every innocent amusement as sinful. But the mistake lies in the fact, that there is scarcely an innocent amusement which does not also at the same time awaken impure thoughts and feelings. Dancing and theatrical performances are in themselves harmless and indifferent things, and Solomon even classes among honorable things, which have their time, the exercise of dancing. Yet, when we reflect how the preparations for such things enslave the heart and mind, days, and even months before, so that, during all this time, the pleasure in the word of God must utterly give way to the lust of the world; when we reflect how even the enjoyment of these pleasures almost always transcends the limits of a pure, innocent cheerfulness of the heart, and how at such times only

sensual and impure thoughts take possession of the human breast; if we reflect, especially, how afterwards the remembrance of these pleasures occupies heart, mind and sense so exclusively, that godliness can find no entrance, and that thus weeks, and even months pass by, during which, among the great majority of men, the thoughts about their heavenly calling, about repentance and amendment, and the building up of the kingdom of heaven within them, are entirely neglected; and if, in addition to all this, we call to mind the declaration of Scripture, that we shall give an account for every unprofitable word, we might well hesitate in regarding such amusements as harmless and indifferent."

The Elector, who had hitherto walked back and forth with some rapidity, paused when SPENER had ended, stood before him and looked him steadily in the eye; and when he saw the earnest dignity with which the frank confessor endured the look of his sovereign, he seized a silver bell upon the table, and gave it a loud and violent ring. Herr von Langendorf entered and bowed to the Elector in the most graceful and obsequious manner.

"The dance and theatrical performance, which were to have taken place to-day," said the Elector to him, distinctly, "are herewith forbidden, and you will take care that it becomes speedily known."

"Your Electoral Highness!" replied the courtier, in the greatest amazement.

"What mean you?" haughtily demanded the prince. "Do what we command you."

The knight bowed obedience, and silently, and with a sinister scowl at the court-chaplain, left the room.

“Now, my good Doctor, you may go,” said the Elector to SPENER, in a tone of unusual kindness; “go, and accept our thanks! Are you satisfied with us?”

“My most kind and gracious sovereign,” replied SPENER, whilst his countenance was lit up with a happy joy, “God protect and keep your Electoral Highness! Oh, Solomon, how deeply do I feel the truth of thy declaration: ‘Blessed art thou, O land, when thy king is the son of nobles!’”

“And I,” said John George, “will add: ‘Blessed art thou, O king, when thy servants are faithful and noble!’ Now go, and may God be with you!” He waved his hand kindly, and SPENER left the Electoral apartment in blissful satisfaction.

As he traversed the passages and apartments, he experienced, from all whom he met, slights which bordered on scorn and contempt; for the sudden and entirely unexpected interdict upon the amusements which had been prepared for that evening, ran through the castle like a flash of lightning, threatening to burst upon him who had been the more immediate cause of this dire misfortune; but the peace of God richly compensated him for every insult.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

“They died for fear, denying that they saw the air, which could of no side be avoided; for wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and, being pressed with conscience, always forecasteth grievous things; for fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succors which reason offereth.”—*Wisd. of Solomon*, xvii: 10-13.

WE return again to the house of Mr. Guldenmeyer, where was in progress an event of which few had even the remotest suspicion.

During the afternoon of one of the following days, there might have been seen a man entering the city by the Pirna gate, who by his earnest look, his bowed head, and by his arms crossed behind his back, could easily have been recognized as Petermann, the Lockwitz school-master. When he had arrived at the house of the goldsmith, he stood still, gazed thoughtfully and irresolutely through the open door, and then continued his way about twenty paces further on, then turned suddenly about again, and walked into the house he had just passed. Upon entering the lower room, he found the goldsmith alone, who, with a gloomy air, seated in his arm-chair, with his head resting upon the palm of his hand, started with surprise when he beheld his unexpected visitor.

“God bless you,” said Petermann, and, without waiting for an invitation, took a chair near the window.

“You are welcome,” replied the artisan, with a look which did not appear to correspond with his words.

“How comes it that you honor me with your visit on this particular day?”

Particular day!” repeated the schoolmaster. “It seems to me you might say, with reference to every day, ‘particular day!’ To-morrow neither of us might be living; and, since I have something special to say to you, this day appears as suitable as any. But, first of all, I hear you have been sick: or are you still so?”

“How did you hear of it?” asked Guldenmeyer, somewhat troubled.

“I yesterday,” replied Petermann, in a careless tone, “had a conversation with Mr. Bennhofer, who had appointed a certain day upon which you were to meet him at court, and he informed me that you could not keep the appointment, on account of sickness.”

“Mr. Bennhofer,” said the goldsmith, in a sullen and scornful manner, “must be in extreme haste, to communicate to everybody what is not for every one to know.”

“But yet, perhaps, for me,” continued Petermann, with an ironical smile; but immediately added, in a kindly manner, “Mr. Guldenmeyer, something troubles you. Will you not confide it to me? Perhaps I can assist you, if not so much in deed, for you know that I am a poor man, at least with advice; and, if it were nothing more than a forcible passage of Scripture, as, for instance the words of Solomon, ‘An inheritance may be gotten hastily, but the end thereof shall not be blessed;’ or something from Sirach, such as: ‘Riches are good unto him that hath no sin.’”

“What do you mean by this?” angrily demanded the goldsmith. “Think you that you are in your

school-room at Lockwitz, or do you wish to convert my house into a school-room? If so, you had better look out for another place, for I want none of your wisdom."

"It is not my wisdom I bring you," quietly replied Petermann. "It is the wisdom of a book, to which you seem to have become somewhat of a stranger. I mean the holy Scriptures."

Guldenmeyer passionately arose from his chair, and exclaimed, "If you have come to make a pietist of me, then you may return again some other time."

"Just so," added the school-master; "precisely what Felix, the Tetrarch, said to the Apostle Paul: 'Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.' However, rest easy, my old friend; you are already aware that I do not so easily permit myself to be frightened. We have been acquainted with each other for more than thirty years, and know precisely how we stand, though we have not met for more than ten years, if we except the last few weeks. You already know why. And what you say about the pietists, I will willingly pardon you, for the reason that you are utterly ignorant of what a pietist is."

"Nor do I entertain the least desire to find it out," replied the goldsmith, as he resumed his seat.

Petermann now seated himself a little more comfortably on his chair, crossed his legs and arms, and said, with cold composure, "If you have no objection, I will relate to you an incident, which occurred some thirty years ago," and, without waiting for a reply, continued: "Well, then, about thirty years ago, there lived in a certain capital of our holy Roman German empire, a

maiden, by name—well, I will call her Beata; for so, at least, I now call her in my heart, trusting in the mercy of God. This maiden was the child of pious parents, and, as wealth and piety are not very frequently found together, also the child of poor parents. This maiden, moreover, had a brother, whose name was Andrew, just like my own, and these two children were their parents' only treasure. The maiden was healthy and vigorous in body and mind, had black hair and black eyes, and grew up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. She had already attained her twentieth year, without knowing that there are men on earth who speak and act differently from what they think and feel."

"You can save yourself the trouble of relating your story," interrupted Guldenmeyer, in a scornful tone. "It is the same old story, which you have already more than once repeated to me."

"Indeed?" asked Petermann. "Well, that must have been more than ten years ago; for it is this long since we two have met to have a talk. However, I will repeat the story, with a few additions and new expressions, that it may appear to you as new, Beata was, as I said, twenty years of age, and with a face so beautiful, that, whenever she went to church, which she did oftener and far more willingly than her brother, both old and young delighted to gaze at her, and would say, 'What a lovely child is Beata!' So it happened, at a certain time, that her brother Andrew, in a company of jovial fellows, met and became acquainted with a young man, by name—yes, I will call him Sigismund; for he could talk like a book, and

always came off victorious with his tongue in the presence of young maidens. I say, with his tongue; for his heart knew nothing of it."

"I do not wish to hear your story," again interrupted the artisan, more violently than before, and rising from his chair. "I have something more important to think about and do just now, than listen to your old women's gossip."

"Old women's gossip!" exclaimed Petermann, with earnestness. "God preserve you from this old women's gossip rising up in judgment against you, so that you will have no excuse. As God liveth, you shall listen to my story."

And without hesitation the schoolmaster continued, "But this young fellow, Sigismund, was the son of rich parents, dressed splendidly, and drew upon himself the eyes even of the daughters of the opulent and noble. One day he told Andrew, that he loved his sister Beata above all others, and, as his parents urged him to find himself a wife, he had determined to take Miss Beata. Hereupon, Andrew went to his sister, and asked her whether she would unite herself in marriage with young Sigismund? To which she answered, "Yes," for she was sincerely attached to him, and felt the more happy because she had never supposed that such a rich citizen's son could give his heart to so poor a maiden. Andrew then introduced young Sigismund to his sister (for these two had lost both their parents, and were orphaned and forsaken,) and, joining their hands together, said, 'Be happy, and God be with you.'"

Here Petermann paused and drew his hand across

his eyes. This the goldsmith noticed with dark and troubled glances, and put on an evidently forced look of disdain, like one who endeavors to beat down, in his own heart, some rising emotion with the weapons of irony. At length he turned his back upon the schoolmaster, and muttered to himself, "It was not my fault that it turned out differently."

Petermann most likely did not hear this; for he continued as though uninterrupted, "For some time, these two affianced young people lived exceedingly happy. Sigismund could scarcely pass a day, without seeing his bride, and Beata assured her brother Andrew, almost daily, that her happiness was too great to last long. And she was right. Sigismund was a very skillful goldsmith, and was, according to the wishes of his parents, to set up for himself. He, however, declined for the present, on the ground of desiring first to spend a year at Augsburg with the celebrated Dullinger, for the purpose of perfecting himself still further in his art. This he did. Sigismund took leave of his bride, and said, in parting, 'As surely as I hope that God will not forsake me, so surely will I also not forsake you.'"

"That is not true," Guldenmeyer protested vehemently, but immediately added, in a calmer tone, "and, even if true, it is no fault of mine."

"What do *you* know about this story?" asked Petermann, in a tone of melancholy bitterness. "I promised you that I would relate it with new chosen expressions. Wait, therefore, till I have done. Sigismund went to Augsburg, whence he soon despatched a very tender letter to his bride. The second letter

arrived only after an interval of two months, from which it was evident that the tender feelings of the writer were tending somewhat toward the freezing-point. Three months after this, the third letter came to hand, and in this Sigismund wrote, 'I am extremely sorry that I can no longer cherish the same tender love for Beata that I did before. This must doubtless be owing to the fact of our separation, and as besides my parents have given their consent only with great reluctance to our marriage, and since I, as a dutiful and obedient son, feel exceedingly anxious to enter that most important relation with the blessing of my parents, (for the blessing of the father establisheth the houses of children, but the curse of the mother rooteth out foundations,) and since it is still time to make a change, I thank Beata sincerely for the great confidence she has reposed in me, and wish, with all my heart, that it may ever fare well with her. My engagement ring I return enclosed to her; whilst she, if such will afford her any pleasure, may retain the one she received from me, and wear it for my sake.'

"You lie!" exclaimed the goldsmith, in an unmistakable rage, "your pietistical tongue perverts everything."

"Guldenmeyer!" exclaimed the schoolmaster in a loud voice, at the same time drawing forth from his pocket-book a soiled and shabby-looking letter, "do you know this letter, and the hand that penned it? and this ring, which I have myself attached to this letter in affectionate remembrance of her?"

The goldsmith turned pale at the sight of such witnesses, and said with an insolent, but by no means

steady look: "I have not dishonored her. Had she not degraded herself, my love would have returned to her."

"Slanderer!" cried Petermann, scarcely able to contain himself. "God will judge betwixt you and her." And then, his anger suddenly giving way, whilst glistening tears gushed from his eyes, he looked up, and extending his hands toward heaven, solemnly said: "Sainted sister, thou art beyond the reach of the ignominy and shame of this world. God has more mercifully judged thee than this man's callous heart."

Guldenmeyer cast an angry look at his visitor, rose from his chair, went toward the door, and said: "If you like, sir schoolmaster, to occupy my room, you are perfectly welcome to do so; as for myself, I have other affairs requiring my attention."

But Petermann sprung from his chair, seized the goldsmith as with the arm of a giant, and said: "Guldenmeyer, you know the strength of this arm! I bid you stay, and as God lives, you *shall* stay. You must hear my story to the end." And he drew him back to his chair with his strong hand, and, with calm composure, resumed: "Sigismund after a few years returned, and in two months betrothed himself to the very handsome daughter of the wealthy Mr. Hämmerlin. That was an occasion of great hilarity and joy. The trumpets sounded, as if the wedding was already in progress, though owing to certain difficulties, it did not take place, as you are aware, until two years later. But on the self-same day, on which the parents of the newly affianced pair sat in consultation as to the amount of the dowry their children were respectively to receive, a

few peasants brought to the city a young girl whom they had found sitting under a tree upon the open heath, returning not a single answer to all their questions, but persistently engaged in shifting a gold ring from one finger to another. They had taken pity on her, and brought her to the city, where they soon discovered that her brother's name was Andrew. He took his sister to his home, and asked her, 'Dear Sister, why are you so haggard and pale, and why do you act as if you no longer knew your brother?' She, however, made him no answer, but continued shifting her gold ring from one finger to another. Then Andrew knew that his sister had lost her reason."

With these words Petermann's voice became faint and trembling; he bowed his head upon his breast and wept bitterly. Guldenmeyer sat as if riveted to his chair; it seemed, indeed, once or twice, as if he wanted to get up and go away, but he had not the courage, and said to himself, with a frown: "If I have done a wrong, I have made amends a thousand times."

The schoolmaster composed himself again, and continued: "After this, Andrew did not leave his sister day or night; for, beside him, she had not a soul on earth who cared for her. And when Andrew had occasion to go abroad, he would lock the door and leave his sister alone. But on a certain day, when suddenly summoned before the court-physician, Dr. Burger, he forgot to lock the door, and when he returned he found his sister gone. He tore his hair, sent out messengers, and ran about in every direction like one distracted; but all in vain. Andrew mourned her as dead. He indulged in bitter self-reproaches, and grief

nearly broke his heart. Alas! why was she not dead? Nearly a month after, some peasants brought again to the city a young maiden whom they had found wandering alone and forlorn through the forest. She was Andrew's sister. The brother asked her where she had been so long, but she was silent as before, and shifted, as before, her golden ring from one finger to another. Some months after this she died, after having first given birth to a boy; and on the day of her burial the shrill blast of the trumpet sounded loud and long, for young Sigismund celebrated his wedding with the beautiful daughter of the wealthy Mr. Hämmerlin."

"Are you done?" asked the goldsmith, attempting a scornful smile. "And what is the purpose of this old story? That I was in no way implicated in the degradation of your sister, the whole city bears me witness. Should, however, as you give me to understand, any guilt attach to me on account of this dreadful thing having come to pass, I can only say that I have already made amends. I took your sister's son when he was still a babe; took him as if he were my own child, and forbade all, under a severe penalty, to tell him that he was not my son; and he does not know it to this day, nor will he ever know it. For you yourself made the proposition to me, in order, as you expressed it, that the child might not be disgraced by the memory of his mother. I consented, though no one could have compelled me to it. I spent a large amount of money on his education. I sent him three years, at great expense, to Italy, and have done much more for him than for my own child, my Elizabeth; yea, I have done more than I was able, and I

suffer greatly for it now. And still you are not satisfied; still you rehash your old long-forgotten story, and act as if I were greatly in your debt. It is you who are George's uncle, his mother's brother; he is your sister's child, and not mine."

"How much have you done, Mr. Sigismund Guldenmeyer," said Petermann, with cold irony, "more than you owed? You deceived, with your pretended love, a poor but virtuous girl. You cast her off without cause or provocation; you broke her heart and drove her to madness. You are to blame that, in her madness, she became the victim of a miscreant. You are the cause of her untimely death, stained with ignominy and shame! All this is, of course, *very little* in comparison to the large amount of money which you have spent for George's education, or rather for the silencing of your evil conscience."

"It is now about time that you set bounds to your venom!" exclaimed Guldenmeyer, in a violent passion. "I will have nothing more to do with you."

"But I so much the more with you," continued Petermann, with icy composure. "Softly, Mr. Sigismund, I have still somewhat to tell you. Your daughter knows that George is not her brother ——"

"Who is the infamous betrayer?" quickly interrupted Guldenmeyer.

"I," quietly replied George's uncle; "and I had my good reasons for doing it; and I, moreover, tell you that you will not give your daughter in marriage to Master Nullenbrecher."

The goldsmith smiled ironically and said, "Mr. Schoolmaster, the loss of reason is doubtless an hereditary malady in your family."

These words affected Petermann like an electric shock. It seemed as if some wonder-working agent had suddenly deprived him of his former boldness. He cast a mournful look upon the goldsmith, drew his trembling hand across his brow and eyes, and then let it fall as if powerless. A shade of deep melancholy overspread his countenance, and in a painful tone of entreaty, which indicated plainly that the memory of his unfortunate sister, so suddenly awakened in his mind, reverted upon his own soul with a crushing weight, he said almost with the piteous persuasion of a little child, "Mr. Guldenmeyer, I have still something to communicate to you. I know your daughter Elizabeth loves my sainted sister's son with all the fervor of her heart, and George does not yet even suspect that his love to her arises from a different cause than that of being her brother. You will make two beings happy, if you will give your blessing to their union; yea, I venture to add that, by placing the hand of *her* son into that of your daughter, you will cancel the last debt you owe to my sainted sister. Will you do it, Guldenmeyer?"

However bitter the sorrow, and pathetic the pleading, which these words expressed, they produced upon Guldenmeyer the very opposite effect from that which had been intended. For no sooner had he noticed that Petermann resorted to entreaty, than he felt himself released from the shackles of fear which that powerful man had thrown around him, and perceived with ill-concealed joy the advantage he had gained over him. This inspired him with courage to abide by what had long been his darling wish, and to accomplish which

he had already made so many sacrifices. "Never," he replied, in a firmer and more decided manner than before, "as long as I live! And if my child desires to bear her father's curse to all eternity, she may do it after my death."

"Guldenmeyer," replied the schoolmaster, in the same tone of pathetic entreaty, "let me impart to you yet another secret. Do you know who George's father is?"

"No!" sullenly replied the goldsmith.

"Well, then, listen," continued Petermann. "About ten years ago there came to me late one night, from a certain village distant about two leagues from this city, a messenger with the request that I would come instantly to the bed of a dying man. I went. The dying man, amid a flood of tears, confessed himself to me to be George's father, and asked me, by the mercy of God, to pardon him in the name of my sister—that he could not die without forgiveness. In great agony I did as he requested, and in an hour after the poor wretch was a corpse. Do you know the man's name? His name was Langendorf, and his sons, who serve here as courtiers, are George's brothers. Guldenmeyer, believe me, if only this once! You intend to give your daughter in marriage to Master Nullenbrecher; very well! But do you know that his cousin, the courtier, meditates nothing less than to bring your daughter to shame? A Langendorf has dishonored and ruined my sister, your once affianced bride; can you suffer your own child to become the victim of a Langendorf—you who once loved the poor, unfortunate girl? And this will happen; for Nullenbrecher is only the creature of

this dishonorable knight, a man to whom nothing on earth is sacred, save the letter of his deplorable conceit."

"Spare your calumny!" rejoined the goldsmith, in the consciousness of the advantage he had gained. "Your motives are too transparent not to be penetrated. My child must obey *me*, and no one else! This is my principle, Mr. Schoolmaster."

Petermann writhed as if under the influence of a spasm; but he suppressed his anger, and proceeded calmly and beseechingly: "Mr. Guldenmeyer, I know what it is that just now so much oppresses you. Since the death of your sainted wife, your domestic affairs have not appeared to prosper, or rather they have taken such a turn that you are no longer the rich goldsmith you once were. I know that you are sorely pressed by your creditors, and that Mr. Bennhofer, especially, who would like to possess your house, has, for that reason, taken out a summons against you. If he persist, the rest of your creditors will join him, and, in that case, there will be little left to you, except your cane, with which alone it is not quite so easy to get through the world, especially in your old days. Guldenmyer, do not reject the hand which would save you—do not reject me. I have, with many a drop of sweat, acquired and saved a little money, and besides received, a few days ago, a small legacy from my aunt; I have not told any one, but I tell you, that I possess five thousand dollars. Accept it from me, and with it save your name and reputation from disgrace, and fulfil my last and greatest wish on earth, by making two beings happy with your blessing."

The goldsmith presented, during this unexpected speech, an image of the most contradictory emotions: vexation and joy, rage and hope, shame and fear and pride, were expressed alternately in his features and motions. The better spirit had once more seized upon his soul, but it did not conquer. False shame, as well as false pride, gained the victory, and he replied scornfully and with derision: "How cunning you are, Mr. Schoolmaster. You seem to know all about my circumstances, and have certainly ferreted them out in a masterly manner. But you have, nevertheless, miscalculated! Miserable trafficker in souls! You want to buy my child of me! And for whom? For a boy who has brought me so far down that I have ceased to be called the rich goldsmith; whom, in an evil hour, and moved by pity, I took into my house; who, for a long time, brought me a bad name, not only with my sainted wife, but also with my friends and acquaintances, because they supposed him to be my own son; and who, for the last twenty years, has marred my domestic peace! Fool that I was, and blind! Only now I see what an enemy I have been to myself, by nursing a viper in my bosom! I tell you, I hate the fellow from the very bottom of my soul! He shall leave my house this very day! Take him with you; he has, as to my great joy I have lately been informed, splendid talents for a pietist, and could, consequently, not do better than to place himself under your instruction, in which position he would learn how to traffic in souls. Yes, shame on me, that I was blind enough to conceal the dishonor of a wanton! Take him along with you forthwith, your apprentice and protégé, the offspring of a vile woman."

Petermann stood as though petrified; his whole body then trembled, his hands moved in undetermined rage; a strong temptation came over him. But the good Spirit of the Lord touched his heart. Down his pale cheeks, furrowed with pain and grief, coursed a tear of the deepest anguish. He turned his eyes upward, folded his hands and said: "Father, forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," and then passed slowly out of the room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MORTAL WOOING.

“But after thy hardness and impenitent heart treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath.”—Rom. ii. 5.

SHORTLY after the above incident, we again meet the worthy Master Nullenbrecher in the house of the goldsmith. Something must have greatly vexed him, for he looked gloomy and reserved as he walked along Pirna street from the new market. He had passed many of his acquaintances without either saluting them or returning their salutations, described, with his long arms and bony fingers, all manner of strange figures in the air, and forgotten to notice even that the silver buckles of his elegant shoes were thickly covered with dust and dirt. Without a word of greeting he entered the room of his future father-in-law, exclaiming, “Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in” (Matthew xxiii. verse 13); and with this he walked, in great excitement, up and down the room.

“What mean you by this?” asked the goldsmith, not just in the most courteous manner. “I pray you, Master, deal somewhat gently with me to-day, by reason of my head being already somewhat heated.”

“Only think,” continued Nullenbrecher, without paying particular attention to the other’s request,

“only think, Mr. Guldenmeyer, my plans have fallen through. My hope has become like a spider’s web, *both acabisch*, as may be read in Job. But woe to the rebellious children, that take counsel, but not of me, and that cover with a covering, but not of my Spirit, that they may add sin to sin, as saith Isaiah, chapter xxx.”

“Of whom do you speak?” asked the goldsmith, in a harsh and angry tone. “Of whom, if you will condescend to explain yourself a little intelligibly—”

“Of whom?” repeated the Master. “Of whom? There is only one in the city who adds sin to sin. I speak of that pietist, *kat’ exochin*; of the patriarch of the pietists.”

“I plainly perceive,” rudely exclaimed Guldenmeyer, “you are determined to keep your great secret to yourself, and I am sure I have no special desire to know it.” And, having said this, he made a motion as if he intended to leave the room.

“Stay, Mr. Guldenmeyer, I pray you!” exclaimed the Master, “and comfort me, if you can. Do you know who has been preferred to me? Do you wish to know who? One who is not worthy to unloose my shoe-latchet! But he possesses other important qualifications; he wears no wig, he wears no embroidered neckerchief, he wears no metal buckles on his shoes, but prays daily seven times seven times, seventy times seven times, as Matthew tells us. Stay, Mr. Guldenmeyer, I beseech you,” he continued, when he perceived that the goldsmith was angrily turning away from him. “Give me this one comfort; for you must know that Rothner, that contemptible Rothner, the pietistic

amanuensis of the pietistic chief, the soft, smooth gentleman, with the unembroidered neckerchief and the long fair hair, has become pastor of Altleben; and I—I, who *in Græcis et Latinis*, in *Hebraicis et Chaldaicis*—I; no, Guldenmeyer. Have you no consolation for me?"

"Is that it?" exclaimed the goldsmith, drawing several steps nearer. "You are, then, not going to Altleben, and can, consequently, not yet get married. That is bad, very bad, just now; beyond all measure, bad."

"Yea, verily bad," added the Master, who did not comprehend in what sense the artisan meant it. "Bad for me, bad for your daughter; but worst of all, bad for the church. What is there to hope for the victory over the apocalyptic beast, what for the lustre of Protestant learning, if such canting weaklings are to feed Christ's flock? And all this through that man, who, himself a *barbarus in literis*, should have become a schoolmaster, and not a court-chaplain. Oh, have you nothing to say that can soothe me, dear Guldenmeyer?"

"I should think," rejoined the artisan, with a short and bitter smile, "that all this was already sufficiently sedative, both for you and me." He paced up and down the room, with his hand to his brow, and said, rather to himself, "Just to-day, just now; but—should it cost me my life, I will not yield!" Then, suddenly assuming a cheerful look, he said to the Master, "Do not let this affair trouble you too much. If it be not to-day, it may be to-morrow; that's my principle. And since you have expressed a desire for something of the

nature of a sedative, I will tell you that I have still something of a buzzing in my head—one of those freaks to which one is apt to be subject. Only wait a little; we will soon drive out these unclean spirits.”

“*Dæmones impuros*, as is written in Luke, chapter the fourth,” the Master repeated.

But Guldenmeyer took from a shelf above the door a large, heavy cooper-knife, and said, “This time I will go myself. I have, down there, still something, well sealed and secured for a time of need, that shall settle both of us soundly.” And he left the room.

Nullenbrecher, in the mean time, paced up and down, and soliloquized, “What good have I now of all my labor, my night-watchings, my sweat and my toil, with which I have already cleaned and examined my text and worked it up into a theme? Could I have selected a more appropriate text than that found in the Prophet Jeremiah, 50th chapter, verses 22 and 23: ‘*A sound of battle is in the land, and of great destruction. How is the hammer of the whole earth cut asunder and broken! How is Babylon become a desolation among the nations!*’” How forcibly, how pointedly, how poetically have I arranged the theme:

“‘THE WAR-HAMMER, BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF BATTLE, AGAIN RESTORED!’

“The sound of battle in the land, *kol milchamah*; this is the clamor of the pietists in Saxonland; *baarez*, the great destruction, *schäber gadol*. Here I might have shown how Luther has incorrectly translated; for *schäber* is *fractio*, *syntribe*, *syntrimma*, as also the Septuaginta has rendered it; therefore the breach, which this pietistic sect has caused in the Evangelical Church.

And the war-hammer, *patisch baarcz*, this is the hammer of learning, as may be seen from Jeremiah 23: '*Is not my word like as a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?*' Which means SPENER and his whole sect, with their hypocrisy! And, in the first part, I would have raised the war-cry, and in the second, shown clearly how the mighty war-hammer—I mean, *sancta theologia polemica*—shall break all the wicked and perverse in pieces. But now all is useless—defeat, instead of victory. How long is the abomination of desolation yet to last—*bdelygma*, as it is called in Matthew?"

The Master, who had here interrupted his learned groans, and was pacing silently up and down, gesticulating, however, with his arms, as if he were laying about with the broken and again restored war-hammer, was just in the act of resuming his homiletical soliloquy, when the goldsmith, holding in one hand the cooper-knife, and in the other a large mug brimful, re-entered, and exclaiming, "Now, my dear Master, here is a sedative," placed the wine upon the table.

It requires, of course, no special mention, that the Master interposed no very strong objection against this invitation, nor that both were soon earnestly engaged in alternately settling what had arisen in their respective hearts and consciences: in the heart of the Master, vexation, anger, passion and rage, together with a tincture of resentment; in the conscience of the artisan, a loud, uncomfortably disquieting voice, out of the long past, transient penitence and persevering obstinacy. Both these desperate drinkers persisted, amid conversation in which Guldenmeyer wisely abstained from let-

ting his guest see the bottom of his heart as clearly as he permitted him to see that of his glass, in the business of solacing themselves, until they had nothing left but an empty mug.

“Who knows,” here remarked the goldsmith, “when it will ever again happen, that we two may have such special cause to comfort our hearts with wine? What say you, Master, to taking another dose of this sedative, which, as I perceive, seems so fully to meet your approbation? It may serve, perhaps, as a preventive against future attacks.”

“*Fajin simmach lebav enosch,*” answered Nullenbrecher, with a comfortable smile; for the wine was just about beginning to open the lid of his knowledge-box; “which, being interpreted, means, Wine maketh glad the heart of man.”

“Never mind your learning to-day,” exclaimed the goldsmith. “I am, just now, calling to mind another subject, which we will discuss as soon as I shall have brought the second dose.”

And, as he soon after returned with the newly-replenished mug, he remained standing before his learned guest, with an air of importance, and said, “Master Nullenbrecher, my dearly beloved friend, and especially highly esteemed son-in-law, it is true, the very praise-worthy Consistory has left you in the lurch this time, a circumstance which is not very agreeable to me; but, that you may see that I am still as good as my word, we will, nevertheless, if it prove otherwise acceptable to you, celebrate this very day, yea, this very moment, your betrothal. Are you agreed?”

“Verily,” replied Nullenbrecher, with a deep sigh,

“what King Solomon says in his canticles, chapter fourth, concerning Christ’s bride, even that does my soul address in spirit to your daughter: ‘*Tu mihi cor vulnerasti mea sororcula sponsa.*’ ‘Thou hast ravished,’ as Luther renders it, ‘Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse.’ ‘*Tu mihi cor vulnerasti altero oculorum tuorum, altera comarum tuæ cerviculæ.*’ ‘Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.’ Can there be any words better suited to your daughter and myself than these? Yes, with one chain of her neck hath she ravished my heart.”

“It is a piece of my own workmanship,” added the goldsmith, flattered by the allusion. “My Elizabeth has two neck-chains, and I would like to see the earl’s daughter who can show any finer. You shall see directly.”

And, leaving his guest in a state of uncertainty whether he meant his daughter or her neck-chain, he seized his well-known staff, and thumped with it against the ceiling. Soon after the obedient daughter entered, with great trepidation, as if she had a presentiment of what was about to happen.

“*Tu Thirza formosior,*” exclaimed Nullenbrecher, heated and emboldened by wine, “*amica mea.* Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Thirza, *tu Hierosolyma venustior*; comely as Jerusalem, as it is written in Canticles, chapter 6th.”

“Come nearer, my child,” said the father, addressing her, as the poor girl stopped timidly near the door. “Come nearer, Elizabeth, and pledge us in a glass.”

“You know, dear father,” she replied, “that I never drink wine.”

“That is not right, my most honored Miss,” said the Master. “Know you not what the son of Sirach says, in his 31st chapter: *‘Quid est vita, si non est vinum?’* What is life without wine?”

Without noticing him, Elizabeth turned to her father, and said, in a tone of almost melancholy entreaty, “If you want nothing further with me, dear father, permit me to retire. The house is open, and brother George is absent; and beside, I have just now something important to attend to.”

“Ay, not as important as what I wish you to do here,” interrupted the father, less kindly than before. “And you shall hear directly why you are to remain, and what I expect you to do. However, that is, first of all, your business, Master Nullenbrecher.”

Nullenbrecher understood the hint, and, excited and encouraged by love and wine, he arose from his chair, coughed a little, and began, “Dearest, most charming Miss Elizabeth, Solomon says: *‘Hinnag, japhah rajathi, hinnag japhah! Einaig jonim,’* which means: ‘Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair! Thou hast doves’ eyes within thy locks.’ The original has only: ‘Thy eyes are doves; however—’”

“Never mind that now,” interrupted the artisan, smiling. “You always forget that your learning is sadly out of place with us. But what say you, my daughter?”

The poor girl was so frightened, that she trembled. She saw, only too plainly, what was about to be done. She felt that her safety depended entirely upon candor

and courage; and truly, as if wonderfully strengthened, there came over her such a dignity and lofty bearing as testified to the purity and firmness of her heart. She replied, "Dear father, though the Master has not yet actually declared what his intentions are, I cannot but suppose that he wishes to have me for his wife."

"Right, my child," rejoined the father; "I am glad that you have so readily discovered and unaffectedly declared it."

But Nullenbrecher, joyfully rubbing his hands and gazing fixedly at her, mumbled to himself: "*Qualis flos Saronius*, what a rose of Sharon! *qualis rosa vallium*, what a lily of the valleys! as is written in Canticles second."

"Master Nullenbrecher!" exclaimed Elizabeth, turning full upon that gentleman, with the resoluteness of a heart relying on divine assistance, "by asking my hand in marriage, you confer upon me and our house a great honor. But have you well considered what you are doing? I am far too plain and ignorant to make a suitable companion for you: you, whose great learning I am far too simple and ignorant to appreciate, and who look for honors and distinctions, which are as becoming to a learned man as they are unbecoming to a maiden like me. Believe me, God has not designed us for each other."

The goldsmith regarded his daughter with the greatest astonishment. Her refusal was to him as unexpected as the firmness with which Elizabeth, usually so timid and obedient a daughter, expressed it. He was, in fact, not prepared for such a reply. But Nullenbrecher, assuming what he thought to be a win-

ning smile, said: "In one respect, you may be perfectly correct, honored maiden. Solomon says, somewhere, if I mistake not, in his Proverbs, *Sapientia est hominibus inexhaustus thesaurus*, wisdom is a treasure unto men that never faileth; and further on, he says, *Juvenis per sapientiam apud vulgus gloriam consequitur*, a youth shall have for the sake of wisdom estimation among the multitude—*et apud seniores honorem*, and honor with the elders: all of which means, that a young man, by virtue of his learning, is justly honored both by old and young."

"And then," continued Elizabeth, laboring under the delusion that the Master had fully conceded the point, "then there is still something else which widely separates us. I know that you are very unfavorably disposed toward our most worthy court-chaplain—yes, that you are even his enemy; that you abuse him and deny his having the true faith."

"He is a *heterodoxus*," interrupted the suitor. "A *heterodoxus*, I say; to speak mildly, a pietist; yea, the chief and patriarch of the pietists, who denies the eternal punishment of hell, and insists only on good works as a means of salvation, in direct opposition to the Apostle Paul, who teaches that it is gained according to Romans third—*choris ergon nomou*, which means, *without* the works of the law."

"I do not understand you," replied the maiden, calmly, yet firmly, and with flashing eyes, while the father still continued sitting, as if spell-bound with astonishment, before his glass. "You, Mr. Nullenbrecher, hate Dr. SPENER, and I love him; you regard him as an unbelieving Christian, I revere him as the

most worthy servant of Christ our Lord in our city; you denounce him as one who creates discord and strife among families and in the congregation, and I have for the first learned from him what a wonderful comfort the word of God brings to the heart. When you pray—that is, if you pray at all—you remember him only as one who walks in the way of the ungodly and erring, whilst I never pray to God without most heartily beseeching Him to protect, bless and preserve the dear man in that way to heaven in which he leads us. You, with your great learning, say No, where I, in the simplicity of my heart, say Yes. You go to heaven to the right, and I to the left. How, then, is it possible that our ways should, in this world, run side by side? The Holy Bible says, ‘Walk in one *faith* and in one *love*.’”

“You do not quote quite correctly, honored Miss,” replied the scholarly suitor, who, in his learned faith, was altogether forgetful of that which he endeavored both to feel and teach. “You doubtless refer to what is written in Ephesians fifth: *peripatcite en agapē*, walk in love.”

“And then,” rejoined Elizabeth, without paying any attention to his criticism, “there is still a third obstacle between us! Pardon me, for dealing so openly and candidly with you; but the question is, happiness or misery, peace or anguish. I cannot now, nor will I ever be able to love you.”

Now, for the first time, Mr. Guldenmeyer found his tongue. Inflamed by wine and the unexpected refusal of his daughter, he hastily rose from his chair, and said: “You cannot love the honored Master! You

are insensible to his great learning! You are insensible to the great honor, to be the wife of a man who is a pillar in the church, whose mother was descended from a right noble family, and who calls the most distinguished knights his cousins! Elizabeth, you know me! Are you aware of what I have power to do?"

"Dearest father," replied the daughter, in a mild and beseeching tone, yet with a serenity of countenance which bore witness to the fearlessness of a heart submissive to God, "if you command me to become this man's wife, I shall obey you, and pray to God to give me strength to bear, with Christian fortitude, the loss of earthly happiness. But you will not do this; you cannot do this, dear father. You cannot make your child, your *only* child, miserable; and the Master here, whose learning opens for him the door to nobler houses than our own, will surely not press his suit with a maiden who so frankly tells him that she can neither now nor ever love him."

"You, my *only* child!" hissed the father, whilst his eyes, made brighter by wine, flashed with rage. "This, then, is the fruit of your secret meetings with the schoolmaster of Lockwitz! This is the breaking out of the conspiracy against me! Well, well, we will see who, in this unnatural contest, carries off the victory. You think I would or could not do it! deceived, misguided child! I shall command you; yea, I command you now! Those who are blind must be led, is my principle. Those who would deprive themselves and theirs of honor and distinction, must be compelled."

“I seek neither honor nor distinction,” said the maiden, with undaunted courage, but yet in a respectful and child-like tone. “I seek, dear father, a quiet, simple domestic happiness, in which you, too, are to have a share. I seek as much earthly felicity as man, in this sinful and imperfect state, is able to attain. I seek it in the spiritual oneness of two hearts, which are sanctified by *one pious faith*. I seek a bosom-friend, a true confidant of my inner and outer life. But he who does not understand my heart, he who ridicules my faith, and lays the impious hand of the scornful upon that which to me is most sacred, he never, never can become my friend, my confidant.”

“These are,” the artisan added, with a contemptuous look, “the fine fruits of your pietistic nonsense, which you have learned of that court-chaplain. The Master here is right. That man brings only discord and strife into families with his new heresy. Elizabeth, once more I ask you, will you become Master Nullenbrecher’s wife?”

“Of my will I shall not,” quickly and firmly replied Elizabeth; “but if you, my father, really determine to force me to it by virtue of your paternal authority—me, your own child, the legacy of your wife, my good, sainted mother, then I shall do it; and God, in His mercy, will give me strength to bear my misery as becomes a Christian.”

“Ay, ay, honored maiden,” said Nullenbrecher, with a look of offended pride, “you are not very *difficilis* in your mode of expressing yourself. Moreover, you do not what Sirach says: *Noli contemnere quod dicunt sapientes*, despise not the discourses of the wise. It

may be that, like your apostate teacher, you do not care any thing about learning, and rather associate with those who do nothing but pray, because they do not know any thing else. And I should not be surprised if you would not rather bestow your love as *exempli gratia* upon the exceedingly pious and light-haired servant of your beloved court-chaplain."

"If it were as you say," replied Elizabeth, with a smile of noble pride, "I should certainly not conceal it from you. I should be proud if such a pious and worthy man would esteem me worthy of his love and friendship. But you are mistaken, Mr. Nullenbrecher. If you, however, mean to intimate that my heart is no longer free, then you are perfectly right. I belong here on earth only to one, whom God Himself has made the possessor of my heart and life."

"What?" passionately exclaimed the goldsmith. "You have disposed of your hand without my knowledge and consent? Shame on you, and a curse upon the faithless child that would despise her father!"

"The blessing of the father establisheth the houses of children, according to Sirach third," added Nullenbrecher. But Elizabeth cast a look of contempt upon the intrusive speaker, and, turning toward her father, continued: "You wrong me, dear father. I have not disposed of my hand, as you think. I am not bound by any words of my lips. Yea, he to whom I refer, has not even a presentiment either of the conflict of my heart, or of its defeat."

"I understand you, miserable creature," the father passionately continued. "The sworn enemy of my house, that canting schoolmaster, has broken his oath

and revealed to you a secret which has only brought to light his own shame and that of his crazy sister. I know you speak of George, your ungrateful brother, who has robbed me of more than the half of my property. But as true as I live, and have power over you, sooner your and my death than that I should suffer such a thing."

"I am in God's hand," said the maiden.

"If I have rightly comprehended your words, dear Mr. Guldenmyer," remarked the Master, "you seem to think that your daughter, Miss Elizabeth, is conspiring against you with your son and the pietistic schoolmaster from Lockwitz. If so, then I will not conceal from you the fact that I yesterday saw these three coming from the Electoral chapel, consequently from the Spenerite examina, conversing together a long time."

"What is this I hear?" exclaimed the goldsmith, whilst he clenched his hands, and a withering look shot from his eyes. "Have you resumed your visits to the examina in violation of my command?"

"I cannot, nor will I, deny it," replied the maiden, with a little unsteadiness in her voice; but soon regaining her fortitude, she continued: "Dear father, I found it impossible to believe that you were really in earnest when you forbade me, in future to attend the examina of the reverend court-chaplain. We are forbidden only to walk in the way that leads to destruction, and not in that which leads to eternal life. Oh, if you had only once heard from the lips of Dr. SPENER the teachings of true Christianity—if you had only once witnessed how none that are weary and

heavy-laden depart uncomforted—how the Spirit of God works effectually in all who hear his voice, and creates a willingness to fulfill the commandment of the Lord, and to bear, in a becoming, Christian spirit, weal and woe, suffering and death—and how all who listen for the first time to his explanations of the Scriptures, forthwith acknowledge that they are only now beginning to experience what true Christianity is; and had you only once seen how, in that large assembly, there is not one eye from which does not beam forth the peace of God; and, above all, had you seen himself, the dear man of God, the true witness of his Lord, how his face shines with heavenly brightness; and had you heard his voice, how, in its softness and tenderness, even whilst uttering those words of reproof which cause the heart to thrill in its innermost depths, it still goes to the soul as a loving messenger from God, surely, dear father, you would have learned to understand concerning him what the believing Paul declares concerning himself, ‘I believed, and therefore have I spoken.’ Indeed, my father, it does one good; it creates a most blessed feeling to hear a minister who has faith, and is not merely preaching about it.”

“There you have the whole pietistic heresy,” quickly put in the Master, turning to the goldsmith. “Is not this a covert attack on all other ministers of this city? It will not be long, my dear friend, before your little daughter will cast a compassionate look upon you, as a child of perdition; for it is the nature of these Spenerites to condemn all who do not hold to their pietistic faith! And what kind of fruit this heretical abnormity bears, you see already in that disobedience

with which she treats your commands. 'Children, obey your parents,' as is written in Ephesians sixth."

"In the Lord," quickly added Elizabeth. "God will judge whether I merit your reproof."

"Silence! you apostate!" called out the infuriated father. "You have transgressed my command; you have, without my knowledge and consent, entered the house where the seed of a heretical faith is sown; you dare to spurn my care for your future happiness; you tear yourself away from your father's heart. Be it so! My curse upon you, you despicable, ungrateful, apostate creature! Away! begone from this! May your path lead you over serpents and adders! Begone, I tell you, before I, in my righteous displeasure, lay violent hands upon you."

Elizabeth, who, on former occasions of this kind, had her eyes filled immediately with tears, remained this time, as if wonderfully supported, firm and immovable, and replied, resolutely, though with the greatest humility, "My father, if you drive me out of your house, I, of course, must go, and God only knows where I shall lay my head. But I hope, by the mercy of God, that I have not merited your curse. Ask of me what you please, I bow to your will. Demand my life's blood, and I will give it to you; demand my entire earthly happiness, and you shall have it; for you are, next to God, lord of my body and life. But," and, as she spoke, a holy fervor revealed itself in her entire person, "my soul's salvation you have no right to demand; in this, God alone is our Judge. If I have sinned in going where my heart, my faith, and my heavenly desires urged me, may God forgive me. I thought

myself engaged in the one thing needful, and I enter with this, my sin, into the presence of God, the omniscient and righteous Judge. But you, my father, I repeat it, are indeed lord over my body, but not over my soul."

"Curse you!" shrieked the unhappy father, as in the heat of his rage he seized the heavy cooper-knife which lay on the table before him; "a three-fold curse upon you! and—DEATH!"

Saying which, he hurled the terrible knife with full force at his poor child, who, though seeing the threatening movement, stood motionless and resigned before the cruel father.

Elizabeth fell to the floor, the blood gushing from her neck and shoulder.

Nullenbrecher precipitately seized his hat and cane, and rushed out of the room.

But the father, on seeing what he had done, suddenly turned deathly pale. With one wild look of horror, he threw himself upon his daughter, and cried, "Great God! I have murdered my child!"

CHAPTER X.

REPENTANCE AND CONFESSION.

“The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.”—Ps. li. 17.

IT was on the morning of the following day, that the famulus, Mr. Rothner, pale and trembling, and with his eyes suffused with tears, entered the study of the court-chaplain.

“What ails you, my dear Rothner?” asked SPENER, surprised and troubled.

“A young man,” he replied, “the artist, Guldenmeyer, desires to speak with you immediately.”

“Conduct him hither at once,” demanded the Doctor. “But what has happened to you?”

“Mr. Guldenmeyer, in a fit of anger, has killed his child—his only daughter!” replied the famulus, giving free course to his tears.

“In the name of God!” exclaimed SPENER, “what madness is this you are telling me?” and, with this, he himself hastened to the door, to admit Elizabeth’s brother. “Is it true,” he inquired, “what I have just now heard?”

“Reverend sir,” replied the youth, bowing low, to the man whom, in a few weeks, he had learned to love sincerely, “excuse me for calling on you so very early; but my agony is too great. You alone can help; you alone can comfort. My unhappy father, in a mad fit of passion, has inflicted a severe and danger-

ous wound on my sister. The surgeon shakes his head in doubt, and I am left to fear the worst—and that worst is more than I can bear! But this is not all. My poor father is perfectly beside himself. Tormented by anguish and grief, he would, ere this, have laid violent hands upon himself, if we had not watched him. We could not persuade him to leave the bed of my sister, and when she, this morning, opened her eyes again, for the first time, though as the physician declared, in a state of unconsciousness, my father cried aloud, and threw himself upon her bed. His physical strength, all at once, gave way. We spoke to him, yet he made no answer, but only continued to weep like a child. We therefore carried him to his own chamber, that Elizabeth might be out of his sight. After many hours of the most dreadful anxiety, which I spent now at my father's, now at Elizabeth's bedside—and after my father had continued for some time silent and listless, paying no attention to what was going on around him, refusing to make answer to any of our prayers and entreaties, he at length beckoned to me with his hand, made me hold my ear to his lips, and said, 'I wonder whether the court-chaplain would condescend to come to see me?'

"Certainly, and at once," said SPENER, as he hastened into the adjoining chamber to robe himself.

"Have you really no hope for your sister?" asked Rothner, with the sincerest sympathy.

"Very little," replied George, his eyes filling with tears. "It was only day before yesterday, whilst attending the examina, that we were conversing together on the declaration of the Holy Scriptures, 'There is

but a step between me and death' (1 Sam. xx. 3), which the Doctor had been explaining to us, when Elizabeth remarked to me, 'How would it be, dear brother, if this declaration should prove a reality to me?' At this I felt somewhat alarmed and displeased, and said, 'Elizabeth, it is not right in you to court death.' And now, alas, it may come to pass. O God! I cannot bear it! Ah, why did I not stay in a foreign land?"

"Do not despair," comforted the famulus. "It is unchristian to doubt the omnipotence and mercy of God, and still more unchristian to say, 'I cannot bear it.' Know you not that you are able to do all things through Him who strengtheneth you—Christ?"

"But oh, how difficult it is!" exclaimed George, in deep sorrow, "how very difficult to suffer in silence and uncomplainingly when your very life is torn away from you!—for, sir, it is my own life which is ebbing away."

The amanuensis did not, of course, fully comprehend the deep sorrow which rent George's soul. He gazed on him compassionately, and was about to utter a few words more of censure, as well as consolation, when the court-chaplain, arrayed in a plain black coat, and with hat and staff in hand, re-entered and said to George, "Come, my young friend, and may God be with us."

When they had reached the front door, they perceived, for the first time, that a heavy rain was falling, and that the streets were flooded with water. "If you will wait a few minutes, reverend sir," said George, "I will get a carriage for you."

“What are you thinking about, my young friend?” replied the Doctor, with unfeigned astonishment. “As long as God gives strength to our limbs, so long are we to use them. Come, let me take your arm, and tell me, meanwhile, the particulars of what has happened.”

And the court-chaplain, who, of course, did not know what luxury, splendor and ease meant, neither regarded the falling rain from above, nor the running water beneath; but, led by the young artist, waded vigorously and courageously through Kanzler street, across the New Market, towards Pirna street, and soon after entered the chamber where the unhappy and trembling father awaited the desired arrival of the man whom he had hitherto hated without a cause, and only in foolish agreement with many, because they were people of consideration.

When the court-chaplain approached the bedside of the miserable man, he found him lying with his face turned to the wall, quiet and silent as if asleep. When, however, George had convinced himself that his eyes were not closed, he called to him, “Father, dear father, will you not turn your face this way?”

He did not answer, but remained motionless, whilst a scarcely audible sigh proceeded from the direction in which his head was lying.

“The reverend court-chaplain,” continued George, “whom you, dear father, desired to see, stands before you.”

At this the sick man turned himself round; but when he saw the grave and dignified man, who, with the entire fullness of his trustful look, sought to catch the eye of the invalid, he quickly and with signs of the

greatest terror covered his face with both hands, and said, "Merciful God! I am a sinful cast-away; I have murdered my own child!"

"Not quite so bad as that," replied SPENER, with all the sincere kindness of his manner; "your child is still alive; and God will answer our prayer, and, for your sake, will not permit her to die."

"Sir," said the goldsmith, in a husky voice, "I cannot pray."

"Well," added the Doctor, "then God will give me strength to bring your wants before Him. Take courage, my friend, and pray with me."

And SPENER, without further talk, threw himself upon his knees, and, after George had followed his example, lifted up his folded hands, and began:

"Almighty and righteous God, faithful and merciful Father! Thou art our only comfort and our only refuge. Thou knowest and seest how great is the anguish of our hearts. We have neither help nor consolation in our deep distress. Thy name is called Lord Sabaoth, great in counsel, and wonderful in working! O Lord, we plead Thy promise, where Thou hast said, 'Ye shall seek My face.' Therefore do we seek thee, O Lord. Hide not Thy face from us—cast us, Thy children, not away in Thy just displeasure; for Thou art our help. Lord, forsake us not, and take not Thy hand away from us, O Thou God of our salvation! for all help has forsaken us; but do Thou take us up. Lord, it is because of our iniquities, that Thy chastisements are upon us, and of our disobedience, that we are scourged; but Thou, who art gracious and merciful, long suffering, and of great goodness and faith-

fulness, Thou hast no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but desirest that the wicked may turn and live! Thou art a God that doeth wonders. Thou hast made known Thy power among the nations. Comfort us, God, our Saviour. Compassionate us in our misery and distress. Help Thy people and bless Thy heritage! O Lord, our Lord, send us aid in our need. Show us Thy great mercy, as our hope is in Thee! Thou hast said, 'Because he hath set his heart upon Me, therefore will I deliver him. I will set him on high, because he hath known My name. He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him My salvation.' Behold, this is Thine own word. Answer us in this our prayer—answer us through Christ Jesus, our Lord. Amen."

When the court-chaplain had ended, he rose and regarded the unhappy man with manifest joy. George also rose and threw himself upon the bed, and, sobbing, buried his face in his father's hands. Guldenmeyer could now bear SPENER'S look, and anxiously asked, "Reverend sir, think you God will answer my prayer?"

SPENER laid his hand upon the man's forehead, and replied, "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him—to all that call upon Him in truth. And James comforts us with the words, 'The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'"

"Of the righteous!" exclaimed the goldsmith, wringing his hands in agony. "Alas, how, then, can *my* prayer come up before the Lord?"

“Righteous,” replied the court-chaplain, “righteous, as now your conscience, oppressed as it is with guilt, understands it, you of course, are not before God. But your sincere repentance and amendment will surely open to you access to God through Christ. Do you, from the heart, believe in Christ as your Redeemer, Mediator, and reconciliation?”

“I believe,” answered the goldsmith, in whose memory language almost forgotten was again awakened, and he raised himself up, folded his hands—“I believe in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, our Lord, conceived of the—”

“Not so, my dear friend,” interrupted SPENER, with a painful smile and a shake of the head. “Your faith now comes from your memory, and not out of your heart! Your faith consists in words, but not in works.”

Guldenmeyer regarded him with surprise. “Yes, my dear friend,” continued the court-chaplain, “to believe in Christ is something quite different from what you suppose! I entreat you, answer me truly,—what do you regard as being the chief aim of a man’s life?”

“That he may be saved,” replied the goldsmith, after a little hesitation.

“This we hope as the end of our earthly pilgrimage,” said SPENER, “and that not on account of our works, because we cannot, by our best works, lay claim to salvation, but only for Christ’s sake, through the grace of God, who alone can effect such works within us, as follow us into eternity. But what have we to do on earth?”

“To confess Jesus Christ,” answered the aged pupil.

“And in what does the confession of the Son of God exhibit itself?” continued the Doctor. “Does it exhibit itself merely in the words of the confession of faith, or also in works?”

“Certainly, also in works, reverend sir,” confessed the artisan.

“And if this be so,” inquired SPENER, “that the Christian is to confess his Lord on earth in words and works, in deed and in truth; what truth, what works will, in this case, be required of us?”

Guldenmeyer regarded the court-chaplain with a doubtful and inquiring look. But SPENER continued, “Perhaps you will reply in your heart, ‘good works.’ But what are good works? Simply that you pray, sing a pious hymn, give alms to the poor, and commit no wrong towards others? Oh, no, my dear friend. The old adage says, ‘pray and work.’ But now to work does not mean merely that we should labor for our daily bread, but also, and rather, that we should labor on ourselves for our improvement, honestly acknowledging our sins, heartily repenting of them, and showing forth fruits meet for repentance; and all this out of love to Christ, the Saviour of sinners, the only Redeemer of the lost! It means—to receive the Spirit of Christ, into our hearts, so that the whole inner man may be sanctified; it means—to purify our hearts from the world and its lusts, and to tear ourselves away from the world; it means—to strengthen and confirm our faith in joy and sorrow; it means—to be patient in suffering, to hope in the Lord in time of need, to be submissive to the Lord’s will when it runs in opposition to our desires; it means—to trust in the Lord

when God does for us abundantly above all that we are able to ask or to conceive; it means—to submit in all meekness to the world's abuse and scorn, to take upon ourselves the cross of Christ, and follow Him; and, above all, to love our neighbor heartily, and to forgive him sincerely as we hope that God will finally forgive us our trespasses. It means, in short, to be born again, that we may enter into the kingdom of God, and then fervently pray, 'Lord, I am altogether unworthy of Thy compassion and faithfulness which Thou hast shown toward me; but be Thou merciful unto me for the sake of Christ, my Redeemer.' Have you, my dear friend, thus believed in Christ?"

The goldsmith, deeply affected, cast down his eyes; his quick and heavy breathing indicated that there was a severe conflict within. At length he turned, with a sorrowful look, toward the court-chaplain and said, "No, no, reverend sir! Ah, what a mystery you have disclosed to my eyes! And what a pang you have sent through my soul! Give me comfort in my distress; heal again the wound you have inflicted."

"I, too, am a sinful man," replied the Doctor, laying his left hand upon his breast. "Such wounds only He can heal, who has done no sin, and in whose mouth there was found no deceit: He who came to seek and save that which was lost. But take courage and confide in Him. His Spirit will dwell with you. Pray fervently to the Lord and He will answer you."

Steps being now heard in the hall, George hastened out. This, however, revived in the unhappy father, who had thus far been so deeply concerned about the immediate regeneration of his soul, that he had, for the

time being, entirely forgotten the cause of his distress, the unpleasant memory of the crime he had committed—"Alas!" he exclaimed dejected, "how can I bear the terrible sin of being the murderer of my own child! This load weighs upon my soul: I cannot pray as long as God suffers this dreadful consciousness to haunt me. I cannot live, I cannot die, for anguish at the thought of my child appearing at the judgment bar of God with the accusation that her own father has been her murderer."

"Take courage, and hope for the best, my good friend," comforted SPENER. "Hold fast the divine declaration, 'The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance' (2 Peter iii. 9). And if I am interpreting the joy of my own heart aright, I can say to you, 'Your child will not die, but live to your salvation and to her own.'"

"I do not deserve to live," mournfully replied the goldsmith. "I am not worthy of this grace of my God. O, reverend sir, you do not know how good my child, my Elizabeth, is. It is only now, whilst tormented by the agonizing fear of losing her in consequence of my own sinful treatment of her, that I am fully conscious of what a treasure I possessed in her. And how little have I regarded it! She is meek and I am passionate; she loved me, and I have daily grieved her; she was always a grateful, obedient child, and I never felt that I owed gratitude and obedience to God for her; she has nursed and watched over me in every sickness and sorrow, and how often have I vexed

her till she wept bitter tears. I saw her tears, but did not regard them; and, O, these burning tears of my poor child now scald my heart. No, no, I do not deserve to have her preserved to me."

"It is indeed, true, we are not worthy of what we pray for," said SPENER, "but——"

"You do not yet know all," interrupted the goldsmith, whose conscience, with all its fears, had been fully aroused, and urged him to unburden himself. "I am an exceedingly wicked man, and entirely unworthy of the grace of God. My wife will accuse me before His throne for the wrong I have done my child. It is my fault that my good pious wife went down to her grave with a broken heart. Reverend sir, I was at one time a rich man, but now I am poor, poor in temporal and spiritual goods; yes, I cannot hide it, I am in danger of becoming a beggar in my old age! And all through my own fault, through my wicked pride, through my profligacy and sinful extravagance in living. I have plunged myself and children into misery. Alas! God cannot forgive me the wrong I have committed."

"Dear Mr. Guldenmeyer," remonstrated SPENER in the mildest possible manner.

"Let me speak," hastily interrupted Guldenmeyer, "I beseech you, for pity's sake, reverend sir, let me speak, that my heart may be relieved of its anxiety. I have still a greater guilt resting upon me. George is not my son, but the son of a woman who was once my affianced bride, and whom I perfidiously, and without the least cause of provocation, cast from me, simply because she was a poor and humble maiden. O, sir, I

drove her to madness, and in this condition she fell into the hands of a greater miscreant even than myself, and became his victim. I took pity on her child, thinking thereby to atone for my crime in the sight of God; yes, I acknowledge it, I spent half of my property on this son, to silence my conscience, which *would not* be quieted. But the more sacrifices I brought, the louder did my crime cry to God. Then I endeavored to drown my guilt in strong drink, and became thereby a tyrannical father, a useless citizen, and a lazy artisan. O, my merciful God, what a load of guilt is heaped upon my conscience! What an endless catalogue of sins and transgressions is spread out before my eyes! And do you know, reverend sir, from what all this has arisen? My heart trembles, and yet I must confess it: I was destitute of religion, of faith, and sat in the seat of the scornful. O, give me some comfort, that the anguish of my soul may not consume me."

In this deep anguish the Lord of lords was about sending better comfort than anything man could have brought. George returned to the chamber, hastened quickly to his father's bed-side, and weeping aloud, threw his arms around his neck, crying, "My dear, dear father, God has graciously had mercy upon us. Elizabeth will not die! The consulting physicians have just now agreed that her wound is not dangerous."

The goldsmith, for the moment, became deathly pale, whilst his eyes assumed a wild and wandering stare. He seemed suddenly deprived of all vitality. After a few moments his furrowed cheeks became slightly tinged with red, he folded his hands over his

breast, tears gushed from his eyes, and he said, "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof!"

Then he started from his bed with the buoyancy of youth, and exclaimed, "Where is my child? I must see my child! On my knees I must ask her pardon!" and he hastened towards the door. But George held him back, saying, "For the love of God, dear father, do not go; the excitement might cost Elizabeth her life. I entreat you remain here till you have become more calm."

The goldsmith mournfully bowed his head, returned to his bed, and said, "You are right, my son; this punishment too I have deserved. I will bear it without a murmur. But tell me, George, what does she say about me? Can she forgive me?"

"She is very anxious to see you, dear father," replied George.

"My dear, good, pious child!" exclaimed the old man, sobbing, and extending his arms as if to clasp her in spirit to his heart.

"My dear friend," said SPENER, "the Lord has done great things for you. Murmur not because of the sorrow of your heart, for it is a godly sorrow, which will cause you to know what pertains to your peace. And think on the word of Scripture, 'Now no chastisement, for the present, seemeth joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.' And now," he added, whilst taking up his hat and cane, "farewell: God be with you. It would give me pleasure to prolong my visit still further, but urgent

labors call me hence. If, however, I can, at any time in future, assist or advise you, come to me." Saying which, he extended his hand.

"Reverend and dear man of God," replied the goldsmith. "I am too weak to thank you worthily; you have given me new life."

"I?" added SPENER. "God in heaven forbid that I should thus sin against Him. All of us are only the servants of His holy will. Whatever He causes to be accomplished by man is the result of His grace and mercy alone."

"And now allow me one question more, reverend sir," continued the goldsmith. "You appeared in my house like an angel of the Lord; I now comprehend why I could not keep my child away from your examina and sermons. Every one of your words falls like a healing balm upon the wounds of my heart. Ah! why was I so blinded as to deprive myself of the peace which your words impart? And this Nullenbrecher—God forgive him the sins he has committed against me! You, reverend sir, are a messenger of peace! How does it come—pardon me—that men speak so much evil of you?"

SPENER smiled mournfully, and said, "The evil they speak does not so much concern me as it concerns the Word I preach. For the Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

With these words the court-chaplain left the room. Had this truly good man a presentiment that he was soon to suffer a hard experience?

CHAPTER XI.

EVENING PRAYER.

“Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.” Matth. v. 10.

WE must now introduce the gentle reader to the sanctum of a learned bachelor, the most labored description of which will, however, not leave us a very flattering result. We find a small room, around whose walls, disgustingly black with greasy lamp-smoke, are ranged different-sized shelves for books. In one corner are a few large nails, from which depend the coats and hats of the occupant; in another, a small table with three wig-stands, upon which are neatly arranged the characteristic head-marks of that time in general, and those of their owner in particular, ready to grace his noble head. Before the only window stands a writing-table, so well covered with manuscripts, books, brushes and hand-ruffles, that there is scarcely space enough left for writing. At this table the tenant of the cell, Master Nullenbrecher, is seated, earnestly engaged in reading from a ponderous quarto, by the aid of a very sickly light; for it is a raw autumnal night, and near the commencement of a winter of which historians of that time write, “it was terribly and continuously cold, with a very deep snow, so that there was great difficulty in going abroad.”

The Master wrapped himself in his somewhat seedy dressing-gown, for the sharp wind sensibly penetrated

his room, and was, to one engaged in quiet labor, uncomfortable. As this did, however, not afford him sufficient protection, he rose and measured, with rapid strides, the narrow space of his cell, an operation which, as may be imagined, scarcely paid for turning around; for, wherever he turned, his world was at an end. This filled his soul with some indignation and anger, which he was generally in the habit of plunging into the waves of his learning for the purpose of drowning, an expedient to which he had already successfully resorted in his late affair with our little friend Elizabeth.

But just as he was in the act of opening the flood-gates of his profundity, the door opened and a sprightly matron, his landlady, entered with a letter. After she had repeatedly assured him that she could not possibly guess from whom it could be, since the hand-writing was altogether strange to her, and being finally obliged to depart without having her curiosity satisfied, the Master broke the seal, looked at the signature, and was no little alarmed when the name of John Sigismund Guldenmeyer met his eyes.

“From the old hot-head himself!” he exclaimed. “Can it be that his daughter has put off mortality in consequence of the wound he inflicted? It would be a pity for the young thing, though the flock of Christ would not lose an orthodox sheep by it.” And then he began to read as follows:

“RESPECTED SIR:—*Especially Right Honored Master:* I have just come from the sick bed of my daughter, to which my unfortunate blindness and unchristian passion has consigned her. I cannot thank God suffi-

ciently for having thus far removed from her the danger of death, and relieved my heart from the burden of having committed a most terrible crime, though I pray God hourly to preserve her life and mine, so that I may make amends for the evil I have done. Yes, I must tell you that God, in His mercy and love, has protected my child, though you will not care a great deal about these glad tidings, as you have, since that unhappy hour, (now about eight days,) avoided my house, nor once inquired after me or my child, whether she were dead or alive. Instead of this, I must to my great joy inform you that the reverend court-chaplain has honored my house with a visit; and, by the wonderful power of his prayer, and the consolation he administered, saved me from despair.

“I can, therefore, now no longer feel indebted to you for confirming me in my hatred against this excellent man, whom I assisted in slandering, because you, as a learned man, set me the example; still less do I feel indebted to you, that you, who are ever taking the word of God upon your lips, never opened to me the true knowledge of the Holy Scripture, though you were ever boasting of your great learning. You will, therefore, greatly oblige me, if, in future, you will cease to act as my instructor and guide in these holy things. I, moreover, think it necessary for me to inform you, that I have no longer any intention hereafter, if it should please God fully to restore my daughter, to put her under any constraint in regard to her betrothment and marriage, but will leave her entirely to the exercise of her own judgment.

“You will, I trust, not misinterpret this, and not mar

my joyful hope, with which I shall to-morrow attend, for the first time, the preaching of the reverend court-chaplain.

“I remain your very humble servant,

“JOHN SIGISMUND GULDENMEYER.”

“Apostate, treacherous creature!” shouted Nullenbrecher, throwing the letter on the table. “Wolves in sheep’s clothing, *lupi in pellibus ovium*, genuine Pharisee souls, pietistical hypocrites, heretical Spenerites!”

He paced his cell with long and rapid strides: but the misfortune of not having sufficient space wherein to outwalk his wrath, only fanned it into a still greater flame. The wound which the unlearned goldsmith had inflicted upon him, by doubting his learned authority, smarted him infinitely more than that which he received from his blasted hopes in regard to the possession of Elizabeth; and he gave vent to his pious grief in all sorts of learned expressions, which, though loudly addressed to the walls, have, nevertheless, been entirely lost to posterity.

“What are you scolding about?” suddenly exclaimed Herr von Langendorf, who had just then entered. “You are so completely absorbed in your learning, my dear cousin, that you do not even hear one knock. What is it that has so excited you? You seem altogether changed.”

“True, true, most honored Herr von Langendorf, and especially highly esteemed cousin,” replied the Master. “One might become an *alter homo*, from pure anger and vexation.”

“Well, age* will come soon enough without such

*The word *alter*, which in Latin, means other, in German means age.

helps," replied the unlatinical cavalier. "I hold still with youth and a merry life, in spite of the penitential sermons of the pious Electoral court-chaplain. Do you know what has happened?"

"No!" answered Nullenbrecher. "Has SPENER suddenly met a happy death?"

"Alas, no!" said Langendorf. "But one, you know, might die of vexation. He is guilty of high treason."

"What!" exclaimed the Master, joyfully, "*of crimen læsæ majestatis?* Tell me, I pray you, what has happened. So then it is true that the pietists despise and seek to subvert all governments, and hold his Electoral majesty in contempt?"

"Only think, cousin," replied the knight, who knew admirably how to mix up truth with falsehood; "this SPENER had the audacity, nay, what am I saying, the treasonable fool-hardiness, to force himself into the cabinet of his Electoral Highness, and to take our gracious master to task about the management of both his public and private affairs, in a manner in which not even a school-master would permit himself with his scholars."

"SPENER is nothing but a schoolmaster," interrupted the Master, with a derisive smile and an air of proud contempt. "Well, and how did the Elector receive his arrogance?"

"At first, very graciously," replied Langendorf, "undeservedly graciously, so that the theatrical performance and the dance, which had been appointed for the evening of that day were remanded by the Elector's order only a few hours before the time appointed. You can scarcely conceive what a terror this spread

among the courtiers, and especially among all the beautiful ladies. Only think, cousin, weeks, yea, months, had been devoted to the preparation of costumes, and the study of the newest French dances; weeks, yea, months, of joys, hopes and anticipations—and all in vain! In vain had been the expenditure of many bright pieces of gold; in vain the expectations of many timid souls to form suitable beginnings for flirtations; in vain everything—and do you know why? On account of your dear, excellent SPENER, who, in his hypocrisy, succeeded, in a moment of weakness, in softening the heart of our good Elector, and filling it with his sombre piety. I tell you, the whole court breathes vengeance against this gratuitous moralist, who wishes to convert the world into a vale of tears. Master Nullenbrecher, cousin, I am sure you too, have also studied; tell me, is this Lutheran religion? Has not that excellent man, Dr. Luther, proclaimed it sufficiently loud through all the world, “He who loves not wine, woman and song, remains ——”

“I remember,” interrupted Nullenbrecher, the jealous Lutheran, “to have shown you, when on a recent occasion you were pleased to apply this same couplet, that this unbiblical inversion of Luther from Sirach the nineteenth——”

“Pshaw, away with your learned *aversion*, my dear cousin!” deprecatingly said the knight. “I have, at present, altogether a different matter on hand, if it only were not so cold and windy here, that a man’s very thoughts freeze up. Allow me, therefore,” he continued, at the same time opening the door and calling to the landlady, “Make haste, good woman, you know

already, corner house at the market: mention my name, and they will give it you."

"*Asina cum pullo*," suggested the Master, "the ass with the colt."

"What do you mean by this?" asked Langendorf in surprise.

"Ay, I speak of the ass," replied the other. "You surely must know, that in Matthew the twenty-first it is written nearly as you have just been pleased to speak. There we read, Ye shall say, the Lord hath need of them, and straightway he will send them. Have you ever reflected," he now continued in his learned zeal, "my noble cousin, how it was possible to ride upon the ass and the colt at one and the same time? For this must be assumed according to Zechariah nine, where is found the prophetic counterpart to this passage. There it also clearly appears that by *air* must be understood the male, for the explanatory apposition follows in the words *ben athonoth*, *i. e.*, the son of an ass. But, on the other hand, it is doubtful whether the word *chamor*—"

"Well," here interposed Herr von Langendorf, who had hitherto listened to his learned cousin with open mouth and staring eyes, "tell me, for pity's sake, what you are driving at? May I never more be knight if I can comprehend what connection there is between you, or the Russian temperature of your room, or the wine which the landlady will soon bring in, and the ass?"

"All this happened," rejoined Nullenbrecher, "*per analogiam*, or rather *per communicationem idearum*."

"Away with your learned exposition," again inter-

rupted the impatient cousin. "Pardon me, but one is in the end really at a loss to know whom to like or rather dislike most; the pietist, who embitters one's life with his praying and preaching penitential sermons, or the ordinary theologian, who does the same thing with his stupid learning."

"Pardon me," rejoined the Master, with a somewhat offended air. "What do you mean, my much honored cousin, by *ordinary* theologians and *stupid* learning? It is true, ordinary comes from *ordo*, *ordinarius*, and is therefore originally nearly synonymous with '*enormos*,' as the church or the congregation is called in *Acta* the ninth."

"Here," exclaimed Langendorf, as the landlady entered the room with the desired beverage, "Here is what I mean! And now do me the favor to lock up your learned drawer, or, if you do not, I'll drink this golden nectar alone. Come, here's to your health and that of your bride."

"*Eheu!*" exclaimed Nullenbrecher, again putting down his cup. "It is well, my honored cousin, that you remind me of it. It almost seems as if that project had undergone somewhat of a change. Read this letter, which I received shortly before your esteemed visit."

"What does all this mean?" asked the cavalier, when he had read Guldenmeyer's letter. "What has happened?"

"Much, very much," replied the Master. "I have not had the honor of seeing you during these last eight days; and if you have no objection, I will relate to you the whole affair." And now he related what

had happened, in his presence, at the house of the goldsmith; wisely concealing, however, his own part in the affair.

“So then, here too, we discover the influence of this SPENER,” said Herr von Langendorf. “I tell you, cousin, this man meddles with everything; he creates disturbance near the throne of the Elector, no less than in the dwelling of the citizen; he sows the seeds of discord between the sovereign and his servant, as well as between parents and children. This cannot possibly continue! And will *you* endure all this so patiently? Will you submit to being treated, by this paltry goldsmith, in such a dishonorable and perfidious manner?”

“What can I do?” asked the Master. “If he could be combated with the weapons of science, I would soon know what course to pursue. But what is to be done with such blockheads as this goldsmith, who has, moreover, gone over to the pietists? Science and Pietism, learning and Spenerism, are like day and night; *they* turn day into night, and night into day, as is written in Job the seventh.”

“Well, my dear cousin,” said the other, “in this I may perhaps be able to aid you! And in return something else may soon occur, in which you may render good service to me, and, let me tell you, to the entire court. That vain, proud citizen shall feel what it is to reject, with such scorn, you, the son of the sister of my own father. Do you know what was the cause of that sudden indisposition which he exhibited before our eyes?”

“No,” answered Nullenbrecher, “and I must, more-

over, confess that I have since never once thought about it."

"Well, know then," continued Langendorf, "that I found ways and means to find out the reason. You may congratulate yourself that it turned out as it has; the rich, boasting goldsmith is so deeply involved in debt, that he cannot save himself from beggary. You would have been obliged to support the father and son, as well as the daughter. I know that Guldenmeyer owes a citizen, Bennhofer by name, two thousand dollars, and many others such considerable sums, that his whole indebtedness reaches the amount of five thousand dollars. This, as I have been credibly informed, will take all of what is still left to him. Now, there is indeed a possibility of his creditors being silenced; as you tell me that old Guldenmeyer has joined the pietists, it is probable that some of these may make an effort to save him, at least by satisfying his most clamorous creditors. For it is said that these pietists hold strongly together, and esteem it an honor to sacrifice themselves for their brethren in the faith. However, five thousand dollars is such a considerable sum, that these people, who mostly consist of poor, impoverished burghers, will find it difficult to raise it. Hence everything depends upon all the creditors demanding the settlement of their respective claims at one and the same time, and that on the shortest possible notice, so that the law may step in and attach his entire property."

"And how is this to be done?" asked Nullenbrecher, who, it is but fair to say, was very inexperienced in such schemes.

“How can you ask such a question?” replied Herr von Langendorf. “The creditors must be induced to claim this money of this boastful goldsmith on the same day, and, if possible, in the same hour; and if he does not satisfy them, which he certainly cannot, they must immediately enter complaint against him before the magistrate. Do you know Mr. Bennhofer?”

“No!” replied the Master.

“No matter,” continued the crafty knight, “all will be right. Bennhofer, who fortunately has a strong hankering after the goldsmith’s house, is the principal creditor. He has, moreover, thus far, manifested great unwillingness to come to terms, and a word is sufficient to set him on fire. For further success, I depend on the service of a few individuals, who are skilled and feel a delight in such matters.”

“But,” interposed Nullenbrecher, “how will this affect Elizabeth? Will she also suffer by it?”

“Doubtless,” replied Langendorf. “But do not be frightened on that account; for it seems to me that you still cherish some attachment to this perfidious and ungrateful woman. Perhaps this sudden misfortune comes in good time, to soften the hardness of her heart and open her blinded eyes. And in case of necessity—I tell you this to show my affection for you—I might on certain conditions step in and save the old stubborn-head from disgrace and shame. You see, therefore, my dear cousin, that my attachment to you is a reality, inasmuch as I am zealously endeavoring to avenge the insult which has been offered you. In return for all this I, of course, expect that you look upon one good turn as deserving of another; especially

as this other good turn works for your interest as well as mine."

"What do you mean by this?" asked Nullenbrecher.

"Tell me your real opinion of the court-chaplain," said Langendorf.

"In regard to this I cannot tell you any thing new," returned the Master. "You will scarcely find ten ministers in the whole of Electorate Saxony who adhere to him; for he is the head, the patriarch of a dangerous sect, which seeks nothing less than the ruin of science, and the establishment of a new Pharisaism in Christendom. How His Electoral Highness can permit himself to be led by this dangerous sectarian is more than I can comprehend; and that the most illustrious High Consistory is led by him, is evident from the fact that the arch-pietist's famulus, Mr. Rothner, and not I, has become pastor of Altleben, in spite of your recommendation of myself to the Elector."

"Is it indeed so?" exclaimed the knight. "Here then you see, what an influence SPENER and his adherents are already exerting in the land. Yet, in confidence be it said, the Elector is beginning to change his opinion. He perceives that the pietists aim at nothing less than the enslavement of the heart and conscience, and the controlling of men according to their will alone. The Electress still persists in her attachment to this proud and audacious confessor, but here too there will come a change; and if I am not deceived in my presentiments and calculations, the time is not far distant when the spark now smouldering in the ashes will burst forth into a bright flame; and then, my reverend cousin, we shall have work for you! Are you prepared for it?"

“Though I do not know precisely to what you allude,” replied the Master, “yet if you, my much honored cousin, can in any way make use of the humble store of my wisdom, I shall always be at your service. And should it be desired that my efforts be directed principally against the hypocritical cant of these pietists, I can only say that I would account it a great honor to be permitted to apply myself to the task with untiring zeal.”

“That is right!” said Langendorf. “Union and harmony against a common foe. Yet I would recommend silence on this subject. When I need your valued services I will inform you of it, and your reward shall not be withheld from you. However, I see that my time is up; His Electoral Highness expects me! Pardon my unceremonious departure: if possible, I will see you again to-morrow at the same hour as we met to-day. *Au plaisir de vous revoir, mon cher cousin.*”

* * * * *

Whilst these two cousins, in a certain sense the representatives of the two chief foes to SPENER'S work, namely, dead and deadening orthodoxism and the lusts of this world, which he had assailed in their very foundation, were weaving their plans for the destruction of an individual whom the better class of his time regarded as a man after God's own heart, and who was honored and loved as a divinely commissioned deliverer from spiritual distress; at about the same evening hour in which the ruin of an already unfortunate family was determined upon; how did it look

in the quiet dwellings of those who were the several objects of this conspiracy?

Elizabeth was asleep upon her chair; before it stood a youth, watching her breathing, and somewhat further back, near the door, an aged man, with downcast eyes and folded hands, praying inwardly: "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion."

And in SPENER'S house?

Follow me thither, gentle reader, and join in the evening worship of a pious family. We find parents and children, and the famulus Rothner, assembled in the parlor. Upon the large, square table, near the stove (for the proximity of winter had already made fires necessary), stood the large pewter lamp, which gave sufficient light to the room. The head of the family, attired in his simple dressing-gown, and his noble head covered with a black skull-cap, sat in his arm-chair, holding upon his knee his little seven-year old boy Jacob, who was amusing himself in winding his father's soft, long hair around his fingers, and stroking the short beard upon his upper lip and chin. The two other sons, William and Maximilian, sat to the right and left of the famulus, and the good wife, sitting nearer the stove, was busily engaged in mending linen, and in casting, from time to time, an anxious look toward a cradle by her-side, in which the youngest of their children, a little six-months-old, was sleeping.

Maximilian, before whom lay the Bible, had just read the passage from the Sermon on the Mount, as recorded in Matthew: "For I say unto you, that

except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"Stop there a little, my son," remarked the father. "I can never listen to this verse, without being wonderfully affected thereby. What do you think, Master Rothner? I find in this passage, if rightly interpreted, the distinctive fundamental doctrine of our Lutheran Church. Do you not think so?"

"Certainly, reverend Doctor," replied Rothner. "As far as, in my weakness, I am able to comprehend its import, the Lord understands by better righteousness, nothing but a godly and righteous life, which can only proceed from a sincere faith in Him. The righteousness of the Pharisees is a spiritless and heartless obedience to the letter of the law, a work which proceeds from external motives, and not from a sincere love to God and man; a seemingly righteous life, but none of the voluntary righteousness of the children of God."

"Do you know," continued SPENER, "that I owe to the interpretation of this passage one of the most blessed reminiscences of my life? You are aware that this verse is part of the gospel for the sixth Sunday after Trinity. So it happened that, in 1669, the third year of my ministry in Frankfurt, I preached on this text, on the Sunday in question, taking as my theme, 'The false righteousness of the Pharisees, and the true righteousness of the children of God.' The power of the Lord was upon me, as I described the false and insufficient righteousness of the Pharisees; and whilst I was speaking on the works of righteousness, my own inner man became so enlightened, that I perceived

with horror that my righteousness was but little better than that of the Pharisees themselves. And I felt constrained, for very shame, to cast down my eyes, because I thought every one was reading in my countenance what was passing in my mind, and some one might even call out, "He preaches purity to others, and is himself unclean." Never have I felt more deeply and painfully how unworthy I am to be a servant of Jesus Christ, than during that sacred hour, in the house of my God; and though nearly twenty years have since passed away, and though I have, as God is my witness, during all this time, not grown weary in pressing forward toward the mark, I must still confess with a sorrowing heart, 'To will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good, I find not.' I often imposed upon myself the painful task of taking up some one of my individual acts, which I thought I could call to my mind without any compunctions of conscience, and examined and contemplated and analyzed it in every way, in order to discover my motive in beginning, continuing, and concluding it. But I have, as yet, not found one single act, which was, in all respects, righteous before God. I always found self, my own honor, my pleasure, my advantage at the bottom, however little I at first believed it. And yet it is only love to God and Christ, and not any consideration of self, that should constrain us to do whatever we do."

"How difficult," remarked Rôthner; "how exceedingly difficult! But who is there that can boast of such disinterested love?"

"None, my young friend," replied the court-chap-

lain; for the only one on earth who possessed and exercised such love, did not boast of it. He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, with the calmness and majesty of a God-man."

"But," interposed Mrs. Spener, "our hearts can at least feel this disinterested and faithful love even unto death. Do you not think, my dear Philipp, that a mother could suffer death for her child?"

"Certainly, my dear wife," replied SPENER, "and I know that your love to me and our children has already, more than once, urged you to encounter dangers which might have cost you your life. But mark me well, dear Susannah, you have done this, and you could really give your life for me and our children; but would not all this, after all, be an act of selfishness? And there are, besides, many other circumstances and motives which might influence us in the performance of such an act, and thus lessen the value of the sacrifice in the eyes of a righteous God. Therefore, I believe," continued he, turning to the famulus, "that we should daily thank the Lord that we do not here walk by sight. For if we were to have such a thorough knowledge of ourselves that nothing could escape our spiritual vision, and if all this were to be reflected back upon us, by the mirror of the Word of God, to show us its imperfection, I think we could never enjoy life nor its labors. And, therefore, I can easily comprehend how that sermon, preached in Frankfurt, and which was afterwards also printed, affected almost every heart, though producing a two-fold and opposite result; inasmuch as some resisted the truth, and never afterward attended my preaching,

whilst others, becoming convinced that they had hitherto unwittingly played the Pharisee, became exercised by a wholesome fear, were awakened to sincere repentance, and endeavored, ever after, with all diligence, to walk in the truth as it is in Jesus."

"Alas," said the famulus, "I fared no better with this passage than you did. When I had finished my studies in Leipzig, and reflected upon what I had acquired that was good and useful, and how I might now become, to my fellow beings, a worthy instructor and guide to the kingdom of heaven, I was, in the consciousness of my weakness, so overcome by shame, that I had well-nigh relinquished my intention of preparing myself for the ministry, when your sermon fell into my hands, which, I must honestly confess to you, damped my ardor still more, instead of increasing it, as I had hoped. Then I thought, the man who can so effectually move the heart, must also possess the power to tranquilize it. And I ventured to come to you; and you not only received me into your house, and admitted me to your table, but also, I am proud to say, to your heart; and I can never forget what you have done for me. I came to you weak in faith and good works, and now I look up to my God with a free and strong soul. God bless you, dear man of God; yes, most sincerely, reverend Doctor; you overwhelm me with benefits, and, what is more, I have not even so much as thanked you for having remembered me before the Consistory, with a kindness which I have not deserved, and ——"

"You speak of your appointment as pastor of Altleben," interrupted the court-chaplain. "As regards

that, I am altogether undeserving of your gratitude. For I will not conceal it from you that I spoke in opposition to your appointment, and that I only yielded, because all the rest of the gentlemen persisted in sending you there. For, although I must give you my testimony that you would not enter upon such a holy and important office unprepared, I, nevertheless, thought that you were yet somewhat too young."

"How much I thank you for this, dear Doctor," replied the famulus. "Yea, I must say with Jeremiah, 'I cannot speak, for I am a child.' Besides, the Lord has not said to me, 'Say not, I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee; and whatsoever I command thee, that thou shalt speak.' My whole heart keeps me back with you."

"And what do you intend to do?" asked SPENER, with surprise.

"To stay with you," replied Rothner; "that is, if you do not thrust me from you—to stay with you, and learn what I shall do."

"You should not," rejoined SPENER, "disregard this call altogether. Meanwhile I will seek counsel of God for you on the subject, and tell you some other time what I think of your refusal."

"You manifest, towards me, a father's concern," said the famulus; "and when I reflect how highly princes and nobles commend and honor you, and how favored all esteem themselves whom you regard worthy of your society and correspondence, I am overwhelmed with shame, on account of my insignificance in your presence, who are known over half of Europe."

"Ay, ay, my dear Rothner," remarked SPENER, smil-

ing, "it seems you are bent, to-day, on flattering me. How often must I repeat to you that I am not really deserving of all this? Do you praise the trees for bearing fruit? Certainly not, for the tree only yields what is expected of it; but you praise God, who causes it to bear fruit. And yet, such a tree is nevertheless deserving of more praise than man; for it bears its fruit willingly and patiently, and cannot be blamed when unfavorable weather and storms rob it of its blossoms and fruit. But man favors too much the storms of sensual pleasure and self-will, which destroy most of the healthy blossoms and fruits on his life's tree before they have matured. And the small amount of fruit which he will finally still retain, is so poor and insignificant, that we cannot sufficiently adore that divine grace which still permits the barren tree to stand, that it may bear fruit. When you shall have heard my sermon on next Sunday, we will speak further on this matter. But, my children, I see it is already nine o'clock, and I have still some important letters to write. Let us now, before we separate for the night, unite in prayer."

And after the children had ranged themselves in order around the mother, and all had reverently folded their hands, SPENER took off his skull-cap and prayed:

"Merciful, and gracious God, and Father! By Thy grace, another day has passed away, on which Thy eye has watched over, and Thy Almighty hand has protected us. O Lord, we are utterly unworthy of all Thy mercy and faithfulness, which thou hast shown toward us. Forgive us all our sins, which we have committed this day, in thought, word, and deed, and

grant, that after having enjoyed Thy protecting care, during the night, we may rise again to an evermore godly, holy, and righteous life. Bless our slumbers! We remember Thee upon our beds, and meditate on Thee in the night-watches. He that keepeth thee, will not slumber. Behold, He that keepeth Israel, shall neither slumber nor sleep. Let Thy holy watchman keep us, and Thy angels encamp round and about us, and deliver us. Protect, O God, my wife and children, at home and abroad, and preserve unto me, according to Thy grace, the friends of my heart, and prosper the work of my hand. And if our hour to depart and be out of the body should come during this night, grant unto us a blessed departure from this earth, and a merciful judgment through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

"Amen, amen!" responded wife and children and Rothner. Then SPENER kissed all his children, and laying his hand on each, blessed them separately, and then, as he was in the act of leaving the room, he called to his wife: "Dear Susannah, charge the maid to waken me at four in the morning, and that she must not leave off calling till she hears me getting up. For you know how very difficult it is for me to rouse myself from sleep. And now, God bless you and me."

And with this, the godly man went to his lonely study with a cheerfulness such as is only possessed by good men, who know that they are in God, and God in them.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRIAL.

“Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.”—James i. 12.

IN the house of the goldsmith the former appearance of things had undergone a very marked change. On previous occasions, when overcome by uncomfortable thoughts, Guldenmeyer had recourse to his sorrow extinguisher, as he was pleased to call the juice of the grape. But since that unhappy day, wine, in which he still occasionally indulged, would no longer extinguish his sorrows. Wherever he looked, he saw only the threatening tempest gathering above his house. He desired deliverance, and yet felt that most depended, after all, upon himself. And what had he done? He had discharged all his journeymen but one, and had once more put his own hands to the work; he kept aloof from all company, attended church diligently, and retrenched his household expenses as much as possible. But it seemed as if, with all this, no blessing attended him. He had become unaccustomed to work, and as he applied himself to his business with the melancholy feeling that it was done only to save himself from downright poverty, he lacked both the will and the energy necessary to insure success. His retired mode of life and his regular attendance at church, especially the preaching

and examina of SPENER, were such sudden changes, that the world's verdict in regard to him was anything but favorable. It was justly concluded, that the pecuniary condition of the proud goldsmith could not be as flattering as had been alleged, especially since his creditors were far from making a secret of it. Even his inclination to pietism, which was regarded as the resort of all who had been reduced in consequence of their own misdoings, and who now sought to reconcile God and man by singing and praying—even this newly awakened religious sense contributed towards degrading him in the eyes of the world. And though it so happened that owing to his retired life, but few of these rumors reached him, the weight resting upon his conscience only oppressed him so much the more; and, as is sometimes the case, and that doubtless in conformity to a wise design of the divine wisdom, that when a look has once been cast into the heart and conscience, the eye of the better spirit then seeks relentlessly and penetrates the most secret depths of our offences, so was it also with Guldenmeyer. That which had slumbered for years, and which he had almost for a lifetime so skillfully interpreted that he had not only felt at ease about it, but had actually began to look upon it as worthy of praise, became suddenly alive within him, and appeared to his soul as a heinous crime. He looked upon himself as the sole cause of his approaching misfortune, and the public disgrace that might be heaped upon his name. Whichever way he turned, his guilt stared him in the face; and especially the last crime, by which he had well nigh become the

murderer of his own child, who was slowly, yet surely recovering. All this was illy calculated to allay his anxiety.

And it, indeed, seemed as if God designed that he should drain the cup of tribulation to its very dregs. We find the unhappy father on a raw December morning in the year 1688, in his room, dispirited, dejected and helpless, almost ready to despair. The door opened and George entered with an almost timid tread.

“Pardon me, my dear father,” he said, “but I can no longer endure it; my anxiety about you consumes me. Speak, I pray you; consider me not altogether unworthy of your confidence; perhaps I may, after all, be able in some way to aid you.”

“No one can aid me,” gloomily replied the father.

“Why not?” asked George. “Help is possible in all cases, if not from man, at least from God; and if it be not for this life, then it is surely for the life to come.”

“Neither for this life, nor for that which is to come,” replied the artisan, in a disheartened tone.

“My father,” resumed George, “you are on a dangerous road, on the road to despair! I beseech you, for God’s sake, speak, and trust in the Lord. What has happened? What did the sheriff bring you this morning?”

The goldsmith regarded his son with a sullen look; but when he read in his countenance the deepest sorrow and the sincerest sympathy, his heart melted within him; he turned away to hide his face, and replied, “You want to know what the sheriff brought me? Beggary!”

“God preserve you from that!” exclaimed the son. “It shall not come to this, as long as I have hands to work.”

“Not come to this?” asked the father, with a painful smile. “It has already come to this. Here, take this and read, and—know my disgrace.”

George took the paper which his father held out to him. He glanced hastily over it, then bowed his head sorrowfully and exclaimed, “This is hard, very hard!”

“Well,” resumed the father, “what have you read? How do you like the threat it contains, namely: that all my goods and chattels, house and lands, must be sold if I do not satisfy my creditors within fourteen days?”

“And cannot you do it?”

This question made upon the unfortunate man the deepest impression. The necessity of confessing his insolvency to his son was almost too humiliating, and his former pride tempted him anew to have recourse to a falsehood. But the better spirit, for the time being, gained the ascendancy. With a degree of self-denial of which he had before not considered himself capable, he replied, “No, my son, I can not. I will not conceal from you that I have become so far reduced in my pecuniary affairs by my own fault, that if assistance does not soon come, I am lost. My credit is gone; all my creditors, who only three weeks ago would have unhesitatingly trusted me with double and treble the amount of their claims, are now afraid of losing even what I do owe them. I might still save myself, if they would give me time, but they have no longer any confidence in me. Even

my penitence, even my endeavors to make amends for the evil I have done, is interpreted to my prejudice. The fact of my avoiding their society, of no longer frequenting drinking saloons, but of attending the preaching and examina of SPENER, for the purpose of confirming my good resolutions, all is adduced as so much evidence that I am a ruined man, which I certainly am, for they make me one. Ah, my son, why is it, that all these heavy troubles must befall me, just at the time of my spiritual regeneration?"

"Why?" asked George, and his eyes beamed with holy fervor. "O, if I could only tell you what I feel, or repeat to you what I so often have heard from the lips of the reverend doctor. First, dear father, we should not ask this question at all; for who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been His counselor? As long as we still ask the Lord impatiently, 'Why dost Thou this?' so long will we also find no rest for our souls. 'Every affliction,' says SPENER, 'is designed to aid the Christian in glorifying God; for it is just in our afflictions that God keeps His wisest designs concealed for our real good; and it is made the business of the Christian to search, submit and wrestle until he has learned to know the ways of the Lord.'"

"Alas, what courage this requires!" exclaimed the goldsmith, sorrowfully.

"Courage indeed," continued the son; "but a believing heart is never wanting in courage. Faith saves only after it has imparted strength and courage to the heart of man, both to perform the works of faith and to endure to the end."

“Do you mean to say,” asked the father, “that I am wanting in faith?”

“If I may be candid, dear father,” replied George, “I answer yes. It is only lately that the bandage has been removed from my own eyes. What we have hitherto been accustomed to call faith is only such as we find, for instance, in Master Nullenbrecher; a knowledge of the Bible, a treasuring up of a multitude of passages of Scripture in our memories, without reference or application to a Christian life. The reverend father SPENER remarked at one time in one of his examina, the first which I attended in company with Elizabeth, ‘That the faith of many individuals in our day, appeared to him like a magnificently built house in which everything is as judiciously and neatly arranged as can be desired.’ ‘But,’ added he, ‘it is not occupied by suitable tenants to keep it in order and maintain a proper government. The proper tenants are Christ and His Word, and the Spirit of the Father and the Son. But as a general thing it is occupied by man himself, with his self-conceit and caprice. Hence it comes that the house, however sensible and handsome in its arrangement, has nevertheless, no solid foundation, and will fall into decay as soon as it becomes exposed to the storm.’”

“Though I do not altogether understand what you say,” remarked the father, who, whilst earnestly reflecting on these words, had, for the moment, entirely forgotten his misery, “yet I feel as if it contained much truth.”

“Well, dear father,” continued George, “I will tell you how I understood it. According to the teachings

of the Holy Scripture, I look upon the human heart as the proper and only temple where God's honor and our salvation dwell. For all faith comes from the heart alone. SPENER said, in his last examina, at which you also were present, that the whole of Christianity, with its commandments and promises, was designed only for the heart, and not for subtle reason. For if one were ever so learned and wise, he still could not find out God and His essence; and all we knew of it, was only revealed, and that not to the understanding, but to the religious sense of man. Hence there could not any passage be found in the whole Bible, in which Christ said that He had come to make learned men of us, except where allusion is made to that wisdom of which the fear of the Lord is the beginning. For this reason the Scripture defines faith as the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

As the father continued to observe a pensive silence, George resumed: "If I could only, dear father, make it as clear to you as it is to my own mind, why it is, just now, that affliction has come upon you! I think, my good father, you should be thankful to God for not letting you wait long for a trial of your faith. For it is an evidence of the grace of God that bringeth salvation, that it teaches us, and makes it difficult for us to live soberly, righteously and godly in this world. Moreover, I beseech you, do not give up all for lost. If you should succeed in satisfying your most clamorous creditors, would the rest put off their claims? I know an expedient. Send me, or go yourself to Elizabeth's godfather, Mr. Alberti; he is a rich man, and

has besides received many acts of love and friendship at your hands. Frankly confide your situation to him, and perhaps he may be willing to go your security, and then, with the help of God, we will be able to get out of this difficulty."

The goldsmith gave a melancholy smile and replied, "Mr. Alberti is one of my most clamorous creditors, and has already sent me two letters. They are all of them heartless and unfeeling men. No, my son, I have already thought over all the names of my former friends, without finding a single one to whom I could unbosom myself. I see plainly that there is no help for me; and yet," he continued, after a short pause, "I know one who might help me, if he would; but I doubt whether he would be willing, for I have too grievously insulted him."

"Whom do mean, dear father," asked George.

"Mr. Petermann," replied Guldenmeyer, in a dejected manner, at the same time coloring deeply, "the school-master of Lockwitz."

"There you are doubtless mistaken," remarked George. "Petermann is poor, and the office he holds does not leave him much to spare. If he could help you, you would have been helped already."

"Yes, indeed, my son," said the father, with a melancholy look, "I might have been helped already, if I had only been willing to be helped." And he was on the point of relating the whole of his last interview with Petermann, but his courage failed him, and he only said, "I know to a certainty that Petermann can help me, if he will."

"Well," said George, cheerfully and earnestly, "send

me instantly to him. For you must know that Mr. Petermann is very kindly disposed towards me, and manifests such a paternal solicitude in my behalf, that I am altogether at a loss to know how or by what means I have made myself worthy of it. Send me to him, and, I warrant you, I shall not return empty-handed."

"My dear son," said the father, whilst his voice trembled, "has Petermann never yet told you why he thinks so much of you?"

"No," replied the son, in the greatest surprise. "It is true, since my return from Italy, much has appeared mysterious to me; and I confess to you, that my heart trembles at the solution which I myself would give; therefore, have pity on me, dear father, and relieve me of the anxiety which consumes me."

"George," continued the goldsmith, "Petermann is the brother of your sainted mother—alas, that I must make such a confession to you—George, my son, child of sorrow of an unfortunate woman—George, I am not your father."

George stood before the speaker as if paralyzed; his breast heaved convulsively, and glistening tears coursed down his pale cheeks. Silently, unless tears be regarded as an eloquent speech, he fell on the goldsmith's neck, and wept like a child that had lost its father.

"Yes, dear George," Guldenmeyer continued, "if you knew what a heavy and terrible crime rests upon my conscience, you would turn from me with abhorrence. May God give me strength, some day, to tell you all, for I am not able to do so at present. And now, George, what do you intend to do? Thousands will not blame you if you turn away from me in my mis-

fortune. Will you remain faithful to me in the day of my calamity?"

"God pardon you this doubt," replied George; "I have not deserved it. My heart will call you father as long as it beats. Yet one thing more," he suddenly exclaimed, and it seemed as if life and death depended on the answer to his question. "Elizabeth—is not my sister?"

"If your love does not make her such, no!" replied Guldenmeyer, "you are as little related to each other by ties of consanguinity, as an otherwise melancholy fate has united you."

"Do you speak truth?" asked George, with trembling excitement. "Is it indeed so, that Elizabeth—your daughter Elizabeth—my precious Elizabeth—is not my sister?"

"Certainly not," replied the artisan, "as I hope for mercy at the throne of God."

"O, where shall I carry the joy of my heart?" exclaimed he, in an ecstasy. "To her! to her!" he continued, and rushed towards the door.

"For pity's sake, George, stay," remonstrated the father, as he drew him back. "Do you wish to kill my child with the storm of your joy? Besides, you are too late; Elizabeth already knows it."

"So this, then, was her secret!" said George, in great surprise. "Now, I for the first comprehend you, Elizabeth, good, pure Elizabeth, I comprehend your conflict, and stand abashed before the magnitude of your victory. And you, my dear father, you, the creator of my present blissful joy, my benefactor and protector, as far as memory carries me back, should

you be unhappy, whilst I can scarcely contain myself for happiness? No, allow me to leave you; I must go to Lockwitz, I must speak to Petermann; you must have help, and that this very day."

"Hold, my son," said the father; "do not be rash; I fear your efforts will be vain. And yet," he continued, putting his hand to his eyes, "if he would save me—save me from shame and disgrace—how willingly, how very willingly and gratefully would I accept his help! Do you know, my son, what I feel that I ought to do? I will go with you to Lockwitz."

George accepted this proposal with the greatest pleasure, and urged an immediate departure. And now, after both had vied with each other in their care and attention for the comfort of Elizabeth, and, especially after George had charged the nurse, by all that was sacred, to exercise all necessary watchfulness over her, both men might have been seen passing out at the Pirna gate, pursuing, with all possible speed, their way to Lockwitz.

On they go, these two, urged onward by one motive, for the attainment of one end! And yet how different their feelings! The son, with the full conviction that his plan would succeed; the father, with a just apprehension that his visit would be in vain: the first, in the consciousness of his love; the other, in the knowledge of his guilt. Is this not a picture of mankind in general, in their journey through life? Look around you, O, Christian, and you will find many a one who does not walk upon a bed of roses, and, who, in the sweat of his brow and with anxious thought, toils early and late for his daily bread and that of his family, and

upon whose shoulders rest, besides many other heavy crosses of human injustice, protracted sickness, and whatever else enters alike the hut of the poor and the palace of the rich against our wishes; and yet he pursues his difficult way courageously and undismayed, eats his bread with a contented mind, and says, "It might be much worse." Whence comes this courage, this contentment, this joy in the midst of tribulation? It proceeds from the consciousness of love from and to Him who first loved us, who numbered our days when, as yet, in continuance, they were not, who draws us to Himself by His love; it proceeds from the consciousness of the comforting assurance, that the Lord, who has helped us hitherto, will continue to help us in the future; it proceeds, in a word, from the consciousness of intimate communion with God. And, do you wish for a counterpart, the mournful picture presented by those who begin even the good they do with fear and trembling, who have no faith, neither in themselves, nor in God, nor in humanity? Whence comes this desponding, this faint-heartedness? It arises from their consciousness of the great gulf which has opened between themselves and their Father in heaven; it comes from a feeling of a lack of being accustomed to endure and suffer with God to the end; it comes from that timidity which arises from a want of acquaintance with the Spirit of the Lord; it comes from ignorance of Him who died upon the cross for our sins, and was raised again from the dead for our justification. If a celebrated poet, who has examined and made himself familiar with this earthly life in its entire comprehension, calls life a sweet and agreeable habitude of

being and working, then the Christian who has learned to view this temporal life in its relation to heaven, can say with equal truth, the Christian life is a sweet and agreeable practice of being and working in God through Christ.

We direct our attention again to those two men, who, in consequence of the raw autumnal winds which already swept with wintry coldness across the barren fields, found their walk so unpleasant, that George more than once insisted on his father's turning back, with the assurance that he unaided would be able to bring the affair to a happy end. But the goldsmith abided by his resolution to lay his request in person before the schoolmaster, because he felt that he had too much to atone for.

When they had arrived near the schoolhouse the father restrained the son in his haste, and said, "Wait a little, George; I feel too heavy about my heart. I have been studying all the way here how to lay my request before him, but my thoughts have utterly forsaken me; I know not how to begin."

"Let me see to that," said George, with a cheerful look, as he stepped up to the house. The father, with his head bowed down, followed. On knocking, however, no one answered. "Can it be that he is absent from home?" anxiously asked the father.

"No," replied George; "I know his way. Let us enter in God's name." They did so, and found the room empty.

"He is not in the house," said the goldsmith, confidently. "It is so ordered that we are not to meet with him."

“Do not despair,” comforted the son. “He must be about the house somewhere, for I see his cane standing in the corner, and he never goes out without it. The door to his chamber is half ajar, he must certainly be there!” And with this he called out, “Mr. Petermann!”

“Who calls?” replied a faint voice from within the chamber.

“It is he,” said the artisan, softly and anxiously to George. “Go you alone into his room, whilst I stay here; for I must first collect my thoughts before I can enter.”

George entered the chamber. “Ah, me!” he exclaimed, on beholding the schoolmaster lying sick in bed. “What has happened you, Mr. Petermann?”

“A slight indisposition, my dear son,” replied the schoolmaster, smiling. “To-morrow, God willing, I shall get up again. But what has brought you to me? How is your sister Elizabeth?”

“God be thanked,” replied the brother, “she is gradually improving. She still experiences some difficulty in speaking, but the physician assured me this morning, that, in a few weeks, she would be able to leave her bed.”

“How does she bear her affliction?” asked Petermann, further.

“Like a true disciple of SPENER,” said George. “She needs no consolation, for she does not even admit that she is afflicted, and comforts every one who approaches her bed-side with regrets and complaints. O, what a good and pure soul that girl has!”

“And how is it with yourself, my son?” continued the schoolmaster.

“With me?” replied George. “O, dear Mr Petermann!—” He interrupted himself, for he was on the point of communicating the secret, which had only recently been revealed to him, and, at the same time, to assure himself of its correctness. But his courage suddenly forsook him, and a deep blush crimsoned his face. He again took up the question of the schoolmaster, and said: “Well, God has ever manifested towards me His mercy and faithfulness; but, dear Mr. Petermann, why do you not also inquire after my father?”

“God has already inquired after him,” replied he, gloomily.

“You seem to be angry with my father,” said George. “That would be doubly distressing at this time, when he and all of us have counted on your kindness. Mr. Petermann, a great misfortune is about to befall us.”

“Thank God for it,” quickly exclaimed the schoolmaster, “that He makes such haste with you; for it is not every one whom the Lord above treats with such favor.”

“Mr. Petermann!” exclaimed George, in painful surprise, “you cannot be in earnest, in what you say, for you surely would not wish any one to be unfortunate.”

“Certainly not,” replied the other, “for, on earth, there is no such thing as misfortune.”

“No misfortune on earth?” asked George, in astonishment.

“Well, then, my son,” continued Petermann, “name me a misfortune! Is poverty, or sickness, or lowliness,

or ignominy and shame, or scorn, or even death, a misfortune? There is, in fact, only one real misfortune, and that is one which reaches up to heaven, namely, that of standing afar off, and not being able to lift up one's eyes, and smite upon one's breast, and say: "God, be merciful to me a sinner." But there is, fortunately, the very best remedy for this one misfortune, offered to all who are willing to be helped. Whatever else the world calls a misfortune is only the world's notion, the world's error, the world's baseness."

"And what do you call it," remarked George, in a sorrowful tone, whilst he looked beseechingly into the old schoolmaster's eyes—"what do you call it, when an old man is driven out of house and home, when he must lose his good name, and be dishonored, and go forth, broken-hearted, to earn a miserable subsistence—what do you call all this, if it be not a misfortune?"

"I would call this exceedingly fortunate," replied Petermann, with the most quiet composure.

"Mr. Petermann," continued George, with painful vehemence, grasping his hand. "What do you call him, who can save from ignominy and shame, misery and despair, but does not do it?—what do you call him?"

Petermann turned away his face and remained silent. Then the goldsmith tottered into the chamber, grasped his hand, and said: "Andrew, I am that unfortunate one who begs for help; can you forgive me?"

When Petermann heard his voice, he seemed terror-stricken. After a short conflict of indecision, he turned his face again, raised himself on his couch, and replied firmly: "God knows, I have forgiven you."

"Then save me, Andrew," exclaimed Guldenmeyer. "You can do it."

"Ask salvation from the Lord!" said Petermann, with steady calmness.

"Friend, brother," continued the goldsmith, "have pity on me! In the name of your sainted sister, compassionate me in my distress—suffer me not to be publicly disgraced."

"In the name of my blessed sister!" repeated the schoolmaster, covering his eyes with his hands. "She has left you a legacy, Sigismund. The time has now come to deliver it to you." With this he handed him a discolored and shabby-looking letter, which he had taken out of his under waist-coat. "You tremble, Sigismund," resumed Petermann, quickly, as the goldsmith remained standing as if turned to stone, before this witness of his heinous crime. "Had you trembled when you wrote this letter, — yet, who am I," he interrupted himself, and again resumed his former calmness, "who am I, that I should judge another man's servant! Sigismund, take this letter and destroy it; the ring of which you know, I have taken out of it. In due time it too shall be disposed of."

"Andrew," now began the goldsmith, "if you felt my torment, you would once more have compassion on me. I pray you, for the sake of the days of our youth, for the sake of my hope in the mercy of God, save me from ignominy and shame."

Petermann turned away, and said, in a low, hollow tone, "It is too late; I cannot."

"Yes, you can," interrupted George, in a beseeching tone; "dear Mr. Petermann—yes, now I have the cour-

age to say it; brother of my sainted mother, for her sake, for mine, for Elizabeth's sake, be entreated."

"It is too late, I tell you," replied the schoolmaster, with fixed determination. "Sigismund, listen to me! Do you know the saying, 'Whosoever endures unto the end shall be saved?' Go, then, and God's Holy Spirit lead you in a plain path!"

After having uttered these words, the singular man again stretched himself upon his couch, turned his face toward the wall, and drew the cover up to his chin. The goldsmith, tormented by gloomy thoughts, stared vacantly about, and then, as if moved by a sudden resolution, took George by the hand, and hastened with him out of the house.

After the two had left, Petermann folded his hands, saying: "Forgive me, merciful God; I said—it is too late! but Thou knowest my heart meant—it is too soon! For Thy Son has Himself said: 'He that endureth unto the end, the same shall be saved.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE IMPOVERISHED FAMILY.

“Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.”—Prov. vi. 10, 11.

DURING the latter half of the month of February, of the year 1689, the unusually severe winter, which at that time had held Northern Europe, and especially Germany, in its icy embrace, had somewhat relaxed its merciless rigor. Humanity awoke to a new life, and impatiently counted the days that were yet to pass before the commencement of spring. The goodly city of Dresden, too, looked, with anxious longing, towards the Bohemian mountains, as if to implore the balmy south wind to remove the icy covering from off the River Elbe, and thus again restore navigation; for grain began to rise in price, notwithstanding the many heavily-laden boats, both to the north and to the south, which were intended to provide the capital with provision.

That, during such severe winters, the poor citizen must suffer most, and, consequently, also looks with the greatest impatience for longer and warmer days, is as true as that the humane relief, extended by the rich and noble, may, indeed, to some extent, alleviate, but cannot altogether remove the general want.

We enter the Pirnaien suburb, where we find, in St. John street, nearly opposite St. John's church, in a very

humble dwelling, a poor family, sharing in this same impatience, and having, besides, another heavy cross to bear. Within a small chamber, poorly, but very neatly furnished, and in which a few articles spoke of better circumstances, we find a man whose appearance seems to indicate that he is fast approaching old age, earnestly engaged in mending broken chains and rings. As skillful as he showed himself at his work, and as contented as he might have been over it, so little did this contentment exhibit itself in his countenance. He now laid aside his work and said, "What I once would scarcely have required of my poorest journeyman, yea, what is really nothing but apprentice-work, must now be performed by the master, and all this for that scanty bite of bread which is daily growing less, in spite of all my toil. This grief gnaws away my life, and will destroy it, much as I endeavor, with Divine assistance, to bear my self-inflicted misery. My strength is broken. A righteousness, which passes current with God and man, is difficult to be acquired in old age."

Hereupon, he assumed a pensive look, as if thinking of past times, and then said, "God grant that George may succeed in disposing of his work."

The door opened softly, and a voice said, "May I come in, dear father?"

"My child, my good child!" exclaimed the artisan, and Elizabeth rested upon the breast of her father, and wept aloud for joy. "How dare you venture," he added, gently reproaching her, "to leave your chamber so soon? Have you forgotten, that you must still be very careful?"

"Oh," she replied, "I could hardly wait to bid you

a good-morning! Oh, my good, dear father, my heart is almost bursting with joy, so happy do I feel to-day! Every trace of pain has entirely disappeared! And do you not remember my becoming nineteen years of age to-day? Where else, then, could I first of all go but to you, to whom under God, I owe my life?"

"Dear, good child!" said the father, kissing her, "blessed be your out-goings and in-comings. Praised be the God of grace and mercy, that He has preserved you, and, in so doing, has removed the dreadful consequences of my heaviest guilt from my heart."

"So, then, you are no longer angry with me?"

"I angry with you, my child!" repeated the artisan. "Alas! alas! it is myself who must ask you, whether you have pardoned me the wrong I have done you, in my unhappy blindness and wicked anger! Nothing—neither prayer, nor work, nor joy, can ever efface that horrible memory from my mind. As often as I see you, that deed passes before me."

"Do not torment yourself unnecessarily, dear father," importuned the maiden. "Know you not what Joseph, at one time, said to his brethren: 'But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it for good.' Yes, the Lord has done all things well. The short pain I endured, has become to me the source of the most blessed joy! Who knows, dear father, if that dark day had not dawned upon us, whether I could rest as blissful on your breast as I now do, or enjoy the happiness of seeing you reconciled to me?"

"You say this with a kind intention," interposed the artisan, "because you would soften the just reproaches of my conscience."

“If you mean by this, that I dearly love you,” replied Elizabeth, “then you are right. But you should also remember, that beautiful assurance, that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord; which means, as my dear Doctor SPENER once explained it: That he, who is truly godly, knows always how to overcome the evil with the good, and finds every misfortune fruitful unto righteousness.”

Guldenmeyer shook his head doubtfully, and said, “In every misfortune? Elizabeth, look around you. What a sad difference there is between the last and present anniversary of your birth-day! You are no longer in the house of your birth, no longer in the house of my fathers. Wherever you look, poverty, want, and misery stare you in the face, and God only knows how far we may still have to come down. May He forgive me the guilt I have incurred in the bringing of this about, and also may He pardon those who were heartless enough to drive us forth, in the cold of winter, from house and home and estate. I shall never forget what my soul suffered when we were obliged to carry you hither, weak and sick! You think, that misfortune would be fruitful unto righteousness. This may be a great consolation to one suffering innocently; but with what shall he console himself, who has caused his own sorrow?”

“In that case,” replied the maiden, “the fruit of righteousness will be the more perfect, so soon as we are not ashamed to confess that we have done evil, and strive, by faith, to engage in better works of love. You must know, dear father,” she quickly added, as if she felt that she had wounded his feelings and violated

filial love, "you must know, that the human heart is like a field; both are to bring forth good fruit. But, if the field does not do it, it is to be attributed to all manner of unfavorable weather; but that, which may serve as an excuse for the non-productiveness of the field, will only tend to heap reproach upon the human heart, because the time of misfortune is its most favorable season for bearing the fruits of righteousness."

"Where have you learned all this, my child?" asked the father, pressing her again to his heart. "Such words enter one's very soul, when, in times of distress, we stand in need of consolation."

"Where have I learned this?" asked Elizabeth, with a pleasant smile. "Surely, I would be but a poor pupil of my dear teacher, Doctor SPENER, if, after so much instruction, I had failed to understand the Christian's hope, and also to explain it to such an indulgent listener, my good father, as you are."

As she here ceased, the door opened, and George entered, holding under his arm a painting on canvas. "You come back without having accomplished your object," the father quickly called out to him.

"Unfortunately," replied George, leaning the painting against the wall, "my walk was fruitless. The Privy Counselor said, if a pietistical subject had not formed the basis of it, he would have bought it; that, in these times, one could not be careful enough, so as not to be classed among the sectarians and Spenerites, and he had good reasons of his own to avoid even the appearance."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the artisan. "Has it, then, already come to this? Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

And what was the subject of the painting? A small chamber, supplied with only the most indispensable articles of furniture, the window curtained, the door secured by a heavy bolt. Before the window knelt a youthful maiden, with her hands folded, and bending her eyes meekly to the floor. The whole expression of her pale but noble countenance, was that of one engaged in believing and trustful prayer. Beside her, upon the table, lay an open Bible, and underneath, the reference, Matthew vi. 6.

While the goldsmith was regarding the painting with a melancholy look, his eyes became suddenly dilated, and he exclaimed, "What have you painted here, my son? What a resemblance does this maiden bear to our Elizabeth! See for yourself, my dear child, whether I am not correct."

Elizabeth had probably noticed the same thing; for, without heeding her father's request, she blushed again and again, and remained silent.

"Why should I deny it?" said George. "If you do really see a resemblance to Elizabeth, you reward me far more richly than the Privy Counsellor could have done. I acknowledge that Elizabeth, though unconsciously, served me as a model for this maiden. I have, during the days of your sickness," he continued, turning to Elizabeth, "when I approached your bed-side, so frequently observed you in the attitude of prayer, that it would be a severe reproach to me if I had not retained you, my dear sister, in my heart, as an object of constant mental contemplation."

Elizabeth trembled with confusion. It was the first time that George had presumed, in the presence of

her father, to use expressions at which she, in her maidenly purity of soul, might almost have had cause to feel abashed. But she quickly relieved herself from her embarrassment by a pleasant sally. "Well, now," she said to George, "is that what you call brotherly love—first secretly to steal me, and then as secretly to attempt to sell me?"

"Happy child," interrupted the father, in a melancholy tone, thus saving the pilfering painter an embarrassing answer. "You can still be cheerful, while I am oppressed by care. How will it be if George does not find purchasers for his labors? The landlord presses me for the rent, our provisions have given out, and what I earn will hardly pay for the oil I use in my lamp. Petermann, Petermann," he added, "may God forgive you your hard-heartedness!"

"I still believe that you wrong my uncle," said George. "If it had really been in his power to aid us, he would not have permitted matters to have gone thus far; for he is very philanthropic and liberal. Besides, where is a poor schoolmaster like him to get the means?"

"So much the worse," hastily rejoined the goldsmith. "If Petermann has really not the means to aid us, then he is a liar and a hypocrite, and has attempted to deceive me."

"Surely, he is none of these," Elizabeth maintained. "Mr. Petermann thought, perhaps, of aiding you through others, but did not find it possible to do so. He *must* be a good, honest man, because our Reverend Doctor SPENER esteems him very highly, and holds frequent intercourse with him."

“I agree with Elizabeth, dear father,” said George. “It is now about a week ago, that he came to my room, just as you had gone out, and examined my work with great care and intelligence. In doing so, he also found the small painting, or rather hasty sketch, intended to represent Dr. SPENER. You know I had drawn it from memory, and considered it somewhat of a failure. But Petermann praised it beyond measure, and called it an excellent likeness of the court-chaplain. Now, since the good Doctor, in his extreme modesty, cannot be prevailed upon to sit for his likeness, Petermann thought that I might dispose of my painting at a great pecuniary advantage, for, he said, he knew many among the rich and noble who would be willing to purchase Dr. SPENER’S likeness at almost any price. And, though much as I was convinced of the imperfections of my work, my dear uncle at length, nevertheless, persuaded me to leave the picture at his disposal, promising, at the same time, to sell it at the highest possible price. Since then, I have not seen him. He certainly cannot yet have sold it, and, what is more, I wish he may not sell it at all, for I am really ashamed of it.”

George had scarcely ceased speaking, when there was a knock at the door. “That is he!” simultaneously exclaimed George and Elizabeth. And it was the old schoolmaster. Petermann entered, saluted them kindly, and said: “I am glad that you have a warm room, for I feel somewhat cold. I have just come from the church of St. Sophia;” and, with this, he took a chair near the stove.

The arrival of the schoolmaster made, upon those

present, different impressions. Petermann himself moved about with all ease, and acted as if he had a perfect right to do so—was otherwise affable and inoffensive, and conducted himself as if nothing of an unpleasant nature had ever passed between him and the goldsmith.

George, as soon as he had welcomed his uncle by a hearty pressure of the hand, returned to his painting at the wall, and turned it round as though without design, so as to withdraw it from Petermann's sight, in which he was, however, but illy successful. The goldsmith presented a picture of the most oppressive embarrassment. He, in spite of all his children had said in defence of the old man, still secretly hated the schoolmaster, to which was added that dread, inspired by superiority, which he invariably experienced in Petermann's presence, and which was painful to him. And yet, he also felt that he had reason to deal softly with this singular schoolmaster, a feeling which his burdened conscience was greatly instrumental in producing. He crossed his hands upon his back, and looked through the window at the sky above, as if examining the state of the weather. Elizabeth alone was all cheerfulness; she hastened toward the schoolmaster, and said: "Mr. Petermann, I know why you come to see us to-day. You know that I celebrate my nineteenth birthday, and you have come to congratulate me."

"Assuredly," replied Petermann. "This, too, is one of the days, my daughter, which God has written in your book, which, in continuance, were fashioned, when, as yet, there was none of them. A difference

there undoubtedly is between this day and the day of your birth. What say you to it, brother Sigismund?"

The goldsmith started; then cast down his eyes, and said, as mildly as possible: "It is not Christian-like to mock those who are in misery."

"You are right, Sigismund!" replied Petermann, very composedly. "He who can mock those who are miserable, has never yet been miserable himself. Do you believe, Sigismund, that you are in misery?"

"Uncle," interposed George, beseechingly, when he saw how deeply the schoolmaster's question pained his father, "you surely do not expect to find among us, prosperity, pomp and affluence, however different I know your views to be from those usually entertained by other men in regard to what constitutes prosperity or misfortune. Yet, by whatever name you may designate what you find in our house, we have thus far, thanks be to God, not been discouraged, and bear our cross quietly and in hope, as is meet that the Christian should, though it, at times, seems somewhat heavy."

"This is because you are not yet accustomed to it," added the schoolmaster, "and impatience performs its part too. However, Paul says, 'tribulation worketh patience and experience.'"

"And hope, dear Mr. Petermann," quickly and good-humoredly, added Elizabeth. "And hope maketh not ashamed, especially the hope of the Christian."

The schoolmaster cast a look of the highest satisfaction upon the pious maiden, and said: "Right, my child. I would not like to live here, if I had no hope in regard to yonder. But, dear Sigismund," he sud-

denly broke off, and turning to the artisan, "have you obliged me by mending the chain which I sent you by George?"

"Here it is," replied Guldenmeyer, handing a plain gold chain to the schoolmaster.

Petermann arose and took it from the artisan's hand. "Sigismund," he said, "this chain, almost my mother's only heirloom, and saved with much difficulty, I fastened round the neck of my sister, on the day of her betrothal. Wear you it, Elizabeth. May you, *here*, be happier than she was. *There* you will doubtless share in one and the same happiness, if God does not withhold His grace." And, with this, he placed the chain round Elizabeth's neck.

Elizabeth, to whom the more immediate allusions of these expressions and wishes were as strange as they were to George, blushed deeply, being unable to utter a word either of joy or gratitude. George, too, cast down his eyes before that singular man, who appeared to take special delight in throwing people into a state of embarrassment. The goldsmith, tormented by the most poignant grief, stood at a distance, and cast a mournful look upon Petermann. When the schoolmaster saw it, he went up to him, gave him his hand, and said: "Sigismund, I intended no harm! God bless our children!"

"God bless them!" repeated the artisan; and these two men, after many, many years, pressed again each other's hand.

When Petermann again resumed his chair, a painful silence ensued, which no one seemed willing to break. At length, Elizabeth said: "You were in St. Sophia's Church, Mr. Petermann; did you hear a sermon?"

"Certainly," replied he, "and I wish you had all heard it."

"Who was the preacher?" asked George.

"He was a stranger from Lübeck," replied the schoolmaster; "by name, August Hermann Franke. His name has already an agreeable savor in the church, although he is hardly over twenty-five years of age."

"Franke?" asked Elizabeth, "it seems to me as if I have heard our dear Doctor SPENER mention that name."

"Very likely," suggested Petermann, "for the court-chaplain is his true, paternal friend, protector and patron. Both are engaged in the same service, as servants of the same Master, having one faith, and one love to mankind. He is the same Franke, who, nearly three years ago, together with two other Christian men, Anton and Schade, of Leipzig, established, with the advice and consent of SPENER, the Bible Society, in which most of the students took part."

"Will this Mr. Franke be stationed in our city as minister?" asked Elizabeth.

"It appears not," was Petermann's answer. "On the contrary, it is said that he is Professor at the University at Leipzig, and is only here for a short time, in order to obtain advice, comfort and encouragement from the court-chaplain. I wish you had heard his sermon."

"Will you not repeat some of it to us?" begged George.

"Ah! if I could only do that!" said the schoolmaster. "However, I will repeat to you what I am able. The dear, good man spoke on *genuine joy of*

faith, which he said, in general, consisted in this—namely, that faith was not dead and slothful, but showed itself active and busy in love. By faith, he said, man becomes lord of all things; yet, as the power easily tends to evil, love must be added, by which means man becomes again the servant of all; that is to say, by faith he becomes a king, and through love a spiritual priest, who does not lord it over, but serves in, God's heritage."

"How impressive is this truth!" said Elizabeth. "How sacred the Christian's duty to continue in love, so that he may also continue in faith!"

"Nearly the same," Petermann exultingly exclaimed, "that the dear man explained at length. He said, if man did not continue in this love, but permitted himself to be excited to sinful passions, such as wrath, hatred, abuse and revilings, he could not possess true joy or faith; and even when such joy had previously been experienced, it would be marred by such ungodliness. In such cases man must humble himself before God, and enter again through the renewal of his mind in the spirit of love and divine peace, into this true joy. Worldly temptations of every kind would arise to discourage him in the attempt; but then he must overcome them by a steadfast faith, humble himself still more before God, acknowledge himself guilty in His sight, and then continue confidently in the work of faith, the exercise of love, and the patience of hope."

"Go on, dear Andrew!" begged the goldsmith. "Oh, how grateful are these words! And why has no one heretofore spoken these to my heart? How much better it might be with me to-day!"

“Mr. Franke,” continued Petermann, looking steadily at the goldsmith, “also said that ‘that could not be true faith which is not based upon sincere repentance; neither could there be a true joy of faith, as long as a man had not experienced true repentance and exercised himself in it daily, till the spirit of man humbles itself under the mighty hand of God and becomes broken and contrite; there alone dwelt the power of Christ and manifested itself most gloriously, so that no flesh might glory. Therefore,’ he concluded, ‘let no man deceive himself. Repentance cannot be avoided, and it is therefore not worth our while to attempt to avoid it. Whatever does not rest on a true, divine foundation, cannot eventually endure, though ever so attractive in appearance.’”

It was not to be mistaken, if one might judge from the emphasis with which he pronounced particular words, and from the significant glances of his lively eyes, that Petermann, though using Franke’s words, nevertheless did so with special reference to the goldsmith. For it seemed as if he had come with the intention to stir up the conscience of this poor man, already so grievously tormented, to its very centre. As Guldemeyer continued silently to gaze into vacancy, Petermann resumed: “In conclusion, Franke said, ‘We have all a day of reckoning before us, on which every one must give an account to the Chief-Bishop of his stewardship. Now, methinks, he will justly require of us to have sought nothing in this world but the salvation and good of mankind, just as He sought nothing else. But will we be able to appear in His presence with joy, if we have in this world paid more attention

to our fields than to the souls of men, or been more anxious in amassing money and putting it out at interest than in laying a good foundation for the future? We see it everywhere that men have departed from the gospel, and that in all places there exists that condition of things described in one of our church-hymns, where it is said:

“To make men holy, God hath given
His precious gospel from high heaven.
On earth this treasure is not prized;
By most it is outright despised.”

A sign that the judgment is coming.”

“You may be right, Andrew,” said the goldsmith. “The world has departed from the gospel, and the smallest number know what joy of faith is, such as has only to-day been made clear to me. But, as little as I will excuse the world, (for I am not able even to excuse myself,) I say still it has departed from the gospel, because it lacked the right kind of Evangelists—and it cannot have any joy of faith, because it does not learn to know the true and living faith.”

“Well, Sigismund,” said the schoolmaster, cheerfully, “this is a word in the right place, and, I think, one which proceeds out of a right mind and understanding. If there had been at all times such Evangelists as our SPENER is, and as his pupil Franke undoubtedly will be, the spiritual condition of mankind would be in a better state. More than three hundred years ago, similar complaints were raised in Germany. I have an old book of sermons, by a Dominican monk of the name of Johannes Taulerus, who died at Strasburg. In it are found these words,

which I have read at least ten times: 'It would indeed be proper that a minister should glow with the fire of divine love to such a degree, and also be inwardly and outwardly so much like unto God, that on any one coming to him, they would hear of nothing but God; or that his heart and mind, out of ardent love, were only directed to God, and prepared to do nothing but the will of God faithfully and in all things, so that any other one having a cold or luke-warm heart would, through him, be warmed and kindled like the cold dead coals, from which they soon receive light and heat, as we all know.' Is not this out and out the language of our godly SPENER? And is not SPENER just such a man as, with his fire of divine love, ignites cold and half-warm hearts, as a certain Andrew Petermann, and latterly, also, a certain Sigismund Guldenmeyer, can amply testify?"

"And why do you not also include me and my brother George?" asked Elizabeth, "and hundreds, yea, thousands, of others, in our city?"

"Well," replied Petermann, "most of all, I should be pleased also to include a certain Nullenbrecher, if—"

"Do not mention that name," quickly interrupted the goldsmith. "His name alone can mar my joy. That ungrateful, proud Master has not even once inquired after us since that unhappy day."

"Nor is it necessary that he should," remarked Petermann. "He is what Taulerus calls a cold and dead coal, and will continue one, if God does not Himself put him among live ones. However, I see my time is up. On the day of fasting and prayer, which

occurs on the twenty-second of this month, we will meet again. God be with you."

And with this he hastily arose, shook each one by the hand, and hastened toward the door. But just as he was on the point of stepping out, he turned back, drew a purse from his pocket, and handed it to George, saying, "I had nearly forgotten it: my son, I have fortunately disposed of your painting, and received for it the sum of fifty guilders. Here it is."

And without waiting for a word of thanks, he hastened quickly away.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DIFFICULT OFFICE.

“Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do. And we beseech you, brethren, to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you.”—1 Thes. v. 11-12.

IT was Thursday, the 21st of February, in the aforesaid year, 1689, during the forenoon, that Rothner, the famulus of the court-chaplain, was summoned to the latter's study. When he had entered, SPENER handed him a few sheets of paper, with the remark, “Dear Rothner, I beg that you will copy these documents immediately. I know your character for secrecy and honesty; yet I pray you this time, particularly, to lock securely and deeply into your heart every word you may find herein contained. Endeavor to have it finished by this evening so that you may dispatch this letter to-morrow morning, by the courier to Moritzburg.”

Rothner promised to be, as ever, faithful and punctual, and took his leave.

“God prosper my work!” exclaimed SPENER; “for it is not my honor I seek, but Thine, my God and Lord. Moreover, thou hast comforted and encouraged me by Thy word: ‘Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.’ Though my soul is agitated, it is not because of the fear of man, but from holy zeal for Thy word, and the anxious longing for the righteous fruits of my work.”

SPENER folded his hands, and continued in silent prayer to that God who was his only friend, amid all his distresses and temptations. Soon after, he was aroused from his silent devotion by a faint knock at the door. A young man, arrayed in traveling apparel, entered.

"My dear Franke!" exclaimed SPENER, "do you, then, really intend to leave us?"

"I must, my dearest Doctor," replied the newcomer. "I abuse your kindness and hospitality beyond measure. In a few hours a conveyance will be leaving, which will, if it so please God, take me back to Leipzig. Ah, my beloved, my paternal friend and instructor, with what a heavy heart do I separate myself from you! How can I ever again repay you and your family the good you have done me, both in body and spirit?"

"Do not speak of it, my good friend," replied SPENER. "The two moons you have spent in my house will be to me more than two years of pleasure and bliss. With what hopes do you go to Leipzig?"

"With the best," rejoined Franke. "For I go with God; and His wonderful guidance is so apparent in all things, that I can no longer delay. But, if the Lord should vouchsafe to me to labor successfully in His vineyard, I can only bless you, my dearest friend, and my beloved Uncle Gloxin, as having been the instruments in God's hand. Without my uncle's undeserved generosity I should want the pecuniary means to enter the University once more; and without your consolation and instruction, my inner man would have remained timorous, discouraged and unenlightened."

“I am glad,” said SPENER, who seemed not to have heard the last sentence, “I am glad that your choice has again fallen on Leipzig; for it is just there a man like yourself is greatly needed.”

“The Lord himself calls me there,” said the other. “You know, dearest Doctor, that, although I was born and raised in Lubeck, I must, nevertheless, call Luneburg my actual spiritual place of nativity; for it was only under the guidance of the beloved Sandhagen, to whom my uncle sent me, that the right understanding of the Holy Scriptures was vouchsafed to me. And when my good uncle, in conferring upon me the stipend, also gave me the choice to go with it whither I listed, my heart immediately turned toward Leipzig, and I thought of the words which the Lord, on a certain occasion, addressed to Peter: ‘And when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.’”

“You can certainly, in this, no longer hesitate in your choice,” said the court-chaplain. “Go, boldly and confidently. The Lord will be with you. Where Carpzov keeps watch upon Zion, you will not remain unmolested, and, like myself, find, by sad experience, that the successful labors of the minister of the gospel are most violently and bitterly opposed by his own brethren. But be not discouraged. Seek strength by prayer, and the power of God shall be made perfect in your weakness. As for the rest, you will find in Leipzig a kind and Christian people; for I shall never forget the pleasure with which I preached, about two years ago, on Cantate Sunday, in the church of St. Nicolai, to an unusually large congregation, who afterwards insisted for so long a time, that I finally con-

sented, though with a heavy heart, by reason of my weakness, to give them my sermon for publication."

"I heard that sermon myself," added Franke. "Not long after however, I, in company with my friend Anton, left the city. You said, in it, that we ought, at all times, to look out rather for such theologians for preachers and pastors as have become truly dead to the world, their own honor, interest and pleasure, and such as do not merely lead a moral life, but a life according to the truth as it is in Jesus, than for such as merely possess great learning, which is, indeed, a precious gift from God, but which can only answer the end intended, if sanctified in this way. It was just this passage which had such a wonderful effect upon me, that I hastened to Luneburg in great anxiety, in order to learn from the lips of my dear Sandhagen what it is to live according to the truth as it is in Jesus."

"Be assured, dear Franke," continued SPENER, "the word of the Lord still finds acceptance wherever it is preached out of a pure heart and mind, and no attempt is made to proclaim the dry wisdom of man in holy places. But, tell me, is it still your intention to deliver practical lectures on the Bible?"

"With the help of God, yes," replied Franke. "I am, indeed, apprehensive that, in certain quarters, the truth will not be palatable, nor will many like to be told that those who devote themselves to the study of theology, must have experienced a true change of heart, and that the simple fact of having passed through a University course of study, is not sufficient to constitute a man a useful servant of God."

"Let not that frighten you," said the court-chaplain,

encouragingly. "Think of the Apostles, who, though scourged because they preached the gospel, left the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name. If the seed is to grow, then it needs, in addition to a good soil, also rain and sunshine. The sunshine is the miraculous power of the word of God itself, which, like warmth and heat, makes its way into the heart of man; and ignominy and persecution are the salutary, refreshing and invigorating rain, both for the seed and sower of the word of God on earth. And if you, dear friend and co-laborer, still stand in need of human aid, and think that I can render it, I will most cheerfully testify publicly that I perfectly approve of your labors."

"How kind, how good and obliging you are," said Franke, grasping SPENER'S hand, and pressing it. "May God bless what we undertake for the real good of mankind. Let the beauty of the Lord be upon us. Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us: Yea, the work of our hands, establish Thou it!"

"Oh, how sincerely do I unite with you in this prayer to the Lord! Know, my friend, I have a certain work before me, to-day. Yea, Lord, do Thou bless it, the work of my hands, my heart, my faith, my calling, establish Thou."

"Of what do you speak, dear Doctor, if you allow me to ask?"

"If it succeeds, you shall know it," replied SPENER, after some little hesitation. "But pray to the Lord that He may give abundant success to it. And now, since you are determined to go, may the blessing of God accompany you."

Both now fraternally embraced, and were not ashamed of their tears; for they bore witness to the deep sorrow they felt in separating.

But, just as Franke was on the point of leaving the room, SPENER, who had gazed after him with a mournful look, and, as it seemed, been seized by a sudden feeling of alarm, called after him, with unusual haste, "One more word, dear friend. Can you really not postpone your journey for several days?"

Franke regarded him with surprise, and remained standing at the door.

"I do not know," continued SPENER. "The thought has suddenly forced itself upon me that I may, in a few days, stand in need of your advice and consolation. If it be possible remain with me a few days longer."

"It *is* possible," replied Franke, with the kindest sympathy. "What do you wish, dear Doctor?"

"Be seated," begged SPENER, whilst he himself paced rapidly to and fro; the working of his features at the same time betraying that he was undergoing a severe conflict. At length he stopped before his guest, and said, "My dear friend, I will not be committing a sin by telling you what so exercises me. Besides, it will be locked up in a faithful and silent breast. You know that the day appointed for national fasting and prayer falls on to-morrow. Read the text appointed for the occasion, Judith v. 20, 21."

Franke opened the Bible, which SPENER had handed him and read:

"Now, therefore, my lord and governor, if there be any error in this people, and they sin against their God, let us consider that this shall be their ruin, and let us

go up, and we shall overcome them. But, if there be no iniquity in their nation, let my Lord now pass by, lest their Lord defend them, and their God be for them, and we become a reproach before all the world."

"What do you regard as the true sense of these words?" asked SPENER.

Franke replied quickly, "A godly nation, in the day of calamity, finds in God a protector and helper; but a nation that forsakes God, hastens to its own destruction."

"I understand them in the same way," continued the court-chaplain. "But do you not think, that these words are, just now, most strikingly applicable to Saxony? What say you to my calling the attention of His Electoral Highness to this fact, in pointed but respectful language?"

"You mean in your sermon for to-morrow," suggested Franke.

"No," replied SPENER. "The Elector, unfortunately, never attends divine service on such days—at least not since I have officiated here. He left, yesterday, for Moritzburg, where he will probably remain until Sunday. I therefore intend to do it in an especial address, to be placed in his hands by to-morrow morning."

Franke regarded SPENER not without some surprise, and asked, "Have you the authority to do this, my dear sir?"

"Methinks," replied SPENER, "His Electoral Highness having called me to be his confessor, I shall only be doing my duty, and no more than what my predecessors, and among these, especially, Dr. Weller, did before me. Only call to mind what I told you con-

cerning the interview between the Elector and Dr. Weller, as related to me by Rev. Mr. Gerber, and corroborated by Baron von Seckendorf. And whilst I lack the courage of that man to face the Elector in person with language so bold, though enjoined by the Christian religion, I do not lack, thanks be to God, the will to use the license of my office, openly and honestly to knock at the heart of a prince with the word of God. And though this official privilege is not accorded to me in my call in so many words, as it was in that of Dr. Weller, it is so, nevertheless, in my heart and conscience. I am therefore in good hopes and joyful confidence that the Lord will bless my work and cause it to meet with a kind reception."

"It will ever continue to form a difficult part of our official duties," remarked Franke, "to approach the mighty of the earth with the words of John: 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is near at hand!' Nevertheless, Christ has commanded us to 'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.'"

"Oh, no, my dear Franke! Much, however, as a natural weakness takes hold of me in all my undertakings, I yet cannot admit that it is fear of man which intimidates me—but due want of confidence in my strength and wisdom in spiritual things. But then, if I again call to mind the consolations and promises of my Lord, I am both comforted and emboldened. And the fact, dear Franke, that you repeat the same divine call to me, which I have already so often repeated to myself, affords me comfort, inasmuch as it shows that I have properly applied to myself a passage of Scripture."

“And what have you reason to expect from the Elector?” asked Franke.

“Everything that is good,” replied the court-chaplain. “Our gracious Elector is a good and true man, and is sincerely devoted to the word of God. I have a number of evidences that my affectionate exhortations have deeply moved and affected him, as he has frequently mentioned to his courtiers; besides, I had, last autumn, a very encouraging evidence that his heart is by no means closed to the admonitions of the gospel. The Electress, especially, is a truly pious and God-fearing woman; and the princes, particularly the crown-prince, are also kindly disposed towards me. Methinks I may feel assured of a favorable result.”

When SPENER had said this, he relapsed into a reflective mood. According to his custom, he walked to and fro, and his countenance showed signs of conflicting emotions. Franke did not venture to interrupt this silent conflict, and regarded with sympathy and reverence the dear man for whom God had laid up some very severe trials of faith. At length he broke the silence himself, and said, “And yet, dear friend, it seems to me as if the seed which I am about to sow is to bear for me personally most bitter fruit. Perhaps it would be wiser and better if I could address the Elector orally. But how can I venture to Moritzburg? And if I would defer it until his return, I would lack the opportunity. Besides, to be frank with you, I want the necessary courage for a personal interview in this matter; and when I imagine myself presenting personally to the powerful prince and sovereign what I think of bringing to the notice of his Electoral Highness in

writing, I cannot open my mouth. For this, Dr. Weller was far better suited than I am. Therefore, I have written what my conscience dictated, and a merciful God will overrule all for good."*

"Are you not, perhaps," timidly suggested Franke, "carrying to excess your want of confidence in yourself, and in the power of your word which God has given you? Think of the numerous and often powerful enemies of your labors: how they have hitherto been much more of a benefit than an injury to you. Think of the Deacon of Nordhausen, Mr. Ditfeld, who, in consequence of your reply and written defence, has lost so much in respect, even among many learned theologians, that he can bring nothing more against you, and even finds no longer any support among his learned friends and such Professors as have clearly shown themselves your enemies."

"You are right," replied SPENER. "I am also ashamed of this timidity—this natural weakness, which I might possibly conquer by greater earnest-

* This vacillation—yea, this almost unchristian irresolution of a man who, by the power of his prayers, was enabled to endure the severest sufferings, would be inexplicable, if it did not find its full explanation in his bodily and mental constitution. SPENER has himself, in many places, bitterly mourned over this. For example, in his "Theolog. Bedenken," Vol. I., p. 358—Vol. III., p. 416, and in his last "Theolog. Bedenken," Vol. III., p. 765.

This fact makes appear so much more malignant and malicious what the court-chaplain, Gleich, says in his *Annal. Eccles.* (in the life of SPENER) on this natural timidity—and where he describes it as so unbecoming, that he thinks SPENER should, on account of it, not have accepted the position of court-chaplain. Besides, Gleich's entire work shows how exceedingly difficult it was for him to make proper mention of SPENER's good traits, and the general blessed effects of his labors, which his enemies assail, but which they are not able to obscure.

ness in prayer. I have, however, by watching myself, found, to my comfort, that this fear, if you will call it so, only torments and unnerves me before anything is put into execution; but after I once know what I have to bear, though it be a cross ever so heavy, God, in His grace, has thus far always given me the necessary strength and courage to endure to the end. As little, therefore, as this apprehension concerning the result of my epistolary admonition of the Elector will prevent me from doing what my office and conscience so urgently constrain me to do, so much the more does the just reproach torment me that my faith is still too weak, and that I, in such severe trials, stand continually in need of a dear friend, who, by my love to him, and by the power of his sympathy, would compel me to do that which I have once learned to know as my duty before God and man. Therefore have I ventured to request you to stay with me a few days longer, so that I may have some one with whom I can converse to the strengthening of my faith. Ah, dear friend, I am at times greatly pained that my brethren in the ministry in this city reject the hand of peace and love which I continually offer them. I sometimes appear to myself as the Lord's preacher in the wilderness—not because no one is willing to listen to my preaching, but rather because I stand alone in the midst of my brethren, like one in the wilderness. What might be accomplished for the kingdom of God, if all of us were unitedly engaged in laboring for the one thing needful! Believe me, dear Franke, when I seriously reflect on the dissensions among our ministers, even my most earnest prayers fail in affording me real consolation

and joy in the faithful and fearless continuance of my efforts."

Franke regarded the good man with a pained look, and said, "This, my dear instructor, is the common lot of all faithful servants of Christ. The word of God is indeed a two-edged sword. It must wound wherever it strikes, and that so much the more severely among those who, called to wield it, suddenly find it turned by others against themselves. The same has happened to me with regard to my sermon which I a few days ago preached, through your kind intercession, in St. Sophia's church, here in Dresden. Much reason as I have to be satisfied with the opinions expressed by some, I have nevertheless also been told of many harsh remarks concerning it. Some said I displayed no learning in my sermon, which was an evidence of great mental poverty. Others thought that my sermon had little effect, because it was not arranged according to the method prevailing in Leipzig, which means that adopted by Dr. Carpzov. That the word of man should meet with censure and opposition, is indeed natural; but that the word of God should as unfrequently meet with the approbation of man—"

"Is just as natural, dear Franke," interposed SPENER; "because it is not every one's business to distinguish between the word of God and that of man. Hence mere dogmatical sermons, which treat on the true faith only according to the letter, and that even merely with all sorts of learned embellishments, produce little or no effect, if, at the same time, the life and actions in faith and out of faith, together with all the religious wants of the heart, are not regulated according to it. A

sermon which does not arouse the heart from its false security, and drive it to repentance and amendment, and which does not bring about a closer union with Christ by faith, cannot even be called a Christian sermon. For this much is incontestably true, that he who has only faith, and no love, *i. e.*, true godliness, is as far from possessing true faith as he who has love without faith. For faith is a virtue, and, as such, comprehended in love, as my beloved James says: 'Faith without works is dead.' Hence, my dear friend, in saying that the word of God proceeding from the lips of an honest minister is a two-edged sword, you are indeed correct; for the genuine word of God always requires a degree of humility and self-denial, of which even the best Christian is but seldom or never capable; yet, in the mean time, I nevertheless regard it as a part of Christian wisdom, that the minister, in all things, use persuasive, instead of violent and severe language. Whoever desires to accomplish successfully that which is good and right, must never resort to scolding; for harsh language exasperates, and tends rather to increase the evil. If our Lord at times denounced the sins of his cotemporaries in unusually strong terms, he could only in this serve us as an example, if we, like Him, were without sin; and if among the Apostles, Paul, more especially, defended the gospel of Christ by employing terms equally strong, or even stronger, it must, in his case, as a chosen Apostle of the Lord, who had given himself wholly to the Lord, in the most ardent zeal of his sincerest love and obedience, certainly be passed over as right and proper; but we possess neither this strong faith nor

this ardent love of Paul; neither the time and place of his labors. The more affectionately a congregation is addressed, the deeper the seed will penetrate; whilst harsh language is disheartening, and proves a hindrance to edification. Solomon says that kind words and looks rejoice the heart more than precious gifts. And Paul himself adds, 'Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind.' Therefore I hope to God, my Lord, that He will bless and make effectual the kind words which I design to address to my gracious Elector. And now, my dear friend, will you not continue your stay at my house a few days longer?"

"With all my heart," was the reply, "if your good housewife will not weary of protracting her hospitality to me. Where should I rather wish to stay than with you?"

"Well, then, go," said SPENER, "and rejoice my Susannah with this intelligence. I need to be a while longer alone."

Franke went. We will, in our next chapter, repair to the Elector's apartment at Moritzburg, in order that we may learn what SPENER effected by the exercise of his office as father confessor.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LETTER.

“A man hath joy by the answer of his mouth: and a word spoken in due season, how good is it!”—Prov. xv. 23.

THE castle of Moritzburg, nearly three centuries old, commenced by the Elector Moritz in 1542, and finished about fifty years after by the Elector Christian I., distant from Dresden about two leagues, and situated in the so-called Friedwald, was at that time the favorite retreat of the Saxon sovereigns, to which they frequently resorted, even during winter, on account of the abundance of game. The Elector John George, having, about thirty years prior to the opening of our story, erected a church within the castle, continued to reside there with his family for months.

Now, indeed, that entire magnificent structure proclaims, if not the decay of all human works, at least the mutations of human pleasures; and a walk along the dense wood, or within the pleasant garden near the new castle, or through the deer park, will recall to the memory a variety of glories past, never to return, and fill the mind of the wanderer with feelings of sadness rather than of joy; and if Moritzburg is ever now mentioned, it is more on account of the many and large ponds which enliven the country in the vicinity of the castle, than on account of the remarkable times which have passed over it.

At the time from which our story is dated, about a century and a half ago, Moritzburg was nothing more than a hunting castle; and John George III. carried there with him the most confidential of his privy counselors and courtiers, though rather for consulting with them on affairs of state than for the Elector's personal service and entertainment.

It was at early morn on the 22d of February, when the church bells of the metropolis had tolled out their first call to repentance and peace with God, whilst within the electoral department at Moritzburg peace with man was somewhat endangered. The Elector was particularly cheerful in his conversation, and was at that moment discoursing on the prospect of a new military expedition against France, in favor of the German emperor, which he, in company with his two princes, actually undertook in the spring of this year.

"The German empire," said the Elector to the gentlemen around him, "is destined to have no rest. Scarcely has the Turk been quieted by the victory of the imperial army in Bosnia (and the Turk ought to lose all relish for war, when he thinks of Vienna!) when the ever restless and never satisfied King of France again sends his hosts, thirsting for conquest, into Germany. We are exceedingly sorry that Heilbronn, Mainz, Heidelberg, and the cities along the Rhine, especially Speier and Worms, have again fallen into his hands. We can scarcely wait until better roads and more favorable weather permit us to drive our greedy neighbor back within his old boundaries, and especially to take from him, first of all, the strongly fortified city of Mainz. What think you of it, Grünrode?"

“Your Electoral Highness,” replied the one addressed, a tolerably aged man, who had grown gray in the faithful service of his sovereign, “I fully share your just anger against our wicked neighbor. Yet if my gracious sovereign will allow me to remark ——”

“Speak!” quickly exclaimed the Elector, casting toward him a look full of expectation.

“The whole German empire knows,” continued the privy counselor, “with what personal courage and knightly valor your Electoral Highness has endured the dangers and hardships of war. It will never be forgotten how you, my gracious sovereign, about sixteen years ago, effected your escape, with uncommon bravery, from the hands of the enemy; and how you, a few years after, took the field a number of times with great renown. Especially will, at all times, grateful mention be made of your Electoral Highness, how in '83, on that memorable second of September, you gained, at the head of your faithful Saxons, for his Imperial majesty, the victory over the Turks at the battle of Vienna, and with your own valiant hand planted the first Christian banner upon Turkish soil, and afterwards pursued the enemy with great skill. My gracious sovereign has also, since then, given frequent proofs that he does not regard danger, or even death itself, where the Fatherland is to be defended, or just aid is to be afforded. But now, your Electoral Highness, you should allow yourself some well-merited rest and necessary recreation, a wish which, as I well know, is shared by the whole country.”

“And why?” asked John George, impatiently, and with a piercing look.

“May God preserve me,” replied Grünrode, whom it had not escaped, that the Elector was not well pleased with the wish just expressed. “May God preserve me from incurring the displeasure of my gracious sovereign. But I have grown old and gray in the faithful service of your sainted father, and would feel deeply grieved if my gracious sovereign should have cause to doubt my sincere devotion during the eight years of his reign.”

“No, no, my dear Grünrode,” said the sovereign, in a mild and conciliatory tone. “Speak plainly; what would you.”

“The spirit of man,” now continued the privy counselor, “becomes strong, and requires vigor in time of need and trial; but the body is a fragile tenement. Physical strength may, indeed, for a time, brave the elements and bear up against calamity; but sooner or later, the inherent weakness appears; it succumbs and wastes itself like everything else that is temporal and born of the dust.”

“We are almost induced to believe,” suggested the Elector, playfully, “that you have taken, to-day, the place of our confessor, from whom we had intended, by all means, to escape. However, you are right; your gray hairs, my dear Grünrode, which you carry with honor, should indeed be a warning to us that a day is coming when my shoulders will no longer be able to support the weighty armor.”

“Certainly, my gracious sovereign,” assured Grünrode; “and even at the risk of my saying something unseemly, I cannot but remark, that your Electoral Highness has been visibly affected by the severe and unusu-

ally fatiguing hardships of war, to which you have been almost constantly exposed. Why will you, my most serene sovereign, take so little care of your health and life, and thus shorten the time of your prosperous reign? The gracious princes have, doubtless, under the wise guidance of their most august father, acquired so much experience that they are fully capable of aiding and assisting your Electoral Highness: especially may it be presumed of prince August, that he has richly inherited his gracious father's courage and bravery."

"You doubtless mean well," calmly replied John George, though not without some sensitiveness—for who likes to hear of his being old and frail?—"yet," he continued, "your precaution for us and our country goes a little too far. We feel ourselves, thanks be to God, still sufficiently strong to wield the sword, and to mount into the saddle. What think you, sirs?"

The other gentlemen, among whom we know only the noble Herr von Langendorf, bowed, and at first whispered their consent, before one among them, a strong and vigorous man, gushing over with health, answered in the name of all: "Certainly, your Electoral Highness! We, at least, cannot agree with the opinion expressed by Herr Grünrode, but, on the contrary, find your Electoral Highness much more active and vigorous now than a few months ago. Besides, the necessity of his Electoral Highness maintaining his dignity over against the enemy, and of animating the courage of the soldiers, who are accustomed to the noble presence of their august master, should also be taken into consideration."

“Do you think so, Senkwitz?” asked the Elector, smiling kindly upon him. “Though you are by no means an impartial judge in this matter, for we know your knightly inclination and unwearied delight in taking the field against the enemy.”

Though Grünrode found himself standing entirely alone and unsupported against the Elector, with his views and wishes, he was still not discouraged from expressing himself further. “My gracious sovereign,” he began anew, with the frankness of an aged and faithful servant, “though I should incur your displeasure, I must venture to say another word. I am an aged man, and have been unable for several years to say with the Bible, ‘The days of our years are three score years and ten.’ And when I now look upon my pilgrimage of more than seventy years, what do I find? Scarcely aught but war and bloodshed. I have passed through a great part of the unspeakably dreadful German war, and hoped to God that the peace of Westphalia would restore quiet and harmony in the German empire. But how many storms of war have since then swept over us, especially those provoked by Turkey and France? And, your Electoral Highness, what has been gained by it for the advancement of the welfare of the people, and the prosperity of their sovereigns? Little or nothing. Happiness and prosperity are not to be expected as long as princes, eager for conquest, take more pleasure in war than in peace.”

“Of a truth,” here interrupted John George, showing plainly by his frowning looks and knit brows, how distasteful to him were the remarks of his privy counselor — “Of a truth, Grünrode, you put our patience and

forbearance to an unusual test to-day. Do you then think that we begin the war or desire it? Are we the parties who encroach on the possessions of others, or are we only endeavoring to protect and re-conquer our own? Really we cannot comprehend for what reason you have just to-day undertaken to supply the place of our Reverend Dr. SPENER, whom you perhaps miss among our privy counselors. We would rather wish you to refrain from giving your opinions, since they stray too much into the province of learning and the confessional."

These words, and more especially the last, which had not been uttered without some harshness, evidently produced among all the rest some excitement, not at all favorable to Mr. Grünrode, and they regarded the old man with great astonishment and disapprobation. But the old counselor, either because he knew, by long experience, how quickly the anger of the Elector passed off, or because he really believed himself privileged above the rest on account of his age and more than fifty years of faithful service, suffice it to say, continued unappalled, laid his hand upon his heart, and said: "My most serene sovereign, to-day, for the first time, I incur your displeasure, and perhaps also it is the first time that I have allowed myself such frank expression on this subject. But I would cease to be a faithful servant of my sovereign should I speak other than that to which my heart and conscience urge me. It is said that age loves rest and peace, and justly; and that not so much from a love of ease or on account of weakness, as because it has arrived at the conviction that neither individual happiness nor the prosper-

ity of the state can be advanced as long as, I must repeat it, our sovereigns themselves love war. And now your Highness, humble my gray head, and chastise me with the full weight of your displeasure, my heart will still not cease to love you, as only a father can love his son."

The Elector sprung from his chair, and paced with long strides to and fro. His eyes sparkled with fire. He spoke not a word in reply, but his features showed what a mighty conflict was passing within; whilst Grünrode respectfully, yet fearlessly continued: "My most gracious sovereign, at this hour the whole nation is hurrying to the house of God; this is the day of humiliation and prayer! Now if I, constrained by my conscience, have spoken of that peace which the world has not, neither is able to give, but which the world should labor and strive to possess, will you, on that account, withdraw your favor from me?"

Again a deep silence ensued. The rest of the privy counselors and courtiers were in great fear and embarrassment, and cast restless glances at the Elector, who appeared unable to determine, within himself, how to receive the remarks of his aged and faithful servant. At length his features began to relax their severity; his face grew milder, and he was about to address some kindly words of pardon to the old statesman, when the door opened, and the valet-de-chambre of the Elector appeared with a large letter in his hand. Herr von Langendorf hastened towards him, took the letter from him, listened hastily to what the servant whispered in his ear, and then signified to him quietly to retire. All this transpired so rapidly and noise-

lessly, that the Elector, who was lost in deep thought, had not even noticed it. This dead silence was truly painful, since Grünrode, too, seemed to have lost the disposition to say any thing further. At length Langendorf ventured to say:

“Your Electoral Highness, here is a letter upon which I recognize the hand-writing of the court-chaplain, Dr. SPENER; it has just arrived by the carrier.”

These words, spoken at a most unseasonable moment, aroused the Elector from his revery. He hastily snatched the letter, glanced at the address, cast an angry look towards Grünrode, and said, in a tone of bitterness: “Herr Grünrode, you have posted your reserve forces well.” And immediately after, before the aged counselor could recover from his surprise, he added, angrily, “You are dismissed!”

“God is my witness!” replied the old man, in a mournful but fearless tone, “that I do not deserve this reproach.” And then, bowing respectfully, he left the apartment.

The incensed Elector began once more to pace up and down the room, when an idea seemed suddenly to strike him. “Langendorf,” he called out, “call him back.”

And when immediately after, Grünrode reëntered the room in company with Langendorf, the Elector went hastily up to him, turned his piercing eyes full upon him, handed him the letter, and said: “Read this letter to us!”

Grünrode, at first, regarded the Elector hesitatingly; but when he perceived his stern earnestness, he quickly

determined to comply—he therefore opened the letter and read, as follows :

“ Divine grace, peace, light, strength and life from our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ :

“ Most serene prince ;

“ Most gracious Elector and sovereign ;

“ ‘Blessed art thou, O king, whose servants are faithful and noble.’ With these ever memorable words, uttered by your Electoral Highness, I left, a few months ago, the cabinet of your Electoral Grace, and have repeated them ever since in my prayers. Blessed art thou, O land, when thy king is the son of nobles ! With what sincere joy and devout gratitude to God can I do this ! The Lord has vouchsafed to me a profound look into your noble and truly princely heart, and, in consequence of this precious reward of my labors, hitherto performed in your service, and in that of my Lord Jesus Christ, I venture, with all due submission, and the honest assurance of my sincerest respect, and all due obedience, to employ the celebration of the present day of humiliation and prayer, by addressing myself, with the parental love of a confessor, to the Christian heart of my Electoral son.”

Grünrode ceased reading at this point, in order to await a renewal of the summons to proceed ; for the old and experienced man felt that the letter might perhaps contain something which the Elector would afterwards regret having come to the knowledge of others, though he had commanded it to be read entire. In this the shrewd statesman had not been mistaken. When he had ceased reading, the Elector cast a dark look upon him, and, as if he understood Grünrode’s

inquiring gaze, went up to him, took the letter out of his hand, seated himself on his chair, and began to read to himself.

Whoever, among those present, understood how to read the innermost thoughts by the play of the human countenance, could easily perceive that the Confessor's letter made a deep, though varied impression on the Elector. At times he would cease reading, and become lost in earnest thought; then he would rise up and walk meditatively to and fro; then again he would resume his seat and begin to read anew. Thus more than half an hour passed away—half an hour of the most painful suspense for all present; among whom, not one ventured to move, much less to leave the room. When the Elector had finished reading the letter, he threw it angrily upon the table, ejaculating, "By Heaven, the man is bold!"

And then again a pause of the most oppressive silence, during which the Elector paced silently, and in communion with his own thoughts, to and fro. At length he said, in a tone rather entreating than commanding: "We would be alone."

When those present had nearly all respectfully withdrawn from the apartment, John George called out, "Grünrode, you may remain!" The old man tarried, and finally, in obedience to the Elector's command, took a seat.

"Be honest, Grünrode," kindly said the Elector to him. "Did you know aught of this letter of our Confessor?"

"As God is my witness," replied the aged statesman, "no, my gracious master!"

The Elector remained silent for some time, then continued: "Yet, how does it happen, that you express pretty much the same thoughts as the Doctor, and that, moreover, just on this day?"

"I am entirely ignorant," replied the privy counselor, "what the reverend Confessor of your Electoral Highness, whom I very highly esteem, has written. But, if my gracious sovereign would permit me to say, why I have just on this day allowed myself such bold expressions ——"

"Speak openly!" quickly interrupted John George. "We shall not forget the faithful service which you have rendered to our sainted father and to ourselves."

"Your Electoral Highness," now began the old man, "I conclude, to-day, the seventy-fifth year of my life, and, if my presentiments do not deceive me, the one upon which I am just entering will be the last of my earthly pilgrimage. In such a frame of mind, one looks at his earthly life with widely different eyes than ordinarily; and I asked myself only this morning, "What have you done in these seventy-five years, which, by the grace of God, you have been permitted to spend, for your own salvation, for the well-being of your fellow-men, and the advancement of the kingdom of God on earth in general? And notwithstanding I sought for the least thing of which I might boast before God, I was, nevertheless, forced to say with Paul, 'It is not expedient for me, doubtless, to glory; but if I must needs glory, I will glory of the things that concern mine infirmities.' Oh! my most gracious sovereign, what, in the end, is human life? Having passed out of the paradise of childhood, and become conscious of our

power and abilities, it seems as if we intentionally strive to be our own enemies. It is true, the heart, under the influence of the intoxication of worldly enjoyments, for a time forgets many a crime, with which it has burdened itself; and yet, how soon and how often does a ray of light from above break through the darkness of our souls, and point out to us the proper path we should pursue. But then we are oftentimes tormented by cares and anxieties for temporal power and glory; sometimes afflictions cause us pain and sorrow, and consume a goodly part of our lives; at one time it is love of honor; at another, temporal gain, love of temporal power; now selfish caprice of our hearts; and again, unchristian prejudice; at times it is hatred and cruelty which determine and control our actions; but, in all, it is the world and the things that are in the world which take possession of our thoughts and feelings and desires. And, though we have done much that is good, it must, after all, in the end, be referred to our own advantage, or to our own individual pleasure, for the sake of which we made the sacrifice. Thus, days, years succeed each other, and suddenly we become aware that our hairs have grown gray, and the vigor of our bodies has become dried up; and as often as one after another is carried out to his grave, the heart, disgusted with itself, and anxious, exclaims: 'This night God may also require thy soul of thee!' Oh, my gracious sovereign, this will ever be a painful summons to mortals!"

A dark frown had gathered upon the Elector's countenance which, however, seemed to refer more to his own thoughts than to the remarks of his aged

counselor; for, after some time, he inquired: "What is it then of which you have to accuse us?"

"God forbid," replied Grünrode, "that I should harbor in my heart such an intention against your Electoral Highness. Whatever I have presumed to say, was said only in consequence of an earnest retrospect of my own life, which will soon draw to a close; and if, in so doing, I wished that peace to others, of which I myself was so often destitute, it was only the sincerest love for your Electoral Highness which caused me to forget that such remarks did not belong to my station."

"And yet," continued John George, with the kindest condescension, "you have, nevertheless, a high calling to make them; for you have the Bible on your side, where it is said that 'Much experience is the crown of men, and the fear of God is their glory.'* Yet," he quickly added, with some irritability, "you may also apply to yourself another passage from the Bible, 'Miss not the discourse of the elders, for of them thou shalt learn understanding, and to give answer as need requireth.' † What think you, can we learn from you?"

Grünrode perceiving at once that these words had not been uttered without asperity, and as he well knew how quickly the feelings of his sovereign changed, and how a single word would often be productive of great mischief, and as he not improperly understood the Elector's question to refer to his previous remarks, he replied: "My most serene and gracious sovereign, I am far too insignificant, both as regards my knowl-

* Ecclesiasticus xxv. 6.

† Ibid 8, 9.

edge and power, to presume to set myself up as the instructor of my august sovereign and master. What I, a little while ago, undertook to say, was meant more in general than in particular. God is my witness, how sincerely, yea, how paternally, I love your Electoral Highness—and how I, from the firmest conviction, appreciate your great and noble qualities. But one thing, only one thing ——”

“Name it!” exclaimed the Elector, when he saw that the other hesitated.

“My most gracious sovereign,” now continued Grünrode, “I know that you love your people like a father, and that you are willing to do anything for the good of your country; yet you are, I must repeat it, you are too much in love with war, and the noise and tumult of battle.”

The aged statesman feared that these remarks might excite anew the ire of the Elector; but he was mistaken. John George smiled good-humoredly, and said: “Is that our greatest fault, Grünrode? If so, make yourself easy as we do. First, you will remember, that we have never taken up the sword wantonly, and without just cause. And if we, in such instances, did it willingly and zealously, you should rather commend us for it; for it was done out of paternal solicitude for our country, with a view to maintain the dignity and fair fame of our Saxon people and its sovereigns, in duty to his Imperial Majesty, and in just opposition to the pretensions of rapacious nations; it was done in fulfillment of the duties of the office to which God has called us on earth. We feel that wars and sanguinary conflicts are intended to constitute the

element in which we have to discharge our duty as sovereign."

"And my most serene master," added the aged statesman, "has only too often discharged this duty faithfully, with a too great disregard for his own life. However, in our general vocation, which the Christian holds higher than the special calling, we are sometimes led astray by the idea that we cannot do otherwise in this or that particular; because we imagine ourselves specially called to it of God. I mean what our reverend Dr. SPENER recently said in his edifying sermon — 'The Christian has only one calling, namely, to follow Christ; and this calling consists in every one warring against his own self until he is able to deny himself in all things, take up his cross, and follow Christ.'"

"Of a truth," said the Elector, with a spice of irony, "you have a great talent for a Confessor! However," he immediately added, in a kindlier tone, as if he regretted having uttered even this innocent reproach against the faithful old servant, "we know, Grünrode, you mean it honestly, and we thank you. Should you see Dr. SPENER before ourselves, which is very possible, tell him that his letter has been received, and that we reserve it to ourselves to speak to him in regard to it as opportunity may permit."

And with this he kindly extended his hand to the Privy Counselor, who pressed it, exclaiming, with heartfelt feeling: "God bless your Electoral Highness! May I still venture upon a request of my gracious sovereign? Will his Electoral Grace permit me to return to Dresden until to-morrow evening?"

“Do you wish to leave us?” asked the Elector.
“Do you find it too lonesome here?”

“No, my gracious sovereign,” was the reply; “but this is the day of humiliation and prayer, and I have an ardent desire to hear one more sermon.”

The Elector cast a frowning look upon the old man; and unkind thoughts, indicating suspicion, seemed to pass through his mind; but he collected himself and said, ‘Go, in God’s name. He who would serve his God should not be prevented from so doing by man.’”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WORK OF DEFAMATION.

“A froward man soweth strife, and a whisperer separateth chief friends.”—Prov. xvi. 28.

ON the morning following the day of humiliation and prayer, which was fraught with so much importance to the ecclesiastical relations of Saxony, we again find the Elector, John George III., in his cabinet at Moritzburg, surrounded by some of his courtiers, called together for his personal service, among whom our noble Herr von Langendorf justified his fame as favorite knight to His Electoral Highness, in so far that he fastened the golden spurs of the Elector with very officious and dexterous hands.

“What success think you we will meet with in the chase to-day?” sportively asked the Elector, in a tone, however, which indicated that he did not expect a reply to his question; for he immediately continued, jestingly, “as it happens just between the day of humiliation and prayer and Sunday, great success should, perhaps, not be predicted. Yet our body longs for such an exercise to-day. To-morrow we will listen to the sermon of our worshipful Confessor so much the more attentively.”

Those present bowed respectfully, and in silence, casting, however, mutual glances towards each other, which were unmistakably expressive of an invitation and encouragement to speak, but for which no one

seemed to have sufficient courage. This unusual conduct had not escaped the hasty but comprehensive glance of the Elector. "What is the matter, noble sirs?" he inquired, in a quick and commanding voice.

Langendorf, who had just finished buckling on his master's spurs, had, as he rose from his work, and stepped back a few paces, pushed, as it seemed, with well-calculated awkwardness, against a paper which protruded from the Elector's writing-table, in such a way, that it fell to the floor. He picked it up hastily and returned it to its place. This had not escaped the Elector. His features suddenly grew dark as he said, "Langendorf, perhaps you are desirous of seeing SPENER's letter?"

This question threw the whole company into a state of embarrassment, and they now resumed their significant ocular intercourse so much the more vigorously, as if it were high time to speak. But it seemed as if their lips were closed with a lock—and the Elector, observing this, continued, in a commanding voice, "Must we ask you again what is the matter? Speak, Senkwitz! you are the oldest."

Senkwitz now took courage and said, "Your Electoral Highness seems, then, determined to attend the preaching of the Rev. Dr. SPENER to-morrow morning?"

"Why not?" quickly asked the Elector, whilst a mixture of irony and seriousness passed in rapid succession over his countenance. "Our worshipful Confessor would not readily pardon us the delinquency, especially since we did not, despite the earnest invitation to do so, attend church yesterday, on the day of humiliation and prayer."

“If His Electoral Highness will graciously pardon me,” continued Senkwitz, “I would say it has seemed to us that yesterday’s letter from Dr. SPENER, as far as we were favored by your Electoral Grace with its contents, did somewhat transcend the limits of the Electoral Confessor’s privilege.”

“Do you think so?” asked John George, knitting his brow. “This may be so,” he then continued more earnestly and calmly, “yet we will not conceal from you that this letter has deeply affected us.”

“And yet,” added another among the courtiers, “if your Electoral Highness will graciously permit, it would seem to us all that a letter, such as Dr. SPENER presumed to address to your Electoral Highness, is not compatible with that same profound respect which we all, as most faithful and obedient servants, so willingly and cheerfully accord in all due deference to our most serene master.”

“You forget, Bennewitz,” replied the Elector, with firmness and earnestness, “that the Confessor enjoys the privilege of employing freer speech to those under his care; and though—why should we conceal it?—we did, indeed, at first, view it in the same light as you, yet, when we reflected that the entire letter emanated from a sincere and submissive heart—a heart feeling a parental solicitude for our well-being—we regarded it a Christian duty to receive it in all kindness, and to give attention to the hints he has proffered; for we are all subject to the King of kings.”

“We are only too happy,” said Herr von Bennewitz, “to hear such pious, Christian expressions from the lips of our most gracious master. Yet—however, it does

not become me to pass judgment on a man who enjoys the distinctive favor of being His Electoral Highness' Confessor."

"What have you to say?" quickly demanded John George, with flashing eye. "If you have just grounds of complaint against our Confessor, let us hear them. If not, you would have done better to be silent."

Bennewitz had not expected this well-merited rebuke; for he cast down his eyes in confusion, and, with him, the faithful band of co-laborers in the work of the defamation of the man they hated. The conviction, too, that their mode of procedure was not altogether legitimate, and that it was, after all, not so easy as they had imagined to bring the intrepid Confessor into disfavor with the Elector, increased their embarrassment. However, to retreat was now impossible; at least, it would have been disastrous to themselves. All they could do was to press boldly on, especially as they were not ignorant of how suddenly the Elector often changed his views and feelings. Senkwitz, therefore, began by saying:

"We are, all of us, most deeply affected at the displeasure which your Electoral Highness appears to show toward us. Nevertheless, the consciousness of our faithfulness and devotion inspires us with the courage to say a word in our justification. Your Electoral Highness will remember that your court-chaplain has already, in Frankfurt, given great offence to the Church by his so-called "*Collegia pietatis*," and that he thereby became the cause of like public offences in other German cities, such as Augsburg, Ulm, Schmalcalden, Meiningen, Marburg, and many others. It is, as the

most learned theologians, whom I have consulted in regard to it, have assured and explained to me, a very bad sign if the church permits itself to be split up into little sects, and lets these pietists entertain the idea that their private meetings in houses stand higher than the public service, And I cannot conceal it from your Electoral Highness, that such pietistic conventicles are greatly on the increase, especially in Leipzig, and are the cause of much uneasy apprehension. To this is added the fact that these people are fond of disregarding all law and public order, refuse obedience to those in authority, and, in a measure, pride themselves upon slighting the Electoral authority to the greater glory of God. And this is not done merely by students, but by citizens, and even women, who hold, especially on Sundays, suspicious meetings, under the pretext of mutual edification and the promotion of true Christianity. In these gatherings they explain the Scriptures to suit their own notions, and introduce all sorts of novelties, hitherto not customary in the orthodox Evangelical Church. Of all this, Dr. SPENER, your Electoral Highness' Confessor, is the cause; he it is who approves of all this disorder, and who, in his gloomy misanthropic disposition, denounces as sinful even the most innocent enjoyments, and aims at nothing less than to conceal behind the word of God his ambitious love of power over ruler and subjects."

"You are very eloquent, Senkwitz," rejoined the Elector, coldly, and with a frowning look. "Have you considered that it is easier to impeach than to acquit?"

"Certainly, my gracious master," replied the knight. "I have long desired to communicate this to your Elec-

toral Highness, but always considered my so doing an act of too much boldness. However, yesterday's letter inspired me with courage to give utterance, even at the risk of incurring your displeasure—which would, of course, make me in the highest degree miserable and unhappy—to that which engages the heart and mind of almost every subject of your Electoral Highness."

"Why do you let me know this now for the first time?" demanded John George, as he paced thoughtfully to and fro. "A faithful servant conceals no kind of danger and evil from his sovereign."

"Pardon me, your Electoral Highness," replied Senkwitz, with more boldness, when he saw that he had hit upon the right course to gain his end. "As long as only people of the lowest grade favored this disorder, the whole affair appeared to me of but little importance. But now, when even the nobility of the land permit themselves to be drawn into it, in by no means inconsiderable numbers; now, when especially some of the highest officers of your Electoral Highness"—

"Hold!" quickly and decidedly, interrupted John George. "You go further than you have license to go." And, with this, a dead silence ensued.

After the Elector had, for several minutes, walked to and fro with his hands crossed upon his breast, during which time the countenances of the courtiers present expressed emotions alternating between fear and hope of victory, he at length resumed his seat, took up SPENER'S letter, and read it with the most undivided attention. When he had finished reading, he asked: "Who are those high officers to whom you refer?"

“I have learned,” replied Senkwitz, “that Baron von Seckendorf and Dr. SPENER are most intimate and devoted friends.”

“What care we for that?” replied the Elector. “Seckendorf has, since the commencement of our reign, retired from public life, and sustains no longer any familiar relation to us.”

“And yet,” continued the knight, “if your Electoral Highness will permit me to speak, Herr von Seckendorf takes the most active part in all the changes Dr. SPENER undertakes to introduce in the affairs of the church. Your Electoral Highness remembers that Seckendorf has shown himself an excellent government counselor. The man who wrote the ‘Government of German Princes,’ a few years ago, published the ‘Government of the Church;’ and, although this book has been professedly written with a view to the welfare and increase of our Evangelical Church, it is, nevertheless, designed, as among others Dr. Carpzov, of Leipzig, has explained to me, to promote the enlargement of spiritual power. Thus, for instance, it is therein maintained that church discipline does not belong alone to the higher authorities, but to the whole church, so that the congregations or their representatives are not to be excluded from the exercise of this privilege. But now it is greatly in the power of the minister to control the congregation confided to his care, at will, under the pretext, of course, of acting according to the word of God. All this is intimately connected with the designs of the pietists, who, in church affairs, reject entirely the regulations and government of secular authorities. And I have been

credibly assured that Dr. SPENER has been urged by the Baron von Seckendorf, who has already somewhere else allowed himself to express an unbecoming opinion in regard to your military glory, to employ his vocation as Confessor to the same end."

When Herr von Senkwitz ceased speaking, the Elector regarded him with a piercing and inquiring look, as if he wanted to convince himself, from the expression of his features, of the truth of what he had heard, and said: "With what evidence do you prove your allegation?"

"If your Electoral Highness will permit me to speak," here interposed Herr von Langendorf, "I myself have been an eye- and ear-witness to it. When, last Autumn, your Electoral Grace summoned Dr. SPENER, through me, to appear in your cabinet, I overheard, in the ante-chamber, whilst awaiting the return of his famulus, the voice of Baron von Seckendorf; after which the famulus, whose name is Rothner, also informed me, upon inquiry, of all those who were present, so that I cannot be mistaken. Afterwards a cousin of mine, Master Nullenbrecher, whose name I took the liberty several times to mention to your Electoral Highness, also informed me of what formed the subject of the conversation of those present: he having heard it in a family where Rothner had publicly repeated it."

"Well, and what was the subject?" asked the Elector, as Langendorf ceased speaking.

"The conversation had turned upon Dr. Weller, the former chaplain of your Electoral Grace's sainted father," replied the courtier, "and it was mentioned how he, on a certain occasion, had, in a very bold

manner, called to account your most serene father, upon which, it is said, Herr von Seckendorf advised and encouraged Dr. SPENER to do the same with your Electoral Highness: which he did a few hours after. This happened," he added, with ill-concealed malevolence, "on the day when your Electoral Highness was pleased to stop the preparations in progress for the theatrical performance and ball."

John George drew down his brow, and over his countenance passed a few rapid flashes, as if some doubt had suddenly been cleared up. "There is certainly a coincidence in this," muttered he to himself. "SPENER said to me a great deal about useless military glory, for which I was not displeased with him; but could he really have acted in the service of another?" "Well!" he continued in an audible and inviting tone.

"I am sorry," now resumed Senkwitz, "that I am obliged, even at the risk of incurring the displeasure of my supremely reverend Elector, to mention the name of Grünrode. All of us, who, with the most unfeigned reverence, are the most faithful and obedient servants of your Electoral Highness, and much more solicitous for your serene Grace's prosperity and renown than our own welfare,—could, yesterday, scarcely restrain our deepest indignation, when Herr Grünrode, relying, perhaps, upon the great favor which he has, at all times, so abundantly enjoyed at the hands of your Electoral Highness, forgot, in his pietistical zeal, that respect which he owes to his most gracious sovereign."

"You are too severe, Senkwitz," reprovngly said the Elector, with a mixture of mildness and ill-humor

in his tone. "Grünrode is the oldest servant of our house, and was a faithful and esteemed counselor to our sainted father, even before we were born. And though his remarks may not always be in harmony with that respect which he owes us, his parental love to us fully atones for his pardonable deficiency."

"Certainly, my most gracious Elector and sovereign," added Senkwitz. "Moreover, the high favor which Herr Grünrode enjoys should incite us to the most active emulation, so as to become more worthy of it ourselves, did not another circumstance permit it to be viewed from a different point of view."

"And what is that?" asked John George, in a quick and angry tone.

"Grünrode," continued the accuser, "is the confidential friend of the court-chaplain; and it is said that he had, only day before yesterday, the day prior to that of humiliation and prayer, a protracted interview with him. On what subject is, of course, not known to us; yet SPENER's letter of yesterday, and Herr Grünrode's remarks to-day, seem to afford a clue to the subject of their consultation."

This last touched the heart of the Elector more deeply than anything that had, as yet, been said. He, himself, had before entertained a suspicion that Grünrode and SPENER had mutually conspired to preach a penitential sermon to him; and this preconcerted assault by two men, of whom the one presumed on his age, and the other on his office, wounded his self-respect, and undermined at once that better self-knowledge which had begun to arouse his pride. "Am I, then, really such a great sinner," he said to himself,

“so exceedingly wicked, that I am on the way to destruction?”

As the Elector, lost in his own thoughts, and with an angry and gloomy countenance, was pacing to and fro, while a dead silence had reigned for several moments, Bennewitz, considering the time propitious, began by saying: “I am exceedingly sorry that in making these, perhaps improper, communications, we are in danger of exposing ourselves to the suspicion of being envious of Herr von Grünrode, whom we all otherwise sincerely respect, on account of the extraordinary favor with which he is regarded by your Electoral Highness. Nevertheless, the most submissive love which we cherish for our most gracious master, inspires us with the courage of giving utterance to what has, for a length of time, oppressed us. And, in doing this, we are greatly pained at not being able to find an apology for him, notwithstanding all our efforts to do so. Herr von Grünrode left Moritzburg yesterday with your Electoral Highness’ permission, and went to Dresden, ostensibly, as he himself informed us, to attend church. But we are greatly tempted to believe that Dr. SPENER was very much concerned to learn, as soon as possible, and that, too, from the most reliable source, what impression his bold and uncalled-for letter had made on the mind of your Electoral Highness. And to conceal nothing of what I, upon good grounds, am justified in believing, no one could well make a better and more desirable report than he who has been the prime mover in the affair.”

Again a deep silence ensued, during which John George, pondering, paced to and fro. At length he

made a sign with his hand to his courtiers, who instantly, and with the profoundest respect, left the cabinet, rejoicing in their victory.

In the ante-chamber Herr von Langendorf remarked to the other courtiers: "The reverend court-chaplain will, I think, no more interrupt theatrical performances and balls."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST EFFECTS.

“And ye shall be hated of all men for My name’s sake. But there shall not a hair of your head perish. In your patience possess ye your souls!”—Luke xxi. 17-19.

ON the afternoon of the same day during which the events, related in our last chapter, transpired at Moritzburg, Franke entered the study of Dr. SPENER, and said: “My most reverend Doctor, envy is a very despicable vice; but, if at all excusable in any one, it is in him who envies you the good you accomplish by your preaching. Dear man of God, you cannot estimate the high regard in which you are held, both by high and low, in this city. Wherever one goes, one hears people talk about your sermon of yesterday; and I have found quite a number who were able to repeat whole passages from it, word for word, equally as well as I can do it myself. What a blessing you are to this city!”

SPENER turned to his young friend with a pained look, and said: “I? My dear friend, never have I been more dissatisfied with myself, as regards the result of my labors for the cause of our Lord, than this very day. Wherever I look, I see only fragments and imperfection, the will but not the performance; often, indeed, a good beginning, but no end. Whatever I may have done, and however good it may seem, I yet should, nay, could, have done still better. Believe me,

dear friend, nothing is more painful to the Christian than to be found unfaithful, weak and desponding, in the service of the Lord."

"This is, indeed, a painful truth," said Franke, "and a confession which even the best among Christians must daily make. But, my dearest friend, how does it come that you are more than ever alive to this feeling, on the very day on which I have met with so many cheering evidences of your efficiency? Pardon me the question, but has anything specially disagreeable happened to you?"

"No," replied the court-chaplain; "and I might almost say, 'unfortunately, not yet.' For when I only once know the nature of the evil which I have to bear, my courage increases, and, with God's gracious assistance, I have thus far borne everything. But it is just this uncertainty, this doubtful, unaccountable apprehension that God may, somewhere, have prepared a new cross for me, which unmans and makes me melancholy. And even this despondency is to me a source of great pain, because I cannot but look upon it as unchristian. I do not know why I cannot dismiss to-day from my mind an incident which happened to me about thirty years ago."

"May I ask you to communicate it to me?" asked Franke.

"Willingly," replied SPENER "Perhaps this may contribute somewhat towards making me more calm. I had always entertained a great dread of special pastoral duties, because I regard it as the most important and difficult task, to minister to the spiritual wants of an individual, especially in sickness. It was,

therefore, my ardent desire, that God might relieve me from such labors, and assign me a position in the Christian ministry, in which I might have work, indeed, but none of these cares and responsibilities. This I did, I assure you, not because I dreaded the work, or because I was afraid of contagious disease; for, whilst I officiated in Frankfurt, where dangerous and contagious diseases had infected entire families, I visited a great many of the sick in their houses, and at their bed-side administered the Holy Supper, and spoke words of consolation and encouragement to them; but it was owing to a great want of confidence in my own ability and fitness, and a dread of the great responsibility which the minister assumes through a sorrowing soul confiding itself to his care for deliverance. Now it happened, in the year 1662, when I was at Tübingen, that I received, through the interposition of some friends, a call to a vacant congregation in Strasburg, with which pastoral duties were not only connected, but were fraught with greater difficulties than was the case in any of the other congregations in that city. Here, then, was a severe struggle. On the one hand was the longing for freedom in my labors, and dread of the great responsibility, which appeared to me too heavy a burden to a man of my age, I being only twenty-seven at that time; on the other hand, I had to consider, that this call had come to me without any desire or seeking on my part, and that it might, after all, be the Lord's doing, and that the call to that charge emanated from Him. Hence, the more opposition I felt in my mind, the more I feared that flesh and blood refused obedience to the will of God, merely

on account of the hardness of the labor. In this state of mental anxiety, I despatched an express to my dear sainted brother-in-law, Rev. Joachim Stoll, then court-chaplain in my native place, Rappoltsweiler, who, being twenty years my senior, had always acted like a father to me, and in whose judgment and advice I placed more confidence than in that of any other, requesting him to relieve me of my anxiety. He sent me word, that it was evident that the hand of God was in this whole matter, and that I should, therefore, not refuse compliance. Then it was that God, by His grace, enabled me to overcome my aversion and fears, by accepting the call, and soon after moving to Strasburg. Yet every thing was, notwithstanding, to turn out differently from what I had expected and believed myself called for. For when the duties entering into my office were enumerated, it was found that the labor and exertion they required really exceeded my physical strength, a fact which the president of the Church council himself acknowledged. In consequence of this, my honored friends, who had thus far acted in the matter, felt themselves constrained to withdraw their request, and thus the whole affair fell through, and some one else was appointed to the charge."

"This was a singular trial," here remarked Franke, as SPENER paused, and appeared lost in deep thought.

"The Lord wanted, evidently, to try my obedience," resumed SPENER, after awhile; whilst, as was his custom, he began to pace to and fro. "And much more than this. For, on my return to the university at Tübingen, where my rejection had become known throughout the city, I had to undergo some disgrace, because

such things are readily misinterpreted. However, I looked upon it as a design, on the part of God, to try me, whether I was prepared, in obedience to His will, to change my mind; and that, after the good and gracious God had found me sincerely willing to obey Him, He again set me free."

"According to this, then, you did not remain in Strasburg?" asked Franke. "I have been assured that you had, for several years, conducted the office of a minister in that city."

"So did I!" replied the court-chaplain. "God intended to show me, in this, His providence in the most striking manner. For, during the year following, I was, at the instance of these same friends, and without any personal effort on my part, called to another charge in Strasburg, and that, moreover, to just such a one as I desired, one in which I was altogether relieved from all special pastoral duties. It is true that the salary it brought me was so small, that I was obliged to maintain myself principally by delivering lectures on theology, for which reason I was obliged to have myself created Doctor of Divinity. Nevertheless, I was pleased with my situation. I was, however, permitted to enjoy it only for three years. During the time of my stay and labors in Strasburg, it also happened that I, mainly in obedience to the urgent wishes of my good, sainted mother, united myself in marriage with my beloved wife of the same city. Oh, what great and wonderful things has the Lord, since then, done for me! Lord," he added, whilst laying his folded hands upon his breast, "who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hither?"

“Will you not tell me,” began Franke, after a time of deep silence, during which SPENER seemed engaged in mental prayer; “will you not tell me, dear doctor, how your removal to Frankfurt, the place where your labors for the promotion of true Christianity bore their first glorious fruits, was brought about?”

“In the beginning of the year 1666,” began SPENER, obligingly, “the honorable Philip Schultze, of Frankfurt, counselor of the ten united cities of Alsace, and afterwards imperial aulic counselor, unexpectedly and without any desire on my part, addressed me in the name of the magistracy of that city, on the subject of taking charge of the very important and laborious position of senior of the ministerium. I replied to him that his proposal had caused me, who desired anything but such an important office, not a little uneasiness, and that I, being convinced of my inability, could not, for the moment, accept of it, or, at least, not until I felt convinced that the call came from God. I also frankly expressed my doubts as to my possessing the requisite amount of learning for such a position, as well as the necessary pastoral experience, in the acquirement of which my position, simply as preacher, had afforded me no opportunity, and that I had, besides, repeatedly promised to the magistracy of Strasburg, that I would never, of my own accord, seek another charge, and that, consequently, the final determination of this matter must be submitted to my superiors. In answer to this letter, the same Philip Schultze, about two weeks afterwards, informed me that the magistracy, notwithstanding my objections, abided by their request; and, also, that what I had mentioned in regard

to the magistracy of Strasburg, would soon be disposed of. This was done; and, being forced to regard the call, in every respect, as coming from God, and having, besides, my conscientious scruples removed, I, after a few months, ventured, in the name of God, to take the place of the faithful and sainted pastor and senior, Christian Gerlach. And thus was I, who stood so much in dread of special pastoral cares, placed in just such a charge in which these cares were unusually great, till, after the lapse of twenty years, it pleased the Lord to call me to this post, where my cares and labors are still greater, but where the blessing of God does not seem to attend my efforts in a corresponding degree."

"Do you not think you are mistaken in this, my dear friend?" suggested Franke. "I have abundant evidence that your labors here have been attended with success."

SPENER gave a sad smile, and replied: "Here, where I have more immediately been called, my labors have borne but little fruit. During the present year, of which two months have not yet elapsed, the Elector has already been twice absent from divine service. Yesterday's day of humiliation and prayer I dare not even take into the account, for on such general occasions he never comes to church at all."

"So much the more diligent is the Electress in her attendance," observed Franke. "That noble and pious woman listened yesterday to your sermon with unusual attentiveness. Her eyes were fixed on your lips as if her heart longed to feel your words even before you gave them utterance. I noticed her more especially,

during those passages in which you so beautifully described the sense of unmerited grace which ought to be cherished even by the best of men, engaged in repeatedly wiping her eyes, whilst her whole countenance indicated the sincerest devotion."

"She is," said the court-chaplain, "the very picture of her truly royal sister, the queen of Sweden, whose letters, with which she favors me, always afford me consolation and peace, of which I stand more frequently in need, my friend, than you imagine. Thus I feel greatly cast-down to-day; I have received no information as to the reception of my letter to His Electoral Highness; and, unless a certain presentiment deceives me, the Lord holds a new cross in reserve for me."

And as if this presentiment was instantly to come true, the door opened, and the famulus, Mr. Rothner, entered and handed the court-chaplain an unusually large letter. SPENER seized it hastily, anxiously examined the address and seal, and said, in an agitated voice: "May the Lord overrule all for good! This is the Elector's own hand-writing. Who brought the letter, dear Rothner?"

"Herr von Langendorf has just now handed it to me," replied the famulus. "And though he charged me three times to deliver the letter safe into your hands, he was, nevertheless, unwilling to comply with my request, and deliver it to you in person. He also addressed me with a smile which did not appear to proceed from a kind heart."

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Franke, after the famulus had withdrawn, and whilst the court-chaplain musingly contemplated the letter. "You seem to ap-

prehend some evil," he added. "Your hand trembles! Do you wish to be left alone?"

"No, no, dear Franke!" hastily replied SPENER, in an anxious tone. "Stay, I pray you. I am, indeed, with regard to this, not conscious of any evil, yet my heart beats with uneasy apprehension. I wonder what this letter of our gracious sovereign may contain?"

"Do not fear to open it!" said Franke, soothingly. "Is not the comforting conviction of having a good conscience enough to inspire you with courage? Besides, it is possible that the letter may contain something very agreeable to you."

SPENER shook his head doubtfully; he was just in the act of opening the letter when he suddenly turned to his companion with the question: "Do you know whether the Elector has returned from Moritzburg, or whether he is, at least, expected to-day?"

"I have, indeed, heard," replied Franke, "that the Elector intends to prolong his stay for a few days at Moritzburg, and will, consequently not attend your preaching to-morrow."

"My fears do not deceive me," remarked the court-chaplain in a tone of painful sadness. "In God's name be it so!" And as he here hastily opened the letter, something enclosed fell to the floor, which Franke quickly picked up and handed to the doctor. "Ah me!" exclaimed SPENER, when he had looked at the paper, "this is my own letter."

And, as if seeking protection and rest, SPENER sunk into his chair, holding the open letter of the Elector in his hand without reading it. Franke was deeply affected by the painful surprise of his friend, and not

knowing what to say or do, thought it best silently to withdraw, whilst SPENER seemed altogether absorbed in his own thoughts. He, however, noticed it, and called after him: "Stay with me, dear friend! God knows I do not ask this from any fear of man, for since I know what I have to expect, all anxiety has left my mind. But should I be found guilty, you shall be witness to it."

Franke turned back, and regarded the court-chaplain with a look of doubt, as if he did not comprehend the meaning of his last remark. SPENER now continued, as if in explanation: "The Christian minister knows of no more beautiful reward for his exertions and labors than the acknowledgment on the part of a fellow being that he has saved his soul. This is the highest, and, indeed, the only reward for all Christian activity; for this consists in nothing more than in the most zealous and indefatigable endeavors to save the souls confided to him. If the conviction should once force itself upon my mind that I could no longer, either by preaching or teaching, affect the hearts of any, or bring the erring back to the right way, or give rest to the doubting, or speak peace to the heavy-laden, my heart would break with grief. For then I must either assume that the word of God was no longer strong and powerful like a two-edged sword to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart, or I would have to believe that I was altogether an unworthy servant of the Lord, who is only unable to impart anything to others because he has nothing himself. And I know not in which instance I should be most sorrowful and unhappy."

“Might there not be a third view?” asked Franke, with the deepest concern.

“Hardly!” replied SPENER. “For if it be true that there is a way of access to every heart, by which the word of God may enter, it appears to me to be more especially the proper task of the minister to make himself, first of all, acquainted with the human heart, so that he may give to every one just what he most stands in need of. Much of the zeal expended for the promotion of that which is good, and many efforts made to bring back the erring to the right way, prove abortive, only, because the proper course has not been adopted. Herein the example of the Apostle Paul should especially be followed by ministers, namely, with the interpretation to be all things to all men, and not give meat where it would be better to give milk. Now, suppose I had given meat instead of milk?”

Here he ceased and relapsed into silent reflection, in which, as SPENER did not appear to expect an answer, Franke did not interrupt him. Then he took up the letter and began to read. At first his countenance betrayed no sign of unusual mental agitation; soon, however, he quickly raised his head, opened his eyes wide, and, in token of the deepest sorrow, clapped his hands to his knees. Then he arose, and paced uneasily to and fro.

“This I had not expected!” he at length exclaimed, in deep pain.

“Does the letter contain harsh language?” asked Franke, in a tone expressing concern.

“No!” replied SPENER. “Thanks to God, that He

has so controlled the Elector's pen and hand, that he has employed no harsh language against me. Painful to me is the threat, that he will never hear me again; but most painful of all the circumstance, that he suspects some innocent individuals of having informed me of some things of which I made mention in my letter, and that he, in consequence, threatens them with severe displeasure."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Franke. "You had not, surely, been requested by any one to write it?"

"God is my witness!" replied SPENER. "I had only considered and determined this matter in the profoundest secrecy of my heart, and experienced a blessed joy when I had finished a letter which my calling, my conscience, and the example of my predecessors, constrained me to write. How willingly will I bear all displeasure! But I can never endure that the innocent should suffer on my account. Leave me alone now, dear Franke; I will, I must take counsel of my God, as to what may be best for me to do."

Franke immediately withdrew, while SPENER having locked the door, fell upon his knees to engage in prayer.

A few days after this occurrence, nearly at the close of February, Franke entered a second time the study of the court-chaplain. "You are then determined to take your departure?" SPENER called out to him.

"Alas!" replied Franke, "in a few hours the stage leaves for Leipzig. As willingly as I go there, and as impatiently as I desire to enter upon my labors, so much does it pain me that I must there forego that kind consolation and instruction with which you, dear

Doctor, have favored and encouraged me. I regard the two months which you have permitted me to spend in your house and at your side, as a divinely appointed period of the situation which awaits me. God grant that the trouble, which seems to have come upon you, may soon and happily pass away. It at least appears that the Elector, in not writing any thing against you personally, has again changed his mind in your favor."

"Do not hope too soon!" suggested the court-chaplain, "My presentiment tells me that my troubles are only just beginning. God is my witness that, as for myself, I bow willingly and submissively to His will. For it is His honor and not mine that I seek. In doing what I did, I have only discharged my duty. That which pains me most is, that others should be made to suffer on my account. I am very anxious to save these gentlemen from such a heavy suspicion and the displeasure with which they are threatened. I have therefore—but why should I conceal it from you?—but a short time since, despatched my famulus with a letter to His Electoral Highness, who returned this morning from Moritzburg. Mr. Rothner has not yet come back, and I greatly long for his answer."

"I do not know," remarked Franke, "but, in reflecting upon all this, the thought came into my mind, that that day of humiliation and prayer might become a second 31st of October, of the year 1517. You know better than I, my dearest friend, what important questions at present agitate the minds of men. It is not, as often heretofore, the old quarrel between knowledge and faith, but rather a struggle between faith and works. Your enemies have long since arrayed them-

selves in well prepared opposition against you, and are, unfortunately, led on by the ministers themselves. But put on the breast-plate of righteousness; take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Take unto you the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. Methinks you are called of God as a reformer of His Church, which is languishing in the fetters of a dead faith in the letter. It must come thus, if the gospel of love and peace is again to take root in the hearts of men."

"As a reformer?" quickly repeated the court-chaplain, while a sorrowful smile overshadowed his countenance. "No, my dear Franke, I am not so foolish as to set myself up as a reformer. I am too well aware of my weakness, and too fully convinced that I possess neither the talents nor the ability. It suffices me to belong to those voices who assist in arousing to the work of reformation those whom God has fitted for it. And, let me tell you, dear Franke, when I consider your great scholarship, your thorough acquaintance with the holy Scriptures, and, allow me to say it, your unaffected piety, I feel inclined to regard you as one of those whom the Lord has fitted out for the purpose of becoming the reformers of His Church."

"Do you not entertain too humble an opinion of yourself?" asked Franke, whilst a deep blush overspread his countenance, and as if he thought by this question to turn away attention from himself.

"One cannot," replied the court-chaplain, "put too low an estimate upon his own talents and abilities, so as not to deceive himself and others by it. If God had

given me the ability of our sainted Martin Luther, how much more faithful would I be found in the service of my Lord than I have hitherto shown myself to be. But I do not merely want the necessary talents and ability for such a work, but also the natural gifts. You may believe me, dear Franke, when I tell you with what painful feelings I observe this want in the performance of my official duties, and how much I am ashamed of myself for not being able to overcome it. Of what then should I boast, if not of my weakness?"

"You are an humble servant of the Lord!" replied Franke. "But, in one thing, you should concede to yourself a little more than you do; I mean in your joy in believing, which gives you strength to endure and to suffer, to wrestle and to conquer."

"Alas, how much you are mistaken in me, my friend!" continued SPENER. "It is just this power of the Spirit from above which I lack. And I find it exceedingly difficult, notwithstanding my fervent prayers, to overcome, even in small things, this natural timidity. I would sin against the Lord my God, were I to undertake an enterprise which calls for genuine heroic courage. And if I were to tell you that I entertained, just now, no fears in regard to myself, I would deceive both you and myself. It is just at this time that my fears outweigh my hopes, and I do not at all regard it a trifling matter to have lost the confidence of my Electoral spiritual son."

"Your fears are too extravagant, my dear sir!" said Franke. "John George, has always shown himself a noble man; and, if what I have heard among the people be true, his present displeasure is only the

fruit of a mean and malevolent misrepresentation. The noble Prince cannot possibly mistake the good intention which you had in writing that letter. Besides, I place much confidence in the pious and kind Electress, of whom you know that she regards you with sincere respect and true friendship."

"Do not deceive yourself with your extravagant hopes," replied SPENER. "My enemies are too many. If God does not come to my aid, I have not much to hope for. My greatest fears concern my brethren in the ministry, who manifest so little inclination to become my fellow-laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. But I hear steps in the ante-chamber. Is it you, dear Rothner?" he said to the approaching famulus, with a trembling voice. "What success have you had with your message?"

"I have, indeed, safely delivered the letter; but, pardon me, most reverend Doctor, I feel as if I had just escaped from the lion's den."

"Have you seen his Electoral Highness in person?" asked SPENER, quickly.

"No," replied the famulus; "but the courtiers and privy counselors treated me with a great deal of unkindness. All I met regarded me with sullen and contemptuous looks. Yea, Herr von Langendorf, whom I met in the ante-chamber, even refused to take the letter in charge. Then came the noble and venerable Herr von Grünrode, who, when I had addressed myself to him, and stated my errand, received the letter, and was about to take it to his Electoral Highness, in person, whom, in consequence of indisposition, he had not, as I understood, attended for several days,

when Herr von Langendorf informed him that he had express orders from his Electoral Highness not to admit Herr von Grünrode into his presence. I was terrified and could have wept from pure grief, when I saw that noble and Christian old man now turning to me with the remark, 'If such be the case, I am, of course, unable to serve you. However, Herr von Langendorf, will you do this last favor, for my sake?' So it happened that the knight, though with a sullen look, took the letter in charge; and, as I was passing out through the large gate, I heard the officer of the watch, who may have known me, say to some other gentleman, 'This fellow is also a Spenerite.' "

SPENER paced to and fro in great agitation. "Did I not tell you," he said to Franke, when the famulus had left the room, "the time of trouble is only beginning?"

And he was right. Scarcely had Rothner left the room, than he again re-entered, and announced one of the Elector's privy counselors. And before the court-chaplain could utter a word, Herr von Senkwitz entered, gave a hasty salutation, and cast an inquiring look towards Franke. After Franke had retired to the adjoining apartment, and SPENER was alone with the privy counselor, von Senkwitz handed the court-chaplain a letter, with the remark, "His Electoral Highness has sent me to return this, your letter, and, as you perceive, unopened. His Electoral Highness desires me, in addition, to say to you, that he does not wish to be further enlightened by any more letters on the subject in question."

SPENER'S countenance assumed a look of deep and painful sadness, as he answered, "I am, in duty, bound

to render all due obedience to my most gracious sovereign, and shall submit to his command, however difficult I, in consequence of my office and calling, may find it. Only one thing I beg of your excellency, not for my sake, but for the sake of the truth—that you will do what may lay in your power to induce his Electoral Highness to be graciously pleased only to read this letter. It does not contain anything in my own defence, but is simply a vindication of several gentlemen, who suffer innocently on my account.”

“I am very sorry,” replied the privy counselor, “that it is out of my power to comply with your request. I have the most peremptory orders from his Electoral Highness to return this letter to you. Farewell!” And, with this, he hastily left the room.

And SPENER? He cast a look of amazement towards the door, through which the privy counselor had vanished. Silent as death, he folded his hands; even his lips did not quiver. “This is hard,” he at length ejaculated, and seated himself, as if he stood in need of the support of a chair.

Franke again entered. A look at the unopened letter, which SPENER held in his hand, told him all that had happened.

“What ails you, dear sir?” sympathizingly inquired Franke. But SPENER remained silent, communing apparently, with himself. “Speak, my dearest friend,” continued the other. “My anxiety for you is great.”

SPENER now opened his eyes, folded his hands, and said, in a soft and agitated voice:

“When human help seems at an end,
Then God a helping hand doth lend.

If no one helps, my help is He,
 Who from my sorrow sets me free.
 Why should I long man's favor seek,
 Who is, at best, but frail and weak?
 'Mongst men there is no friend to find,
 Who always is sincere and kind.
 Go, make the Lord thy only stay;
 He'll all thy sorrows take away.
 Choose Him alone to be thy Friend,
 Who with His help is e'er at hand,
 If God be with thee as thy Friend,
 What matters all thy foes intend?
 Ten thousand though their number be,
 They cannot harm one hair of thee.
 Whatever God wills, that He does,
 Though the whole earth should Him oppose.
 Then let Him reign, and hold thou still,
 Bowing submissive to His will."

When SPENER paused, and again cast down his eyes, Franke said, "Dear sir, how I envy you this word of consolation!"

"Do you know," remarked SPENER, while the joy of faith lighted up his countenance; "do you know who composed this hymn, and upon what occasion? Shall I inform you?"

Before Franke could reply, SPENER continued, with quiet earnestness, "It is now about a century ago, that a faithful servant of the word of God was banished, with his wife and child, beyond the gates of Badeborn, because his conscience did not permit him to comply with the demands of his sovereign and master. Like a rejected messenger of the Lord, he went away from his house and hearth into an uncertain future. He might have asked, What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? But,

instead of this, he raised his heart and mind to heaven, and sung :

“ ‘When human help seems at an end,
Then God a helping hand doth lend.’

The name of the sovereign was Joachim Ernst, Prince of Anhalt, and that of the exile was John Arndt, of Ballenstädt.”

“How came you to think of this, dearest Doctor?” asked Franke. “Are you apprehensive that a similar fate awaits you?”

“The Lord is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working,” replied SPENER. “I am prepared for anything, my dear friend. What is to be feared from the displeasure of my sovereign is not difficult to divine. I should not be surprised if His Electoral Highness would cause my dismissal to be forwarded to me this very day.”

“Why do you at once suspect the worst?” interposed Franke. “Surely, what you have done is justifiable, both in the sight of God and of man. And then, since you yourself have thought of the pious John Arndt, do you not know that, soon after, when he was wandering about with his faithful wife, houseless and homeless, a messenger from Mansfield came to him, and another from Quedlinburg, in both of which cities they wished him for their minister, and that, in Quedlinburg, he found consolation and rest?”

SPENER regarded his young friend with a sad smile took his hand, and said: “My good Herr Franke, you do, assuredly, mean it well with me, and I thank you with my whole heart for every word of consolation you

utter; and, believe me, whatever God may have appointed for me, I bear it cheerfully and willingly; for I know that I stand and suffer in the service of my Master. And now I perceive that the time of your departure has come. God protect you! Who knows what may await you in Leipzig? We part in very trying times. The Lord give us grace, peace, light and strength that we may meet again as those who have come out of tribulation, tried as gold in the fire!"

And Franke lay in the arms of his pious friend, and upon both rested the Spirit of the Lord, in feelings of unspeakable blessedness.

It was the consecration to the cross that awaited both.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHURCH AND HOUSE.

“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another, in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.”—Col. iii. 16.

A FEW months after the last vestige of that severe winter had departed, and the warmth of May caused the ravages of January to be forgotten, we behold, during the morning hours of Wednesday, a large crowd, composed of young and old, rich and poor, citizens and nobles, pouring out of the chapel of the widowed Electress, and disappearing along the various streets which diverged from the Schlossgasse into the different parts of the city. They all came from SPENER’S examina; and even one unaware of it, might at once have inferred, judging from the cheerful, happy countenances of the church-goers, that they had drawn peace and joy from the fountain of religious instruction. Some, lost in the remembrance of what they had heard, pursued their way in silence. Others conversed earnestly about this or that part of the biblical explanation, as they heard it from the lips of SPENER. But all carried the word of God away with them, as seed fallen upon good ground, and, like Mary, kept the words in their hearts.

Among these church-goers we notice a young maiden, carrying in her hand a Bible provided with a large silver clasp and other ornaments, contrasting strangely

with her apparel, which, though clean and neat, did not evince a condition in life to which such ornaments were common. Who was this maiden pursuing her way, whilst meditating on the word of the Lord?

We notice, too, at the corner of the Market, where the maiden passed, two men who, judging by their mutual greeting, had just then accidentally met there. They too, and especially one of them, observed the maiden. "Is that not Miss Guldenmeyer?" asked the one.

"It seems so, my highly esteemed cousin," replied the other, turning rather an indifferent look towards the passing maiden who, in the simplicity of her heart, and engaged with other thoughts, had not even noticed the two gentlemen.

"And you say this with an air of indifference, Sir Master?" said the other. "Does not such a sight remind you of old times, and does it not touch some tender chord in your heart?"

"My time has gone by, as Isaiah says," complained the Master. "I did, indeed, think I might welcome the right honorable Herr von Langendorf as my much beloved cousin at Altleben; but all that has happened to the contrary."

"It seems almost as if it grieved you," said the knight. "Of course it has turned out otherwise, but evidently to your advantage. Only have a little patience, and you shall be richly compensated for your disappointed expectations in regard to Altleben. That your engagement with the goldsmith's daughter has been broken off should not cause you any regret. The proud girl is now obliged to support herself by

the labor of her hands; and the haughty citizen who, encouraged by our occasional visits, sought to gain an honorable position by means of his little daughter, fills, as I have been assured, a not very brilliant situation, and has been forced to return to his handiwork. What good would it now do you if you had married such poverty? But tell me, did you ever return to that house?"

"Never!" replied Nullenbrecher. "I will not deny to you that that incident which occurred before my eyes, frightened me to such a degree that I lost all courage ever to return to that house again; perhaps because I cannot bear the sight of blood."

"I know also to a certainty that your wooing of her would now but little avail you," continued the knight. "It is said that young Guldenmeyer, who is not Elizabeth's brother, has taken your place, and that they will soon be married, at least so soon as they shall have succeeded in providing for their daily bread, which may yet be a long way off."

"Let that go," added Nullenbrecher, "I have reconciled myself to it. My love for her was mostly spiritual pity, for I had great hope of leading the young pietist back to the true faith. Since, however, the whole of the family now hold to those apostate Spenerites, I am the more pleased that it has so turned out."

"You have then," said Herr von Langendorf, "not changed your views in regard to the court-chaplain. I am rejoiced at this. You doubtless heard that our most gracious sovereign, having at length had his patience worn out by the arrogance of his confessor, has formally broken with him. His Electoral Highness

has—I say this to you in strict confidence—declared with a solemn oath, that he will never again attend SPENER’S preaching, nor even consider him any longer as his confessor. The entire court is most heartily rejoiced at his change of mind, for I dare say, that had SPENER retained over the Elector his former influence, we would not have spent such a glorious carnival. But, my dear cousin, our work is only half finished. I may,” he continued, after having looked carefully around that no one might hear them, “I may tell you that His Electoral Highness would not be sorry to find a sufficient cause for dismissing his confessor altogether. Say, dear Master Nullenbrecher, you have assuredly heard of those letters that passed between the Elector and the court-chaplain: the majority of the court would like much to know their contents, and, if possible, to obtain a copy of the same. I have been assured that SPENER keeps copies of most of his letters, and that these are taken by his famulus. Do you know him, cousin?”

“Of course!” replied the cousin. “He is the very M. Rothner, who, in preference to myself was offered the appointment to the charge at Altleben, but who, as I have been informed, refused to accept, on account of his pietistical attachment to the court-chaplain.”

“Precisely so!” added Langendorf. “Now do you not think that you might succeed in getting a copy of these letters, through this famulus? What think you?”

Nullenbrecher shook his head and said, “Most honored cousin, I am not very well fitted for that kind of business; besides, Mr. Rothner is a real thorn in my flesh, and I cannot well make friends with him.”

“That does not matter!” said the knight. “However, as I have still an hour’s leisure, and, as it seems, you also, suppose you accompany me into this cellar, where we will treat ourselves to a glass of good wine, and meantime chat a little while longer.”

And Nullenbrecher followed his cousin into the wine house, where we are so much the less able to accompany them, because history has thrown over this incident a veil which no one has, as yet, been able to draw aside, and which may, perhaps, have been too boldly handled by what has just now been said.

We prefer to accompany the pious maiden, who formed the first object of conversation for these two men. She takes the familiar way across the New Market along Pirna street. There, in passing a certain house, she drops her eyes to the book she was carrying, as if in deep shame, but in reality to conceal from passers-by the tears that were fast suffusing them; for it had been the house of her parents, but was now the property of a man to whose inflexible hard-heartedness she principally owed her present distress. When she came to the city gate she turned to the right, toward the small church of St. John, at which point she entered the house already designated, and within it the well-known little room, and hastened towards an old man who was earnestly reading in a book which was lying on his work-bench among his tools.

“God bless you, dear father!” she exclaimed, kissing him upon his cheek.

“Welcome from the word of God,” replied the father, and folded his child with a passionate love to his heart. “But what ails you, Elizabeth? You have been weep-

ing! You come from the examina of our beloved Dr. SPENER with tears! Surely these can only be tears of joy."

"And yet they are not, my good father!" replied Elizabeth. "But never mind that. If you have no objection, I will tell you what I have to-day gathered anew for our peace in God."

"This, my child," said the father, "you may do after awhile. First tell me why you have been weeping. Perhaps I can relieve you."

This remark cast a still darker shadow upon her soul; for this kind offer of her father seemed of course to her mind, the bitterest and most cutting irony.

"I ought to reproach myself for my foolishness," she replied, and then continued, hesitatingly, "I went through Pirna street."

"And passed by our house," the goldsmith quickly added, "and thought of my great and grievous guilt, and wept for your poor, unhappy father."

"As God is my witness!" exclaimed the maiden in her anxiety, appealing to heaven, after this mode, perhaps, for the first time in her life, and only now with the view of disabusing her father's mind, as soon as possible, of an erroneous impression. "As God is my witness, I never thought of this. I only thought of my childhood, of my sainted mother, and of my cradle; and if, in so doing, I permitted tears to start to my eyes, I committed a great wrong, for it was almost murmuring against God's dealings."

It may be, that the maiden, in thus reproaching herself, hardly did herself justice, for she might well be conscious of pious submission to the will of the Lord;

but her kind heart quickly strove to allay the pain, which she had unwittingly caused her father by accusing herself in order to lead him into a different train of thought. In this she succeeded, inasmuch as he exclaimed, "Murmuring against God's dealings? No, my child, you cannot do this. I have learned first from you how to conduct myself amid all troubles and trials."

Elizabeth, whose tender conscience, like that of SPENER, reproached her, when she heard herself comforted and excused on account of a pretended fault, for which she needed no consolation, anxious to free herself from this embarrassing situation, at once changed the conversation by saying: "What have you been reading, dear father?"

"Ah!" he replied, and his eyes sparkled with joy. "Do you not at once recognize my favorite book, Arndt's True Christianity? I was just reading about the work of the first day of creation, the creation of light. O, how refreshing is the language of that pious, divinely inspired man! Read to me these passages which I have marked: I cannot read them often enough."

And Elizabeth took the book and read, "Thus then the light of the sun sends forth nothing but the pure, warm, fervent love of God. For whom has God created the sun? Not for Himself. He needs no sun nor any created light. He is Himself the eternal—the infinite light. Therefore, has He created the sun for us. He shines for us. Therefore the love of God shines out through the sun.

"Behold, how richly, mildly, and abundantly the

light flows from the sun; in like manner the love of God is shed abroad over us, but only more abundantly and infinitely. The sun is impartial, grudging his light to none; in like manner the love of God extends over the whole world. Behold, how intense the light of the sun, flowing from his innermost essence; so ardent and tender is the love of God."

"And this," interrupted the artisan, quickly, and with beaming eyes, "this, my child, you must read also, and this, and this, and this; it runs through my very soul."

Elizabeth followed the direction and read: "The light awakens those who sleep; so Christ, our light, awakens us out of the sleep of sin. Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light.

"The light shows us the way. So Christ our Lord says, I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me, shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

"The light possesses a hidden vital power. So is Christ our Lord a light, in whom is the life; and the life is the light of the world.

"The light cannot be seen without light. So God cannot be known without God, without Christ, and without the Holy Spirit. In Thy light shall we see light."

As Elizabeth here concluded, the father immediately added, "Tell me, my child, how was it possible, that I, for so long a time, had neither taste nor sense for such glorious and blessed truths? Am I not to be pitied for enjoying the blessedness of the Word of God only in my old age?"

“I reply in the words of the Holy Scripture,” said the daughter. “The Lord is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.”

“Amen!” suddenly exclaimed a deep manly voice. Petermann, the Lockwitz schoolmaster, had silently and noiselessly entered the room. He went up to the goldsmith, reached out his hand to him in fraternal kindness, and said, “I salute you, Sigismund. How do you do?”

“Well!” replied the artisan. “I have just now been reading in this book; and thus engaged, one cannot help feeling well, even though this or that in his condition might easily be better.”

“And, for instance, what?” asked Petermann.

As the artisan, somewhat embarrassed by this question, silently dropped his eyes, Elizabeth took up the conversation, and said, “For instance, Mr. Petermann, when you come into this room, and see, besides my father, me, whom you do not shake hands with, and ask me how I am. Had you done so, I would have given you a different answer from the one father gave you.”

“Well, and what would that have been?” asked the schoolmaster.

“I would have said,” replied the maiden, “it is high time that you come and ask after us once again; for, day after to-morrow, it will be two weeks since you have concerned yourself about us.”

“So!” said Petermann, whilst crossing his hands on his back, and walking up and down the room.

“Do you deny that you have been in the city during that time?” continued Elizabeth. “Who then was it,

that this day a week ago, sat nearly opposite to me in the Electoral chapel, as Dr. SPENER was explaining the visit of Nicodemus to our Lord, and who, when I bowed to him, seemed as if he did not know me?"

"So!" again said Petermann as before.

"And," continued the indefatigable plaintiff, "who was it, that I on last Sunday met at the Pirna gate calling to me, 'My respects to you and yours!' and who, when he saw that I desired to stop and talk to him, acted again as if he did not know me?"

"So!" again repeated the schoolmaster.

"No! dear Mr. Petermann, no more so's!" said Elizabeth. "If you treat me so distantly another time, George shall never again visit you at Lockwitz."

"And who will prevent him?" asked the schoolmaster.

"I!" replied the maiden. "And that you may see that I have such power, he shall not show you the new painting which he finished yesterday."

"And suppose I should absolutely refuse to see it?" asked the other.

"Well, then, I would just make you," was the positive reply, as she hastened into the adjoining room, from which she soon returned with a veiled picture. "Guess whose portrait this is! It is that of a man whom you very well know, a tolerably old and fretful gentleman who would like to quarrel with everybody, if they would give him an opportunity; an old grumbler from Lockwitz, who comes twice a week to Dresden, without visiting his best friends; a schoolmaster who, when he explains the Holy Scripture to his children, shuts up the book because he knows it by

heart, from beginning to end; yea, what is worse than all, a Spenerite, as the people call him; one who is, perhaps, to blame that the courtiers hate and persecute our dear Dr. SPENER so much, and that even ministers begin to rail at him from the pulpit."

"Alas, you are right, my child!" said Petermann, referring to her last remark. "Just because we love him, he is hated and persecuted. But all these things must come to pass, so that the Scriptures may be fulfilled also in regard to him: 'Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and ye shall be hated of all nations for My name's sake.' From which may be learned that afflictions are an evidence of the love of the Lord."

"For these words," said Elizabeth, "I most cheerfully forgive you all I have charged you with on my account."

"Yes, my dear father, afflictions are an evidence of the love of God. I have never felt so grateful to the Lord for the afflictions He has sent us, as I do now."

Saying this, she wound her arms about her father's neck, looked pleasantly into his face, and said, "Do you remember what you made me read to you a little while ago? 'The Lord is my light and the strength of my life.'"

"I know it, my child!" replied the artisan, and a tear moistened his cheek: "I feel it, and will never again forget it. May God preserve to me His light."

Elizabeth, whose feelings were rapidly overcoming her, turned quickly away from her father, removed the veil from the painting, and handed the picture to the schoolmaster, with the words: "Dear Mr. Petermann,

since you are so good in making amends for the mischief you have done, I will show you the man in the picture, whom I love a great deal more than he may deserve. Do you know this man with the half-serious and half-playful countenance, and whose eyes one does not know whether they want to laugh or cry?"

Petermann beheld with surprise his own portrait, and, as if about to verify Elizabeth's description of himself, he, with ill-concealed kindness, said: "Foolishness, useless waste of time!"

"You are doubtless aware that George has a peculiar talent for kidnapping people; and so your turn has, at length, come."

"At length?" repeated the schoolmaster, with an unusually tender smile. "Methinks it was begun last autumn at the inn in Lockwitz. As I said then, so I must again say to-day, My nose might be a little sharper; otherwise, the rogue has hit me well. However," he continued, peevishly, as if he was ashamed of his kindness, "what good will this portrait do him? He has to work for his daily bread! Who will buy this poor old schoolmaster from him? Not I, for I have neither the inclination, nor the money for such a purchase."

"Why, now, Mr. Petermann," rejoined Elizabeth, in seeming reproach, "who, I would like to know, has told you that this portrait is for sale? It is my property!"

"Useless, foolish tomfoolery!" growled the schoolmaster, as he crossed his hands upon his back, and walked surlily and gloomily up and down the room. Presently he stood still and asked, "Where is George?"

“He was with me at the examina,” replied Elizabeth, “and then went, as he informed me, to purchase paints. He must soon be back.”

“I have some new work for him,” continued Petermann, “and that, too, a work for the sake of which I would like to turn painter myself, if I were not already too old. He is to paint the court-chaplain.”

“What?” joyfully exclaimed Elizabeth, “did you not tell us the last time, that the Doctor would, on no account, consent to have his portrait painted, though urgently requested by a noble gentleman?”

“Certainly!” assured the schoolmaster. “But it so happened that I met this gentleman somewhere, and learned how very sorry he was, that he could not obtain the Doctor’s likeness. So I took courage to call on the Doctor after the examina, and, after having conversed with him on some other matters, I at length addressed him on his refusal to sit for his likeness, begging him to do it out of Christian sympathy, and thus perform an act of real kindness to a young painter, who, with his family, was in great need. And when he inquired who he was, I replied that his name was Guldenmeyer, and that he formerly resided in a large house on Pirna street.”

With these last words, however harmlessly they might have been meant, he wounded the feelings of the goldsmith, who saw in them an allusion to his guilt, and turned away sad and sorrowful. Elizabeth, too, felt hurt, and said, “Dear Mr. Petermann, it almost seems to me as if you went begging for us.”

“If you choose to call it so, my child,” replied the schoolmaster, coolly, “then you are right. But I call

it a sincere and well-meant endeavor to obey the apostolic injunction, 'Minister to the necessity of the saints;' or rather, as the expression necessity of *saints* might create false pride—the apostolic desire, 'as we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.' Have I done wrong in this?"

"No!" replied Elizabeth: "forgive me my improper remark. George will scarcely know how to contain himself for joy, when he finds what an honor awaits him. Is it not so, dear father?"

The goldsmith turned to the schoolmaster and said, "Andrew, your words are, indeed, like a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit. But I have richly deserved them, and will earnestly strive to receive them in future without murmuring."

Instead of an answer, Petermann took up Arndt's True Christianity, turned over its leaves like one who feels sure of at once finding what he looks for, then handed the book to Elizabeth, and said, whilst pointing to a passage, "Read this to us, child."

And Elizabeth read: "Now, if a Christian has been impelled by the spirit of God to that which is good, he will soon be able to notice the difference between the strivings of the Holy Ghost and those of the evil spirit, between the old man and the new, the spirit of the world and the Spirit which is of God; as Paul tells us, in 1 Cor. ii. 12: 'Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that we may know the things that are freely given to us of God.' And it certainly becomes every Christian to

mark this difference, so that he may recognize the workings of the grace of God within himself, thank God for it, and humbly pray to God for an increase and preservation of His gifts, that he may be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, that being rooted and grounded in love, he may be filled with all the fullness of God."

"And now," resumed this singular man, as soon as Elizabeth had ended, "farewell. God be with you! Remember me kindly to George, and tell him that he shall soon hear more about the subject in question." And just as he was at the door, he turned back again, drew a small purse from his pocket, placed it on the table, and said, "I had all but forgotten it. I have disposed of the other painting, the praying maiden, or, as it should be rather called, Elizabeth Guldenmeyer at her morning devotions, to the same gentleman, and received for it these fifty gold guilders."

"You should not have done that," said Elizabeth, reproachfully. "Moreover, George did not give you the painting for the purpose, that you should sell it. Pray, who is the gentleman to whom you sold it? I shall redeem it again."

"Who is the gentleman?" asked the schoolmaster. "He is no gentleman at all, but an unworthy servant of his master. And as for his name, that need not concern you. God be with you!"

And, having said this, the mysterious schoolmaster quitted the room, leaving father and daughter, pleased, indeed, on account of the unexpected and opportune assistance in time of need, but yet not without some suspicions as to the reported sale.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW TRIAL.

“There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.”—I Cor. x. 13.

THE rupture of the Elector with his confessor had spread, with the rapidity of a hurricane, over the whole country, and even beyond it into others, where SPENER'S name was mentioned with love and esteem, as well as with hatred and censoriousness. Whoever contemplates and estimates human destinies merely with the human eye, might say that the cause of practical Christianity, as taught and exemplified by SPENER, was just now in the greatest and most imminent danger. For, though the court-chaplain had, from the very commencement of his labors, and especially since the time of the publication of his *“Pia desideria,”* aroused against himself a large number of enemies and opponents among his ministerial brethren, and particularly among the professors at the universities, whose hostile attacks had followed him to Saxony; still, his position as court-chaplain protected him against the attacks of such as did not appear to consider it altogether advantageous to themselves to oppose too strenuously the labors of a man who enjoyed the favor of his sovereign. But when the Elector's change of mind, in regard to his confessor, became known, every

secret mine was sprung to accomplish the destruction of a man whom the people who had been awakened by him to the joy of Christian faith and life, loved and revered as a deliverer sent from God at a time of great need; and it was to be expected that the displeasure of the sovereign would operate as an invitation to weak, prejudiced and speculating men, to rise up against the holy cause, and destroy indiscriminately both what was laudable and censurable.

Thus human short-sightedness would have reasoned. But he who, with the mind of a Christian, pays closer attention to the wonderful ways of God, must confess to himself with joyful confidence that the work which SPENER had called forth needed just such a touchstone for its confirmation, whether the pure Christian gold would now, as ever before, stand the test. To show how this did also, amid many trials, and in every respect, prove itself such, is not the business of this book: those, however, who desire to enlighten themselves further on this subject, will find in other writings much of what they seek.

This conviction—namely, the necessity of such tests—had also forced itself upon the mind of the court-chaplain; and he bore this trial, which, although only a personal one, exerted, nevertheless, the greatest influence upon the whole of his labors as a minister, the more calmly and cheerfully, the more he was honestly assured that he had done only his duty, and no more than what his predecessors had done before him, perhaps even in stronger language, and with more happy results than had been permitted to him.

One morning, just as the court-chaplain had con-

cluded his private devotions, in which he was in the habit of engaging several times during each day, and in which he especially remembered those, concerning the salvation of whose souls he felt particularly interested, his *famulus* announced to him a visit from Herr von Grünrode. SPENER immediately hastened to receive the venerable gentleman, and conducted him into his room. "Blessed be the entrance of your excellency into my house," said SPENER, his voice giving evidence that his blood was not altogether tranquil.

"My reverend and dear Doctor," replied the privy counselor, "I may truly say, that I have greatly desired to have once more a long conversation with you. For some months past, you, as well as myself, have been not a little tried; and though I may confess, with regard to you, even more than with regard to myself, that this trial, however severe, may nevertheless be borne, still a word of comfort and consolation is agreeable to every heart."

"Would that I could do this for you in the highest degree," replied the court-chaplain; "for it is still a heavy weight upon my conscience, that I, though without the remotest comprehension or intention, should have been the cause of your incurring the displeasure of our sovereign; and it grieves me deeply, that His Electoral Highness has utterly refused to listen to a vindication of these falsely-accused gentlemen."

"Let not this grieve you, my dearest friend," comforted the privy counselor. "As far as I am concerned, you have, both by precept and example, sufficiently taught me to bear an undeserved calamity with Christian cheerfulness. Besides, I have the joyful confi-

dence, that our gracious sovereign will soon change his mind, and thus restore that former harmony and mutual confidence, so necessary to the exercise of your important office, which, I need not conceal it, malicious calumnies have impaired."

"Does your excellency hope this?" asked the court-chaplain. "I must confess, that I do not find it easy to give place to such a hope in my heart. Mistrust is an evil weed, which is not easily eradicated, and I should not be at all surprised, if your excellency should be the bearer of my dismissal."

"What do you think, my dear Doctor?" exclaimed Grünrode. "No, it will never come to this: to the adoption of such an extreme measure His Electoral Highness can never resort."

"Why not?" continued SPENER. "A beginning to this end has been made in more ways than one. I have been assured, that His Electoral Highness has declared, under a most solemn oath, never again to hear me preach, and to break off all and every intercourse with me. And when I reflect, how pertinaciously our gracious sovereign refuses to listen to every vindication and defence of the accused, how he, at times, expresses himself in regard to myself before his court, and how he, since the reception of that unfortunate letter, has never attended church, nor even expressed a desire for the Holy Supper, I am fully justified in my fears that so sad a beginning will be followed by as sad an ending."

"As respects the partaking of the Holy Supper," said the privy counselor, with some embarrassment, "it is the object of my present visit to inform you of the

Electors's desire to receive it. You are aware that my gracious sovereign intended to leave, in a few days, with both their Highnesses, the Princes, for the Rhine, whither the troops have already preceded him. There is to be a military expedition against France, preparation for which has long since been made, and which, in consequence of the rapacity of the King of the French, may be a work of necessary protection. Before his departure hence his Electoral Highness, of course, desires the holy communion."

"I am daily, nay, hourly, at the service of my gracious sovereign," said SPENER.

"This is why," now continued Grünrode, falteringly, "I have asked from his Electoral Highness, the permission of coming to you myself. At first Herr von Langendorf had been selected to bring you this information; and that my prayer to send me instead of him has been granted, is to me a favorable sign that the Elector will gradually forget his grudge against me altogether."

"I am heartily rejoiced at it," assured the court-chaplain, "and, although we are commanded to be courteous towards all men, consequently also, towards our enemies, and, although I always endeavor to be so, I yet must confess to your Excellency that your visit affords me greater pleasure than that of Herr von Langendorf who, without my knowing precisely why, has manifested a hostile disposition towards me almost from the commencement."

The privy counselor, who seemed to have no disposition to enter upon an explanation of this last remark, was evidently engaged in thinking of how he might

best communicate what he had still unexpressed. At length he said, "Reverend sir, you were correct when you called distrust an evil weed, which can be eradicated only gradually and with difficulty. For, even after distrust and its cause have been removed, there still remains between persons who for a time have been estranged from each other, a certain coldness, a hesitancy to come together; and this mutual approach cannot be forced, but must be left to some fortuitous circumstance. That this is the condition of things between you and our gracious sovereign, I cannot deny, since I know of its existence from actual experience. Hence, though I could, from my most honest convictions, assure you that his Electoral Highness could by no means resort to those extreme measures to which you a little while ago alluded, I dare, in the meantime, not conceal from you that for the moment, and, indeed, for some time to come, a perfect reconciliation must not be expected."

"Only tell me plainly," here interrupted SPENER, in as calm a tone as possible, "whatever of evil you have to communicate. I am prepared for everything, and shall not refuse to submit to whatever his Electoral Highness has determined in regard to me."

"Do not be too apprehensive, at once, of evil, my dearest friend!" said Grünrode, encouragingly. "And that you may not needlessly torment yourself any longer, I will tell you that his Electoral Highness communicates to you his desire, for the time being, to receive the Holy Supper, and, as a necessary consequence also, the absolution, from your colleague, the Rev. Mr Green."

At these words the court-chaplain started, and his face turned pale. After a pause, he replied: "I am under obligation of obedience to my gracious sovereign. If he has lost confidence in me, I am deeply grieved; yet, I cannot be angry with him in refusing to receive, prior to the solemnization of a sacred act which requires a peaceable heart, the absolution from the lips of a man whose presence is hateful to him."

"Do not, my dearest Doctor, pass so severe a sentence either upon yourself, nor yet upon the Elector," entreated the privy counselor. "You know our gracious sovereign is, at heart, affable and kind, and not at all disinclined to be earnestly admonished. You have already learned to know him as such in Frankfurt, where he, for the first time, received the Holy Supper at your hands, and you have surely noticed, during the time of your labors here, especially in the beginning, how your words entered his heart, and how kindly he received them. Moreover, you must also be aware that your letter, on the day of humiliation and prayer, at first most deeply affected him, and that the same would most undoubtedly have been attended with the happiest results for you on the day following, if a few of the courtiers who surround the person of our gracious sovereign had not, from motives of personal animosity to you and your labors, and your influence over the mind and heart of the Elector, embittered him against you, under pretext that you had, in your writing, cast aside that respect due to him. I am also free in asserting that it never would have gone so far, if I had not, unfortunately, been absent on that day. Your enemies knew well that his Electoral Highness

was most vulnerable on this point, and could most easily be gained for their ends in being thus assailed. And you, my reverend Doctor, will readily comprehend that those gentlemen are most anxious to keep the Elector in his present frame of mind. But do not, on that account, fear the worst; God will dispose all things well. As soon as I shall have succeeded in personally regaining the confidence of our gracious sovereign (which I do not now possess, in so far as the Elector avoids being alone with me), so soon do I hope to be able, with the help of God, who will bless my efforts and give efficacy to my words, to remove the bandage from the eyes of our misguided sovereign."

"Your Excellency speaks very hopefully," replied the court-chaplain, "yet I have a presentiment that your expectations will never be realized."

"And yet they may be!" added Herr von Grünrode. "For the circumstance of His Electoral Highness' being, in consequence of the military campaign just commenced, removed from your immediate presence, can only be favorable to our wishes, inasmuch as new impressions and incidents naturally take the place of old ones."

SPENER hesitated to express his opinion in regard to the hope of the privy counselor. After a pause, he turned to him and said: "Your Excellency has ever treated me with kindness and affection; permit me, therefore, to speak openly to you, and do you give me your candid opinion. I have always regarded it as a most difficult task on the part of an evangelical minister to maintain over powerful princes and gentlemen, proper authority and respect in the conduct of his

office, because the evangelical minister has no other power at his command than that of the Word of God which he preaches; and it is very possible that one may be either too severe or too indulgent, and there is grèat danger of entirely overlooking the court-chaplain on account of the courtier. Hence, it has been my opinion, that we ministers, in our intercourse with individuals of distinction, should not conform to their manners and customs; but, dealing as servants of God with them, we should, whilst paying all necessary and proper respect, avoid all vain compliments and adulation, and conduct ourselves with becoming Christian simplicity and dignity. And since the doctrine and instruction we bring to the high and mighty ones of the land, is the same gospel which we preach to the poorest and humblest, it is but fitting that our conduct, in our necessary intercourse with them, should be as free from flattery and worldly politeness as from inconsiderate severity. Does your Excellency agree with me?"

"Certainly, my dearest friend," asserted the privy counselor, warmly. "You have designated the only possible proper course, the golden mean, which a minister can adopt in his intercourse with the high and noble. And if there have been court-chaplains who conformed to court-customs more than was becoming, their labors were assuredly not crowned with the desired success."

"And now permit me," continued SPENER, after having taken from his writing-desk a paper and referred to a certain passage in it. "When yet in Frankfurt I prepared my desired answer to the call which my gracious

sovereign had extended to me, I inserted among items the following: 'I declare to your Electoral Highness, with all due deference, that it shall be my most anxious concern to discharge all such functions and all their attendant obligations with fidelity, assiduity and care, according as the Lord of lords, in answer to my earnest prayers, may give me strength; in the which I feel fully confident that, as your Electoral Highness has been graciously pleased to appoint me your court-chaplain, confessor, counselor, and judge lateral of your high consistory, and as you have also graciously granted me the exercise of that liberty which is based upon divine authority and belongs to all spiritual offices, to preach the Word of God freely and as contained in the law and gospel, as my Christian conscience may constrain me, in the fear of God, and in so doing render first of all obedience to the will of the Highest; yea, I feel assured that, as your Electoral Highness, as a Christian and evangelical prince, will suffer the pastoral care which your most humble servant is to assume over you, to become ever fruitful according to the knowledge of the will of God to your own eternal salvation, so also will you graciously uphold whatever may be necessary to a vigorous conduct of the sacred office, according to the divine requirements among all, both high and low, so that I may bear so heavy a burden, which justly weighs upon my conscience before God, and has made me reluctant to accept with joy and not with grief; and by divine grace, and with the co-operation of your Electoral Highness, to bear blessed fruit for my comfort and to the praise of God. In addition to this, I moreover en-

certain the most humble confidence that your Electoral Highness, in accordance with your well-known and highly commended benignity, will always graciously regard me and mine, during and after my life. This plain language," added SPENER, after having restored the paper in question to his desk, "his Electoral Highness did not only graciously receive, but afterward kindly endorse by his hearty consent. If now your Excellency considers all this, taking also into consideration the example of my predecessors, namely, that of Drs. Weller and Géier, do you think that I have been wanting in proper respect to my gracious sovereign in sending my letter?"

"Certainly not, reverend sir!" assured the privy counselor; "and if a not inconsiderable number of the courtiers of the Elector have represented the discharge of this particular duty of your office as a violation of becoming respect, I can also give you the comforting assurance that the other part, who are honestly disposed towards the Elector, give you all due credit for what you have done, and permit no opportunity to escape them to enlighten the Elector on the subject. All this, and more especially the sincere regard in which you are held by the Electress, affords me a sure hope that the Elector, with his love for the right, will become reconciled to you, and that, in consideration of the present state of affairs, you will willingly consent that your colleague should, for the time being, officiate as confessor in your stead."

"Certainly, certainly," replied SPENER, with unaffected sincerity. "As painful as it is to me that even a temporary misunderstanding should have occurred

between my gracious sovereign and myself, I am yet pleased that the Elector does not neglect sacred things for the sake of a personal disagreement. Your excellency may, therefore, present my most humble respects to his Electoral Highness, and assure him that I most sincerely wish him the grace and assistance of God in this solemn rite. I myself will, at the same time, while my colleague is officiating in my stead, pray to God in my closet to direct the heart of my gracious sovereign, and restore his favor again to me, his unworthy subject."

"May God bless you for these words!" said the privy counselor, giving the court-chaplain an affectionate pressure of the hand. "When we shall once meet above, God will render to every one according to his deeds; to them who by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, *eternal life*. For God is no respecter of persons."

With these words the privy counselor left SPENER'S room.

A few days after, the Elector returned, for a short time, to Dresden, for the purpose of receiving the Holy Communion from the hands of Mr. Green. SPENER, in the meantime, cherished the secret hope, that he would not again leave without a word of consolation and comfort to himself. In this he was, however, mistaken. The Elector left Dresden soon after, and joined the army near the Rhine. SPENER'S pastoral conscience mourned, and he could not refrain from sitting down to his desk, and writing the following:

"Divine grace, peace, salvation, life, and the strength-

ening influence of the Holy Spirit of our ascended and glorious King, Jesus Christ, be with you, and grant you a prosperous and blessed reign.

“Most Serene Prince.

“Most gracious Elector and Sovereign: Since the shortness of time, and the many pressing engagements before the departure of your Electoral Highness, did not permit me to pay my humble respects to you, I regard it as my duty to communicate by letter the sincere and earnest wishes, which I could not communicate in person. And herewith I humbly call upon the Lord of Hosts, our faithful and heavenly Father, and will continue to do so from day to day, that He will, for the sake of His Son Jesus Christ, preserve by his grace and almighty power, not only the bodily health of your Electoral Highness, during the military expedition upon which you are about to enter, and command His holy angels to guard you against every possible danger; but by His Holy Spirit guide you, during your whole life, in the administration of your government and warlike enterprises, in such a way, that all may redound to the glory of God, to the salvation of your soul, and to the general welfare of your people. May He, the Most Mighty, be Himself the captain of your expedition, your counselor, and inspire you with courage, and discomfit the enemy, who has unjustly assailed the empire. May He crown your arms with victory and restore to your realm, to the great joy of your subjects, Your Electoral Highness, with little loss, and crowned with many noble and glorious deeds. May His blessings upon you be abundant, that your soul and body may be in health, and that you may

continue, for a long time to come, the protector of His church, the joy of the nation, the ornament of your noble house, and the benefactor of your subjects. And now, sincerely committing you to the gracious protection and guidance of the Most High, I remain, prayerfully,

“Your Electoral Highness’

“Most humble servant,

“PHILIPP JAC. SPENER.

“*Dresden, May 16, Anno 1689.*”

SPENER sent to the Elector this well-meaning letter, which contained not the most distant allusion to the mortifying neglect with which he had been treated.

And what effect did it produce?

None! The Elector deigned not a syllable in reply, either orally or by letter.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NEW LIFE.

“As every one hath received the gift, even so minister the same, one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.”—I Peter iv. 10.

THE gentle reader will have retained, from the commencement of this history, a pleasant memory of the road leading from Dresden to Lockwitz; a road which, on a fine summer evening, or during any season, will cause the traveler to indulge in agreeable reveries; and a sight of the romantic sandstone mountains, with their valleys and defiles, and the joyous Elbe, will even force a foreigner to exclaim, Saxonland is truly a beautiful land!

On a bright forenoon, during the pleasantest season of the year, we might have seen upon the road in question three wanderers, who, though it was not Sunday, nevertheless gave evidence, by their Sunday apparel, that something festive occupied their minds. One was a man tolerably well up in years, though still of a firm step; at his side walked a young maiden, who carried something carefully concealed in a basket. Before them walked a youth, bearing a large, square, well covered case, which he frequently, yet with the utmost caution, shifted from hand to hand. The burden he bore seemed, however, not to weary him; for his open, noble countenance was radiant with the most happy contentment and cheerfulness, which so accelerated his

steps, that he was often obliged to stop and wait till his companions came up with him. At a point where the road, running along fruitful fields, made an abrupt turn, the young man came to a sudden halt, and said to his companions: "Here it was, precisely on this very spot, where he took me into his carriage. Alas, nearly a year has passed by since then, and many are the changes it has wrought."

"Yes, indeed, my son!" said the elder, with a mixture of joy and sorrow in his tone. "I at that time should not have believed that we would this day journey together to Lockwitz on our present errand."

"Yet, all three of us," quickly added the maiden, "will acknowledge with joyful gratitude, that the Lord has done all things well. Is it not so, dear father?"

"I, above all, should acknowledge it," replied he. "I have never before, during all my life, contemplated or admired the works of God in nature with such a cheerful, happy mind, as to-day. And yet this emotion of joy in the Lord, my God, is also mingled with one of sadness, though I do not really know why, for my soul is at present truly cheerful."

"Perhaps I can explain it to you, dear father," said the daughter, who, as it seemed, was exceedingly anxious to remove every sting which threatened to wound the old man's heart. "The joy which you and all of us experience at beholding these lovely scenes, arises from a sense of the wonderful majesty of our God, who, by the power of His word, has called all these things into being, whilst the sadness mingling with it is produced by the humiliating consciousness of how little and insignificant man, with all his works, is before this

wonderful God of power and glory. Yet, in the Christian's heart this mournful joy unites itself with the blessed consciousness, that we are the children of this God, and can find access to Him, as our father, through Him, who, for our sakes, came into this world, that through Him we might have eternal life."

"God only knows whence you have such comforting words!" exclaimed the father. "I have lived in this world three times as long as you, and though I do now, thanks be to God, feel how full of the most joyful consolation these words are, yet my heart is barren of such thoughts."

"They are not my words," said Elizabeth. "Father SPENER taught them to me. I remember how he, when explaining the second petition of the Lord's Prayer, also said of the visible and imperishable Kingdom of God on earth that after the knowledge of God and His will, the knowledge of nature and all created things, was the noblest employment in which man could engage, provided he did so with a view to the proper end. And this end he said, was the recognition of God, in all His works—of His wisdom, His omnipotence, His bounty, or, as it were, his foot-prints in the earth, that thereby our love and reverence to Him might be increased and confirmed, and mankind be induced to praise Him more heartily. But, dear father, I see George has got so far ahead of us that he is altogether out of sight. I hope he will not prove faithless to us, now when we have reached the town?"

"He has, doubtless, gone ahead," suggested the father, "to make inquiries whether Petermann is at home, or if not, where he may be found. But see, he

is now coming toward us, and that, too, with empty hands; he must have left his picture somewhere."

So it was. George informed them that Petermann was still engaged with his school children, and as he did not like to be disturbed when so employed, they had now no alternative but to wait at the inn, where he had already deposited the picture. Thus the three entered the guest-chamber, with which we are already somewhat familiar, and which was, just now, entirely deserted, and called for some refreshments.

"How vividly this day brings everything to my mind!" remarked George. "There, in yonder corner, sat the morose and gloomy-looking old gentleman, for whom I felt an instinctive liking, even then, in spite of his sour looks, and before I knew that he was my sainted mother's own brother. Here, at this table, the simple-minded peasants from Dohna discussed their frugal meal; and just on this very spot, dear Elizabeth, where you now stand, stood the young woman whose short prayer so affected me that I felt really ashamed at not having first asked a blessing on my own meal. Here, at this table, I offended against my good uncle, whose likeness I had, according to his own admission, hit well, all but the nose. And here, on this chair, sat he, in all the elegance of his newest wig, whose name —"

At these words George suddenly stopped, and, blushing deeply, cast down his eyes. For the door opened and Master Nullenbrecher entered. When he saw our three friends he started in surprise, and made a motion to retreat. But suddenly a better or wiser idea may have struck him, for he stepped pompously

into the room, saluted to the right and left with a stiff and supercilious inclination of the head, and took a seat near a table in the corner. To the rest, especially to old Mr. Guldenmeyer and his daughter, this meeting was just as embarrassing; and whilst the father, in his confusion, turned his back upon the newcomer, by looking out of the window, Elizabeth's face turned crimson as her eyes dropped to the floor. George alone, whose surprise had as quickly passed away as it had come, betrayed no embarrassment. Secure in the possession of the prize, he could boldly confront his former rival. He even felt a disposition to indulge in a little ridicule and raillery; but his better self overcame the temptation, and, turning to the Master, he said, quite innocently: "Master Nullenbrecher, you have doubtless indulged in roaming over our beautiful mountains, and, by a singular accident, we meet here a second time, quite unexpectedly."

"Very true," assured the Master, crossing his long legs with an air of affected carelessness, and, at the same time, arranging a stray lock of his wig. "This is one of my favorite walks. What is declared in Proverbs, I think in the third chapter, concerning the ways of the man who finds wisdom and gets understanding: '*Via ejus et semite omnes sunt amœnæ atque pacatæ,*' which means, since you probably do not understand Latin, 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace,' is also applicable to the ways and paths of these mountains and valleys. Moreover, I will not deny that these ways and paths have long constituted my favorite walk, because I have often pursued them with my well-esteemed cousin, the favor-

ite of his Electoral Highness, the noble Herr von Langendorf."

"Did this Herr von Langendorf," asked George, "not accompany the Elector on his military expedition?"

"Of course!" replied Nullenbrecher. "His Electoral Highness could not dispense with the company of my most honored cousin, from whom I received a letter only yesterday, in which he assures me that he continues to enjoy good health, as well as the favor and love of his most gracious sovereign, of which, indeed, those only can be deprived who are wanting in paying proper respect to His Electoral Highness, and who, under the pretence of exercising pastoral care, attempt to lord it over their sovereign. But in Luke, the fourteenth, it is said: '*Quisquis se ipsum exexerit, deprimetur,*' which means, as you do probably not, as I have already remarked, understand Latin, 'Whosoever exalteth himself, shall be abased.'"

"What you mean by this," replied George, in suppressed anger, "is not difficult to guess. But you have forgotten the other half of the verse, which reads: 'and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'"

"*Qui se depresserit, exaltetur!*" Right," added the Master. "If I neglected to cite the second half of the passage, it was done from motives of Christian modesty, which well becomes every Christian, but more especially the learned."

George was greatly tempted to return a suitable reply to this self-complaisant remark, but a hasty glance from Elizabeth warned him to desist. The old man appeared, however, of a different opinion; with a

boldness which was before altogether foreign to him, he said to the Master, "Mr. Nullenbrecher, that certain occurrences have dissolved the relations formerly existing between us, must already be evident to you, from the fact that you, who, in the days of my prosperity, were my daily guest, did not even so much as inquire after me in the days of my adversity. I have heartily pardoned you not only this, but also all other offences against me, of which I might accuse you, even to the allusion which you in your remarks just now appear to have made to my misfortunes. But if in what you said you also intend to lay a charge against our revered Dr. SPENER, and cast reproach upon him, I pronounce your remarks as unjust and unchristian calumny."

"*Quid tumultuantur gentes?*"* mumbled Nullenbrecher to himself, and then continued aloud, "Of course you cannot speak otherwise, since you have become a Spenerite. Only inquire in the dwellings of the noble and learned, and you will obtain a more correct estimate of the court-chaplain, or more properly, court-schoolmaster, who has just fallen into disgrace. However, access to such places is closed to you, and that now more than ever."

Before the deeply mortified goldsmith, who trembled all over with anger, could reply, George began by saying: "Shame on you, Master Nullenbrecher, for ridiculing the unfortunate! You who boast of your wisdom and semi-nobility. You—"

"Dear George!" suddenly exclaimed Elizabeth, with a trembling voice. "You forget that our time has ex-

* Why do the heathen rage? Psalms ii. 1.

pired. Uncle is doubtless relieved from his occupation by this time. Had we not better leave?"

George blushed, for he knew what Elizabeth meant. "You are right," he replied, "we will go. Master Nullenbrecher," he then continued, in a not very calm tone, "what I had intended to tell you was not a very agreeable truth. But that I withhold it, you owe to the tender-heartedness of my dear and beloved bride, Miss Elizabeth Guldenmeyer, who is perhaps not altogether unknown to you. And so farewell."

And with these words, George and his party left the room as hastily as possible. The Master, with a forced smile, affected indifference, and said, "They are pietists."

But we will leave the learned Master to his further monologues, and accompany our three unlearned wanderers on their way.

These are nearing the school-house. According to George's arrangement, the father and daughter, to whom he had handed the picture, remained concealed behind an adjoining house, in order, afterwards, to steal secretly into Petermann's dwelling, and thus carry out their preconcerted plan, whilst he entered the school-house, just as Petermann was in the act of going out. "God bless you, dear uncle," he called out to him. "You will do me the favor to turn back. I come to you on a very important affair, and need your advice." And before Petermann could say whether he would or not, George had forced him back into his little room, the door of which stood accidentally open, and into which the uncle had heretofore never admitted him.

"What is this?" exclaimed George, when he beheld,

hanging on the wall, his own two paintings—SPENER, and Elizabeth at her devotions—disposed of by Petermann. “You, then, dear uncle, are the foreign noble gentleman who bought my daubs. And from you too came the twice fifty guilders, which always arrived in the very time of need. It always did look a little suspicious to me, that you each time succeeded in effecting a sale, just when I had parted with my last penny. Uncle, you are a noble man.”

“Nonsense!” replied Petermann, vexed, and with his hands crossed over his back, pacing up and down the room. “I—I am a poor schoolmaster, and have no money for such unnecessary parlor ornaments.”

“But how did you get these pictures?” asked George, hesitatingly.

“How I got them, that is just the secret which need but little concern you!” answered the schoolmaster. “On the other hand, it concerns me to know what has brought you here to-day?”

When George perceived that it vexed his uncle to hear anything said about the pictures, he refrained from questioning him further, and replied: “My dear and beloved uncle, though you look cross enough to frighten anybody, you still love me, and that too a great deal more than I deserve. Hence, nothing is left me but to love you in turn with all my heart, and to show you that I love you. You have, indeed, kept secret the event you celebrate to-day, but we have nevertheless found it out, and have come to congratulate you.”

“Who has come?” asked Petermann.

“Well!” continued George, “the visitors will not be

unwelcome to you. Will you not accompany me?" And with this he took him by the arm, and drew him, in spite of his resistance, into the larger room.

Here a great surprise had, indeed, been prepared for him. SPENER'S life-size likeness, tastefully decorated with wreaths and festoons of flowers, had been placed upon the table, in an admirable light. Beside it stood Mr. Guldenmeyer and his daughter Elizabeth.

After they had entered, George said, "Dear uncle, whom this picture represents our grateful hearts tell us. It is a copy of the picture, which, through your assistance, I painted for the Count, and for which Father SPENER sat. Now, since you, my dear uncle, scarcely love and esteem any one on earth more than our reverend Doctor, I thought of giving you, on this, the anniversary of your birth-day, a real pleasure, by placing the man who is lastingly enshrined in your heart, visibly before your eyes. I, of course, did not know," he added, half in jest and half in earnest, "that you had expended fifty guilders in the purchase of a miserable daub of a likeness of the most godly man of our time."

"My dear, good Mr. Petermann," now began Elizabeth, when George had ceased speaking, and the schoolmaster stood there in great embarrassment, "it is true you can pretend to be so very sullen and cross, that one feels almost afraid of you; moreover, you communicated to me, nearly a year ago, something about a certain George Guldenmeyer, for which I have sometimes been greatly displeased with you; and when you visit Dresden, you also frequently forget to ask us how we are, and whether we are still angry with you,

and whether I am still determined to give my hand to your sainted sister's son who has stolen my heart; for all this, and much more, I tried to be very angry with you, but then, when I saw you again, at Dr. SPENER's examina, how you drank in every word he uttered; how at particular passages, the tears would glisten in your eyes; and how you would, now and then, cast a stolen glance at me, whilst you were, perhaps, at the same time, carrying a certain fifty guilders in your pocket, with which you would afterwards, as a genuine doer of the Word, hasten to a certain small room, occupied by a certain impoverished and sorely stricken family, and then—then——”

Here Elizabeth faltered, unable to proceed further. Fearing that she might be overcome by her feelings, she had begun her remarks in a tone of pleasantry, but her strength failed her, and she finally broke down in the attempt, and throwing her arms around her father's neck, she hid her burning face in his bosom.

Petermann paced the floor with rapid strides, crossed and re-crossed his hands over his back, and murmured angrily to himself, “Nonsense!”

Then the aged goldsmith took up the conversation, and said: “Andrew, when Beata shall accuse me before the throne of Eternal Justice, will you not then unite in interceding for me by saying, ‘Sister, forgive him! He knew not God, therefore, he sinned against man.’ Will you do this, Andrew?”

But Andrew, instead of a reply, silently extended his hand to the artisan, and, in a moment, both men were lying in each other's arms, cementing anew, this time as sorely tried men, the bond of sincere friendship.

But the quiet joy of this small company was interrupted by the noise of a carriage halting, just then, in front of the house, and before any of them had time to see what it meant, the door opened, and the court-chaplain entered with, "The Lord be with you, dear people."

Agreeably surprised, all started up, but not one of them could find words to return the salutation. When SPENER continued: "I had no intention of disturbing you. Since, however, my way led me past the dwelling of my dear Mr. Petermann, I felt constrained to spend a few moments in the company of my honest Christian schoolmaster. But what is this?" he suddenly exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon the decorated picture, and a shade of sorrow darkened his countenance. "Dear people, what idolatry is this you are practicing?"

"Not idolatry, reverend Doctor!" replied Petermann. "It is only a sincere homage paid to a man whose likeness does not need to be placed before the bodily eye, since all of us hold him enshrined in our hearts. However, this pleasure has unexpectedly been prepared for me by my nephew."

"Ay, ay, my young friend," said the court-chaplain, turning to George; "did you not tell me that you wanted to paint my likeness for an altogether different gentleman?"

"Certainly, reverend sir," answered George, blushing deeply; "so I did, and what you here see is only a copy of the other, and I painted this for my dear uncle because I knew that I could make him no more acceptable and valued present on his birthday than this."

“Your birth-day!” exclaimed SPENER, turning to Petermann. “Then was my visit indeed opportune! The Lord’s blessing rest upon you, my dear friend. With what gratitude must you look back upon your past life!”

“With the gratitude of one who has been brought from darkness to light!” replied the schoolmaster. “Yes, reverend Doctor! I may well say so, when I think back on the time of my hard captivity, when, carried about, like a reed, by every wind of doctrine, and by the slight of men and cunning craftiness, I wandered in the midst of the land of the Lord, as in a desert, until God, through you, opened my eyes. I can never forget (for it was the date of my regeneration), when you, reverend sir, during the spring of last year, in the course of one of your examina, said of true repentance and conversion, that such must be from the very bottom of the heart, and that thereby man often becomes a hypocrite before God and man, and that, accordingly, true repentance is not so easy as is supposed, and that it requires not only a knowledge of one’s great and grievous guilt, but also a sincere sorrow for sin, and an entire change of heart, which sanctifies the whole man, and presents him as one born again through the Spirit of the Lord. Ah, every one of your words entered my heart like molten iron; I at once saw myself in all my nothingness in the sight of God. My past life appeared to me as time lost, and as many days as I numbered, so many accusers rose up before the throne of the Judge of all the earth, saying, ‘Judge him according to his deserts.’ In my distress I had nothing but tears to offer, the first I had shed for many years, and

the first I had ever shed for myself. I imagined that my condemnation in the house of God was witnessed by none, save Him who knows our thoughts afar off, and sees in secret; but God directed your eyes, reverend sir, so that you saw my tears, and took compassion on me. For, after the examina, you called me to you, and like a true friend and physician of souls, inquired after the condition of my inner man. And I opened to you my whole heart, and you addressed to me words of consolation, such as I had not imagined man capable of uttering, and unloosed in that hour all the fetters of my degrading slavery which I had borne till then, voluntarily and in great blindness.

“It was not my work and word,” said the court-chaplain, “but that of the good Spirit of God who guided you into His truth. We serve one another only in His name and in obedience to His command, and can impart to others only what we have first received from Him. And you, dear Mr. Guldenmeyer,” he continued, turning to the goldsmith, “you have also passed a season of severe trials. You are to be accounted happy in having endured them.”

“A thousand thanks to you, reverend sir,” added the goldsmith, “that you did not disdain to enter the house of an unfortunate citizen, that you did not break the bruised reed and quench the smoking flax, but kindly and mercifully raised me up, at a time when I was almost in despair. Oh! how can I ever sufficiently thank you for this?”

“I desire no thanks,” replied SPENER, with a smile, “except that when in your prayers you think of others, you may also remember me before God.”

“This I would have to do,” replied the goldsmith, “even though I should be unwilling; for I owe it to you that I am again able to pray. Reverend sir, though I should live a thousand years, I could never forget that dreadful hour, in which my poor child, dangerously wounded by my own hand, must have accused me before God; nor that other burden, which weighed upon my conscience, and ——”

“But, dear father,” timidly interrupted Elizabeth, “can you still believe that I accused you, as you say, before God, even by one syllable? I would not give the afflictions which we have suffered within this year, for all the happiness in the world; for now I have experienced, and you have experienced with me, that those who sow in tears, shall most certainly and truly, reap in joy.”

“God preserve you in this joyous faith, my pious child!” said the court-chaplain to the maiden. “I have known but few maidens to whom, at so early an age, the Lord has vouchsafed such joy in believing. Happy the man who wins your love and respect, and is permitted to share with you the joys and sorrows of life.”

Elizabeth blushed crimson, and dropped her eyes, as if she had committed a crime. But Petermann, who generally knew how to throw people into a painful state of embarrassment, came this time to the rescue, by saying: “That happy man has already been found, reverend sir. My nephew, here, whom God Himself has selected for her, and whose history I have recently communicated to you, has gained Elizabeth’s respect and love, and father Guldenmeyer has the comfortable

hope that my sainted sister, George's mother, will bless him for having freely given his paternal consent."

"God bless you, too, my dear children!" said SPENER, joining George's and Elizabeth's hands. "Continue in this faithful, truly Christian friendship to the end; bear one another's burdens in the spirit of meekness and keep mutually in the way that leads to eternal life. Be and remain each to the other a mirror and admonition of communion with the Son of God, our Redeemer. Build up one another into a temple of the Holy Ghost; comfort one another by mutual prayer. May your house be a sanctuary for the Lord, and your final separation in death the sure seal of your hope to meet again in the everlasting mansions on high."

"Amen! Amen!" exclaimed the goldsmith, weeping like a child. But Petermann hastily unlocked his desk, took from it a document, and handed it to Elizabeth, with the words, "One's own hearth is worth its weight in gold, my daughter. After a great deal of trouble, I finally succeeded about a week ago, in purchasing a house in Pirna street, which formerly belonged to a certain Mr. Guldenmeyer; and, since I have no use for it myself, I have caused the deed to be made out in your name. Here, take the paper! and if the house should be too large for you two, why then you may set apart a room for Mr. Guldenmeyer and the ill-natured and cranky Andrew Petermann, should he, now and then, wish to spend a night in Dresden."

"Andrew!" exclaimed the goldsmith, throwing himself weeping on his breast, "you are heaping coals of fire upon my head. Can you pardon me my despondency, my distrust, my doubts?"

“Sigismund!” replied the schoolmaster, “when you, last autumn, visited me for the purpose of asking me to assist you, I told you it was too late, but, God knows, that in my heart I said it was too soon. And my hope of being able to answer to God for my apparent hard-heartedness, is evidenced in the joy with which I can now say, ‘To-day is just the proper time.’”

Elizabeth and George had become almost speechless for joy. George with folded hands was gazing with a dreamy smile upon vacancy. Elizabeth was the first to regain her voice; and, turning to the schoolmaster, she said: “May God reward you for your love, for I cannot do it; for my indebtedness to you is greater than I can repay you in a life-time. But what shall I say to you, reverend sir?” she continued, addressing herself to the court-chaplain. “You are the author of my actual, true life—my life in God—through my Lord Jesus Christ. Through you, the Scriptures and the Christian’s hope have first been opened to me. To you I owe that my father has again taken me to his reconciled heart. To you I owe that my dear George, long my precious friend, may now be the partner of my earthly life. To you I owe that my dear Uncle Petermann, who was first led by you to the Lord, did not forsake us in the hour of need; and that at last we, too, were found faithful, so far as it is possible for us frail mortals to be. Wherever I look, I find that your words enlightened, strengthened, and comforted us, that your hand guided and blessed us. All of us are your debtors. My most sincerely revered, paternal friend and instructor, what can we ever do to repay you?”

The court-chaplain was evidently deeply affected, so that he seemed, for the moment, at a loss to find language to express his feelings. At length he laid his hand upon the maiden's head, and said: "Not to me, Elizabeth, not to me, but give the glory to Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. For no man can say but by the Holy Ghost that Jesus Christ is Lord. The good Spirit of the Lord lead you into the land of uprightness."

And, hereupon, he shook all present by the hand, bade them a kind good-by and left the room. When he reached the front door, he found a new surprise awaiting him. A large number of the villagers had congregated about the house; for, as soon as it had become known that the court-chaplain was with the schoolmaster, both old and young hastened to see and greet the beloved man. As SPENER stepped to the door, all the men took off their caps and the women greeted him. They had blocked up the space between the house and carriage so completely that SPENER could not get through. The timid, modest man stood there, altogether at a loss what to do, when an aged man from the crowd called out, "Reverend sir, give us your blessing!"

"Dear people!" spoke the court-chaplain, "I have no other words of blessing for you than such as I have for myself. May the word of the Lord be a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path. Endeavor always to obtain a right understanding of the divine will, recognize it in all the events of your lives, and especially in those which are brought about without your instrumentality and prayers. Rejoice in tribula-

tions, for they are sent to you by God to try you, whether you will also be faithful to Him in the day of adversity. Seek the strength to endure in the world, not in yourselves, but in Him whose strength shall be made perfect in our weakness; and grow up, in all things, into Him who is the Head, even Christ. Remember that only then will it be well with you and your families, when you build yourselves on your most holy faith, and walk together in love. Be, therefore, doers, and not hearers only, of the Word which your worthy pastor proclaims to you. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and, I pray God, your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it."

When SPENER ceased, and was moving toward his carriage, the throng increased, every one endeavoring to approach near enough to take hold of his hand. At length he succeeded in getting into his carriage, which now moved off at a more rapid rate than usual, as if the good man was ashamed of the marks of distinction he had just received.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CALL FROM THE NORTH.

“Wherefore, brethren, look ye out men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business.”—Acts vi. 3.

IN the autumn of the same year (1689), we see two young men, in somewhat foreign dress, moving along Schloss street and inquiring anxiously after the residence of the court-chaplain. After it had been pointed out to them, they entered. The famulus announced them to the Doctor as two Swedish gentlemen, who had been commissioned to lay certain proposals before him; and though it was not the usual hour in which SPENER, owing to his many and continually accumulating engagements, was in the habit of admitting visitors, yet he ordered them to be immediately presented.

The two young gentlemen gave evidence, by their entire bearing, that they were men of refinement and education, and their exterior showed at a glance that they bore the stamp of true nobility. Upon entering, they bowed to the court-chaplain with unfeigned reverence, whilst one of them addressed him in much purer German than is spoken in southern Germany at least, by saying:

“Yes, reverend sir, you must be he. With just such a look of kindness and affection as you now bear, my master has pictured you to himself. God’s blessing upon you, dear sir!”

“How is it possible for you to recognize me in this way?” asked SPENER in surprise, and with flushed cheeks.

“Ah, revered sir!” was the reply, “you have no conception with what joy your name is pronounced, and with what avidity your writings are read. If only a thousandth part of the good wishes which are offered to God in your behalf be realized, your life must pass away in perfect happiness.”

“God forbid!” replied SPENER, “that this should be so; for as long as I suffer affliction, I know that God still loves me. But should I be permitted to go entirely undisturbed, and should my life be one of continued worldly pleasure and enjoyment, how could I be assured of the love and favor of God? No, dear sirs, it is wisely ordered by the Lord of lords, that here we only anticipate that which is perfect, but which we can behold by faith, as prefigured in the holy life of our Saviour, so that the desire for a new heaven and a new earth may become stronger within us! But, first of all, be seated: and then, what is your wish?”

One of them now delivered a letter to the court-chaplain, with the words, “We bring you kind greeting from our gracious Queen. You will, perhaps, be pleased to confer with us further in reference to its contents.”

“A similar greeting,” added the other, at the same time handing him a second letter, “I bring you from the Aulic counselor, Pufendorf, of Berlin, on whom we called, in obedience to the special command of our Queen, as well as because he is an old acquaintance of your reverence.”

SPENER took the letters, asked permission to read them, and in doing so, stepped near the window. When he had finished, his countenance was overspread with a melancholy joy, and he said: "Noble sirs, the contents of these letters affect me deeply. I confess to you, that the proposal they contain has been made contrary to any and every expectation on my part."

"But," remarked the second gentleman, "you will give us hope of its acceptance?"

"God knows," replied the court-chaplain, "that it is altogether out of my power to give you, at this moment, a decided answer. Herr von Pufendorf asks me, as you are aware, whether I am disposed to accept a call to the pastorate of the German Church at Stockholm, and Her Royal Majesty deigns to express the same desire on her part. I am at a loss to comprehend how it comes that such a distinguished honor is conferred upon me, since there are many other servants of Christ who are much more worthy of it than I am. And if I had the honor of being better known to Herr von Pufendorf, he scarcely would have addressed me on the subject of a call."

"And why not, reverend Doctor?" asked the first. "Pardon me, but are you not the principal person to be addressed? Must not your consent first be obtained?"

"My consent?" asked the court-chaplain, with a serious smile. "Dear sirs, I have, in obedience to the will of God, been already obliged to submit to two changes; but as long as proposals and negotiations were attempted with me, personally, nothing ever came of it; but the difficulty was thereby only increased.

When, however, at length, a call was actually sent me, which was done in a manner contrary to the custom of all royal courts, it was then that not my counsel, but God's, prevailed; for I do not deny that I would each time have preferred a different result. Yet I regarded it my bounden duty to submit to the will of the Lord; and since I have thus far never entered upon a charge of my own accord, I have also never experienced any regret, however heavy the burden which the Lord has thereby always laid upon my conscience."

"What, then, are we to do?" asked both gentlemen, simultaneously, and in a tone of painful disappointment. "Are we to understand you as unconditionally refusing compliance with our proposal?"

"I venture neither a refusal nor an acceptance," replied SPENER; "for it is my fixed determination to pursue, in all matters affecting a change, the same course which I have always heretofore pursued; and that is, never to take it into my own hands, by following my own choice. Should an actual call be extended to me, and should I, after having honestly considered it, be persuaded that it is the Lord's doing, it then remains no longer a matter of choice, for the recognition of the will of God at once decides the question. And when this is done, I must needs go whither the Lord calls me."

"According to this, then," remarked the second gentleman, "it would, first of all, be necessary, on our part, to see to it that a call be extended to you?"

"I can not even decide as to this!" replied the court-chaplain. "It does not become me either to invite you to do so, or to dissuade you from it."

"Pardon me, reverend sir," continued the same gentleman; "are you not, perhaps, already disinclined to accept of a situation which a congregation, anxious for salvation, tenders you?"

"Certainly not, noble sir," answered SPENER. "The aulic counselor writes me that the German congregation in question, is very large, and that it consists mostly of plain citizens; and since God has given me more courage and tact to deal with these than with great princes and noble gentlemen, it is but natural that I should be prepossessed in its favor. Moreover, the elders of that church are to be chosen from its own members, with whom the pastor might confer upon whatever appertains to the government of the church; an arrangement which would be most acceptable to me, and which, in my opinion, is most in accordance with the design of Christ. And, if so, in addition to all this, it be true what Herr von Pufendorf appears to intimate, namely, that the ministers of that congregation have nothing to do with the confessional and with whatever may be therewith connected, I would regard this circumstance as an additional inducement on my part, to accept the situation. For, in order to be released from attending at the confessional, I would rather perform twice the amount of labor elsewhere. You see, therefore, noble sirs, that I am, personally, not disinclined to accept the position in question."

"Though we are residents of Stockholm," remarked the first gentleman, "and though we read with great pleasure and devout attention, German devotional books, especially those written by Arndt and yourself, circumstances do, nevertheless, not allow us to belong

to the German congregation, for which reason we are not so intimately acquainted with its regulations. We, therefore, in obedience to the advice of our gracious Queen, requested Herr von Pufendorf, who resided about sixteen years in Stockholm, to place you in possession of all the particulars, and we doubt not that whatever that noble gentleman has communicated to you is strictly correct. There, reverend sir, there, in our dear fatherland, you will find kindlier people than here."

"Do you think," replied SPENER, with a slight smile, "that I have met with no kind people here?"

"Oh, certainly you have!" replied the other. "But permit me to speak frankly. When we left home, every one who had learned to know you through your labors, blessed your name; but as soon as we stepped on German soil, we seldom heard any one speak of you in terms of praise, without at the same time also hearing some one else speak of you in terms of condemnation; and the nearer we approached Saxony, and finally this very city, the more violent enemies and opponents of your person and labors did we meet. This may, of course, be principally owing to the displeasure of the Elector! But, reverend sir, how ignoble, how ungrateful, how unjust! And I think that, in our country, such treatment would be impossible."

SPENER smilingly shook his head, and said: "Young gentlemen, wheat and tares grow together everywhere. That, however, my enemies inveigh more against my person than my labors, is to me a source of painful regret, in so far as it shows that they find much that is worthy of censure in me; though God knows with

what earnestness and assiduity I labor to become more and more undeserving of it. Yet I would rather have them inveigh against me than my work, for this affords me the comforting assurance, that this is better than I am. And if I prove myself, by my work, a faithful friend to a few, or even to many souls anxious for salvation, why should I not, for the pleasure thus afforded, gratefully submit to some injuries against my person? And what you, noble sir, said touching the displeasure of His Electoral Highness, is indeed true; yet I have, for some months, experienced no additional proofs of it, so that it seems as if my gracious sovereign designed to restore me again to his favor."

"You put the most favorable construction upon everything," remarked the first gentleman; "and there is, of course, nothing to be said against it. But tell me how we can induce you to go with us, to our dear, beautiful Stockholm."

"I have, noble sir," replied the court-chaplain, with great seriousness, "already told you that nothing can induce me to consent to change the field of my labors, save the conviction that it is the will of God. If, however," he added, with a smile, "I would still further confer with flesh and blood, I might also find as many objections to my going, as I have already found arguments in its favor."

"What might these be, reverend Doctor?" asked the second, with some surprise and anxiety.

"I have reached," replied SPENER, "by the grace of God, the fifty-fifth year of my life, and am beginning to feel that my bodily strength is failing. Accordingly, it would be a very important question with me, whether

I, after having thus far spent all my days in a mild climate, could expose myself, frail as I already am, to a rougher climate, and begin an entirely different mode of life, without danger to my health. I know, indeed, that life and health are in the Lord's hand; and, I can, moreover, truly say, that I am willing, at any time, to sacrifice both, if He should require it; but just because the will of the Lord has not yet been revealed to me in this affair, and in regard to which other and more distinguished individuals must necessarily also be first consulted, I have still my doubts whether, after all, it would not be tempting the Lord to undertake anything when it is evident that we are physically unfitted for it; and in such a case we have no right to expect that God will perform a miracle."

"How conscientious you are," said the first. "O, why do not all men thus examine in all their undertakings, what is divine and what is human!"

"This should certainly be so," added SPENER. "For as long as God does not reveal to us His will, in every respect, so clearly and distinctly that there can no longer be any doubt on our part in regard to it, so long should every one, and particularly a Christian minister, who, especially in these troublous times, is anxious to depart and be with Christ, make it an invariable rule, wherever he is required, to prefer the interest of others to his own wishes, to look as much as possible, and as far as human precaution may enable him to do so, to the preservation of his life—not so much for his own sake as for the sake of others. Accordingly, your countrymen, who desire to have me, would have done better by sending me a call, without first consulting me

on the subject; for I will not deny, that such a call, coming to me without any previous knowledge of it on my part, would at once have been regarded by me as a strong evidence that it was agreeable to the divine will; and doubts, such as I have expressed, would never have entered my mind. And in the event of this having been done, everything would have depended upon my dismissal here, on which I can neither base an acceptance nor a refusal, but would be obliged to commit all to the divine guidance."

"We are only now beginning to feel," said the second, "how little we have reflected on the importance of our commission, and how we were only too sanguine in our hopes of success. We understand, then, that you, reverend sir, dismiss us with a positive refusal?"

"How could I do that, my noble sirs!" replied the court-chaplain. "Nay, how could I suffer you to hold me in much higher esteem, than I do now or ever can deserve! My position in reference to this whole matter is simply this: I am not my own master. It being evident to me, beyond all doubt, that I hold my present charge in accordance with the will of God, I must continue here, how heavily soever the duties of my office may fall upon me, till God Himself again sets me free. Then, and not till then, will I go, and that, too, wherever He sends me."

"You design, then, to remain always in Dresden?" asked the first speaker.

"I cannot give any assurance as to that!" replied SPENER; "for not knowing whether it is the pre-determined will of God to keep me here, I do, consequently, also not know whether I ought to dismiss

from my mind all thoughts of making a change. God has, so far, given me no indications of this; yet I know that He who has conducted me hither, has also power to conduct me hence. Should His will be revealed to me, or should a call really be extended to me in any way, I would, in such a case, commit to paper my reasons for and against, and leave the decision to others. This I did when I was called from Strasburg to Frankfurt, and again from there here. I would commit this matter to the decision of my gracious sovereign, and to whomever else he might wish to consult in reference thereto."

"May God direct all according to His will!" said the first. "As for us, we will faithfully perform whatever our duty requires. Ah! reverend sir! our dear, glorious fatherland would surely offer you an agreeable home."

"I do not doubt it," answered SPENER. "I account the theologian happy who has the opportunity of serving the Lord and such a sovereign as the King of Sweden and his excellent royal spouse, with whose genuine piety I have long since been acquainted. We will submit the whole matter to the guidance of Him who holds all hearts in His hand, and who has also power over me. He will, in His own good time, make all things right, and also supply the dear congregation in Stockholm with the man whom He has chosen for Himself, and whose labors He has deigned to bless most abundantly, and thus reward the kind solicitude of Herr von Pufendorf."

As SPENER here ceased speaking, there occurred a short pause; and it appeared as if the strangers intended to make still another request, but hesitated at doing so;

whereupon the court-chaplain, to whom this silence was painful, suddenly exclaimed: "Your honored queen, noble gentlemen, has mentioned your names in her letter. I am heartily glad to have recognized by them two truly noble and Christian gentlemen, and will always remember you in my prayers."

"Of what importance, reverend sir, can our names be to you?" now began the first. "But your name, or rather a few words from your hand and heart, would be to us the dearest and most precious gift to remind us of this hour. Will your reverence grant us this request?"

"With all my heart, noble sirs!" replied SPENER. The stranger handed him two beautifully embossed pieces of paper: "Yet I have nothing but the word of my Lord; and this I will most cheerfully give you."

Then he took a seat at his writing desk, and wrote upon the one leaf:

"I remembered Thy judgments of old, and have comforted myself." Ps. cxix. 52.

And upon the other:

"And if Christ be in you, the body is dead, because of sin; but the spirit is life, because of righteousness."

Upon each he wrote his name and his motto, which he always added on such occasions, and which at the same time expressed his religious opinion. It was as follows:

| | | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| T ^u empore | A ^c quisivisti Acepto | N ^o s Nobis | D ^o mine Deus | E ^x auditionem |
| | | M ^u ndo aturat. | | |

Ex.: John xv 19; xvii. 14-16. Gal. i. 4. Isaiah xlix. 8. 2 Cor. vi. 2. Ps. cxix. 12.*

* The capital letters give the word *Tandem* (at length, finally,)

“Here, gentlemen!” he said, whilst handing to them the slips of paper thus inscribed: “may these words of Holy Writ impart to you consolation, peace, strength and courage, as often as they have done to me, amid the many severe trials of my life. The one passage, taken from the Old Testament, shall continue to be my comfort whilst my life endures, and my labors last; and the other, taken from the New Testament, shall be my consolation in death. And now may God guide you in safety. Give my kindest regards to Herr von Pufendorf, as also my most humble respects to your most excellent queen; and, as soon as time and circumstances shall permit, I will reply to the letters they have respectively addressed to me.”

The two Swedish gentlemen left the room, deeply impressed with the court-chaplain’s affability and kindness, and took away with them the conviction that true Christianity confers upon man true nobility.

The ultimate object of their mission remained, however, unaccomplished, since, in the mean time, the wonderful dealings of God, with regard to SPENER, so manifested themselves that Baron von Samuel Pufendorf afterwards interested himself, as the sequel will

doubtless, in the sense of God *finally* answering us in our distress, and of our *final* redemption by death from all evil. The words attached to these capitals give the respective sentences: Tu acquisivisti nos, domine, ex mundo, (Thou, O Lord, hast chosen us from the world,) and Tempore accepto nobis Deus exauditionem maturat (In an acceptable time the Lord heareth us); thoughts which are more fully expressed in the Scriptural passages annexed. In our time this might, indeed, be characterized as pious trifling, but in those days it was quite common among the learned. When SPENER chose his motto, his soul may have been filled with very serious thoughts, thoughts altogether becoming the dignity of the Christian.

show, as much in securing SPENER's spiritual labors for another country as he had before done to secure them for Stockholm in Sweden.

In Dresden the feeling which had been aroused against the court-chaplain had gradually calmed down. The Elector had returned from the war, after having won a glorious victory. He maintained silence in regard to his sentiments respecting his confessor (which was, no doubt, the cause of the moderation of his other opponents), but adhered to his resolution never again to hear SPENER preach. How this amiable, sorely-afflicted man bore all this, and what was the condition of his mind at the close of this, to him, most eventful year, may be learned from the letter which he wrote to the queen of Sweden, and which may be found in his "Last Theological Opinions," Vol. III., p. 265.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHILDREN'S TRIALS.

“For I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.”—Rom. viii. 18.

IN 1690, about the close of the Easter Fair, at Leipzig, a new trial awaited our beloved Dr. SPENER, and that, too, at a time when he least expected it.

On a certain forenoon, a portion of the day which he usually devoted to his labors, he entered the family room, and said to his wife, “Dear Susannah, I have such a longing desire to-day to be with you and our children, that I can scarcely await the time when we shall assemble at dinner.”

“Have you had some unexpected pleasure, dear Philipp?” she asked.

“Certainly!” replied he; “as God always sends us unexpected pleasure; for all pleasure must come unexpectedly to the Christian, because, as he has no right to ask any of the Lord, so also, has he no right to expect it.”

“And what has happened to you?” continued the house-wife.

“Not that I know of anything in particular,” he assured her. “But my heart feels lighter and more cheerful to-day, than it has done for a long time. All the pleasant and beautiful days of my life are passing before me, as if some one held them up in a picture.

I behold myself in the house of my sainted parents at Rappoltsweiler, surrounded by my dear brothers and sisters, and my sainted brother-in-law, Mr. Stoll, who had become a second father to me ; and, at the side of my sainted god-mother, the dear Countess Agathe, whose death I shall never forget. Though thirty-two years have passed since then, I still hear the words she addressed to me on her death-bed, as she gave me her dying blessing ; and even after she had lost her speech, and I noticed that she still wanted to say something to me she laid her hand upon my head, bowed her own, and died. Ah, dear Susannah, that affected me so deeply, that for a long time afterwards, I prayed for nothing so much as for an early death. It had been," he added, as if he felt that such a wish needed an apology, "it had been the first time that I saw any one die ; and to see a godly person die, robs death of its terror, and creates a desire to be absent from the body, and to be present with Christ."

"Dear Philipp!" said the house-wife, "the joy you felt was soon changed to sorrow. You are thinking only of the dead ; do then the living afford you no longer any pleasure?"

"O, certainly, my good wife!" replied he. "All of you whom God has given me, are my greatest joy and comfort on earth. Had I not a cheerful home, and in my children and in you, my pious Susannah, faithful friends, I would often not know how to bear the world's abuse. And think you that the remembrance of the departed makes one sad? Never, surely ; for the death of the Christian is a triumph, a glorious victory over all temporal and perishable things. Only in one

instance may the memory of the dead cause sadness; and that is, when the grave sends forth accusing voices against us; and such voices you, certainly, have no reason to fear."

"Thanks be to God, no!" exclaimed she. "If yourself, my dear husband, will not one day accuse me of having loved you less than you love me—"

"My good wife!" interrupted SPENER. "I know best how much I am in your debt, and how cheerfully you bear with my infirmities. God knows I am kindly disposed towards all men; but yet my disposition is somewhat grave, and consequently, it may at times have happened, that you thought me guilty of unkindness, when my heart knew nothing of it. Yea, even my timidity, my being so easily discouraged, has a tendency to cause a tender wife many an anxious thought; and it was just because I felt that I require more love and indulgence than I show to others, that I hesitated to enter the married state at all, and thus prepare for my wife sorrow and pain, instead of happiness and joy. You, however, Susannah, ventured to enter, with this gloomy man, upon the journey of life. Have you not regretted it?"

"How can you ask such a question, dear Philipp?" she replied. "To you I owe all my happiness; not only the happiness of my life, but even my joyful hope in view of eternity. Yes, friend of my soul, faithful, dear father of my children, through you I first learned to understand this life and the life which is to come. O, can you then not imagine that when I see so many, many thousands loving you, and thanking you for the deliverance of their souls, that I, the wife of your

bosom, which God permitted me to become, feel happy, nay proud, that you are mine, and that the hand which has blessed so many leads me through life?"

"Susannah, Susannah!" said SPENER, with cheerful earnestness. "Do you also belong to my enemies and tempters, that you attempt to induce me to think more highly of myself than I ought? It is to the Lord, and not to ourselves, that praise is due. To Him be honor for evermore!"

"The Lord?" repeated the wife. "Well, yes, the Lord! But have you not often said, that those only find the Lord who seek Him, and that He helps only such as will let Him?"

"Certainly, my good wife!" replied the Doctor. "We have the comforting assurance, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' This is often done by man to his fellow man; and how much more will God give His Holy Spirit to those that ask Him? But you thought, when a little while ago I spoke of the dead, that I was sad. Indeed I was not; yet I know not how it comes, that whenever I feel really joyful in God, my Lord, death comes involuntarily into my mind, as if only then, as I indeed also hope, real joy was first to begin. Hence I have already frequently desired to ask you to see to it that after the Lord shall have called me hence, and when my remains shall be borne to the grave, that there may not be a single black thread about me, and also that my coffin may not be painted black, as is usual. For I have mourned enough over the condition of the Church during my life; and if I then, which God in mercy may grant, enter the Church triumphant, my white shroud

and my shining coffin shall bear witness, that I have died in the hope of better days to come for the Church on earth. Will you perform this act of love for me, Susannah?"

"Philipp!" she exclaimed, weeping aloud; "how can you, before me, and in view of your children, speak so calmly of your death. God will not take you away before me.* How could I fill your place among our children? How could I endure my solitude, my loneliness?"

"Dear wife," said SPENER, gently reproving her, "you seem to sorrow, as do those who have no hope. Know you not that God is a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless? No, my timid Susannah; anxiety and care is useless and unchristian here; but for this let us care, that we may meet again yonder. Let Christ be and continue your and my life; then will death be to us gain. And let me communicate another of my last wishes. If a faithful friend and brother should one day be found willing to preach my funeral sermon, request him to take for his text the words: '*If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness*' (Romans viii. 10). And now be cheerful and happy. Our days are in God's hands. His will be done."

But these comforting words would not take root in her heart. She did indeed dry her tears, but her soul remained sorrowful. And just as SPENER was about uttering additional words of comfort, the famulus announced the Rev. Mr. Gerber, whom he had already shown into the study.

* She outlived him only a few months.

"I will be there immediately!" replied SPENER. And then, turning to his wife, he said, "Susannah, may I ask Mr. Gerber to stay for dinner?"

Instead of an answer, she reclined her head upon his bosom, and gave free vent to her tears. But SPENER imprinted a kiss upon her brow, and said, "God bless you and our children!" and left the room.

When he entered his study, Mr. Gerber met him with sincere reverence, and said, "Reverend sir! your own heart must tell you, that my visit at this time is owing to an act of unmerited friendship on your part, towards me. I know that it was through your kind intercession, that I have been called to my present charge, which is the more agreeable to me, because it brings me nearer to you. Accept my hearty thanks."

"My dear brother," replied the court-chaplain, "it may be that my influence in the collegio has contributed somewhat toward your removal from Shönberg to Lockwitz. But as you did not employ any personal efforts to obtain the situation, and as you were proposed with others by the President, I felt myself the more constrained to advocate your claim, because I have long known you as a worthy Christian minister and pastor. Yet it is, after all, the Lord only who controls the thoughts and minds of men; and the fact of your having so willingly followed the call, is to me a proof that you understood the will of the Lord in reference to yourself. As for the rest, you will find in Lockwitz a very faithful co-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. I mean the schoolmaster Petermann, whom I hold in very high esteem. Would that our schoolmasters were all like him! It would then be more

easy for us ministers to continue to build upon the good foundation which a pious teacher had laid in the hearts of the children. But tell me now, how you have fared since we last met?"

"I and my house fared better than we dared to hope," replied Gerber. "But, pardon me, reverend sir, if I tell you that we felt somewhat apprehensive in regard to your welfare; less, indeed, about your bodily health than about the tranquillity of your mind. Since our Serene Elector views your faithful labors of love and your anxious solicitude in such an unfavorable light, many false witnesses have risen up against you who charge upon you all the extravagances of those who injure the cause of practical Christianity from ignorance or from dishonest and hypocritical motives, ascribing all to your public recognition of Franke, whose labors in Leipzig are attended with such blessed results. The real Christian, the honest man, sees, of course, in all this, only a good and acceptable work, but the malicious slanderer seizes the opportunity to attack you and your labors, which he has hitherto regarded with a secret hate, the more greedily, the more he imagines himself thereby able to secure the favor of the Elector."

"Has anything new happened, in reference to this matter?" asked SPENER, not without some uneasiness.

"There has," continued Gerber, "as I have been credibly assured, an edict was issued a few days ago,* to the university, to the district bailiff and the council at Leipzig, in which the Elector declares all con-

* On the 10th of March, 1690.

venticles, and private meetings in which the holy Scripture is explained, as dangerous, interdicting them on pain of imprisonment and recommending immediate enforcement of the law."

"I am aware of all that," said SPENER, smiling; "and am rejoiced that the mischief which is growing out of these unauthorized and ignorant attempts to explain the Bible, is to be prevented. Yet, it cannot be otherwise than painful to me, that these extravagances and this abuse of the Word of God is charged upon me, who have not the remotest idea of forming a sect, or of favoring any meeting which disturbs the peace of the Church, by producing discord and giving offence. But the most painful circumstance of all is the fact, that individuals, who according to their station and education are able to distinguish truth from error, should also be throwing stones at me, and denouncing my life and conduct, which I endeavor to regulate only in accordance with the Word of God, as *pietism*. Among these, especially, Dr. Carpzov, a man whom I have never wronged, and who, only a few years ago, in his Moral Lessons, not only approved of the Collegia which I had proposed in my *pia desideria*, etc., in which the laity were also allowed to speak, but actually denounced such as would not promote or discourage them as incurring a weighty responsibility. That such a man should not only preach against me and my labors, but even accuse me, as Rector of the University, in his programme, of the most unjust things—all of which might greatly depress me, if I did not enjoy the consolation of an approving conscience. Thus far I have not attempted a defence against him.

Indeed, you may believe me, I ask myself daily, why is it that they defame me and bear me such ill will? What have I done that my name and office should be so calumniated? Yet, however closely I search my heart, I find indeed that I am weak and full of imperfections; though God is my witness, that I seek only His glory, and that I am ambitious of nothing but to be found a faithful steward of the mysteries of my God, and a faithful servant of my Lord Jesus Christ. The consciousness of this alone keeps me from yielding to despondency in my deep distress; and I feel assured that the Lord permits all this to my enemies for the exercise and trial of my patience. To Him will I, therefore, ascribe all grateful praise, and continue to commend myself to His grace."

"O," said Mr. Gerber, "would that I could bear every affliction with such joyful courage as you do, reverend sir. For whatever may still befall you cannot dishearten you in fearlessly continuing to labor for the one thing needful. And it does really appear as if the Lord had prepared a new trial for you."

"What do you mean?" quickly inquired the court-chaplain.

"The Elector has lately returned from Leipzig," remarked Mr. Gerber, "and is said to have, since then, made some remarks in regard to church discipline and to yourself, reverend sir, which did not seem to promise either peace or joy. I have been assured, that when the aged privy counselor, Herr von Grünrode, that worthy and godly man, desired to announce himself this morning to His Electoral Highness, he was informed by Herr von Langendorf that the Elector

wished never to see him again. The old gentleman, who had already on a previous occasion incurred the displeasure, but had again gradually regained the confidence of his sovereign, though not in the same measure in which he once enjoyed it, has been so deeply grieved and affected thereby, that he, already weak in health, has suddenly become dangerously ill."

"Ah me!" exclaimed the court-chaplain, greatly moved. "What do you tell me? This stroke is aimed at me! I feel it. I will cheerfully bear all that my gracious sovereign believes himself obliged to do against me; but that others should suffer, innocently, for my sake, deeply grieves me. Do you think Herr von Grünrode would accept a visit from me at this time? I would very much like to address to him a word of comfort."

But such was not to be, at least, for the present! The famulus, M. Rothner, hastily entered the room to announce the two privy counselors, Herr von Senkwitz and Herr von Langendorf, or rather only to precede them, for they had followed close behind the famulus; almost, as it were, to show that they did not deem it necessary to ask permission to enter. They entered with a hasty salutation, and without asking to speak with the court-chaplain alone, and without awaiting the departure of the famulus, Herr von Senkwitz began by saying: "Dr. SPENER, we have come on a special mission from our gracious sovereign. His Electoral Highness desires that you will give us a frank and definite reply to a few questions which we are instructed to direct to you."

"I have always served my sovereign faithfully and

sincerely," replied SPENER, with more firmness than was his wont on occasions when troubles seemed to threaten him. "What does his Electoral Highness desire of me?"

"His Electoral Highness," continued Senkwitz, "has hitherto entertained the conviction that you would keep secret the correspondence which has passed between him and you, as becomes his confessor."

"And have I not done so?" asked SPENER, in surprise.

"It does not appear so!" replied the privy counselor. "Else, how could so many other people have been made acquainted with it?"

"I should think," said the court-chaplain, "that what has transpired during the last year, between my gracious sovereign and myself, his unworthy servant, has been so generally made known by his Electoral Highness himself, without any fault of mine, that the unhappy difficulty between us, in its deplorable consequences could not but be noised abroad, that I, for my part, find nothing inexplicable in it."

"The question is not about what has transpired between you in general," remarked the privy counselor, with an inquisitorial air, "but about the contents of your letter to his Electoral Highness, in particular, and the answer to it."

"Of that," replied SPENER, firmly, "no one can know anything, save the omniscient God. I have always regarded that a profound secret; and what my famulus, who took a copy for me from the first letter, had necessarily to learn concerning it, was not divulged by him, for Mr. Rothner has ever served me most faithfully."

"How then is it possible," interrupted Herr von Langendorf, with a derisive smile, "that there are actually copies of these letters in circulation?"

"Copies!" repeated the court-chaplain, in the greatest astonishment. "Your excellency can surely not be in earnest."

"And yet!" added Herr von Senkwitz, "his Electoral Highness, during his stay at Leipzig, conversed with a person of distinction who positively assured him of having read copies of the letters in question."

SPENER smiled mournfully and said, "Noble sirs, I am well aware that in your hearts you accuse me of many faults, though God is my witness that I am not able, after the most thorough self-examination, to find anything in which I did or intended to wrong you. Yet, whatever else you may think of me, I hope in God that you will not consider me capable of lying. And, therefore, I tell you that I have communicated not one word of the contents of those letters to any one, save to my God in my prayers. The letters themselves, if you except my famulus, who was acquainted with the contents of the first only, were read by no one, nor did I ever allow even one paragraph of them to be transcribed."

"Might it not," now continued Herr von Senkwitz, in a somewhat milder tone than before, "have been done by others without your knowledge, and, as I will readily believe, without your will!"

"Hardly," replied the court-chaplain, "for that could only have happened through the neglect of my faithful Rothner, which I cannot believe. However, to do you justice also in this, allow me to call Mr. Rothner."

When this had been done, and the famulus had entered, SPENER said: "Dear Rothner, I am sorry to be obliged to ask you a few questions which might, as I know you, wound your feelings; but it intimately concerns your honor and mine. Therefore I ask you: have you ever communicated to any one aught of the contents of that letter which I, last spring, on the day of humiliation and prayer, addressed to his Electoral Highness, and of which you, at my request, took a copy? Or have you permitted any one to read the letter itself, or copy it for others; or have you permitted others to copy any part of it? Speak, and fear nothing for yourself; for whatever your answer, you shall not suffer on account of it."

"Reverend Doctor," replied the famulus, in a clear and firm voice, "God is my witness that I am not conscious of having been guilty of any of these charges."

"I believe you without hesitation," said SPENER, "and beg your pardon for having directed these questions to you. And see here, noble sirs, here, in this repository, are all the letters of which I have preserved a copy, and here," he added, whilst taking from a drawer a package of papers, "Here are all the letters in question, in the same place and order in which I myself placed them there."

"All this appears truly mysterious," remarked the favorite knight of his Electoral Highness, with a singularly peculiar look. "For the same credence which you, well-esteemed Doctor, and your famulus deserve, we also owe to that distinguished person who assured his Electoral Highness of having seen a copy of the letters; and we have been expressly commis-

sioned to express to you the just and profound displeasure of our gracious sovereign in reference to this whole transaction. Since that day when his Electoral Highness was pleased, in compliance with your request, to interdict a festivity at court, for which great preparations had been made, he has had to hear many things not in accordance with that respect which is due to him, as our most gracious ruler; and he can, therefore, not be blamed, if what has occurred between you becomes the talk of city and country."

"No one can feel this more than I do," replied the court-chaplain, "or regret it more deeply. But, noble sirs, will you then not, in view of my innocence, modify your accusation? Nay, I pray your excellencies, earnestly to bear to our gracious sovereign the assurance of my innocence. God alone knows where the solution of the mystery is to be found. He will bring to light what is hid in darkness."

"God grant it!" added Herr von Senkwitz, not without sympathy. "We shall make a faithful report to his Electoral Highness." And with this, he and his companion took their leave. But when they had reached the ante-chamber, he remarked: "The words of this man have, after all, a singular sound and a peculiar power; I confess that I sincerely believe in his innocence, notwithstanding the great obscurity in which this whole matter seems to be involved. His words have deeply affected me, and if I were often in his company, as I have been to-day, I really would not know why I should oppose him."

"It is just this which makes pietism dangerous," asserted Langendorf, without, however, showing in

what the danger actually consisted, or whether SPENER in his labors deserved having such a name applied to him. Perhaps he was not quite clear about it himself! Or did, perhaps, his conscience speak a different language?

We leave these two gentlemen to go their several ways, and return to the study of our beloved SPENER. "Do you know," he said to Mr. Gerber, who during the entire interview had stood as far off and kept as quiet as possible. "Do you know what all this signifies? This is the sure precursor of my dismissal. O Thou, good God, if all forsake me, Thou wilt surely abide with me, according to Thy promise!"

"God forbid that it should proceed so far!" exclaimed Gerber, with deep emotion. "We would then be a scattered flock without a shepherd! As for you, reverend sir, we need apprehend nothing; for no wound is too deep, which in your case the Word of God cannot heal."

"I thank my God, that it is even so," replied the court-chaplain, "that wherever the Lord permits some suffering to befall us for His name and truth's sake, there the consolations administered to us by our heavenly Father in His Word are so abundant, that they far exceed our sufferings. This may also be the cause why we for His sake, who has loved us, overcome all things; and it is therefore meet that, whenever God accounts us worthy to endure sufferings for His Son's sake, we should rejoice at it, rather than mourn."

"Ah," continued Mr. Gerber, "it must have required a great many trials before you became so strong in

faith and patience. I must confess that, when those privy counselors, and especially Herr von Langendorf, brought their complaint in such offensive language, I felt greatly indignant, and was astonished at the calmness with which you declared your innocence."

"Do not ascribe too much honor to me," replied SPENER, "nor make my trials severer than they really are. My having hitherto been enabled by the grace of God to withstand opposition, affords me but little cause to boast in the sight of men, and still less in the sight of God. For all that the Lord has so far permitted to befall me has been but light."

"But light!" exclaimed Gerber, in surprise.

"Well, what then has it been, my dear sir?" asked the Doctor. "If you sum it all up you will find that it was only contempt, evil reports, calumny, hatred, menace and indignation. All these are only children's trials, and the lightest sufferings of grace. Really severe sufferings, such as faithful servants of the Lord before me have endured, have, thus far, not been permitted to fall upon me. Perhaps the Lord has hitherto found me too weak for them, and mercifully exempting me from heavier trials, has laid upon me only such as are suited to children. Think of what the beloved John Arndt and the faithful Paul Gerhardt had to endure! Of Martin Luther I dare not even speak, for I am not worthy to unloose his shoe latches. Yea, it seems to me that even my dear Franke, at Leipzig, is accounted worthy by the Lord of severer trials."

"Yet you do not know," said Gerber, "what heavy trials the Lord may still have in store for you."

"Should He have," said the court-chaplain "(and ap-

pearances do certainly indicate something of the kind), He will at the proper time give me strength from on high in proportion to the sufferings appointed for me. God is, perhaps, even now preparing me for severer trials, by the consolations which pious hearts are already offering me, and of which my present sufferings are not worthy. And, therefore, I gratefully acknowledge it as an unmerited favor."

"Do I, then, understand you to say that you actually pray to the Lord for severer trials?" asked Gerber.

"No!" replied SPENER. "I do also, in this, not prescribe to Him by praying for severer sufferings, for this would be tempting the Lord my God; yet, on the other hand, I do not fear them; and, if they should come, I will not, like a hireling, fly away from them. I willingly leave all to His gracious direction. He will order all for my own good and that of others. Do you not remember Paul Gerhardt's hymn of consolation?"

"Let Him alone the world control,
None wiser reigns than He;
The dealings of His hand thy soul
With wondering eyes shall see,
When at the time that He shall choose,
His kind and wise decree
Thy heavy burdens shall unloose,
And bid thy sorrows flee."

"But do you, then, mean to say," continued Mr. Gerber, "that the Christian is quietly to wait for all things in such a way as not to concern himself about the future at all?"

"By no means, my dear friend," was SPENER'S reply. "For not only those who inculcate godliness must

expect to be prepared to suffer for its sake, but also those who endeavor to exercise themselves in it. Therefore, it is our duty to ask God in our prayers, so much the more earnestly, to let His gracious will be done in regard to us, to impart to us a living knowledge of it, and to supply us at all times from above with a needful measure of faith and consolation to support us amid all our trials. And all this, with the comfortable assurance that God cannot lie, but will surely perform His promise toward us."

"As He has already so richly performed them toward you!" added Gerber.

"Very richly, my dear friend!" assured the court-chaplain. "So very richly, indeed, that I almost regard it as sinful to complain at the small measure of my sufferings. Surely, I can never sufficiently estimate and extol the precious and unmerited favor of my dear heavenly Father, manifested in inclining so many of the souls of His children toward me, that they, as I feel assured, pray for me as I pray for them. And the Lord has graciously answered our united prayers; for since my enemies have appeared in open opposition against me, I have become more courageous than before. The Lord, who is beginning more and more to pour out His grace upon His children, inspiring hope by the very opposition He thus excites, will again be favorable to his afflicted Zion, and also harmonize more and more all His faithful servants among themselves in the unity of the Spirit and the bond of holy love in such a way, that our gratitude and prayers, thus combined, will come up before Him more effectually, so that we will eventually realize, in time and in eternity, all that has been promised to us."

Gerber here grasped the Doctor's hand, and said: "Reverend sir, how shall I thank you for this consolation—a consolation of which, especially among us ministers, those stand in need, who have now, more than ever, to contend with difficulties in our vocation! O, would that all could enjoy the happiness with which you favor me! If all could only hear you speak, they would cease writing against you, for they would be forced to love you. God has so richly endowed you with spiritual gifts, that you are never at a loss either to give advice or impart consolation. And this too, like one who receives immediately, and always receives the gift of the Holy Ghost."

"Dear sir," replied the court-chaplain, with kind earnestness, "that you do not hate me, is certainly very agreeable to me; yet, permit me to say that true love rarely manifests itself by indulging in commendation and praise. If you, therefore, really love me, and, in future, esteem me worthy of forming a subject for conversation, speak rather of my faults and weaknesses, and imperfections of every kind. If you, however, suppose that this comes readily and quickly to me, you are very much mistaken. How often, when asked for advice and consolation by others, am I myself without either, and must frequently spend many days before I am sufficiently enlightened to advise and console."

"For this reason it is unaccountable to me," said the minister, "how you find time for all you do; for there is scarcely a day on which you do not write voluminous letters, besides attending to the duties of your threefold and very important and onerous office."

"Nor do I!" said SPENER. "I have still nearly three hundred unanswered letters lying over from last year, notwithstanding I wrote, as my diary will show, six hundred and twenty-two in this one year."

Gerber clasped his hands in astonishment, and said, "How very insignificant do I appear compared with you! Yes, reverend sir, even at the risk of offending you, I must say, how very insignificant do I appear when I compare my labors with yours!"

Just as the court-chaplain was about to reply, the door opened, and Mrs. Spener entering, said: "Gentlemen, dinner is ready,—are you?"

"Will you be my guest, dear friend?" asked SPENER; and without waiting for an answer, he turned to his wife, saying, "Dear Susannah, you will find in me a great eulogist to-day of your culinary skill. I have not had so good an appetite for a long time as I have to-day."

"You often speak in this way, dear Philip," said the wife, smiling; "and yet, when you come to eat, it seems scarcely worth while. Now come, and meanwhile you must not be angry with me, that I have detained another guest for dinner, who arrived a short time ago. But I hope you will rather be pleased than otherwise."

"Whom do you mean?" asked SPENER.

"The fact is," replied she, with a pleasant jest, "I had determined to reply to you by saying, 'Come and see;' for it is written, 'Blessed are those who, not seeing, yet believe.' And you have only to come in order to see. However, the heart of a mother cannot long keep silent. Can you not guess that it is Doctor Birnbaum's wife?"

“Our dear daughter Elizabeth!” exclaimed SPENER, joyfully. “Dear Lord and God, how full of loving-kindness art Thou!” he continued, folding his hands, whilst in his eye glistened a tear of joyful emotion. “Just on this very day, on which I have experienced such a small and trifling affliction, is so much bliss prepared for me. Come, dear Mr. Gerber, and see with me.”

And the three left the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SECOND CALL FROM THE NORTH.

“Wherefore also we pray always for you, that our God would count you worthy of this calling, and fulfil all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power.”—2 Thess. i. 11.

A FEW weeks after the events related in the last chapter, the famulus, M. Rothner, announced, on a certain afternoon, two young people to the court-chaplain who, though requested to enter, still hesitated to do so. When, therefore, SPENER went out to meet them, he, immediately recognizing them, exclaimed: “Ah! it is you, my young friend Guldenmeyer, and your dear sister, or rather your dear bride! Come in, and tell me what brings you here.”

“At this time not a weary and heavy laden, but a joyful and grateful heart,” replied George, as he timidly presented the court-chaplain with a small, neatly-covered package.

“For what do you think yourself indebted to me?” asked SPENER.

“Were I to attempt, reverend sir,” said George, “to enumerate, one by one, the particulars of our indebtedness to you, I would not know where to end.”

“We are indebted to you,” added Elizabeth, “for all our true earthly happiness, the peace of our hearts, the prosperity of our house, the sincere joy of our faith; all, all of which I can, indeed, feel, but am not able to

express; all is owing to your kind labors for us, reverend sir."

"Miss Elizabeth!" exclaimed SPENER, in surprise; and then added, with affectionate earnestness, "you have often called yourself my pupil. Have I taught you to give to man the glory which alone belongs to God?"

"Certainly not!" replied the maiden, blushing deeply. "But, can it be wrong to manifest respect, gratitude and love for a man whom God has employed as an instrument in executing His gracious will toward us? I think not, reverend Doctor. And this has emboldened us to call on you, and ——" here she faltered, and cast a bashful look toward George. He, comprehending her appeal, uncovered a small painting, and said, whilst handing it to the court-chaplain: "We pray you, reverend sir, kindly to accept this very small token of our gratitude for the love and kindness which you have shown us and our whole house."

"What are you thinking of?" said SPENER, declining the proffered gift. "Would I not have to be ashamed of myself, before God, if I were to receive pay for a kind word addressed to you in the hour of distress? No, my dear friends, I have never yet accepted pay for any counsel or advice, or whatever else the unmerited confidence of my brethren required of me; and the fact of being able to say that I perform these offices, which are daily making an increased demand on my time, for the love of God, affords me some consolation for the pain I feel when I think of the imperfection of my advice and spiritual aid."

"Indeed," assured George, "we never intended this

as a remuneration, for perishable silver and gold can never yield an adequate return for spiritual favors. We only intend this as a token, not very skillfully executed, it is true, but still as a token to commemorate the first really happy hour of my life; only look, I beg you, at the subject!"

SPENER now undertook to examine it. Before a city gate, which was easily recognized as Pirna gate, stood a carriage, out of which was leaning a man with long curling hair, the crown of his head covered with a black velvet skull-cap, and with a countenance beaming with kindness, apparently engaged in conversation with a young man. The resemblance of the elder gentleman to the court-chaplain could not be mistaken, just as the young man could at once be known by his traveling equipments and striking features as the young artist Guldenmeyer.

"Do you remember yet," said George, "what you said to me at that time? You said, 'I hope you will not be frightened; I am the new court-chaplain.' Indeed, reverend sir, frightened I was not, but ashamed, deeply ashamed, both on account of on unmerited favor conferred upon me, as well as on account of the awkwardness of my conduct throughout. But that shame became to me only the seed of a sincere joy and a happy heart. I can never forget that moment; for it was the first ray of the morning twilight of a true day of God, a true child of a heavenly, divine aurora," he added, with an allusion to their conversation on that occasion. "Will you now, reverend sir, refuse to accept this trifling offering from a grateful heart?"

"My singular young friend!" replied the court-chaplain, with an assuring smile.

"The truth is, I am somewhat angry with my dear George," here interrupted Elizabeth, "because he was so full of self-love, that he painted himself, or rather only himself with you, on this picture. Why could he not have painted one in which I, too, might have occupied a place, even though it had been in the farthest corner?"

"Why, you are also on it," said George, "though invisible to the eye; for, as I have borne your letters upon my heart, so I bore you in it."

"If you are allowed to put this interpretation upon it," added SPENER, taking up the friend's jest, "then you are twice on the picture, dear Elizabeth; for so soon as your George had mentioned your father's name, I immediately thought of you, and, consequently, also, bore you in my heart."

Elizabeth blushed deeply, and, in order to conceal her embarrassment, said, quickly: "The ornamenting on the frame is the work of my good father. He insisted on doing it, and I can sympathize with him, for I know not what I would give if I, too, could have done something in getting up this picture."

"You have done something!" insisted George, as he showed the back part of the picture, where Elizabeth had written, 1 Thess. v. 12, in a clear, beautiful hand:

"Know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake."

"This present," said SPENER, kindly, "I cannot any longer, of course, refuse to accept. And I thank you for this evidence of your pious devotion. I will hang it where it will ever be near me, so that in the

hour of new trials it may sustain and encourage me. And now, how is your father?"

"God has preserved his health thus far," answered Elizabeth, "and he wishes to be kindly and gratefully remembered to you."

"And how is my Christian schoolmaster in Lockwitz, your Uncle Petermann?" continued SPENER.

"He is well," replied George, "and said that he would soon again be obliged to trouble your reverence, in order to renew his failing strength."

"He shall be, as ever, most heartily welcome," said the court-chaplain. Remember me to him. And how goes it with yourselves?" he continued, smiling. "You will, doubtless, be soon preparing your marriage feast?"

"Our father," replied George, "and also Uncle Petermann, desire that our wedding should take place in autumn, and that the new minister at Lockwitz shall unite us."

"Well, if I find it possible," said SPENER, whilst extending a hand to each, "I will be a guest at your wedding feast. Now you may go in peace, unless you have something else to tell me; do not forget to remember me to Mr. Guldenmeyer. I am obliged to write several important letters yet to-day."

The two young people, full of happiness in their inmost hearts, left the room; but SPENER was not destined to resume his labors on this day as soon as he had expected, for just as he reached the ante-chamber with his friends, a gentleman entered, and SPENER, taken by surprise, exclaimed: "Herr von Pufendorf! does your excellency come from Berlin?"

"Of course, my dear Doctor," replied the privy

counselor, at the same time asking permission to enter his study.

"Can you imagine what has brought me to you?" asked the privy counselor, as soon as they entered.

SPENER blushed, and asked, quickly, "Is it true that Provost Teuber is dead?"

"Yes!" was the reply. "God has removed him suddenly, and before he had been long at his new post. Last year, after the Lord had removed his predecessor, Dr. Schrader, you were asked to become his successor; but you declined. Now, if the call should be renewed at this time, would you not recognize in it the will of God, that you should go to Berlin?"

"I cannot sufficiently thank your Excellency for your kindness and undeserved consideration for me," replied the court-chaplain; "but, at the same time, I must also frankly confess to you, that you cause me a great deal of uneasiness." And with this, he began, as was his custom, to pace to and fro, evidently greatly exercised, and saying, in a low voice to himself, "The Lord gives me no rest."

"Nor do your enemies in Saxony," quickly added the privy counselor.

"That is most true," replied SPENER, with a sigh. "God, in His wisdom permits it. How wonderful are His dealings!"

"How does it stand with the Elector, my dear friend?" asked Pufendorf.

"I, myself," replied the court-chaplain, "have never yet ceased, nor will I ever cease, to remember him affectionately in my prayers. But His Electoral Highness, unfortunately, continues to persevere in his aversion to

me, and has, for a year and a half, neither attended my preaching nor received the Holy Supper from my hands. Yea, his displeasure against me seems to increase, just as his unjust suspicions against several other gentlemen, which, to my deep regret, are only too often expressed, have gained renewed strength. The good and pious old Herr von Grünrode has gone down to his grave with the displeasure of his sovereign resting upon him."

"Well, my dear and reverend sir, his Electoral Highness of Brandenburg has been graciously pleased to commission me to confer with you in reference to the acceptance of the vacant Provostship of St. Nicholas, and the inspectorship connected therewith, as well as the office of counselor of the consistory. Ought not your sufferings here, and the anxious desire to have you at Berlin, afford sufficient proof that the goodness of God has provided for you, and that He marks out the course you are to pursue?"

"I can, of course," replied SPENER, "not praise God enough for comforting and strengthening me, His humble servant, by these new evidences of His loving care, at a time when my enemies, especially here in Saxony, are so greatly increasing; and I feel confidently assured that He will do all things wisely and well. Then I owe humble thanks to His Electoral Highness of Brandenburg, for his kind intentions in offering me a situation as a servant of the Church in his dominions. And then again I am under great obligations to your Excellency for this additional proof of your generous interest in my behalf. Yet I cannot deny that I am altogether unable to decide in the matter, inasmuch as

I do not yet clearly discern what is the will of my Lord and Master."

"Should you really have so much difficulty, reverend sir, in arriving at a knowledge of the will of the Lord?" asked Pufendorf, sympathizingly.

"Ah, noble sir," replied SPENER, "the correct understanding of the divine will has ever cost me the severest conflicts, especially at the time when I was called from Frankfurt to this place. And I acknowledge that I entertained a hope that God in His goodness would not again permit me to undergo a similar trial."

"But if, after all, it should really appear that it is the Lord's will that you should go to Berlin, would you do so?" replied the privy counselor.

"In such an event," replied the court-chaplain, "I would, of course, feel constrained to bow reverently to His holy will; for I would then see in it an evidence of His subjecting my faith and obedience to a new trial. And I praise His infinite goodness in having inclined me, both then and now, to submit to His will, either by staying or going, as soon as I shall have clearly apprehended it. But this is just the ground of my fears and anxiety; how shall I know the will of my Heavenly Father, without self-deception and the danger of after-doubts? Let me but know with certainty that this or that is the will of God, and I shall be most willingly the Lord's servant. His will be done."

"Should the long increasing desire of a large congregation to have you," suggested Pufendorf, "coupled with the ardent wish of a truly pious prince, who is really concerned for the true welfare of his people,

together with the sudden and unexpected decease of the Provost Teuber—should all this not appear to you as a clear indication of the divine will, especially since the call is extended to you without any instrumentality of your own?"

"My noble and dear friend," replied SPENER, "if I were entirely free, or if I, in the providence of God, were dismissed from my present charge, or altogether rejected, you may feel assured that I would immediately and most cheerfully go with you. Yea, I would regard it as a special mark of divine grace to be assured of the favor of such a Christian potentate as his Electoral Highness of Brandenburg, and to serve under his patronage in the ministry of the gospel. For I have long since known how zealously the noble son of the great Elector labors for the promotion of the glory of God and the kingdom of Jesus Christ on earth, so that all who feel an interest in this matter cannot but love and honor him. Yes, indeed, were I free, or had my sovereign cast me out, so that, like John Arndt and Paul Gerhardt, I should be obliged to wander about, homeless, it would require little or no further consideration on my part to accept the call."

"And do you think," asked Pufendorf, "that there is any danger of this?"

"The Lord is wonderful in counsel," replied the court-chaplain. "Should my gracious sovereign in future persist in refusing to listen to my vindication, and should my enemies succeed in keeping alive the prejudice of his Electoral Highness against me, all this may possibly happen, though several of the most distinguished ministers have assured me that his Elec-

toral Highness is too noble-minded to permit matters to come to such a pass."

"But how," continued the privy counselor, "could such a conviction in regard to what is the will of the Lord be produced in your mind, reverend sir?"

"How?" repeated SPENER. "Alas, I know not whether it is weakness of the flesh or want of faith—yet I can assure your Excellency that I find it by no means an easy task to discover the will of God in regard to such proposals. That I was torn from my dear congregation at Frankfurt, and brought to this place by a wonderful providence, and not by any means of man's devising, I have become fully convinced in various ways by striking evidences. I am as confident that the call which brought me to Dresden came from God, as if I had heard it issuing directly from heaven—for which reason I am also equally confident that the Lord had His wise and weighty reasons for bringing me here. And it is on this account that I find it difficult to give up my present position."

"Do you judge this by the blessing that has attended your labors here?" asked Pufendorf.

"The amount of what I have accomplished," said the Doctor, "during my four years' residence here, is, of course, not as great as might be expected. Moreover I see, to my great regret, that what is still left undone is much more than that which has been done. Yet I entertain the comfortable assurance that our faithful God has not left the imperfect labors of His miserable servant here and there without His blessing—yea, many an opposition which I have experienced may be regarded as an evidence that the work of the Lord

which I have performed has been unusually painful to the arch enemy of all good, wherefore he is also continually offering me increased resistance. It is just on this account that I am inclined to hope that if I only patiently and humbly submit to my God, and continue to labor on, much good will yet be accomplished. If I should, therefore, leave my post before the Lord's time would I not assume a great responsibility, and take a step which I might afterwards have cause to regret? Your Excellency sees, therefore, plainly, that I cannot give up my present charge without mature deliberation, and not before I have become perfectly convinced that God, who has brought me here, intends to send me somewhere else."

"My most excellent and pious friend," said the privy counselor, "how happy would all mankind be, if all were as anxious to know and do the will of God as you are! How many hundreds of your brethren, situated as you are, and laboring under similar disadvantages, would unhesitatingly accept another call! It is painful that such difficulties are in your way."

"It is painful, my noble sir," continued SPENER, "that my gracious sovereign, whose actual pastor I am, has been for so long a time disaffected towards me. Painful, especially, that so many others have thereby been emboldened in their hatred against me, and painful, above all, that my own brethren in the ministry show such great opposition to me in my labors. But I must not complain; for the Almighty has hitherto protected me in the discharge of my calling by His mighty arm, and so disposed the hearts of many among the high and noble, that no injury has befallen me. Thus

far, my hands have not been tied in my spiritual ministrations; and I have, moreover, the happiness of knowing, by almost daily experience, that I have gained a goodly number of grateful hearts. Therefore, I would go too far if I were to complain of persecution; and though the Lord should have determined to try my faith and patience still further, yet I cannot in conscience feel myself justified, for these reasons, in resigning a charge to which the Lord has called me."

"But could it," suggested Pufendorf, "really be regarded as a sin against God, if, in your decision, you should somewhat consult your own bodily and mental health?"

"Not unconditionally!" replied the court-chaplain. "I most readily acknowledge, that the situation which has been graciously offered to me, is preferable both on account of my disposition, and mode of life in general, especially as it releases me from the duties of the confessional, as well as on account of the numerical superiority of the congregation, from which I might expect an enlargement of my sphere of usefulness; so that personal considerations could not prevent me from going to Berlin, especially since there can be no doubt of finding there, no less than here, the necessary support for myself and family. But, my noble sir, neither our own advantage, nor our comfort, nor our inclination, should determine our choice; nor are we to conclude that a large congregation holds out a surer prospect of usefulness than a small one. Therefore, your excellency sees again, that to satisfy my conscience in regard to the proposed change in my field of labor, I must have still more and clearer evidences of its being

the will of God. All depends upon my being certain on this point. Should I remain or go in opposition to the will of God, I could not look for His blessing."

"In that event all labor would of course be in vain," remarked the privy counselor. "Yet, pardon me, reverend sir, may you not, after all, require too much, and magnify the difficulties in the way of your decision."

"It is true," replied SPENER, "God has imparted to some of His servants so much light and strength, that they can, in cases of this kind, see their way perfectly clear, and feel, as it were, an internal call, as soon as they have prayerfully and seriously considered the subject; but to me God has not given this grace, wherefore, I must submit everything to His decision."

"What, then, is to be done?" asked the privy counselor.

"I would," replied SPENER, "first of all, humbly request His Electoral Highness of Brandenburg, or whomsoever he has intrusted with this matter, to seriously and solemnly reconsider the whole subject of my call and situation in all its bearings, whether I may really, as far as it is possible for man to determine, accomplish more good in the situation offered, than in the one I now hold, and whether the will of God may or may not be apprehended in reference thereto. Should the result of such a reconsideration incline to the opinion that it is my duty to remain here, God will then certainly also point out the individual who is to labor there in my stead, and I would ever be under obligations of profound gratitude, obedience and prayer to His Electoral Highness, for the attention with which he has been graciously pleased to regard me. Should,

however, on the other hand, the result lead to a determination to send me a call, His Electoral Highness of Brandenburg would, in such an event, not hesitate to address himself to my gracious sovereign, His Electoral Highness of Saxony, in whose service I am engaged, on the subject of my dismissal. And to the adoption of whatever course the great God would incline the heart of my gracious sovereign, I would, with a conscience perfectly at rest, either stay or go."

"I feel," said the privy counselor, "how indispensably necessary such a conviction is, to a faithful performance of the work of the ministry, and the weighty responsibilities connected therewith. I thank you, reverend sir, for having, by your kind and frank communication at least given me, and all who are casting longing looks towards you from Berlin, the hope of eventually seeing you in our midst. An all-wise God will direct all for the best. You, my excellent friend, will allow me to pay you another visit, before my final departure?"

"Your excellency shows my humble person too much honor," replied the court-chaplain to his visitor, who had risen to depart. "As for the rest, I will, with you, humbly call on the great God our heavenly Father, that He will direct this entire, and certainly most important affair, and the hearts of all those whose duty it is to speak and advise in reference thereto, in such a way, as may best tend to the sanctification of His name, the extension of His kingdom, and the accomplishment of His will. But of you I ask more especially a continuation, in future, of that friendship

with which you have hitherto honored me. And now, my noble sir, may God bless you."

"How vividly you recall to my mind the image of my good, sainted father," remarked Pufendorf, moving to depart, and shaking the court-chaplain heartily by the hand. "Would that he had enjoyed the happiness of an acquaintance with you and your labors."

"By the grace of God," replied SPENER, "we shall meet above."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PAINFUL PROPOSAL.

“How then, can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?”
—Gen. xxxix. 9.

THE manifold trials and painful sufferings of this pious man, as we have here faithfully recorded them, cannot have failed in eliciting the deepest interest and most hearty sympathy of the gentle reader. It may be asked, Why was he hated and persecuted? He was assailed on account of his teachings; yet he had given the most ample proof that he stood upon the sure foundation of the Word of God. He was censured for the manner in which he conducted his office; yet, where was there a minister, at that time, if we except August Hermann Franke, who could compare with him in true piety, in genuine devotion, and in untiring activity in promoting the kingdom of God? It is almost incredible to what extent malevolence, vindictiveness, blind zeal for the maintenance of the so-called true faith, envy, jealousy, and many other still baser impulses, had conspired for the purpose of opposing and crushing a man who labored, as far as mere Christian piety could, for the true welfare of mankind with the greatest devotion and self-denial.

In Leipzig the pleasures and perverseness of the world had, indeed, sown many tares among the wheat sown by Franke and his friends, and found means to

bring the good cause of practical Christianity into bad repute. A formal and extensive investigation had been commenced, and all upon whom rested the suspicion of participating in any of the private meetings, convened for mutual edification, were punished; if lay members, with arrest; if students, with the forfeiture of their benefices; if officials, with suspension. Countless bills of indictment were filed, in which those concerned were charged with every imaginable offence against the sovereign, the ministerium, the church, the secular authorities, discipline and order. Instead of earnestly and impartially examining the cause of the avidity with which the people received religious instruction as imparted by SPENER and Franke, namely, the sterile and unfruitful faith in the Word, with which they had hitherto been supplied; instead of exercising a zealous care that SPENER'S work, that true, sincere and active faith of the Christian which enters into his very heart and life, might be maintained as taught by the gospel, and not abused by ignorance, perverseness and the pleasures of the world, and changed into one-sided and hypocritical pietism, but into its true essence—instead of this they preferred to pluck out the tares with the wheat, with a ruinous severity, as if it concerned the extermination of a fearful heresy or the punishment of the greatest crime.

Amid all this, SPENER'S name and simple-hearted labors suffered the most vulgar and disgraceful abuse, much as the pious man strove to separate his word and work from the word and work of his misguided friends. In obedience to the command of the Elector, the reports of the examination were sent to the court-

chaplain with the view to have him express his judgment and opinion in reference thereto, and suggest the best means of correcting the existing disorders. This was, of course, commendable. SPENER, in two detailed reports, established the innocence of most of the accused, as well as the original purity of the work which had been attacked, and suggested, for the correction of the abuses that had crept in, a most excellent remedy.* He asked that the term "Pietism" should be abolished, and the charges against it withdrawn, and that everything should be restored to the position it occupied before these abuses existed. But his request received little or no notice; least of all did it succeed in regaining the confidence of the Elector. When the latter returned in the autumn of this year (1690) from his campaign, he expressed loud and publicly the continuance of his displeasure with the court-chaplain, visited Dresden but seldom, and then only for a few days at a time, and was heard repeatedly to express himself to the effect that it was much to be regretted that he could no longer reside in Dresden on account of his confessor.

His friends in Berlin hesitated to pursue the course which SPENER had recommended, because a request of this kind, made by one sovereign to another, was rather a hazardous undertaking, and also because it was feared the Elector might refuse compliance. These fears were not without foundation, inasmuch as the bitterness of the Elector's enmity towards Spener was certainly not uniform, and his feelings seemed gradually again to grow milder. SPENER himself bore this trying situation with all the calmness and submissiveness of a

* See his *Theolog. Bedenken*, Vol. iii., pp. 777-817.

pious heart and a good conscience, continued unwearied in his labors, and did every thing calculated to restore himself to the favor of his gracious sovereign.

In the month of February of the following year (1691), the Elector was taken ill during his stay at Moritzburg. SPENER hearing of it, burned with a desire to address to his sovereign words of comfort, and hoped to be favored, if not with a special request, at least with a favorable opportunity for carrying his desire into effect. But in vain. The Elector recovered and returned, for a few days, to Dresden. And as SPENER was here also disappointed in finding an opportunity to speak with the Elector, and as His Highness soon again left Dresden, his feelings constrained him to testify in writing what he had not been permitted to disclose by word of mouth.

He addressed to the Elector the following letter :

“Grace, peace, salvation, and life from our most faithful Saviour, Jesus, who has purchased all these with His blood.

“SERENE PRINCE, GRACIOUS ELECTOR AND SOVEREIGN:—

“That which would have afforded me the greatest happiness to have testified to your Electoral Highness, during your late and agreeable sojourn in this place, by paying my humble respects to you in person (had I not had reason to be apprehensive that my presence might still be unwelcome), I do now, in all due submission, by this present writing.

“I herewith humbly thank our heavenly Father, from whom alone life and every good gift emanates, that He in His fatherly goodness, as, to my great joy, I have

been informed, has so far again nearly delivered you from your late illness, and by so doing strengthened anew the hopes of the country in regard to you. Next I humbly entreat the same God, from my inmost soul, that He, as the great physician and preserver of our lives, will not only pour all manner of temporal and spiritual blessings upon your august government, but also, and especially impart anew to your Electoral Highness, His enlivening power, remove wholly what still remains of your former illness, continue and daily increase your restored strength, grant you grace to employ it in a manner acceptable to Him, effectually turn aside from you all further afflictions and dangers, preserve in you a faithful father to your subjects, and the blessed head of your august family, and in fine answer all my prayers which I offer many times daily on my knees (which He alone knows), and according to the measure of the Spirit each time given me, to His Divine Majesty, for your temporal, spiritual, and eternal happiness.

“ May He, the Father of all goodness, who has commanded us to pray in confidence, and promised to answer us in mercy, permit none of these words to fall to the ground, but cause them to be a blessing for time and for eternity, for the sake of His dear Son Jesus, to whose divine protection, consolation, care, and guidance, I most sincerely commend your Highness, together with your whole august house.

“ Your Electoral Highness’

“ Most humble and obedient servant,

“ PHILIPP JAC. SPENER.

“ *Dresden, March 2d, 1691.*”

Could that pious, sorely tried man have addressed his princely sovereign in language more affectionate, more tender and more free from resentment for the wrongs he had received? Certainly not! Yet this letter, too, was destined to fall short of producing the desired effect. The wall of partition between the Elector and his confessor once raised, could only with difficulty be thrown down by human hands. The confidence between two hearts resembles too closely a tender plant, from which, by some mishap, the fertilizing dust has been shaken, and which no human wisdom and skill can ever again replace. The wound inflicted by distrust retains its hidden sting, even though external friendliness should indicate a reconciliation of the heart. Why is this? Has God so ordered it, that existing differences cannot be adjusted, and severed souls cannot again be united? Surely not; for Christianity is that divine institution which is designed to unite again what has been separated, to reclaim the lost, and reconcile those who are estranged. It is man's own doing, man's obstinacy, if such wounds are not entirely healed. A complete reconciliation requires, of course, a mutual and honest acknowledgment of guilt, sincere repentance and brotherly love, which continually, and with every sacrifice, tend to make amends for the evil that has been done, by giving way to hostile feelings. Such is, however, but seldom the case; for even though one of the parties should arrive at this genuineness of reconciliation, the other will be wanting in a like genuineness. It is painful that two individuals, who are equally in the fault, so rarely possess the courage and ability to make mutual confes-

sion of their fault. They are wanting in humility and self-denial, and so the declaration of the Scripture finds its application: "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." James iv. 6.

If we apply these reflections to the relation in question between the Elector and SPENER, it can, of course, only be properly accounted for, by forming a correct estimate of the then existing condition of things—the lamentable schism between faith and practice, and the great agitation in the Church in general—subjects into which we cannot here enter, just as little as we allow ourselves to sit in judgment on the merits of a controversy which has not yet been brought to a conclusion. We say not yet; for in our own times, more, almost, than then, every earnest endeavor to regulate *faith* and *life*, as *one* in itself, according to the gospel, yea, even loyalty to the glorious Confession of our Evangelical Lutheran Church, is branded with the invidious party-name of "PIETISM;" so that even the most pure and sincerely pious Christian is, on that very account, unceremoniously denounced as a Pietist. It seems as if the word piety has been formally interdicted.

We again resume the thread of our narrative, and learn first what an unexpected reply our esteemed Doctor received to this kind letter.

About eight days after it had been written two gentlemen entered SPENER'S study. He was alarmed when he recognized in them the president of the high consistory, von Beuchling, and the privy counselor, von Senkwitz. Both greeted the court-chaplain with unfeigned kindness, though they could not altogether conceal an expression of sorrow over the cause of

their visit. SPENER, generally much inclined to timidity, noticed this, and said:

“Your excellencies are certainly the bearers of an unpleasant message.”

“Our mission,” returned the president, “is certainly not altogether agreeable to us, and we regret exceedingly that it is not in our power to avoid executing it. However, I hope that God will in this, as He does in all other matters, dispose all for the best.”

“What has happened?” quickly asked the court-chaplain. “His Electoral Highness sends me my dismissal; is it not so, noble sirs?”

“No, reverend doctor!” replied the president. “I dare assert, that our serene Elector and sovereign, however greatly he may regret the existing relation, entertains still too much respect for you and your labors, to resort to such extremes. And had our gracious sovereign selected me as the bearer of such a message, I should scarcely have possessed the courage to communicate it to you, my reverend colleague.”

“Nor should I!” added Herr von Senkwitz, and continued: “I know well, reverend doctor, how difficult it will be for you to give credit to this, my assurance; for I regret to say that you find no evidence from the past for so doing. Yet I am not ashamed to confess that I have done you great injustice. Since I have learned to know you better, I have sincerely repented of whatever I may have done against you in word and deed, and have spared no effort to make amends for the injuries inflicted. But the Lord has, thus far, not seen fit to crown these efforts with success, though He has in so far comforted me, as to enable me

to behold in you, reverend sir, His instrument, and to love and esteem you with my whole heart. O, why is it, that your affectionate, pious utterances, do not enter the hearts of all who come near you?"

SPENER stood before these two gentlemen in silence, and with folded hands, whilst his face was beaming with the reflection of heartfelt gratitude to God. After some time, he said, "Well, and what is the object of your mission, noble sirs?"

"The estrangement between our most gracious sovereign and yourself," now said the president, "has already, as you know, continued for two years; and greatly as I at first had reason to hope that all would be restored again to its former condition, and much as appearances indicated such a result, these hopes have, nevertheless, not been realized. And it cannot be denied that the assurance which our gracious sovereign received from a certain noble person in Leipzig, namely, of having seen a copy of the letter in question, has revived and increased his animosity towards you."

"But," remarked SPENER, "why did his Electoral Highness not cause this matter to be more fully investigated? God is my witness, that I am not conscious of any unfaithfulness in reference thereto."

"God alone knows," said the privy counselor, "where the key to this mystery is to be found. That there is some foul play connected with it, is almost beyond a doubt; but this only increases the difficulty, as neither our gracious sovereign, nor that other high personage, can be laid under suspicion, because the conscientiousness of both is placed beyond all doubt. A more minute investigation was not feasible, because it would have

had to be commenced with that high personage. Since, however, I am perfectly convinced of your honesty, reverend sir, as well as of that of your famulus, I must acknowledge, that I can scarcely conjecture how the mystery can possibly be solved."

"However that may be," added the president, "it was, in every respect, a most deplorable circumstance that this should have occurred, again to unsettle his returning confidence, just at a time when the Elector's mind had become quite calm. Besides, it cannot be denied that the scandalous proceeding instituted in regard to the conventicles of the so-called pietists, who, in ignorance, perverted your good work, as well as the complaint publicly preferred against Master Franke and his friends, have filled the mind of our serene sovereign with doubts and fears, especially because a certain party, as you are well aware, my honored colleague, have taken great pains to implicate you and your work, in it. Hence, it may easily be seen why distrust, once created, inclines more to those who accuse, than to those who acquit."

"Is it then true," asked the court-chaplain, "that his Electoral Highness has repeatedly said that he can no longer reside in Dresden on my account?"

"Unhappily, I cannot deny this," replied Herr von Senkwitz, "having myself heard him make such a remark, though not recently."

"How deeply this grieves me!" said the court-chaplain, with an expression of the sincerest sorrow. "I, who am called to bring my most gracious sovereign consolation and peace, must be told that my presence causes only uneasiness and confusion."

“ Might not this be an indication,” the president now continued, somewhat timidly, “ that your labors should end here, and begin somewhere else ?”

“ What does your excellency mean by this ?” quickly asked SPENER.

“ Let me be candid with you, my dear friend. Unfortunately, it cannot be denied that there is a breach between you and our most gracious sovereign, and that there exists but little hope, in view of the present excited state of feeling, of a reconciliation being brought about, at least for some time to come. This state of things, as may easily be perceived, must lead to many inconveniences, and even cause much disturbance in the church. I have, therefore, been commissioned by his Electoral Highness, to induce you, reverend doctor, voluntarily to resign your office. The execution of this commission would be doubly painful to me, if I had not, at the same time, been authorized to assure you of the gracious continuation of your support, as well as of that of your wife, during life, and if I did not, in addition, entertain the comforting assurance, that your friends in Berlin are only waiting for your release here, in order to call you immediately to an equally honorable post there.”

Even before the President concluded, SPENER'S countenance had assumed a look of the greatest astonishment, which was immediately followed by an expression of the deepest sorrow. He folded his hands upon his breast, and said : “ This is *hard* and *grievous*. But, noble sirs, humbly as I have always submitted to the will of my gracious sovereign, in matters where it concerned human regulations, in this case I cannot do

it. This is the Lord's business. I MUST STAY, AND INTEND TO STAY TILL HE HIMSELF CONDUCTS ME HENCE, OR TILL I AM DRIVEN AWAY."

"Is this your fixed determination?" asked the president, in surprise.

"Most assuredly, your excellency!" assured SPENER, with unusual firmness. "That I am here, is not owing to my own choice. I have contributed nothing in the least, neither by word of mouth nor in writing, towards leaving my congregation in Frankfurt. I have the strongest evidence that God Himself brought me here by means of the Electoral call. And this same God is my witness, even though men should refuse to acknowledge it, that I have hitherto labored faithfully, according to the strength given me, and that no one can accuse me of having been a hireling. Were I voluntarily to resign my office, I should be sinning against my God, who has Himself said to me: 'Go and feed my flock.'"

"But, my dearest friend," replied the President, "should you not recognize in the desire manifested to have you in Berlin *another* call from the Lord?"

"If I were free," replied the court-chaplain, "or if my most gracious sovereign were to drive me away from here by the power of his word, I should, of course, examine this desire further, whether the will of God could be recognized in it. But, I am not free. I am still the divinely called servant of my Electoral sovereign. I cannot voluntarily resign, without incurring a sin which would follow me to the land of eternal righteousness. If I have deserved my dismissal, I

shall unmurmuringly submit to the will of my most gracious sovereign, and go whenever he bids me do so."

The president stood with downcast eyes, and, after awhile, said: "I can offer nothing in opposition to such a firm and pious declaration, for I feel in my inmost soul that you are right."

"Reverend sir," added the privy counselor, "I knew beforehand that you could not speak otherwise. I should leave you with a sorrowing heart had I not the firmest conviction that your stay among us, or your departure from us, will be in accordance with the will of God. Since we, however, do not know the will of God beforehand, it becomes us to do whatever our duty before men and our consciences requires. God grant that I may succeed, by better informing him, in dispelling the suspicion kept alive in the Elector's mind, by certain individuals near his person."

The president expressed his regret also, that it had, in a manner, been made his duty to remove a man from a country to which he had been so great a blessing, and that he could not give up the idea that this blessing would depart from it with him. He would, therefore, still endeavor to do what he could, but would, at the same time, request the Doctor to submit his views in writing to the college of privy counselors. Upon this, the two gentlemen left the room with expressions of the deepest sympathy.

Meanwhile, all hope appeared vain. On the next day SPENER was requested anew to comply with the wish of the Elector, and, after he had once more taken the subject into prayerful consideration, he addressed the following letter to the college of privy counselors:

“When their excellencies, the Director and President of the High Consistory, commissioned by your body, informed me of the explicit demand of our most gracious sovereign, that I might be induced voluntarily to resign my office as court-chaplain, in order to avoid difficulties, and, when they solicited my views in reference thereto, I at once stated them verbally, in all due obedience and out of the simplicity of my heart. Since then, I have not ceased to lay the whole matter in frequent and earnest prayer, before the Almighty, in whose hands all things are, and in His fear deliberated upon and maturely considered what I ought to do. But after having weighed everything, I find that I can give no other answer than that already verbally submitted, namely, *that I cannot consent, with a good conscience, to a voluntary resignation.* For however willing I am, and however much in duty bound to obey the gracious will of His Electoral Highness in all matters not belonging to God, yet I cannot do so in this, *because this belongs to God.*

“The office I hold is not of my seeking, nor have I contributed anything towards gaining it, but it has been divinely conferred on me, through the call of his Electoral Highness, and I was therefore sent here by the Holy Trinity, in whose name the call had to be made out. Hence, I have hitherto endeavored to labor faithfully according to the strength given me; and, unless God Himself remove me, I do not feel myself at liberty to resign, but must wait patiently to the end. And as my dismissal, which I have not deserved—for I do not apprehend that any charge against me can be sustained—could not take place without an offence

against Him, whose servant I am by virtue of His highest call, nor without causing not only regret but scandal among many; and, besides making an unfavorable impression at home and abroad, among our own and other churches, yea, even upon posterity, I cannot do anything towards it without violating my conscience and becoming a partaker of such guilt before God. But if the Lord of lords, in His holy will, which is always good, and which also knows how to bring good out of evil, should have determined otherwise concerning me, by assigning me another field, I must at least expect it in such a way that I may not thereby expose myself to the displeasure of God, the regret of Christians, and the just condemnation of the world and of posterity; but be able to go, if need be, with my whole heart, wherever the holy will of God, which I had first recognized by these signs, should lead me.

“Being therefore of opinion, that the illustrious college is not only desirous of knowing what conclusion I have arrived at in reference to this matter, but also to have my opinion in writing, I have therefore regarded it as my bounden duty to repeat, in this letter, my unalterable determination. But the whole subject in which I am unable to act, I commit in humble and childlike submission and in sincere prayer, to the Lord of lords and Chief Bishop of all His servants, beseeching Him to control his Electoral Highness, together with all his ministers, in regard to this important matter in such a way as may best promote His will and kingdom, keep all consciences free from being violated, and produce a blessing upon Church and State.

“Committing your illustrious persons and families to the care and blessing of God, I remain yours, etc.,

“PHIL. JAC. SPENER, D.

“*Dresden, March 14th, 1691.*”

A few days after this document had been despatched, the court-chaplain was summoned to appear before the Electress. What there transpired, shall appear in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FRUITLESS MEDIATOR.

“Wherefore goest thou? Return to thy place and abide with the King.”—2 Sam. xv. 19.

THE Electress, Anna Sophia, the eldest daughter of Frederick III., King of Denmark, who had been affianced to her royal consort as early as 1663, when he was on a visit to Copenhagen, being only in his sixteenth year, had been reared, like her royal sister of Sweden, by pious parents, in the fear of the Lord, and had approved her pure piety, hitherto, as also at a later period, amid all those severe trials which had been laid up for her maternal heart. Her soul clung to her pastor with special reverence, and true confidence, and it must, therefore, have been doubly painful to her that her serene consort, unfortunately prompted by various vexatious occurrences, had withdrawn from him that implicit confidence which he, at one time, reposed in him, and was even contemplating to dismiss him from his office.

As SPENER entered her apartment, she met him with great kindness, and said: “My dear Doctor, I have been impatiently expecting you. What do you think of me?”

“What do I think of your Electoral Highness?” repeated the court-chaplain; “certainly every thing that is good. I have only this morning prayed for your Electoral Grace, with increased earnestness.”

“For what special reason?” asked the Electress. “Have you discovered a new weakness in me, and, therefore, kindly interceded for me with God?”

“All of us,” replied SPENER, “stand continually in need of intercession with God, and if men should forget to offer it, we have the promise that our Lord Jesus Christ will do it for us. We all commit many faults, and our secret sins are more numerous than our public offences. However, your Highness, I have not had occasion to-day even to think of this. I thanked God on your account, and besought Him to continue to give you light, strength, love, grace and life, and if I may venture to express it, preserve to me your favor in the future.”

“How could I be otherwise than kindly disposed towards you?” replied the Electress. “I owe you so much that I can never repay it with any earthly treasure. You first have opened to me the true understanding of the Holy Scriptures. You have made the Christian’s duty plainer to me than it had ever been made before. You have taught me rightly to examine my heart. You have always explained the will of God to me in such a way that I recognized it with my whole soul. Your prayers with and for me have always been effectual in bringing me strength and the necessary measure of faith and confidence from the Lord. In my trials and temptations you have addressed to me such words of Christian consolation, that I could always find again my joy in God. All this constitutes a debt so great that I shall never be able to forget or to discharge it.”

“If my words,” replied SPENER, “have proved a

blessing to your Electoral Highness, a fact which I acknowledge with the deepest gratitude, the praise belongs only to Him who has promised us salvation, grace and deliverance, for the sake of His dear Son. I am only the Lord's poor and humble servant, and find, alas, that there is still so much before me unaccomplished and unfinished, that I have just reason to be afraid, if the Lord should this day call me to account."

"Ah, I feel," said the Electress, "to what you allude, dear Doctor. And this is the reason why I asked you what you thought of me. My Electoral lord and consort has been prejudiced against you by your enemies and opponents, and you know ——"

"It does not become me," SPENER respectfully interrupted the Electress, "to pass judgment upon the reasons which may have induced your serene lord and consort to adopt his present course towards me. I know well that I am too weak to regain the lost confidence of my most gracious sovereign, and to remove effectually the difficulties that have arisen between us. This is the only thing that deeply pains me; as for the rest, I wait quietly for whatever the Lord has determined concerning me."

"Do not leave us!" entreated the royal suppliant. "Do not leave me and my children. God knows how often I have attempted to remove the seeds of mistrust against you out of the heart of my lord and consort; but I was too weak. I, of course, feel that this state of things cannot continue as it has done during the last two years; but, dear sir, is there no way, that even in the event of your laying down your office, you might still remain in Dresden. You have refused to resign?"

"Could I do otherwise?" said SPENER. "A voluntary resignation, under the circumstances, would be nothing short of a virtual dismissal, and this, I trust, I have not deserved. If my most gracious sovereign, whose will I have neither the power nor the disposition to oppose, discharge me, I must needs go, and shall go without a murmur. But to aid personally, I cannot. I cannot commit such a sin against my God, who has called me here."

"God forbid," exclaimed the Electress, "that any one should persuade you to do so. But there is still another way to keep you here, and that too, Reverend Sir, spiritually engaged, although in an official capacity differing from that which you now occupy. Will you allow me to state my proposition?"

"Your Electoral Highness can desire only what is just before God and man," replied the court-chaplain.

"Well, then!" continued the good Electress, "suppose your office as confessor to my Electoral lord and consort, and also, to our entire house, should be, in consequence of this lamentable state of things, transferred to some one else, though this latter has not yet been determined upon; you might still retain your office as court-chaplain. And in the event of the use of our royal chapel being denied you, there are other churches in Dresden where you could preach. For, my dear Doctor, if I am no longer to hear your sermons, I shall lose much of my peace."

SPENER remained silent and thoughtful for a moment, and then replied: "If this should be brought about and ordered without my assistance, I will concur with heartfelt pleasure, and willingly stay and labor,

where and in whatever sphere God may call me. Still, I dare not conceal from your Electoral Highness, that I fear, that if my gracious sovereign is anxious to have me away, he will not accept this proposal."

"I shall do what lies in my power," said the noble woman, with unaffected kindness, "now that I know your disposition. For, you see, my dear Doctor, if Sunday comes, and I can no longer hear you explain the Scriptures, and edify the congregation, it will be a sorrowful Sunday to me."

"But if, after all, it should still be the will of God that I should go!" suggested the court-chaplain.

The Electress seemed struck by this remark. A change in her color showed that she was unusually agitated. "If this should be so!" she said, as if speaking to herself. "With you peace came into my heart—suppose this peace were again to depart with you?"

"God forbid!" replied the pastor. "Those who seek the peace of the Lord, find it at all times. 'Ask,' says the Saviour, 'and it shall be given unto you.'"

But these words seemed not to chase the shadow from the soul of the Electress. And it was not until three months after SPENER'S departure, that both understood what had so agitated their souls.

For a time deep silence reigned, which the court-chaplain did not venture to break, and during which the true-hearted woman, engaged with her own thoughts, kept her eyes fixed on her folded hands. Then she said: "As the Lord wills it, so let it be. I cannot exist and labor for the kingdom of my God without your

instruction and consolation. Will you promise me, that in whatever situation you may hereafter be placed, I may always apply to you for advice; and will you, also, if I give you opportunity, favor me, at times, with a visit and spiritual consolation?"

"If God gives me life and strength, with all my heart!" replied SPENER, giving a fraternal pressure to her proffered hand.

"Now I feel more at ease," continued the Electress. "God direct you, and dispose all for the best. I desire now to be alone, to commune with my God. Remember me kindly to your dear, good wife."

SPENER withdrew with a joy in his heart, greater than that which he had left in the heart of the pious princess. How, and in what way, God enabled him to redeem his promise, we shall relate hereafter.

SPENER'S presentiment that the Elector's displeasure would not give place to renewed confidence, approached more and more to a certainty. The Electress was not successful in removing the distrust of her lord and consort, and her proposal met with an unconditional rejection. Thereupon, the privy counselors, and among these, more especially, Herr von Senkwitz and the president of the High Consistory, Herr von Reuchling, made two attempts, by means of a petition, to change the Elector's mind, but in vain. They, too, may now have felt, that under existing circumstances, an entire and sincere reconciliation was barely possible, and, therefore, desisted from their entreaties, for they had reason to fear that by these very representations they were only making bad worse. Had the Elector

known, indeed, that the time of his own departure was so very near, he would not have hastened that of SPENER, nor would it have first required the entreaties of his serene spouse and ministers to prevail upon him to do what in the innermost depth of his heart he doubtless desired, but which, owing to the influence of external circumstances, he was prevented from doing.

In this embarrassing situation, the privy council itself, without the knowledge of either the Elector or court-chaplain, sent an intimation to the committee in Berlin, that the time for the adoption of the measure, which SPENER had himself suggested, had now arrived. This was done, not without some misgivings that possibly it might be too late. For they had learned that, under the conviction that the Elector might, after all, again change his mind, and thus refuse compliance with their request to give SPENER up to them, strenuous efforts had been made to supply a post, which had been already too long vacant.

But here it became most clearly apparent how God Himself had assisted in the matter, and how all had been prepared by Him in advance. On the 14th of March, SPENER had submitted a written statement to the College of privy counselors, and on the 21st of March, just one week after the Elector of Brandenburg, encouraged by the letter of the privy council, had despatched his request to the Elector of Saxony; and again, a week after this, on the 28th of the same month, the Elector Frederick III. signed the call, which was placed into SPENER'S hands on the 2d of April. Previously, however, the court-chaplain received the following autograph letter from his gracious sovereign :

“By the Grace of God, John George the Third, Duke of Saxony, Jülich, Cleve, and Berg, also Engern, and Westphalia, &c., Elector; &c.

“Worthy, Very learned, Dear, Devout and Faithful:—

“We have received, from our well-beloved, the Elector of Brandenburg, a letter, dated Cölln an der Spree, on the 21st of this month, in which they kindly request us to deign to give you up to them, inasmuch as they design to appoint you Provost and Inspector of the church of St. Nicolas, in their capital, the city of Berlin, and Counselor of the Consistory. Not wishing to deny the request of their Serene Highness, we have already given our consent to your removal; in consequence of which, we herewith give you notice of the same, so that you may act accordingly, when you shall receive your call from the Elector of Brandenburg. And yet, that you and yours may also be assured of our favor, even when no longer in our service, we have ordered that, in addition to your traveling expenses, your wife shall receive the annuity we have promised to be paid to her, not only from the date of this our gracious letter of dismissal, in regular quarterly installments, but to be continued to her to the day of her death.

Still further, we shall favorably remember you and yours, in all other matters.

“Given at our Castle of Hartenfelt, at Torgau, this 31st day of March, Anno 1691.

“JOHN GEORGE, Elector.

“To the worthy and profoundly learned chief Court-chaplain, Confessor, Counselor, and Assessor of the High Consistory, well-beloved, devout and faithful,
PHILIPP JACOB SPENER, D. D.”

And now, since our dear doctor was fully convinced that God was about calling him from Dresden to Berlin, his soul had again become perfectly calm, and he patiently bore all opposition in word and deed, raised against him in increased violence, especially by a great part of his ministerial brethren, with Dr. Carpzov, of Leipzig, at their head. Our Lord says, "wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered." When the displeasure of the Elector with his confessor had become known, the entire host of his secret enemies mocked him who was afflicted. But thanks be to God, that this calamity, which, if it had befallen his revilers, would have appeared to them an unheard of and insupportable misfortune, was for the court-chaplain, only a "child's trial" of his faith and patience. We could, moreover, feel assured that the displeasure of his Electoral sovereign proceeded from other causes, than the scorn of his learned and distinguished enemies; and the sincere attachment of the Electress and of both the princes, which he still retained, the true love of the people, the respect he commanded in other countries, the confidence with which he had been received by the Electoral house of Brandenburg, the comforting consciousness of a pure heart and conscience, and, above all, the firm conviction that he was engaged in the service of his Lord, and by Him chosen for this, richly compensated him for every injustice, and enabled him to draw consolation and courage from the words of divine inspiration, "If God be for us, who shall be against us?"

And this man, who might well have been proud of the blessed results with which he had already labored

for the kingdom of God on earth, and who, from the communications he received from kings and princes, and learned laymen of all countries where the German language was spoken, in such numbers, that though he wrote over six hundred letters per annum, he was still sometimes six months in arrears with his answers, might have concluded that his name was far and favorably known—this man writes to his future colleagues in Dresden, in a spirit of such humility, and almost child-like entreaty to receive him into their favor, and reports the leading events of his life in a way, as if he was not conscious that they had ever been brought to public notice before, that one might have been led to believe that the letter came from an obscure and unknown country clergyman, who had suddenly been raised from his quiet and retired field of labor to the highest spiritual office.*

A like spirit of humility and affecting modesty is breathed in another letter, addressed by him, on the 18th day of May, in the same year, to the burgomaster and council of Berlin, and in which he assures them with childlike simplicity that the very wise council of Frankfurt would undoubtedly bear him witness to this day, that he had in no way interfered with their prerogatives, or given them cause to utter any complaint against him.

His removal to Berlin was now hastened with all earnestness, because the pastorate there having been already vacant an entire year, called loudly for a supply. He had taken formal leave of the Electress and the princes, at Cossdorf, a country-seat, and favor-

* See Theol. Bed. III., p. 854 f.

ite resort of the Electoral family, in the vicinity of Torgau; being, however, at that time too deeply affected to say all he in his capacity as confessor felt constrained to say, he wrote, on the 25th day of May, to both princes, as only a father can write to his children. To the crown prince, afterwards Elector, John George IV., among other things, he wrote that he could testify before God, that he had earnestly desired and sought the salvation of his soul, though he sincerely wished he had done so with greater energy and wisdom, and that, in the discharge of this duty, he had never been neglectful; for he was well aware of his weakness and errors, which the pure eye of God could not but have everywhere detected in his labors, but hoped for pardon from the fatherly goodness of God and the kindness of the serene crown-prince. Then he exhorts him to constant and earnest prayer, beseeches him to exhibit, in all things, the fruit of the Word of God and its influence, and closes with the kindest instructions for the promotion of the prosperity of his future life and reign.

A similar humble request for the pardon of his errors and short-comings, he addressed to the second prince, Frederick August, afterwards Elector and King of Poland, at the same time exhorting him to be ever mindful of the holy omnipresence of God, and giving him the most earnest exhortations and directions for a truly godly life. In both letters, however, he commits the princes to the faithful care and love of their pious mother, who, he prayed, might long be preserved by the all-merciful Father, for the good of the Electoral

house, and meet with an abundant reward for the faithfulness displayed by her in their careful training.

Eight days after, on Whit-Monday, the 1st of June, 1691, SPENER preached his farewell sermon, in the Electoral chapel, with a sincerely affected heart, to a deeply affected audience. He preached on the gospel, John iii. 16-21, his theme being THE SUM OF THE WHOLE DOCTRINE OF SALVATION. In it he confessed, in reference to his removal to Berlin, that at the time of his being called from Frankfurt to Dresden, he had already had a presentiment that inasmuch as he was compelled to go one mile, he would be forced to go twain. (Matt. v. 41.)

On the day following he addressed a farewell letter to his most gracious sovereign which, for the satisfaction of the reader, we here subjoin :

“Divine grace, peace, salvation and life, with a rich measure of the Holy Spirit, through Jesus Christ, our most faithful Saviour:

“Most Serene Prince, Most Gracious Elector and Sovereign:—The time having arrived, that I, in accordance with my dismissal by your Electoral Highness to his Highness the Elector of Brandenburg, from whom I have received a call, and in obedience to what a concurrence of events indicates to me as the will of God, should, in the name of God, enter upon my departure. I feel constrained, before doing so, to take my humble leave of your Electoral Grace.

“First. I humbly thank you for all the favors of which I and mine have hitherto been the recipients, as well as for those which you have most graciously secured to us in the future, and pray that for all these

many favors the Lord of lords may abundantly reward you. As regards the private reasons that induced the determination to dismiss me, I have not to inquire into them, but leave them to the conscience of your Electoral Highness, and to whatever God may yet reveal in reference thereto; I yet, at the same time, assure your Electoral Highness in the presence of the omniscient and great God, before whose judgment-seat we must appear (and I know not when this may be the case with me), that during the whole course of my ministry (though I am not able to justify myself before His high judgment-seat, since He required much more earnestness and discretion than I have shown), I meant well for your Electoral Highness in all my sermons and other addresses, and have done all from the humblest love with the most honest intentions, and according to the promptings of my conscience in the sight of God, and without selfishness; nor taught I anything, at any time, before your Electoral Highness or the congregation, either in public or private, except what, according to my best understanding, was, in all points, in accordance with the Holy Scriptures and the symbolical books by which I am bound, of which I am prepared, at any time, to give account to God the King of truth, to your Electoral Highness, and to the Church at large.

“Though I herewith humbly lay down my office, I shall, nevertheless, hold myself, at all times, bound to pray for your Electoral Highness, at the throne of grace, as long as I live, that the great God and Lord of lords, who, in His pleasure, has appointed you to a high position and confided to you an important trust,

will, according to His holy will, not only continue to preserve you, prolong your health, lighten or altogether relieve you of the cares which have hitherto rested upon you, but will pour every needed blessing upon your august house, and prosper your reign in every possible respect.

“But, above all, may He impart to your soul a rich measure of His Holy Spirit, that, through Him you may truly learn to know how you appear in the sight of God; especially purify yourself of all that is displeasing to Him, so that you may daily lift up your face to your heavenly Father with joy, be washed with the blood of Jesus Christ, and be enabled to serve him during your whole life with a peaceful heart, and enter, at last, as one of the redeemed into glory. To meet you *there* is my most ardent wish, with which I seal my sincerest desires; and, finally, commending you to the protecting, preserving and controlling grace of God the Highest, I remain, prayerfully and devotedly,

“Your Electoral Highness’

“Most humble servant,

“PHILIPP JACOB SPENER.

“*Dresden, June 3d, 1691.*”

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DEPARTURE.

Go in peace.—2 Kings v. 19.

WEDNESDAY after Whitsuntide, on the 3d day of June, 1691, at early dawn, two traveling wagons, laden with luggage, were standing before the house of the court-chaplain, in Dresden. Early as it was, a large concourse of people, both high and low, old and young, had assembled in such numbers that the entire street seemed blocked up. All the windows of the neighboring houses were open and filled with human faces; whilst, directly opposite, at the Electoral palace, a woman, dressed in black, appeared for a few minutes at a closed window, casting a long and painful look across towards the parsonage, and then, hiding her eyes in her handkerchief, slowly retired.

“Was not that the Electress?” asked a voice from the crowd.

“It was!” replied another. “Alas, she sustains a loss even greater than we do!”

The assembled multitude was, otherwise, as quiet as it was earnest; many, very many eyes were filled with glistening tears, of which none seemed to be ashamed. Only now and then expressions of lamentation were heard. These came especially from a small group of four individuals, who, keeping close together, appeared mutually to comfort each other.

"Alas! why must it have come to this!" said a young man, in a tone of the deepest sorrow.

"With him departs the joy and comfort of my old age," added an aged citizen.

"Dear father," said a young woman, "God forbid! The words he addressed to us yesterday, for the last time, should not have failed to inspire you with consolation and courage sufficient to enable you to bear his departure with Christian fortitude, and to adore, though with a sorrowful, yet still with an humble heart, the wonderful ways of the Lord. And should not the grace of God enable us, by our love, to be the joy and solace of your old age!"

"You are right, Elizabeth," replied the father; "yet if you could comprehend and feel my sorrow at the departure of this man!"

"If I could?" repeated the young woman, mournfully shaking her head. "God will give strength to console us for that which we lose. Uncle," she said, turning to the fourth, a man advanced in life, "say something to comfort us."

But the personage addressed kept his hands crossed upon his back, and his eyes bent to the ground. After awhile he said, as if to himself, "The Lord needs laborers in His vineyard."

Not far from this group, nearer to the castle gate, stood two men, who, having just met, hastily saluted each other.

"Well, sir Master," exclaimed the one, pointing with a malicious sneer towards the traveling wagons opposite, "AT LAST!"

"Yes, indeed, *tandem aliquando*, my highly esteemed

cousin," replied the other. "But when will my time come? *Tempus plenum*, as it is written in Galatians, fourth?"

"Your time?" asked the other. "That will come too, AT LAST," he added, assuringly, with a distinguished air; and hastened through the crowd, as rapidly as an occasional detention would permit.

The crowd now became more noisy and restless. The door of the court-chaplain's dwelling opened. A woman in a traveling dress, and with tearful eyes, stepped out, carrying upon her arm a boy about three years old. She was followed by her other older children, whom she seated in the two wagons. After she had settled herself in the first wagon, a man came out of the house; a black skull-cap covered his head, and soft auburn hair fell in natural ringlets over his shoulders and back. When he beheld the large concourse of people, his large blue eyes filled with tears; he cast a long and lingering look towards the windows of the castle, opposite, whilst the spirit of silent prayer was hovering upon his lips. The multitude was as silent and earnest as he. At length, he entered the wagon, solemnly repeating, "Lord, thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth!"

And now the wagons wended their way through the George's gate, at a slow rate, on account of the people who followed, pressing on both sides, making loud demonstrations of sorrow. Near the bridge which crosses the Elbe, the throng increased, and the further the wagons passed along Meissner street towards White gate, the larger became the multitude of followers. When the travelers had passed beyond the

gate, where the street enters the open country, and the great concourse pressed continually closer around the wagon, our traveler commanded a halt and descended from his wagon. He was immediately surrounded by the sorrowing multitude, among whose immense numbers a silence reigned, so profound, so breathless, that the song of the lark overhead could be distinctly heard. Then he opened his lips, and said:

“Do not, I pray you, weep, and break my heart! One thing I ask of you, that you do not place too high a value on the loss you may sustain by my removal; for, though my God has imparted unto me some spiritual gifts, of which I dare not even esteem myself worthy, yet the measure of them is not so great as to justify you in your complaints. But I entreat the Lord of lords, who bids me go hence, that He will impart to His remaining servants so many gifts, and bless them so abundantly, that no soul which truly seeks Him, shall, in the least, be deprived of anything that may in any way tend to its encouragement and edification. And though you may be obliged to dispense with some of the exercises in which we have engaged, such as the *examina*, in regard to the continuation of which I am not able to give you any hope, you may still, easily, make up for the benefit hitherto derived therefrom, either by devoutly reading the Scriptures and other devotional books privately, or in company with other intimate Christian friends; engaging at the same time in Christian conversation and prayer, for your mutual edification. Believe me, I have abundantly experienced that such exercises are attended with incalculable benefit, and that wherever they are not engaged in, a

great deal of good is prevented from being accomplished. In short, my dear friends, our Saviour loves the souls, who endeavor to grow in His communion, far too heartily to permit them to want anything that may be calculated to promote it. The seeming want must only increase and intensify your desire so much the more; for the more fervent this desire becomes, the more closely the Lord approaches and unites Himself to you. Hence, wherever you meet with edifying exercises, do not despise them, but engage in them diligently and cheerfully. But if, on the other hand, you should be deprived of them, be satisfied, and endeavor to be contented with that which the Lord gives you always. This I wish, from the bottom of my heart, to all among you, who view my departure with regret; and it shall greatly contribute to my happiness to hear, hereafter, that the work of the Lord is increasing within you. And, if there should be some few among you who have been edified by my ministering, I shall thank God for giving me opportunity of having some fruit among you, after my departure. And now, may the Lord abide with us and be our friend and comforter. Those who are separated from each other on earth, the grace of God will again unite in heaven. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all! Amen."

As he here concluded, and the multitude continued standing in silent prayer around him, his eyes caught sight of a few who had made their way close up to him.

"My dear Petermann," he said to one among them, extending his hand, "you shall hear from me

from Berlin; and you, Mr. Guldenmeyer, and your daughter—O, you are here, too, Elizabeth, and you too, George—my love and my prayers shall continue with you. Endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Remember me in your prayers. God be with you.”

Hereupon he shook hands with them, cast one more regretful look upon the sorrowing crowd, one of faith and hope to heaven, and then re-entered the wagon, which now proceeded more rapidly on its way.

His route led him through Colditz, where he took leave of his son-in-law, the Superintendent Birnbaum, and through Leipzig, where he did the same of his other son-in-law, Professor Rechenberg.

Saturday, the 6th of June, he arrived in Berlin.

And what was the fate of those he left behind? It need but be mentioned that George and Elizabeth not only led a truly Christian life, as husband and wife, by mutually assisting each other in their preparation for heaven, but also, that they nursed their aged father with real child-like tenderness till the day of his death, which found him, at a very advanced age, well prepared to enter into the eternal mansions, with the comforting hope in the pardon of his sins, for the sake of his Redeemer.

John George III., was destined to resign his earthly crown much earlier, and only a few months after SPENER'S departure from Dresden. The fatigues of the camp, to which he was continually exposed, had completely destroyed his constitution. He did, indeed, seek repose at the springs of Töplitz, but in vain. New warlike events, in the western part of Germany,

forced him again to the field of battle. About the 30th of June he crossed the Rhine, with his faithful Saxons, was victorious in several small engagements, and pursued the flying enemy as far as Landau. On the 16th of August he took sick in camp, whence he caused himself to be removed to Tübingen, with the view of receiving more careful attendance. On the 25th of the same month he received the Holy Supper, at the hands of the Rev. Dr. Häberlein, and died on the 19th of September, of the same year, 1691, at the age of forty-four years and nearly three months. October the 22d his remains were removed to Freiburg, where they were deposited in the Electoral vault, in the Cathedral of that place.

The Electress retired, soon after the death of her serene consort, to her widow's estate at Lichtenburg, an Electoral domain, with a castle and beautiful garden, not far from Prettin, where Hedwig, also a Danish princess, and widow of the Elector Christian II., had lived in widowhood for thirty years (from 1611 to 1641). Here she carried on a regular correspondence with her former confessor, of whose consolation she stood constantly in need. Her eldest son, the Elector John George IV., died of small-pox on the 27th of April, 1694, at the age of twenty-five, and about two and a half years after his father's death. His wife, Eleanor Erdmuthé Louise, Princess of Sax-Eisenach, and late widow of the Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach, followed him five months later, on the 9th of September in the same year. The life of this Christian princess was one of severe trials, and SPENER's letters, as well as his frequent visits to Lichtenburg, where he

was accustomed to administer the Holy Supper to her, doubtless contributed much toward enabling her, amid these trials, one of the severest of which was the apostasy of her son to the Catholic church, to continue faithful to the end. She died on her estate, on the 1st of July, 1717, after having, twelve years before, experienced the pain of losing, by death, her esteemed and cherished confessor. A marble sarcophagus in one of the apartments of the vault, already mentioned, within the cathedral at Freiburg, encloses her mortal remains, near which also repose those of her pious sister, Wilhelmine Ernestine von der Pfalz.

George Green, a native of Holstein, at whose hands the Elector had received the Holy Communion, in consequence of his displeasure with SPENER, had been intended as his successor, but was destined never to enter upon that office. After SPENER's departure, death inflicted many wounds, frustrating this as well as many other plans. Green had to accompany the Elector in his expedition to the Rhine. But the great heat and heavy marches, to which he was continually exposed, so seriously affected his health, that he was removed from the camp to Heidelberg, for the purpose of receiving better attention. Here his call to the chief court-chaplaincy reached him; whereupon he made arrangements for being promoted, by the University at Tübingen, to the Doctorate of Divinity. But death promoted him to the citizenship of another world. He died in Heidelberg, on the 22d day of August, 1691, three weeks before the Elector, and was buried in the Evangelical Lutheran Church of that place. The court-chaplaincy was now conferred upon

Dr. Samuel Benedict Carpzov, Superintendent at Dresden, who died August 31st, 1707. The funeral sermons he preached were published by him, under the title of "*The Thriving Bones.*"

After the death of the Elector, John George III., the noble Herr von Langendorf, failing to rise to the distinction of becoming the favorite courtier of the new Elector, retired to his paternal estates; and as Master Nullenbrecher also did not succeed to office and honors elsewhere, his noble and high-born cousin at length conferred upon him the pastorate of his village, where he declaimed and contended with great zeal and world-renowned learning, for the *true faith* of his church, till, according to Second Corinthians, five, he was called from the land of faith to that of sight.

SPENER's famulus, Mr. Rothner, who out of love to his dear Doctor had declined the call to Altleben, received, shortly before SPENER's departure, his reward for his honest fidelity to the Lord; that is, if he in his sincere humility could have regarded it as such. He died the faithful pastor of a congregation, who had learned to know and love him as their best friend on earth.

And Petermann, the faithful schoolmaster of Lockwitz, to whom SPENER, in accordance with his promise, had addressed several letters from Berlin, out-lived, by many years, his esteemed Doctor SPENER; and if Lockwitz has kept his grave in well deserved remembrance, it may, doubtless, still be found in its churchyard, as will also that of the pious Gerber, who, at the instance of SPENER, had been called from Schönberg to Lockwitz, where he labored faithfully for a period of

fifty years, for the kingdom of God, and where he is doubtless held to this day in grateful remembrance.

The noble Baron, Vett Ludwig von Seckendorf, whom SPENER was wont to call "*the Christian statesman*," was chosen by the Elector, in the year 1692, as the chairman of a commission appointed to investigate the disputes in regard to Pietism, and died in the same year, immediately after these investigations, which resulted in the entire acquittal of the accused, had been concluded, having been appointed Chancellor of the newly established University of Halle.

The learned and celebrated Minister's son, the true and upright privy counselor, Samuel Pufendorf—for we must also not forget this noble Saxon—was raised by the Swedish king, Charles XI., to a baronetcy, and died, on the 26th of October, 1694, in Berlin, renowned alike for his learning and piety. Though one of the first and greatest natural philosophers of Germany, yet he failed at the commencement of his career, notwithstanding all his exertions, to obtain a position in his fatherland.

Dr. John Benedict Carpzov (for we must also not forget this the most pertinacious of all the opponents of SPENER and his labors), died Professor of Theology, and pastor of St. Thomas', at Leipzig, on the 20th day of March, and after he had only a week before preached a funeral sermon at the burial of the wife of a printer, whose name was Richter, on the theme of "*The False Prophets*," in which he took occasion to hurl his thunders especially against August Hermann Franke, though without naming him.

Yet Franke and his work continue to live, unfor-

gotten, in the hearts of all grateful and pious Christians. The *lasting* monument of his Christianity is the orphan house at Halle. Franke died on the 8th of July, 1727, a pastor of the suburb Glaucha, near Halle, where his institutions are established. Over one of the main entrances are inscribed these words :

“Stranger, what you behold, faith and love have accomplished. Honor the founder’s spirit, believing and loving like him.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE END.

“ Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”—Matt. xxv. 21.

THOUGH it does not form part of the task which we originally imposed upon ourselves, to relate any of the events connected with SPENER'S life in Berlin, a brief account of a few of its closing scenes may nevertheless not be unwelcome to the reader. And we give this account the more willingly, because the contemplation of the death of a pious man constitutes one of the ways and means by which God designs to conduct the living to their own blessed death.

As early as in the summer of 1704, this indefatigable laborer in the kingdom of God was subject to attacks of faintness, which were regarded by himself as a sure indication that the time of his departure was not far distant. He, therefore, on the 11th of June of the same year, sent for his colleagues of St. Nicolai—the ministers Blankenberg, Schindler, Cunow and Mau—expressing to them a desire to make confession of his faith, and impart to them whatever other instruction might be necessary for them to know subsequent to his death. After having audibly called upon God to bless his intention, he, first of all, expressed his gratitude to Him for having permitted him to be born of evangel-

ical and Christian parents, and reared by them, and that he had, in consequence, at so early an age, obtained a correct knowledge of evangelical truth, to which he had adhered to the end. Hereupon he confessed his faith, point by point, and said, among other things, "At first I did not believe in more prosperous times for the Church; for so my instructor, Dr. Dannhauer, had taught me. But two of my colleagues in Frankfurt, induced me to investigate the subject further, when I, it rejoices me to state, found the hope of brighter prospects for the Church well founded. In consequence of these prejudices, it happened, too, that I, at the commencement of my ministerial labors, delivered a very severe sermon on bewareing of false prophets. I confess, however, that I was too severe, and even unjust—for our Lord Jesus would be but a poor Saviour, if there were not more souls belonging to Him than those found in the visible evangelical church. I do, therefore, no longer regard that sermon as expressing my present views, and its being recently reprinted in Stockholm was in opposition to my will.

"The duties of my office," he continued, "I endeavored to discharge with fidelity—yet I must acknowledge before God that I neglected many things, which I trust my God may graciously pardon me. This refers more especially to my pastoral care for individual souls, which I consider the most important duty of the Christian ministry, but which, in Frankfurt, I discharged very imperfectly. In Dresden and here I was relieved of it—but whether or not this will meet with the Divine approbation, God will in mercy decide."

In regard to the manner in which he conducted his office, he gave the assurance that the result showed that much more could be accomplished by mildness than by severity. Then he referred to his successor, and requested his colleagues to submit to him in love, and exhorted them to mutual love and unanimity among themselves, and to avoid whatever might give offence. "If I have," he continued, "offended any one of you, I trust you will sincerely pardon me, for I cannot rely upon my own righteousness. Being accustomed from my youth up to lead a quiet life, it often happened that I was pointed out as an example. Yet this was, after all, nothing but Pharisaical righteousness. I have nothing—nothing on which I rely—save the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. For of all that has been accomplished by me, I ascribe nothing to myself. To me belongs nothing, saye what is wanting."

Hereupon he sincerely pardoned all his enemies and opponents, and wished from the bottom of his heart that they might be raised far, far, far above him in glory. "Ah, how heartily would I praise God," he then said, "if He would graciously visit me in this, my last sickness, a few moments before my end, with some sweet consolation."

He, however, recovered from this attack.

When later, God granted him this wish, a few days before his death, all who were about him had the conviction forced upon them that his last hour was fast drawing nigh.

On the 22d of January, of the following year, (1705,) he entered upon his 71st year. When the clock struck

five in the evening (the hour in which he was born,) his eyes suddenly overflowed with tears, and he thanked God with a loud voice for all the mercies He had vouchsafed to him from his birth, and earnestly besought Him for the forgiveness of all his sins. "My God," he added, "how little or almost nothing have I done for Thee! How have I failed to apply the greatest portion of my life to the promotion of Thy glory and honor!"

Four days after, his wife brought his dinner to him, but he refused it, saying, "that he was now too near eternity to eat and drink." Then he prayed, with visible emotion, for the King of Prussia, and asked that two hymns might be sung to him; one by Paul Speratus—

"Lord Jesus Christ, on Thee I call."

and that beautiful hymn by Schneising:

"Alone to Thee, Lord Jesus Christ."

His illness was not of such a nature as to keep him continually confined to his bed. Though unable any longer to attend to the duties of his office, he still continued to write many letters. Thus he had taken leave of the King of Prussia in a very affectionate letter, on the 25th day of January.

Before his last illness confined him to his bed, he was favored with a special token. He had seated himself at his writing desk, in order to apprise one dear friend of the death of another. But just as he was about to write down the word "dead," and had already formed the first letter, he was obliged, from sheer exhaustion, to lay down his pen and leave his chair. During this, his last illness, God manifested His goodness towards him

in not permitting him to suffer much or severe pain—for which reason he often smilingly asked his friends how they could regard him as being sick, since he was still able to eat, drink and sleep? “How kindly,” he would say, “God is dealing with me! God be praised that there is no one in the world toward whom I cherish feelings of enmity.”

“And have you, dear Philipp,” said his wife, “forgiven all your enemies? And do you wish that God may convert them?”

“Yes, dear wife,” he replied; “I wish it with all my heart.”

On the evening of the 4th of February he had the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel read to him three times in succession. This was his favorite portion of the Bible, though he could never determine within himself to preach on it. He declared that he did not understand it, and that the correct understanding of it transcended the measure of faith which the Lord had designed to impart to His people on their journey through life. Then he spoke much about Simeon's joy in death, as it is related in Luke ii. 25, though in a voice so feeble that he could scarcely be understood. Nevertheless, he still possessed sufficient strength not only to listen to the conversation of those who visited him, but also to pronounce a few words of blessing upon them. Soon after, he fell into a sound sleep which lasted till nearly morning.

On awakening he called for some nourishment, of which he also partook. Then he asked to be taken once more out of his bed, and placed on a chair. When he, however, desired to be carried back again,

he suddenly became stiff and helpless, closed his eyes in the arms of those who were lifting him, and thus yielded up his spirit without a struggle into the hands of his Father, on Sunday, the 12th of February, 1705, being the morning of the very day on which he had been called to preach the Word to his beloved congregation.

He had reached the age of 70 years, 12 days and 10 hours.

On the 15th of February his mortal remains were, in compliance with his request, clothed in white, placed in a light-colored coffin, and interred, not within the church, but in a spot in the church-yard of St. Nicolai, previously selected by himself, and his funeral sermon was preached three days after by his adjunct, Rev. Blankenberg, on Rom. viii. 10—a text also long since selected by himself.

His wife, who had been so faithful to him in life, soon followed him in death. She died on the 5th day of November, in the same year, at the age of nearly 62 years, 40 of which she had lived the faithful friend and companion of his heart, and the truly pious mother of their children. Her youngest son, Ernest Gottfried, born in Dresden, honored her memory in an elegy, entitled—

“TEARS SHED BY A CHILD AT THE GRAVE OF HIS MOTHER, BY E. G. SPENER.”

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