

at Seeg, as voluntary chaplain; with Sailer, was one of those who accompanied the good man on the first Sunday he went out with his wooden leg; then received a curacy at Wiggensbach, near Kempten, and began preaching Christ. "Flames of fire darted from his lips, and the hearts of the people burned like straw." He declared their sins, and when they cried, "What shall we do?" he gave them no answer; "repent?" no answer; "confess?" no answer; "good works?" no answer; until the question was driven deep into their souls, and then they knew how vain was any answer but one—*Christ*.

Moreover, he had a terse, original way of putting things, and a power of homely—some may think too homely—illustration. One or two examples may be given at hazard: "They are dearer to God that seek something from Him than they that seek to bring something to Him." "He that says he is pious is certainly not." "The most read their Bibles like cows that stand in the thick grass, and trample the finest flowers and herbs." "People think it a weakness to forgive an insult. Then God would be the weakest in heaven and on earth, for no one in heaven or on earth forgives as much as He." "Death strips us of this world's glory, as a boot-jack draws off your boots. Another wears my boots when I am dead, and another wears my glory. It is of little value." "The most learned declare that they know nothing, and the most learned that they have nothing; therefore the profoundest learning is in knowing nothing, and the profoundest sanctity is in having nothing." "A gentleman passed through to-day, and the people said, 'He wore the cross of St. Theresa; he must be some great man.' A cross was once a disgrace. Now, the larger the cross, the greater the man."

A preacher of this stamp would make himself be heard anywhere; and it is little wonder that great excitement gathered about that little country chapel in Bavaria. Many found their Saviour when he preached; persons came long journeys to hear so strange and precious a doctrine; and the chapel was thronged with men and women who had gone about anxious, heavy laden, and hopeless for years. Feneberg heard of it, longed for more than he had yet found, and wrote that he was like Zaccheus, waiting till Christ should pass by. "Then wait quietly in the tree," Boos wrote back; "Christ will soon enter thy house and thy heart." This was in the autumn of 1796, when Feneberg was bitterly crying for light. In December, Sailer came to him on a visit, much disturbed by the news from Kempten. "Let us send for Boos, and hear it from himself," he said. Boos came and brought with him some of the awakened to speak of their own experience.

According to one of Feneberg's poems, his vicarage was—

"Lean and ugly, all decaying;
And a haunt of loneliness."

But it received the guests genially, and a more singular Christmas party has seldom met. There was the vicar himself, with his two curates, Bayr and Siller; Sailer, Boos, and the converts—five Romish ecclesiastics met to hear about an evangelical revival begun by the evangelical preaching of one of their number. A peasant girl from Boos's parish whispered him, almost as soon as she saw his old professor, "That man has much that is childlike, and a good heart, but he is a Scribe and a Pharisee, and must be born again of the Spirit." Boos was startled, and assured her she must be mistaken. But before the evening was over she said openly before them all, "Sir, you have the baptism of John, but not the baptism of the Spirit and of fire; you have drunk out of the river of grace, but not yet plunged into the sea. You are like Cornelius, and have done and suffered much for the truth, but you have not yet received Christ." There was an awkward pause; no one knew well what to say. But, finding Sailer silent, Boos himself urged the truth with great earnestness. Sailer, still silent and much disconcerted, withdrew. He had left the next morning before the house was astir, but one of the peasants said he had met him, and had repeated out of John *He came unto His own, and His own received Him not, but as many as received Him,*