

PHILIP SCHAFF.

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It is too soon yet to be quite credible that we shall never see Schaff again at the library table, or knock at the door of his little room adjoining the library, and see the flushed face lift itself from the paper, and the sense of the visitor and of this present world gradually come into it. For he never worked, like some men, with half his mind. Work was his element. He loved it for its ends, but also for itself. He lost himself in it. He had the German habits and methods of study—the regularity, the persistence, the scrupulousness, the deliberation—and he knew how to keep many irons in the fire at once, and to keep them all hot; how to cut out work for others, and to keep them going while he was busy on his own particular line. At the close of a list of his works, published during the present year, and containing eighty-five titles—one of which covers twenty-five volumes, another fourteen, another seven, others three and four—one reads: “Dr. Schaff hopes to write one more volume of his ‘Church History,’ and to publish his lectures on ‘Christianity—Symbolic and Irenic.’”

It was my privilege to spend a fortnight in his company, last June, at Lake Mohonk, which for several years had been one of his favorite resorts. How rich and varied was his talk on great Christian themes, as we rambled through those lovely woods, or rested in the summer-houses with their grand outlooks! How vivid and racy his reminiscences of the companions and masters of his early studies in Germany! His love of work asserted itself in the face of all cautions and remonstrances. He had just received the first imported copy of Von Gebhardt's “Gospel and Apocalypse of Peter,” with photographic reproductions of the original. No child was ever more delighted with a new gun or drum. He displayed the volume and talked about it to some

people, at least, who probably knew no more about the Gospel of Peter than about the *ichthyosaurus*; but it was his way to try and interest his companion, whoever he might be, in his literary pleasures; and the old guests would have listened if the Doctor had discoursed on Egyptian hieroglyphics. He gave a little talk about the document in the parlour one evening.

He had an extraordinary memory. It could never be said of him, as it was about one of his former colleagues, that he had forgotten more than most men knew, for he never seemed to have forgotten anything, whether it were a date, a name somewhere back in the second or third century, or an incident of an interview with Tholuck or with Abraham Lincoln. His memory was richly stored with hymns, Latin, German, and English. He would repeat long passages of the *Odyssey*, or the *Divina Commedia*, or *Faust*. He was a student of Dante, and less than two years ago published an elaborate essay on Dante and the *Divina Commedia*. He had a wonderful acquaintance with the literature of any subject that he treated. He seemed to have some special organs of vision on every side, which kept him constantly aware of the new sails on the critical and literary horizon. The gong is sounding for lecture. He comes down the hall from the library. “Good-morning! Oh, have you seen that new book of Carl Clemen on the *Chronology of the Pauline Epistles*? Rather trashy, isn't it? He doesn't throw much light on the sources of the Acts. Speaking of Acts, that's a very strong book of Ramsay's.” The gong has stopped; the students are crowding in. The Doctor begins to move toward the lecture-room. “Did you know that the first part of Godet's ‘Introduction’ is out at last? A great thing for a man in his eightieth year! Ah, I saw him in Neuchâtel a year ago”—and then