

said?" the friend inquired. "As I was coming out of the church, he said to me, 'Brother Marks, you have preached well to-day,' and satan had just told me the same." He never seemed elated by success. Indeed, his greatest seasons of humiliation generally followed his most successful efforts.

In his preaching, he was remarkably affectionate and pathetic. After portraying the dreadful condition of the impenitent, his own feelings would often become almost uncontrollable, tears would trickle down his face, and frequently he would kneel in the midst of his sermon, and pour out in prayer the gushing desires of his heart for the salvation of his hearers. The effect produced was often like an electric shock. At other times, while urging his appeals to the consciences of sinners, he would descend from the desk, as though he thought if he were nearer the people, the truths he was urging would find more access to their hearts.

Notwithstanding tenderness was a prominent characteristic of his preaching and of his intercourse with society; yet he was bold and fearless in his reproofs of sin, and when he thought the occasion demanded, he was very severe. About two years previous to his death, he said to his companion, on returning from Pittsfield, (a town adjacent to Oberlin,) "To-day, for the first time in my life, I told a man he lied." She replied, "You were not so abrupt as to use that language?" "Yes, I said in so many words, 'You lie.' I said it, because he did lie, and faithfulness to his soul made it my duty to tell him so. I was at the house of brother J——s. A man was present who went on for some time with a tirade of falsehoods about Oberlin. At length, he said that amalgamation with the colored people prevailed very extensively. I then asked him if he knew his statement to be true. He said, 'Yes, I have often been in Oberlin, and there is hardly a child to be seen in the street that is not as red as a copper cent.' I fixed my eye upon him for a moment, and then, in a perfectly calm and kind manner, said to him, Sir, you lie, and you *know* you do. I live in Oberlin, and there has never been a case of marriage there between the white and colored people. The man seemed thunder-struck. I supposed that he was an infidel, or some one who had no regard for his reputation as a man of truth, but, to my surprise, I afterwards learned that he was a professor of religion."

In the domestic virtues, Mr. Marks eminently excelled. He was emphatically, "The light and the joy of his house." As a son, he was a pattern of filial piety. No mother was ever more tenderly beloved by a child than was the mother of Mr. Marks. Though she had long lain in the grave, yet his love for her was "fresh and fragrant to the last." She was indeed worthy of his affection, and though she lived in obscurity, she was one of that noble band of