

WORK AND WAIT.

A husbandman who many years  
Had ploughed his field, and sown in tears  
Grow weary with his doubts and fears.

"I toil in vain! These rocks and sands  
Will yield no harvest to my hand;  
The best seeds rot in burr hands.

"My drooping vines is withering;  
No promised grapes its blosoms bring.  
No buds among the branches e'er

"My flock is dying on the plain.  
The heavens are brass—they yield no rain.  
The earth is iron—I toil in vain.

While yet he spoke a breath had stirred  
His drooping vine, like wind of bird,  
And from its leaves a voice was heard:

"The forms and fruits of life must be  
Forever hid in mystery,  
Yet none can toil in vain for me.

"A mightier hand, more skilled than thine,  
Must hang the clusters on the vine,  
And make the fields with harvest shine.

"Man can but work; God can create;  
But they who work, and watch, and wait,  
Have their reward, though it come late.

"Look up to heaven; behold and hear  
The clouds and windings in thy ear—  
An answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car  
With trailing smoke and flames afar,  
Was rushing from a distant star,

And every thirsty flock and plain  
Was rising up to meet the rain  
That came to clothe the fields with grain.

"And on the clouds he saw again  
The covenant of God with men,  
Re-written with His rainbow pen.

"Seed time and harvest shall not fail,  
And though the gates of hell assail  
My truth and promise shall prevail."

DOMESTIC LIFE.

Domestic life is the school of patience. Its duties, its difficulties, and its delights, too, are constantly recurring. Only the work of to-day can be done to-day. There is a sameness, also, in the mere external form, an ever-recurring model which must digest, or make one a mere mechanical drudge, unless the heart is put into the work and the little, common, trivial acts are made the embodiment of noble ends. Step by step, stitch by stitch, stroke by stroke, the work goes on. One round of duty is completed only to commence another. Every day is a lesson and practical exercise in patience. It is a good lesson, and we need to learn and practice it. It helps us to do another work which is absolutely necessary to the perfection of human character and the happiness of home, and that is the surrender of self. When two persons unite in the marriage relation they become one by mutual concessions. They mutually approach each other. There is much to give up as well as to give on both sides. There are many sharp corners to be rounded off, many rough surfaces to be made smooth, and many crooked ways to be made straight, and irregularities to be adjusted. Some of these are in the very grain of the constitution; some of them have been confirmed and hardened into habit, and it is difficult to make any impression upon them. Neither must seek to make self the standard, and to exact all the surrender and conformity from the other. Neither must seek to become the other, but something better than either. When two substances unite, chemically, the result is a substance different from either of its components. So it should be in marriage. The result should be favorable to husband and wife. Each one should be freer, nobler, stronger, purer, and wiser—should attain a higher excellence than either could attain alone. This will always be the result when the rule of action is mutual surrender, accommodation and help. Each should enquire, What can I yield? In what respect and how far can I reform?

Every day will bring occasions to put our principles to the test. There are diversities of taste, of feeling, of judgement, of principle. Happy are those who can yield their own preferences so cheerfully that the diversities of character are softened and shaded off into harmonious varieties, and not hardened into irritating and hostile opposition.

A great part of the sum of domestic misery is caused by this want of mutual accommodation, in apparently trivial things. It is as though the builder had left here and there in the floor, partitions and passages, the sharp points of nails to pierce the feet and rend the garments; or as though a thousand rough surfaces and sharp corners were fretting the inmates, and loose, ill-fitting joints annoying them. If we could see the spiritual house as we see the natural, we should discover all these defects in the very walls. We would see the marks of scars of painful collisions; the want of proportion and harmony in the various apartments. I repeat, then, if we desire to have the work in our spiritual building to go on harmoniously to a successful and noble issue, we must seek harmony in little things. Our intercourse must be courteous and respectful. We must be filled with that worthy fear which is the offspring of love—not fear of each other, but fear for each other; fear of ourselves that we may be wanting in some atten-

tion or respect; fear that we may do less for each other and exact more from each other than we ought. In a word we must seek the good of each other and of all in the house, and around that end as a center the life of each and all should revolve in freedom.—Rev. G. Giles, in New Jerusalem Messenger.

INTERVIEW WITH DOLLINGER.

BY REV. PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D.

A few weeks ago, while on a visit to the beautiful city of Munich, I felt a natural curiosity to see the distinguished divinity, who, after standing for nearly half a century in the front rank of the champions of Roman Catholicism, has become the leader of an anti-papal movement, which promises to result in a new reformation, and looks at the same time towards an ultimate reunion with the Oriental, and possibly with Evangelical, Protestant church.

I met Dr. Dollinger in his own house and study at Munich, and spent about an hour with him in conversation on the Old Catholic movement. He received me very cordially, professed to know me well from the German editions of my historical works, gave me all his pamphlets relating to his recent controversy with Rome, and offered to forward others as they may appear hereafter, and talked frankly yet modestly about the serious work in which he is now engaged with his colleagues, Prof. Friedrich (who lives in the same house with him), Prof. Huber and others.

He said in substance: Their principal object at present was to protest against the modern *goitre* (as he called it) of excessive property, which had grown on the neck of Catholicism, and which threatened to destroy its life. The late Vatican Council was not free, but unduly controlled by the Court of Rome it was dissented from in its dogmatic decrees by a large number of bishops, which therefore could not be accented, which required a unanimous vote on articles of faith, and the general consent of the Catholic world. The dogma of papal infallibility was not only false, but immoral, in that it destroyed all personal responsibility. The Jesuitical and Ultra-monachic party, which ruled the Council, had overreached itself, and administered a fatal blow to popery. It was impossible to stop the opposition movement, nor could any body predict where it may end. It is in the hands of Providence, which shapes and directs the course of history. He hoped it would lead to a reformation of a number of abuses and superstitions, and bring about a better understanding between the different Churches of Christendom. He spoke of a large number of sympathisers in Germany, Austria, Hungary and Switzerland, but expected no aid at present from France. (Yet Pere Haycinth has taken an active part in the recent demonstration at Munich.) He admitted the danger which threatened from the negative sympathies of the semi-rationalistic crowd of merely nominal Catholics, but hoped that serious minds would keep the control of the movement, and mature for the great meeting at Munich such a programme as would satisfy the desire for a moderate and positive reformation on a sound historical and religious basis. He was then engaged in recasting this programme, which has recently been adopted by the great conference at Munich, and is already known to our readers. I told him that American Protestants felt a deep interest in this movement, and that many prayers were sent up for its success. He said that he received many visitors from England, and had been "interviewed" by American newspaper correspondents. In parting, he asked me to give to my countrymen a correct account of this movement. When I told him that his friends seemed to us to rely too much on the aid of the State, he said that as long as Church and State were united, they would have to insist upon their rights; but they looked forward to a separation.

Dr. Dollinger is over seventy years of age, but looks hale, and speaks with clearness and precision. His profound learning is universally conceded. Since the death of his colleague and friend, Dr. Mohler, Germany has had no abler and stronger champion of the Roman Catholic Church. I was much pleased with his temper and spirit. He betrayed no bitterness toward the Pope and the Archbishop who excommunicated him. He spoke mildly of his former friend, Dr. Hefele, Bishop of Rottenburg, who stultified himself by giving his submission to the papal infallibility dogma, after refuting it in his learned History of Councils, and voting and writing against it during the Vatican Council. He apologized for remarking that special pressure had been brought to bear against him by the King of Wurtemberg and the Minister of Public Worship, but he could not believe that he had really changed his opinion.

Let the simple soul extend unimpeded in fiery energy. The immortal heart should be the leader, but let all your eyes look upward.

A SABBATH IN DUBLIN.

We make the following interesting and instructive extracts from a letter of a New York pastor to the *Christian Intelligencer*:

DR. JOHN HALL'S OLD CHURCH.

Seven years ago I spent a Sabbath in Dublin, and was in Rutland Square church, and listened with great pleasure to a sermon from the junior pastor. Little did I think that in two years from that time the preacher to whom I listened, and the hospitalities of whose house and table I then enjoyed, would be my nearest neighbor, and one of my dearest ministerial friends in New York. It was Dr. John Hall. And now on my third Sabbath in Dublin, I went again to Rutland Square. I found the venerable senior pastor, Dr. Kirkpatrick, still at his post, engaged with his Bible Class, looking as if the seven years which had passed since we met last had not been as many months. He gave me a cordial welcome, and had much to ask about our American churches, expressing the greatest and most fraternal interest in our country and her welfare. In his prayer at the morning service, after remembering Queen Victoria and the Parliament, he prayed most fervently for the President of the United States, and that the friendly relations of the two great nations, with a common industry, a common language, and a common faith, might be perpetual. The sermon was by the junior pastor, Rev. Mr. McKee, and was a simple, earnest, and evangelical discourse—very much in the style of his predecessor, though scarcely equal to his general pulpit efforts.

REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.

In the evening I had the pleasure of listening to Rev. William Arnot, of the Free High Church of Edinburgh, and one of the best preachers in Scotland, who was on a visit to Dublin. Arnot is a man of massive frame and imposing presence, powerful rather than graceful in his manner, rich in earnest, evangelical matter, full of beautiful and poetic illustration, and, on the whole, is the most interesting preacher whom I have heard in Scotland. His text was: "Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men. He divided his discourse into five parts: 1. The epistle, Christians; 2. What was written on it, Christ; 3. The Author of the writing, the Holy Ghost; 4. The instrument used in writing, the ministry; 5. The readers, all men. Like most of the Scotch preachers, the sermon was textual and expository, but abounding in striking illustrations and flashes of brilliancy, with now and then a touch of genuine pathos, and a tender appeal that was quite effective. Under his first head, the Epistle, he referred to the different material which had been used in different ages for writing upon, from the papyrus of ancient Egypt to the beautiful paper of the present day, and said that all such material needed special preparation before it was fit for use, and that our writing-paper, pure and white and smooth as it is, was made of the coarsest and most heterogeneous, and often filthy materials, and needed "sore grinding" before it came out of the mill ready for the pen of the writer; and, said he, "it makes no difference whether it be the filthy rags of a beggar or the fine linen of the rich man, all must go alike into the mill, and share the same grinding process; and the beggar's rags are not too filthy and the rich man's linen is not too fine for the paper-maker's work—both must go through the same operation of grinding and cleansing before they can come forth good paper, white and clean."

Under his last head—the readers—he said, that as they were "all men," it was very important that the writing should be plain, that Christ should be so plainly written on the Christian's character and conduct that he that runs may read. There are some professing Christians in whom the writing is so faint that it would take a very clever reader to make it out! "Let Christ," he said, "be written upon you, my brethren, in raised letters, so that the poor blind worldling may read the meaning of the epistle."

I had a delightful interview with Mr. Arnot, a few days afterward, in his own home at Edinburgh. He lives in a pretty cottage at Mornington, near the former home of the lamented Chalmers. He loves America, and has two sons in Boston, in mercantile life.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN CHURCHES.

The great difference between our church accommodations at home and those of our brethren here strikes an American very forcibly. The churches here are very plain and very uncomfortable. The pews are narrow, straight-backed, often without cushions, and the whole interior is plain, bare, and almost mean. There are no such accommodations in the way of pleasant and inviting lecture and Sunday School rooms, as with us. The Sunday School room, for instance, of the Rutland Square church, in Dublin, is a mere cellar, underground, with a stone floor, and walls dark, damp, and repulsive. We could not gather a school in such a place in our country. The contrast between this and that on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Nine-

teenth Street must appear very great to my brother Hall. There is not a Presbyterian church in Great Britain, so far as I have seen, that will compare in beauty and convenience with the old South Dutch!

DEVOUT WORSHIP.

But though the churches are plain, the worship is devout and earnest, solemnity and decorum characterize every congregation. The Word of God is honored and magnified by preachers and people. A portion from both Testaments is read, and every person has the Bible and follows the reader. This is a most laudable habit, and one which our congregations would do well to imitate. There are some pews in our churches at home where you may look in vain even for a single copy of the Word of God. The singing is not done by four people, but by the whole people. As I listened to that sweet psalm in the Rutland Square church: "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want," sung by the entire congregation, to the good old tune of "Martyrdom," I felt that this was indeed obeying the injunction, which we habitually disregard: "Let the people praise thee, O God! yea, let all the people praise thee!"

THE MAN WHO SPOKE FIFTY-SIX LANGUAGES.

The *American Educational Monthly* for August contains a very readable sketch of the most remarkable linguist that ever lived. Guiseppe Gaspario Mezzofanti, the prodigy who spoke fifty-six languages, was the son of a poor carpenter of Bologna, where he was born in 1774. He died in Rome in 1840. His father designed him for the paternal calling. His work-bench happened to be under the window where Father Respighi was instructing some private pupils in Greek and Latin, young Mezzofanti picked up the words by ear and surprised his unconscious teacher when, one day, without knowing the Greek alphabet or ever having seen a Greek book, he repeated and accurately explained a great number of the words which had fallen on his ears while at work. This anecdote is paralleled by one told by Coleridge in his table-talk, where a servant, employed by an English clergyman, who was in the habit of reading aloud his Hebrew Bible in his study, actually repeated, during intervals of delirium, whole chapters of the old Testament in the original text. She, like Mezzofanti, had no knowledge of the alphabet, grammar, or dictionary, but the memory, which had casually caught the words and their connection, tenaciously held them.

This gifted young man desired to leave his trade and enter the church.—The kind-hearted old oratorian assisted him. He picked up languages with wonderful facility. His memory retained every word his ear had once heard. It was not the words but the connection—in idioms he was peculiarly strong—and the intonation. He learned in college Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic. His first lessons in German were derived from a Bolognese ecclesiastic, the Abbate Thiuli. He picked up French from an old priest of Blois, Swedish from a Swedish physician who had settled at Bologna, and Coptic from a learned clergyman, the Canonico Mingarelli. In 1797 he obtained priest's orders, and shortly afterwards he was appointed professor of Arabic in the University of Bologna. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new "Cisalpine Republic," and in consequence lost his position. In 1804 he was restored, and in 1808 again deprived, owing to his fidelity to Pius VII. In 1812 he obtained the position of assistant librarian of his native city, and two years afterwards he was made chief librarian. Napoleon endeavored to lure him to Paris, Murat to Naples, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany to Florence, the Emperor Francis to Vienna, and even his Holiness Pius VII. to Rome, but in vain. He remained at Bologna until 1832, when Gregory XVI., an intimate friend of his, after, as he laughingly put it, "a regular siege," finally succeeded in installing him as Prebend of St. John Lateran's Church. He was subsequently the successor of the celebrated Mai as librarian of the Vatican, and in 1840 he and his predecessor were elevated to the cardinalate.

It was during the eighteen years which elapsed between Mezzofanti's elevation to the chief librarianship and his removal to Rome that he extended and perfected his knowledge of the language. He was "foreigners' confessor" at Bologna, a position usually intrusted to a large staff in Roman Catholic cities. He visited the hospitals assiduously, and never failed to improve an opportunity at picking up a new language or perfecting his knowledge of one with which he was already familiar. It was not that he had simply a knowledge of the languages, but he spoke them with fluency, pronounced them correctly, and wrote them idiomatically. The porters and runners at Bologna always mentioned Mezzofanti as one of the wonders of the town, and no literary foreigner visited the city during his residence there who did not call upon

him. They were all impressed with his proficiency. Lord Byron, Herr Jacobs, Guido Gowes, Dr. Baines, (in Miss Mitford's Recollections), and M. Manart, all bear witness to the powers of this gifted priest, who, if he had lived at Babel, would, as one of them has quaintly remarked, have been able to have acted as general interpreter. Dr. Baines says: "The last time I was in Rome we went together to the Propaganda and heard speeches delivered in thirty-five or thirty-six different languages by converts of various nations. Amongst them were natives of no less than three tribes of Tartars, each talking his own dialect. They did not understand each other, but the Cardinal understood them all, and could tell with critical nicety the points in which each jargon differed from the others." He mastered Chinese late in life, and yet he was able not only to converse with the Chinese students in the Propaganda, but to preach to them and deliver a set of homilies in their own tongue. Herr Gowes says that he spoke eight languages in his presence of an evening, and changed from one to the other with the greatest facility and without confounding the words or pronunciation of one language with those of another. He sent this same traveler the name of God written with his own hand in 56 languages, of which 80 were European, not counting their subdivisions into dialects; 17 Asiatic without counting dialects; 5 African, and 4 American. Mezzofanti's life was simple and childlike, and devoid of all pretension.

A TRIFLING INCIDENT AND ITS MAGNIFICENT RESULT.

It was a cold winterday about seventy years ago when a devout Welsh minister asked a little girl of his parish to repeat the text of the preceding Sabbath. She could not do so, and blushing pointed to the deep and drifted snow as an excuse for her inability.

Naturally anxious to understand the relation between the snow and the text, the good man asked her to explain. It soon appeared that the Bible out of which she was wont to learn the text was owned by a distant neighbour whom the unusually deep snow had prevented her from visiting. Having no Bible at her own home, she was thus dependent on friends living at a distance for the privilege of reading the word of God. This trifling incident started an inquiry in the minister's mind, which has had wondrous results. He soon found that a large number of his people were without the scriptures and unable to buy. With energy combined with piety, he set out for London, and appealed to the directors of the Religious Tract Society for some kind of organization to supply his poor countrymen with the Bible. His appeal was not in vain. Whilst the thoughtless multitudes were jostling in the streets, and the din of London life deafening the ear, a few noble men retired to an obscure counting room of the city, to devise measures for the formation of a society which should give the Bible to Wales. Their plan was nearly matured, when the mind of one there flashed a thought—a thought as truly inspired as any in the canon; it was heaven-born, and simply sought human lips to give it expression. Up rose one of the small company; a glow was on his face and a magnificent faith was in his heart. "If a Bible Society for Wales" he said, "Why not a Bible society for the world?" Noble words were these. They fell on the few auditors like a voice from God—like a trumpet blast from the sky.

The British and Foreign Bible Society had its beginning at that moment. The lips which spoke it into life have been dead for many years, but who save the Almighty can measure the work they have wrought?

The society, of which this was the origin, held its sixty-eighth anniversary in London on the 1st of May. It has agencies in all the principal countries in Europe, and a single glance at the figures for the past year is sufficient to indicate the amazing greatness of its work. During the year 1871-2 it has circulated in France 250,000 copies of the scriptures; in Germany 490,000; in Austria 126,000; in Russia 145; in Egypt, Syria, and Palestine 20,000; in China 59,000, besides smaller numbers in other parts of the world. Among German families bereaved in the late Franco-Prussian war, no less than 224,000 copies of the scriptures were distributed in eleven months, and the general good results of the society's work in Germany have been such, that the German Christians design organizing a society which shall supply the home demand without any further call on England. In Italy a Bible Society has been launched under the very shadow of the Vatican. Of what a noble family is this Italian and Foreign Bible Society already the mother. To the work for God which she is still destined to do, it seems impossible to draw any bounds. The receipts and expenditure for the past year, from ordinary sources, were greater than ever before, the former being £184,196. 12s. 2d., and the latter about a thousand pounds less.—*Christian Herald*