

SELECTIONS.

NEANDER.—The brightest star has disappeared from the horizon of German theology. Neander died on the 14th of July. The following particulars, from the correspondence of the *Boston Traveller*, will interest our theological readers:—August Neander was born in Gottingen, of Jewish parentage, in 1788, studied at the Gymnasium at Hamburg, and at the age of seventeen was converted to Christianity, and baptized. After his conversion he went to Halle to study theology under Schleiermacher. Having completed his studies, he was first appointed, 1811, private professor at the newly founded University in Berlin. He was never married, but lived with his maiden sister. Often have I seen the two walking arm-in-arm upon the streets and in the parks of the city. Neander's habit of abstraction and short-sightedness rendered it necessary for him to have some one to guide the way whenever he left his study for a walk or to go to his lecture-room. Generally a student walked with him to the University, and just before it was time for his lecture to close, his sister could be seen walking up and down on the opposite side of the street, waiting to accompany him home. Many anecdotes are related of him illustrative of his absence of mind, such as his appearing in the lecture-room half-dressed: if left alone, always going to his old residence, after he had removed to another part of the city; walking in the gutter, &c. In the lecture-room his manner was in the highest degree peculiar. He put his left arm over the desk, clasping the book in his hand, and, after bringing his face close to the corner of his desk, effectually concealing it by holding his notes close to his nose. In one hand was always a quill, which, during the lecture, he kept constantly twirling about and crushing. He pushed the desk forward upon two legs, swinging it to and fro, and, every few minutes, would plunge forward spasmodically, throwing one foot back in a way leading you to expect that he would the next moment precipitate himself headlong down upon the desks of the students. Twirling his pen, occasionally spitting, jerking his foot backward—all, taken with his dress, gave him a most eccentric appearance in the lecture-room. Meeting him upon the street with his sister, you never would have suspected that such a strange-looking being could be Neander. His charity was unbounded. Poor students were not only presented with tickets to his lectures, but were also often provided by him with money and clothing. Not a farthing of the money received for his lectures ever went to supply his own wants; it was all given away for benevolent purposes. The income from his writings was bestowed upon Missionary, Bible, and other Societies, and upon Hospitals. Thoughts of himself never seemed to have intruded upon his mind. He would sometimes give away to a poor student all the money he had about him at the moment the request was made to him, even his new coat, retaining the old one for himself. You have known this great man in your country more on account of his learning, from his books, than in any other way; but here, where he has lived, one finds that his private character, his piety, his charity, have distinguished him above all others. It would be difficult to decide whether the influence of his example has not been as great as that of his writings upon the thousands of those young men who have been his pupils. Protestants, Catholics, nearly all the leading preachers throughout Germany, have attended his lectures, and all have been more or less guided by him. While Philosophy has been for years attempting to usurp the place of Religion, Neander has been the chief instrument in combating it, and in keeping the pure faith constantly before the students. Strauss's celebrated "Life of Jesus" created almost a revolution in the theological world. At the time of its appearance the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs consulted Neander's opinion as to the propriety of prohibiting its sale in Prussia. Neander, who at that time was read-

ing lectures upon the Life of Christ, replied, that, as his opinions were in direct opposition to those of Strauss, he would write a book in which he would endeavour to confute the dangerous positions taken by that author. He could not advise the prohibition of the work; it had already taken its place in the scientific world, and could only be put down by argument. "Our Saviour," said he, "needs not the assistance of man to maintain His Church upon earth." Neander's principal lectures were upon Church History, Dogmatics Patristic, and the Books of the New Testament. His lecture-room was always well filled, and one could see from his earnest manner that his whole soul was engaged in the work, that it was to him a labour of love. Neander's writings have been translated, and are well known in America. The principal among them are, "Julian and his Times," 1812; "St. Bernard and his Times," 1813; "The Development of the Gnostic System," 1813; "St. Chrysostom," 1822; "History of the Christian Church," which has reached its tenth volume; "The Anti-Gnostics," 1826; "Planting of the Church by the Apostles," 1832; "Life of Jesus," in reply to Strauss, 1837. He was better acquainted with Church History and the writings of the Fathers than any other of his time. It has been the custom, upon the recurrence of his birthday, for the students to present to him a rare edition of one of the Fathers; and thus he has come to have one of the most complete sets of their writings to be found in any library. Turning from his great literary attainments, from all consideration suggested by his profound learning, it is pleasant to contemplate the pure Christian character of the man. Although born a Jew, his whole life seemed to be a sermon upon the text,—“That disciple, whom Jesus loved, said unto Peter, *It is the Lord!*” Neander's life resembles more “that disciple” than any other. He was the loving John, the new Church father of our times. His sickness was only of a few days' duration. On Monday he held his lecture as usual. The next day he was seized with a species of cholera. A day or two of pain was followed by a lucid interval, when the physicians were encouraged to hope for his recovery. During this interval he dictated a page in his "Church History," and then said to his sister,—“I am weary; let us go home.” He had no time to die. He needed no further preparation; his whole life had been the best preparation, and up to the last moment we see him active in his Master's service. The disease returned with redoubled force; a day or two more of suffering, and on Sunday, less than a week from the day of attack, he was dead.

THE OLD GELIC PASTOR IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Rev. Alexander Denoon, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Caledonia, Livingston county, New York, departed this life at that place on the 16th June last after a long and useful ministry, and in a good old age. He was a Scotchman by birth; a native of Campbellton in Argyleshire. He emigrated to this country in 1805, and came immediately to Caledonia at the request of some of his countrymen, who had preceded him to that place: they having known something of his talents at home, were anxious to secure his services as their minister. His license to preach, however, it is believed, did not take place until the year following, in 1806. Two years after, (August 18, 1806) the regular forms having been attended to, he was ordained, and installed pastor of the church which had been established in Caledonia, and in which he continued to exercise his ministry until the time of his death, for forty-two years. At the congregation, over which Mr. Denoon was installed pastor, was composed of Highlanders from Scotland, very few of whom spoke the English language, he usually for a long time preached in Gaelic. Gradually, however, as the youth began to grow up, and as the people became more perfect in the English, he preached more and more in that language, until during the last years of his ministry he omitted the Gaelic almost entirely. For several

summers he preached in Gaelic about once a month in the "Old Church," as it is called. In the winter time this house was too cold to hold meetings there. Also, when he administered the Lord's Supper, he always served one of the tables in Gaelic. At these communion seasons it was heart-touching to see the old people, and some of them very old, gather around near their aged pastor. Those who have witnessed this scene often speak of the impression made by it upon their minds. In very few places is there to be found so much of the simplicity of godliness, or so much heavenly-mindedness, as in the Scotch settlement at Caledonia among the old people. Now to see these old people, far from their native mountains, their active labours over, their heads silvered with age, and waiting the time of their departure, sitting at the table, at the head of which stood their benevolent and venerable minister, and while the tears coursed down their cheeks, listening to him as he spoke to them in the dear language of their childhood, and poured out from his heart's fulness the narrative of their Saviour's gracious love;—to see them thus was well calculated to make a deep impression. As a fitting close to his ministry, his last public service was at one of these tables. On Sabbath, June 2, the Sacrament was administered in his church. He was taken sick during the following week, and died quietly in his chair on Sabbath a fortnight after. His funeral was attended by a great crowd of people, every one desiring to pay respect to his memory. A most affecting scene occurred at the grave, around which the old people eagerly pressed, when they were utterly unable to restrain their hearty grief at losing him whom they had loved and looked upon so long. Mr. Denoon was a faithful preacher; but he did not preach merely. He followed that noble practice, esteemed so essential and so dear in all the Scotch Churches, of visiting and catechizing the people from house to house. In these exercises he was very careful in impressing upon their minds right views of doctrine, and, next to the Bible, made the Shorter Catechism, which he required every member of the family to repeat, the text-book of his instructions. In all his worship Mr. Denoon continued to use the Scotch version of the Psalms.—*Abridged from the New York Presbyterian.*

POETRY.

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

Say, Watchman, what of the night?
Do the dews of the morning fall?
Have the orient skies a border of light,
Like the fringe of a funeral pall?

"The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee,
And the moon shall spread o'er the blushing sky,
And bright shall its glories be."

But, Watchman, what of the night,
When sorrow and pain are mine,
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
No longer around me shine?

"That night of sorrow thy soul
May surely prepare to meet,
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,
And the morning of joy be sweet."

But, Watchman, what of the night,
When the arrow of death is cast,
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light,
Shall be my sleeping bed?

"That night is near, and the cheerless tomb
Shall keep thy body in store
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
And night shall be no more!"