

a Lutheran congregation was. First Sabbaths of months had gone past, suggesting to me sacramental times far away. In the sense that I needed some opportunity for communion here for my own good and for testimony to others, I had asked Dr. Tholuck where I would have the privilege. He said it was an unusual question from a foreigner. One Sunday evening as I left the dimly-lighted Dom, I mustered courage to address the preacher, Rev.—now Dr.—Adolph Zahn. He was quite kindly, could speak a little English, and asked me to call at his house. Soon after I did so, showed him my letter of approbation as a minister of the Gospel, from the Andover Ministerial Association, and received a hearty welcome to come to the Lord's Table with his congregation. This gentleman remained my intimate acquaintance, and I called him my pastor till I left Halle. Soon after the call came the first Sabbath of the month. I worshipped that day in the Dom, saw the purposing communicants were to remain after service, and so did I. After the minister had read an address, impressing the value of the Lord's supper, as reminding us of Jesus' death for us, as giving us an opportunity to look at Him as our ground of life, and thus as it were to be fed by Faith on His broken Body, we all knelt and prayed. Then we went in twos, first the men, then the women up to the so-called altar at the end of the church, far from the pulpit. On the one side of it we halted while our minister gave us the bread saying, "Take, eat, this is my Body which was broken for you." Then slowly going round behind the altar we stopped again at the other end, and received the cup from the other minister, with the words, "Take, drink, this is my Blood which was shed for you." And so we proceeded away down again to the rough pews. My heart filled up, as the thought of other such scenes came over me with the moving power of religious feeling. And then I believe there was a deep sense of longing to be like Jesus, and of devoting myself to Him, and of trusting that God's grace should be mine to help me to live for Him. I have gone often since to that opportunity of communion, about once every two months. That is much oftener than the members generally go. The number is large, and if all went at once, the scene would be very impressive. The method I have alluded to would not do. It would cause a very long tedious service. So a few go each month. I have scarcely ever known any one who partook with me. I came to know all the pastors in time and they me, and they were kind. But in all the solitude, I had a sort of satisfaction in a sense of going for and with an Unseen One, and I often felt too in this service as if the distance to my beloved kin had vanished away and we were all together.

There were two other seasons, yes, three, but two of a peculiar kind. There were a number of foreigners studying in H—— that winter, Americans and a Scotchman; there were also some resident English ladies. We were about separating in the spring; some one suggested it would be a happy thing to take communion together, and this was favoured by all. We talked with all who would join in it, regarding as our guiding question, "Whom have we in daily life communed with here as followers of Jesus?" Differences of name hardly occurred to us. Several of us were members of Congregational churches, some of Presbyterian, two of Unitarian, (remember the question I gave above) one was of the English Episcopal church, two, a widowed lady and her aged widowed mother, who had 18 years before been of the Wesleyan church in England. The daughter came from London with her husband bringing an infant boy and her mother. They had been severely tried. The husband died some years ago, leaving three lads for the widow to rear. She battled nobly with hard difficulties, all along finding her joy in the God of the widow, whom she loved and trusted. The good old mother had never learned German, and so could almost never attend a service for worship. She had now grown lame, but with determination came out to our communion service. We had consulted good Dr. Tholuck about a sanctuary. The dear man's sympathy with foreigners and tender love for all Christians, brings many a foreign Christian to him. On advice we visited the chief pastor of the Dom, were lovingly received, and our requests granted. At 12, on a Sabbath, a sunny day in March, after the usual worshippers were gone, a few wended their way through the crooked streets,