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Tagebuch von August Tholuck.

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Trust it on ~~thee~~ and depend entirely on thee
respecting it.

Saturday July 14, 1821 I feel deeply impressed with
His mercy. It helped me during these days to hold
steadfastly on him. O my God and Lord. What there
is ever lasting joy. I received the letter of Kellin from
H., remembered that Markes will not answer
me and was almost oppressed with sorrow on
the wickedness of the world. Looked into the commen-
tary of Melancthon, where he said: Non potest esse
interna pax nisi fuerit externa persecutio.
Nec est lapis Cydri omnium bonorum animi
affectuum. Nil enim aequè humiliat atque
persecutio. In a glance I beheld Luther, Mel., the
fathers of the church, all persecuted, all in a
world of perversity. Oh how exceedingly happy
am I, to meet with so few disappointments.

Thursday, July 19; 21 Shall I confess to myself what a vile
worthless creature I am. The other day I indulged so
far to my wretchedness as to read for hours in Betr.
Son after Kellin, visited us and I could venture to
speak with him on the Redeemer! Wretched I am!
And if I consider how much my restless mind is roving
over the earth. I beguile myself tremendously, for
I do indeed never think of my future state, whatever
it may be, without turning backward and forward
on the judgements of men. However grace is operating
now in me more effectually than it did some months
before. I have a heart felt longing after piety.
I must become more strictly obedient to Christ within
me. If I consider what people will say on my
words, how they will revile me, I feel nettled to the
quick. Some times ~~at~~ I shudder at the very idea
of it. I beg the Lord to turn away from my body
those sharp words; but withall I resent,

how much good it may do to me. In short, 'tis to
my opinion, nothing could promote my piety
more effectually, than the stay in Eng. or Am.
or in a distant country. Birds and vultures
suddenly spoil here every nobler resolution of
mind. May they malign and traduce my
character ever so much, if I am loose from
worldly interest. My gracious God! I sup-
plicate you one more, hear the prayer I send to
you from Obed and heavenly, sanctify my
heart, then show me my proper place! —

July 21, 1821. Sunday. Yesterday morning, pushed to by
his example I lay on my knees supplicating
his power for that day and this very day
I maintained myself, with exception only of
some slight transgressions, steadfastly. An exhor-
tation to seek for all by prayer. The evening
I walked with Oelb. & S. through the thickest
bushes of the Thierg., the discourse fell on Bernhart
and they seemed moved by what I said. I do not
trust more any thing to myself. My hope is wholly
relying in him. I am even free of our disturbing
desire to bring sheep to the flock. O the longer
I shall live, the fuller I shall be led into that
mystery which hides the Gospel to the eyes
of the world. 'tis hard! I a poor Gentile, blest,
honoured, and loved; secured for ever by the ever-
lasting covenant, whilst the children of the
kingdom are still lying in outward darkness!
Well does it become me to be thankful. —
O wie tief beschämt bin ich von eurer Barmherzigk. Ich
habe heutz in Bill. Barmherzigh geseen mit derselben
Gluh wie vor dem Jahr am 13 July. Ach nur mit
dem Unterschiede dass ich jetzt ganz gesund bin u.