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Tagebuch und Reisetagebuch von August Tholuck.

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Dec.

Monday ~~Nov~~ 1, 23. Last night I had prayed that we might have some profitable conversation and feel his presence amongst us, but alas! myself at least did not feel any cheering sign of his presence. Those who came were Burkhard, Sarasin, one of Langan, Pfiffer, Glender, Frank, Auer, Ruzer, Friedmann. We talked about the Pestisenschule, Noeselt etc. Weary and left without motive I went to bed. This morning I acted very unconsciously; I rose late and having not time enough for my preparation for Method. was very superficial, and for Gentat. it was almost none. I was much ashamed seeing people writing the confused things which I uttered. I purpose to accomplish today part of my preparation for tomorrow. After dinner read a little in Newlyn, was struck with the words: we have little to do with the business of this world, place & time have not that importance in our views that they have in those of others; and therefore neither change of situation nor lapse of years should weaken our Christian attachments. I see it to be my business to fulfill, as a hireling, my day; and, then, to leave the world. I can not say so, I feel at present more strongly my worldly mindedness than I ever did. My life is like a softly murmuring brook gliding along, my soul is sitting at the banks of it and slumbering and dreaming: In fact dreaming I am, for incessantly my thoughts are wafting into future and into past in order not to feel the insignificance of presence, and again future time as well on past time do so little satisfy my heart, that I long after eternity. I do not feel Christ, I do not see remarkable dispensations performed by him, nor awakenings of souls - thus I am left without heavenly sensations, left ~~to~~ without God, creeping ~~along~~ through a dreary lonely waste. But God forbid I should murmur against Him. No certainly not, I murmur against myself and cry only to Him to have mercy upon such a poor sinner, who is I