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Fragmente des Tagebuchs von August Tholuck.

Tholuck, August

Breslau, 30.01.1817-24.03.1822

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when the service was closed & Henryon last again. I - He heard
a melancholy sigh - The Lord bless her memory I soon
found the deceased had allowed her for several years six pence per
week! O my God! is it possible that the appreciation of a
sum so inconsiderable - may cause a widows heart to sing
for joy & save the souls of the needy! Who would waste a ex-
pense; who would indulge themselves in extravagance. -
Subsiding & laughing, I willingly fly in Myself, with a
firm faith: I pant for a closer more uninterrupted commu-
nion with my dearest Lord. I would studiously avoid every
thing which might, but for a moment deprive me of this most
delightful enjoyment; but I cannot. I grieve the Holy Spirit
he consequently withdraws & I have to compass him. - I am sensible
of my loss, mourn after him & solicit his gracious return; &
though I am conscious that the Lord is still present with me, I
cannot be happy without the enjoyment of his favour, which
is life, yea better than life.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be
A guilty, weak & helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.
Be thou my strength & righteousness
My Jesus & my all!

My want of bodily health deprives me of that comfort in my work,
which perhaps I might otherwise experience. My soul often feels
like a bird in a cage struggling for enlargement, but alas! the
poor tabernacle camps it in its exertions. But my soul,
beware of complaining, bless Him for the desire. -
I must not of myself, I must not of myself, indulge
to the idea of my knowledge & acquirements instead of be-
mistering them, how do I look on all my affections of de-
votional spirit without bemoaning my numerous imper-
fections. Now see it clearly I must return to that severe
self-examination, which I omitted since long time.
Yes I desire to be submissive to him who does all well,

