

The Lutheran Visitor.
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Wednesday, December 15, 1869.

EDITORS:
REV. A. R. RUDE, COLUMBIA, S. C.
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"In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity."

TERMS: \$2.50 for one year, \$1.50 for six months, \$0.75 for three months, \$0.50 for one month.

1. All communications must be written correctly and legibly, and accompanied by the name of the writer, which, however, may be withheld from the public. Correspondents must not expect detailed communications to be returned.

2. We request our subscribers to make remittances in an early registered letter, or in the form of post office money orders or bank checks. All remittances are at the risk of the sender.

We can not take for publication money sent in unregistered letters.

Formerly there may have been some ground for the belief that "the only effect of registration is to give the paper a title, which is of no value." But under the new law, which went into operation last June, we think registered letters are perfectly safe; and we know from almost daily experience that they are not.

NOTICE TO POSTMASTERS.—Postmasters throughout the country will save trouble by obeying the law. It is the duty of the postmaster to see that letters addressed in the office of his department, to the publisher of the paper, a written notice of the fact—stating, if possible, the reason why the paper is not taken. The returning to the publisher of a paper marked "refused," or "uncanceled," is not a legal notice.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—We request our advertisers to make their remittances in registered letters, or in the form of post office money orders or bank checks.

We will give to any one who sends us two Subscribers and \$5, one copy of "Distinctive Doctrines," Vol. II.

We will give for four Subscribers and \$10, a copy of "Life and Death of Luther," or "Luther and His Church," Vol. I.

We will give for five Subscribers and \$12.50, a copy of "Luther's Sermons," Vol. I.; or, if preferred, a copy of "Divine Sicks' Ecclesia Sacra," or "Luther's Church Postill," in 18 volumes, plus \$100 for ten subscribers.

We will give for ten Subscribers and \$25, a copy of "The Book of Concord," in 18 volumes.

The names and the amount must accompany each offer.

As regards premiums due for Vol. II, we are

A. R. RUDE,
J. I. MILLER.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Rev. E. A. Bolles, Agent American Bible Society for South South Carolina, at Columbia, S. C., acknowledges the receipt of \$13.50 through Rev. B. D. Berry, for Bibles and Testaments, donated by the American Bible Society, to the Bible Committee of the Mount Pleasant Lutheran Church, in Barnwell County, S. C.

To Hohenberg.

Dear Brother: We are perfectly satisfied. Excuse us for being so quick to set ourselves right. We are rather sensitive, and especially in regard to our churchness; for we have arrived at our standpoint only after passing through many a severe conflict. Every Lutheran minister must have an experience similar to that of Luther and of Paul. Every revealed truth held in purity is a trophy gained in battle. The scripturist is well enclined around the tree of knowledge, baring the approach to the tree of life, which results in a quickened spirit.

Complimentary.

The Charleston Courier says: "We were pleased to welcome in our office the Rev. A. R. Rude, of Columbia, South Carolina. Mr. Rude, whose name is well known to us, but we must stop. Modesty arrests our hand. There are those who have not the kind heart and the charitable spirit of our friend, who have been in York, and have learned to guess; they do neither understand nor appreciate the genuine benevolence of heart which an innate and always active emotion of every Charlestonian heart dictated the flattering notice. What shall we say in return? The Courier needs not our endorsement; it is our favor, its peculiar exchange, and the kind friend who, peering the item knows that we esteem, regard, and love him. What can we do in acknowledgement? We have it, Brother, the Lord blesses them and keep them. Brother, let us serve Him faithfully; you at your desk, we at the desk, the altar, and in the pulpit."

Brother, heaven-ward, let us though apart yet of one spirit, and of one mind run the race that is set before us.

The New Testament has been published.

The article on the New Testament, which we republish from the *XXI Century*, is prepared by a gentleman of Charleston, S. C., and well worthy of perusal. Indeed, to those who have not access to Tischendorf's New Testament, it is invaluable. We have compared the two carefully, and speak therefore advisedly. The article proves satisfactorily that we have

the same Testament which the primitive Church had; that therefore the truths which we hold, the word which we have, the Saviour in whom we believe, the Triune God whom we adore, are found in the Gospels and the Epistles, the Acts and the Revelations. The heathen may rage, the opposers and revilers may blaspheme, but it is all in vain. Strauss, Renan and Schenck may argue, prove and disprove—it all amounts to nothing: the Word of God, which Jesus spake and the Apostles wrote, we have.

We advise ministers, and all who value the Word of God, to preserve this article, and to compare its readings with those in their common version. They will then learn and see with their own eyes that the teachings of the Evangelical Church are indeed of God. We think that Tischendorf's Version, based on the Sinatic, Vatican and Alexandrian manuscripts, not only confirms, but even strengthens the Lutheran dogma of the Lord's Supper. "Let God be true, and every man a liar."

Installation Sunday-School.

We have been going to, and finally, first to one place, then to another, and are almost inclined to believe that we must establish our office in a railroad car. Our correspondents must have patience with us, we will answer each and every one, when we enjoy the privilege of remaining in one place a entire week. But we want to tell our friends as well as we can about the

INSTALLATION OF BISHOP W. H. HICKS.

of Bishop W. H. Hicks in Charles-
ton, S. C., Saturday, the fourth of December, Rev. Hawkins of New-
berry, Rev. Honest of Poinsett, and
the President of the South Caro-
lina Synod met in the much
tried and nevertheless pleasant city

by the sea. We like Charleston, for its old world look; the old houses built after the pattern adopted, when

the world was much smaller than it is now, for Columbus had not yet found the pathway across the Main to the home of the red man. We like the narrow streets, it is so

neighborly, when one can converse from ones own domicile with the friends on the opposite side of the street, without requiring a speaking trumpet; we like the moss, that gives such dingy cast to the marble-fronts, it looks venerable and old-time-like; we like the way the Charles-
tonians receive, treat, and care for us, and when our friend Hacker gets us the—what is it—the Charleston pavement shall become better acquainted with the shape and size of our "warrented patent sole-leather." Saturday passed pleasantly and not unprofitably; we saw old friends, made new ones, prepared for the Lord's day, slept, arose refreshed and strengthened; and met the servants of the Lord. Installations are not uncommon events in our day; they are rather more frequent occurrences in some churches, than they ought to be; but the duty, which our brethren and we, had met to discharge, had circumstances connected with it that made it peculiarly solemn and interesting. It is not often that a pastor ministers at the same altar for more than half a century; it is not often that a pastor baptizes, confirms and guides his hearers through three successive generations; it is not often that the great grandchildren love, follow, honor and revere him whom their great grand parents loved and cherished it is not often, that such a man, though not often, that such a man, cheerfully, resignedly and gracefully is willing to let another share with him the labor, the duties, the wealth of affection and love which were his in youth, and still are his in old age, and it is not often, in our day, that a congregation clings to the aged pastor, and is unwilling to let him depart. Would to God that it were! Would to God that the mutual love of pastor and people were every where greater. St. John's English Lutheran Church in Charleston, S. C., and the Rev. John Bachman, D. D., its pastor, stand almost alone in our day; it is of him; it is of his people that we write. Every word written is true. Never was a pastor more beloved by his people; never was a flock better cared for by its spiritual guide. He preached for fifty years the Gospel of love to them, he taught them to love, and well have they learned the lesson. But age has come; though the heart is youthful, though the affections are as fresh as the will is as firm, and the desire to labor as strong as ever, eighty winters have not only sil- vered his head, and dimmed the eye, but the strength has departed, the flock is too numerous for the aged shepherd, and the field too large. He required an assistant, and the Rev. W. H. Hicks, who became a member of the Synod of S. C., at its last meeting, was unanimously elected to occupy that important position, to be the Elisha to our aged Elijah, who is drawing near to the river,

the beauties river. The day was not favorable, the sky was draped with weeping clouds, as if sympathizing with the many, who though grateful to the Lord, who had sent them a young and a strong man to uphold the hand of their aged father in the Lord, yet felt sad and sorrowful, because it was to them like the dawn of the day on which they should see the face and hear the voice of him whom they loved so well no longer. The church was filled with hearers, when we entered, and with but a very few exceptions, the congregation consisted of Dr. Bachman's own people. The aged pastored the pulpit; what his thoughts were, we do not know, and can but imperfectly imagine. Brother Hawkins, who was to deliver the sermon, accompanied him. Brother Böseck and the President of Synod occupied the altar, and the services commenced. The altar service was conducted by Rev. Boenigk. Brother Hawkins preached, after the sermon followed the installation. When the assistant pastor had offered up the liturgical prayer, the venerable Doctor arose, and in words tender and yet fervid, affectionate and yet zealous, loving but also warning, addressed his people, reminding them of the past, entreating them to remember the future, calling on the young to lead now, urging the aged to be up and doing, and admonishing his colleagues to be to the flock so entrusted also to his pastoral care, a faithful teacher and guide, by expressing his longing for the rest in Jesus, which is to the believer an earnest of the well done thou good and faithful servant closed. It was an impression upon us, as if on the threshold of the heavenly city, the words spoken brought heaven near us. Scarcely an eye was dry; and many a head was bowed down in grief. No more, no more, was the thought, the sad impression of many a heart. And now just as the assistant pastor is about to pronounce the benediction, the whole congregation, standing with bowed heads, an aged man arises, gray in the head, trembling in the limbs, tear after tear rolls down the furrowed cheek. He is the last living man of a class of over sixty catechumens confirmed fifty-five years ago. He speaks, the voice is feeble, but the words are true. It is a tribute of affection to the pastor, who taught him to know Jesus, who has been his teacher, friend and brother for many years, years of joy and of grief, years of life and death. The others are all gone before, these two only remain, one in faith, one in love, one in hope, one in the church on earth, and who dare doubt that they shall not be one in the Church in heaven. We have seen much, we have felt deeply, often; but never have we been more moved in the most depths of our heart. Happy the aged pilgrim who on the boundary of the other world bears such testimony to the faithfulness of his pastor; happy the pastor, who at the closing scene of a long life of toil for souls, extending over more than fifty years, receives such a testimony from one of those of whose souls he has to render in account on the last day.

The services are closed, we are on our way to the kind Christian friends who love us because we are brethren. We often think of the misery and yet strong bond of union which binds Christians together. We often meditate upon the works of Christ, upon the cry of civilization, how holy, how true! Here and we, strangers, and yet they love us. We have no kindred, and yet we have many brothers and sisters, who love us dearly. We often feel utterly alone, but it is only when we forget the brethren. Brothers love, and we, strange, and yet they love us. This is the material which forms the model, upon which opinions we are bound to respect, and whose constant and rigid adherence to the Word of God we must admire.

This Synod suggests its antipe-

riodical, "The Lutheran Visitor," which is understood to be negotiating with the Ohio Congregationalists for union. About three years ago, a certain General Synodist visited Ohio, and came back enthusiastic over the information that the Congregationalists were dissatisfied, and wished to become Lutherans. Subsequent events have indicated that the defection was on the other side of the fence, and so a peculiar paper made the announcement, which was soon published.

Blessed Jesus, thou dost love and teach us, teach us to love, and we will love thee.

We will, in our next speak of the Sunday school, several other things. We can not now, we returned last evening from Charleston; we have to walk all over town today, we leave tomorrow morning for Augusta, Georgia; we keep moving, writing, talking, and so want to work, we have lost, so many precious years.

Brethren, you who are young, learn from us, benefit from our example. When you get old, old as we are, nothing will trouble you as much as the self-reproach: "I have not been a faithful laborer!" The years, the years, the precious years, that were devoted to the world!

Our people, never was a flock better cared for by its spiritual guide. He preached for fifty years the Gospel of love to them, he taught them to love, and well have they learned the lesson. But age has come; though the heart is youthful, though the affections are as fresh as the will is as firm, and the desire to labor as strong as ever, eighty winters have not only sil- vered his head, and dimmed the eye, but the strength has departed, the flock is too numerous for the aged shepherd, and the field too large. He required an assistant, and the Rev. W. H. Hicks, who became a member of the Synod of S. C., at its last meeting, was unanimously elected to occupy that important position, to be the Elisha to our aged Elijah, who is drawing near to the river,

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