

Al Dickson

THE LUTHERAN VISITOR.

Revs. Rude & Miller, Editors.

"ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM."—EPHESIANS IV: 5.

Terms: \$2.50 a Year.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 5--NO. 43.

COLUMBIA, S. C., FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1873.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 5--NO. 251.

Communications.

For the Lutheran Visitor.

Position, as Taught in the Bible.

CHAP. III.

quence of sin, and in which he participated to quite as large an extent as woman, and for which he received his due share of punishment; although the Creator saw fit to make it of a different nature from that inflicted upon her.

"We, therefore, accept this situation and all its consequences, because it is the will of an unerring and holy God; but the many abuses that have sprung from man's supremacy are attributable to his selfishness and littleness alone; and these, with all other women and every right minded man, we do earnestly protest against, and ask for woman in the future a protection from, so far as man's legislation can secure it."

"What is your opinion of woman preachers, orators, and public speakers in general, Miss Verton?" asked Mr. Ellison.

"It certainly does seem to me to be stepping out of the sphere in which God designed they should act, and a violation of St. Paul's prohibition. There may be exceptional cases, as in the one we have mentioned, in which it would not be improper for them to exercise their talents in this way. If the injunction to keep silence in the churches does not imply that they shall not preach in public, usurping what seems to be man's prerogative, we can hardly see its import. It is not the mere fact of teaching, but of stepping out of her sphere, that seems to be forbidden—assuming superiority over the man. It is certainly her duty to instruct her inferiors as she has opportunity. The command could scarcely have been intended merely for the transient Church of the Corinthians, nor could it have been aimed solely at any indecorum that may have prevailed there. When a woman undoubtedly acts under divine inspiration or direction, it is not for us to oppose obstacles."

"I could never tolerate having my wife make herself so conspicuous," said Mr. Ellison. "Whatever gifts or graces God may have conferred upon her could be used to his glory and the good of mankind without abandoning the sphere in which He had placed her, and exposing herself to free remark and indelicate criticism. And if it was an habitual thing, what kind of domestic life could be expected under such circumstances? I would never endure it," he repeated energetically.

"How if she acted under divine direction?" inquired Miss Verton.

"I should like to have unmistakable evidence that such was the case. A sudden impulse or fanciful zeal would not be at all convincing, unless the work resulting therefrom so plainly bore the divine stamp and approbation that even the most incredulous could not doubt. But may I ask your opinion of the substitution of masculine for feminine attire?"

"This is highly repugnant to womanly delicacy; and it seems to me that a distinguishing dress is at once an appeal to man for respect and protection. Although the prohibitory passage in Deut. xxv: 5 may have a primary reference to idolatrous customs, yet the sharp rebuke administered by St. Paul to the Corinthian women for casting aside a distinguishing article of dress—symbolical, indeed, of their submission, indicates that, in his inspired judgment, it was to stand for all time. I would be glad to see a reformation in the style of dress, on the grounds of health, utility and economy; but I believe this end can be secured without going to an objectionable extreme, which all pioneers in reforms are very liable to do. St. Paul also says that even nature itself should teach them that those outward emblems of the different positions assigned them by God are altogether proper and becoming, and should not be discarded. It is not simply in the sanctuary, for propriety's sake, that these regulations are to be observed, but to signify the relative positions of man and woman."

"The expression of such sentiments is very gratifying to me," responded Mr. Ellison. "Not that I supposed for a moment that you would be carried away by the foolish fanaticism of the times. To me there is nothing so beautiful as womanly gentleness of heart and delicacy of feeling. A masculine woman is an abomination to me, and I suppose to a feminine man would be contemptible to you. When a woman remains in her sphere, and cultivates those traits of character that enable her to perform her duties faithfully, patiently and gracefully, she will ever command the respect and admiration of every right-minded man. When she forgets the distinction of sex, she must not expect him to remember it, and should prepare herself to be treated accordingly. Her political life is so demoralizing in its influence upon man's character, how can she expect to escape contamination? Is she stronger to resist temptation than he? But I imagine that those who aspire to all man's privileges would be very unwilling to assume the hardships, dangers and responsibilities which are the inseparable concomitants of his peculiar privileges."

"I should be most happy to see all real wrongs redressed, all grievances removed. I sympathize most deeply with the victims of man's oppression and brutality. I would rejoice to know that the hearts of all

desolate women were made glad with happy homes and loving protectors; but these evils are some of the inscrutable mysteries of Providence that we can not comprehend in this life. These mysterious inequalities exist in every department of God's providential economy, and we would have as good a right to impugn his wisdom and justice in other things that are hard to bear as in this. Let us do our best to alleviate the individual instances of these and all other forms of suffering that come under our observation, and commend the aggregate mass of wretchedness to Him who possesses the attribute of omniscience and the power of omnipotence." M. E. S.

Selections.

The Moral Specific of the Age.

Gladstone spoke like a true statesman when he said christian beneficence is the moral specific of the age. Our times are critical. They are, perhaps, not more so than former years, but we have a greater diversity of perplexing questions. Of some of these questions, christian liberality is the only solution. The great statesman of England sagaciously sees that wealth under christian control is the antidote to much of the world's evil.

Wealth is the great power of modern times. The Rothschilds have hardly less power than any reigning family in Europe. Wall street in this country is little inferior to the national capital. The congress of millionaires is but a third house in the control of our national life. Enterprise opens new roads to fortune. Iron, cotton, wool, sugar, railroads and mines, are the staples of the age. Out of these comes wealth, by which our private citizens outvie the royalty of other years.

Wealth has its philosophy; it should be studied. It has solemn problems: they wait solution. Luxury on the one hand, or beneficence on the other, are the channels through which wealth must flow. Beneficence is the only safe check to luxury and indulgence. It is not a sin to be rich. Some men ought to be rich, as other men are learned or talented. They have the gifts to secure it. God has called wealth to a mission, as he has called oratory, poetry and learning. The world has been slow to learn the moral power of wealth. Palaces, ships, academies of business, painting, statuary, and the livery of fashion, have been the chief objects of wealth. Already its hospitals, its ragged schools, its retreats for the blind, the deaf mute, the lunatic, its institutions of christian learning, its Bible and publishing houses, and its mission stations on far-off shores, have given wealth a golden charm, and present it in the attitude of an angel of blessing.

Sin has made the world poor. It might be rich. The depths are full of treasure. The sea is full. The winds are the servants of men. The waters do work for him. God made riches enough to give away. His gold is inexhaustible. He has filled mountains with silver. The soil brings bread for the ages. The very fullness of the earth shows that God never intended man to be a narrow and parsimonious soul. Why should wealth be mean and selfish? Christian beneficence makes princes indeed of the men who go far enough out of themselves to see the summit of true power. Wilberforce, Howard, Gurney, and Baxter have lifted England to a higher plane of social and political life, and made themselves the companions of her greatest and best men.

The gospel invests wealth with a new glory. Our civilization is a Gospel growth. Our business, our homes, and our progress have marvelous relation to the Gospel. Christian wealth should be mindful of its obligations. It can not afford to shut its hand against the interest of humanity. The christian wealth of this age has something more to do than to build palaces for its own comfort and display. Liberality to art will not be sufficient. Public spirit in matters of libraries, parks and public improvements will not be enough. It has still nobler work. With organized plans it has power to pat the low masses in better homes. It can send pure rills of pleasure and blessing down to the cess-pools of humanity. The wealth of this age is dying for generous outlets to its rapid and wonderful accumulations. To perpetuate itself it should observe the law of need-sowing. A mean and selfish age always cuts off its best and purest channels of growth. The golden age of wealth will only be led in by the soft hand of christian charity. It is not too much to believe that one of the splendid realizations of Christ's incoming kingdom will be a growth of wealth we have not yet conceived. Business, science, invention, and patient labor, are already bringing such a diffusion of wealth as was never thought of among the masses of Babylon, Tyre, or Rome.

Wealthy men must have a sympathy with Jesus. He is richer than they, yet he became poor. He made all worlds and owns them. The glory of his kingdom is his beneficence. He gives to all worlds and

to all creatures. He has tried to make this poor world rich. He has endowed it sufficiently to make every man a prince. Why is the world so poor? Sin cheats the world. Great vices prevail. Opposition reigns. Lust sits on thrones. Avarice makes laws. Ignorance obscures human vision. Idolatry shuts up whole nations to poverty and sickness. What can wealth do? It has the seed of the world's new life. Let it scatter the pregnant grain. Hide golden treasure in tears and prayers, and leave it in the desert to come forth surely sometime and blossom as the rose. Jesus does not ask that we should become poor, but he does ask that the wealth of this christian age should be christianized. He asks that his own gold may shine with a glory which the world has not seen. He asks the privilege of putting on the heads of christian men crowns of beauty, and of enthroning them in a better age.

Christian men of wealth, you have not dreamed of half your power. Wealth without giving becomes a soul-canker. Your children will see to a false idea of wealth, as they see your parsimony. Children are prone to squander rapidly the fortune of which no share has been returned to God. He has called you to a noble ministry. You can do much towards healing the moral maladies of the times. You have the specific of the age. The wealth of these times to be perpetuated must be touched with the vitalizing power of sacrifice. There will be a point beyond which it will not be safe for the world to grow rich unless it be consecrated. God has written his law on all his gold and silver. That law will stand. Christian giving is to bring the world's song of gladness and the reign of peace.

Ye rich, bring splendid gifts to God, And feel your own hearts glow, As ye strike the magic chords That wake this world from sloth. Wealth is a great blessing, but it brings fearful responsibility. The money passion is perhaps the strongest in human nature. It seems the last to yield to grace. Its conquest is glorious. When the keys of the christian world's wealth shall be given to Jesus, the victory of time will be near. Poverty with its wants will hide away. Cries of oppression will grow faint and few. The surging waves of a desolate and distressed humanity will grow calm and restful.

The world waits. The saviour yearns to see his own treasures flying on wings of love and power. Wealth, hallowed with prayer, and sacrifice is waiting its grandest advent of beauty and glory. If christian men would open their hands and hearts and share the sacrifice of Jesus, they shall heal the world's bitterness. Hands full of treasure and hearts full of love will bring the Jubilee.—Christian Journal.

Bible Salt.

There is a real and forcible lesson taught us by the use of salt in the temple of offerings and sacrifices. This was a divine command, and in its light we read the meaning of our Saviour when He said to His disciples, "Have salt in yourselves." No offering can be acceptable to God without supernatural grace. The moral life—the anxious effort to be good and do good—the offering of heart, soul, mind, and strength, are naught, without the penetrating grace of Christ. The old dispensations light up the new. The salt which the temple worshipper cast upon his tribute to God finds its antitype in the undecaying grace which the Christian seeks for his gift, that it may never return unto him void.

Now as when Cain sacrificed to God without salt, and was rejected, the Abels of grace, having salt in themselves, are preferred. Nadab and Abihu were suddenly cut off in their offering of strange fire; but no less offensive, if less strange, is the idle offering of ourselves, our children, or our property, to the Lord, without that salt spoken of by the Saviour. The immediate want of those who have somewhat to offer profitably to God is a little officious salt to save it for Him.—Churches and individuals need salt to mingle with their offerings. Our churches give largely, give as never before, give largely enough, it would seem, to compass the object intended; but yet somehow the end is not reached. The gifts to the Lord's cause in name have greatly increased, but results have not corresponded

with these gifts. There is a manifest loss of efficiency somewhere and for some reason.

Why is it so incessantly told into our ears that some prayerless rich man has dowered the church with priceless blessing, by simply laying his money upon her altars? Was it because the widow's money was better in itself that it gained the eulogy of the Master? Was it not rather the consecrating salt of a pious heart that drew the imperishable blessing upon the gift?—Our Monthly for June.

Guilty Silence.

There is "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." And in this sense the old English proverb is true, that "speech is silver, but silence is golden." Yet there are times and places when silence is a crime the guilt of which is measurable only by the largest rules of morals and of faith. Apathy towards the great moral evils of the world, and indifference to human and divine remedies for these evils, may sometimes be the worst kind of moral treason. In the fearful battles which are raging all around us, between right and wrong, the most deadly influences spring from indolent selfishness. "Am I my brother's keeper?" says the unconcerned spectator of the woes and vices of the world.

There are multitudes that case in Zion, who gaze with stupefied indifference upon poverty, crime, intemperance, and the worst social evils which attend the ungodliness of the age, as if wickedness at home, and paganism abroad, had an original right to rule the world; and as if religion were an intruder on the earth upon which the Redeemer was crucified and slain.

Like By Ends in *Pilgrim's Progress*, these are "not of the strieter sort." They "never strive against wind and tide, and they are always most zealous when religion goes in the wrong slippers." Hard work and self-sacrifice are not in their creed. They do not oppose those who go forth to the strife; they are quiet, and mind their own business; and so they excuse themselves. But "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin;" and that sin is sure to bring its wages. The English East India Company's government, for a long period, kept and enforced a studied silence respecting christianity in its schools and colleges throughout that vast empire. But the retribution came in Nens Sahib, who was one of their own pupils, and in the mutiny which first broke out and raged in the least missionary-districts of the whole country. On the other hand, the christian missionaries who never failed to proclaim the Gospel, in the face of the opposition of their own government, are to-day more trusted and honored by the natives than any other class of Europeans; and the very powers that excluded christianity from their schools were charged with the design of destroying the caste and religion of their subjects.

Clamorous evils arrest attention and arouse resistance. A tornado or a great fire which destroys property and life in comparatively small places, causes more popular sensation than the subtle malaria which, by day and by night, poisons the blood, and prepares the graves of whole communities. If the pulpit is silent when God calls upon ministers to "cry aloud, and spare not," is it not an official partaker of other sins which it does not rebuke? If magistrates fail to execute judgment, and quietly let violence and corruption stalk in brazen impunity before the awful form of justice, are they not more guilty than the criminals whom they shield from the outraged law? A very profane man once complimented his minister for not saying a word to him when he had blasphemed God in his presence! Was that a time and place for such a man to be silent? If the officers of a church neglect to preserve the faith and discipline which they are set to defend; if the ordinances are profaned by ungodly professors; and if notorious wickedness is silently passed over in the cases of wealthy and prominent offenders, is the public scandal less because of the cowardice of those who dare not use the power of the keys?

The applications of this principle are almost endless. In our times, nothing is more needed than a calm, outspoken, and resolute stand upon christian principles against all that tends to weaken the power of con-

science in the realm of public morals and of religious life. Compromises in these fields are weaknesses. Silence is but another word for apathy. Power is with those who plant themselves firmly upon the rock of unchanging truth and eternal righteousness.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

Dr. Anderson and the Elder.

That said Dr. Anderson, reminds me of an incident in the beginning of my ministerial life. I had just been licensed to preach, and was dispatched to Kirkintilloch to officiate on the coming Sabbath. The mode of conveyance was by the night canal boat, leaving Glasgow at nine o'clock. The cabin of these vessels was so narrow that the knees of passengers sitting opposite touched. In the centre was a long, narrow table, at the stern end of which sat a fiddler, whose duty it was to fill up the gaps between the political and theological discussions which often made pleasant those otherwise weary night voyages. Opposite me sat an old gray-headed man, the whole make up of whom indicated a Cameronian elder of the "straitest sect," and on my right sat a young man, going to the same place, the twinkle of whose eye seemed to say, let us have some fun; and hardly had the boat left the wharf till he looked over to his old friend, and said, "Ay, David, man, see ye hae been in Glasgow, hae ye? What? The world has been there for man? Its na a journey that everybody takes; and above a', wha wud hae expectit to see ye there?" "Weel, ye see," replied David, "my dochter got married to a lad that stays there, an' they wad hae me to gang thro' an' see them."

"Weel, David, an' what think ye o' Glasgie?" "O man, it's an awful place, it's aboon a' my thocts, I had nae idea o't, an' I'm just gled to get awa, hame again." "Weel, David, an' wha did ye hear preachin'?" "Ye see, I gied to our ain place, o' course; we hae a kirk in Glasgie, ye see." "But ye dinna mean to tell me, David that ye didna gang to hear Tammas Chalmers, do ye?" "Aweel, aweel" (scratching his head as if in a dilemma), "I'm no say that I didna, but then, do ye see, it was on Thursda' night, an' I didna think there wud be meikle sin, when it wasna the Sabbath day; but man, he's an awful man that; I never heard a man like him, for I was sittin', whan, an' afore I kent wha I was, I was up on my verra feet, stretchin' o'er the backboard, wi' my e'en wide sturin', an' my mouth wide open, feared I wad lose a word. But ca' ye yon preachin'! Na, na, it was rank black prelatry; man, he read like a word o'd; na, na, name o't that abomination for me—na, na."

I thought I might have a little banter with the old man also, and so I said: "David you need not be so hard against prelatry or read sermons, for ye know it is a fact, which ye can not deny, that you read prayers yourself every morning." With a smile of contempt, mixed with pity, the old man fixed his eyes on me, and in a solemn tone said: "Laddie, ye'll na ken wha I am, or ye wadna speak that way, for onybody that kens me that has been an elder o' the Cameronian Kirk o' K— for aboon thirty years wud na set sic a sin to my door; na, na." "But, David, I have good ground for what I have said, and I know that you do read prayers every morning." At this reiterated charge the old man's wrath began to wax warm, and rising to his feet, he exclaimed in a parson, "It's a lee, it's a lee; fa ever tauld ye that I care na, but it's a black lee." Feeling that I had perhaps led him far enough, I said, "Be calm, David, and answer me a question. Do ye not read the Psalms of David every morning?" "To be sure I do; but what has that to do with the readin'?" "Weel, David, are not David's Psalms the best prayers ever written?" The face of the old Cameronian relaxed into a smile as he sat down and exclaimed: "Ay, laddie, but ye hae caught me noo, ye hae caught me noo." "But David," I am afraid that, from the way you have been talking, you do not know what a sermon means." "I and think," he rejoined, "I and think that a man wha has been an elder o' the Cameronian Kirk aboon thirty years sud ken what a sermon means, if onybody kens." "Weel, David, let me tell you that a sermon is a proclamation; now, you know that when the king makes a proclamation it is written on paper, and read at the Cross, and that it is not a proclamation unless it is read; now you know

that the Gospel is the proclamation of Kings of kings; therefore, as all proclamations must be read as a sermon, being a proclamation, must be read, or it is not a sermon." David looked dumfounded; the boat had reached our destination, and the old Cameronian, in stepping out, exclaimed: "Tuts, tuts, laddie, ye'r owner muckle Latin for me."—*Gil Allan's Life of the great Dr. William Anderson*.

The Christian's Home.

We make our best use of this world when we regard it as the basis from which to survey the other. Without heaven, poetry could have no existence. The keynote of the poetic is future perfection, and the heaven of the christian is the highest perfection. I know of no better illustration of these truths than a simple expression which fell from the lips of a godly friend of mine. Through perseverance and industry he had been able to build himself a house. But his chief boast was, that from his fireside he could see his father's house on the distant hill. "No matter the weather," said he, "whether winter or summer, spring or autumn—no matter the sky, whether coldness or stormy—when I sit by my east window, father's roof and chimney-tops, the gleam of his lamp at night, are always visible to my sight." His words contain the philosophy of life, and enclose, as in a nutshell, the principles of holy living. Envious—yes, thrice envious—is the man who can pierce the clouds of social darkness which surround our earthly homes, and see his Father's house, with its many mansions, in the distant heaven.

RESTING IN GOD.—"In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength."—Ps. 115. As in a calm stream, when the sun can reflect his face, so the Holy Spirit reflects the image of Christ only in a soul that is at rest. To attain to this state of mind, we must turn off the eyes and thoughts from the things of time and sense, and fix them on Christ. He must become more precious to the soul than all besides. Our sinfulness and all our infirmities must be cast down at the foot of the cross, and the righteousness of Christ must be trusted in and taken hold of by faith. Attired in that spotless robe, we can confidently appear before our heavenly Father, but in no other way. The soul is thus introduced more and more into the hidden life of Christ, maintains communion with God—her Saviour, and lives and rests in her true element.—*Zimmerman*.

FAMILY WORSHIP.—A traveler says: One of the most beautiful images that ever rose upon my imagination, was suggested to me by a chance delay for two days, among the lakes and mountains of the Trossach's Glen. I happened to make the inquiry, what became of the villagers, so suddenly disappearing at nightfall from the streets; and a sandy haired Scotchman replied, "Most of them would be at prayers about this time." And I looked up into the far blue sky, and thought how fine a thing it would be to have a resting-place, high enough just to bear the murmur of voices, as they read a verse about, and one of the old Psalms, before the impressive hush in which the father offered prayer. How grand would be the swell of sound, when a whole village was going on its knees before God!

GOD GIVETH THE INCREASE.—An American Methodist minister, Dr. Bangs, was so discouraged in the first year of his itinerancy as to mount his horse to go home and give up the work. The breaking up of the ice on Grand River made it impossible for him to cross it, and compelled him to return. That night he had a striking dream, which influenced all his after life; he was plying a pick-axe on a huge rock, but making no impression, gave up in despair, when a dignified form appeared before him and asked why he stopped, and receiving his answer, bade him strike on; that the work was his, not the result. He struck again, and the rock was shivered to its foundation.

Here is a lesson for us, we whose souls are sometimes "discouraged, because of the way," when we do not see immediate fruit of our labors. The work is ours, the results are God's.