

THE LUTHERAN VISITOR.

Edw. Rude & Miller, Editors.

"ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM"—EPHESIANS IV: 6.

Terms: \$2.50 a Year.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 5--NO. 49.

COLUMBIA, S. C. FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1873.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 5--NO. 257.

Communications.

For the Lutheran Visitor. The Sleepless Eye.

The beautiful and interesting history of Hagar, is found in the 16th chapter of Genesis. Severely and justly treated by Sarah, her insolent conduct, proud and haughty Hagar hastily leaves the shelter of Abraham's home, and seeks the true God who was worshipped in the religion taught, to return to her native land of spiritual darkness. She had sinned and been punished; exhausted by fatigue and the conflicting emotions of grief and pride, unable to proceed on her journey in her weariness, she seeks herself by a fountain of water in the wilderness by the well of El-Di. Alone, forsaken, and in a voice addresses her. It is the voice of God—the Son of God, who says to her, "Hagar, Sarah said (not Abraham's wife) whom thou, whither wilt thou go?" And she said, "I flee from the face of my mistress." The Lord says to her, "Return to Sarah, and submit thyself to her. No wonder you call the name of that fountain the well of El-Di, for the name of the Lord is in it, and the name of the Lord shall speak unto you." "He who speaketh for me, pondereth and pitieth my afflictions."

And, whoever, wherever you are, remember that the all-seeing eye of God is upon you, and marks each sin, headless step. How easily we forget this fearful, but precious truth, "The Lord seeth me." Hagar, when she became rain and snow, and rather than submit herself to her mistress left the shelter of Abraham. Sarah, who, through want of faith in the promises of God, had raised up for herself a rival in her maid, forgot that the eye of God was upon her when she dealt harshly with this girl. When Abraham listened to the evil counsel of his wife and introduced into his family polygamy—a fruitful source of discord and misery; and, when afterwards he permitted Sarah to afflict her handmaid, he forgot that the eye of God was upon him. And let us take a retrospect of our own lives. Did we ever forget that "Thou God seest us?" The buried past lives again—it whispers—it speaks—it cries aloud. Recall the sins of thy childhood, the errors of thy riper years—and heed man the guilt of thy latter days. Conscience says, I have, with Hagar, given place to passion and resentment; like Sarah, I have erred in mistaking the promises of God and did not humble myself when I suffered from the consequences of my sin. I have harshly entreated those gentle words might have led the erring one to repentance. Like Abraham, I have been too ready to listen and yield to evil counsellors to curiously maxims of prudence, and for the sake of false peace, have sought against my better judgment.

Christian, God shows us the weakness of his saints, that we may ever be on our guard. "Let him that boasts take heed lest he fall." God's children sometimes sleep at their post, yet his watchful eye keeps sentinel for them, and though the outputs be captured, yet when in contrite anguish they cry unto him, he gives them strength to hurl back the foe. Abraham, the father of the faithful, and Sarah, his wife, erred; but let us not forget that God who judges with a tender mercy, that man is so often a stranger to, has commended his servants. Abraham of the command of God left his own country and departed not knowing whither he went. By faith when he was tried he offered up Isaac, recognizing that God was able to raise him up even from the dead. Sarah judged him faithful that had promised, and as a reward, Isaac, whose descendants were to be as the stars of the sky, and as the sand by the sea-shore innumerable, was given her in her old age. Christian, be watchful, endeavor to realize each hour of your life that the eye of the God of purity is upon you. Leigh Richmond, the revered parent, wrote to his children, "Act always as though you were in my presence."

it was wise counsel. In the presence of those we honor how watchful are we not to offend by word or look; so, could we ever remember that the omniscient eye of God is upon us, with what jealous care would every unallowed thought, every high look, every unworthy action be excluded.

Sinner, the eye of God reads the dark secrets hidden in thy heart; no deceptive covering, no fold of time can conceal them from his scrutiny. Nor canst thou hide thy evil deeds under the cover of darkness. David says, "Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." Tremble before the gaze of the all-seeing eye. Bring your sin-sick soul to God, let him probe the diseased part—the wound may smart and nature shrink from the pain, but oh! the heavenly Physician will perform well his office—his healing powers will be exercised in due time and bring health to thy soul.

Penitent, the Spirit of God has opened your eyes and revealed to you that your soul is defiled. Canst thou cleanse thy heart from the accumulated taint of so many years of ignorance and guilt? Canst thou turn upon it a stream to purify its foulness. Nay! It would be a task more arduous than the fifth labor of Hercules. But "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." Turn your gaze from your own heart, where all is cold and dark and cheerless; remember how Luther comforted and strengthened his heart; when he looked into the evil thereof he said, "God created this world out of nothing, can he not also create within me his own righteousness." The voice that spoke to Hagar in tones of tender interest also addresses thee; it says, by thy past neglects and sins thou hast purchased for thyself shame and grief; return to thy Lord and thy duty. Let your heart reply, truly the Lord loveth and seeth me. He who careth for me, pondereth and pitieth my afflictions. I will arise and go to my father's house.

Beloved of the Lord, God shall guide thee with his eye, thou shalt dwell in safety and the Lord shall cover thee all the day long.

C. L. B.

Translated for the Lutheran Visitor.
Evangelical Foundation of Faith,
Or Proofs from the Holy Scriptures that the Doctrine of the Evangelical Lutheran Church is the true, apostolic and saving doctrine. By Dr. Joh. Ludw. Hartman, formerly Superintendent at Rottenburg, and der Taubert. 1673.

It should be the chief concern of every true Christian to live by divine assistance in such a way that he may prove acceptable to God, have a pure conscience, and always be prepared to enter, rejoicing in hope, into His rest, because it is universally admitted that man has not been created to live like the beasts of the field, but has been placed here in order to learn to know God aright, to serve Him in accordance with His holy will, and finally to honor, praise and glorify Him with joy unspeakable in heaven.

This is our great and most precious goal; we are guided to it by pure evangelical religion, which is the manner of believing aright and the way of holy living and dying. Through it alone do we obtain for our souls peace, joy, comfort and rest through the grace of Jesus Christ; it alone fits us to serve the Lord steadfastly with filial obedience with our bodies and souls here in time, that we may live and reign with Him in eternity.

But as there is but one true Christian doctrine, and only one true religion, and yet Romanists, Calvinists and Anabaptists profess to be Christians, and say that they have the true doctrine and the right religion, it is proper to ask, where can a Christian learn what this true doctrine is? Answer: in the Bible, which is the infallible word of God and the unerring rule of faith, for that religion and that doctrine which are contained in and agree with God's word in the Bible are right and true; but that which is contrary to the holy Scriptures must, in as much as it is contrary to the holy Scriptures, be rejected as false and erroneous.

For this very purpose has God communicated His word in the Scriptures, that the latter should serve as a worm and rule of doctrine, as is shown in Isaiah viii: "To the law and to the testimony," and in John xx: 31, "These are written, that ye

might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name." Therefore God's word called a *rule*, Gal. vi 16, a *standard* that went into all the earth, Rom. x: 18, an authority as is pointed out in John vi: 39, and 20 Peter i: 19, wherefore also Christ and the Apostles always appealed to the holy Scriptures when defending the truth of their doctrine.

In this way we are also able to prove positively that the Evangelical Lutheran religion and doctrine is the right and true apostolic religion and doctrine. We reason thus: That church which is built on the foundation of the Prophets and the Apostles, and which adheres to it, which believes and confesses the doctrine which the Prophets and the Apostles have handed down to us in the canonical Scriptures, is the true, primitive Christian, apostolic, real Catholic Church. But the Evangelical Lutheran Church is now thus built on the foundation of the Prophets and the Apostles, and it holds fast to, believes, and confesses openly the doctrine, which is contained in the canonical books of the holy Scriptures, and therefore is the Evangelical Lutheran Church the true, primitive, Christian, apostolic, real Catholic Church.

The minor proposition that our church and religion are thus constituted, is distinctly established by all the articles of our doctrine, the summary of which is contained in the Augsburg Confession, and taken entirely from the Holy Scriptures.

(To be continued.)

Selections.

Personal Work for Christ.

It is impossible to carry on any extensive business without system and organization, and experience has shown that with them labor is most economically expended, and the largest results accomplished. As true in religious things as in others. The two tendencies of individualism and association, antagonistic as they seem, may work in the most perfect harmony, each having its legitimate action, and neither being destroyed or perverted. Men of stronger personal character never lived than were found among the apostles of our Lord; and yet by natural tendency, as well as by the appointment of Jesus, they banded themselves together for their work of propagandism. Thus united, they became the foundation of the church, their Master being the chief cornerstone. They thus strengthened one another's hands for the great assault which they were sent to make upon the world, and accomplished far more than would have otherwise been possible.

Another tendency now rises before our view. In all human organizations much of the work has to be performed by men specially designated for the purpose. A company has its officers; a bank its directors; a society its managers; a church its ministers, trustees, leaders, stewards and teachers; and an association its committees. How natural the tendency for those not called to any prominent place or official functions to feel that the work is in other hands, and that there is little or nothing for themselves to do. This may be true in certain respects; for in a church most certainly it is not for the laymen to preach or administer the sacraments, nor is the body of the membership charged with the duty of the class-leader or the steward; but in certain other respects there is work for all.

The underlying fallacy is, that the visible church is an organization whose great end and aim is to help and bring to heaven only those who have been gathered into it from the world. It is rather a body of saved men and women, who by divine grace have been rescued from the thralldom of sin and endowed with power from on high to be witnesses unto all men of the great salvation of the gospel, and who are specially appointed to be workers together with God in the conversion of the world. Organization consolidates and strengthens the body. It provides for the instruction and growth of the members, the nurture of the weak, the watch-care and discipline of the inexperienced. It supplies the nursery for the babe, and the arena of conflict for the strong man. Upon the babe, nourished in the nursery and brought forth into maturity it puts the heavy armor, and stations him as a leader of the sacramental

host. But all this is for future work, and in that work there is a place and share for every saved soul. It can not be delegated to committees and officers. Christ has instituted his church to give his gospel to the world, by preachers, teachers, and others who are called to official positions, indeed, but especially by the living body of private members. Did not the baptism of the Pentecost fall upon the women who were in that upper room, upon Mary, the mother of Jesus, and upon his brethren, converted from their idol worship in him, as well as upon the twelve chosen apostles of our Lord? And was not that baptism given to all them all by a new indwelling spiritual power for their personal work in the church?

The time is surely come when Christians must look their personal work for Christ fairly in the face. Too much is left for the minister, and for him in connection with a few prominent members of the church, while large numbers are doing absolutely nothing to turn sinners to repentance and faith in Christ. Admit all the alleged power of a devout and holy life, and of a pious example; it needs the testimony of the lips to connect these with the cross of Christ and blood of sprinkling.

The spontaneous feeling of young converts points out the natural course of things. As is well known, upon tasting the blessedness of the blood of Jesus, they at once desire others to come and taste it too. Timid and trembling souls, made strong as were Peter and John by the heavenly baptism, have again and again thrilled whole congregations as they have with mingled smiles and tears led a father or friend to the altar of prayer. We have all heard them exhort the impatient. We have each felt the longing to bring all around us to the foot of the cross. What letter workers do revivals know that a group of young converts! Now fall this is the work of the Holy Spirit. It should, therefore, never cease. The Christian who does not feel that compassion for the perishing, and has ceased to act in this way, has given cause to demand of his soul the reason why.

Another strongly indicative fact is the continually recurring conviction in the minds of praying people, notwithstanding all excuses and palliations, that it is their duty to do and say something direct and positive in the way of efforts to persuade irreligious persons to repentance. They feel that they ought, and all the objections and difficulties that are ever ready to suggest themselves are insufficient to hush or quiet this conviction. It may be forgotten or covered up for a time, but as often as the soul looks in upon itself, there it is—a permanent dweller in the breast. Who shall say that this is not the touching of the Holy Spirit?

The theme is a large one, and full of occasion for heart-searching and prayer. The conclusions we have reached lead us to this result: the world is all-around us with its thousand schemes of diverting men from the gospel, never more numerous and mighty than now, and it is for the followers of Jesus, made of one heart and soul by the love of Jesus, as one man, to surround them with pleadings to be reconciled to God. Let this be their work in the spirit of those who really believe that there is no salvation out of Christ, and the millennium is nigh—*Zion's Herald*.

Modern Deism.

It is, unhappily, only too true that religious unbelief is widely prevalent at the present time; but it is neither so novel nor so significant, a phase of religious thought as its apologists would have us believe. In such of what is now presented to us as the fruit of the superior knowledge and conscientiousness of the present day, we recognize an old acquaintance in a new dress; much of the teaching which boasts of its freedom from traditional methods of treatment is, but the teaching of an obsolete tradition, which became obsolete because it was worthless. The English Deism of the last century, like the English gentleman of the same period, has made the grand tour of Europe, and come home with the fruits of its travels. It has reinforced the homely bluntness of its native temper by the aid of metaphysical profundities and ponderous learning of Germany, and superficial philosophy and refined sentimentalism of France. Yet

under a good deal of foreign lacquer and veneer, we may still recognize some of our own cast-off goods returned upon our hands; and discover that free thought, no less than orthodoxy, may have its furore conclusions and its traditional methods of treatment.—*Duss Masses*.

St. Christopher's Search.

Among all the beautiful legends of the middle ages, none is more pathetic and suggestive than the story of St. Christopher.

Colossal in stature, unacquainted in strength, there dwelt in the land of Canaan a giant named Offero. Feeling in his heart the want that comes in time to all hearts, he traveled far and wide, seeking to find the mightiest prince on earth, that he might serve him. From one to another potentate he went, ever finding after a short period of labor, that his new master stood in fear of some other and stronger. Reluctant at last in the service of the devil, he worked for him faithfully, till he discovered that the sight of a cross by the wayside caused him to tremble with fear. So he left him, and marched on, seeking but not finding the Christ, and scorning to follow the bidding of a hermit, who desired him to fast and pray. Then the hermit thought him, doubtless, that in Christ's economy there is scope for all natures, and to this man, who did not comprehend fasting and prayer nor the greater aspects of religion, it might be that hard work might become the chosen means of grace. So he told him of a perilous river, in finding which many pilgrims perished, saying, "Since thou wilt neither fast nor pray, go to that river, and use thy strength to aid and to save those who struggle with the stream, and those who are about to perish. It may be that this good work shall prove acceptable to Jesus Christ, whom thou desirest to serve, and thee?" To which Offero replied, "This I can do. It is a service that pleases me well."

Patiently, then, by the side of the river, by day and by night, the strong man waited, aiding the weak, carrying the helpless, and steadying those who were in danger of going down with the current, till one day our Lord, looking on him well pleased, said, "Behold this strong man, who knoweth not yet the way to worship me, but has found the way to serve me."

So the legend goes on, telling of quiet and faithful service, willingly paid, till there comes a dark and stormy night, when the winds moan drearily, and the drenching rains fall. To the giant resting in his bed, come, faint and tremulous, the cry of a child, "Carry me over this river!" Twice and thrice came the piteous call ere the weary Offero answered, when going forth from the shelter into the tempest, he found a little child who, borne upon his shoulder, grew heavier and heavier till, almost fainting, he reached the other side. "Henceforth shall thy name be Christopher," thus said the child, "for thou hast carried Christ."

It were idle to try to parallel this poetic legend exactly with the meanings of our daily life. The heart of it is the same that beats in the utterance of our Saviour, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto me?" Those who have found out how to love and labor for Christ's friends are on the way to the knowledge of the best Friend himself. There are some who pitifully complain that they can not find the personal Jesus. They believe that he is a Redeemer, but their faith fails to appropriate him as their own. To such, growing in the dark, and knowing not how to find rest, the story of Christopher carries a precious suggestion. Work for the Master, though yet you know him not. Don't let enterprising languish which your hands may help; don't let suffering souls and bodies near you suffer for lack of your tender ministry; give the cup of cold water to the disciple, and you may yet gain the disciple's reward. Not that the good work shall save you, but the germ of faith that prompts to the good work, so tiny perhaps that you do not recognize it, shall be cared for by him who sees and blesses all who trust in him.—*Christian Intelligence*.

It is proper for us not only to feel that we have much to thank God for; we must express it also in word and deed.

Luther's Snow Song.

On a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard and the snow was falling fast, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside:

"Foes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes as he said, "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child: Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was open to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said:

"Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake!"

"Come in, my little one," said he. "You shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God," and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a scholar. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain with them.

They sent him to school, and afterward he went into a monastery. There one day he found a Bible, which he read, and learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little stranger became the strong echo of the true voice, "Just as ye do, our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little street singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther! "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers."

The following is the whole of the song which Luther sang on that memorable night:

"Lord of Heaven! lone and sad,
I would lift my heart to thee—
Pilgrim in a foreign land,
Gracious Father, look on me.
I shall neither faint nor die
While I walk beneath thine eye.

"I will stay my faith on thee,
And will never fear to tread
Where the Saviour-Master leads:
He will give me daily bread.
Christ was hungry, Christ was poor—
He will feed me from his store.

"Foes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest.
Yet I neither faint nor fear,
For the Saviour Christ is here.

"If I live, he'll be with me;
If I die, to him I go,
He'll not leave me, I will trust him,
And my heart no fear shall know.
Sin and sorrow I defy,
For on Jesus I rely."

—Home Words.

The Lamp Without Oil.

Whilst spending a week lately in the society of a great number of faithful pastors from the Canton Vaud, one of them, at a public meeting, related to us the recent conversion of a lady in his parish. She was one of those who lived only for this world; the thought of her sins had never caused her uneasiness; she was careful and troubled about many things, but neglected the one thing needful. One night, whilst alone in her room, she saw the lamp which lighted it suddenly go out. Although she was alone, she said aloud (thinking only of the accident which left her in the dark), "There is no oil in the lamp!" The words thus spoken echoed in the room and sounded in her ears, but with a new sense. She recalled the parable of the five foolish virgins, who had no oil, and whose lamps had gone out at the coming of the bridegroom; and from that moment, day and night, that word of God remained in her soul, as an arrow remains in the side of a stag who hies away from the hunters. It occurred to her constantly: "No, I have no oil in my lamp! O! what will become of me! I have not Thy grace in my heart!" She was filled with fear; then she began to pray, and continued in

prayer until God answered her favorably, and gave her His peace through the Holy Spirit; and now she is happy and full of zeal. Like Enoch, she walks with God; and we trust that, like him, she will continue to do so until the end. Readers, have you the oil of grace in you? Heaven will soon contain all the gracious, hell all the graceless.

The Tender Mercy of Our God.

The following striking instance of divine interposition (was it not in answer to prayer?) is from the pen of Major C. H. Malan, of the British Army, grandson of the late Rev. Cesar Malan, of Geneva, Switzerland:

"By the train which arrived at Geneva from Paris yesterday, April 29, there traveled in the same compartment of a first-class carriage my aunt, with a Belgian lady, a nurse, and dear little boy, eighteen months old. In the tunnel between Bellegarde and Geneva, the child pushed against the door, which had not been closed, and fell out of the carriage. The state of the nurse and mother can be imagined. My aunt was able to restrain them from jumping out, and having faith in God, was able to say that he could preserve the child from all harm. The cries of the women, endeavoring to have the train stopped, succeeded when it had proceeded six miles from the spot where the child fell out.

"Now mark the gracious care of our God. There was a luggage train waiting on the up line, where the express was stopped, and the *chef de gare* at once ordered that the engine should proceed with the mother and nurse to the tunnel, men going before on foot with lanterns. The express went on to Geneva. But there was a train due from Bellegarde following the express, which ought to have left that station soon after it. My uncle was awaiting my aunt's arrival at Geneva. She told him that she had seen the child, and he telegraphed to Bellegarde to stop the train. The *chef de gare* gave the order, but, at the same time, looking at his watch, said, 'It is too late; the train is in the tunnel.' It was not too late. He who took off the wheels of Pharaoh's chariot is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. At the moment the train in question reached Bellegarde, something in the tender broke, and the train could not proceed until it was repaired. This caused delay until the telegram arrived. As one of the officials remarked, 'if men can not see Providence in that, they can see it nowhere.' Had the breakage occurred before the train reached Bellegarde, there would have been an accident.

"The child was found in the tunnel by the driver of the engine and the passengers, quietly sitting upon the rail, his little head between its bands, and entirely uninjured. The breakage of the tender of the following train had thus prevented its being crushed to pieces. Every one expected it would have been killed by the fall from the carriage, but the angels of God can do his will in tunnels as elsewhere, and little children are as dear to the Lord Jesus now as when he was upon earth.

"Not only in these two particulars was the tender mercy of our God shown—the father came to the station to meet his wife and child; and although there was much excitement, and every one else was at once made acquainted with what had happened, he was kept in ignorance of it. Not meeting them, not even seeing his own luggage on the platform, he went and telegraphed to Paris whether they had left. An hour afterwards his wife arrived with his precious child, and told him what had taken place.

"I have had few sweeter pleasures in my life than playing to-day with this only child, a lovely boy, and seeing the happiness of its father and mother. 'O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, and his mercy endureth forever.'"

CROWN DIAMONDS.—The crown of Ivan contains 841 diamonds. The crown of Peter contains 887 diamonds. The crown of England contains 1,700 diamonds. The Imperial crown of Russia contains 2,500 diamonds. The crown of France contains 5,352 diamonds.

The crown of the poorest of God's saints is one solid gem, not to be compared for beauty and value with all the diamonds in the world; for the Lord of Hosts is for a crown of glory and for a diadem of beauty to the residue of his people.