

THE LUTHERAN VISITOR.

Revs. Rude & Miller, Editors.

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

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Communications.

For the Lutheran Visitor.
In Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 1st.

Dear Doctor Rude: After spending several days in New York—the last of which was Saturday, I embarked for Philadelphia. I attended the annual conference of the Lutheran Synod of the Church of the STRANGERS, which was held in the city of Philadelphia. I had intended and expected to see the much talked of Henry Ward Beecher, but in the morning found to my surprise that he was in Europe; and being that I was a stranger in the strictest sense of the term, I did not attend the CHURCH of the STRANGERS. Sabbath broke clear, beautiful and bright, and the usual Sabbath services in that city reigned. The quiet, to give a faint idea of the very day bustle, was just about the Charleston is the most beautiful and most busy day of the season. This is what the New Yorkers term "Monday." On Monday my time there was spent on Wall Street or on Wall Street, or no paucity, money or no money, I had to leave in order to get to my programme. In Philadelphia I stopped at the American Hotel, filled to its utmost capacity in consequence of the grand parade of the Masonic fraternity, which was to be the winding up of the last week's gathering. The first thing I heard on my arrival was, that "Benjamin Bello's Sons' great Wool Factory had that day failed, the largest factory in America, because they could not reach their funds." Financiers who are popularly known as speculators had taken advantage of the Wall Street panic, as well as many other portions of the country. This failure, however, may have been only a report, anyway I took it as a sign that there were no greenbacks there for our little church and left. On retiring to bed however, I enjoyed a good laugh at the expense of a fellow countryman. The hotel being crowded, I was put in a room where there were two beds, one of which had been occupied by my friend. I retired early and not knowing which bed to take got in the wrong one. About 12 o'clock friend opens the door and comes in, when the following conversation took place: "Hello! mister, you're in my bed." "Am I? I did not know which one to take, so I took this." "Yes, that is my bed, I have had it for nearly a week." "Very well, sir, you can have it, I'd as soon have the other." Out I jumped and made for the other side of the room, when I heard friend saying: "they promised to put no one else in this room, if I would have known it, I'd gone somewhere else." "Mister please take your baggage over that side," (vexed). "All right, sir, I'll move it." I then said to him, you need not be uneasy because I am in here, I am a minister of the gospel. "Are you? what denomination are you?" "A Lutheran, sir." "No, but I mean what denomination are you? a Baptist, or Methodist, or what?" "I am a Lutheran, sir." "I never heard of that name before, and I think I've got a little sense, and there are as smart people in our portion of North Carolina as anywhere." "Did you never read of the great Reformer of the Sixteenth century? If you did, he is the man after whom we take the name." "No, if I ever did I forgot it, and I read about as much as the most of people. Maybe it's the Quakers you allude to." "No, sir, it is the Lutherans." "Well, I don't know nothing about them, I don't belong to any church myself, but my father is a Methodist." Thus ended the midnight conversation, and we dropped into a sleep, and became food and drink for the mosquitoes. I never would have thought that mosquitoes would be so starved out in a city like Philadelphia where there are so many people to bite. I am afraid they don't feed their mosquitoes well like we do down in "flea-bite" and "fourholes," or else they allow them when young to become too impertinent, and when they get old like those were that fed on my slim frame, they can't break them of their mischief. Being satisfied however that it was no worse, I sought quarters where I have not felt any mosquitoes yet. I am in the Mansion House, kept by Mr. Isaac Albertson on Lafayette Street, Baltimore. This is a good house. The proprietor is genial, kind and moderate, only \$1.50 per day. The servants are polite and obliging, and you are sure to get good meals. I advise all our merchants to patronize this house. Today, not being quite ready to make my business rounds, I went to, and

ascended the Washington monument, where I had a bird's eye view of the city. By the aid of a field glass which I hired, I could see a part of old Virginia and many miles around Baltimore. The elevation is one hundred and thirty feet. It was the most magnificent view I ever enjoyed. By the many spires which point heavenward, I presume that God is recognized. I like Baltimore, and if to-morrow I can collect for my church a handsome sum I will like it better. On Friday I expect to go to Shepherdstown, to call on my good old friend and countryman, Rev. J. H. I hope the Banks in the VALLEY have not suspended. On the second Sunday, if God spares me, I expect to fill my own pulpit. I must be home by Synod. I am now of the opinion that business of the most vital importance will be brought up and discussed. If the banks in individual families of South Carolina have not suspended, I hope they will respond to my appeal of last Summer, and send me not only a dollar, but all they can spare. Some of the ministers who are no poorer than myself might put the ball in motion, and before any one would know it our house of worship in Orangeburg would be opened to welcome the wanderers and gladden the hearts of those who gave. More next week.

Yours in Christ, G. A. H.

For the Lutheran Visitor.
Sunday-School Celebration.

Saturday, September 13th, was quite an interesting day at Sandy Creek church, Davidson county, N. C. The day had been set apart for a Sunday-school celebration.

The church is under the efficient pastoral administration of the Rev. J. D. Bowles, who is evidently a very diligent and energetic worker. The Sunday-school in connection with the church is large, and composed of a band of interesting scholars, and under the management of an active and industrious superintendent and faithful teachers. The weather was pleasant and the roads good. At an early hour persons from every direction were wending their way to the church, and by 10 o'clock the spacious edifice was filled to its utmost capacity. The choir of Pilgrim church, under its zealous leader, Mr. Conrad, with his melodious, was in attendance, and gave great interest to the exercises of the day. The superintendent, teachers and scholars assembled in the grove, and, under a beautiful banner in the form of a cross, with appropriate inscriptions, marched in procession into the church. The exercises were opened with singing and prayer. The programme for the day was well arranged and admirably carried out. The youthful speakers, both male and female, acquitted themselves with much credit, and to the delight of the audience present.

The exercises consisted of memorized speeches and dialogues of an elevated character, and bearing directly upon the importance and usefulness of Sunday schools. The exercises were interspersed with appropriate music, vocal and instrumental, by the choir. After the forenoon programme was completed, an intermission of one hour was given, during which time scores of table linens were spread throughout the grove, loaded with inviting viands to satisfy physical hunger.

After the intermission, all re-assembled in the church. The writer was now expected to address the audience—and, in order to give some system to his thoughts, he had prepared notes, which he expected to use in the pulpit. But the pastor led would have him take his position in the chancel, and after the address seat himself in a chair placed there for his special accommodation. He accordingly put his notes in his pocket, took his position in the chancel, delivered an address of half an hour's length from the impulse of the moment, and took his seat. To his utter amazement, three little ladies gracefully confronted him, took their stand outside of the chancel railing, and, with a few very handsome complimentary remarks, presented him a beautiful bouquet. Although numbering more than three score years, yet had he never such honor shown him before. He was so completely taken aback that he could only respond, "I am much obliged to you."

Rev. G. Neiffer then made some brief, but very pertinent, remarks, in relation to their beautiful Sunday-school banner. One of the young ladies then modestly stepped into

the chancel, and very handsomely returned the thanks of the Sunday-school to the choir and its zealous leader for the interest and pleasure they had given to all present. So ended a very delightful Sunday-school celebration.

Selections.

Works that Follow Every One.

What is said of those who die in the Lord is true of everybody. "Their works do follow them." Every action remains. The deed survives the doing. This is obvious as regards other people. We may forget the kindness or the injury we did, but the effect remains. A small loan prevented a neighbor from bankruptcy, or the refusal caused his ruin. Timely succor saved the sick; neglect resulted in death. The calumny hastily uttered was as quickly forgotten by the speaker; but it went on doing its evil work. Our words and conduct have an indirect influence on those around us which is permanent, though the words and acts pass into oblivion. A preacher of the gospel does not cease to work when he ceases to live. The teacher of truth and of error alike, being dead, yet speaketh.

Our works follow in their effect on ourselves. A man's character is the result of his actions. The totality of his thoughts, words, deeds, makes him what he is. Every individual work does its part in making him. You see a man laying down first one brick, then another. Is it only a brick laid down? No; those works follow in the permanent form of the house.

You see a sculptor striking his chisel. Does each blow end when delivered? No; those works follow in the statue that remains. The diligence or indolence of youth follows in the degree of mental culture obtained.

Generally speaking, a man is intellectually what he made himself during the period of education. The works of the youth pursue the man. A retribution is even now going on. Every good work does good to our moral nature, and every evil work does harm to it. Thus virtue is its own reward, and vice in the very indulgence exacts its penalty. Every sin is a suicidal blow.

This is also true in relation to God. Moffatt mentions a sanguinary African prince, who, when told of the resurrection, struck his spear violently in the ground and exclaimed: "What! And will all the men I have killed live again?" Yes, and all other actions. God will bring every secret thing into judgment. How little some think what they do along life's highway. They fancy they are scattering mere dead things right and left. They are scattering eggs—eggs which are hatched. Hatched, they follow, perhaps, first as butterflies, bright and beautiful in the sun; but—oh, horrors!—these butterflies have turned into wasps, into hornets, and they follow, buzzing and stinging, up to the margin of the river and across into the presence of the Judge. I shall never forget a sermon I heard from a negro clergyman in Chicago, in the course of which he said: "You who are wicked, mind what you are about. How would you like to have your sins as your companions, to live with them forever and ever? A man's wealth does not follow him; but the fraud, severity, parsimony, arrogance, associated with the getting, the spending or the hoarding—these follow him. So also the consciousness and generosity of the acquiring and the using lay up a good foundation for the world to come, when the money itself has perished.

If this be so—if by a natural law, as well as by a special divine judgment, "for every idle word which men speak they shall give account; if every neglect of duty and every commission of sin abides and follows the doer, clamoring for judgment—may we not in despair ask: "Who, then, can be saved?" The gospel presents the only solution: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." His good works are substituted for our bad ones. He can both remove the guilt of our sins, and by his Spirit mysteriously working within us, he can neutralize the evil effect of sin on our own character. Old things pass away and all things become new. Then the words are fulfilled: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." It is an authoritative decree: "I heard a voice from heaven: It is fixed and permanent: "Write"

They "die in the Lord," trusting the Lord, loving the Lord, obeying the Lord, waiting for the Lord. They "rest from their labors." Not from holy activity, but from fatigue, anxiety, weariness; from conflict, pain, grief; from the burden of doubts, from the yoke of trial, from the discipline of sorrow. "And their works do follow them." They do not precede, blowing a trumpet, and claiming admission to glory as a reward. No man's works are sufficient for this. Christ's works alone go before us. They are accepted on our behalf. He goes first, and pleads for us and opens the door for us. We follow him; but then it is also true our works follow us. They follow us. They follow in their influence on our own moral nature, rendering us more or less meet for the inheritance and capable of enjoying it. They follow in relation to the special award of the great day. The doctrine of reward is as true as that of punishment. "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love in that ye ministered to the saints." There is a rewarding with ten talents and with five. A cup of cold water will not lose its reward. Christians will not themselves plead their good works. They have an Advocate who will do this for them, and will make the best of every case committed to him, for whatever good works we do are the result of his own work in us. We shall enter heaven as unprofitable servants, exclaiming: "God be merciful to me a sinner;" but our Advocate and Judge will graciously commend and reward whatever was done from love and likeness to himself. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."—Independent.

The Morning Cometh.

What christian heart does not beat high at the thought of the mild but piercing radiance of divine light now visibly glimmering all along the borders of heathenism! The nations which, for long ages, have been sitting in "darkness and the shadow of death" are beginning, at last, to see the glorious light of the Gospel, and are throwing off the chains with which ignorance and superstition have bound them, and are hastening to enjoy the liberty of the children of God. The thick clouds which for centuries have hung over them like a pall, are being edged with white, and seen, after the long night, to be stirring on the mountain side, as if to collect themselves for rolling up and opening the valleys to the day. The influence of the Bible and Bible truth is becoming stronger and stronger and is extending itself farther and farther in all directions. That old book, "the book of our Redeemer's gift and our fathers' faith," has been gradually ascending, taking to itself new tongues, spreading open its pages in every land—printed in Chinese camps, pondered in the red man's wigwag, sought after in Buenos Ayres, a school-book in Fiji, eagerly bought in Constantinople, loved in the kloofs of Kaffir-land, while the voices of the dead, from Assyria to Egypt, have been lifted up to bear it witness. Among the millions of India there is a listening and a surmise; amid the strange, fascinating roar of civilization, advancing from the West, is heard the deep, still music of the Gospel; a quivering hush and there, a faint ruddy flush, as of life, seems to announce that the swoon of superstition, unbroken for ages, is soon to pass away. The introduction and extension, in India, of the arts of civilized life have infused a new life into that hitherto servate people, and are opening their eyes to a nobler destiny, while the missionary of the cross is standing in the avenue thus opened by Providence, and holding up the word and pointing to the water of life.

From still farther east the glad tidings come that China and Japan have heard of the true celestial empire, from the lips of apostolic men, who have cast behind them all the refinement and social pleasures of home, as Paul cast behind him the philosophy of Greece and the grandeur of Rome, and have gone forth, in obedience to the Master, to aid in extending the dominion of his truth.

From Africa, too, comes the story that her sable sons are opening their ears to the Gospel message, while myriads of voices are ascending from the isles of the ocean, in praise of the power and glory of the Gospel. Beautiful is this return of the christian morning, from the West to the East. Christianity does not now go forth against heathenism, as in the old crusading days, clad in visible armor and bearing an earthly sword.

It steps gently like the dawn; its weapons, the shafts of light, wearing the breast-plate of faith and love, and, for a helmet, the hope of salvation. Thus clothed in the armor of God, if faith do not waver, and if love continue to burn, it must triumph. God has placed at the disposal of his church all the mighty arts and appliances of civilization, and has made it the special agent in sending His Gospel to the heathen. His gracious providence, overruling the inventive genius of man, has brought the nations nearer to each other. Facilities for communication are being increased continually. Let the church, then, be alive to its duty. Let it use the means which God has placed within its reach. Let every christian wake up to his work, for it is a work in which every christian has an interest. By prayer, by labor, and by contributing of our means to this glorious purpose, let us aid in hastening on that glorious recoil when all nations and every people shall bask in the light and enjoy the glorious privileges of the Gospel, and when all the kingdoms of this world shall have become "the kingdoms of our God and his Christ."—Religious Telescope.

"As a Shock of Corn Cometh in its Season."

"In His moral tillage, God cultivates many flowers, seemingly only for their exquisite beauty and fragrance. For when bathed in soft sunshine they have burst into blossom, then the Divine Hand gathers them from the earthly fields to be kept in crystal vases in blessed mansions above. Thus little children die—some in the sweet bud, some in fuller blossom; but never too early to make heaven fairer and sweeter with their immortal bloom.

"Verily, to the eye of Faith, nothing is fairer than the death of young children. Sight and sense indeed recoil from it. The flower that, like a breathing rose, filled heart and home with an exquisite delight, alas! we are stricken with sore anguish to find its stem broken and the blossom gone. But unto Faith, eagle-eyed beyond mental vision, and winged to mount like the singing lark over the fading rainbow unto the blue heaven, even this is touchingly lovely.

"The child's earthly ministry was well done, for the rose does its work as grandly in blossom as the vine with its fruit. And having helped to sanctify and lift heavenward the very hearts that broke at its farewell, it has gone from this troublesome sphere ere the winds chilled or the rains stained it, leaving the world it blessed, and the skies through which it passed, still sweet with its lingering fragrance, to its glory as an ever unfolding flower in the blessed garden of God. Surely prolonged life on earth hath no boon like this! For such mortal loveliness to put on immortality—to rise from the carnal with so little memory of earth that the mother's cradle seemed to have been rocked in the house of many mansions—to have no experience of a wearied mind and chilled affections, but from a child's joyous heart growing up in the power of an archangelic intellect—to be raptured as a blessed babe through the gates of Paradise! Ah! this is better than to watch as an old prophet for the car of fire in the valley of Jordan.

"Surely, God is wise in all his works. And even amid our tears will we rejoice in this harvest feast, that among us, as elsewhere, He gathers so largely 'the flowers in their season.'

"And as of flowers, so of fruits in their order, and after their kind, each 'cometh in his season.' Some fruits ripen early. Scarcely has the delicious June poured its full glory over earth ere some rare and delicious species are already ripened. And some ripen later. There are trees that do not even blossom until midsummer. And there are fruits that remain hard and unsavory till God shakes them in the wild Autumnal wind, and treats them with the distressful ministry of frost. And so it is in the spiritual—souls develop and mature differently. Some are ready for gathering at life's early summer; some come not to the earing till the time of the latter rain. And God watches carefully that each shall 'come in his season.' We indeed

sometimes talk of 'untimely deaths,' of young christians, removed too early from spheres of usefulness, as if the Omniscient Husbandman did not know when His immortal grapes are purple and his corn in the ear. Surely, God does the whole thing wisely, gathering each spiritual growth just as it comes into condition for its immortal uses.

"Oh, thought beautiful and comforting! Death is not destruction, but harvesting—the gathering from fields of mortal tillage ripe fruits in their season. And why then should our harvest feast be sad over garnered immortality? Why should this sweetly tolling bell, filling the troubled earthly airs with a gentle sound, so startle and appal the trustful spirit? God strengthen your faith so to behold this mysterious thing in a light from heaven that its dark veil shall seem transparent, and a face with soft eyes look forth loving and bright as the face of an angel.

"Death is not destruction! Death is not even decay! Death is harvesting! Hear ye this, oh disconsolate hearts! Ye parents from whose household sweet children have been rudely parted, hear ye this, 'The Beloved has gone down into His garden to gather lilies.' Ye children who have lost revered parents, and whose life is chilled in the shadow of that dread thing—orphange—hear ye this: 'As a shock of corn cometh in his season; so are matured souls gathered to the garner of God.'—Rev. Chas. Wadsworth, D. D.

interest and trial in the whole history of Christ, are found sleeping, watonly, when they ought to have been watching and praying, but in violation of the Saviour's express injunction: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

There is, as Hervey says, a double nature in all true christians. Regenerated and sanctified as they all are, partially, yet are they conscious of a dreadful load of corruption remaining within. Paul evidently alludes to this when he says: "I find a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind."—Rom. vii: 21-23. Such, too, is, to a greater or less extent, the experience of every child of God, in every age and in every land. Thus to these antagonistic and constantly conflicting principles our Lord alluded, when he said to his drowsy, heavy disciples, "What could ye not watch with me one hour?" He calls out of these principles flesh, the other spirit, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." But then it must be carefully observed that he does not excuse this weakness. Such a conclusion would be a monstrous and hurtful error. On the contrary, we ought constantly to remember that the very weakness is the ever potent reason and argument to the watchfulness and prayer to which the Saviour had but a little while before urged them.—Memphis Presbyterian.

The Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

It has been stated that the portion of our Lord's history respecting his passion was attended with the profoundest mystery, in a number of particulars. But notwithstanding there is so much in that history we can never hope to comprehend fully, yet we should not fail to glean from it much that is practical, and of great importance to be understood and remembered by God's people.

In the first place: The Saviour prayed, and he prayed because he was in trouble. Whilst he was so oppressed, and sorrowful, that he exclaimed, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death;" and although it is expressly stated by Luke that "there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him." Yet did he as he contemplated the bitter cup he must drink, thrice pray to his Father, if possible to let the cup pass from him, nevertheless, "not as I will, but as thou wilt." As the sparks fly upwards, so certainly is man born to trouble. There is no escape from it. It matters not what our condition, circumstances, or relationship, sorrow and distress are sure to come sooner or later. Our own bodies, we love and cherish so much; our families, our own minds, business, friends, are all so many channels, through which tribulation and distress are sure to flow in upon us. We can not prevent it. What are we to do? What under such circumstances can we do? The blessed Saviour's example furnishes the example. We must go to God with our troubles, pour all of our sorrows and distress into his ear. If it be possible we may know that we shall receive gracious answers.

But in the second place: We are to learn the lesson from the same example of entire submission to the Divine will. We are very apt to want and to prefer our own way. It is born in us, hence we see this developed disposition in helpless infancy, and in hoary age. It was not so with Christ. He said in his prayer, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." In another prayer, he said, "thy will be done." Perhaps the chief source of human happiness is to be found in the unobdient, unsanctified will. A good man says, and we believe he says it aptly and truly: "Happy is he who has learned to have no wishes, and in every state to be content." The very climax of all ideas of true happiness is to have our wills swallowed up in the will of God. This is a lesson we are to learn, not in the schools of men, but of Christ; and is an atonement constantly to be prayed for. "Thy will be done." God can not will but what is right and best. We can not know what is best; he always does.

But in the last place: Another lesson of importance we may learn from the history we are considering, is the great weakness of even the best men. Peter, James and John, all apostles, and at a period of deepest

Freshness in Preaching.

The preacher and pastor can not afford in any sense to be dry, formal, prosaic or dull. His speech needs to be sparkling like the dew, fragrant with all grateful aroma, limpid as the fresh stream from the crystal fountain, and warm with the generous spices of a deep but quick sensibility. It is not enough for him to state a truth, he must illustrate it and apply it. Direct argument in support of a proposition is well enough, but the indirect is better, provided that it have the passion and pathos of personal enthusiasm.

What shall a preacher do to keep himself fresh, vigorous, vivacious? He must read refreshing books, full of ingredients to stir his thought and set his pulse a going. Such books may not be of a theological or devotional order, and yet they will quicken his theological reflections, and raise his emotions toward the Infinite Beauty.

We refresh and recreate the whole frame-work of the inward man by having on hand for leisure moments some work on art, or it may be a poem, long or short, to lubricate the imagination, or a collection of eloquent addresses, or what may in some cases be better than all other expedients, a volume of polite literature from some master whose pages shall beguile the reader far away into realms of thought diverse from those the preacher most frequents.

A cheerful animation will make heavy burdens light, and the play of a lively genius, mixed with the hard work of daily routine, will enable moderate talent to accomplish most admirable undertakings.

THE HAND-BASKET PORTION.

"They have a common saying in the Weald of Kent," Mr. Huntington says, "when the daughter of an old farmer is married, if it be inquired what portion the old man gave, the answer is, 'He gave them not much money, but the old people are always sending them something—there is always something sent from the farm-house.' Then the observation usually is, 'Aye, hers is a hand-basket portion, which is generally the best, for there is no end to that.' Even so, our everlastingly Father gives to his poor children a 'hand-basket portion'—a basket being that which we generally fetch our daily provisions in. And God sometimes even puts his blessing in the basket, and then it seldom comes home empty; as it is written, 'Blessed shall be thy basket.' Deut. xxviii: 5.

He that is contented with just grace enough to get to heaven and escape hell, and desires no more, may be sure that he hath none at all, and is far from being made partaker of the divine nature.

The Lord does not afflict us to leave us in misery, but rather to increase our happiness.