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Communications.

For the Lutheran Visitor.
Church Architecture.

NUMBER II.

After the preliminary steps have been taken, it is, especially in the case of country churches, of importance that the architect examine the building site, so that he may utilize any picturesque advantages which he may discover, or overcome natural disadvantages which he may have to contend with. If his hands are left free, he will then and there determine the style of the church, and on his return home, having endeavored to harmonize any discordant views of the building committee, he will bring his ideas into shape. He will make the plan, or plans, keeping in mind the different facades, which he will perfect as soon as possible. He will next make his sections, and through out such details as the construction may require. When this is all satisfactory, he will write the specifications, which explain, in understandable terms, the manner of construction and finish. These specifications underlie, as a basis, all the estimates and bids on the part of the builders, and become, therefore, the most important document entrusted to the care of an architect.

But, my dear readers, this is all much quicker penned than executed in reality. The architect may encounter difficulties which he did not foresee, or, if foreseen, hoped to surmount; and he probably, after days of study and labor, feels himself compelled to abandon a favorite idea, and he will have to start anew. At times, trials like these are sorely perplexing! Again days and days are consumed without any result. I recollect that, on one occasion, three of us worked nearly two weeks in succession on the simple design of a doorway which offered peculiar difficulties. The complete work of the architect does not, and can not, give the beholder the remotest idea of the study which this or that feature might have caused him.

When the architect has progressed thus far, he is perfectly "at home" in his building and in all its parts. With closed eyes he can transfix himself in any part of the building, and with his mind's eye behold every feature in its finished state. He can in any way stumble upon difficulties which have not been discovered and previously met. It is far otherwise with the builder, proceeding without plans, or depending upon the rough sketches which he may have made. Drawings are out of his province, nor is he expected to make them, for he had not the necessary instruction. His schooling has been an entirely different one from that of an architect, and therefore the former can never successfully cope with the latter; and as his work progresses, he will meet with difficulties which he can not always safely overcome without violating either taste or rules. Indeed, I remember now a design of a young architect, so-called, who in his first work had designed a tower for a small inland town, which was certainly novel and original, but, nevertheless, in bad taste. It contained square-headed windows in the lower story, circular-headed windows in the second, and Gothic lancet windows in the third story, while the whole stood upon massive barrel arches. Here was novelty with a vengeance, and so sure was he of its grandeur, that he had already ordered a marble tablet with his name engraved thereon in large letters.

In buildings of pretensions and magnitude it becomes necessary that the architect first confine himself to mere sketches, which he submits to the building committee for selection or approval, and works them out after they have been adopted. When the design is once approved, and all the drawings are completed, the architect calls for bids. "Competition is the life of trade" is an old principle, but one which works great mischief in buildings, and churches form no exceptions. The bids come in, and O is found to be the lowest bidder, in comparison to A and B. Perhaps he made omissions of important items, or his bid being the lowest, he is awarded the contract. He goes to work and discovers his mistake, but he is legally bound to finish his contract. If he made an accidental mistake, he works with a heavy heart, hawarding perhaps his fortune, or, still worse, his limited means; but being an honest man, he

carries it through at a sacrifice. If he is dishonest, he alights his work, and tries to save all he can, knowing perfectly well that "corporations have no soul." (In parenthesis, individuals are often equally deficient.) I am free to own that this part of my profession has often troubled me. True, there is a legal contract that binds both parties. Yet, on the other hand, it is fair that I should occupy a residence for which I have actually paid only in part! I honestly question the propriety of accepting the lowest bid, except in such cases where the architect assures you that the bid of the contractor is a fair one. I know from experience that builders have purposely made a low bid, knowing themselves that they were too low, that they could not complete the building according to their estimates, and by this unfair policy deprived the conscientious builder of a fair and reasonable profit. This may be avoided by listening to your architect when he informs you that A's or B's estimate is too low.

The architect writes finally the contract, but his labors should not end there. He ought to be employed to see his work carried out properly. In fact, he is of greater service to you in the superintendence than in the planning of a building. He ought to inspect the materials used, and see that the construction and finish are not slighted. A sensible builder prefers to work under an architect, and should the former not understand parts of the drawings, receives readily any explanations which he may require. The reckless builder strenuously objects to an architect, because he knows that he can not deceive him, as he is apt to deceive unprofessional men, who, besides, may be persons who love peace so much, that rather than quarrel with the builder let him have his own way; and that is exactly what he wants. He will furthermore take the advantage in every case where unprofessional men are not competent to judge, and the building suffers either in appearance or on account of a faulty contractor.

There is a very unjust practice which has gradually found its way into use, against which I am compelled to raise my voice. I refer to the call for designs from different architects. No profession is subjected to such an ill treatment: Were drawings thus rejected of any future use to architects, there would be no wrong in it; but they are useless to us, lumber up our office, and time is wasted which might have been more advantageously employed. It is also a well established fact that by such a procedure the best design is by no means obtained, because very many architects point blank refuse to comply therewith, because, if they are men of talent, their time is always occupied, and they naturally prefer the certainty of employment to any uncertainties. While speaking of this practice, I will also uncover the unfairness I have often met with in competition of designs. Architects seldom receive the same information, and therefore one, who is the favorite, receives the most complete instructions as to the wants of the congregation, while all the rest work in the dark, and are left in doubt as to the amount of money a congregation may be able to spend, while one party is informed that \$10,000 more would make no difference to them! Of course that design, based upon a larger amount, excels all others, and is accepted. The lucky competitor rubs his hands in high glee, and the rest, probably better architects, have to put away an additional roll of accumulated drawings, only to be charged to profit and loss. Another trouble is, that he who has the most friends in the building committee is warmest supported, his inferior design is accepted by numerical strength, and better ones are rejected. Why should individuals and corporations adopt such a malpractice? Are they, in the first case, competent judges? From experience, I know that such is frequently not the case. But why adopt such a course at all, when architects offer you the fairest propositions? Every architect will make you sketches until you are suited. Can there be anything fairer than this? If he can not suit you, he charges you nothing! If you have selected a sketch, he works it out, as already described.

Many dread the charges of architects, outcrying that they are too high. But are they so in fact? In the United States, custom has established a fee of five per cent. for plans,

specifications, details, and superintendence. Up to \$30,000, this is very reasonable pay. When the cost exceeds that amount, architects generally make a deduction, and hardly individuals are often equally deficient. I am free to own that this part of my profession has often troubled me. True, there is a legal contract that binds both parties. Yet, on the other hand, it is fair that I should occupy a residence for which I have actually paid only in part! I honestly question the propriety of accepting the lowest bid, except in such cases where the architect assures you that the bid of the contractor is a fair one. I know from experience that builders have purposely made a low bid, knowing themselves that they were too low, that they could not complete the building according to their estimates, and by this unfair policy deprived the conscientious builder of a fair and reasonable profit. This may be avoided by listening to your architect when he informs you that A's or B's estimate is too low.

I hope that the time will come when architects will unflinchingly refuse to comply with such calls, except in cases where extraordinary talent is required, where designs, when accepted, are precisely paid for by governments, and where success is crowned by an honor worth striving for.

(To be continued.)

Selections.

Life Among the Early Christians.

It is very hard for those born within sound of the church-going bell to understand a world desolate without Christ and without faith. No wonder that the early Christians spoke of the change as a "rising with Christ," a real resurrection from sin, and darkness, and despair. Nothing in all the writings left us by Justin Martyr, the first Christian author after the apostles, is so beautiful and affecting as the description of his hopeless condition, after a thorough study of the doctrines of the stoics and platonists; his anxious walk by the sea-side, where an old man met him and preached unto his wondering heart, "Christ crucified." Though an eloquent man, language fails him when he tries to describe the hope, the joy, the peace of his believing. And his experience was the experience of all who out of paganism came unto Christ.

The christianity of this day was something very much purer and better than that of our own. After a careful consultation of the oldest fathers and authorities, I am inclined to think it was not. The two great principles of holiness and love were then, as now, the controlling powers of life. These divine principles are always perfect by reason of their nature, in the nineteenth century as well as in the first. But the church of the first century was a grand light set in the midst of a dark, pagan world, and the contrast was so vivid that we are apt to imagine their faith was really of "nobler strain" than our own.

Then undoubtedly the Christians of those days were all picked, men and women. The indifferent, the sensual, the whole lower order of souls remained pagans; the thoughtful, the brave, the noblest hearts alone, embraced the cross.

The christianity of these early believers strikes us first by its practical character and its strict morality. I can give no better description of it than that set by a gentle consort to Diogenes. It is found among the works of Justin Martyr (page 417), and Neander says it is one of the most beautiful remains of antiquity, "a splendid portrait" of true christian life. "Christians differ," says this author, "from other men, neither in their place of abode, nor in their language, nor habits. They neither inhabit cities of their own, nor use any peculiar dialect, nor any singular mode of life. Neither do they study any system wrought out by men of subtle intellect, nor follow any human dogma. They dwell in Greek or barbarian cities as may happen, following the customs of the inhabitants in dress, food, and other things. They share everything as citizens, they obey the laws and excel them in their lives. As the soul is in the body, but not of the body, so Christians dwell in the world, but are not of the world."

The wonderful change wrought in the morals of all who embrace christianity is noticed by every writer. Origen says, "the name of Jesus introduces everywhere decency of manners, humanity, goodness, and gentleness." One of the earliest charges made against them by pagans was "that all their hopes being in another world, they were idle and unprofitable citizens." Tertullian boldly denies this charge. "We are," says he, "no dwellers in woods, no exiles from common life. We do not retire from the forum, the markets, the baths, and the shops. We engage in navigation, in military ser-

vice, in agriculture, in trade, and you profit by our skill! 'We do not purchase garlands for our heads,' you say. What is it to you how we use the flowers we purchase? or if we think them more beautiful when left free, than in a crown? Do you say that through the revenues of the temples fall off? We Christians bring you a better revenue by leading honest lives and paying what we owe." The defiance which the "bold Tertullian" flung out to the heathen world is a remarkable proof of the lovely and blameless lives led by them in the midst of a world wholly given to idolatry and licentiousness. "Search your present through," says he, "and though you will find multitudes there, you will not meet one who is a Christian, unless he be there because he is a Christian; and not because he has committed any crime." Such bold assertions, unless true, could not have been made, and remained uncontradicted in the midst of a hostile generation.

The singular love of Christians for each other attracted universal attention. "See how these Christians love one another," is a pagan saying recorded by Tertullian. The wealthy churches sent regular contributions to the poorer provincial churches, and large sums were often raised for special purposes. At Carthage on one occasion over \$4,000 was gathered to redeem some Christian slaves in the interior, and Cyprian sent with it a letter, asking for information of any other Christians needing assistance.

Those suffering for conscience sake either imprisonment or martyrdom, received the peculiar love of the whole church. Prayers were continually offered up for them, distant churches sent delegates with messages of love and encouragement, devout lips kissed their very chains, and their relatives were the particular care and legacy of the church.

But their love was a grander and more universal force. It extended into their enemies, and embraced all "for whom Christ died." During a terrible pestilence in Egypt Eusebius says the Christians who had been driven away by persecution returned in the midst of the pestilence to nurse the sick and dying, and perform decent funeral rites for the dead; for the heathen had fled from the plague, or threw the smitten into the streets, leaving the dead bodies to decay there, and spread still worse the infection.

At Carthage, when the same calamity occurred, and parents deserted even their young children, and no one would go near the sick, or bury the dead, Cyprian assembled the Christians together and exhorted them to rival one another in deeds of mercy. Encouraged by his counsel and example the Christians first cleared the streets of the dead, giving all decent burial, and then went about caring for the sick and destitute. The rich gave money, the poor their labor, and by the pity and loving kindness of the Christians of Carthage, the city was spared from a universal pestilence.

Noble and self-sacrificing as was this love, it has not with the growth of centuries waxed cold. In every age the same noble deeds, and others more excellent, have been re-enacted. Our own generation would furnish abundant examples. It is the dear glorious Christ. Love, the love that is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

STEP BY STEP.—Samuel Bernham's life was one of constant disappointments. He would no sooner begin a course of action than sickness would thwart him. He was in this way kept from college. Because of this, he was compelled to give up teaching. By his literary labors were impeded, and yet his patience was wonderful, and he was never heard to complain. The secret of his endurance and cheerfulness is found in a passage in his diary written twenty years ago, at a time when physicians despaired of his life. He wrote: "If I get well, to God will be all the praise; if not, I hope and pray that I may be prepared to submit cheerfully to anything he may have in store for me." His own life was an exemplification of the advice which he himself gave to a young man before whom the way looked dark: "God will point out the path he wishes you to take. God always makes the next step clear. We are apt to trouble ourselves about the future, but we forget that one step at a time is all we have to take, and that we usually

have light enough for that one." And so, whenever the path of his choosing was hedged up, he only said, "God wishes me to do something else," and did it.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Quietness of Spirit.

One of the richest pleasures of travel is found in occasionally turning aside from the frequented highways into the by-paths to observe features which lie hid in places and among people that are less disturbed by public movements and the obtrusive gaze of the sight-seer. We confess to a relish for the truths and incidents of Holy Scriptures which so often escape the notice of the hurried reader, as among the fullest of suggestion and of real comfort to the devout mind. Never did a teacher or put more prominently forward the salient points of the Christian religion; never was one more actively engaged in pressing home upon the hearts of men its saving doctrines than was St. Paul; and yet we hear him say, "We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children." "And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you." How delightful in this little book of Revelation, to find the great traveling apostle moving among his converts, gentle as a nurse, and giving wholesome hints as to the practical duties of life! Alas! that anybody should ever charge upon St. Paul, or the religion he taught, want of humanity!

May we not induce the busy people of our time to step aside and not only contemplate but cultivate the quietness of spirit which inspiration directed as needed in the apostle's ages? Could there be a period when such a virtue was more needed, than in this restless, feverish, intermeddling day of ours? It is a day of steam and lightning; under the prodigious force of these two material forces, the minds of men have caught a corresponding haste in the accomplishment of their aims. Solomon knew nothing about calculating by lightning, and yet he admonished the men of his day against making haste to get rich. It is quite impossible to conjecture what language he would have used in the face of such schemes as hurry forward the speculations of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Nor is the acquisition of money the only pursuit which is quickened into extraordinary activity by the spirit of the age; there is a tendency in every calling to an intense excitability which interferes with the profound calm of the Christian life.

It must be allowed that the conditions of both our temporal and religious success are such as to render it hard wholly to avoid a too eager and anxious disposition. To prosper in any secular calling it is necessary to be ambitious. Ambition properly controlled is a great virtue; but as success is always relative, and men will ever compare themselves among themselves, there is apt to rise in connection with it, and as its natural outgrowth, the feeling of envy; which in its turn engenders bitterness of heart. Even where ambition exists in the higher sense in which it can be possessed by worldly minds—the desire for excellence—it does not exempt its subject from petty annoyances. A man may resolve to be the richest, or the most learned, or the most accomplished, or the most influential person of his time, and may resolve to pull nobody down in order that he may rise; he may be as just and magnanimous as is possible; and yet, when his end is attained, he will find himself subject to have his peace disturbed by trifles. Cicero knew himself to be the first orator of the Republic, but he was so touchy as to smart under the least slight. It is said that when Pitt wished to disconcert Erskine he would seize his pen as Erskine began to speak, write for a moment, and then toss it away, as though Erskine was saying nothing worthy of note. If it were possible for ideal excellence to be attained, it could not satisfy. It is the nature of all earthly flowers to wither in the grasp of the hand which plucks them.

The Christian religion requires and commends a thoughtful mind. It challenges investigation. The believer is asked to prove all things and to hold fast that which is good. Simultaneous with inquiry not unfrequently arises the feeling of doubt—doubt, too, on some of the vital truths of the Gospel, which can not

but produce disquiet. Here danger seems to lie in the very direction of duty. Must a man, therefore, never inquire lest he be disturbed? Nay, he may so inquire that he shall be brought though it be through anxious questioning, into a more thorough persuasion and a more settled peace. The very organizations into which Christians are thrown for doing good demand combination and government; and government must be conducted by officers. There must be the rulers and the ruled. Offices of the church, while supposed to be coveted wholly for the increased power of good they confer, are too often sought for the superior honors connected with them. Hence, even into the church may creep a spirit of vain glory, and good men may be carried away by the ambition for place. A temper which otherwise would be quiet, sweet and tractable, gradually becomes testy and disorderly, or at least so far agitated as to be jostled in its customary even and serene movement. The Saviour probably foresaw this as a germ of discord and disquiet among his people, and hence his command, "Be not many masters."

Indeed, there is not a direction in which men can reach forth in the work of life—the conduct of business, the control of the church, the guidance of the family, the cultivation of society and the social feelings—but that the peril of excess and the consequent peril of unhappiness is confronted. It was never meant that the cares of this life should eat up the Christian's heart. Restfulness, otherwise, could not be presented as at once the imperative duty and the highest consummation of the religious character. It is, therefore, the highest wisdom in a man to keep a quiet spirit. To do it, he must study; and surely it is worth while to study for so desirable a result. This study will undoubtedly suggest moderation in the desires, and a more regard for the only and real and enduring good. But, above all, it will suggest that divine fellowship in which the soul finds its true rest. As when the particles of matter impressed by force assume at once an orbital motion, so the attributes of the mind, when acted upon directly by the love of God, gather about this holy passion in unity and peace.—*The Methodist.*

Drawing the Gibbet.

Mooley, in his "United Netherlands," relates this strange incident of the famous siege of Ostend. A Dutch sloop, in moving out from the beleaguered city, ran upon some shoals and thus fell a prize to the besiegers. Her cargo was simply twelve wounded soldiers on their way to the hospital at Flushing. These prisoners were immediately hanged, at the express command of the Archduke Albert because they had been taken upon the sea, where, according to the infamous decision of his highness, there were no laws of war.

Prince Maurice, the son and successor of William the Silent, felt himself obliged, much against his will, to teach the Spaniards better jurisprudence and better humanity for the future. In order to show him that there was but one belligerent law on sea and on land, he ordered two hundred Spanish prisoners within his lines to draw lots from an urn in which twelve of the tickets were inscribed with the fatal word "gibbet." Eleven of the twelve thus marked were at once executed. The twelfth, a comely youth, was pardoned at the intercession of a young girl, who, according to a custom sometimes recognized in that age, claimed him for a husband.

During the progress of this dread lottery, the first man of the two hundred, who was so fortunate as to draw a blank, sold it to one of his comrades and plunged his hand again into the fatal urn. With a recklessness or covetousness that is almost inconceivable, he chose to run the risk of drawing a gibbet for the sake of the paltry sum paid him by a comrade. The result of his second trial is not recorded. Certainly one is inclined to think that such foolish tempting of Providence and bartering of the sacred chances of life, at least deserved the gibbet. But are there not multitudes of men and women who are every day committing follies of a like nature?

Here is a man who is taking his chance of "drawing a gibbet." He is a devotee of pleasure or appetite.

Time and again he has been warned against the perils that are before him. Mother, sister, wife, pastor, friends, have besought him to renounce the social wine, the "nourishing"—save the mark—glass of beer. They have urged upon him the tendency of convivial habits to grow upon the man, and entrench themselves within the system until they can hardly be dislodged. "No danger; I will risk it." They warn him by the examples of neighbors, acquaintances, kindred too, perhaps, to draw back in time. "O, there's no sort of chance for me to be ruined so! I shall come out safe enough."

Poor, silly thing! He is marching straight up to the fatal urn; he is plunging his hand within; for one moment's gratification of appetite he is taking the fearful risk—a hundred to one against him—of drawing a gibbet!—The wine bibber, the gambler, the adulterer, the devotee of what-ever vile passion, let him be sure that his folly is far outdone by the Spanish soldier, his risk is by far a greater one. Take no chances in that fatal urn, young man! Your appetites are pure now, your passions uninvited and natural. You are safe. Throw not the priceless prize away, to risk all this life and the next, by venturing upon the mad chances—nay, upon the fatal certainties of a life of dissipation.

And here is yet one other who is reaching forth his arm deliberately to run the risk of "drawing a gibbet." It is the soul who is putting off to a more convenient season, his repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He is taking his "chances!" He will wait a little longer; enjoy the pleasures of the world for yet a season; there is time and chance enough to turn to Christ—he will take the risk! God is a merciful Saviour—he will take his risk with Him, confident of drawing a prize at last. When he is married, when he is old, when he is next communion season—so the man parleys with the calls of divine grace, and carries over from day to day the awful risk of his soul's eternal destiny. So Felix did, and he drew a gibbet. So did the guest who entered the king's presence without a wedding garment, and he drew a gibbet.

Impenitent, procrastinating soul, what say you? How shall it be with you? Depent now, now, now. There is a prize in your palm, a title to life. Will you throw it away and plunge your hand again into the fatal urn, and run the risk of the chains and darkness of eternal judgment?—*The Presbyterian.*

DOES IT PAY?—The late Rev. Leonard Howard, of Rutland, Vt., in the faithful discharge of his pastoral duties, took occasion quite often to urge, personally, on one of his hearers an attention to religion. At length the repeated conversation became so distasteful that, in an irritated manner, he repelled all further advances by declaring most emphatically that if he ever took that liberty again he would never pay another cent toward his salary. With no fear of loss in this respect, but with a shrewd knowledge of human nature, and with a wisdom often born of love, he forebore all further personal conversation when they met, but he would tap him on the shoulder and simply ask, "Does it pay?"

Time went on, and the good, faithful pastor, crowned with years and the honors of a long and useful life, went through the gate of death to be with Christ. But his words remained like a nail fastened by the Master of assemblies; and the man whose salvation he so often sought to secure became a Christian. Then he told what feelings that brief question produced. He said, "I had rather he had said the whole than to ask the question, 'Does it pay?' And O," said he, "if he were only living now, that I could tell him so, what a privilege it would be!"

Let us be patient. As the years wear on toward the deep sunset, we are weary at making no near approaches to a reconciliation and real intimacy with God. But do we long for that rest religiously enough to wait for it? Stillness is our needed sacrifice. Baffled and broken, the soul must often be before its immortal strength comes. Humiliation of pride—an utter consciousness of infirmity—to be kept painfully out of our inheritance—all are the price of conquest. Do not pray for exemption from them, but victory by them