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THE LUTHERAN VISITOR.

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Selections.

The Working Hand and the Happy Heart.

"His heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord."—2 Chron. xvii: 6.

Reader! there lies the secret of a successful life and a safe departure. The right path before you, the right road beneath you, the right impulse within you—these are the chief things for a traveler on such a pilgrimage as ours.

"The Lord." Religion pervading our life. "The ways of the Lord." Activity pervading our religion.

"The Lord." Religion pervading our life. The chief matter, first and last, concerns God. The fundamental requisite to a well-balanced life is to give the supreme and subordinate their proper places. The machine will not work smoothly if you begin by turning it upside down. A human life with God cast out of it is a wretched thing. The good king of whom these words were first spoken "sought not to be Baalim (other lords), but sought to be the Lord God of his fathers."

"Sought to" is a suggestive phrase. In the needle seeks to its pole, as the frail vine puts forth its tendrils to clasp the bough of a supporting tree, as a lamb leaps towards its mother with impatient crying when it has accidentally been separated for a time, so seeks a truly devout human heart to God. This comes of a pardoned state and a renewed nature. The leaning of a new heart is naturally now toward a reconciled father.

II. Activity pervading our religion. All true religion among men consists of two parts, and everything goes wrong if these two are divorced or inverted. The commission of Moses, as reported in Stephen's dying testimony, might become the motto of a Christian's life: "Come; I will end thee." Come to God to get, and go forth at His bidding to do. The two constituents elements of the Christian life—the soul and the body of the new creature. The two great commandments of the law are—believe and obey. There can be no acceptable activity in religion unless there be faith in Christ beneath to sustain it; but faith in Christ can not lie still in a human heart, it will and must be out in an earnest active life. In the garden of the Lord there can not, on the one hand, be fruit ripening above, without a root living beneath; but, on the other hand, there can not be a root living beneath, without fruit ripening above.

We need not to go far or seek long for "the ways of the Lord," if we are willing to walk in them. "The field is the world." And let us not mistake the meaning of that familiar phrase. People seem to think it means only the far distant portions of the world, where the men are of a dark color and an unknown tongue. The word means what it says—the world. He who really comprehends that the whole world is the workers' field, will forthwith begin upon the life of that lies nearest.

But the best direction for the servant is the Master's footsteps. Follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. We are not placed at the head of a nation's resources; but if we are Christians, we are kings and priests unto God, every one. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; liberty of the priesthood to go into the holiest with our prayer; and liberty of the kingdom, to act of our own motion, amenable to none but Christ, and asking no man's leave to do good. Nor are we required to offer costly sacrifices, and we them consumed by fire. God has given us the poor at our door, the uncovered in our very households, the materials to work upon.

It is not the way of the Lord, if our own hand is not in it. He did not content himself with sending a messenger; He came Himself. He came personally in contact with the poor, the sick, the sinful. He looked upon human misery, and dropped a gentle word on unwilling ears, and hid a healing hand on open sores. These are His steps. This is the way; walk ye in it. He does not require the outlay of ten talents from the possession of one. He is a good Master. His commandments are not burdensome. But he is a Master; and he does lay the commandments on all ages, at once a comfort to every formalist—"She hath done what she could."—He does not re-

quire more, but will not accept less. It is really not modest in any man or woman, who never sets a foot in the Lord's ways now, to expect an entrance into the Lord's home at last. You expect to rest in the place to which he has gone, and yet you will not defile your feet by following him in the way by which he went—down among the sinning and the suffering! You expect from Christ a safe heaven, and yet you give all your heart and hand to selfish and carnal enjoyment! Ah! you mistake the matter; and it is a matter on which your soul and eternity depend. An idle, self-pleasing, selfish Christian is not in Christ. The withered, flowerless, fruitless branch is not in the vine.

Have you no one in all the world to whom you can do good? For, let it be laid down as a fixed maxim in the faith, He who is not doing what good he can to his brother, has not gotten the good he needs from Christ. Is there not an ignorant child whom you can teach—a godless family into which you could make an entrance with the Lamp of Faith in your hand—a profligate parent on whom you could fasten by acts of condescending kindness, that you might gain a footing and a purchase on him, to wrench him away from his doom—a desolate, cold, miserable heart into which you might try to distil the word of life like dew? These are the Lord's ways; those who will not walk in them are none of His.

You are sinking in a swollen river. A Friend in deed came to the brink, and stretched forth his hand and drew you out. He left you standing on the lip of the flood, while holding you safe in his hand, but not at once lifting you up from earth into his bosom. Why? Because others, helpless as you were, are weltering yet in that boiling deep. Your Deliverer holds you fast while you stand on the edge, that, leaning on Him, you may give your hand to a perishing brother and help him out. Instead, you play with flowers and butterflies. No; this anomaly can not be; it is an impossibility. Those who get saving grace from Christ, offer themselves to Him for saving work in the world.

III. Cheerfulness pervading our activity. Indeed, the man who does not labor cheerfully will not labor to good purpose at all. When the heart sinks the limbs falter and the traveler falls. Hopefulness is a grand element of strength.

We see, if not a great deal of cheerfulness, at least a great deal of effort to attain it in these days. If people's hearts are not elevated and sustained at a high pitch of joy, it is not for want of trying. A large class of both young and old have permitted a dislike to religious books and religious people to become inveterate, not from a direct desire to be irreligious, but in defence of their own happiness, against the aggression of a dreaded and hated gloom. We are well aware that a word, however true, can not open the eyes of the blind. Our protest may not be effectual to turn a vain heart, but, nevertheless, for the honor of our Lord, and for good to our brother, we do here lodge our protest, that Christ does not forbid joy, and his service does not damp it. Alike the Master and his servants hail every manifestation of happiness in sentient creatures. Common joys from common things Christians get, and Christ allows, as well as those that spring directly from spiritual experience. He both sat at a marriage feast in Cana, and stood at the grave of Lazarus.

But let the truth out. There is no profit in deceiving ourselves, and no possibility of deceiving our Judge. The elaborate pleasures of the world are little else than a loud noise made of design to drown the voice of God. It should penetrate a sinner's conscience, and disturb the sleep of death. The most solemn seasons, such as the anniversary of Christ's birth, and the beginning of a new year, are selected as the periods for the wildest revelry. In this mirth the heart is lifted up, not in the ways of the Lord, but against them. This is not merely the skirmish of an outpost. The main battle is here. Those who are alienated from God in heart, lie under the terrible necessity of stifling serious reflection. They strive to drown thought about God in a flood of merriment; because thought about God, when allowed to come in, torments them like a living worm. Only those who are reconciled to God by the death of His Son can afford to admit Christ into their

company without banishing joy. There is a terrible earnestness in the boldness and persevering contentment of merrymaking among those who live without God in the world. As the Dutch labor on their embankments to keep out the ocean from their smiling fields, those labor with a will to keep up the sport, and so keep out convictions, which seem surging round like a sea ready to rush in at any unguarded opening. The mirth of the world is often not very mirthful at the bottom. It is a labor in the fire, to avoid a meeting between an unclean conscience and a holy God.

But let the other truth be spoken out as freely: Christians have not done their duty when they have pointed out the defects and the dangers of godless mirth. The true antidote to the heart lifted up in frivolous mirth is not a heart cast down, but a heart lifted up in the ways of the Lord. To be crucifying the flesh, and abstaining from dangerous follies, is only half our duty, and that the lower half. If we stand weeping in the Lord's ways, leaving every one to conclude that Christians are of all men the most miserable, we are neither serving Christ nor saving our brother. It is not enough that we determine to keep ourselves in these ways—we must learn to love them, and tread them with singing. No doubt this is difficult; but it is right and necessary, and his grace is sufficient. He can give songs in the night.

Water, ever the same in its nature, may greatly vary in condition, and character, and effects. As a stagnant pool, it is loathsome and forbidding; as a running stream, it refreshes by its moisture all the neighborhood, and gladdens by its glance every eye. A Christian passing through the world, in the Lord's ways, and his heart lifted up in them, is like a swift rushing rivulet making its way over a thirsty land. As it leaps, and glitters in the sunshine, it is not only doing good as it goes, but manifestly expending in the opportunity of doing it.—Family Treasury.

The Czar and the Psalm.

When Alexander I., emperor of Russia, came to the throne, few Bibles were found in his empire, and great carelessness in reference to religion almost universally prevailed. A high place in the church soon became vacant, and the emperor appointed his favorite, Prince Alexander Galitzin, to fill it. He at first declined the appointment, on the plea of his entire ignorance of religion; but the emperor over-ruled the objection as of no weight. Constrained to accept the position, the prince, on his first interview with the venerable Archbishop Platoff, requested him to point out some book which would give him a concise view of the Christian religion that he might be better qualified for his official duties. The archbishop, rather surprised at the prince's professed ignorance of religion, recommended the Bible. The prince said he could not think of reading that book. "Well," replied the archbishop, "that is the only book there is, or ever will be, that can give you a correct view of the Christian religion."

"Then I must remain ignorant of it; reading the Bible is out of the question," was his reply. The words, however, of the venerable Platoff remained upon his mind, and he shortly afterwards privately bought and read the Bible. The effects were soon visible. He was not known to be "a Bible reader," but his manners were treated with contempt.

In the year 1812, when information reached St. Petersburg that Napoleon's armies had entered Moscow, a general panic came upon the inhabitants, and they packed up their valuables to flee to some place of security, fully expecting that the French would soon march upon the capital. The emperor was also preparing to go out with a body of troops from the city to withstand the invading foe.

During all this time Prince Galitzin remained calm and unconcerned, and had a large number of men employed in repairing his palace, which he continued to go on with, notwithstanding the prevailing fear. His companions were astonished at his course, and some envious persons told the emperor what he was doing, and ventured to hint that he might be a traitor, who had some secret understanding with the invading foe.

Alexander sought an interview with the prince, who was glad of an opportunity to acquaint the emperor with the foundation upon which his confidence was built.

"Galitzin," said the emperor, "what are you doing? What means all this? Every one prepares to flee, and you are building?"

"Oh," said the prince, "I am here in as sure a place of safety as any I could see to. The Lord is my defence."

"Whence have you such confidence?" replied the emperor. "Who assures you of it?"

"I feel it in my heart, and it is also stated in this divinely inspired volume," answered the prince, drawing from his pocket and holding forth a small Bible—book which the emperor had never seen before. He put out his hand to receive it, but by some inadvertence it dropped on the floor, opening at its fall. The prince raised the sacred volume, glanced at the open page, and said:

"Well, permit me to read to you in that very place on which the Bible lies open before us."

It was that wonderful passage, the thirty-first Psalm. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

"Oh! that your majesty would seek this retreat," said the prince, as he read the inspiring words. The emperor stood up, as if by a man astonished. His eye was at this time marching out of the city, and as he was customary he repaired to the great church for public worship, that being the best place which the emperor visits when leaving the capital to be absent any considerable time. Entering there, the religious services proceeded, and the officiating priest read over the wonderful emperor the thirty-first Psalm. After the service he sent for the priest, and said to Galitzin had mentioned the circumstances of his interview. The priest replied that he had heard nothing of the matter.

"Who told you to make choice of that particular passage this day?" said the emperor. The priest replied that "nobody had done it, but that he had desired in prayer that the Lord would direct him to the particular portion of the inspired Volume he should read, to encourage the emperor, and that he apprehended that psalm was the word of the Lord to him."

The emperor proceeded on his way some distance, and late in the evening, feeling a great seriousness of mind, he sent for his chaplain to read the Bible to him in his tent. He came and began to read: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

"Hold," said the emperor. "Who told you to read that?"

"God," said the chaplain.

"How," said the emperor. "Has Galitzin told you?"

He replied that he had not seen the prince, nor had any one told him what he read. "Surprised at your sending for me," continued the chaplain, "I fell upon my knees before God, and besought him to teach my weak lips what to speak. I felt that part of the holy word clearly pointed out to me. Why your majesty interrupted me I know not."

The emperor felt astonished at this, and paid the greater attention to what was read, believing that this must be of the Lord's ordering; he was therefore very solemnly and tenderly impressed, and from that time he concluded, morning and evening, to read privately a chapter in the Bible.

The next day he was with the Princess Metebesky at Tver. They agreed to begin the Bible together, regularly to read it every day, so that they might both read the same portion on the same day, and be able to communicate to one another the particular impressions or reflections the reading of the day might have produced. The world knows what was the end of the French invasion of Russia. Moscow was burned by its inhabitants, and of Napoleon's mighty army, one hundred and twenty-five thousand were slain, one hundred and thirty-two thousand died of fatigue, hunger, disease and cold, in their disastrous retreat, and one hundred and ninety-three thousand were made prisoners, and the expedition, undertaken in a haughty contempt of the government and providence of God, ended in the downfall of its leader, and the overthrow of his mighty hosts.

As for the emperor, the impressions made upon his mind by that psalm were not transient. He took Galitzin's Bible, and, to use his own language, "I devoured it, finding in it words so suitable to, and descriptive of, the state of my mind. The Lord by his divine Spirit was also pleased to give me an understanding of what I read therein." Such was his testimony to Stephen Grellet and William Allen, two members of the Society of Friends, who visited him while employed in Gospel labor in St. Petersburg, seven years afterwards, 1819. They found him a man of tender heart, and an unexpressed interview the Czar of all the Russians blessed the give me and suited in fervent prayer with these two loving men of God, in presence of Him who is higher than kings and mightier than emperors, whose throne is in the heavens, and whose kingdom shall ever last.

Most of the circumstances in this account are recorded by Grellet, in his journal as received from the lips of Prince Galitzin himself, the day before they left St. Petersburg to resume their journey to the regions beyond, whether they went to dairy tallings of Him who came to bring peace on earth and good will to men.

Partial Consecration.

Anna and Suppina are not the only members of the visible church who have kept part of the psalm, and who have made a partial consecration to God. A well-rounded symmetrical Christian is a moral beauty, but alas! too rare an excellence in earth. Many are willing to consecrate partially to God; many seem to hope that the business of consecration can be compromised; that they can compound for a certain amount of indulgence in one direction by giving or doing considerable in another. Some men, for example, will give with apparent (we hope with real cheerfulness) generosity of their money, but then they will give more value to their money, than precious to give to God. You must not expect to see them often at church, especially on week days or nights. Others will give their money to religious purposes, but will give none of their case. Self-seeking, self-indulging ease is too precious to be laid on the altar of God. The church-going bell, the claims of the prayer meeting, the duty of good example, contend in vain with the dressing gown, the slippers, the sofa, the paper, the pleasant story, or the fire-side chat.

But we have seen examples of an opposite character: Men who seemed to love money beyond all things; they would give time; you could count on them at any church service—almost sure to be there—and seemed to enter into and to be willing to contribute to the interest of the service; all went well, and all was hearty and earnest, until they were asked to contribute money for some need of the cause of God, then all was changed, the face grew hard, the eye cold, and mean and stony pretence, nearly lies, were given instead of gold to God.

Others we have known would give time and money too, if you would only exempt them from bearing any cross for Jesus. They will not pray in public—cultivated, sharp men, too, ready and able to talk, and talk well about any temporal or business matter, but not a word for Christ. Weak and timid women can stand up and say, "I love Jesus because he first loved me. I hope to be faithful, and through grace get to heaven." But these sensible, self-reliant and energetic men have not a word to say for their best Friend.

If it be needful to testify to their integrity or honor of any other friend, none are bolder or prompter, but if it is the friend of sinners, then you must excuse them. They have not the word of commendation or gratitude. It is a cross to testify for Jesus, and a cross is what they are not willing to bear. The Jews were not allowed to offer to God lame, or less, or sick sacrifices, but the sound, the best sacrifices of the flock. God asks for our hearts, that we shall love him before ought and all beside, and love him with supreme regard. Let us not seek to excuse ourselves from any gift, labor or cross, on the ground that we are doing a part very well, better, maybe than many others; rather let us aspire to the lofty mood of praise which the Lord bestowed on the grateful and generous woman—"She hath done what she could." Let us fully love the Lord.

Original.

For the Lutheran Visitor.

BACHMAN MEMORIAL SERVICES.

On Sunday, April 26th, 1874, St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church, of Charleston, S. C., gave her tribute in memory of her beloved pastor, Dr. John Bachman, that aged soldier of Christ and servant of God, who had for more than half a century stood as a faithful watchman on Zion's walls.

Before 4 P. M. the doors were thrown open, and the aisles were soon filled with those who, both in and out of the congregation, delighted to own themselves his children—his children. The young ladies of the Confederate Widows' Home, between whom and the aged pastor there had been tender and affectionate associations, occupied the north gallery, led by their indefatigable and self-sacrificing friend, Mrs. S.

Many who came to join with the congregation in the solemn services were forced to turn from the crowded entrance, and return to their homes.

Representatives from the clergy of the city occupied pews on the right of the middle aisle, and the children of the Sabbath school were present. As usual, the loving labors of the ladies of the church were evident in the profusion of beautiful and choice flowers, which covered the tier. Nothing that the most ardent devotion and purest affection could suggest was left undone. The drapery with which the church was dressed for the funeral services was still hanging from each pillar and on altar, pulpit, and chancel rail. Indeed, the church presented a sight seldom seen. The handsome interior darkened with the symbols of grief, the seats filled with people as one great family waiting eagerly to hear the words of eulogy that should wake responsive echoes in their hearts, and in the midst of all, that silent grave

How fitting the end of a blessed life. He loved them—they loved him. The Master whom he served called him to his reward, and left them the casket. Tenderly they bore it here, and lovingly they laid it down, and this spot to them is holy ground. Cared for by gentle hands, baptized by tears, covered with flowers, there lies the cherished form. 'Tis fitting. There let it lie in the bosom of his church, as his memory is held by his people in their heart of hearts, till the glorious day of the Lord shall awake pastor and people to a new recognition and eternal reunion.

The exercises were conducted by the Lutheran clergy of this city, led by the pastor, Rev. T. W. Dosh. Those who thus participated were as follows: Revs. John H. Honour, W. S. Bowman, L. Muller, and Rev. Dr. Frey, of Reading, Pa. The full service was used, opening with the 10th Psalm, which was read and chanted responsively as follows:

PSALM 100.
PASTOR.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all ye lands.
CONGREGATION.—Serve the Lord with gladness: come into His presence with singing.
P.—Know ye that the Lord He is God.
C.—It is he that hath made us and not ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.
P.—Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.
C.—Be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.
P.—For the Lord is good: His mercy is everlasting.
C.—And His truth endureth to all generations. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son," &c.

After the Confession, and at the conclusion of the Gloria in Excelsis, Rev. J. H. Honour read 90th Psalm and 2 Tim. iv: 1-8, and offered a most fervent and appropriate prayer. Hymn 124 was then sung, being read by Rev. W. S. Bowman.

HYMN 124.
I love Thy kingdom, Lord!
The home of Thine abode;
The church, O blest Redeemer! saved
With Thine own precious blood.
I love Thy church, O Lord!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands decay,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.
If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe;
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweetest communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

The following address was then delivered by the pastor, Rev. T. W. Dosh:

MEMORIAL ADDRESS OF THE PASTOR.
Prov. x: 7, "The memory of the just is blessed."
That event which was so long a painful anticipation, has become for months past a sad recollection. "A prince and a great man is fallen in Israel." Our father, shepherd, instructor and guide, has been taken from "the sight of our eyes." It required years to school and reconcile our hearts to the thought of its probable near approach; it will require no less time to fully realize the accomplished fact in all its bearings upon ourselves and others.

We meet this hour, in God's name, in this holy sanctuary, to render our "Memorial Tribute" to the presentment worth of a great and good man, Rev. John Bachman, D.D., LL.D., &c., for over a half century the active pastor of this congregation. In thus honoring his memory, we would not fail to accord it the accolade of his exalted character to their Divine and gracious source. No words of fulsome eulogy are either needed or admissible on this occasion. His name and fame are familiar in all our homes, as they are also in homes far distant. We can add nothing to his reputation. As envy could not reach it, so neither could flattery exalt it. Obscure adulation was abhorrent to him whilst living, and would now be no less repugnant to the feelings of a bereaved family and congregation, and to the many others.

Who "knew him but to love him."
Who "named him but to praise."

Not a few, far and near, have given to the mourning ones sincere expression of the affection and high esteem with which they cherish his memory. The religious press generally, and the religious members of the congregation have, through the same channels, poured forth their grateful offerings. The entire congregation, as an afflicted household, with spontaneous, tearful, touching gratitude, have spared no means of showing their affection. Loving hearts and gentle hands arrayed, in appropriate drapery, his sanctuary in which he dispensed the gospel to generations past and present. His mortal remains were committed to the grave with demonstrations befitting the man, "amid the solemn reverence and tears of the multitude who had known and loved him." In faith and hope his body has been placed, as it is meet it should be, beneath the sacred spot where, with living voice, he so oft proclaimed the message of salvation, and whence, "though dead, he yet speaketh." Fresh flowers o'er since have decked his tomb, and affection still weaves over it.

A faithful portraiture of his character, mental endowments, life and labors—if otherwise practicable—could not be compressed within the reasonable limits prescribed for this occasion. That "labor of love," we are gratified to state, has been sacredly entrusted to one well qualified for its performance by hereditary gifts, filial affection, and access to records unknown to the public. A few of the more prominent traits of his noble character, will be here passed briefly in review.

Dr. Bachman was a man of unaffected meekness. He was "clothed with humility as with a garment." The peer of such men as Humboldt, Audubon, Agassiz, and their contemporaries, and having enjoyed intercourse with them such as only affinity of taste and genius could render congenial or practicable, he yet was never known to exhibit any feeling of self-complacency in view of his association with men renowned in science, or his familiar acquaintance with their great learning. Kings, princes and lords had sought to do him honor, but their deference inspired him with no self-illusion or vain glory. When in Paris, whilst awaiting in the ante-chamber of the French Academy of Science, his announcement to the Assembly, he unavoidably heard his own name honorably mentioned in the discussion, and his works quoted as the highest authority on the question at issue. Yet no such demonstrations—and they were frequently recurring—ever wrought any appearance of undue self-appreciation in his quiet, gentle,