

THE LUTHERAN VISITOR.

Revs. Dosh, Hawkins & Dreher, Editors.

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Original.

For the Lutheran Visitor.
Endowments—Richmond Mission—
Staunton Female Seminary.

Dear Visitor: With Bro. H. C. Holland, I like the present bold efforts of the Church in making in the direction of endowments. "It looks like work." Certain it is, if we attempt nothing, we do nothing. If there be such thing as aimless effort, it is most certainly fruitless.

We must propose for ourselves something to do, and then we must address ourselves to the doing of that something. "Quit yourselves like men; BE STRONG."

A few years ago, at our meeting of Synod at Woodstock, to purge our minutes of a disgraceful ten cent resolution in behalf of Roanoke College, as well as to effect something worthy of the noble institution for which the effort was to be made, we moved to amend said resolution by proposing to raise fifty instead of ten cents per member. It was, however, opposed on all sides as impracticable, if not impossible.

We had just resolved to raise fifty cents per member for the benevolent operations of Synod, and this would now make it one dollar per member. It was so far above what our people had ever done on the subject that many excellent, worthy brethren seemed to stagger under the thought. The resolution, however, was finally carried with the result that I think I am correct in this, all who tried to raise the dollar per head, did it. Many did not do it, but of these some acknowledged they did not try, thinking it impossible. At the next meeting of Synod we had over four hundred dollars for Roanoke College, instead of thirty or forty under the ten cent resolution operation.

Now we have mentioned this as a simple illustration of what is effected by proposing something worthy of effort. So in the matter of endowment, there must be something put before the church that will really startle the people because of its magnitude. This will make them think, hunt up statistics, get their eyes open to the ability of the church, and Joshua like, they will say, "Let us go up and possess the land, for we are well able." Thus must the church address itself at once and in earnest to the LADIES' ENDOWMENT plan for the Theological Seminary.

Let the whole church lay hold of this. I think it eminently proper that the name of Dr. Bachman be preserved in our Seminary. Is it not then meet that the whole church in the South move as one man in this matter, raise the funds upon the ladies' plan, and call it the BACHMAN PROFESSORSHIP? What is the response of the Georgia, South Carolina, Mississippi, Virginia and S. W. Virginia people to this? How can we better enshrine the memory of this departed worthy than in a chair of theology endowed in our Seminary bearing his revered name? And can we not all, Holston, Tennessee and North Carolina Synods, as well unite and pay this noble tribute to his memory? Truly, if we have that charity which *hath all things and endureth all things*, we can.

But more of this at another time. Let us all think of it in that spirit of charity in which it is suggested.

RICHMOND MISSION.

This work is progressing, but too slowly. The whole amount ought to be met now. Let us get this out of the way. It is worthy, pre-eminently so, of our prayers, our sympathies, and our dollars. Less than one dollar per member from our membership in the General Synod alone, would plant our English Church firmly in Richmond, a point of so much strategic importance to our church. But many in the Tennessee Synod, I know, have helped, and for all I know to the contrary, individuals in the other Synods not in connection with our General Synod. Still the amount contributed has not reached two thousand dollars.

I would respectfully suggest, therefore, that a united effort be made on the anniversary of the Reformation in October next. Let all our churches determine to observe the Festival of the Reformation, and bring a thank offering to the Lord to be applied to the Richmond Mission. Just as surely as this effort be made in concert throughout our Church South, with the hearty co-operation of the pastors, so surely would the wants of the Richmond Mission be met.

Be them in the ministry of all our

Synods in the South, can we not unite on this important object and wipe out the stigma on our common heritage that we have no English representative of the Reformation Church in such an important centre of influence as the city of Richmond? Let us pray over the subject and then act. How happy would we all feel, and how well repaid, even an hundred fold, for our sacrifice, to see it proclaimed abroad, after the aggregate of that day's effort was sent in, that a lot was secured and a chapel put under contract, with the money all in hand, for an English Lutheran congregation in Richmond! For once, I would feel it to be one of the happiest days of my life. And all this will be realized, at no great cost to any one, if we but unite in effort for its accomplishment.

There is only one drawback to the whole plan that presents itself to my mind. The joy, after the months of labor, anxiety and prayers of Bro. Holland, the noble instigator of this great undertaking, which would swell his heart when he realized the accomplishment of his hopes, might be more than that frail body of his can bear. And I would be the last one to recommend any plan that might result in the untimely removal of so valuable a laborer in the Master's vineyard. But I have no doubt Bro. H. can brace himself up so that the shock, the result of such joy, could be endured. What think you, Bro. H.?

STAUNTON FEMALE SEMINARY.

A brother beloved, in South Carolina, recently administered a gentle reproof for not having more said about our last successful commencement, and advised us to see that the mistake be not repeated. It may be proper, after such warning, to inform him and many other friends of the Seminary, through the *Visitor*, that the new buildings are progressing quite satisfactorily, and will be ready to use at the opening of the session, September 2d. We will have a large and excellent school room on the first floor in the new wing, which will be spacious enough for our public exercises at the close of each session. When the two upper stories in this wing are completed, there will be ample room for the family of a principal, teachers, servants, and seventy-five boarders. We will have a uniform brick front of 131 feet, varying in depth from 33 to 60 feet, and from two to four stories in height. When we think of the time in which all this has been accomplished, and from such feeble beginnings, we can but exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" Persons intending to send next session, who have not yet notified us, will confer a favor by doing so at once, so that rooms may be furnished for their daughters when they come. It costs heavily to put in the furniture in a room, and in order that we be subject to no unnecessary outlay, we ought to know in advance, as nearly as possible, how many will be in attendance each session. We have a few catalogues on hand yet, which we will send to parties on application.

J. I. MILLER.

The Grandeur of Faith.

A New England friend relates this suggestive incident: "We recently called on a lady of culture and refinement, who, having just taken possession of a new house with elegant surroundings, had suddenly been called to face the approach of a fearful disease that seemed beyond human power to avert. With a loving husband and winsome daughter, with a home filled with evidences of wealth and taste, enriched by warm, true-hearted friends, with everything earthly to make life glad and joyous, we remarked: 'You have everything to live for. Does it not depress you to think that all this must be given up if this disease is not stayed?' The reply, simple, earnest, truthful, 'Why, I have everything to die for!' O, the grandeur and the deity of that faith which sees through the rifted clouds the glory beyond, which can say, amid deepest darkness, 'the morning cometh;' that faith which, with 'things seen and temporal,' most beautiful and attractive, can raise one up into a full appreciation of 'the things that are unseen and eternal;' that faith which bridges over the river, enabling the believer to tread with firm footstep and alone the way that leads to the unknown land; that faith which will lead one enraptured by richest earthly gifts to say: 'I have everything to die for!'—*Advance.*

Selections.

Trouble's Bulldozer.

If the sky is fair, and the air be dry, men sleep out of doors in California, and heaps of grain stand through the long months uncovered, and barns are never built, because there is no danger of the falling of moisture; but if the climate were to change, and there were to be rains through the summer, the inconvenience and damage occasioned there by would modify men's arrangements, and they would no longer sleep out of doors, and barns would be built. In other words, they would begin to forego that. That is, they would lengthen out their life by looking forward and organizing better conditions of husbandry.

Trouble is architectural. Thousands of men but for trouble would not have been half the men they are now. The things which make men cry when they are young make them laugh when they are old, if they only knew it.

It is not the men that get along the easiest that are the best off. Some men think that the consummation of a prosperous life would be to be on a golden canal boat, and go smoothly, without bumping, along the old dull canal, and never have to wake up, or do anything; with no oar, no steam, no noise, nothing to disturb them, only having to eat, and drink, and sleep, and be happy all the day long. I would just as lief be the boat as the man under such circumstances. That is not the way by which men emerge from lower conditions into higher ones.

You are all dead to begin with. You are all entombed in the body. You are all, more or less, in every faculty shut up; and every man is to be got out in one way or another; and the blows which disturb you are blows which, on the rocks, are letting loose the crystals. The blows about disturb you are the blows of the deliverer on a lock or hinge, that are to set you free. If men know what God's blows meant, they would say, "Lord, thou art knocking; thy knocks are hard; but I will open unto thee." Accept trouble when it comes, for with it comes the Lord Jesus Christ.

Her Silence Saved Me.

"I remember," said a young man, "being in company with several thoughtless girls. Among them, however, there was one exception; a serious, quiet, and beautiful woman, whose religious opinions were well known, and whose pen had for a long time spoken eloquently in the cause of truth and virtue through the columns of our village paper. Suddenly I conceived the thought of baiting her on religious subjects, and with the cool hardness of youth and recklessness of impiety, I launched forth with some stale infidel objections that none but the fool who saith in his heart, 'There is no God,' would venture to reiterate. The flock of silly gossips about me laughed and tittered, and I, encouraged by their mirth, grew bold, and repeated my innuendoes, occasionally glancing slyly toward the principal butt of all my fun. She did not seem to notice me at all; but she did not smile, did not look away, and did not look at me.

"Still I continued my impious harangue, thinking that she must refute something, that she would not surely bear her own holy faith held up by a baseless boy. The snickers around me gradually began to glance toward her. Her face was so quiet, so even solemn in its quiet, that seriousness stole over them, and I stood alone, striving by my own senseless laughter to buoy up my fast sinking courage.

"Still she never spoke or smiled—scarcely moved; her immobility grew awful; I began to stammer—to pause—to feel cold and strange—I could not tell how. My courage oozed off; my heart grew faint—I was conquered.

"That night after I went home, in reflecting over my fool-hardy adventure, I could have scourged myself. The sweet angelic countenance of my mute accuser came up before me in the visions of the night; I could not sleep. Nor did I rest till, some days after, I went to the home of the lady I had insulted and asked her pardon. Then she spoke to me, how mild! how Christianly! how sweetly! 'I was subdued, melted down; and it was not long after that because, I trust, as a humble Christian, and

looked back to my miserable rebellion with horror.

"Her silence saved me. Had she answered with warmth, with sarcasm, with anger, or with rebuke, I should have grown stronger in my baiting and more determined in my opposition. But she was silent, and I felt as if my voice was striving to make itself heard against the mighty words of an Omnipotent God! O! how often would it be better, if instead of vain argument or hot dispute, the Christian would use the magic of silence."

The Soul's True Sun.

Were the sun to be blotted out of the heavens, every leaf and flower would wither; life would cease. Without sunshine, earth would be a desert.

Jehovah is the Sun of the soul. Without his beams all is not merely darkness, but death. His love is the sunshine that gladdens and re-creates us. Where that love is shed down, all is peace; where that love is withheld, all is sadness and terror, and gloom. Life is not life when this love is hidden. In his favor is life. The favor of others may cheer us for an hour, and make us forget our weariness; but it leaves the soul as heavy and dark as before. It does not comfort, it does not quicken, it does not heal or refresh. Only of God's love can it be said that it is life.

Yes, it contains life for us, the true life of the soul, and he who findeth this favor, findeth life. The possession of that favor is blessedness. Nor is this favor hard to find. It does not need to be sought. It is freely given. We have but to take it. Like the sunshine, it is around us, and we have but to give it entrance. God sends as the good news of it in the gospel of his grace; and he who simply receives that gospel is at once put in possession of the divine favor, the whole free love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Hence the apostle says, "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us" (1 John iv: 13).—*J. Hester, D.D.*

Spelling a Young Preacher.

"He will do pretty well if you don't spoil him," was the substance of a remark made by a sensible, kindly Methodist lady, concerning a popular young preacher.

There is wisdom in that brief word. 'Tis to be feared that, in these days of ease and respectableness, the devil snares more men with the sweet-smelling bait of popularity than he overwhelms by bitter persecution or sudden assaults of temptation.

Praise stimulates. But stimulants are to be wisely used as a medicine, and not foolishly abused. The appetite for popularity grows until the wish to be "appreciated" becomes an absorbing thirst for human applause, a cankering vanity that cuts the heart of the one smitten by it. Human praise intoxicates, but the approving "well done" of the Lord feeds and strengthens the heart.

Methodist preachers have a recognized place in society now, and therefore are in more danger of being spoiled than when they were looked askance at. Young ministers are especially liable, for they have not got quite so far along in the text-book of experience; by reason of brief use, their senses are not fully exercised to bear with equanimity the praise and the blame that may come upon them. Nowadays the peril seems to lie on the side of praise. There is danger that, through pampering and flattery, he may grow to thinking of himself more highly than he ought to think, deeming himself one of those people with whom a great deal of ability shall die. Ah! it is no small thing to think soberly of one's self; it is a great victory to do so, and that victory is gained by looking unto Jesus, not unto men. It is sad to see steady zeal giving place to lax efficiency in any man, but especially in a minister.

The heart is very deceitful. We do not suppose that one member in a thousand thus designedly and deceitfully flatters his minister. But it is so natural to seek honor one of another. And if one can get "on the good side" of a young minister's confidence and esteem by making him think well of himself, the thing seems laudable and harmless. But all ill judged praises or much petting are the outward factors which go very far toward "spoiling" a young man. Puffing up is not edifying.

Is it not well to be careful how one puts a temptation to pride and self-importance in the way of a brother? Charity is not puffed up herself, and is very far from carelessly puffing up others. True charity, the right love, is brave and wise; it does not favor or flatter, but can give due encouragement and fitting rebuke when needed.

But perhaps some may think they are encouraging and appreciating the talented and zealous young preacher praising him loudly. But words are often a cheap commodity. Lip-praise is not as effective as the silent praise of hearty co-operation in the work of believing in Christ Jesus and helping to bring men nearer to Him. The best encouragement is to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. This is tangible; it spoils none, but it edifies all.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Atheism.

Atheism, like idolatry, is infinitely remote from being a mere innocent speculation, a mere set of harmless opinions. In its very nature it involves the grossest falsehood, injustice, and ingratitude, and is, of course, the parent of all other sins, in all possible degrees. The mind in which it exists must, in order to the reception of it, have become the seat of wonderful depravity, and is prepared by it for every conceivable perpetration. I do not deny that an Atheist may live decently in the world. But, whenever this is the fact, he lives in this manner solely because the commission of the several crimes to which he finds a temptation is accompanied by some apprehended danger, some serious difficulty, or some painful inconvenience; some evil is so great as to overbalance the pleasure which he expects from committing the crime. But he never lives in his manner from principle, never from the want of disposition to sin. Let it be barely mentioned that some one has done there is no iniquity which his head will not contrive, his heart cherish, and his hands carry into execution. From an Atheist no man, no people, no human interest will ever be safe, unless when danger to himself preserves them from the effects of his profligacy.—*Timothy Dwight.*

A Remarkable Scene.

There is a court in London called Chequer alley, where, twenty-five years ago, not a solitary moral flower grew. It was thoroughly corrupt. God had not a worshiper among all its wretched inhabitants. Now there is a crowded preaching room, a Sabbath school with over two hundred scholars, several classes of church members and hundreds who worship the Lord. A wonderful change, truly! How was it brought about?

Chiefly by the agency of a Christian woman, Miss MacCarthy. She began the work when it was dangerous to venture within the filthy precincts of the alley, by going into it as a distributor of tracts. Some received her kindly, but many rebuffed or insulted her. She persevered without one sign of encouragement for months. At last she began a Sabbath school. Preaching was begun in a hired room. Still no one yielded to the truth.

After two years of such uncheered labor, Miss MacCarthy proposed, one evening after preaching, to tell her Christian experience to the women present, if they would remain after the men left.

"You won't, though," said two or three rough young fellows rather tartly. "If you turn us out, we'll take care that nobody else shall hear, and we won't come to your meeting again."

"Very well," replied the great-hearted woman, "You know what we propose; let as many of you remain as desire to do so."

The men sat down. Miss MacCarthy and two of her associates told the simple story of their awakening and conversion, and exhorted their hearers to seek like precious blessings. They then joined in prayer. The place seemed unwontedly solemn. The Divine power rested with fearful weight upon the people. Presently a convulsive breathing was heard; then a single sob burst forth; next came an interjectory prayer; cries of distress followed. Twenty debauched, intemperate, violent sinners were powerfully convicted, and uttering that old gospel cry of distress, "What shall I do to be saved?" Christ was then lifted up before their gaze by the benevolent lady and her

companions, and the glorious work of human regeneration by the Holy Ghost went on with power. Twenty reprobrates became living epistles known and read of all men. Pentecost had come to Chequer alley.

Thus by a remarkable display of His grace did God honor the toil of his servants, demonstrate the vitality of his truth, and encourage his disciples who labor in the dark corners of the earth to continue their labors of love. Nor did the signs of his working cease with that wonderful night. From then till now new trophies have been won for Jesus from among the outcasts of Chequer alley.

Love Not the World.

Wealth is like a bird; it hops all day from man to man, as that doth from tree to tree, and none can say where it will roost or rest at night. It is like a vagrant fellow, which, because he is big-boned and able to work, a man takes in doors and cherishes; and perhaps for awhile he takes pains, but when he spies opportunity the fugitive servant is gone, and takes away more with him than all his service came to. The world may seem, to stand this in stead for a season, but at last it irrevocably runs away, and carries with it thy joys, thy gods, as Rachel stole Laban's idols; thy peace and content of heart goes with it, and thou art left desperate. Honor must put off his robes when the play is done; strength, though, like Jeroboam, it put forth the arm of oppression, shall soon fall down withered; beauty is like an almanac—if it last a year, it is well; and as for pleasure, it is like the lightning, a flash and away. The world itself is not unlike to an artichoke; nine parts of it are unprofitable leaves; about it there is a little picking-meat; and in the midst there is a core enough to choke them that devour it.

O, then, set not your hearts on the things of the world. Let God's mercy to us work a stablesness of our love to him; and however, like the lower orbs, we have a natural motion of our own from good to evil, yet let us suffer higher power to move us supernaturally from evil to good. Our ripeness of christianity must overgrow fluctuant thoughts. The God of constancy would have his to be constant. Be steadfast in your faith in him. "Continue in the faith, grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel." Col. i: 23. Be steadfast in your faithfulness to man, promising, and not disappointing. Ps. xv: 4. No man can turn Christ from thee unless thou turn thyself from Christ; for "Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."—*Thomas Adams.*

Encourage Your Pastor.

How many of us go to church Sabbath after Sabbath, and have the "oil of gladness" dropped into our hearts! And yet we never let our pastor know the comfort he has given us. How often does it seem as if he knew just what our trouble was, just when the thorn festered most sorely, and need just the words that would comfort and console us?

Sometimes the petty cares attendant on household duties have annoyed us; sometimes we have cause to think our brother or sister, for whom we have prayed so earnestly, is departing still further from the road to salvation; or it may be, we have some secret sorrow, known only to our Saviour. We come to God's house with our long faces and our trouble, thinking that perhaps "our pastor" might drop a word of comfort, or some line of a good old hymn might contain the needed consolation, when lo! just the words we needed he has spoken. Just when we felt our heart failing us, and we were ready to fall under our weight of woe and trouble, our pastor has comforted us. Did we feel friendless? He has held up to us the loving face of Christ as "a friend in every time of trouble." Did we feel that want and famine were about to overtake us? Our pastor assures us that "God giveth food to the hungry." We arise from our seat with our heart lightened, ready to take up our cross cheerfully for another week, and pass out. We have a smile for the sad faces we meet in the aisle. Anxious, inquiring words after our neighbor's health are on our lips, and, alas, by the time we have reached the door, we have totally forgotten our pastor, who first comforted us, and was

thereby the means of our comforting others.

How few of us go to him and say, "That sermon did me good. I feel like a new man. Let me thank you for it." And yet these are just the words that would encourage your pastor. If he is doing good, let him know it. Don't forget it, brother! If your pastor lifts you out of the "slough of despond," tell him of it.—*Christian Observer.*

The Best Book in the Best Place.

There are many great libraries in the world. Some contain nearly a million books. Some of these books have been great blessings to the world; but there is one book which claims to be before all others, and above them all. It is the Holy Bible.

This is truly the best book. As its name means, it is "the Book"—the book of books—God's book. It came from God, and leads to God. It is his gift to all people of every age. It has done more good in the world than all other books that have ever been written.

In the Bible are declared the character, ways, and purposes of the God of providence and grace, and in what relations man stands to his Creator, and to his fellow-men. It answers the questions, Whence came I? What am I? Whither am I going? It is a book of the purest doctrines and the wisest precepts. It is full of light and truth and love. It relates facts, and teaches by examples. It makes known the best way of living, the most comfortable way of dying, and tells of eternal rest in heaven.

But the principle glory of the Bible is that it reveals the person and work of Christ, and the only way of salvation by faith in him. It is the "word of Christ." The great truth it makes known, is that God so loved the world as to send his Son to be the Saviour of men.

This is the reason, that our Father has given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." Whoever believes in him shall be saved. In its invitations and promises Christ is "commended" to sinners as their only hope and refuge. It points to his life as their best example, and to his Cross as the only way to their reconciliation with God and to heaven; and promises to us the help of the Holy Spirit.

Should not the best book be put in the best place? The Psalmist tells where that is: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart." (Psalm cxix: 11.) It is well to have the Bible in our houses, and to see it on our tables. It is better still to have it stored in our memories. But best of all to have its truths in our hearts. "I have lived a lonely life," said the shepherd of Salisbury Plain, "and often have little to eat; but my Bible has been meat, drink and company to me; and when trouble has come upon me, I do not know what I should have done if I had not had the promises of the Bible for my stay and comfort."

In a time of persecution the Bible was taken from a boy and burnt before his eyes. "I have got the seven chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel in my heart," said he; "you can not burn them out." That was a safe place for the truths of the Bible, was it not?

The best Book should be in the best place for the best purpose. "That I might not sin against thee." It is the Holy Bible. It shows us that sin is an evil and bitter thing; that it is defiling, deceitful, and disgraceful; that God sees and remembers it; that we should confess it, repent of it, and forsake it; and that we should look to our Lord Jesus Christ, whose blood cleanseeth from it, and by whose grace alone we can conquer it, and live a life of holiness. Young reader! read your Bible, cherish its truths in your hearts—obey it.

TRUST IN GOD.—I could write down twenty cases, says a pious man, when I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I my own will, would have led to extensive mischief. The life of a Christian is a life of paradoxes. He must lay hold on God, he must follow hard after him, he must determine not to let him go. And yet you must learn to let God alone. Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces; to sit where he places us, be what he would have us be, and this as long as he pleases.