

The Lutheran Visitor.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Wednesday, November 9, 1870.

EDITORS:

Rev. A. R. RUDE, D.D., Columbia, S. C.
Rev. J. J. MILLER, A. M., Stanton, Va.

In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Contributions must be made in Post Office Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts, if possible. If these can not be obtained, send the money in a Registered Letter. All Postmasters are obliged to accept such letters when required.

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Marriage and obituary notices, and other matter intended for publication, should be written separately, and not in business letters, to receive proper attention.

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1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office, whether directed to him or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

Please Bear with Us.

Our correspondents and others will please bear with us patiently; we are although better still unable to write; even reading a letter fatigues us.

Encouraging.

The other day a bill for printing and paper was presented us, to the amount of \$404. Our subscribers had done well, and if but never mind, we fear not justice will yet be meted out. (7) we would have been able to meet it without any difficulty. We lacked, however, \$13. Suffering severely from indisposition, we retired early; enjoyed a refreshing and strengthening sleep; rose invigorated; opened our letters; we gave a portion of one below—and found \$17. The Lord is providing, the Lord is helping; we are cheered, and will continue until He tells us to retire.

Are You a Subscriber?

The American Lutheran says: "A contemporary very justly remarks that every Lutheran ought to take his own church paper. If he loves Lutheran principles, he surely can afford four cents a week to spread them. The cost of papers is no excuse for not taking one. There is not a week passes but that five times four cents are spent foolishly, which might have been much better, invested in a newspaper. Two dollars a year invested in a newspaper buys more reading matter than twenty dollars will purchase in the shape of books. A man may read books all his life, but if he fails to read the papers, he may be called ignorant. Without a newspaper a man is virtually out of the world."

Complimentary.

We promised to give a portion of a letter, here it is:

North Carolina writes: "You must be very obtuse, if you are unable to see the difference between an *epitaph* and a *medium of communication*. For instance, the General Synod, South, can not make the *Lutheran Visitor* its official organ, but it can be made a medium of communication. Very respectfully, *Small*."

Our correspondent is yet a young man, and we are near the threescore years, and acknowledge that even his instance affords us can not see much difference between the *Lutheran* and *Missionary*, as the official organ of the Synod of North Carolina. It is to our obtuseness, amounts to the difference between *twocolumn* and *twocolumn*. That some of the North Carolina brethren understand the action of Synod exactly as we do, is evident from the extract of the letter—dated September 13—given by us in No. 8, which reads:

"Some of the ministers in the N. C. Synod voted to make the *Lutheran* and *Missionary* the organ of Synod."

Grateful.

"X. Z. Lutherans," "Southerners" and other contributors who have taken up the pen in defense of the General Synod, the Seminary and the Southern church, will please accept our grateful thanks. We would have written, believing it to be our duty to defend the truth,

and to battle for the church, but we were prevented not only by sickness, but by faint-heartedness. We know that our motives would be impugned; the past had taught us that there are men who regard not the feelings of others, and who think all means lawful if they can gain their own ends. Letters called private, but which in reality contained nothing but what was said publicly, and written over and over to others in the church, have been received by us, in which we are accused of being a pope; ambitious; guilty of intentional misrepresentation; suffering Adam to triumph in our feelings, &c. &c. Now God and the brethren of the General Synod, and throughout the church, will bear us witness, that though far from being perfect, we, in all things regarding the paper, the Seminary, the North Carolina Synod, and our brethren, have acted the part of an upright, devoted and faithful Christian disciple and churchman. Every member of the General Synod knows that we advocated the location of the Seminary at Mt. Pleasant, N. C.; and that, when to our utter astonishment, the Rev. C. H. Bernheim moved the next day, in the consideration of that vote, and that Columbia, S. C., should be the location, we were not only utterly astonished, but we left the house; took no part in the discussion, and did not vote at all. Brethren who know us, and who have worked, and who do work with us, will bear us witness, that we live and labor for Christ and his church, and that we know full well that our days are numbered. We have no personal ends to gain, we have no property to be enhanced in value, and as regards ambition—well, we confess to having a large share of it. We want:

"Ereathed high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand;
With glory crown'd, in white array,
With saints to sing the heavenly lay."

Newberry Conference.

The Newberry Conference of the South Carolina Synod met at Bethlehem church, in Rev. T. S. Bostest's charge, on the 29th of October.

Present:—Clergy: Revs. Smeltzer, Bostest, Berly, Sligh, J. N. Derrick and Hawkins. Laity: Messrs. John Derrick, J. W. Folk, H. H. Folk, J. E. Chapman, J. B. Kyser and M. Dickert.

Rev. J. Austin, of the Georgia Synod, and Mr. H. S. Wingard were invited to seats as advisory members.

Rev. Prof. Smeltzer read an essay on "An Efficient Ministry," which was so well received that a resolution was unanimously passed to have it published in the *Lutheran Visitor*, and we bespeak for it an attentive reading, *how saying unto us, extend it.*

Rev. W. Berly was appointed to read an essay on "An Efficient Church," and Rev. J. Hawkins one on "The Scriptural meaning of the term 'Regeneration,'" to be read at next meeting of Conference.

It was resolved, That a minister be appointed at each meeting, to preach on Sunday morning at the next meeting, a doctrinal sermon, the subject to be given by Conference.

Rev. Prof. Smeltzer was appointed for the next meeting, and the subject is, "Christ's descent into hell."

The Conference resolved to take a scholarship in Newberry College, and also to appropriate \$20 of its funds to the Theological Seminary in Columbia.

Both Eden was selected as the next place for meeting, and Friday (next Saturday), at 11 o'clock, the time.

That meeting will take place the last of January—a leisure time—and at that meeting we expect to have several valuable addresses to our Conference, and we do hope that there will be a general turnout of the brethren.

The preaching during Conference was by Revs. Smeltzer, Austin, Derrick, Hawkins and Wingard. The communion service was read by Rev. W. Berly, and the communion was administered in both the English and German languages; and the season was one of great solemnity and profit to the faithful.

I omitted to mention that the President of Conference was authorized to confer with the President of the Edgemoor Conference, in reference to the propriety of a boundary line between the two Conferences.

J. HAWKINS, Secy.

New York.—The New York Synod met at Ghent, October 6th. It numbers 22 ministers, of whom 1 is a Hollander (a genuine Dutchman), 2 are Swedes, and 4 Germans. The union of Synods received earnest attention, and hopes are entertained that the New Jersey, Hartwick and Franconian Synods will soon form one Synod with it. The united Synod will then consist of 80 ministers and 8,000 communicants.

For the Lutheran Visitor.

South Carolina Tidings.

Rev. A. R. RUDE.—Dear Brother: I take up my pen to let you know what the Lord has done for us at our protracted meeting. I could scarcely find a protracted meeting at St. David's church on Friday evening before the fifth Sabbath in July, aided by Bro. D. Kyser. I continued the meeting until Wednesday evening following. Our Heavenly Father was in our midst, sinners were awakened, sinners were converted, sinners were reclaimed, and God's believing children were abundantly revived; received nine members into the church by confirmation. I held two meetings on the south side of Congaree creek, and about six or seven miles south of Lexington, Va. The first meeting at that place commenced on Saturday before the first Sabbath in this month. At the first meeting I was aided by Bro. D. Kyser. The Lord being in our midst, we continued the meeting until Wednesday night. The second meeting I was aided by Bro. D. Sheely and D. Kyser, and the meeting continued until Thursday night, and the result of these meetings was the conversion of forty-nine souls. And among that number was an aged father of 77 years, who being awakened by the Holy Spirit, came to the preacher's bench pleading for mercy, and inquiring what he should do to be saved. He was instructed to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and he would do Jesus, of whom Moses and the prophets did write, in the pardon and remission of all his sins. He did believe, and all his sins were forgiven. And, brother Rude, could you have seen that aged father tottering up to the place of worship, with his staff in his hand, there to have seen him, after he embraced Christ in the pardon and forgiveness of his sins, you would hardly have believed that he was the same man, seeing him going about and shaking hands with the people, shouting and praising and telling what the Lord had done for him. (He did not need his staff at that time, when the love of God was in his soul.) I received about forty members. Not unto us, not unto us, but unto God be all the praise.

I held another protracted meeting at a school-house, five miles from home. It lasted four days, and about sixteen were converted to God by repentance and faith. Two members united with the church by the rite of confirmation.

Please give it place in the *Visitor*. Perhaps it may stimulate some of our ministers to lay aside some of their temporal concerns and labor for God.

J. B. LOWMAN.

Sam Small's Figures Supplemented.

Though the average contributions of our people often fall below the Scriptural standard, it is unjust to withhold the credit due for what they do do toward the Lord's treasure.

"Sam Small" is right; figures are good witnesses. Hence, stimulated by his example, I have examined the Minutes of our Virginia Synod for the Synodical years of 1869 and 1870.

During the former the aggregate contributions were \$21,478.60, which would be an average of \$6.45 per member. During the latter year, the total amount, putting the pastor's salaries and perquisites at what they were the previous year, was \$18,651.83, which would average upward of \$6 to each of the reported contributors, beyond the charges not having been reported either as to membership or contributions.

"Sam" has said truly that what we need is *stiffness*. To secure this the pastor himself must have some practical business ability, and he must be aided by a council composed of conscientious, intelligent, earnest and active men. Any plan devised by their united deliberations, if promptly executed, will lead to encouraging results. Try it, all ye pastors and office-bearers, and make the effort a thorough and energetic one, and the results will not fail to gratify you. TRY.

Pennsylvania.—Pittsburgh Synod met last month at Monongahela city. Synod resolved to raise \$5,000 for missions and education. The committee on the state of religion says: "We see some things calculated to sadden our hearts, but we also observe many things which should encourage us."

Some pastors complain of the cold state of the churches, others report an increasing interest among their people. Catechetical instruction, the committee regrets, has not been attended to as diligently by some brethren as is desirable. Synod numbers 24 ministers, 3379 communicants, and its contributions exclusive of local objects amounted to \$5,000.76.

For the Lutheran Visitor.

"Mighty Quies Doit's!"

What I asked. "These preachers, and Synods, and such." This was all he said, and I did not even ask him what he meant by "quies," and suppose he meant Conferences, Councils and religious periodicals. He had said enough to set me thinking, then scribbling, then—well, I sent the result to the printer. Pray, what use have we of printers, if it be not to print our thoughts put in writing?

It was mighty queer for the delegates who represented the North Carolina Synod in our General Synod at Winchester to go home and offer the following report to their constituents: "Your delegates can not say that they were forcibly struck with the efficiency of the General Synod. There seems to be a disposition on the part of several District Synods to propose and adopt important measures for selfish purposes."

Such "quiesness," if continued, will be evident to every reflecting mind, will not only impair the future usefulness of the General Synod, but eventually prove its destruction. Now, I myself observed some of this same "quiesness," but the exhibition was from a quarter that it belies the above report. It is customary, as you know, for the presiding officer, with the aid of the pastor local, to fill the pulpits of the various churches in the city, both Lutheran and others not opposed to *harmlessness*. The pulpits were all filled and the schedule was published. After the publication of this notice, a delegate of the North Carolina Synod objected to the arrangement, upon the ground that none of the honors had been assigned to the North Carolina Synod. The pastor local, knowing that the delegates of no other Synod, there represented, possessed sensibilities of such extreme delicacy, altered the published programme, by removing the only honor of the North Carolina Synod, in order to give in honor to a delegate of the North Carolina Synod. This delegate, forgetting the injunction of Paul to "prefer one another in honor," very modestly accepted the position for himself and filled it—in his own satisfaction, at least—without a word of consultation with his brother delegates. Now, if this was for the benefit of his Synod, to the exclusion of other Synods, it was "quiesness," if not, it was simply personal vanity.

2. It is mighty queer, that the North Carolina Synod first secured the location of the Theological Seminary at Mt. Pleasant, upon their own proposed terms, and then, upon a reconsideration of the vote on location, moved by one of their own number, and I believe seconded by another, in a body voted the Seminary to Columbia. They then pledged their Synod, by a rising vote, to sustain the new location by giving the Seminary their unqualified support. Upon their return home, they took back their official action, and, in short, took the back track altogether, and deliberately voted to withhold their money and their students. But before the close of their Synod, they revealed the fact that they have not one student of theology in their entire Synod. Perhaps by the time they get out they may reverse their action. It would have exhibited a better *quies*, as my friend Dr. Butler would say, to have passed some such resolution as this:

"Resolved, That we sustain the Theological Seminary at Columbia, by the first theological student that we can catch."

3. It is mighty queer that a certain reason assigned for not encouraging the Seminary at Columbia, should be directly the opposite of the reason which influenced the delegation to change the location from Mt. Pleasant to Columbia.

4. It is mighty queer, that Dr. Deibel could visit our General Synod, be recognized by all its members in the utmost cordiality, be entertained most hospitably, and return home, and deliberately insult the whole Synod through the columns of the *Observer*, and then vote in the Maryland Synod, at Emmitsburg, for a resolution appointing a committee of correspondence with the District Synods composing our General Synod, in order to induce them to return to the loving bosom of their General Synod. What can the learned Doctor mean? He is not old enough to be entering his dotage. I wonder if he is chairman of said committee.

His prestige in Virginia would help the committee amazingly.

5. It is mighty queer that the Maryland Synod will not appoint a committee to form an *Index Expurgatorius* for the use of its members and laity. That would be the only sure mode of procedure. Let them place at the head of their list of expurgations the *Lutheran* and *Missionary*, next the Book of Concord, then the Augsburg Confession, next, Luther's Catechism, and lastly all those publications in which the

keenest and longest nose may scent the least symbolism, and then substitute for all, the "American" edition of the Augsburg Confession, as the only platform upon which such a heterogeneous body may safely stand. Choking off by *ipse dictis* will not be available. Holway became continuous when rebuked for favoring the *Lutheran*, and said he would send money to that paper whenever requested to do so. In the midst of Stork's tremendous argument, in which he asserted that the *Lutheran* was a dangerous paper, and the overwhelming proof to sustain the assertion, namely, that one of his members read the *Lutheran*, and took at the awful consequences, he regarded his pastor a heretic. I say, in the midst of this argument, one of the members of Synod had the effrontery to step over to Dr. Seiss, and actually *subscribe for the Lutheran*, in the very face of Stork and on the very floor of Synod. The Catholic church tried argument, but soon found that prohibition and proscription were the only sure means of success. Let them make their *Lutes Expurgatorius* and they will soon have the *Lutheran* by the throat. Then they can kick all symbols to—old Nick, if they choose. But they must exercise some caution in the selection of their committee. Holway, Bergstresser, McGon, Steek, Meugart, Heydenreich, and Wolf would be amenable. The best committee would be Stork, Urrah and Startzman. It is true, the last named did not commit himself particularly, but then the Frenchman would say of him, "*Il n'a pas incanté la poudre*," or in plain English, he was not the least of gun powder, and might do for a committee man. Officer would be admirably suited, for he declares the Augsburg Confession is made up of nonsense and lies. Butler would not answer, for he reads the *Lutheran*, and holds fast to the good—he does.

6. It is mighty queer that the *Observer* has persistently, for an entire year, filled its first editorial column with extracts of letters puffing itself. The second and third, and not infrequently the fourth columns of the same important part of the paper are filled with denunciations, sometimes in questionable taste, of the General Council, and predictions, which, if verified, there would not now remain to that body as much as was left of the famous Kilkenny cats after their desperate fight. I fear the serious wish of the *Observer* is father of all these predictions.

7. It would be mighty queer if the *Lutheran* did not defend itself and the General Council, and therefore, in return, some pretty hard things be said, perhaps not in perfect accord with religious journalism. May be as "iron sharpeneth iron," so this kind of instruction to the laity may make both journals more pure and more correct. *Quies, quies!*

8. It is mighty queer that the *American Lutheran* should be convicted of lying, doxology lying, in almost every issue, and yet live on, its fat editor, seeming to possess the hide of a packy deer, impenetrable by the keen shafts, which, if discharged at any other man, would penetrate his vitals. He publishes a D.D. as making a speech in a large beer saloon, with not one word of truth. He quotes Dr. Seiss, and publishes predictions concerning Napoleon, that Dr. S. never made, nor even thought of, &c. &c. I fear the good-natured editor has published so many quack nostrums, and humbug inventions, and hair restoratives, that his eye and ear have become somewhat incorrect in judging of what is strictly and honestly true. In charity, I hope the heart is not implicated.

9. It is mighty queer that the *Christian* (I) Radical, of Pittsburgh, is still in existence, and that its editor is permitted to hold his connection in any Lutheran Synod in America. I do not mean the editor who was indicted and found guilty, in a criminal court, of assault upon Mr. Shamburg, for enforcing his arguments with too much emphasis, all about a *darkey*. I mean the other editor, the model of many of the East Pennsylvania Synod.

10. It is mighty queer that the *Lutheran Visitor* is not in every Lutheran family in the entire South, and even in many families beyond the Potomac, who must be somewhat tired of continual contentions, and feel a want of something outside of abuse and controversy.

LUTHERANUS.

Box L. Keller closed, Oct. 26, a very interesting meeting at St. Peter's church, near Woodstock. The number of communicants, considerably over 200, was larger than on any previous sacramental occasion. Our brother writes: "I was alone, having been disappointed, and suffering with inflamed eyes. I was compelled to close the meeting. Yet, I am satisfied that good was done, and that the Lord is blessing us at that place."

For the Lutheran Visitor.

Address.

Delivered before the Sunday school of the Westworth St. Lutheran Church, by a Teacher.

My Little Friends: As you are aware, notice was given last Sunday by our worthy Superintendent, that I would address you to-day. Well, for the last few days I have been overhauling this storehouse of mine to try and find something to say to you. And just here, let me say that I want you all to try and store your minds with substantial knowledge, that will pay you a good profit when you want to make use of it. Read good books; none of that light, loose stuff known as dime novels, for they will do you no good. I want you to be judicious merchants, and put into your storehouse goods that will stand inspection.

In looking over the past, I remember the history of two young men, natives of this "City by the Sea," our own old Charleston. Both were friends of mine, and we went to the same school. One was a rich man's son, the other the son of a poor widow. Now I know you would all like to be rich, but few of you know the responsibility of the rich. The good Book teaches us that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. A person possessed of large means has a great deal more to answer for than one who is poor.

Let us look at the son of the rich man first. We will go into one of our most fashionable streets, and enter a fine large mansion. The rooms are richly furnished, and everything has an air of wealth and elegance. In the dining room we see a fine looking old gentleman sitting at the head of the table, a kind-hearted old lady at the other end, while the daughters and only son surround the hospitable board, which is filled with everything that can gratify the appetite. How happy they all are! And when they arise from the table, the father watches every movement of that idolized son, whose every wish is gratified. He goes to the piazza and calls his servant to get his pony ready, for he intends to ride down to the wharf to meet a few of his young friends, and go sailing in his boat on the beautiful waters of the Ashley. So you see he has everything to make him happy.

Let us go with him to the school-house. He is petted by all who know him, for he is a fine, generous boy, and beloved by his schoolmates. After a time, he passes through the different classes and enters college. He passes his examination with credit to himself and his teachers. All is bright and fair, and he graduates with honor. Then he commences the battle of life, another recruit in that grand army that is marching on to fortune and to fame. He chooses one of earth's most delightful occupations—that of a planter. He marries one of Charleston's fairest daughters, and everything moves on happily for two years of wedded life. But alas! the fascinating companionship of his college days have led him, step after step, into the scenes of revelry and dissipation, and he begins to fall. The fate dreadful war comes on, and he joins a company in which are most of his old college friends. The war closes, and he returns in safety to his once happy home. But ah! how changed. He is not the same man. See his bloodshot eyes, bloated face, and shabby clothing. Need I tell you what has done all this? It is that bane of happiness, that terrible destroyer—old King Alcohol. Go with me to his low humble home, where things have sadly changed. What is this that meets our eyes? Ah! see that heart-stricken mother bending over the form of her only daughter, now cold in deathly chilly embrace. See her upturned face and streaming eyes, and hear her in the depths of her great sorrow, as she says, "My dear friend, go and talk to my husband, and tell him this is an awful warning from God." See that once happy man, with mind and reason almost destroyed, raise himself from the bed, and taking any hand in his promise to do better. But alas! my little friends, he depended on his own strength, and did not seek the assistance of God earnestly and prayerfully, or He would have heard his prayer and saved him from his wretchedness and misery. His old father and mother are both dead, and he resigned his bad habits, going on from bad to worse, until he joined a band of adventurers, and left his native country. During my absence from the city last June I lost sight of the family. A few days since I received a note from that once happy mother, requesting me to call and see her. I did so, and there saw that young but heart-broken mother, and her little children. So you see, my dear children, that riches do not always produce happiness. My

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Let us go with him to the school-house. He is petted by all who know him, for he is a fine, generous boy, and beloved by his schoolmates. After a time, he passes through the different classes and enters college. He passes his examination with credit to himself and his teachers. All is bright and fair, and he graduates with honor. Then he commences the battle of life, another recruit in that grand army that is marching on to fortune and to fame. He chooses one of earth's most delightful occupations—that of a planter. He marries one of Charleston's fairest daughters, and everything moves on happily for two years of wedded life. But alas! the fascinating companionship of his college days have led him, step after step, into the scenes of revelry and dissipation, and he begins to fall. The fate dreadful war comes on, and he joins a company in which are most of his old college friends. The war closes, and he returns in safety to his once happy home. But ah! how changed. He is not the same man. See his bloodshot eyes, bloated face, and shabby clothing. Need I tell you what has done all this? It is that bane of happiness, that terrible destroyer—old King Alcohol. Go with me to his low humble home, where things have sadly changed. What is this that meets our eyes? Ah! see that heart-stricken mother bending over the form of her only daughter, now cold in deathly chilly embrace. See her upturned face and streaming eyes, and hear her in the depths of her great sorrow, as she says, "My dear friend, go and talk to my husband, and tell him this is an awful warning from God." See that once happy man, with mind and reason almost destroyed, raise himself from the bed, and taking any hand in his promise to do better. But alas! my little friends, he depended on his own strength, and did not seek the assistance of God earnestly and prayerfully, or He would have heard his prayer and saved him from his wretchedness and misery. His old father and mother are both dead, and he resigned his bad habits, going on from bad to worse, until he joined a band of adventurers, and left his native country. During my absence from the city last June I lost sight of the family. A few days since I received a note from that once happy mother, requesting me to call and see her. I did so, and there saw that young but heart-broken mother, and her little children. So you see, my dear children, that riches do not always produce happiness. My

prayer is that none of these happy young men that I see before me to-day may come to such an end. We will drop the tear of sorrow at the sad fate of the rich young man, and turn to the widow's son. The good Book says, "Dispel not the day of small things."

Go with me into one of the less frequented streets of the city. We enter a humble two story house, where we find everything neat and tidy, but of the plainest kind. The family are about to take tea; the kind, affectionate old lady sits at the head of the table, and asks the blessing of that God who has sustained and supported her through all the weary years of her widowhood; that God who promised to be a father to the fatherless, and the friend of the widow. We see upon the table nothing but bread and butter, but we behold happy and cheerful faces. The door suddenly opens and the old enters. The mother asks in surprise, "How is it you are at home so early to-night my son, at this busy season?" He replies, "Mother you must have forgotten that this is prayer meeting night." "No my son, but how did you get off?" "Well, I knew you would be disappointed if you could not go, so I made bold to ask my employer, Mr. D., to let me see you to the prayer meeting, and he told me never to stay at the store on Wednesday evenings, but always go with you." The kind hearted proprietor of that store kept a whole establishment in Hayne Street in this city. He has gone since to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. But we will follow that youth further, on life's journey. After the death of the old gentleman, the concern was closed, and our young friend went to another house as clerk. He was brisk and industrious, always attentive to his business, and never let the grass grow under his feet, as we say. He will make his mark yet said one of his employers to his partner. And so he did; he rose step by step, higher and higher in the opinion of his employers, until he became head salesman, then junior partner, and to-day he is at the head of one of our most prosperous business houses. A friend asked him not long since, how it was he got along so well, and now, reckon his answer. "I never forgot God; I always remembered his eye was upon me, and constantly prayed for his aid and direction." And he is now a prosperous man of business, respected by all who know him, a useful member of society, and an active and zealous man in the church. Go with me to his home. We enter a large fine house, and looking around, find everything comfortable and pleasant. His wife meets us cheerfully, and greets us with a hearty welcome. We laugh and talk over old times, and she says to her husband, "Mrs. M. called on me to day." "Oh yes, I remember, your old friend, who told you that she would not marry a clerk?" "Come," she replied, "you should not mention that before Mr. T." He laughed and said, he only did it to keep her pride down, being afraid she might forget herself now that they had moved into that big house. And so we laughed and chatted until the little folks came in, when the father addressing the eldest daughter says, "Come, Number one, give us some music; I have brought my friend home to hear you play." And so we passed a delightful evening with that happy family.

And now we have seen enough of the Charleston boys to know that it is not money, but honesty, righteousness, industry, and above all, the fear of God that constitute true happiness. Now I want you all this day to determine to imitate the widow's son. To be dutiful, obedient and industrious; to remember that the eye of God is always upon you; and you too may make your mark. Every one of you can be successful in life, if you only make up your minds to do what is right. If you do not succeed at first, try again! Remember the old adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Do you know what that means? Why, that a man who is jack of all trades is master of none. Put your trust in God, go to work with a will, not waiting for another to work for you, and remember:

"Lays of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

"Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again."

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Central Pennsylvania Synod convened Oct. 4th, at Lock Haven. This body supports 6 benevolent societies on an outlay of \$900 a year. For the present Synodical year an average contribution of over 40 cents per member is required to pay off its indebtedness and meet current expenses.

For the Lutheran Visitor.

Letter from Philadelphia.

THE CELEBRATED SWEDISH.

Dear Visitor: Were I theme susceptible of being much use, the respect cherisher for it would let it rest under the m. comings which it has received. But in spite of masterly pens which upon the bestowment of Mlle Nilsson, there yet to be said of her, and she the bloom of youth and as a theme and as an individual.

Notwithstanding we feel infant among the name who have taken up the heads our letter, yet upon pardon for indulgences which have already universal, though we only to list.

The artistes accompan Nilsson are, Mr. H. V. distinguished French V. Cary, an American Brignoli, the noted It. and Signor Verger, the Respecting these we are pelled to content ourselves remark, that each of them a fine reputation prevailed; but when the smiling Sweden, of their efforts is small is the light of the heavens when the power with the most de- ness; at times flooding hall even to its removal, with the richest and melody, and again soft without the emission of sound, till the tones far as music from strains which a sky-lark from the clouds as he takes into the higher elements last audible notes of an soaring away from earth, embrace of its God.

As we have not the me- edge needful in order critically upon these we will say no more concerning her voice, but we conceive to be im- pories to Miss Nilsson's a principle consistent with tions graces another, a principle we mention a beauty of this "Queen" manifestly contributing that admiration and which she secures in all who see and hear her beauty does not consist in fine, symmetrical physical beauty is discern predominates over all. females who lead a pu- retains a modest, un- appearance—seemingly ign- ry and great importance, least, half a hemisphere her name. No express- pride is visible either in her tenance or actions. You behold bashful y flashing from dreamy eyes its radiance over