Poetry.

For the Lutheran Visitor.

Crucified Unto the World.

BY M. E. S.

Our Master saith, "Love not the sinful world,"
It hath revolted from its rightful Lord,
Its spirit never can with His accord,
And high hath Satan's banner been unfurled.

If we belong to Christ the world will hate,
For it can only truly love its own,
And soon our fellowship it will disown
With haughty pride and scornful joy elate,

It severs its wily prince with ardent zeal,
Our King we follow too through woe or weal.

These rival potentates can never unite,
Antagonistic as the distant poles,
Or as the blazing sun which o'er us rolls
Is to the gloomy shades of sombre night.
Their aims can not be made to harmonize,
And we can never homage pay to both,
For one our hearts will love—the other loathe.

Then let us sunder all the potent ties
That from our Lord allegiance would steal,
Transferring to His for our ardent zeal.

Oh! may our hearts for e'er be dead to sin,
And crucified unto earth's vanities,
For only deadly poison in them lies,
And endless death their glittering shapes within.
What graceful beauty in their outward form!
What spacious innocence they meekly wear!
E'en the most wary one will feel no fear
From glowing loveliness with life so warm,
But from them all our eyes must turn away,
Ere they ensnare us only to betray.

Oh! wondrous is bright Pleasure's dazzling spell!
Her graceful form bedecked with jewels rare,
Her shining hair enwreathed with flowers fair;
But oh! her syren songs are but the knell
Of those who follow her thro' earthly joy
O'er laughing mirth's gay path to endless woe,
Where lust unsated must forever grow
To mock the soul that pleasure could not cloy.
The pride of life, the fleshly lust, the eye—
All, all, the Lord commands to crucify.

And must we all these pleasing things resign,
And only grief and self-denial know,
Nor ever feel sweet pleasure's happy glow?
Nor pluck bright flowers in mirth's sunshine?
"The servant must not be above his Lord."
And thro' his mortal days the cross must bear
'Till in immortal life the crown he wear,
And joys immortal purest bliss afford.
He walks thro' paths of sorrow and of shame,
And even so must those who bear His name.

Is it not sweet His sufferings to share,
Who for us trod the wine-press all alone,
E'en 'till the awful cry of "It is done,"
In anguish deep resounded thro' the air?
If partners of His grief will share His throne,
In glory bright forever with Him reign,
For only those who walk with Him in pain,
As heirs of royalty He'll ever own,
Then on the cross let sinful pleasure die,
And all that this world values—crucify!

Children's Department.

For the Lutheran Visitor.

Ruth.

"Mother, we would like to hear about Ruth, if you please," said Susie B. soon after the story of Jonah had been related by her mother.

"Do you remember anything about Ruth?" said Mrs. B.

"You told us that she was the great-grandmother of David," said Henry.

"And that she was very beautiful," added George.

"Yes, I remember that I promised to give you her story at some future time, and I will relate it now with pleasure. There was a great famine once in the land of Israel, and a man by the name of Elimelech, and his wife Naomi, with their children, left Palestine and went into the land of Moab to live while the famine should last. The inhabitants of Moab were directly descended from Lot's oldest daughter, and also the Ammonites from his younger daughter, so that the Moabites considered themselves as distantly related to the Hebrews by blood, although they never went with Jacob's family into Egypt. The two sons of Naomi saw two young girls in the land of Moab that pleased them well, and so they married them and lived happily for about ten years, then both of the brothers died. Elimelech, Naomi's husband, had died some time before, and so she was left alone with her two daughters-in-law. Naomi determined to return to her own country; for she heard that there was plenty of food again in Palestine, and so she started upon her journey on foot. Her two daughters-in-law went with her a short distance, and then Naomi said to them, 'You had better return to your own mother's house, and find husbands for yourselves amongst your tribe, and the Lord bless you for your kindness to me.' The two girls answered her that they would go with her to the land of Judah, but Naomi told them that 'she was old and poor, and not able to take care of them, and that they would be strangers in her land, and they had better remain with their kindred.' Orpah, the older one, kissed her mother-in-law, and wept as she bade her good-bye, but Ruth could not be persuaded to leave Naomi, but told her that she would go with her, and that her God should be hers also, and her people and country she would adopt for hers too, and that nothing but death should part them. Then Naomi and Ruth journeyed towards Bethlehem."

"That was the place where Jesus was born," said Susie.

"Yes, that was the same village. When Naomi returned her kinsfolk were rejoiced to see her, and welcomed her and Ruth, but she told them of all her troubles that the Lord had sent upon her, that, whereas she had gone away with her husband and two sons and plenty of worldly goods, she had left her family lying in the land of Moab, and had returned home poor and old to die in her own country. She told them also how dutiful and good Ruth was to her, and so won for Ruth the good opinion of her kindred. Naomi had a kinsman who was quite rich, and had many fields of grain. His name was Boaz. The time when they returned was at the beginning of harvest, and it was the custom for young girls, who were poor, to go into the fields and glean after the reapers. They, did not have reaping machines then as we now do, but the grain was cut off with a reaping hook, or knife, consequently there were many stalks left here and there over a field that had been missed by the reapers, and often a gleaner could get quite a bag of grain, in the course of a day, by picking up what was left on the field. Naomi said to Ruth, 'We are poor, my daughter, and as you wish to go and glean after the reapers, the Lord go with you and give you favor in the eyes of the owner of the harvest field where you may chance to go.' So Ruth chanced to go into the field of Boaz, or rather the Lord directed her steps thither. When Boaz came to his field to see how the reapers worked, he saw a strange young woman, who timidly followed with the other maidens after the reapers. Then Boaz asked the head man of the reapers, 'Whose damsel is this?' He replied, 'Ruth, the woman from Moab who returned with Naomi; she asked me to let her glean after the reapers, and I gave her leave.' Then Boaz went to Ruth and told her that she was welcome to gather grain there, and that during harvest she should remain near his maidens, and drink and eat with them, and that no one should trouble her.' Ruth bowed herself to the ground and thanked him for his kindness, but he told her that he had heard how kind she was to Naomi, and that the Lord would recompense her for her trust in Him, and for leaving her own land to take care of her mother-in-law. Then he told her to come at meal time and eat of his bread, and when she did so he gave her some parched corn, and told the young men to notice when she was near, and purposely let handfuls of grain fall for her to pick up. Ruth went home at night with a nice parcel of barley, and when Naomi saw it she asked her where she had been. Ruth told her 'in the field of Boaz.' Naomi said, 'Blessed be the Lord who hath not left off his kindness to the living and the dead. This man is our next kinsman.' Ruth told her what Boaz had said to her, and Naomi said, 'It is good that you go out with his maidens; do just as he told you to do, and remain near the reapers till the end of harvest.' So Ruth prospered, and by the end of harvest she had gotten a good deal of barley for her and her mother-in-law. The reapers obeyed the directions of Boaz, and let many handfuls of grain fall for Ruth, so that she always had plenty to take home with her at nightfall."

"That was very kind in Boaz, mother, was it not?"

"Yes, he was a good man, and I think must have loved Ruth already, for we find that when he found out, after harvest was done, that he was the next kinsman to her who had the right to be her husband and protector, that he very quickly availed himself of the right, and made it known to the elders and the inhabitants of the city, telling them that he would take care of Naomi and Ruth, and calling them to witness that he took Ruth to be his wife. We find that God gave them a son who was called Obed, and he became the father of Jesse, who was the father of David. Ruth was known by all the city to be a good, amiable woman, and her kindness to her mother-in-law, Naomi, was very remarkable. God blessed her and her descendants, for we find that Mary, the mother of Jesus, was of the house of David, and consequently descended from the beautiful Moabitish girl, Ruth." B.

Golden Thought.—The man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overshadow the hill, but the hill is a reality nevertheless. If you fail now and then, don't be discouraged. Bear in mind it is only the part and experience of every successful man, and the most successful men often have the most failures.

Miscellaneous.

The Newspaper an Educator.

Just now, when so many journals are discussing the object and sphere of the newspaper, and with commendable propriety giving the weight of argument in favor of a *virtuous* press, is it not timely to call special attention to the ennobling claims of the *religious* press, and its regular issues of educating influences in the tens of thousands of families thoroughout our country and the world?

The *political* press, with all its pretension to virtue, it must be acknowledged, is little better than the channel of slander, vituperation and studied misdirection, both of principles and men. Surely christian people do not wish by these to educate their children.

The merely *literary* press of the time is not the wholesome educator demanded in families. Too often filled with the sensational trash of the "dime novelist," if it does not at once disgust the reader when the blush of shame mantles to the cheek, it repeats its work, to weaken morals and scoff at true piety. The so-called literary press, of this country at least, it must be admitted, is not the high-toned educator of mind and manners so "devoutly to be wished for" as a regular visitor in households, literary institutions, or in the youthful circles of the general readers.

The *scientific* press as an educator is doing good, so far as it presents the brain product of the inventor; but even here we must speak of failure, for the mere pursuit of science, in any of its departments, through the newspaper alone, as the representative organ of discovery, art and science, will prove but a false educator, because, in such representative papers, morality and religion, as the basis of all real progress and development, are ignored, or, as a matter of policy, tabooed, in order to secure the patronage or gratify the stilted conceit of the Christless scientist.

Who would turn to the scientific press as the real educator of the reading public? While truth is there found—truth in the principles spread before its readers—it lacks the ring of a genuine statement of truths, which underlie all science, all discovery, all art, and all history. "Thy word is truth."

The *religious* newspaper, if conducted on the line of true education, is at once a teacher of politics, a conservator of literature, a defender of science, and an educator of the truth, "able to make wise unto salvation."

Here is the power of the press in its sanctified mission. It repeats the great facts which most deeply concern men in their relationship both to time and eternity.

To my mind, we have no forces of life development equal to those presented through the religious weekly, as it enters the home of the humble christian poor, or the palace of luxury, the home of the rich. It goes a true educator—over hill and plain, to the child, the youth, the student, the scholar, the aged, blessing homes and firesides with its varied lessons of wisdom, resting firmly on the "rock of ages," the smitten rock of an inspiration by which a correct public opinion shall be formed, and a pure private life be cultured.

Never in the history of religious newspapers have they so fully met the necessities of the several classes of society as they do to-day. Never have they as now, girdled the world as with a golden zone of lightening influences, blessing and binding.

Let the cross surmount the press, and, as the real educator, next to the parent, and God's appointed agency, the preacher, the press shall record the glory of truth's mission, while repeating the very lessons which can give to man peace, and to God all the honor.

No family can be said to be well governed, then, where the religious newspaper is not found. What parent can afford to live without it, as now conducted? What Sabbath-school teacher, who really cares for the culture of his class, can afford so great a loss as in the failure to take a religious newspaper? What pastor, who really desires the elevation of his people and their enlargement and influence, can rest until his parish is filled with the religious newspaper—the educator of all that is good?—*Religious Herald.*

Charcoal is a valuable internal palliative in dyspepsia and in many of the disorders affecting the stomach and bowels. Taken in doses of a teaspoonful, night and morning, it is an almost unfailing corrective of costive habit. Mixed with softening poultices, it is cleansing, soothing and healing to foul sores. An occasional dose of the powder produces a favorable improvement in sallow or tawny complexions.

Unreasonable People.

Editors have probably more opportunities than any other class of persons for discovering unreasonable people, and see "could a tale unfold" of such, with multitudes of illustrations. "Ironeus," of the New York *Observer*, gives the following, which are well worth reproducing, and which, we hope, will be profitable for doctrine and shame to whom it may concern, when they see themselves as others see them:

The Apostle desired to be delivered from unreasonable men. Yet he had never been the editor of a newspaper. How much more earnestly and frequently he would have prayed for deliverance from such people, had he known the trials and tribulations through which one must pass who is required by Providence to be the conductor of the periodical press. In this letter I will give you a few examples of unreasonable men who deserted an old friend; in other words, who ordered their paper to be "stopped."

A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

He was a distinguished pastor in the capital city of a neighboring state, a man of wide influence and of excellent character. The wife of one of the elders of his church was called home by death, and the doctor wrote a beautiful and fitting sketch of her life and character, and sent it to the *Observer* for publication. He watched for its appearance, one week and another, and when four weeks had passed away and he saw nothing of it, his soul was vexed within him, and he sat him down in his study, where he was wont to prepare his mighty sermons, and indited a melancholy letter, an obituary or farewell letter to the paper, testifying to his love for it as an old and valued friend from which he had received the greatest refreshment and delight through many years; but adding that his feelings had been so grievously wounded by the neglect to publish the notice he had sent, he was constrained to request that his paper be stopped!

I wrote to him a letter of four large pages, setting forth the reasons why we can not insert one-half of the obituary notices received; while a few circles of friends would be gratified, the great majority of readers complain of the space taken up with them; and that, to exercise the best judgment we have, and deeply regret that we must sometimes offend our best friends whom we would love to oblige and please. Having thus spun out the argument or apology to great length, I added this postscript: "If you will recur to the *Observer* four weeks ago, the week when your notice was sent, you will find it printed in full, occupying an entire column of the paper!"

He did not answer my letter, and whether he countermanded his order to stop I never learned.

A FARMER'S CONSCIENCE.

A farmer came to my office and said that he had ordered his paper to be stopped, but could not leave without coming up stairs to see the editor and having a little talk with him. He said:

"You do not condemn the practice of selling milk on Sabbath, and my conscience will not let me take a newspaper that declines to denounce so great a sin."

Editor.—"But it is a question that has two sides to it, and our church judicatories are not able to pronounce against it as a sin."

Farmer.—"Well, I know it is a sin, and it ought to be put a stop to."

Editor.—"You keep cows, I suppose, and milk them on Sabbath, and take care of the milk just as you do on other days?"

Farmer.—"No; we milk the cows, but we do not sell the milk on Sabbath; they come and take it away."

Editor.—"Who come and take it away?"

Farmer.—"The milk men, who come into the city and sell it."

Editor.—"You sell your milk on Sabbath by wholesale, and come to me to denounce, as great sinners, the men who retail it for families, infants, and sick people in the city." My indignation at his hypocrisy rose, and I rose to my feet with those Christ-like feelings that Jesus had when he flourished the scourge over the defilers of the temple and drove them out. I told him that I had no words adequate to the expression of my contempt for such a conscience as he pretended to keep, and I begged that he would relieve me from the necessity of any further intercourse with such a pattern of poor humanity as he presented. He retired without standing on the order of his going, and I have never seen or heard from him since.

A VIRGINIA GENERAL.

He was eminent in Church and State. His name was prominently associated with our national societies as a leading christian philanthropist, and if I were to mention it thousands would recognize it with pleasure and respect. In reporting a conversation the *Observer* had repeated a remark made by some one reflecting upon the University of Virginia, of which the General was one of the trustees. The paper was in no way responsible for the remark, which was correctly reported, and was not endorsed. The General, more formidable with the pen than with the sword, sent an indignant remonstrance to the *Observer*, repelling the statement as a libel upon the University, which he proceeded to eulogize in high but well-deserved terms. Months passed by and the General never saw his reply in his favorite paper. It was too bad. He could not put up with such treatment. He was coming to the North, and he would stop his paper and give the editor a piece of his mind! He carried his bloodless purpose into full execution. Without waiting for an explanation he directed the *Observer* to be discontinued, and asked for an interview with the editor. I received him cordially, and after taking breath, as he was old and heavy, and had mounted to the fifth story, he said: "I have long loved your paper; it is the best newspaper in the world; nothing but a deep sense of injury would induce me to deny myself and family its instruction, information and entertainment; but I sent you four months ago a communication repelling a false statement concerning the University, of which you have taken no notice, and I have been constrained to discontinue the paper. I ordered it stopped as I came up, but I could not take leave without calling upon you personally to express my gratitude for the great enjoyment you have given me in years past, of which I shall retain lively and pleasant recollections hereafter."

While he was talking, I was turning over the pages of the file of papers lying at my side, and when he had finished a five minutes speech, of which I have given only a brief, I called his attention to an article which I had discovered, in leaded type, on the editorial page, and bearing his own illustrious name. I put the file before him, and asked him if he ever saw that before? He was amazed, confounded, mortified, and I think a little mad; mad at himself for making such a pitiful exposure of his vanity and irascibility, and mad at me for letting him go on at such length, when I knew all the time that he would be squelched completely as soon as he was silent. He made an humble apology, regretting greatly, and I have no doubt sincerely, that he had committed such an egregious blunder, and withdrew. Whether or not he stopped in the office below and withdrew his order, I have never taken the trouble to inquire, and do not know.

A NEW YORK ELDER.

An elder in one of our city churches brought to the office a notice of a public meeting to be held the next week. It was proper that the notice should be paid for as an advertisement, but he said nothing of paying for it, hoping that he would save a dollar by the generosity of the publishers. Failing to see the notice in the paper, he hastened to the office, and in great wrath ordered his paper to be discontinued. As no paper is stopped until all arrearages are paid, and he had failed to pay for six years past, his bill was made out with interest for every year, and the whole at the price to delinquent subscribers. His temper was up and he paid the bill. But he was immediately shown that his notice had been conspicuously printed, and without any charge, in the very paper in which he wished it to appear.

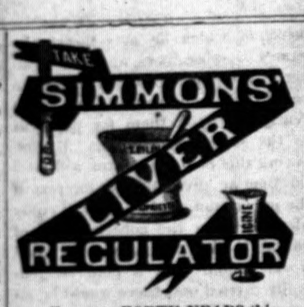
One more example of these unreasonable people, and I have done with them, wishing I had never begun with them.

A POLITICAL CHRISTIAN.

While at Washington about twenty years ago, and the guest of the President, I had occasion to observe his practice of assembling his household for family worship. Thinking that it would gratify every christian in the world to know the fact, and that the example would be salutary, I made a paragraph respecting it, and published it in the *Observer*. A subscriber in Hartford, Conn., wrote at once to this effect: "I have always had perfect confidence in the statements of the *N. Y. Observer*, but I do not believe that —— —— prays in his family or anywhere else, and no paper that says he does shall come inside of my house."

And so this good christian, because he hated the President, would not tolerate a paper that said, "Behold he prayeth."

I could multiply these examples, but I confess that nothing in the line of unreasonableness and all uncharitableness had ever exceeded that of the Hartford political christian. Observe, I do not call him a christian politician. I do not so regard him. He was a political christian, and it was gall and wormwood to him to be told that the man whom he opposed in politics was a praying man! If you should ask me, "How dwelleth the love of God in such a man?" I should reply, "I give it up."



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Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he discusses every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

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May 9 242—cow—1y

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Pile Instruments, the most superior article in use—light, easily adjusted and effectual. Instruments for all physical deformities, curvature of the spine, bow legs, club feet, &c.

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Feb 14 —tf

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April 2 237—tf

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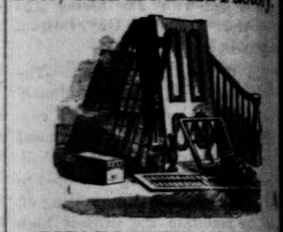

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July 7 tf

Railroads.

Change of Schedule.

SOUTH CAROLINA R. R. COMPANY,
Columbia, S. C., June 28, 1873.

Change of schedule, to go into effect on and after Sunday, 29th instant:

Mail and Passenger Train.

Leave Columbia	5 30 a m
Arrive at Charleston	1 10 p m
Leave Charleston	6 00 a m
Arrive at Columbia	1 45 p m

Night Express, Freight and Accommodation Train (Sundays excepted).

Leave Columbia	7 15 p m
Arrive at Columbia	6 15 a m
Arrive at Charleston	7 10 p m
Leave Charleston	6 45 a m

Camden Train will run Monday, Wednesday and Friday as follows:

Leave Columbia	10 40 a m
Arrive Camden	3 20 p m
Leave Camden	8 45 a m
Arrive at Columbia	8 40 a m

A. L. TYLER, Vice-President.
S. B. PICKINS, Gen Ticket Agt.

The Short Line Schedule.

C. C. & A. RAILROAD COMPANY,
GENERAL TICKET DEPARTMENT,
COLUMBIA, June 13, 1873.

ON and after MONDAY, June 16, 1873, the following Schedule will be run over this road:

GOING NORTH.

	Train No. 2.	Train No. 4
Leave Augusta,	3 52 a m	5 30 p m
Leave Graniteville,	4 45 a m	†6 38 p m
Arrive Columbia,	*8 29 a m	10 47 p m
Leave Columbia,	8 42 a m	.....
Arrive Charlotte,	‡2 27 p m	.....

GOING SOUTH.

	Train No. 1.	Train No. 3
Leave Charlotte,	4 20 a m	.....
Arrive Columbia,	9 30 a m	.....
Leave Columbia,	*9 45 a m	2 15 a m
Leave Graniteville,	1 10 p m	*7 44 a m
Leave Augusta,	12 00 p m	8 20 a m

*Breakfast. ‡Dinner. †Supper.

Standard time 10 minutes slower than Washington; six minutes faster than Columbia time.

All trains run daily. No. 2 make close connection at Charlotte for all points North and East, either via Danville and Richmond, Raleigh, Weldon, Petersburg and Richmond, or Raleigh, Weldon, Portsmouth and old Bay Line steamers; also, at Richmond, with Chesapeake and Ohio Road, for the Virginia Springs and the West.

Both South bound trains make close connection at Augusta for all points South and West.

Through tickets sold and baggage checked to all principal points North, East, South and West.

E. R. DORSEY, General Ticket Agent.
JAMES ANDERSON, Gen'l. Superintendent.

G. & C. Railroad.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, connecting with Night Trains on South Carolina Railroad, up and down; also with trains going North and South on Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, and Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad.

UP.

Leave Columbia at	7 15 a m
Leave Alston	9 05 a m
Leave Newberry	10 40 a m
Leave Cokesbury	2 00 p m
Leave Belton	3 50 p m
Arrive at Greenville	5 30 p m

DOWN.

Leave Greenville	7 30 a m
" Belton	9 30 a m
" Cokesbury	11 15 a m
" Abbeville	8 15 a m
" Newberry	4 30 p m
" Alston	6 00 p m
Arrive at Columbia	8 40 a m

Anderson Branch and Blue Ridge Division.

DOWN.			UP.
Leave Walhalla	5 45 a m	Arrive	7 15 p m
Leave Perryville	6 25 a m	Leave	6 35 p m
Leave Pendleton	7 10 a m	Leave	5 50 p m
Leave Anderson	8 10 a m	Leave	4 50 p m
Arrive at Belton	9 00 a m	Leave	3 50 p m

Connecting with down train from Greenville.

Accommodation trains run on Abbeville Branch on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. On Anderson Branch, between Belton and Anderson, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

THOS. DAMEAD, *General Supt.*
JAMES NORTON, *General Ticket Agt.*