

Poetry.

OUR PASTOR.

"Our Pastor." Ah! what hallowed words!

To Christian hearts, how dear!
Sacred the name to all who love
God's under-shepherds here:
How dear the tie, how strong the link,
How pure the love wrought chain,
That binds the pastor to the flock—
The flock to him again!

"Our Pastor." One ordained by God

To guide our erring feet;
To point the way to life, and feed
Our souls with manna sweet;
To teach us gratitude for all
The blessings we possess;
Yet submissively to bow
In times of dark distress.

"Our Pastor." 'tis who stands beside

To consecrate the dust,
And teach us "where our treasure is"
There we must put our trust!
Father in heaven, show us how
To value him still
Thy chosen ministers on earth,
Who work thy holy will!

Our Pastor needs—and he must have—

Assistance, full and free;
Though strengthened from above, he still
Wants aid from you and me—
To help him bear the pressing heat
And burden of the day;
Then hasten, all who love the Lord,
Our Pastor's hands to stay!

Biographical.

The Story of Martin Luther.

THE MONK.

Monasteries or convents are houses in which
persons of the Roman Catholic religion live
together, shut out from all the rest of the
world. Those who live in monasteries are
called monks or nuns. The first monk
mentioned in history was a man who went to
Upper Egypt about the year 250. He was
called Paul the Hermit. About the same
time, another monk, called Anthony, lived on
a hill near the Red Sea; and he established
the first monastery. After this, monasteries
became very numerous in different parts of
the world. The number of monks was very
great also. In the reign of Henry VIII. of
England there were, it is said, three thousand
one hundred and eighty-two monasteries and
fifty thousand monks in England alone. Henry
destroyed the monasteries, and took the
money which belonged to them for himself.

There were five different classes or orders
of monks at the time of Luther,—the Fran-
ciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, Benedictines,
and the hermits of St. Augustine. We have
already said that Luther became an Augus-
tine monk.

When a man became a monk, his dress was
immediately changed. Each order had a dif-
ferent dress. Would you like a description
of Luther's? He wore a white garment and a
square piece of cloth on his shoulders called a
scapular, and over this a black gown with a
large hood, or cow, which covered his head
and prevented his seeing objects around him.
He also wore a black leather thong round his
waist and a small cap on his head.

The monks were obliged to give up every-
thing they possessed to the monastery; they
might not call anything their own. If
one of them was heard to say "my book," "my
cloak," "my shoes," he was severely punished.
Their occupation consisted in cultivating the
gardens belonging to the monastery, in read-
ing, and in making their clothes.

They were allowed to eat but little, and their
food was generally very coarse and hard. Be-
sides, they were forbidden to sleep much, and
often their bed was the hard floor. This is
not a pleasant picture; but perhaps you will
ask, "Did Luther know all this when he en-
tered the convent?" Yes; he knew it all, and
much more than we have told you.

Let us stop here, and inquire why Luther
became a monk. We said before it was be-
cause he longed for holiness, and he expected
thus to obtain it.

The great mistake, the great fault was this:
Luther thought that he could by his own works
make himself good, and thus deserve heaven
from God. He thought that, in the convent,
by many prayers, much fasting and reading,
and by afflicting his body in many ways, he
should become a holy man. What a mistake
this was! For the Bible tells us no man can
save his soul or do anything holy enough to
deserve heaven, not if he were trying all day
and all night.

"Should my tears forever flow,
Could my soul no respite know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone."

We are indeed told to "mortify the deeds of
the body;" but how? "Through the Spirit."
Yes; it is only by faith in the Lord Jesus,
who died on the cross, that any one is made
meet for heaven. Eternal life cannot be pur-
chased by our own works; it is the gift of
God. Christ obeyed all God's commands,
which sinners had broken, and so he deserved
and purchased heaven for those who, repent-
ing of their sins, believe in him.

Luther is now in the convent. He thinks
he is alone with God, and that, shut out from
the world, he will become perfectly holy. He
wrote to his father and to his friends,—sad
letters they must have been,—bidding them
farewell forever! With those letters he sent
his clothes and a ring as presents to those he
loved best.

But could nothing induce him to leave the
convent and return to the University?

His friends thought they would at least try
to persuade him. Full of grief, they went
to the convent, in the hope of seeing him;
but, alas! they might not see him for a month.
His father wrote to him, but in vain; Luther

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thought he was right to remain in the convent,
and he did so.

Besides changing his dress when he became
a monk, Luther had to give up his own name
for that of Augustine. In fact, Luther in the
University and Luther in the convent were
like two different persons. The monks were
delighted to get him among them; for they
had heard of his great talents.

But what employment did they assign him?

We might suppose they would have appoint-
ed him to teach those amongst them who
knew less than the others; but no, they made
him a common porter. He had to open and
shut the gates, to wind up the clock, to sweep
the church, and to clean the rooms. And
when this work was done, they threw a bread-
bag over his shoulder, and bid him go through
the streets and beg bread, meat, fish, corn,
eggs, and money for the convent. This was
very cruel, but Luther did not mind it; he
thought all these unpleasant duties good for
him, and so he never complained.

Did Luther now obtain that holiness and
peace with God for which he longed? Alas,
no! In vain he repeated many prayers, fasted
often, slept little, indicated suffering on his
body in many ways. No peace came into his
heart. He found that in changing his dress
he had not changed his nature; that shutting
himself out from the world had not shut sin
out from his heart. No; he still felt its pow-
er and guilt within him. "Oh, my sin, my
sin!" he often exclaimed. "He was more mis-
erable than ever. Poor Luther! all his suf-
ferings made him pale and thin; he looked
more like a shadow than a living being, as he
moved along the corridors.

One day he was found lying on the ground
as if dead. He had fallen, worn out by fast-
ing and want of sleep and, above all, by the
unhappiness which was within him. "A wound-
ed spirit who can bear?"

The only pleasure he had was reading, and
there were some good books in the convent.
There was also the best of all books,—the Bi-
ble,—fastened by a chain; and he spent many
hours over that precious volume. He loved
to read it, though as yet it spoke to him only
of that holiness of God which made him so
much afraid. The gospel, which declares
peace through faith in Christ, had not yet
been revealed to his heart.

About this time a person arrived at the
convent whose name was Staupitz. He was the
vice-general of the Augustines, and his busi-
ness was to see that everything went on right
in the monastery. The monks had all to ap-
pear before him. He was kind to them all;
but one in particular attracted his attention.
He was pale and thin; his eyes were sunk in
his head; his whole appearance was grave
and melancholy. This young man was Martin
Luther. As Staupitz looked at him he pitied
him and longed to ask him why he was so cast
down, so sorrowful.

Not long before this time Staupitz had been
very unhappy himself, and for the same reason
that caused Luther's trouble; but it had
pleased the Lord to teach him about Christ,
and he had found peace in believing in him,
and casting his sins at the foot of the cross.
Staupitz remembered all this, and he thought,
"Perhaps that pale young man may now be
feeling what once I felt. I will speak to him
and tell him where I got peace and comfort,
that he may seek it and find it, too, even in
Jesus."

So he took an opportunity, when alone,
to ask him why he was so cast down. Luther
told him all his fears, all his sorrows.
The good old man listened, and then spoke to
him of the love and mercy of God, as set
forth in Christ crucified,—how the Father
willingly sent his dear Son, and how Jesus
gladly came and endured the cross, that by
his death and resurrection those who believe
might be saved.

Luther loved to hear these comforting words;
but he feared that such love, such mercy,
could not be for him, and he said, "Oh, but
you do not know how great a sinner I am!"

"Well," said Staupitz, "I am sure you are a
great sinner; but I know also that Jesus is a
great Saviour; he came to seek and to save
the lost. If, then, you are a lost sinner, you
are just the person to come to the Saviour of
sinners."

"That is very encouraging," said the poor,
trembling monk, and he loved the messenger
who brought him such good news.

And did Luther quite lose all his fears, now
that the gospel was so fully preached to him?
No; they returned again. The next day that
Staupitz saw him he was sad and dejected.
This grieved the good old man, and he said,—
"Why do I see you again so unhappy?"

Why? We may ask. It was because he be-
gan to forget what had been told him, that
Jesus is able and willing to pardon the vilest.
Whenever we forget this truth, then the devil
gets great power over our souls, and he makes
us miserable. This was now the case with
Luther. He said,—

"I fear that God does not love me. If I
were sure that he loved me I should not be so
unhappy!"

"Well," replied his faithful friend, "if you
really want to see God's love toward you, look
away from yourself, and turn your eyes to the
Lord Jesus. Look at him on the cross. Look
there and you will see that God loves you."

Luther had never heard such blessed words
before. They were, as the Psalmist says,
"sweeter than honey and the honey-comb."

But the time must come when Staupitz is
to leave Erfurt. Oh, what a sad day to Luther
was that which deprived him of this dear and
faithful friend! Before he went he gave Luther
a present; one which he knew would be
more prized by him than any other gift,—the
Bible,—and most thankful was Luther to re-
ceive it. With this book Staupitz gave him
good and affectionate advice. He said, "Read
this book often, and when you read it, pray

for the Holy Spirit's teaching to enable you to
understand it."

Staupitz is now gone, but he is not forgot-
ten by Luther. He thinks of him often, and
tries to remember all he had taught him. He
is diligent in the study of the Bible and in
prayer; he learns a great deal of Scripture by
heart, especially the Epistles; and this he
finds not only useful, but delightful. employ-
ment; for he loves the Word of God, and
feels that by it he is strengthened and refresh-
ed. The "good seed" was now sown in his
heart,—seed which was one day to bring
forth "an hundred fold." But much remain-
ed to be taught him; it was only by slow de-
grees that he grew to be "a perfect man, unto
the measure of the stature of the fullness of
Christ."

It pleased God again to visit Luther with a
severe attack of illness, which was brought on
by his exertions of mind and body, his fasting
and watching. Do we wonder to hear this?
No; for the Scripture says, "Whom the Lord
loveth he chasteneth," and we know he loved
Luther.

Let any one who has a garden ask the gar-
dener what makes the plants grow so luxuri-
antly, what makes them produce such sweet
and pretty flowers. He will answer, "The warm
summer sun and the damp dew of evening,
the cold north wind and the drenching rain,—
these all help forward the growth of your
plants. Were it not for each, the flowers
would not be so bright and blooming."

Just so it is with the children of God, who
are called "trees of righteousness, the plant-
ing of the Lord." Sometimes they are in
trouble; affliction of some kind comes upon
them, which tries them, and makes them to
grow in faith and patience. Then, again, the
Lord raises them up, causing his face to shine
upon them, just as the sun warms and revives
the earth when the winter is past.

Oh, yes, the Lord's people require both the
north and the south wind to blow upon them,
that they may bring forth much fruit to the
glory and praise of God.

"Awake, O north wind; and come thou
south; blow upon my garden, that the spices
thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come
into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."

But we must return to Luther, and visit
him on his sick bed. He appears at the point
of death; the cold north wind is blowing up-
on him. He is not merely ill in body; his
mind is unhappy; the fears which had tor-
mented him long ago, and which had appeared
to leave him, have returned; he is again over-
whelmed by a view of his sins and the holiness
of God.

One day, when in this sad state, an old monk
came to visit him in his cell, and spoke to him
with such kindness that Luther at once told
him his sorrows. When the heart is sad, one
kind word is much to be prized. The aged
monk did not quite understand all that Luther
told him; but this he perceived, that his
unhappiness was caused by the apprehension
that his sins were not pardoned, and would in
the end bring him into hell.

So after thinking, he said, "Did you ever
learn the creed?"

"Oh, yes," replied Luther, "I learned it
long since in the school at Mansfeld."

"Well," replied the monk, "don't you re-
member that article in it, 'I believe in the for-
giveness of sins?'"

The sick man repeated these words slowly
to himself, "I believe in the forgiveness of
sins."

"Ah," said the monk, "it is not enough for
you to believe that David's and Peter's sins
are forgiven; you must believe that your own
sins are forgiven. You must take Christ to
yourself. God commands you to believe this."

These were words of comfort. Luther re-
membered that he had read them before in
the writings of St. Bernard, who says, "Man
is fully justified by faith;" and it pleased the
Lord now to bless them to the poor sufferer.

"A word spoken in season, how good it is!"
The Holy Ghost had now said to Luther,
"Thy sins are forgiven thee." Was not this
assurance like the warm beams of the summer
sun shining forth when the wintry mist is
gone?—that "peace which passeth under-
standing" now came into his heart. St. Paul
says, "Being justified by faith, we have peace
with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."
(Rom. v. 1.) Nothing can give real peace
but believing that God for Christ's sake has
forgiven us all trespasses; that no matter how
many and great they may have been, yet that
they are blotted out by the blood of Jesus,
never to be remembered against us. How
often had Luther sought peace by doing and
suffering many things; but, as we have seen,
by these means peace never came to his mind.

These efforts not only failed to please God, but
he never could feel satisfied with them him-
self, knowing how defective they were, and if
his own eyes saw sin in his best actions, oh,
how much more must there be in the eyes of
God's sight, "who is of purer eyes than to
behold iniquity!"

What, then, was it which, at the last, spoke
peace to his heart? Faith in the promise
which God makes to every believer in Christ,
that for his sake sin will not be imputed to
him; that is, God looks upon him as entirely
covered with the righteousness of Christ, by
which all his sins are hidden from his sight.

Luther has now learned the great truth that
he is saved by grace through faith, and that
not of himself; it is the gift of God. And
now that he knows this, does he become care-
less and forgetful about the law of God? Is
he less sorry when he breaks it—less diligent
in studying the Bible? Oh, no; on the con-
trary, he is more anxious to please God than
ever. His heart is more watchful against sin,
his conscience more faithful in reproving him.
And why is this? Because, as the law of

God was commanded to be written on the posts
of the doors upon which he stood, so that holy
law will always be found written upon the
heart which has been washed in the blood of
Christ. Luther now loves God more than be-
fore; he loves Jesus because he first loved
him. And the assurance that he is a pardon-
ed sinner is the great cause which constrains
him to obedience; that love which had been
shown him constrained him to love in return,
and the fruit of love is obedience; as Jesus
said, "if ye love me, keep my commandments."
Yes, the desire of the pardoned sinner is, "go
and sin no more."

Practical.

The Daily Prayer Meeting.

Almost every day persons come to the meet-
ing, burdened by sin, and request the prayers
of Christians in their behalf. Some of them
explain the cause which brought them here,
and attribute the influence which impels them
to seek salvation to the Holy Spirit of God.—
Many find relief and hope in Christ. The
work of the Holy Spirit in convicting and
converting sinners has been often told, yet
every new case presents a new subject of joy
to the Christian's heart, and will ever contin-
ue to awaken the Christian's gratitude to God
until the last sinner is converted.

In the relation of one experience, all who
were present appeared to take a lively inter-
est. It was of a man well advanced in years
who spoke in a manner indicative of his own
firm convictions. He said: "The experiences
which I have lived have awakened thoughts
and feelings which I cannot fully ex-
press, and yet I feel a desire to state them.
I was not regarded by my neighbors and ac-
quaintances as a very bad man before I was
converted. I had no desire to injure any one.
I was not addicted to bad habits, such as drink-
ing and swearing, gambling, and the like; in
fact, I was often complimented by Christians
and Christian ministers for the correctness of
my moral deportment—and I confess I took
some pride in these compliments and made
some effort to deserve them. But, all this
while, I knew there was something wrong in
me; I did not know what it was; but I felt
an uneasiness, an uncomfortable lack of some-
thing which I could not define, which marred
all my comforts and was like a cancer in my
heart. For years I carried this load. I had
respect for religion and contributed toward its
support, but felt none of its power. The min-
isters of Christ were always welcome at my
home and board, and I took great pleasure in
contributing to their comfort and the comfort
of their families, with a more liberal hand
than did some of my professing Christian
neighbors, whose means were more ample than
mine. One day our minister dined with me.
There was on my table no stimulating drink
of any kind. I discarded all. My guest look-
ed at me with a look I shall never forget, and
said, 'You appear determined to be perfect,
but one thing thou lackest.' He said no more,
and nothing happened to disturb our enjoy-
ment until he left. But the words, 'One
thing thou lackest,' brought to my remem-
brance the circumstance connected with its
first utterance by the Saviour; and, although
my worldly possessions were not large, I be-
came sensible that I had a pride of heart
which could scarcely have been excelled had
I, in fact, owned a large share of the world or
the whole of it. 'One thing thou lackest,'
was continually upon my mind. I had no
peace until, by supplication and prayer, my
wants were made known to God. Then thro'
the grace of God in Christ Jesus, I found
peace, compared with which all else is nothing.
That minister, before I was converted, I re-
spected; afterwards, I loved him as a part of
my own soul. He has gone to his reward not
long since. God be thanked he went in the
triumph of faith! I remain, for a short time
longer, to rejoice here in the love of God, to
which I have been brought through the in-
strumentality of that devoted minister, and
the prayers of the people of God."

There are many and interesting requests
of all classes, among them the following:
I live beyond the Mississippi, in a city of
8,000 inhabitants. The city grows fast, the
cross of Christ languishes. I have heard of
your prayers and the answers to them. I de-
sire that you would pray for me—the pastor
of the Presbyterian church—that I may be
enabled to hold on my way; and do pray for
the descent of the Holy Spirit on our church.
Do not pass by this request. I look for the
answer of your prayers, and then will we as-
cribe the glory to Him who heareth the prayer
of faith.

Another writes:—
"Our prayers are answered. The whole
church is awake. Sinners are flocking to the
Cross. 'The Lord of Hosts is with us, the
God of Jacob is our refuge.'"

HEARERS' PREPARATION.—Half the power
of preaching lies in the mental preparation.
The minister must not serve God with that
which costs him nothing; but it is not the
minister alone who should "give attendance to
reading, to exhortation, to doctrine." There
is a reciprocal part on the part of the hearer.
He should come with a purpose, and he should
come with prayer. He should come hopeful
of benefit, and bestirring all his faculties, that
he may miss nothing which is profitable for
doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for in-
struction in righteousness." He should come
with a benevolent prepossession towards his
pastor, and with a friendly solicitude for his
fellow-hearers. And thus, as iron sharpens
iron, so his intelligent countenance would ani-
mate the speaker, and, like a Hur or an A-
aron, his silent petitions would contribute to
success of the sermon.—Hamilton Royal
Preacher.

Dancing, Church fairs, etc.

The second Plenary Council of the Ro-
man Catholic Church, which recently held
its session in Baltimore, issued a pastoral
address, in which is the following deliv-
erance about dancing:

"We consider it to be our imperative duty
to warn our people against those amuse-
ments which may easily become to them
an occasion of sin, and especially against
those fashionable dances, which, as at present
carried on, are revolting to every feel-
ing of delicacy and propriety, and are
fraught with the greatest danger to moral-
ity. We would also warn them most sol-
emnly against the great abuses which have
sprung up in the matter of fairs, excursions
and picnics, in which, as too often con-
ducted, the name of charity is made to cover
up a multitude of sins. We forbid all
Catholics having anything to do with them,
except when managed in accordance with the
regulations of the Ordinary, and under the
immediate supervision of their respec-
tive pastors."

Dr. Bond, commenting in the EPISCOPAL
METHODIST (Baltimore) on some strictures
of the BALTIMORE GAZETTE against this
decision of the Catholic bishops, says in
conclusion:

"Nor are we ignorant of round dances
as practiced now. We have observed them
at Saratoga night after night, until we
knew all we wished to know about them.
An old doctor, accustomed for many years
to see the unvarnished side of society, is
not likely to be ever prudish or fastidious
about corporeal exhibitions; but if Escul-
apius had lived until now, he would not
have thought it proper to look at the phe-
nomena of the polka as we saw them in
Saratoga, except as a permitted study in an-
imal physiology or moral pathology. The
young ladies who were handled and swung
about night after night might have been
perfectly innocent of all evil—we trust they
were; but, if we were young and mar-
riageable again, we would no more
think of seeking one of them for a wife
than we would select the show-cake in a
confectioner's window for home consump-
tion. It might be a very good cake, but
then the association of the ideas of purity
with public exposure and irreverent hand-
ling, has a natural difficulty in it so great
that, from what we have heard fall from
gay gentlemen, even the practice of the
polka does not overcome it. We are in-
terestedly familiar with 'Honi soit qui mal y
pense!' The evil be to him who evil thinks';
but this motto of the garter is said to have
originated under the circumstances that
contradicted its philosophy, and its use is
commonly true to its origin. It is well to
have a pure imagination, but to have one
purged of common sense is not laudable.
The mind that can perceive no evil tenden-
cies in things not positive breaches of the
commandments is not only pure, but stu-
pid. The cordeliers have a legend that
when St. Francis saw a young man stealth-
ily kissing a maiden, he raised his hands
to heaven & returned thanks to God that
there was so much Christian charity in the
world. The saint was so pure that he
could imagine no impulse to kissing but
Christian sympathy, and discern no evil in
it but elevated religious devotion. Now,
we sincerely confess we are not pure
enough to be stone blind. We are not to
be 'honest sold' out of our senses and know-
ledge of human nature. We do not think
that polkaing has power to steady the re-
ason, or that waiting gives a paralytic vir-
tue to animal nature, or that the German
shuffles the intellect into a region of pure
elevation inaccessible to the passions. We
do not think that gross improprieties be-
come harmless because they are 'fashionable.'
We think of the waltz much as Byron
did; who was not a Puritan. The opin-
ion of the Catholic Council derives great
weight from the fact that it is based upon
the information obtained in the confessional
from one end of the country to the other.
The effect of these dances upon the mind
and morals, with us is on inference; with
them it is a disclosure; and we do not
know how its weight is to be resisted by
the votaries of the fashion. In the mean-
time, as the young Protestants very prop-
erly decline to confess to us, we will help
them to confess themselves by asking the
lasses who tell us that they only waltz
with their brothers, Why?

NEARNESS OF DEATH.

When we walk near powerful machinery,
we know that one single misstep, and those
mighty engines will tear us to ribbons
with their flying wheels, or grind us to
powder in their ponderous jaws. So when
we are thundering across the land in a rail
car, and there is nothing but an inch of
iron flange to hold us on the track. So when
we are in a ship, and there is nothing be-
tween us and eternity. We imagine, then,
that we see how close we are to the edge
of the precipice. But we do not see it.—
Whether on the sea or on the land, the
partition that divides us from eternity is
something less than the oak plank, or half
an inch of iron flange. The machinery of
life and death is within us. The tissues
that hold the beating powers in their place
are often not thicker than a sheet of paper,
and if that thin partition rupture, it would
be the same with us as if a cannon ball
struck us. Death is inseparably bound up
with life in the very structure of our bod-
ies. Struggle as he would to widen the
space, no man can, at any time, go farther
from death than the thickness of a sheet of
paper.

NOT DISCOURAGED.

A young woman of very yielding and amia-
ble disposition, who belonged to my congre-
gation, became alarmed about her condition,
a sinner; and set herself to seek the Lord.
I visited her, and conversed with her repeat-
edly. Her seriousness became more and more
deep. I left her one day, with a very strong
expectation upon my mind, that the next time
I should see her, she would be at peace with
God. I thought so, because she seemed to
realize, that God's law justly condemned her,
as a sinner; that she was dependent upon
sovereign grace; and that she ought to repent
and flee to Christ. I thought so also, because
she appeared to me just as others, with whom
I was conversing every day had appeared; im-
mediately before their hopeful conversion to
Christ. She seemed to me to know and feel
the truths of the gospel, which were address-
ed to unconverted sinners; and therefore I
believed that the Holy Spirit was with her to
lead her to salvation. I left her with the ur-
gency of the text, "behold now is the accept-
able time," pressed upon her conscience and
her heart, with all the emphasis my words
could give it.

The next time I saw her, a day or two af-
terwards, her whole appearance was altered.
Her solemnity was gone. Her anxieties evi-
dently had diminished. She met me with a
smile that surprised and pained me. And di-
rectly contrary to her former habit, she began
to speak of some common matter. Said I:
"Have you given Christ your heart, Mary?"

"Oh no, not yet," said she, "but I don't
feel so bad as I did."
"Why not? What reason have you to feel
any better?"

"I don't know as you would think I have
any reason; but I hope I shall be a Christian
by and by. I don't feel in so much haste as
I did; and I am not so much afraid that God
will cast me off; and the selfishness of my
heart does not trouble me so much."

"My dear Mary," said I, with astonishment
and pain, "how is this? I expected different
things! Evidently your seriousness is dim-
inished! You care less for salvation now than
you did! What has altered your feelings
since I saw you?"

"Why, when you left me the last time you
were here, and told me to repent that day, I
was dreadfully troubled. I felt that my heart
was opposing God; and I was afraid to think
of living without Christ another hour. Your
last words 'to-day, to-day,' rung in my ears.
I could not get rid of them. But pretty soon
Miss S. came in, and I told her how I felt.
But she told me not to be discouraged, only
to keep on seeking the Lord. She said I was
doing very well, and I ought not to feel so;
and if I did not get discouraged I should soon
find religion."

"And you believed her?"
"Yes, I believed her; and I have felt bet-
ter ever since—a great deal better."

"Felt better! Mary!—You are resting on
a lie! You are miserably deceived! Doing
well? How can you be doing well, while an
impenitent sinner rejecting Christ, and ex-
posed every moment to the wrath of God fore-
ever? Your friend, as you call her, has been
doing the work of the great deceiver! She
did not talk to you as the Bible does, 'to-day,
if you will hear his voice!'"

I aimed to arouse her, but it was all in
vain! Her anxieties departed! She ceased
to pray, and in a few days more, she was as
careless and worldly as ever.

It is not true that a convicted and praying
sinner is doing well, while without faith in
Christ. Something more is needed. He must
repent and believe. And certainly, if
prayerless, he is doing ill.

This young woman, who mistook

For the American Lutheran.
REV. W. H. HARRISON, D. D.

Although a number of Obituaries of Dr. Harrison, have appeared in the religious and secular papers, yet many circumstances full of interest to the church and his numerous friends have not been published. A brief statement of a few of these facts will endeavor to furnish this article.

When about eighteen years of age he made a public profession of the Christian religion. Thoughtful by nature, he had for a considerable time previous to that event, given this most important of all subjects, his very special attention. Clearly impressed with a sense of duty to devote himself to the service of his Divine Master, he soon afterwards felt himself most powerfully constrained to manifest this devotion by a consecration of himself to the work of the Gospel ministry.

At the age of nineteen he repaired to the Institution at Gettysburg, where he spent seven years and a half in the College and Theological Seminary.

Fortune had bestowed upon him this world's goods with but a sparing hand. He preferred depending upon his own exertions to receiving the benefactions which the church offered to candidates for the Gospel ministry. This threw difficulties of no inconsiderable magnitude over his pathway. To his determined purpose and energy of character these difficulties presented no insurmountable obstacle. His vacations he employed in an agency for the dissemination of a Christian Literature. The income from this agency together with some aid received from generous friends supplied him with the means, necessary in the prosecution of his studies. He was thus disciplined in the school of economy and learned by experience to sympathize with young men studying amid perplexities to prepare for the work of the ministry of reconciliation. To this practical hearty sympathy many a youth can bear testimony.

In scholarship he occupied a high rank. In exemplary deportment he could have no superior. In obedience to proper authority and punctuality in the performance of every duty he was unsurpassed. But if there was any one thing in which he preeminently excelled all others, it was the moral power which he exerted upon his fellow students. So marked was this element of his character that the most irreverent and even profane were constrained to respect if not to love him.

He received the highest honor in a class including a number of young men of acknowledged ability.

Whilst preparing himself by mental and moral discipline to go forth and act his part in the great arena of life he availed himself of every opportunity to do good to those with whom he came in contact. That deep interest in the young and high appreciation of the value of Sabbath school instruction which characterized his whole future life was strikingly evinced during the period of his college days. From early spring till late in autumn he uniformly walked, each Lord's day, from fifteen to eighteen miles, organizing and superintending Sabbath schools.

He frequently visited the almshouse, going from room to room—conversing with the afflicted and infirm about their spiritual condition and interests, and publicly preaching the gospel to his inmates.

After the completion of his Theological studies he was elected Professor of Mental and Moral Science in Penna. College. This position he resigned the following spring to accept a call, received from the first English Lutheran congregation of Cincinnati. To this new field of labor he was invited through the influence of Dr. Keller, who about six months before had commenced the Primary Department of Wittenberg College at Springfield. The comfort which his location in the West afforded the Dr., may be gathered from the following record made in his journal soon after this period. "I have just had a very pleasant visit from my dear bro. Wm. H. Harrison, who is now Pastor of the church at Cincinnati. I have had no adviser so congenial and like-minded since the decease of my dear brother J. B. Beck."

The congregation whose pastorate he had now assumed was organized by Rev. A. Reck, one of the Pioneer Lutheran ministers of the West. It was still in its infancy—numbering between fifty and sixty members. To build up a congregation, in so large a city surrounded by large and influential churches of other denominations, is a work of no small magnitude.

Under his patient, toilsome, prayerful labors, through the blessing of God, this congregation furnished the evidence of a gradual, steady and healthful growth. Churches in Western cities with their amazingly rapid increase, are liable to fluctuations unknown in Eastern states, settled for many years. These fluctuations are caused by the fact, that the residence of many of the inhabitants of these cities is of short duration. During Dr. Harrison's ministry about five hundred were received to church membership, and about half that number dismissed by removals and death, leaving at his decease about three hundred communicants. So that from a small commencement it has become a large, influential and efficient congregation. But to witness the full results of his arduous, faithful labors, it will be necessary to await the developments of future years, when the precious seed sown with fervent prayer and watered by his tears shall be brought to maturity. He was emphatically a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. Every Sabbath besides the preaching of two sermons he uniformly taught a large Bible class and twice addressed the children of his Sabbath schools; whilst during the week in pastoral labor he went from house to house, directing the spiritual inquirer, encouraging the desponding, comforting the sorrowing, ministering to the afflicted, opening up the way of life to the dying, and speaking words of consolation to those who were mourning over the departed.

He carefully watched the opening buds of promise in the youth of his congregation; and wherever he discovered any evidence of adaptability to the work of the ministry he called the attention of his possessor to this sacred office, and pressed upon him the serious consideration of its claims. By so doing he was instrumental in introducing from his congregation eight young men into the ranks of the ministry.

Few men understood better the relation of the church to her Colleges and Theological Seminaries or had a higher appreciation of the value of such Institutions than Bro. Harrison. He considered Wittenberg College as a mighty power in moulding and directing the intellectual and religious element in the great valley of the Mississippi. To the upbuilding of this Institution he devoted all the energies of his nature.

At the meeting at which he united with the Miami Synod, six weeks after his settlement in Cincinnati, he was elected a member of her Board of Directors, which position he continued to occupy till the close of life; never missing one of its meetings, taking a very active and prominent part in the transaction of all its business. As this can be said of no other member of her Board, it must be apparent that for whatever degree of growth, prosperity and power for the accomplishing of good this Institution has acquired, she is in no small degree indebted to his hearty sympathy and support. Few objects lay nearer his heart than Wittenberg College. With almost equal assiduity did he devote himself to the promotion of education in its lower forms, of more general application, embraced in the system of public schools. The best evidence of this fact is furnished by the following preamble and resolutions, adopted by the School Board of Cincinnati immediately after his decease.

WHEREAS, Our Colleague, Rev. Wm. H. Harrison has departed this life in the prime of manhood, and in the midst of arduous toil and labor for the best interests of humanity; and

WHEREAS, By his untimely demise the School Board has lost one of her most efficient members, foremost in counsel and experience and second to none in the faithful performance of his duties; and

WHEREAS, By his affability, courteous yet frank manners, his mild and conciliatory temper displayed in his intercourse with the members of this Board and the teachers and children of our public schools, he has won the high esteem and confidence of this Board and will always be held in affectionate remembrance by all who knew him; therefore

Resolved, That this Board gratefully declares that in the death of Rev. Wm. H. Harrison we and the public schools of this city have suffered a loss not easily overcome. The idea of doing good was the predominant idea in his mind. He did not wait for, but sought opportunities to benefit his fellow men. Like his Divine Master he went about doing good. In all his conduct he exemplified the principles of the Christian religion by which he professed to be guided.

Emminently sympathetic in his nature he took a deep interest in everything pertaining to the cause of humanity. In matters of mere policy he was ready to make concessions for the sake of peace and harmony; but wherever moral principle was involved he was firm and immovable as a rock. He was filled with that "charity which suffereth long and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil."

He was an embodiment of the requirements of a Bishop, stated by the Apostle Paul in the third chapter of his first Epistle to Timothy. Perfection is not claimed for him; but that would imply that he was superhuman. For two more excellencies and fewer defects are rarely found among men.

From the commencement of his sickness his sufferings were quite intense; so much so that he seemed little inclined to conversation. The expressions which dropped from his lips, however, were sufficient to indicate his state of mind in view of his approaching dissolution. In the true spirit of self-renunciation, he said, "I am but a poor worm of the earth, but I have tried to serve my blessed Master." He appeared to have an impression firmly settled in his mind that his illness would prove fatal; and yet under it all he manifested the most perfect calmness and resignation to the will of his Heavenly Father. In reply to the question whether he desired the presence and prayers of some minister of the Gospel, he responded, "I have the presence of one far better than any minister."

Feeling himself gradually declining more and more he called the members of his family around his bed; addressed to each of them his parting words; and added, "Now there remains for me but one thing more, and then commenced repeating the lines of that beautiful hymn,

"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high."

The only audible words uttered by him after this were "Come Lord Jesus; Come quickly."

Continuing to grow more feeble, with the closing hour of Saturday night he closed his eyes on earth, and before the light of Sabbath morn dawned on our world he already mingled with the celestial worshippers.

So brief was his sickness and so sudden his decease, that some of his members residing in distant portions of the city had not yet learned the sad intelligence. When the hour of public worship drew near, with their accustomed emotions of joy they pursued their way to the house of God. But what a sensation of sadness gathers over their spirit as they behold the sanctuary of the Lord draped in mourning; and when to the anxious inquiry, "What meaneth this?" the response comes, "Our beloved Pastor is dead," how the soul sinks within them beneath the heavy weight of grief. In groups, with heavy hearts, they now turn their feet towards the abode of death, and having arrived there around the cold remains of the departed they pour forth a flood of tears as the expression almost involuntarily drops from their lips, "We will never get another such a pastor."

In rural districts, or even comparatively small towns and villages the occurrence of an ordinary death may excite a general interest in the community. But in a large and populous city, with its inhabitants eagerly devoted

For the American Lutheran.
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The truth of God is the great power. It surpasses all others. "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." The control of mind requires more power, than the control of physical substances. The rude block of marble is passive in the hands of the sculptor, and is submissive to his will. Man controls timber, the earth, iron, animal and vegetable creation, at his pleasure. Man draws the lightning from the heavens, and "bottles it up"; he harnesses the electric fluids in wires and sends them all over the earth; he makes the limpid stream, the weakest thing of earth, one of the most powerful forces in driving mills, R. R. trains, vessels on our rivers, and ships on the sea. The mind of man controls the earth, and all that is in it; and what controls man? There is a power stronger than man. I speak not now of the great God, nor of Jesus to whom is given all power in the heavens above; but of the truth of God. Thy word is truth. This has a governing influence. "And they were astonished at his doctrine; for his word was with power." The word, the doctrine was power. It was such to the minds and hearts of such as heard the wonderful words of Jesus. The truth is the great power of God.

Truth, like the arena of nature, is noiseless in its operation. It is only seen and heard by its results. And results it has great and omnipotent for good, never for evil. It is not a meteor glare that passes through the heavens dimming in the distance and is no more. It is not a volcano convulsing the bowels of the earth and expending its power in one great shock, it becomes quiescent forever. The power of which we speak, like a still small voice, makes its appeals to the heart, the consciences of men. It appeals to the intellect. And never did the mind in the full consciousness of her strength, battle with a more formidable enemy. She has even left the field in utter discomfiture. Mind will battle heroically, when she knows she has truth on her side; but is utterly confounded when found in error. "My word is truth," and "it is hard for thee to kick against it." "Truth is mighty and will prevail." It is silent but effectual in its work. Pure mind, conscience, heart, and the truth coming together, make no outside clamor. The profoundest things are the most silent. But the conflicts are the mightiest, for the forces are the stronger. Never was sickness like the sickness of a sinner under the lash of a guilty conscience enlightened or rather convicted by the word of God. The word is steady, not vacillating nor uncertain; but ever the same. When once a truth, a thought, an idea, enters the human mind, it never returns to its original author. It will never change; neither will it ever be obliterated. Once in existence, it never ceases to exist. When it thoroughly enters the mind, it will ever exert an influence for good. Wicked and unscrupulous mind may take occasion from it to do evil, but the tendency of the word is only to good. This truth once published, so far as men have heard or understood it, it is to them forever published. Once lodged in the understanding, it can never be removed. Every responsible agent will be held accountable to God for every truth he hears from the word of God. The soul of the sinner cannot change the nature of the truth, nor its penalties, when violated, however much he may wish to do so. There is no power in him to ignore the power of truth, which is equal to God in duration. The word and the soul of man are equal in duration and never separated. The unregenerated sinner is the enemy of God and his word. Now the question is, which will conquer? The word or the sins of the sinner? Jesus says, "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth." He places a divine power in his own truth, which, when understood, convinces men "of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come." It makes kings tremble on their thrones, and converts incorrigible sinners from the error of their ways. It is a terror to evil doers, and to the Christian, life, joy, and peace.

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The truth of God is the great power. It surpasses all others. "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." The control of mind requires more power, than the control of physical substances. The rude block of marble is passive in the hands of the sculptor, and is submissive to his will. Man controls timber, the earth, iron, animal and vegetable creation, at his pleasure. Man draws the lightning from the heavens, and "bottles it up"; he harnesses the electric fluids in wires and sends them all over the earth; he makes the limpid stream, the weakest thing of earth, one of the most powerful forces in driving mills, R. R. trains, vessels on our rivers, and ships on the sea. The mind of man controls the earth, and all that is in it; and what controls man? There is a power stronger than man. I speak not now of the great God, nor of Jesus to whom is given all power in the heavens above; but of the truth of God. Thy word is truth. This has a governing influence. "And they were astonished at his doctrine; for his word was with power." The word, the doctrine was power. It was such to the minds and hearts of such as heard the wonderful words of Jesus. The truth is the great power of God.

Truth, like the arena of nature, is noiseless in its operation. It is only seen and heard by its results. And results it has great and omnipotent for good, never for evil. It is not a meteor glare that passes through the heavens dimming in the distance and is no more. It is not a volcano convulsing the bowels of the earth and expending its power in one great shock, it becomes quiescent forever. The power of which we speak, like a still small voice, makes its appeals to the heart, the consciences of men. It appeals to the intellect. And never did the mind in the full consciousness of her strength, battle with a more formidable enemy. She has even left the field in utter discomfiture. Mind will battle heroically, when she knows she has truth on her side; but is utterly confounded when found in error. "My word is truth," and "it is hard for thee to kick against it." "Truth is mighty and will prevail." It is silent but effectual in its work. Pure mind, conscience, heart, and the truth coming together, make no outside clamor. The profoundest things are the most silent. But the conflicts are the mightiest, for the forces are the stronger. Never was sickness like the sickness of a sinner under the lash of a guilty conscience enlightened or rather convicted by the word of God. The word is steady, not vacillating nor uncertain; but ever the same. When once a truth, a thought, an idea, enters the human mind, it never returns to its original author. It will never change; neither will it ever be obliterated. Once in existence, it never ceases to exist. When it thoroughly enters the mind, it will ever exert an influence for good. Wicked and unscrupulous mind may take occasion from it to do evil, but the tendency of the word is only to good. This truth once published, so far as men have heard or understood it, it is to them forever published. Once lodged in the understanding, it can never be removed. Every responsible agent will be held accountable to God for every truth he hears from the word of God. The soul of the sinner cannot change the nature of the truth, nor its penalties, when violated, however much he may wish to do so. There is no power in him to ignore the power of truth, which is equal to God in duration. The word and the soul of man are equal in duration and never separated. The unregenerated sinner is the enemy of God and his word. Now the question is, which will conquer? The word or the sins of the sinner? Jesus says, "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth." He places a divine power in his own truth, which, when understood, convinces men "of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come." It makes kings tremble on their thrones, and converts incorrigible sinners from the error of their ways. It is a terror to evil doers, and to the Christian, life, joy, and peace.

The word and the mind ever in each other, and yet antagonistic. The word ever fresh, vigorous, unchangeable, ever assigning to the sinner an eternal penalty. No hope as the flight of years pass on. To the sinner truth is inexorable. No pardon in God's truth. God alone can pardon, and his pardon, as we understand it, is limited to earth. In, or beyond the grave there are no acts of pardon passed. These years of earth are fruitful of great results. Great in time, but greater in eternity. In time the character is forming, in eternity it is formed.

On the eternal consequences of an hour's preaching God's truth! It woe to heaven or drives to hell. But must ministers cease from fear of results. No, no, by no means. CRY ALoud and spare not! Is the language of inspiration. If then there be such a power in the word of God to convince, convict, and convert the sinner and turn him from the error of his ways, the more of the truth that can be brought into the heart the better. I do not think there is any truth in the saying that so much preaching hardens the heart, except in the case of those who will not come to Christ Jesus.

These reflections came into my mind on attending a protracted meeting held by Bro. Parson at Milton, Pa. There was a profound silence in a very large audience. A solemn awe reigned in the Holy sanctuary. The mind and heart of that great audience were taking hold of God's eternal truth, and there is nothing more subduing than the truth. It undoes the bolts and the bars of the human heart and lets the heavenly stranger in. And I have been pleased to learn, that the present interest is not sensational or a fitful spell as the result of a spasmodic effort; but has continued as a regular thing through the whole year and that this interest manifests itself in attending largely a course of lectures on the catechism for regular and systematic instruction in the doctrines of the Christian religion. This state of things most certainly, to my mind, presents the best state of the church militant.

"NO SMOKING ALLOWED HERE?" A company of colored emigrants have sailed for Liberia, to found a settlement to be called "Liberia," in honor of the late President. The expenses of the voyage and cost of provisions for six months after their arrival will be defrayed by the Pennsylvania Colonization Society.

Concerning Smoke. Under the old covenant, or the Law that was given by Moses, smoke was a conspicuous symbol. When that Law was revealed from heaven, "Mount Sinai" was altogether on a smoke. A pillar of smoke, or cloud, guided Israel by day through the wilderness. Whenever a sacrifice was offered upon the altar, before the tabernacle or the temple, the fact was published far and wide, by a rising column of smoke.

When incense was burned in the censers, a fragrant smoke was diffused. All this was well suited to the typical and shadowy dispensation. The saints of old saw the true light, but dimly, and afar off, and through a smoky atmosphere. But now the shadow has vanished, and the substance is here. The Sun of Righteousness has risen and dispersed the clouds of smoke. To burn incense in Christian temples is to go back to Judaism. To offer bullocks and goats, and burn them with fire, would be equally proper. A minister of the gospel, swinging a censor, and incensing an altar, is a pitiable spectacle. He might as well carry a knife in his hand, and administer circumcision. O foolish ritualists, who beth with you, that you should not obey the truth! Come out of your smoke, into the clear sunshine! Put over the doors of your Churches the inscription that is sometimes seen on secular buildings:

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