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Poetry.

ASPIRATIONS.

The sweetest songs our poets sing,
The deepest thoughts and sweetest words
That to our lives their music bring,
Are but songs of aged birds.
High up in the unfathomed sky
The happy winged singers go;
And fainter, and more sweetly
From the poor captive one below.
The higher song is clear and sweet,
And perfect without aid of art;
But vain our strivings to repeat
Joy's words with sadness in the heart.
In ours a saddened undertone
Tells of our captivity,
Dim reachings out for the unknown,
And longings for the native sky.
On wings with mists of grief and care
Our blinded life goes murmuring;
The singers of the upper air
In God's own sunshine spread the wing.
Oh! joyously they sing and soar;
Full meanings flow in perfect speech;
But we strive evermore
For utterance we cannot reach.
Oh, would some angel's hand rest here,
If for one hour the broken lute,
And touch our lips with fire to sing
But once, ere harp and voice be mute!

In vain: the choral songs of heaven
Suit not with earthly grief and wrong;
Not till the spirit's wings are given
It learns the full, immortal song.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

By Mrs. C. LOUISE M. MILLS.
He trod the garden--and alone--
He, whose whole life was one of pain--
And in His agony he prayed
While sweat-drops fell like summer rain.
Those drops, oh, man! thy life long tears
Would scarce repay thy treachery--
And yet His pardons, He who died,
Who suffered to atone for thee!

He trod the garden--those who came
At His command, together sleep,
Ay, those whose task it might have been
To wake and weep, no vigils kept!
How sad--how sad! to find the few,
The chosen of the little band,
Slumbering thus softly, when his words
Foretold the final hour at hand.

Twice to the sleepers' side He drew,
Rebuking them in gentle tone;
But heavier laid their eyelids down,
And still He watched and prayed alone.
An hour passed by--He called--again--
"No rebuke His words expressed;
"Sleep on," in music strains He said,
"Sleep on, sleep on, and take your rest."

The time had come--the garden fair,
Where the meek sufferer humbly prayed,
Became the scene of strife and blood,
And basely there he was betrayed!
Offending man, strive, strive, with faith,
To make atonement for thy guilt,
For 't was for thee, and thee alone,
The Saviour's precious blood was spilt.

Communications.

The Fate of Martin Stephan.

Rev. J. Hoeftel writing for the Iowa *Kirchenblatt* gives the following account of the fate of Martin Stephan, the guilty and unfortunate founder of the Missouri Synod, which will also interest the readers of the AMERICAN LUTHERAN. We translate it from the German:

"I was going to Altenburg, Missouri, I could go by railroad as far as Grand Tower, a place which at all appearances is destined to become of considerable importance, on account of its extensive coal beds and large iron works. I left the railroad and hastened to the stream in order to reach the opposite shore as soon as possible. Opposite to the place called 'The Devil's Baken' lives a farmer, who for a small consideration ferries the traveler across the river. Long did I have to wait there because no one from the opposite shore seemed to see or hear me. An indescribable feeling came over me as I sat by this rock. 'The Devil's Baken' is its name. On account of its shape it may indeed be called a baken, but whether this rock has been dedicated to the devil because it extends into the narrow stream, and thus makes navigation dangerous at low water, I am unable to say. I have been so informed. Along the side of the road near this rock they have erected a steam pump to supply the neighboring foundry with water. The black smoke of its chimney, the noisy escape of the steam and the constant puff, puff, puff, do indeed throw a kind of infernal aspect around the 'Devil's Baken.' Yet notwithstanding a lover of nature has built himself a dwelling house on the top of it. I

myself thought, as I looked up to it, must be pleasant to dwell there.

Such thoughts occupied my mind, as I sat on the shore, impatient of the long delay. But another reminiscence rose up before my spirit; a very serious, not forsake me; I will soon be in heaven and there I will be so happy. I will meet my mother and brother there, and you will come some day, and won't we be a happy little family?" A friend coming in asked her how she felt by this time. Her answer was, "Just like an angel."

About midnight there was a change, and it was thought for the better. She became greatly revived and recognized all of her friends. But her time was fast drawing to a close. In the afternoon (Thursday Aug. 11) about 2 o'clock her sufferings increased, and at 3 o'clock, we were just entering the house, when we heard the sad news, "She just died."

Death in this case came suddenly. Her sickness which was but short, was accompanied with intense suffering, but the Lord gave her strength to bear it, with Christian fortitude. Having learned to love her Saviour in youth, she had the assurance that there is a better, and happier land in store for her. She was ever the loving friend of children, and never happier than when a group of little ones were gathered around her. Honorable, upright, and liberal in all her dealings, faithful in the performance of every duty, kind and charitable to all. It is truly fully said of her, "She had no enemies." No one could be more devoted to husband and child, none more faithful in duty, according to the measure of her ability; and dying in the blessed assurance of the Christian faith, she passed away to her inheritance of an unfettered womanhood beneath a serene sky than that of earth. Beneath the natural buoyancy of a cheerful temperament, there ran a deep vein of seriousness and an expression that indicated that her thoughts were of God and eternity. She seemed to have a premonition of her early departure.

A stricken husband, an orphan child, and a host of warm-hearted friends, who waited upon her during her short sickness, mourn the loss of a loving wife, mother, and friend. Beautiful in person, affectionate, genial and courteous, her greatest ornament was that "meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God, is of great price." We shall miss our friend, but we hope again to meet her.

Where tears of parting chill,
Never--no, never!

Her death was as her life, calm and peaceful. When the jasper walls and glittering spires of the "Glorious City" could almost be seen, she bade her weeping friends "adieu," exhorting them to meet her, where tears of sorrow shall never flow. At last, as though it were a literal slumber, she "fell asleep in Jesus."

"The love of friends will oft delight,
To muse upon the past,
And tell 'mid hopes eternal light,
The words she murmured last, 'at home.'"

For the American Lutheran.
A Sad Scene.

Yes, I have just witnessed a sad scene; a *Christus ad man*, bending under the weight of years and of disease. Not able to labor and without the means of support, unless he dies once he must become an object of public charity. A father, yet with no prop to lean upon during his present and prospective helplessness except his aged companion, nearly as helpless as himself. Lying out of this world in the midst of sorrows, solitudes and gloom, without any preparation for the world to come, but a poor apology for self-righteousness, of the past fruits of which he now bitterly complains.

Such occurrences are too suggestive to be treated with inattention. God must mean that they shall subserve some good purpose, though like all other sources of instruction and admonition, they can only be profitable as they are improved. Let the facts in this instance be briefly noticed as an exemplification realized during the present life, that "whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap."

In the common acceptance of the word, this aged sufferer never has been a *bad man*. Naturally he is kind, friendly, accommodating. So far as known his general habits have been unexceptionable. Nor has he been chargeable with indolence or profligacy. Dependent upon his labor for his living, he has managed to meet the necessities of his family, and until recently, he probably has kept *well* out of his house. The sorrowful mistakes of his life must be sought for in another direction.

As expressed and implied by himself in a brief conversation, they may be stated as follows: 1. A foolish attempt, early in life, to fathom the mysteries of the Christian religion, resulting, as he phrased it, in his "rejecting the orthodox creed." It would seem that about the first thing he did in regard to the subject of religion, was to adopt the principle that he would not believe what he could not understand.

Hence, the *Trinity*, the *Atonement* and other fundamental doctrines were not merely rejected but opposed. The principle is strangely absurd and must be ruinous to every one who adopts it just in proportion to the consistency with which it is carried out. With him it was peculiarly disastrous. He was restless and therefore constantly agitating the subject; he was social and as a consequence he became associated with those who cherished similar opinions; he possessed neither depth, breadth nor strength of intellect and hence was wholly unfitted to grapple with intricate questions. Withal, his education was very limited and very superficial. He parted with truth as his anchor and broke away from the guardianship of the friends of truth. This was his first mistake.

2. Notwithstanding this, his religious nature was irrepressible. He could not

be a negative sceptic. He sought for something upon which he could rest his hopes, some organic embodiment of religion with which he could become identified. With these tendencies he drifted into one of the lowest and loosest modifications of Unitarianism, and, becoming a preacher among the people with whom he thus consorted, with the attempt to develop and propagate these peculiarities, he for a time seemed to be tolerably well satisfied. But like the house built upon the sand, he only awaited the winds and the floods to carry him away. They came and found him fully prepared for his final mistake.

3. From the crudities of that form of Unitarianism he plunged into the ridiculous absurdities of *Spiritualism*. With this bewildering delusion he became for a time perfectly intoxicated. Here he supposed he found a solution of all the mysteries of religion, of all the dark questions respecting the future. Everything he desired to know was revealed in a sensible manner, and the "old volume" containing a revelation of the will of God was entirely thrown aside.

Now for a moment let us look at the connection between his mistakes and their consequences as seen in his present condition. His religious associations and the manner in which he conducted himself with reference to them, deprived him of business relations and opportunities which, financially, might have been turned to good account. His attempts at preaching interfered with his secular engagements, disgusted the more intelligent portions of the people, caused him to become the object of satire and ridicule and so deeply prejudiced many against him that they treated him with inattention and neglect. He grew more and more sensitive, suspicious, misanthropic and not unfrequently bitter, so that the motives of those who sought to befriend him were misconstrued and all who associated with him were made uncomfortable. His only surviving son could not bear the shame of his father's course, nor live with him under the same roof, and accordingly left him in the state of loneliness and dependence above described. Here he now is, and here he is likely to die; and it surely is not an unpleasant reflection that the day of his departure is near at hand.

His prospects for the future have already been indicated. He abhors the "orthodox creed." He has "no confidence in Christ" as having made an atonement for the sins of the world. His only hope rests upon what he calls "soul culture," which for several years he has been attempting to realize. He confesses that he has failed in many things; that he is conscious of many imperfections; that he may be "entirely mistaken"; but that if he is, it is "too late now to correct his mistakes." But he seems incapable of seeing how effectually his theory of "soul culture" is exploded by the acknowledged fruits of his selfishness and imperfections. "Soul culture!" Call it rather a shallow species of self-righteousness, ending in self-deception. Surely the culture which produces misanthropy and moroseness, shocks the common sense of mankind with its delusions, and drives children, reared under its influence, from the parental roof, promises little as a preparation for an inheritance among the saints in light.

O, take away the hopes which rest alone on Christ, who would wish to live or dare to die!

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as being eminently fitting to his nature, his work, and the simplicity of his character. It was a time of reminiscence with me. I went back in my thought to the earliest day when I remember my father. I rehearsed to myself many of the scenes of my life, and if I might so say, took a retrospect of an introspect of that life which he lived.

I think that never were children brought up in this world with a more intense and realizing sense of the outward world and its qualities, than were my father's family with the feeling that the inward and spiritual world was the important one. I never heard a word in my family which led me to suppose but that to be religious was unspeakably more important than to be great, or strong, or rich, or wise, or anything else. The order of value was a thing so of course that I hardly imagined how anybody could feel in any other way.

As I look back on my father's life, I cannot remember, in all the retrospect, a single act of self-seeking on his part. I cannot remember to have heard him deary or severely criticize a brother in the ministry. I cannot remember to have heard him rehearse his own doings with eulogy, or praise, or conscious pride. His life was as simple as a child's; and it was as spiritually-forward, and as honest, and as what I could not in my childhood--that it had a powerful influence on me.

At that time I could not express what I owe to my father's silent example, and what a power it has been against doubt, as confirming and intensifying my consciousness of the reality of the true and spiritual realm. The example of my father and mother are an everlasting bulwark to me against infidelity; so that if my reason were assailed, if I could not meet the arguments that were raised against religion, I should still have, as it were, in transfiguration, the memory of my parents, who were an embodiment of piety; and that would hold me off other things I would, so that I could not find anything to hold me. The vision has hung to me, just as after the Master was transfigured on the mount, the vision of that scene clung to the men who witnessed it, although their senses seemed to show that they had been mistaken, and though facts seemed to rise against them. The bewitchment of that wonderful occurrence remained with them and they clung to Christ, when there were no external corroborating evidences of his existence. Blessed are they who have had a vision of transfiguration in childhood, and who never can get away from a belief in the reality of their religion.

But I remembered a great many other things. I remembered how many times those two old warriors of theology (for they were warriors) had sat and disputed, and discussed, and debated, until the hours grew small in the morning, on theological points. Dr. Taylor and Dr. Beecher--they were still enough, quiet enough, but I remember when they were active, and when there was not time enough in the day for their discussion. I said to myself, "What has now become of all those themes and topics and matters that were so certain to them?" They were like clouds that form, and give rain, and disappear. They left no landmarks behind. The mere intellectual part, the mere speculative portion, and what I may call the *imaginative part*--the system-weaving of religion--while it is very good exercise for the intellectual faculties, leaves but little behind. And I thought of their doctrinal discussions, and fine discriminations, and "interlocked definitions and limitations," as my dear old father used to say. And what influence have they had on me? Not a particle. But their godliness, their sincerity, their boundless faith, their life, which was life "as seeing him who was invisible"--what a grasp that had! I felt the electricity of it even down to the hour in which I then stood.

I thought of my father's friendships, and how they were impaired. There was good old Dr. Taylor; and there was "dear Brother Nettleton," as father always called him; and there was Dr. Wood; and there was Prof. Porter, formerly at Washington, Conn., and afterwards at Andover, Mass. And I went through and recalled the histories of these great and excellent men. I remember when, on purely doctrinal questions, they began to stand in jealousy of one another. I remember how many precious hours of my father's life were wasted in writing letters and endeavoring to make his theology straight, and to reconcile their fears and doubts and difficulties. I recollect how, little by little, alienation and disintegration came in; and how, in the latter part of the lives of these men who ought to have been the warmest friends, they were standing separate and apart, so that the cool wind might blow between them; and how at last they went down to the grave, many of them, mourning over one another, each feeling that the other had departed from the faith, because they differed on certain points which the best and wisest men now-a-days scarcely bestow a thought upon. I thought how much they feared shadows, and how much they gave up to shadows, and how after all, it was the heart that had failed, and not the head; and how Paul is justified in his discourses--particularly those in the early chapters of *Corinthians*--where he speaks philosophy over against the Spirit of God in the human soul, and gives the preference to the emotive, as distinguished from the doctrinal life.

I thought of my father's going to Boston, and re-called his great fight there. I recollect very vividly one scene in connection with it. I remember straying into his lecture room one night, and hearing him talk in one of his inspired moments. And I never heard a man that had such power like a trumpet to thrill one through and through, and lift one almost off his feet. I

scarcely ever saw him equalled, and never surpassed, in his better moments. He was speaking of a visit to the old burying-ground on Copp's Hill, where the Mathers--Cotton and others--and other old Puritan heroes of Boston were buried. It was at the time of the Unitarian defection; and he was put in the forefront ranks of the reemerging Orthodox churches; and he felt that he was fighting the battle of the Lord. He said he had been wandering that afternoon in the grave-yard, and told of one name that he had read, and another; and as the inspiration came, he lifted his glasses to the top of his head, and brought down his hand with great emphasis, and declared the vow which he had taken over these men's graves to rebuild the altars and restore the faith of fathers. Then my young breath came, and quick and strong. How it inspired me!

Yesterday I said to myself, "Well, I am wandering in an analogous place. Here lie Dr. Dwight, and Dr. Taylor, and a great many eminent men of Connecticut, both in civil and religious life; and what do I think of? What vows have I to make? What are my feelings as compared with his?" I wandered up and down the roads, and said to myself, "Since this world is the Lord's; since these trees are his, and these birds are his, and this sky is his, and all the sentiments which Nature inspires are divinely ordained, how beautiful is this world! And since Nature is God's right hand, how beautiful is Nature!"

And then I said to myself, "It is not for me to fight the battle of doctrines; it is not for me, as it was for my father, to reassert and restate the great orthodox truths; but I have lived to see the Methodist Church rent and scattered; I have lived to see the Episcopal Church broken in two; I have lived to see the Presbyterian Church, in which my ministry began, shattered; and I am rejoiced to know that the Episcopal Church is beginning to reunite, that the Methodist Church is slowly coming together again, and that the Presbyterian Church is already reunited."

And under the inspiration of the scene, this thought arose in my mind: "O! for the unity of God's people! O! for the trust of man in man! O! for an intenser valuing of those things which the heart begets when the Spirit of God dwells in it, and less and less insistence upon those mere ideal forms of truth which so often are of men." And I lifted my hand in the sunshine to God, and amid the singing of the birds and the waving of trees, said, "All the days of my life that are left I will work for the building up of heart-unity, and for the uniting of brethren, and their confidence one in another--not for divisions; not for envy; not for jealousy; not for offense; not for building and breaking down middle walls of partition. I will work to inspire, so far as I can, between brethren, the true spirit of Christian feeling. I will live for Christ!"

And there came to me such a sense of the beauty which there is in Christ as I could not frame into words. I experienced one of those openings of the heart in which it seemed for a little while as if I was almost unconscious of my bodily organs, and as if I could almost discern the form of Him whom I loved. All things seemed to breathe the influence of Christ. The birds sang it; the air wafted it; the trees whispered it; and my thoughts were full of it. The whole atmosphere was pervaded with one Spirit--the Spirit of Him that is chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely. Everything was pervaded by Christ.

And so I prayed, standing by the dust of my father, and in the ground where my father's fathers rest that my ministry among you might be for the deepening of the true spirit of Christian love, fervent holiness, concord among brethren, and co-operative wisdom and labor for the great work of the renovation of the world, and the restoration of Christ's kingdom from shore to shore. I prayed for the General Assembly, that was in session at Philadelphia. I prayed for all the seats that were divided. I prayed for that universal faith, without regard to name, which Christ is gathering and guarding, and which is to save the world.

And so, whether you have had a good time to-night, or not, I had a good time yesterday morning. It is very poor translated into words, but it was very memorable in my experience.

New Haven, you know, is the home of my fathers. The family from whom I descended came there from the County of Kent, England; and there they lived--The house is still standing--and I went up to pay my respects to it, though I did not enter it--in which my father was born. On a corner near the first oak tree under which I believe the first sermon in New Haven was preached. There, in summer, my grandfather's avail stood, and he did his blacksmithing. And in many respects the place is very dear to me, on account of these memories.

NEWSPAPERS.--In a lecture upon newspapers, delivered in Philadelphia, by Rev. Dr. Talmage, he said:--

"I now declare that I consider the newspapers to be the grand agency by which the Gospel is preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated, the world raised, Heaven rejoiced, and God glorified. In the clanking of the printing press, as sheets fly out, I hear the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead of the earth, 'Lazarus, come forth,' and to the retreating surges of darkness, 'Let there be light!'"

Rev. J. G. Butler, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Washington, D. C., and Chaplain to the House of Representatives, is engaged in raising money to build a free memorial church in that city. A fine lot, four squares north of the Presidential mansion, has been secured, and \$50,000 more are needed to complete the enterprise.

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From the Christian Intelligencer:
The Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

"NO GOD TO PRAY TO."
A Gentleman arose in the meeting who said he had never been, here before. But, though a stranger, he wished to relate the remarkable conversion of an infidel.

The clergyman of the place was specially gifted with faith in God, and was a man of prayer. The infidel went to hear one of his evening lectures, at the close of which he gave out the notice that if there was any one who wished to talk with him on the subject of religion, he was requested to call.

So, after the meeting was concluded, the infidel approached and said: "If I understood you aright you invited any one to remain who wished to converse on the subject of Christianity."

"Yes," said the clergyman, "I am always glad to converse with any one on the subject of religion."

"Well, then, let us appoint a time and place."

So place and time were appointed. When they met at the place and time, the clergyman said he never entered upon a conference of this kind without prayer. So he invited the infidel to kneel down with him, and they would pray together. This did not suit the unbeliever. "No, no! I object," said the infidel, "we did not come here to pray. We came here to discuss the subject of religion. Now I proceed to the matter in hand."

"I cannot proceed till we have had a season of prayer. I never can discuss the subject of religion till I come to God, the author of it, and beg His enlightening and teaching Spirit to lead my mind into all truth. So now kneel down with me and we will pray together. I have a God to go to in prayer."

And, after much persuasion, the infidel knelt with the clergyman, who knelt close beside him, so that his elbow touched the arm of the infidel, and his prayer was poured forth as a very fervent one. When it was finished, the clergyman said to the infidel:

"Now do you pray to your God."

"No, no! I cannot pray. I have no God to pray to--NO GOD TO PRAY TO." He arose in great agitation, and left the place.

In the evening he was present at the prayer-meeting; and when permission was given for all who desired to be prayed for to manifest it by rising, he was instantly up for prayer. He wanted a God to pray to. He felt that there was a vast difference whether a man had a God to pray to or not. In a short time the scoffing unbeliever became a humble Christian.

There was a lesson in this matter. When you pray with a person--awakened or unawakened--kneel close beside him, so that his spiritual nature shall touch and be in sympathy with your own. Do not keep at a distance. Do not pray with a man as if he was at one end of a large church and you at another. But pray with him as if you were together before the Mercy-seat.

A SERMON ON SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

An elderly clergyman said: "As this is Saturday, and a very full meeting, it is fair to conclude that there are a good many Sabbath-school teachers present, both from the presence of these young people, and from many of the requests for prayer which have been read, which ask us to pray for the conversion of Sabbath-school classes."

"It was Pharaoh's daughter who said to the mother of Moses: 'Take this child and train it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.'"

"So the Lord Jesus says to every teacher of children in a Sabbath-school: 'What thou doest for the least of these, thou doest for Me.' Let us consider."

"1. THE WORK APPOINTED. It is the religious instruction of children. You might be discouraged if you were required to endeavor to win old sinners to Christ. You might well say, 'I can never do it.' Perhaps you never could. It might be a very unthankful task to attempt to influence one of these old gray-headed unbelievers. You probably would not succeed. But not so with children. If your heart is interested in them, how quick they are to know it. How joyfully they appreciate it. How plastic their young minds are. How easily they are influenced. How readily they may be made to understand the great requirements and promises of the gospel."

"I have been a Sabbath-school teacher from a very early period of my life, besides my labors in the ministry. If I had my life to live over again I would begin just as I did before--with the children. It is, comparatively, an easy thing to lead them to Christ. I would endeavor to win them to Jesus in the morning of their lives. I think I have had some success in this. I pity the pastor who does not use this power and persuasion."

"2. TRAIN THEM FOR ME--It is work for the Master. It is Jesus who is interested in them, how quick they are to know it. How joyfully they appreciate it. How plastic their young minds are. How easily they are influenced. How readily they may be made to understand the great requirements and promises of the gospel."

"I have been a Sabbath-school teacher from a very early period of my life, besides my labors in the ministry. If I had my life to live over again I would begin just as I did before--with the children. It is, comparatively, an easy thing to lead them to Christ. I would endeavor to win them to Jesus in the morning of their lives. I think I have had some success in this. I pity the pastor who does not use this power and persuasion."

Practical.

From the Christian Intelligencer:
The Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

"NO GOD TO PRAY TO."
A Gentleman arose in the meeting who said he had never been, here before. But, though a stranger, he wished to relate the remarkable conversion of an infidel.

The clergyman of the place was specially gifted with faith in God, and was a man of prayer. The infidel went to hear one of his evening lectures, at the close of which he gave out the notice that if there was any one who wished to talk with him on the subject of religion, he was requested to call.

So, after the meeting was concluded, the infidel approached and said: "If I understood you aright you invited any one to remain who wished to converse on the subject of Christianity."

"Yes," said the clergyman, "I am always glad to converse with any one on the subject of religion."

"Well, then, let us appoint a time and place."

So place and time were appointed. When they met at the place and time, the clergyman said he never entered upon a conference of this kind without prayer. So he invited the infidel to kneel down with him, and they would pray together. This did not suit the unbeliever. "No, no! I object," said the infidel, "we did not come here to pray. We came here to discuss the subject of religion. Now I proceed to the matter in hand."

"I cannot proceed till we have had a season of prayer. I never can discuss the subject of religion till I come to God, the author of it, and beg His enlightening and teaching Spirit to lead my mind into all truth. So now kneel down with me and we will pray together. I have a God to go to in prayer."

And, after much persuasion, the infidel knelt with the clergyman, who knelt close beside him, so that his elbow touched the arm of the infidel, and his prayer was poured forth as a very fervent one. When it was finished, the clergyman said to the infidel:

The American Lutheran.

YORK, PA.
SATURDAY, AUG. 27, 1870.
REV. P. ANSTADT, EDITOR.

WITTENBERG COLLEGE.—The Winter Session of this institution will open September 8th. For information address S. Sprecher, D. D., or H. R. Geiger, Secretary of Faculty, Springfield, Ohio.

A CORRECTION.—Some one imposed upon us and the public in requesting us to state that Rev. W. H. Gottwald, of Sugar Valley, was ready to entertain a call to some other congregation. The letter purported to be written by Rev. Gottwald himself, and signed by his own name. He now informs us that he was very much surprised to see this notice; that there is not a kinder people in the Church than those to whom he ministers, and that he has not the remotest idea of leaving them. What the object of the person sending us such a false statement for publication could be, we are unable to conjecture.

MECHANISBURG, PA.—Last Sabbath the 21st inst., we spent with Rev. P. C. Pritchett, of Mechanisburg. We found Bro. P. in good spirits and his congregation in a prosperous condition. They have lately repeated and freshened their church, which makes quite a handsome appearance. We preached to his people on Sunday morning and heard him in the evening, preaching, by request, a very interesting sermon on "The Difference between Faith and Sight." In the afternoon we rode with him about six miles to the "Stone Church," which he serves. Here we preached again to a very attentive congregation. Quite a number of AMERICAN LUTHERANS will reach this congregation hereafter, and we rejoice that we shall have the opportunity of preaching to them through this medium every week.

On the same day the General Council Men laid the corner stone of a new chapel that they have undertaken to build in the town of Mechanisburg. It had been given out that Drs. Schaeffer, Sieck, Krauth and Rev. Fry, of Reading, were to be there to assist at the ceremonies. But, we learn that Dr. C. W. Schaeffer was the only one who assisted Rev. Groff. The preaching was done in the German Reformed Church, a fine illustration of the General Council's non-interference of pulpits.

For the American Lutheran.
An Offer.

Now, that the AMERICAN LUTHERAN is the only paper that has the courage to stand up manfully for the interests of American Lutheranism, and to battle against the various tendencies towards ritualism that are attempted to be foisted upon us from sources whence they were least expected, it is high time for all Lutherans who desire to preserve the life of our beloved church, to make an effort to extend the circulation and usefulness of the only paper upon which we can rely in this critical period. Let all who are opposed to set forms of worship, responses, gossamer, wax tapers, and other devices of Romanism being introduced in our churches, rally in support of the AMERICAN LUTHERAN. I propose to be one of one hundred or more persons, to procure each paying subscribers, or pay ten dollars in advance, for the circulation of five copies of the paper one year, where it will be of good service. Brethren, let us go to work at once. I make this offer in good faith. Let the AMERICAN LUTHERAN have a large circulation.

Remarks by the Editor.—The above "offer in good faith" comes to us from a layman. It comes to us without any previous solicitation, and takes us by surprise. Who will second the proposition? Let us hear from the friends of the AMERICAN LUTHERAN quickly, so that the list of 100 names may be made up soon.

Postponement of the Evangelical Alliance.

The following are some of the telegrams from Europe which induced the committee to postpone the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance till next year:

Paris, July 22, 1870.
In present circumstances, the Paris Committee earnestly asks postponement of meeting of Evangelical Alliance. It is morally impossible for French delegates to leave their country this year.

MONDO.
Rotterdam, July 23, 1870.
Horrible European war seems discordant with American Alliance.

STUART.
Berlin, July 26, 1870.
Letter on the way from the German Branch, asking postponement of the Conference.

BERNSTORF.
London, July 30, 1870.
Consequence of war very serious, preventing Continental brethren attending; and many influential persons in England, including our Chairman of the Committee, earnestly recommend postponement; but, if still held, fervent prayers will be offered for the divine blessing.

DAVIS.
London, July 30, 1870.
War and complications make hopeless the international character of the Conference—attendance to be reduced. We agree with English and Continental Committees in advising postponement.

BISHOP McILVAINE.
Rev. Dr. Aiken.
Neuchâtel, August 1, 1870.
The delegates from Neuchâtel and Geneva not being able to go to the Conference, request its postponement if possible.

(Signed)
CENTRAL COMMITTEE,
Neuchâtel.

The Conference will be held, Providence permitting, in 1871, when it is hoped that circumstances will be more favorable, and that delay will rather add to, than detract from, the interest of the Conference.

The European War.

The latest news from the seat of war in France confirm more or less the Prussian successes, though the mass of dispatches with which the press has been entangled for two weeks past still contain so many contradictions and misty superlatives, that it is yet difficult to form a positive correct conclusion of the situation. It appears evident, however, that the importance of the Prussian victories at Forbach and Haguenau was not fully comprehended by themselves at first, but that in reality these battles broke the French centre and scattered their right wing, so that the whole army was driven to find safety in a retrograde movement. The Prussians in immense numbers pressed upon their rear, endeavoring to prevent the union of their parted corps; and the French, thus attacked, have fallen back, fighting bravely whenever assailed; sometimes defeated, sometimes repulsing their assailants; always

keeping in view the reunion of their army between the Prussians and Paris, but never permitted to realize their purpose.

The Prussian losses during the battles of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday are estimated by the Paris Presse at 50,000, and the French losses are estimated by London dispatches from Port-a-Mousson at the same figures.

At length on Thursday last, after a desperate battle of ten hours' duration, the Prussians claim that Gen. Bazaine was cut off from Paris and thrown back upon Metz, which, if true, would insure the success of the Prussian strategy, and prevent Bazaine from forming the long-coveted reunion with McMahon. In regard to this battle a question of veracity seems to have arisen between King William and the French Minister of War, Count Palikao. King William's dispatch is addressed to the Queen of Prussia, dated "Near Rezonville, August 18, 9 P. M.," and states that the French army was attacked that day west of Metz, and after a combat lasting nine hours, totally routed, thrown back on Metz, and its communications with Paris destroyed. Palikao, in a statement to the Corps Legislatif, virtually denies that the Prussians were successful, but that, on the contrary, they were repulsed and driven upon the quarries of Gaumont.

The report of Prussian claims of victory had been received in Paris, and once more aroused the excitable population of that city to the highest pitch of intensity.—The people surrounded the Chambers, and it was openly charged on the streets that previous hopeful statements in regard to the concentration of the French armies had been concocted in Paris.

Gen. Trochu has been appointed Governor of Paris, with full powers to take all measures necessary for the defense of the city and the preservation of order.

The Prussians are represented as making exorbitant requisitions upon the inhabitants of Port-a-Mousson and Erstein, and French journals demand that energetic reprisals be made by the Baltic fleet in retaliation.

The excitement in Paris continues, and it is reported that there are indications of the discovery of a great conspiracy against the empire.

Paris dispatches assert that strong bodies of McMahon's troops are being pushed into the Vosges, and admit that the Prussians have entered Châtilon. Sur Marne, which would indicate that they are moving on Paris by way of Sezanne. The accumulation of provisions and munitions of war at Paris steadily progresses, and the city is now, it is affirmed, ready to stand a siege of six months.

A London dispatch announces that Pfalzburg in the Vosges, capitulated on Saturday to the Wurtemberg army. Napoleon and the Prince Imperial were at Châlons on Saturday, and the soldiers clamored to be led to action. Other reports, however, state that the clamor is that they be led back to Paris, and that the Emperor was hissed and booed.

A Berlin telegram states that it is believed that England and Italy have determined to intervene to save Paris, and that Austria's concurrence is momentarily expected.

It seems that the magnificent forest, the pride and glory of Paris, the Bois de Boulogne, is not yet cut down, but will be only in case the Prussians attempt to invade the city. The garrison of Paris is stated at 250,000 men, one third only being regulars, the remainder composed of reserves. Gen. Trochu commands.

A Karlsruhe dispatch announces that Strasburg is in flames, and that its surrender is hourly expected. The same dispatch also reports that the Crown Prince has won a victory before Châlons.

The tenor of the latest dispatches received indicate that the Prussians are endeavoring to cut off Bazaine completely, but there is a report that McMahon is engaged in a strategic movement by which he may come to the support of Bazaine and prevent the consummation of this project. The Prussian advance is reported at Vitry le François, and there are divers speculations as to the road the Crown Prince will take to get to Paris. To keep Bazaine near Metz, flank Châlons and fall upon the capital appears to be the latest plan marked out by the correspondents. Napoleon it is stated is in good health, and will command the Imperial Guard in the defense of Paris.

A dispatch from Bremen states that the North German Lloyd's announce, in consequence of the Prussian successes, that their steamers will soon be able to resume their trips to America.

The situation at Strasburg is becoming critically interesting. The Prussians have caused the water supply of the place to be cut off by diverting the course of the river Ill at Erstein. Stringent regulations to sustain the siege and defend the place have been made by the commander of the garrison.

Quite a number of random rumors are given about the probable flight of Napoleon, the speedy restoration of the Orleans family, and similar flying notions of the hour, none of which are barely worthy of mention, unless, perhaps, to illustrate the vagaries of idle correspondents.

King William, referring to the battle of Gravelotte, writes to the Queen that "fighting ceased gradually," and that the troops "performed miracles of valor against an enemy equally brave, who withdrew by inches, resuming the offensive again to be repulsed." He does not, in this communication, appear to treat the event as a great victory, but rather as a day's fighting.

On the other hand, a dispatch is announced by the French government from Gen. Bazaine, confirming his former dispatch, in which he stated that after a battle of nine hours he held all of his positions. Yet unofficial reports from English and Prussian resources continue to claim the day for King William.

The diplomatic corps in Paris meet daily, and it is asserted that, be the turn of events what it may, intervention in favor of peace will be made before the end of the month. Agitations were revived in Paris, on Saturday, by reports that Bazaine had been defeated, but were quelled upon an official denial of the reports. It is stated that the greater part of the Prussian army, under Steinmetz and Prince Frederick Charles, is necessarily kept near Metz to prevent Bazaine from getting away, and it is believed more probable that the Crown Prince will join them to crush him than to march on Paris.

A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Paris, asserts that Bazaine has already succeeded in withdrawing the main body of his army from Metz, that he

is on the way to St. Menchould (thirty miles north of Vitry and twenty-five northeast of Châlons), where McMahon will probably endeavor to join him, and where a great battle may be fought.

Great excitement is reported at Dantzig, on account of the appearance of a number of French blockaders. Evidence of a conspiracy have been discovered at Tilsen, Prussia, and several Poles and Russians have been arrested.

The latest dispatches, by the way of London, say that the Crown Prince is believed to be marching on Paris direct with 200,000 men, and it is reported that McMahon and Canrobert are moving on the road taken by him.

Our latest Paris dispatches announce that Bazaine has been supplied with provisions by way of the railroad between Metz and Montmédy; that communication is kept up between him and McMahon by couriers; that the Emperor intends to charge with his troops in the next battle; that the Prussians desire to move their wounded through Belgium as a ruse to open the way for reinforcements through that kingdom, and that an attaché of the Austrian cabinet has arrived in Paris, bearing, it is reported, dispatches of great moment.

The same dispatches state that Bazaine is reported in the field maneuvering with Prince Charles and Steinmetz for a new conflict, but it seems more likely that his object is to gain time to form a new combination with McMahon.

The demands made by Prussia for the cession of Alsace and Lorraine create much disquiet in England. A cabinet minister is reported to have said that those demands meant European war.

Operations of the General Council Men in the Cumberland Valley.

The boasted design of the General Council, to unite all the Lutherans in America, outside of the General Synod, into one large and harmonious body, has shown itself to be a grand failure. The Germans are all forsaking the Council, as rats forsake a sinking ship, and consequently the English members remaining will be comparatively a mere handful, whom it would be a burlesque to designate by the high-sounding name of General Council. The originators and leaders of this collapsing organization, are therefore disappointed and mortified and are resorting to desperate and dishonorable means to prop up their falling cause. They are resorting to various means to induce ministers and congregations to leave the General Synod and join the General Council.

A proposition was made to the Lutheran congregation in Littlestown to pay off their church debt, of about \$4,000, if they would elect Rev. Groff as their pastor and join the General Council. The congregation, however, preferred to call Rev. M. J. Alleman, past their own church debt, and remain in the General Synod.

Our readers know what dishonorable means were employed to get possession of the Lutheran church in Williamsport. Thus far they have, however, succeeded in getting only the pastor of the congregation, the Rev. A. R. Horne, to whom they are heartily welcome.

Their latest operations, however, have been directed to the churches of the General Synod in the Cumberland Valley, connected with the Synod of West Pennsylvania. Rev. Mr. Groff, of Mechanicsburg, without an honorable dismissal and against the protest of the Synod of West Pennsylvania, was received with two of his congregations into the Pennsylvania Synod at its late session in Pottsville. Very much the same means had been employed by Mr. Groff as were used by Mr. Horne in Williamsport, and likely to be followed by the same results. For as soon as the people of the Trindle Spring congregation, served by Rev. Groff, had found out what was done, they sent a petition to the President of the West Pennsylvania Synod, numerously signed, in which they stated that they had been deceived and misled, and that they did not wish to be united with the General Council, but desired to retain their connection with the West Pennsylvania Synod. To this effect they also voted at a congregational meeting in the presence of two prominent clerical members of the West Pennsylvania Synod. The probability here again is, that the General Council will gain only the pastor, Rev. Groff, to whom also they are perfectly welcome. It is our deliberate opinion that if there are any more such ministers in the General Synod like Horne and Groff, the sooner we get rid of them the better it will be for the peace and safety of our congregations, and that it is the merest folly to get up "Church Books" and extended liturgical services to gratify men of that stamp and prevent them from going over to the General Council. In God's name, let all such go where they belong and where their hearts are, but let them first resign their congregations; they may see by the above examples the hopelessness of taking them along with them.

The next objective point in this grand crusade upon the General Synod churches is Chambersburg. The facts in this case as stated to us are as follows:—The pastor of the English Lutheran Church in Chambersburg, Rev. Dr. Gottwald, has been enjoying a vacation of five or six weeks. During this time he has had his pulpit supplied, not by neighboring ministers of his own Synod, or the Professors at Gettysburg or Selinsgrove, but by the General Council ministers and Professors of Philadelphia. Rev. Kunkleman, Dr. C. P. Krauth, Dr. Seiss, and Dr. C. W. Schaeffer have successively preached in Rev. Gottwald's church. And moreover, some of the principal men in the congregation have been approached by some of these Doctors and Professors on the subject of leaving the General Synod and joining the General Council. There are also, we have been told, four or five men in that congregation who have a preference for the General Council, and who would perhaps go at once, if they could carry the congregation along with them. But the great body of the congregation is strongly attached to the General Synod and can never be induced to join the General Council. Any attempt, therefore, that may be made to take this congregation out of the General Synod will most inevitably fail, just as those other efforts have failed. All that the enemies of the General Synod can do in this congregation, is to produce distraction and alienation among the members.

James.—And the ostensible cause is so trivial. Because a distant relation of the King of Prussia was called to the throne of Spain, and although his name was afterwards withdrawn, yet because Prussia refused to give the humiliating guarantee that no Prussian prince should ever be a candidate for the Spanish throne, Napoleon has made war on Prussia. France is an ambitious, haughty and insolent power, dangerous to the peace and security of Europe, keeping them in constant dread and compelling them to keep immense standing armies to defend themselves against the French. I hope they may be completely subdued and humbled in this war.

Peter.—The candidature of the Prussian prince to the Spanish throne is only the pretext to the war. The real cause lies deeper than that. It lies in the ambition and jealousy of the rival kings and nations.—France has been the predominant power in Europe; the French people are extremely proud and ambitious and constantly wish to see the power and influence of France increased. The Emperor Napoleon saw that he could hold possession of his throne and secure the succession to his son only on condition that he could perform some exploit, or secure some conquest that will add glory and power to France or extend the area of her dominion. Hence the war in the Crimea against Russia, the Italian war against Austria and the more recent effort to establish a French Empire in Mexico, which, however, was a stupendous failure and ended most ingloriously in the ignominious death of poor Maximilian. Now, something else must be done by Napoleon to retrieve the disgrace of that Mexican blunder, and rally the French nation around himself and his dynasty.—This is sought to be accomplished by the war on Prussia, and bids fair to become the most stupendous blunder of all and to end the Napoleonic dynasty. For everywhere the Prussians are victorious, and are marching on towards Paris. This war is going to make a mighty change in the affairs of Europe, and it will do it in a short time.

John.—What a glorious time it will be in the Millennium, when in the language of scripture, men shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, when nation shall no more lift the sword against nation and men shall learn war no more.

John.—Some of the blasts given in the Lutheran & Missionary, are, however, not very harmonious. Our friend Junius Brutus, for instance, gave such a loud blast upon his horn that it must have been cracked, and we now hear only an occasional and feeble toot from it in the Southern paper, Lutheran & Visitor. And then they have lately taken a horn into their band from Williamsport, which gives forth very discordant sounds.

James.—I am just returning from a Sunday school picnic. O, we had a most delightfully pleasant time together in the woods. There must have been over five hundred persons on the ground, counting men, women and children, and we put in the whole day from eight o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the evening.

Conversation in the Sanctum, Between Peter, James, and John.

James.—(Comes into the sanctum somewhat weary and dusty.) This has been a warm day and I feel tired and thirsty.

John.—Where have you been?
James.—I am just returning from a Sunday school picnic. O, we had a most delightfully pleasant time together in the woods. There must have been over five hundred persons on the ground, counting men, women and children, and we put in the whole day from eight o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the evening.

John.—How did you spend your time?
James.—Well, as soon as we arrived on the ground we had some singing and prayer, and before we left the ground we had a brass band who gave us most excellent music. I noticed also, that every musician "blew his own horn," and although there were quite a number of them "blowing their horns," there was seldom any discord perceptible.

Peter.—Well, that is in accordance with the principles of Dr. Seiss, editor of the Lutheran & Missionary. He also has lately given us an example how an editor and Doctor of Divinity can blow his own horn.

John.—Some of the blasts given in the Lutheran & Missionary, are, however, not very harmonious. Our friend Junius Brutus, for instance, gave such a loud blast upon his horn that it must have been cracked, and we now hear only an occasional and feeble toot from it in the Southern paper, Lutheran & Visitor. And then they have lately taken a horn into their band from Williamsport, which gives forth very discordant sounds.

Peter.—Well let James tell us how he enjoyed himself further at the picnic.

James.—The amusements were various and multifarious. Jumping, running, pitching, swinging, walking, playing.—One play I was particularly interested in and pleased with. It consisted in the ladies and gentlemen walking arm-in-arm around a great circle; almost any number could join the circle. And while we were thus marching around we sang a very interesting little song.

Peter.—Give us the words of that "interesting little song."

James.—I am not sure that I can give you the exact words.

John.—Well, give them to us as near as you can remember them.

James.—As near as I can remember them they were as follows:

"Come all ye young men in your wicked ways, And sow your wild oats in your youthful days, That you may live happy, that you may live happy, when you grow old."

The day is far spent and the night is coming on. So give us your arm and we'll juggle along. These words we sang over and over again, and it seems as though we would never get tired of repeating them.

John.—I have my serious doubts about the propriety of Christian people singing such a song. Just consider the import of the words. Young men are called to "come in their wicked ways." And then what do you mean by "sowing their wild oats?" Don't we mean all sorts of extravagance and devilment? Then again the influence that this sowing of wild oats is to have on our happiness. "That you may be happy when you grow old." In plain words, your song advises all wicked young men to go on in their wickedness and gives them the assurance that youthful wickedness will bring on a happy old age. Go away with your song. I don't think it a proper song for Sunday school children to sing.

James.—You are an old fogey. You would deprive these young people of their innocent enjoyment, merely because by moralizing upon the words of this little song you can pick a little flaw in the sentiment. I am sure those young people do not place any such interpretation upon that song as you do. Young people will have some kind of amusement, and no one but an old fogey would wish to deprive them of it because of any little imperfection in their singing.

John.—I don't wish to deprive the young people of any innocent amusement. All I have to say is that the sentiment of your song is not a Christian sentiment, and if I am an old fogey you are a rattlebrain.

Peter.—Come, boys, you have carried this talk far enough now. I have heard this song at Sunday school celebrations more than twenty-five years ago, and I have heard some of the best Christians and most active Sunday school teachers sing it as they marched around in the circle, and although I do not suppose that any of them ever put that interpretation upon it that John does, yet I must confess that I don't like it myself, and if they must sing in their plays it is a pity that they cannot have a song that would be less objectionable and yet answer the same purpose.

James.—If a Sunday school teacher or superintendent who understands poetry would write a good something suitable he would do a good service to the cause. Brother Robman is a good hand at making verses. I wonder if he wouldn't write something suitable and publish it in the Sunday school column.

Peter.—Suppose you ask him the next time you see him.

John.—Don't me, what a dreadful bloody war this is now going on in Europe! It appears to be the most bloody and destructive war that has ever devastated the continent of Europe. It is carried on between the two most powerful and warlike nations in Europe, and it may involve the whole world before the contest is ended. It is a disgrace to the civilization and Christianity of the 19th century.

Communications.

For the American Lutheran.

Probable Origin of the Prayer to be Delivered from Sudden Death.

Every event has its history, written or unwritten; by which we become acquainted with its origin, use or object, or the causes which brought into prominence every such fact, incident or event, in the world. Thus, also, all the ceremonies, ordinances, observances and "forms" of worship, in the Christian Church have their history, written or unwritten; scriptural, or by the assent of a large number of those, by whom they were, for good or sufficient reasons, introduced in the Christian system, and its public worship. Now though we may be entirely ignorant of the origin or first introduction of that "form" of prayer for deliverance from sudden death, we have no doubt, were the history of that event known to us, it would prove most interesting to every Christian heart. We may be permitted, however, we presume, to assume that our ancestors built this "form" upon some "visitation" of public calamity; some of the dark days of martyrdom; war or pestilence, when God, in His Providence, saw fit to afflict His chosen people in such visible manner and measure, as to call them to general, public, earnest supplication for His tender mercy and compassion, in relieving them again, from such particular, general afflictions.

We do not believe that the pious old Hymnist, in those devotional effusions the petition so often comes to view: "Benediximus vos pestilentia, et schellen Tod," had, in their minds' desire, a deliverance from such a sudden transformation (death) as *Ezech, Moses or Elijah* experienced, or such exceptional cases of departures from life as we sometimes witness, or hear of, where, through heart disease, apoplexy, or other, to us unaccountable visitation, men suddenly, without any apparent pain or suffering, at the moment of their decease. Nor do we think this "form" of prayer for deliverance from sudden death, ever originated and became a standing public petition, in any branch of the Christian Church, from a view of such isolated cases.

On the contrary, we believe that, if not immediately on express scriptural authority, (which we think highly probable) this "form" of prayer was based upon such seasons of affliction as, for example, when the Children of Israel, in consequence of their disobedience and transgressions, were visited by great, general judgments of God, to bring them to a sense of their trespasses, and to a public acknowledgment of the Omnipotent power and the infinite righteousness of God, in His dealings with them.

When the "fiery serpents" were sent, as a scourge, among them, the "chosen people" died, not dead suddenly, by multitudes; until, by Divine Command, they "looked upon" the uplifted "brazen serpent," and all who thus "looked," prayed for deliverance from this sudden death, were healed at once. So when King David had sinned, by "numbering" the people, contrary to God's design, and, as a judgment from Him, had chosen three days' pestilence, the destroying angel smote down, suddenly, no doubt, seventy thousand souls, even before the three days were over. Then, by the Lord's direction, David built the altar, and the congregation, no doubt, prayed earnestly for "deliverance" from this sudden death, and the Lord stayed the arm of the destroyer. Thus, in all the scripture instances of great calamities, in which many sudden deaths occurred, prayer for "deliverance, in some 'form,' was the Divinely appointed remedy. And so we may, doubtless, believe, that in subsequent days of affliction to the Church, this "prayer" for deliverance from sudden death was not, indeed, introduced, but continued by the people of God; and remained to the present day, as a part of the public and private devotions of many good, Christian believers in the efficacy of prayer.

Whether these reflections will justify us in declaring the "prayer for deliverance from sudden death" entirely scriptural, we will leave our readers to judge; but, to our view, it seems very plain, and the custom of our Episcopalian Brethren quite appropriate, even now, our good brother Beecher to the contrary notwithstanding. For, in view of the ravages of war, the increasingly numerous cases of dark deeds of murder, railroad and steamboat disasters and other frequent calamities, have we not all reason, among our other daily petitions, to pray, "deliver us from such sudden death?" It was no doubt, a very contracted glance at, or a wrong interpretation of the history of this prayer that caused our friend to make the somewhat uncharitable assertion, that the "Book of Common Prayer" is untheological, and that he could never unite with them in praying this prayer for "deliverance from sudden death." (Note we see through a glass, darkly.)

P. E. F.

For the American Lutheran.

Ministerial Appreciation.

Are ministers of the Gospel properly appreciated? What a grave and solemn question! Who can give an answer to a question of such momentous importance? What is a minister of the Gospel? Is he the Messenger and Representative of Heaven? Has he been deputed and sent to the nations of the earth, to open the treasures of wisdom and salvation to perishing sinners? Is he to guard and dispense, with the most uncompromising jealousy, the sacred treasures committed to his trust? Is he held so fearfully responsible as a watchman that if his trumpet should mistake a single sound, God will require of him the blood of the slain? Surely he must be a man of unflinching integrity, in relation to the high commission delivered unto him by a strict and impartial Ruler. Does he not come to us as a community, a family or families, and as individuals with the best of news for us? He comes fully commissioned to point perishing sinners to the bleeding Saviour; to cheer the faint and weary with the glorious assurance of everlasting rest, to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, and console the weeping and be-reaved with the sweetness of a happy meeting in heaven; to raise the fallen from the depths of human degradation and misery, and place them on the rock of "Eternal Ages;" with a "new song" their mouths, even praise to our God; and to say to all weary pilgrims, suffering saints, and toll-road travellers, journeying homeward, "Thy God reigneth." Yes, the ministers of the Gospel come to gather us and our children into the Sunday school, the lecture room, the prayer meeting, and the congregation. They come to erect the family altar, upon which to offer the morning and evening sacrifice of joyful praise and thanksgiving. They come to join us in our pleasures and sorrows; to drink with us at the fountain of rejoicing, or to sit with us in the dust of affliction. And last of all they come to enable us to commit our departing spirits to the dying Stephen's "Lord Jesus," and lay our mortal bodies in the peaceful grave, with the blessed hope of a glorious immortality, at the general resurrection at the last day.

And now, for all this labor of love on the part of our ministers, do we properly appreciate them, not as individuals, but for the sake of their works? Hear what the Lord saith: "And we beseech you, brethren, to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you, and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." 1 Thess. 5: 13. Now for the significance of the word: Bishop Hall says that the term appreciation means: "To pray earnestly or to wish any good; the capability of being estimated, &c. Dr. Webster says the word means: "To rise in value; to become of more value; to be valued; prized; estimated; advanced in value; a just valuation or estimate of merit, weight, or any support of the work." Is there one minister of fifty thus appreciated? What is the cause of the absence of such corresponding sympathy and support on the part of the people? Has ministerial fidelity deteriorated to such a degree that the people are justified in their optional cooperation with the ministry? "Are the 'Watchmen blind; all ignorant; all dumb dogs that cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber; shepherds that cannot understand; every one looking to his own gear, and every one for his gain from his quarter?' Isaiah 56: 10, 11. Or is the cause to be assigned to the people, whose religion is of such a cast that it is of no importance whether they support their own church, or another? Or whether their children belong to any church or none? We see the effect of a cause which has its origin either among the ministers or people; an effect deleterious upon the prosperity of congregations, and the growth of the Church. Where is the cause? J. M. G.

BLOODY RUN, PA., Aug. 16, 1870.

Church News.

Rev. J. R. Groff, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., has accepted a call to the St. John's Lutheran Church in Dayton, Ohio, Lutheran & Missionary.

The East Ohio Synod will meet in Mt. Vernon, O., on the last Tuesday evening of September, the 27th 1870.

The Allegheny. Ev. Luth. Synod will meet in Somerset, Pa., in the pastorate of Rev. J. P. Heitz, on Wednesday, September 7th, A. D. 1870. Services the evening previous.

The Northern Conference of the Synod of Central Pennsylvania will meet in the Lutheran Church, in New Berlin, Union County, Pa., on Tuesday, September 6th, 1870. Rev. D. Kloss, pastor loci.

WM. H. GOTTWALD, Secretary.

The Synod of West Pennsylvania will meet on Wednesday evening, Sept. 21st, (the regular day of meeting,) at Mechanicsburg. The meeting of the Alliance in New York having been postponed.

A. W. LILLY, President.
York, Aug. 12th, 1870.

A meeting of the Board of Trustees of Pennsylvania College has been called for Tuesday, August 30th, in order to make arrangements for the supply of the two vacancies in that institution, occasioned by the resignation of Prof. Conrad, and the death of Dr. Stoever.—Lutheran Missionary.

EAST PENNSYLVANIA SYNOD.—In accordance with the general request of brethren, I hereby give notice that the Synod of East Pennsylvania will hold its next convention in the First Lutheran church of Harrisburg on Wednesday, the 12 day of October, 1870.

P. RIZER, President.

THE EV. LUTH. SYNOD OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS will meet on Friday evening September 24, 1870, at Mt. Zion church, Perry county, Missouri. Those who come by public transportation will be met at Fredericktown, St. Louis, and I. M. R. R. on Friday morning, and privately conveyed to the church.

W. JENKINS, Secretary.

SYNOD OF IOWA.—The sixteenth annual convention of the English Synod of Iowa, will meet in the charge of Bro. J. Zimmerman, Elvira, Clinton county, Sept. 7th. Persons wishing to attend Synod will stop at Low Moor, on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, whence they will be conveyed to the place of meeting. The trains will be met at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.

A. YETTER, Secretary.

Rev. F. T. Hoover, of Bainbridge, has accepted a call from the Lutheran congregation at Leeburg, Armstrong county, Pa., and will enter upon his duties there in September.

Persons desiring information about the Bainbridge charge, can address Henry Linton, Bainbridge, Lancaster county, Pa.

The sixteenth annual convention of the Synod of Northern Indiana, will be held in the Lutheran church, North Manchester, Wabash county, Indiana, in the pastorate of Rev. G. W. Wilson, commencing on Tuesday evening, September 6th, 1870.

All persons coming to North Manchester to attend the meeting of this Synod, will find private conveyances in waiting for them at the depots of Wabash and Warsaw, on Tuesday Sept. 6th, 1870.

J. N. BARNETT, Secretary.

RESIGNATION OF REV. H. W. KUHN.—We regret to learn from the *Omaha Tribune* of the 8th inst., that this faithful and successful minister has been compelled by impaired health and manifold labors to present his resignation as pastor of the Lutheran congregation at that place, to take effect in November next. Twice before he tendered his resignation, but the congregation were unwilling to accept it. He has been pastor there twelve (12) years, has been abundant in labors, has built up a prosperous church, and is justly esteemed not only by the members of his own congregation, but by the entire community.

Sunday-School.

All communications intended for this Column should be sent to
JOHN J. REBMAN,
Harrisburg, Pa.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, arranged for the

