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REV. P. ANSTADT, EDITOR, YORK, PA.

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Poetry.

GENTLE WORDS, LOVING SMILES.

The sun may warm the grass to light,
The dew the drooping daisy,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour:
But words that breathe of tenderness
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not with the world we can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart:
But O, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

Communications.

Men and Things as seen in Europe.

LETTER IV.

Exeter Hall--Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society--Lord Ashley, Marquis of Cholmondeley, Earl of Harrowby, Sir Robert H. Inglis, Dr. Duff--Salt among the Aristocracy.

The meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society is the great anniversary of London. The great rally of Protestantism is on its platform. There, all who receive the Bible as the all-sufficient Law of Faith--forgetting all minor differences--meet, and rejoice together in the privileges and blessings of our common Christianity. Accompanied by a few friends, we went early to the Committee-room at Exeter Hall, where we were introduced to the officers of the society, the speakers, and to the noble men, gentlemen, and clergymen, who were present in considerable number. At the appointed hour we entered, by a side door, the platform of the hall itself, headed by Lord Ashley, the president, and were received with applause by the crowd of spectators. This famous hall is a large oblong room, without galleries, with an elevated platform at one end, and the seats rising toward the other. It reminds an American, not so much of the Tabernacle at New York, as of the Musical Fund Hall of Philadelphia. Being the representative of our American Bible Society, I was assigned a prominent seat, next but one to the President; and, although surrounded by the nobles of the land and the dignitaries of the church, they were as plain and as unpretending men in their appearance as we ever met in good society. In point of pretension, a New York clerk or Puseyite priest would beat any of them.

After the reading of a portion of Scripture, Lord Ashley, who then presided for the first time as President, rose, and uttered a brief but noble speech. It was full of sense, piety, and noble Protestantism. And when he uttered the sentence, "Evangelization of the nations and the peace of the world depend upon the full, free, and universal circulation of the Word of God," a plaudit rose from the vast assembly, loud and long, which it was good to hear. This nobleman, now the Earl of Shaftesbury, is making his mark upon his age. He is at the head of the Ragged School system, if not its originator. He is devising his fortune, the influence of his position, and his personal industry, to the instruction and elevation of the lowest classes of society. He is yet in mid-life, tall, spare, of light complexion, easy, kind, and modest manner. "May he live!" in the language of the Celestials, "a thousand years!"

There sat down by my side a small man, shortly after the meeting opened, who was greeted with some "ruffling" as he entered by the side door. During the reading of the report, he was making marks on the floor with a small rutan. "The first resolution will be offered by the Marquis of Cholmondeley," said the President, when, to my no little amazement, up jumped my left-hand neighbor, offered the resolution, and made quite a speech. I had no idea I was

so near a marquis, and while I saw in his address a little thought or force, the audience must have seen it full of both, as they clapped him most profusely. But I soon saw that the clapping always rose or fell with the title of the speaker. We had a similar speech from the Earl of Harrowby, which for its sublime eloquence and the President was intolerable, and whose redeeming quality was a vein of earnest piety.

The name of Sir Robert H. Inglis, then member of Parliament for Oxford, was announced. He is a man of mark in the House, and his connection with Romanizing Oxford excited some interest. He has rendered himself quite famous recently by his awful review of the Bishop of Exeter, in which he leaves neither root nor branch of that vain, turbulent, selfish, but very clever prelate, who once honestly wrote a powerful pamphlet against Catholic emancipation, and then answered it for a mitre; and who exercises his apostolical functions and patronage so discreetly as to pension almost all his poor relations with fat offices. The speech of the noble baronet was truly excellent; and a feeling of deep solemnity pervaded the entire assembly when he said with emotion and self-application, "No man ought to stand up here to advocate the diffusion of the Bible, unless he makes it his first duty to regulate his own life and heart by its precepts. Whether we have placed the Bible or not in the hands of the Negro, the Esquimaux, or the Chinese, matters little to us as personally, unless we have the Bible in our own hearts." Sir Robert is a large, portly man, with a full, rosy face, fluent utterance, decidedly and subjectively pious, and was, on the whole, the most perfect personification of an Englishman on the platform. Unless he relishes his roast beef, his plum pudding, and his mug of ale, he should have his outer man indicted for bearing false testimony against him.

The Bishop of Cashel was announced from the chair, and my right-hand neighbor was on his feet in a moment. He seemed eager for the opportunity. He is a strongly built, frank, stammering Irishman, with clearly defined principles and strong emotions. And how fearfully he lashed High-Churchism and Oxfordism! Much as I dislike both of them, I felt like asking my brother Bishop to have a little mercy. "Nothing," he said, "promotes Roman Catholicism like departing in anything from the Scriptures. If the simple Scriptures had been adhered to in certain portions of our church, we should never have heard, first of the semi-pope, and then of the whole pope, who they have left a stain upon the church which they have deserted. Long before people knew they had a pope, they were two High-Church to be members of the Bible Society. They have deserted the church of England, but they have not deserted the Bible Society, for they never belonged to it." Would that those in our country, in and out of the Episcopal communion, who are for treating High-Churchism in its modern developments gingerly, could have heard the lashing given it by the Lord Bishop of Cashel at Exeter Hall. It would have served their energies to treat its assumptions as they richly deserve. But, in many respects, as is the Irish establishment, it has too much of popery around it to fall in love with any of its tricks or devices. There is no Puseyism in Ireland. There should be none within the wide domain of Protestantism.

But, beyond all question, the man of the meeting was Dr. Duff, the great Scotch missionary at Calcutta. I had heard of him--I had read his powerful and moving addresses and communications, but now I saw and heard him. The day was chilly, and he sat near me, wrapped up in a cloak. He is quite tall, probably six feet two or three inches, when he takes the folds out of his body. He is a very slender man, with a small head, thick black hair, combed back from his forehead, and temples, deep-sunken black eyes, hollow cheeks, and presenting on the whole, a worn, sickly aspect. His accent is of the broadest Scotch, and his delivery most furious. When his name was announced, the hall rang again. He commenced like a race-horse, and kept in full gallop to the close of a very long speech. He twisted his body into all possible shapes--at one time, a part of the tall of his coat was over his shoulder; at another, he had every available portion of it closely packed under one arm, so as to reveal his waistcoat midway to his shoulders. I never heard such a torrent of information, of history, of invective, of figure and illustration, of vigorous grappling with pantheism, infidelity, and formalism, and of earnest exhortation to the whole host of God's elect to bold and united assault upon the army of the alien. And as he traced the progress of the soul emerging from the darkness of nature into the light of revelation, and of the aid of that light ascending step by step until introduced to the general assembly and church of the First-born in heaven, he held his audience in breathless silence. When he concluded his speech he was dripping with perspiration; and he rolled his last words were uttered, he came to the clock around him, and, amid the tumultuous applause of the house, darted out of the hall.

This meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society had other besides religious interest to me. There were seen to meet and mingle all classes of men and Christians on the common platform of their humanity and Christianity. Dukes and earls were there in common dress, plain as the plainest; and if there was any difference, with less force of intellect than their untitled brethren. Yet it was charming to see their position and influence on the right side, and to hear the strains of humble, fervent, earnest piety that ran through all their speeches. There is much salt mingled with the corruption which pervades the English aristocracy. Lord Ashley, Sir Robert Inglis, and the Earl of Harrowby are not, however, true samples of their class. They form the exceptions.

The Well.

For the American Lutheran.

The old familiar well, where I so often allayed my thirst in the days of childhood and early youth, is still brightly colored in my imagination. When tired nature had nearly given way, caused by thirst and vigorous toil under the burning rays of the mid summer's sun, I made my way towards the well where I partook of its refreshing coolness. It was surrounded by ash and beech trees, throwing a thick shade all around it. The breezes floating over it seemed so gentle, so pure and so lovely that their very touch seemed refreshing and comfortable. When I gazed upon its blue waters, it seemed in silent language to extend to me an invitation of approach, tempting it. But this well with all its health and purity was greatly neglected, until all other neighboring ones had become dry, when at last this one was resorted to; because it was never-failing. The only road leading to this well was a narrow lane. But now, spiritually, Christ is the well. There are means of access to it. A very good one is secret prayer. To the great well containing the spiritual waters for the soul we can thus go and drink deeply. When oppressed and perplexed, persecuted, afflicted, forsaken, impoverished, tempted, despised and weary, secretly and silently we go to this well, retiring from the society of the world, there humble ourselves where none is present save God, pour out the heart in prayer to "Him who never slumbereth" bringing all our wants before him, the soul dies heavenward on the wings of faith and holy aspirations, forgetting the cares and trials here on earth below; "for our conversation is in heaven." Thus the weary soul drinks of the spirit and is sent away refreshed and strengthened in the service of the Redeemer. Oh what a well! How pure! How sweet and how pleasant to the taste of the Christian! How exhaustless! It is a never-failing well. The waters of an earthly well allay thirst only for a short period, "whoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again. But whoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into ever-living life," John iv: 13, 14. And how do men neglect this well. They try all other means, save Christ, then at last after all other means have failed resort to their Redeemer. Then, why not go at once? The well is free, abundant and accessible to all. All are invited. "And let him that is athirst come," Rev. xii: 17. "Come hither," says Christ. Sinners, why turn away? Why will ye die, O house of Israel? Dear Christian, you know the well. Do you frequently visit it with the burning sense or desire of still advancing to a higher attainment in the Christian life, or are you often careless? Forget not your well. Have your stated hours daily set apart from the pursuits of the world for visiting your well, where "you shall be watered." O sinner, you who have not yet found the well, make haste and partake of the water thereof that shall wash and purify your soul and fit it for the kingdom. "And the Spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that heareth, say, come. And whoever thirst, let him come and take the water of life freely," Rev. xii: 17. "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way." Enter the straight gate through repentance and conversion of soul. "Be born again." Become a "new creature in Christ Jesus." Lay your poor heart open before Jesus. Ask him to save and bless you. Do not give up in despair. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened," Matt. vii: 8. Make no delay. Come to the well. You have the way pointed out to you. W. S. Durham, Bucks co., Pa.

For the American Lutheran.

"And the common people heard Him gladly."

Upon this detached portion of a Scripture passage a Philadelphia clergyman, lately, based a discourse (though, we think, rather inconsequently) designed as a solution of the problem: "How can the thousands upon thousands who wander through our thoroughfares, the idle and vicious, the abandoned and the vagrant, these vast multitudes of men, women and children of so many nationalities, of such varied and of no pursuit, the masses, be brought under the sway of moral and Christian influence, and into them infused a civilization and Christianity equal to our day?" In proof of the sad fact that so many are unreached by Gospel influences, in our large cities, he says: "It has been estimated that the population of this city is about 750,000 for the spiritual improvement of whom there are of all denominations, about 400 congregations, the average attendance of which will not, by any possibility, exceed 350, leaving more than 600,000 persons who are outside of regular public religious instruction!" This is certainly a lamentable condition of Christian matters; and, if it is taken into consideration that the foregoing estimate will hold good of all large cities and towns, perhaps, in Christendom, such a view of the extent to which the Gospel of Christ has, only become efficacious, in so long a period as, almost, 1900 years, is calculated to sadden the heart of the true followers of Jesus most deeply, and to try their faith in the ultimate success and universal prevalence of Christianity most severely. But, "thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory," the word of the Almighty Prince of Peace is pledged for the fulfillment of every promise and prophecy of Scripture; and the child of God need not fear, however dark may seem the prospect, now, and however, apparently, impossible many things, connected with the kingdom of God coming of the Lord, "with power and

Poetry.

OUR HEAVENLY CROWN.

'Tis told
That grains of gold
God scattereth of
The sands of life, our path along;
And we these grains must gather, one by one,
To form our glorious, our own immortal crown.
Our crown
Hath richer grown,
For every little grain
Our willing, patient labors gain,
Gather them while life's with moments wing,
Who fails to glean will not be crowned king.

The Pulpit.

Lecture-Room Talk.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LOVE FULFILLS THE LAW.

"We serve God when we serve our fellow-men."

Friday Evening, June 23d, 1871.

I recollect when I first attempted to live a Christian life that I had to this extent a misconception. I undertook to live a continuous flow of distinctively religious exercises join one to the other the whole day, so I could feel that the subject of religion had not been out of my mind or head all day long. What work I made of it, you can imagine, or perhaps you cannot imagine. I went to the endeavor most conscientiously and most resolutely. But this is not the way God designs we should live. Distinctively religious thoughts are like clouds out of which come down rain-drops that bring harvests of morality and propriety. They are the higher moods and more important, and through them we have the privilege to rise to nearness to God and sympathy with the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven--a superiority undoubtedly great. But take a child as I was, of fourteen or fifteen--merciful, social, sensitive as an aspen leaf, with no ripened habits of thought, no deep experience, a mere whistler--and require such an one to hold his mind up to this great theme; it is an impossibility. It requires training through various experience to let one's self with this transcendent theme; otherwise it is impossible. These thoughts are ministered to us all along the road, here and there; they come as they will, and depart as they must. We should be grateful for their tarrying among us, but we should not measure our piety by them. I don't remember that they are ever made a test of character in the Bible. It tells us to "set our affections on things above," it makes that the ultimate goal of life, the ripened form of religion, but the sign and token of a true Christian disposition is this, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." The spirit of benevolence reverence toward God, and benevolence to men, is the only test. A man may be a truly just and actual test of Christianity. A man may have great fervor in all forms of social devotion, and yet not come up to this test. It is the power to love, real benevolence, which knows how to throw out a flame, or like a fresh spring, make all persons happy who come around it; continually to show sympathy, kindness, forbearance, so that men feel richer by being with you; to do by men what sunshine does by the earth, make them cheerful, full of life and growth and fruit; this is that that makes a Christian. Now, if a man is naturally cold and reserved, I don't undertake to say he cannot be a Christian, but his religion should tend to break up this sternness and coldness. If you say, "I'm so by nature," why that's what you have to cultivate. My farm in Westchester County, was rough and barren. I put a yoke of oxen and a big plough upon it and ripped it up deep, and after that I began to make it what I wanted it.

When a man by nature is cold, cautious, and self-seeking, he needs to become more genial, more condescending and familiar. It is not for him--as is generally done--to screw up what he has already the most of, and let the rest alone. The obstinate person seems to feel it his duty to exercise firmness, although he's got a steel backbone already. The Christian standard is love, gentleness, spirituality, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Whatever the direction of our natural temperament, God gives us no time for ploughing, sowing the seed, and reaping the harvest. There is time for cultivation and growth of joy, sympathy and beauty. I recollect one of the most severely proper and saintly persons I ever knew, who yet had not one bit of influence over me. I had a profound reverence for her piety but I would not tell her a secret or lay my head on her lap for anything; but I loved old Aunt Chandler--happy fat woman, a beautifully big outside and in--who caught me stealing apples and said, "Tut, tut, tut!" took them all up in her apron, and taking me by the hand, put them away in a drawer, and gave them to me one by one. When I was sent to bed without my supper, she used to steal a p-s-t-rais (while my mother was praying) and bring me some bread and cheese. I felt very guilty when I thought that was better than praying; but I did. I was growing at the rate of ten knots an hour, and it was no small thing to lose any one of the three meals of the day.

One morning my father said, "Henry, do you want to go out hunting to-day?" Just then Aunt Chandler, who had not heard it, came along and said, "Henry, won't you run down to the store and buy me three cents' worth of snuff?" I could not refuse her, barefaced as I was, you should have seen me run down the street; but when I got back my father was gone! What a black hour that was! Remember, I was only six or seven years old. You laugh at it now, but when a boy, to lose going out hunting made one of the black hours of my life. I pity myself when I

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think of it. Here I saw a contrast of rigor, propriety, and perfection; yet toward the one person I had no warming of love or interest, but to this under person in the family, whose full, generous nature made her beam upon me kindly, my fealty went out; nothing would have prevented me from pouring out my very life for her--"For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die." Love for others, living to make people about you better and happier--these things stamp the good person for whom men would even dare to die.

Now, if we go home and try to reform our habits, we shall find that we like our own purposes, desires and plans; the child must not stir in the house lest it should disturb us; all things must run in, run in. We ought to form habits to get the circulation out. Those who are attempting it will find selfishness crowd hard upon them, but nevertheless, that's the way to save and help men and serve God. Truly if a man shows a kindness to one, I feel it; but if he shows kindness to one of my children, he does it to me more than to himself in person. So those who serve Christ by relieving the poor, sick and needy, serve him most. You serve God when you serve your fellow-men, for he has identified himself with them.

Rev. Mr. Halliday--It would be very pleasant for me to feel that our brethren who leave would not forget us in their absence. I wish there could be concert of prayer in our separation. I found not a few remembered the interests of our church in their absence last summer, and looked to our May communion and the numbers gathered in then as an answer to those prayers. I should be glad to get a few words from those away.

Mr. Beecher--Letters would be very good if you could get them. It would be very well if I would write sometimes. In so large a church, with members of such manifold gifts, there could be charming narratives, from those dispersed here and there, sent to the meetings still kept up here. The brethren have ability, and are amply able to instruct each other, provided they don't discuss too much; and if to this could be added the epistolary element, it would enrich the meetings during the summer. It is not flattering to me to see a full church when I'm here, and have it as barren as a winter pasture when I'm absent. I'm ashamed of it; it mortifies me very much. I see what work I've done. If, when I'm absent, the brethren felt like working, and bracing right up, to leave nothing undone, that would be a thorough bred sign.

Practical.

The Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

Some time ago a merchant of one of the Southern States, when in New York, visited the Fulton Street prayer meeting, accompanied by several members of his family. He had several times previously visited that sacred place of prayer and felt the power of the divine presence. He had also sent many requests for prayer in behalf of friends near and dear, to the meeting, and on the occasion referred to before the commencement of the meeting, he hastily put on paper a few sentences and sent them to the leader of the meeting asking that thanks be given to the hearer and answerer of prayer, for blessed answers to their united requests.

Unconscious to public speaking and with a heart too full for utterance, he did not trust himself to appear before the meeting. To his surprise when the leader had read the few lines he had written, he called upon the brother from South Carolina to lead in prayer in the room. The Spirit whispered, stand up for Jesus, and with aspirations to heaven for help, the brother arose and gave a narrative of events and experiences of divine mercy. He found his feelings were overcoming him and he begged that some brother would offer thanksgiving in his stead. A venerable Christian man near him arose and poured out such a heart full of thanksgiving that many of the audience were melted to tears.

After the meeting one and another of the brethren present intended to him hearty greetings, and he soon found, though among earthly strangers, the expressions of love betokened that he was among dear friends.

Going to his hotel, he sat down and immediately wrote to the remainder of his family at home of the blessings he had enjoyed in the Fulton Street Prayer meeting. The letter reached its destination on a day in the evening of which there was a social prayer-meeting at the house of a friend. The letter was handed to the pastor, who read it to the meeting. In the meeting was a minister who had a little charge some miles away. His congregation was apparently cold and dead, and this minister prayed fervently that God would revive his work greatly among his own people.

Riding home the next day his mind was busy and he determined to make use of what he had heard the previous evening. He related it to several of the young men, and they determined to hold a prayer-meeting in the church.

Meantime the merchant returned home and meeting this minister, gave him one of the large handbills of the Fulton Street meeting, and mailed it up on the door of the church where it attracted much attention.

The appointment for the village prayer meeting was duly published. It was something unusual, and was the subject of favorable and unfavorable comment.

When the hour came the pastor took his place as the leader, who poured out his heart to God that He would open a window in heaven and shower down the rain of the heavenly grace upon them. Toward the close of the meeting he asked if there was any one present who desired to speak with him more privately or be prayed for. If so, he would meet any such in the school-house near at hand. The pastor entered alone and lighted a candle, and sat some time in solitude. Presently a young man entered and without a word sank down upon his knees, soon another and another came and took the same attitude, and the whole group joined in prayer. Some time was thus spent when they dispersed. There was little sleep for pastor or people that night.

The minister had scarcely closed his eyes when a loud knocking was heard. He arose and went to the door in the dark, when suddenly a pair of arms were around his neck and the first young man who entered the school house had come to tell him that he had found Jesus.

The glorious word spread from one to another. In some places those who ridiculed the prayer-meetings one day would be found to be in agony on account of their sins the next, and be pleading for mercy. In a little time twenty-six were ready to be baptized and admitted to the church. One inquired of the merchant:

"Do you know where this work of grace began?"

"Where do you suppose it began?" inquired the merchant.

"It began with your visit to the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting."

This narrative of a few facts shows that we cannot measure the good which may be accomplished by one little prayer-meeting, begun and conducted in the right spirit. It also shows how willing God is to hear and answer prayer, and it shows, too, how ready we should be to pray. A little spark often kindles a great fire.

Communications to the meeting should be addressed as follows:

Fulton Street Prayer-meeting,
New York.

Exceeding Abundantly.

Rev. Dr. Merle D'Aubigne tells us how the riches of divine grace reached his heart:

"We were studying the Epistle to the Ephesians, and had got to the end of the third chapter. When we read the last two verses, 'Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory,' etc., this expression fell upon my soul like a revelation from God. 'He can do by his power,' I said to myself, 'above all we ask, above all even that we think--may, exceed abundantly above all! A full trust in Christ for the work to be done within my poor heart now filled my soul. We all three knelt down; and although I had never fully confided my inward struggles to my friends, the prayer of Rieu was filled with such admirable faith as he would have uttered had he known all my wants. When I arose in that inn-room at Kiel, I felt as if my 'wings were renewed as the wings of eagles.' From that time forward I comprehended that my own efforts were of no avail; that work in us; and the habitual attitude of my soul was to lie at the foot of the cross, crying to him: 'Here am I, bound hand and foot, unable to move, unable to do the least thing to get away from the enemy who oppresses me. Do all thyself. I know that thou wilt do it. Thou wilt even do exceeding abundantly above all that I ask.'"

"I was not disappointed: all my doubts were removed, my anguish quelled and the Lord extended to me 'peace as a river.' Then I could comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Then was I able to say: 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul! for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.'"

THE CITY TO THE SISTERS.--"Mayor Hall yesterday drew a warrant for \$100,000, in accordance with the law of 1870, for the New York Foundling Asylum." This round hundred thousand is taken out of the pockets of an over taxed people, to be put into the hands of a few "Sisters of Charity" who are the founders of a foundling hospital. The city has not the appointment of the officers. The institution is private. The money is spent without any responsibility to the public. The city has no power to examine into the management of the asylum, the use of its funds, or the treatment of its inmates. Not merely because it is Roman Catholic do we protest against this misappropriation of public money. If it were a Baptist infant asylum or a Presbyterian nursery for orphans, we would denounce it as wrong in principle, and subversive of our American principle of severing the Church from all dependence upon the State. Disguise the thing as you will, it is still true that a hundred thousand dollars or a lot of land, given by the city or State to be used by any Church or any religious society in any church, is promoting the interests of the sect or church thus endowed. Where there are many sects, the one that gets the most of the public money is the one most highly favored of the State. Politics and votes are then to be considered, and legislators will give money to churches to buy votes. The Irish vote is sought by both parties, and any Irish orphan or infant asylum asking money can get it easily. To all intents and purposes, the Roman Church is the Irish Church of America, and all its asylums are supported by the State.--New York Observer.

FED THE PEOPLE.

From the deck of an Austrian gunboat we threw into the Lago Garda a succession of little pieces of bread, and presently small fishes came in shoals, till they seemed to be, as the old proverb puts it, more fish than water. They came to feed and needed no music. Let the preacher give his people food, and they will flock around him, even if the sounding brass of rhetoric and the tinkling symbols of oratory are silent.

GETTING READY TO GO.--A dear little girl had seen her beloved father lying cold and still on his coffin pillow, and had watched with wonder and fear the process of putting on the coffin-lid, and bearing it away to burial.

Afterwards the grief-stricken mother sought to dispell the gloom which gathered about the scene in her young heart.

"God has sent for dear father, to come up and live with him, and one day he will also send for you and me, darling."

"Do we know when he will send, mamma?"

"No, my dear, only God knows the time. He has it

