

The American Lutheran.

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

A Family Journal--Devoted to Religion, Education, Literature and Temperance.

S. H. SPANGLER, PUBLISHER, YORK, PA.

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NO. 29.

The American Lutheran.

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY,
BY
ANSTADT & SPANGLER,
AT
No. 18 West Market Street,
(One door west of the Post Office),
YORK, PA.

TERMS--Two Dollars per annum in advance.
No subscription discontinued, unless at the
option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.
A failure to direct a discontinuance at the expiration
of the term subscribed for, will be considered a
new engagement.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Advertisements will be inserted at the following
rates:
A square of ten lines, or less, one insertion, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, 50 cts.
One square for three months, \$3.00
One square for six months, \$5.00
One square for one year, \$8.00
All advertisements by the column, half, third, or
quarter column, as follows:
One column year, \$10.00
Half " " " 6.00
Third " " " 4.00
Quarter " " " 3.00
All advertisements are considered on a
flat rate, and no discount is made for cash in
advance. Special notices will be inserted at special
rates to be agreed upon.

PRICES OF DISPLAYED BILLS.
One sheet, 10x12, or less, \$2.00
Every additional 10x12, 50 cts.
Half sheet, 8x10, or less, 1.00
Every additional 8x10, 50 cts.
Quarter sheet, 6x8, or less, 50 cts.
Every additional 6x8, 25 cts.
Eighth sheet, 4x6, or less, 25 cts.
Every additional 4x6, 12 cts.

JOB WORK--All kinds will be promptly executed
at fair rates. Handbills, Programmes, Blank
Checks, Letter-heads, Bill-heads, Statements, En-
velopes, Cards, Circulars, Constitutions, &c., in
every variety and style, will be printed at short
notice.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.
1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the
Office, or who directs another to do so, is re-
sponsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he
must pay all arrears, or the publisher may con-
tinue to send it until payment is made, and collect
the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from
the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take
newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or
removing and leaving them uncollected for a week,
is evidence of intentional fraud.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.
Lord open the door, for I faller,
I faint in this stifled air,
In dust and straits I lie my breath;
This life of self is living death,
My narrow way, my narrow way,
Where I toil like a captive blind and bound--
To the sun and the wind from thy mountain
free;
Lord, open the door to me!
There is a holier life, and true
Than ever my heart has found;
There is a nobler work than is wrought--within
These walls so charmed by the fires of sin,
Where I toil like a captive blind and bound--
An open door to a freer task
In thy nearer smile I seek.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.
Yet the world is thy field, thy garden;
On earth art thou still at home;
When thou dost enter thy hallowing way,
My narrow way, my narrow way,
My dingy ceiling--a rainbow dome;
Stand over by my narrow door,
And tell us thy toil--no more.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.
Through the rosy portals of morning,
Now the tides of sunshine flow
Over the earth and the glistering sea,
The praise Thou inspir'st rolls back to Thee
In tones through the infinite arches of
Yet crippled and dumb behold me wait,
Dear Lord! at the beautiful gate.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.
I wait for Thy hand of healing--
For vigor and hope in Thee--
Open wide the door--let me feel the sun--
Let me touch Thy robe--I shall rise and run
Through Thy happy universe, safe and free,
Where in and out Thy beloved go,
Nor want nor wandering know.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.
Thyself art the door most holy!
By Thee let me enter in!
I press towards Thee with my falling strength,
Unfold Thy love in its breadth and length!
True light from Thee let my spirit win!
To the saints' fair city--the Father's throne
Thou Lord, art the way alone.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.
From the depths of unseen glory
Now I feel the flooding light
O'er sweet, winds from Thy hills that blow
O'er, so calm in its crystal flow!
O love unfathom'd--the depth, the height,
What joy wilt Thou not unto me impart,
When Thou shalt enter my heart.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.
To be made with Thee one spirit,
Is the boon that I long for;
To have no bar 'twixt my soul and Thine;
My thoughts to echo Thy will divine;
Myself, Thy servant for every task,
Life! Life! I may enter through Thee the
door.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.
Saved, sheltered for evermore.

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Hearing that Wilberforce, bishop of Ox-
ford, was to preach a charity sermon in St.
James's, Westminster, in company with Dr.
Cunningham, I took a very long walk to
hear him. The house was thronged when
we reached it, and we went into the gallery.
I took a stand in front of a seat, which had
two persons in it, but there was no invita-
tion to enter. After keeping my standing
position for some time, I heard my name
rather suddenly whispered into the ear of
the bearded John Bull that kept the
seat, and by some person who had seen me
at Exeter Hall, when I was invited in. My
temper was much the same as at Regent's
Square; but, as my feet were not in the
best condition to sustain it, I bowed and
entered. The service was read intelligibly,
and was rendered ludicrous in one portion
of it, where the minister paused, and, by
way of parenthesis, gave the name of a
lady who desired to offer public thanks for
her safe delivery of a son! The singing was
performed by boys. The bishop was
horribly bored by the vestry by a man wearing
a military cap, and holding in his hand
a wand of office; he conducted him to the
pulpit, arranged his robes, and shut him in.
The text was John, xvi., 28, and the ser-
mon was decidedly the poorest I heard in
Europe. It was short, pointless, and, save
in a single paragraph at the close, without
any reference to the subject for which the
collection was solicited. He is said to be
one of the ablest bishops on the bench, and
it was a specimen of his preaching, I could
most devoutly unite in the language of
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were then given over to quite a dainty old
lady in cap and gloves, who took us around
a glass case, and gave us a hurried account
of the various articles it enclosed, which
she valued at twenty millions, but which
she valued at dollars I do not remember
nor is it material. We were again con-
ducted to the door, and the door was shut.
To one whose heart has often bled in read-
ing of the atrocities there committed, and
whose imagination has magnified it into a
most massive and towering prison, a throw-
ing relief of barbarism, it is a most flat af-
fair. Its bloody history alone invests it with
the least interest, and there are but few blood-
red spots in Europe. As you pass over its
rough pavements and through its dark pas-
sages, you feel as if haunted by the ghosts
of the queens, princes, nobles, saints, and
sinners who there were legally and illeg-
ally murdered. What a bloody history is
that of England!

A sail up or down the Thames is a curious
sight. It runs through the city, and is
one of the great thoroughfares of the town.
It is crowded with small steamers, which
stop at given points for receiving and dis-
charging passengers, which is done with
great rapidity. It was our lot to see it sail
up when the tide was down, and then the
stream was small, the current rapid, and
the bed of the river exceeding-
ly filthy. Above the London Bridge, the
rear of the houses and warehouses run down
to the river, which renders the prospect
anything but pleasant to those upon its wa-
ters. Paris has made everything of the
Seine, and Dublin much of the Liffy, but
London has made nothing of the Thames
for its adornment. Its shipping and great
docks lie below the London Bridge.

Westminster Abbey is a fine specimen of
the old Gothic architecture. Days might
be spent in viewing and noting its points
of interest, and the tombs of the illustrious
in letters. Its general plan is that of a
Latin cross. In the Poet's Corner are the
monuments of the most distinguished poets
of England; in other parts of it are those
of statesmen, warriors, scholars, and artists,
who have shed lustre on the British name.
The monuments of England are crowned in its
choir, where under the coronation chair is the
famous stone "Lia fail" or "stone of
destiny," on which the kings of Ireland
were crowned for ages, and which had the
peculiar property of giving forth a terrific
sound when used, and of being silent on
all other occasions. It was taken from
Tara to Soane, in Scotland, and thence to
England, and over it the coronation chair
now stands. The star of empire is said to
be governed by the movements of this stone!
The Irish legends have much to say about
the "Lia fail," and the good genius of Ire-
land yet weeps over its removal. With its
return to Tara there will be a return of em-
pire!

I declined all invitations to preach in
London, that I might send a Sabbath in
hearing and seeing for myself. I went to
the church on Regent Square, to hear the
Rev. Dr. Hamilton, so favorably known in
our own country by several attractive, pop-
ular, and truly evangelical works. This is
the church in which Irving once preached
with a popularity which has never been
equalled--when prime ministers, dukes, and
nobles were willing to enter by a window
to hear him. The church is plain, but sub-
stantial and large. I entered it before
service commenced, and was shown to a
backless bench in the middle aisle. I had
the consolation of seeing others, male and
female, treated with equal politeness. At
the service commenced we were invited
to empty pews, of which there were several.
Others accepted, but I declined the honor;
and, partly out of ill humor with their way
of treating strangers, I kept my backless
seat through the service. Instead of Dr.
Hamilton, my old friend Dr. Cunningham,
so widely and favorably known in America,
rose in the pulpit and performed the entire
service. It was a missionary sermon from
2 Cor., v., 11, 15--full of matter, sound,
long, and exhaustive of the text. It was
Scottish throughout. After service I was
introduced, in the vestry, to Dr. Hamilton,
with whom I went to dinner, in company
with Dr. Cunningham. Dr. Hamilton is
very like his books--pleasant, imaginative,
free in conversation, full of information,
cheerful, with face, accent, and manner
which would prove his north Tweed origin
if met in the moon.

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