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

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facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Poetry.

"THE EXCEEDING RICHES OF HIS GRACE."

BY ANNA SHILTON.

[A beloved sister of the Lord, now gone,
was overheard repeating to herself, "I shall
have grace even for that." His brother, sup-
posing he was meditating on the near approach
of release from his sufferings, quoted the twen-
ty-third Psalm. "Oh," replied the happy saint
cheerfully, "I was not thinking of death, but
of seeing the Lord Jesus! I shall gaze in His
face, and then I shall fall at His feet, and He
will stoop and raise me to His breast; and I
shall have grace even for that."]

Shall I see my risen Saviour?
Behold His voice, behold His light?
Touch that very hand that extended
On the cross on Calvary?

Oh my soul seemed nigh to meet Him,
But death's shadow passed a-midst me,
So she folds her wings, awaiting
Still the fair Sabbath day.

When I near her soul shall wander,
Never miss his blessed smile,
Peace, my heart, and trust him fully
For thy rest this little while!

Signs have dulled my song's glad measure
Sorrow pass with passing days,
But the conflict and the triumph
Swells the themes of endless praise.

Patience! Let me wait His coming;
He will share my desert road;
He will keep the soul He purchased
With the ransom of His blood.

Though so bright, so blest, so beautiful
Both my heavenly manner shine,
Something fairer, something dearer,
There I look to claim as mine.

Oh, it is Thyself, Lord Jesus!
For the richest gift above
All the gifts art Thou, sweet Giver,
Who hast crowned me with Thy love.

Grace He'll grant, and I shall need it
When before His throne I come,
Hear His voice that quelled the tempest,
Behold His weary wanderer home.

I shall see that face that sorrowed
N'er His faithful friends, and trace
Smiles that beamed upon the children
Folded in His fond embrace.

Grace He grants for joy and sorrow,
Grace for dying days, and when
I behold my Lord in glory,
Grace shall fill my heart sustain.

I shall fall like John before Him,
With that rapturous sight oppress;
He will stoop in love to raise me
To the shelter of His breast.

Grace hath found me, grace upholds me,
Grace will grant me all I need;
Grace secures me Christ and glory—
This is grace for me indeed!

Communications.

For the American Lutheran,
Men and Things as seen in
Europe.

LETTER XII.

Sabbath in Paris--Madeline--Tou-
pet--The Interior--Le Suisse--Appear-
ance and Duties--A Funeral--A young
Couple at Mass--Sights Seen--High
Mass--Bad Influence of Popery on Pa-
ris.

A Sabbath day spent in Paris, where
there is no Sabbath set apart to the service
of God by the people, is not easily forgot-
ten by a Protestant! And it is impossi-
ble to describe it as to make a person
who never witnessed it to comprehend it.
Popery in Paris knows no Sabbath;
in Paris it has converted it into the
harvest day of play-actors, shop-keepers,
restaurants, buffoons, and mountebanks.

The Madeleine is an exquisite building,
Grecian in its form and proportions. It
was designed by Bonaparte as a Temple of
Glory to the French arms, but is now a
Papal church. It is surrounded on all
sides by fifty-two Corinthian columns, and
is fitted entirely from above. It is both
externally and internally gorgeously de-
corated by sculpture and paintings, and has
cost nearly three millions of dollars. It is
the most gorgeous and fashionable place of
Papal worship in the city. From its south-
ern portico a view of great beauty lies be-
fore you, as your eyes wander with delight
over the Place de la Concorde, the bridges

over the Seine, and the hall of the Nation-
al Assembly.

Desiring to see the practical workings
of Popery, I visited this building many
times. On entering it from the southern
porch, you are soon arrested by a railing
with a gate in the centre of it. At this
gate stood the most dirty, wrinkled, and in-
significant looking person I ever saw in the
form of a man, holding at the end of a
short handle a brush wet with holy water.
He was very old, very ugly, with a nose
twice as long as necessary, very small, very
stupid-looking, and with a cap on his head
resembling a sugar-loaf. He is called, I
believe, the "Toupet," from his holding out
the brush. The faithful, as they enter,
most dutifully touch the brush with their
gloved fingers, and cross themselves. This,
of course, I declined; and the little fel-
low's eyes seemed for a moment to assume
an expression of fear that I might be an
unbeliever in the sanctifying efficacy of
touching the brush. If I were called upon
to draw the picture of an incarnate male
witch, I would select for my model the
Toupet of the Madeleine.

After passing the door guarded by the
above relic of antiquity, you are surround-
ed by splendid paintings and statues. The
high altar is before you; confession boxes
and altars are on either hand; there are
no pews or seats; and if you wish to sit
or pray, you can have a split-bottom chair
for a few sous, which are piled up on all
sides. Your attention is soon arrested by
the stately movements of another official
called "Le Suisse." He was in every re-
spect a fine contrast to the Toupet. He
was at least six feet two, with broad shoul-
ders, and dressed as a field-marshal. He
wore a chapeau militaire, side-arms, white
tights, gloves, and carried an immense hal-
berd in one hand, and an immense cane in
the other. He seemed the most self-satisfied
being I ever saw. He goes all over the
house at pleasure, and stands by the
altar, even when the priest is making God
out of wafer, without any apparent rever-
ence. When all others are uncovered and
on their knees, this official walks about as
stately as ever, without even a nod of re-
spect to host or priest. This fine looking
fellow, that I first supposed to be some
famed general or commodore come hither
to make a votive offering to Mary or Mars,
is a mere servant, who leads the priests to
the altars and leads them away; who makes
the crowd for the monks or priests through
the crowd when taking up collections; who
stands godfather for all children baptized
who have no fathers; and who says "Amen"
at funerals when there are none else to
perform. I never before saw so big a man
engaged in such a small business. And
yet he threw all the priests in the shade,
attracted to himself the attention of all
strangers.

At the far end of the church, I
would advise them to dismiss that stato-
like creature if they wish strangers to notice
themselves or their pantomime. I would
know him if I met him in the moon, while
the priests, like sheep or geese, seemed all
alike.

I went to the Madeleine several times
during the week. I witnessed a marriage
at one of its altars, and a funeral at another.
I was there when the poor and when the
richly furnished go to mass. And the more
frequently I went, the more I was impress-
ed with the utter heartlessness of Popery.
A coffin made of very disjointed boards,
kept together by ropes, was brought in
and laid before an altar. After some time
the Suisse came clattering along with the
priest behind him. A ceremony was mumbled
hurriedly over, of which I could not
hear a word but the response of the knight
of the halberd, and then the poor people
took away their dead! A spruce young
couple came to mass, smelling strongly of
musk, as I can testify. The young lady
kneelt on the bottom of a chair, hid her
face for a few moments, and then, yet
kneeling, commenced a talk with her friend,
who stood, hat and cane in hand, by the
chair. And thus they spent some twenty
minutes--she alternately praying, talking,
and laughing, and the man, when she was
praying, looked with an opera-glass upon
the persons and things around him. And
this is the manner of the fashionable Pa-
risians at mass. It is a frivolous alterna-
tion of giggle and praying, of praying and
giggle, which proves beyond all question
the utter absence of the mind and heart
from the service.

On Sabbath morning the sun rose warm,
and without a cloud, over the city of Paris.
I felt I was from home, and in a Papal
country. After breakfast, and worship
with a few friends in an upper room, we
went to the Madeleine to witness high
mass. As we went along the Rue Rivoli,
masons were at work on the streets and
public buildings, supervised by an officer in
livery; shops were everywhere open, and
more attractively decorated than usual;
soldiers were marching and counter-march-
ing along the streets, and across the Place
de la Concorde, and in nothing did the town
differ from the other days in the week, save
in the gay dress of the people, the great
appearance of finery in the shops, the
greater number of purchasers, and the more de-
cided state of all the fashionable
promenades. We made our way to the
church.

As we approached its splendid southern
portico, people were coming out in consid-
erable numbers, while others were entering.
We entered, passed the Toupet, whose skin
looked as if it were borrowed from a mum-
my, and hired chairs. Mass soon opened,
and the drama was acted very well. The
bishop and priests were in full attire; twice,
followed by priests shaking their boxes, did
the stately Suisse parade the entire church,
asking alms from the people. And amid
the noise of his cane, halberd, and heels
upon a marble floor; of the changing of
money to pay for the chairs occupied by
the people; of the jingling of their boxes
by the priests; of the ringing of bells from
the altar; of the deep tones of the noble or-

gan, which swelled one after another through
the ample building; of the talking of the
young, and of the whispering of strangers,
of whom there seemed to be many, the
reader may judge of the worship we were
enabled to render to Him who requires his
creatures to worship Him in spirit and in
truth. Candles, statuary, painting, priests
dressed in the most gorgeous style of man-
nificence, were there in profusion; but
there were no religious emotions, no wor-
ship of God, no religious instruction. And
we retired from the gorgeous scene, feeling
that, if that were the worship which the
High and Lofty One required from intelli-
gent creatures, God and religion were both
a farce. No wonder that a religion, of
which this is the highest style, does so
little to instruct the people, or to render
Paris a moral city. The judgment day
will reveal how much of the blood that
has so often deluged this city--how much
of its crimes and dissoluteness--how much
of the influence for evil which it exerts on
Europe and on the world, will be found
in the skirts, and required at the hands of
Popery and its priests.

For the American Lutheran,
From Gray's Peak Homeward.

My last letter closed, I believe, with a
doxology on Gray's Peak, 14,215 feet
above sea level. Our thoughts turning
from the scene of grandeur spread out be-
fore us, up to him who laid the firm founda-
tions of the everlasting mountains--
From their rough and rugged summits, we
saw upward in thought to

"A land far away, 'mid the stars we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time;
Where the pure waters wander through valleys
of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime."

'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the
soul,
Where the ages of splendor eternally roll,
Where the way-wearied traveler reaches his
goal,
On the evergreen mountains of life."

I have already spoken of my first im-
pressions and notions on gaining the sum-
mit. These were succeeded by others to
which the limits of my last letter did not
permit me to refer. Standing upon the
great height and considering the mount-
ains and the hand that fashioned them
and laid their deep foundations, my soul
was most deeply impressed with two
thoughts, two attributes of the divine na-
ture. His Omnipotence, or the power dis-
played in the grand up-heaval of these
great peaks, lifting up their heads around
us, grey with the centuries, as far as our
unaided vision could reach; and the eter-
nity of God, of which mountains are the
usually chosen emblems. We speak by
figure of the everlasting hills and moun-
tains, because of all earthly objects they
appear the most durable; and yet, whilst
looking at these old mountains, contempla-
ting the work of the Creator, I would
advise them to dismiss that stato-
like creature if they wish strangers to notice
themselves or their pantomime. I would
know him if I met him in the moon, while
the priests, like sheep or geese, seemed all
alike.

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of the influence for evil which it exerts on
Europe and on the world, will be found
in the skirts, and required at the hands of
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My chief object was respite from toil,
rest and recreation. These I found here,
especially the latter. Now, passing out
into the mountains through Clear Creek
Canon, now up Chimney canon, then as-
cending "Castle Rock," "Table Moun-
tain," and other peaks which rise hundreds
of feet above the city and the streams
winding at their base below.

If I thought it would be interesting to
you and your readers, and profitable with-
out a more particular account of this pleasant
little city, the climate, irrigation, etc., etc.,
and of my trip from this point by way of
Denver homeward. EXCURSIONIST.

Kansas City, Aug. 21st, 1871.

Remarks by the Editor:--We have no
doubt it would be interesting and profit-
able to our readers, and therefore we hope
our correspondent will give the description
&c., of the Golden City.

For the American Lutheran,
A Reminiscence--D. D.'s. will
differ.

Those of your readers, Mr. AMERICAN
LUTHERAN, who were familiar with the
surroundings of our good old Theological
Alma Mater at G., about 35 years ago, will
remember with pleasure, the beautiful
grove in the rear of the Seminary, where
during the warm summer days, of our
study-life, we and our fellow students, fre-
quently promenade in the cool shade of
the thinly standing old oak trees for re-
creation; or, with book in hand, sat under
these goodly kings of the forest, or slowly
walked in their cooling shadows, convers-
ing over the pages soon to be rectified in
the College or Seminary recitation-room,
under the faithful supervision and, fre-
quently, severely practical questioning of
our now, lamented Prof. Kruith, Baugh-
er, Jacobs, or the now venerable Emeritus
Prof. Dr. S. S. Schmucker. The last
named resident, as does the esteemed The-
ological Prof. Dr. Brown still, quite near
the Seminary and always exercised a care-
ful watchfulness upon the general depart-
ment of all the boarders in the Seminary
building, whether they were Theological
students, or yet in their preparatory Col-
legiate training. Even in their recreation
hours the august eye of the Dr. was about,
and anything improper, unbecoming, or
undignified, in his estimation, in the exer-
cises of the students, was sure to meet a
very quick perception from, and a very
short allowance, with wholesome advice
and, if necessary, sharp rebuke by our
good and faithful Professor.

Well do we remember a ball playing
movement, devised and commenced in our
term of student life on Seminary Hill, for
exercise in the shady grove above men-
tioned. The names of ball games were dif-
ferent then, and if anything in the nature
of "Base Ball"--the secular Press nu-
merical of 1844--was an "arrangement"
the name was not known, or, at least not
heralded, as now, from Dan to Beersheba;
were such sports made the shameful
source of gambling, visiting by clubs, and
other tawdry as this nuisance is at the
present day. However, whatever the name
of the play, or whatever its mode of per-
formance, scarcely had the ball playing ex-
ercise properly commenced before our re-
spectable and worthy Professor, S. caught sight
of that recreation, and forthwith demand-
ed its discontinuance. The good Dr. saw
something in ball playing--though only
for recreation--too *lowly* for young men
destined for the Gospel ministry, and cal-
culated to lessen the dignity of that sacred
calling in the eyes of the laity and the
community generally, if persons passing by
the grove, and hence, they were stopped in-
stantly.

That was about 35 years ago, and the
venerable Dr. who is still alive, enjoying,
and we trust to enjoy a green old age of
distinction and happiness, would, we doubt
not, make just as short work now, under
similar circumstances, with base ball, as he
did then, with any ball playing exercises
he was yet in the same place of authori-
ty. We know nothing of the recreations
of the students at G. now, nor has our writ-
ing any, the least reference to that or any
other particular locality. Our *Reminiscence*
and remarks were called forth by what
we have lately read in the *Lutheran Ob-
server* on the Base Ball matches, by the
worthy Editor on the one side, and by
Dr. J. G. M. on the other, and are intend-
ed merely to show that *Doctors* will differ
on most questions, as well as ordinary un-
taught divines. There is an old adage that
says, "Times change, and we change with
them;" and there appears to be some truth
in it. In reference to the question in
hand, we feel constrained to believe that,
in the years when we were young, reli-
gious people generally, and every orthodox
Protestant minister particularly, would
have condemned the practice of base ball
playing, except by children, unqualifiedly,
as a recreation for religious persons to
avoid offense. All games, we presume,
are equally innocent, according to the mo-
tives and the end by and for which they are
exercised; but some things of this nature
have become so distasteful and odious to
refined Christian minds, on account of the
frequent illegal and sinful uses to which
they are applied, and to which they have
tended to betray the youthful forming mind,
that it seems the unquestionable duty of
all good people to discourage and avoid them.

This view of the matter, no doubt, led
the good Dr. of the *Observer*, some time
since, to speak pointedly and, we think,
bravely, and appropriately, against the
base ball "nuisance" and, in his last issue,
again, in "Notes and Comments," to clas-
sify it with "horse races, boat races, and
other vices and nuisances of the season." How
must Dr. Conrad, then, have been surprised
to receive a grand laudation of this same
"nuisance," as an agreeable and healthful--
and, of necessity noble--recreation,
from Dr. J. G. M., even for an aged
divine, who can no longer do the running
himself, and has to pay a little Irish boy

to "run the corners"? (is it?) merely to
show that he has, yet the *epidemic* and the
inclination (see the Dr.'s. references to a
great Philosopher, not Jesus, or Paul, or
the "beloved disciple" for his lucid and
enthusiastic plea for innocent sports!) to
interest, sympathize with and instruct chil-
dren! Wonder if that Irish boy will not
play base ball for money when he grows
up to be a man, rather than hear the Dr.,
if he should then be able to preach on
Paul's text about bringing up children in
the "nurture and admonition of the Lord"?
(*Nichtes fuer angut, Herr Doctor, Dieses sind so bloss meine gedanken.*)
E. F.

For the American Lutheran,
A Letter from the Mountains.

Dear Bro. Anstadt!--It is indeed ex-
citing to have the weekly visits of
your paper, freighted with intelligence
from east and west, from north and south,
keeping us, who live among the hills, al-
ways well informed, in all the interesting
topics as they pass. Who, when once ac-
quainted with the high, religious tone, in
connection with all our other interest-
ing contents, could say No! to its weekly
visits to the home circle?

Our better half thinks it worth the money
for the information gathered from Kate
Hunnicke's Diary. And then to have
"Noah's" ray letters laid before us once a
week--whether coming from within or
without the ark, it matters not, it
so gently combs the mind dishevelled rit-
uals, adds a spicy charm.

Increasing still its value, are the Sanctu-
ary Conversations, which are ever read
with profit, and we hope that Peter, James,
and John may continue to live in closest
ties of friendship, so as to give in time to
come, as in the past, their many readers
the benefits of their practical talk. To
see them "play out" is not our desire.

We notice that many of our city orators
and pastors have abandoned their pasto-
rals, to rusticate among the hills, and by
the cool refreshing springs, which bubble
from the bosom of grateful mother earth.
How often has the thought been indulged,
as to the pleasantness, conveniences, and
comforts of our city pastors for our part
we would prefer the slight jolting of the
country stage, hence we are ready to
say, we are glad to live among the hills.

Men of bilious and phibistic diathesis,
are, therefore, not necessitated to engage
in the ludicrous practice of riding through
the streets in an open cart, as it was prac-
ticed by Dr. Physis in his student days,
in consequence of diseased lungs.

The hills, dales, and brooks, are always
cheerful companions, because they are
ever speaking in tones of sweetest melody,
"God is good." We are, to-day, ready to
entone a song of grateful praise to Him
who rules above, not only for the beauty of
the natural world, but also for the exhaust-
less love exemplified in the gift of Jesus
precious "Son of Man," therefore, should be
granted the request of his people, that they
ask that every hill and valley be made vo-
cal with his praise.

Our church enterprises is still progress-
ing, and, we trust, the help of God,
who has kindly helped us hitherto, we ex-
pect to dedicate it to his service sometime
during the month of November next.

Our building committee, Bros. Hartsoch
Beck, and Bastian, have been indefatigable
in their efforts, assisted by the working
members of the congregation, the work
will be completed soon. God bless the
congregation.
Liberty, Pa.

Poetry.

THE HOOSIER'S NEST.

I am told, in riding somewhere West
A stranger found a Hoosier's Nest
In other words, a Buckeye cabin,
Just big enough to hold Green Ma in.

Its situation, low but airy,
Was on the borders of a prairie;
And fearing he might be benighted,
He hailed the house as his delight.

The Hoosier met him at the door,
His salutations soon were o'er;
He took the stranger's horse aside,
And to a sturdy sapling tied.

Then having stripped the saddle off,
He fed him in a sugar trough.

The stranger stooped to enter in,
The entrance closing with a pia;
And manifested strong desire,
To sit down by the log heap fire.

Where half a dozen Hoosieresses,
With much and little, and queer notions,
White heads, bare feet, and dirty faces,
Seemed much inclined to keep their places.

But Madam, anxious to display,
Her rosy, but undraped away,
Her clinging to the ladder led,
And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.

Incited shortly to partake,
Of venison, milk, and Johnny-cake,
The stranger made a hearty meal,
And glanced round the room with zeal.

One side was lined with dividers' garments,
The other spread with skins of varmints;
Dried pumpkins overhead were strung,
Where venison hams in plenty hung.

Two rifles placed above the door,
Three dogs lay stretched along the floor,
In short, the domestic life,
With specimens of Hoosier life.

The host, who center'd his affections
On game, bird range, and queer notions,
Discovered his weary guest for hours,
Till Samson's all compelling powers,

Of ebullient cars bereft him,
And then I came away and left him.

F. N. O.

The Pulpit.

From the Christian Union.
Lecture-Room Talk.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IMPERFECT BELIEF BETTER
THAN UNBELIEF.

We are apt to assume that because our
faith is to us the true faith, we are bound
to bring every one to it. And so the
honest Protestant thinks it is a duty which
he owes to God and those who are in his
service, or under his care, to attempt to
convert them to the Protestant faith.
Every employer thinks he is bound by
every means in his power to drive away

the superstition of his servants. Now if
there arises in your life and disposition
something stouter than they have known
before; if they see a fruit so large, lus-
trous and sweet, that they come to you
and say, "Show me the tree whose boughs
brought forth that fruit," then you may
point them to your tree of life; but to
undertake to deprive the poor and the
ignorant of their dogmas, and their faith
in immortality, even though they may be
superstitious, and to give them nothing
in the place of these, is a desertion. It
is doing wrong to them. I would rather
see a Catholic a good Christian, according
to the measure of light which there is in
the Catholic Church, than to see him re-
nounce that church and come to nothing
at all. A man who has left one church
and gone into another, who has left go
of one stage of religious advancement and
gone no higher, is not bettered but made
worse, in his condition. It is not danger-
ous to unsettle particular modes of belief,
or arguments and forms of expression;
but to unsettle men's faith, on which they
have leaned their souls ever since they
were children, is like taking away from
my house the trellis, though it be
old and rotten, and putting nothing in the
place of it. I put in wire and take
away the wood, replacing the wood as fast
as I take away by the wire, handling the
vine so carefully that when the work is
completed not a branch is maintained, then
I do no harm. But if I take away the
timber around which it has twined, and it
falls to the ground, where it is beaten by
every rain, and trampled by every browsing
animal, I do by it just as I do by that
sect that is accustomed, it may be by im-
perfect methods, to be drawn up to God, when
I take away its reliance upon those methods,
and plant no higher faith in its stead.

The same is true in regard to leading
men to renounce their service, their cere-
monies, their worship, and their Sundays.
Liberty in the first instance is a dangerous
thing. I am myself extremely liberal in
my construction of the offices of the sanc-
tuary; and yet, I am extremely particular
and conscientious in not taking away from
men their educated convictions.

I believe in a very plain worship; but
many persons are brought up to believe in
a ritualistic worship, and it is not fair for
me, nor for you, nor for any, to ridicule
it. Argument, sober discussion, is not to
be shut off; but it is a thousand times
better that a man should have a conscience
and a worship, even if it be through the
medium of ritualism,

