

# The American Lutheran.

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

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A failure to direct a discontinuance of the publica-  
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1. Any person who signs a paper regularly from the  
Post Office, whether directed to his name or an-  
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sponsible for the payment.  
2. If a person orders a paper discontinued, he  
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the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from  
the office or not.  
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newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or  
removing and leaving them uncollected for, is a  
violation of intentional fraud.

## Poetry.

### CONFORMITY TO CHRIST.

Lord I desire to live as one  
Who bears a blood-bought name;  
As one who fears but glorifies Thee,  
And knows no other aim.

As one who when he walks abroad  
Should never be forgot to pray;  
As one who faint would keep apart  
From all that loves not Thee.

I want to live as one who knows  
Thy fellowship of love;  
As one whose eyes can pierce beyond  
The pearl-bait gods above.

As one who daily speaks to Thee,  
And hears Thy voice within;  
With depths of tenderness declares,  
"Beloved, thou art mine."

I want to walk as one who knows  
The guilt that lurks within;  
Yet rests in meek dependence on  
The sacrifice for sin.

### A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me I would go;  
I would not ask to choose my way;  
Content with what he will bestow,  
Assured he will not let me stray.  
So as he leads, my path I take,  
And step by step I gladly take,  
A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content,  
I rest in him in his hand;  
That which he has decreed and sent--  
I trust that he should all fulfill;  
That I should do his gracious will,  
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads I am resigning,  
I trust me to my Father's will;  
When reason's rays deceive my sight,  
His counsel words I heed;  
That which his love ordained as right,  
Before he brought me to the light,  
My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads me I abide  
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;  
His strength is ever by my side,  
Can ought my hold on him undo?  
I hold him in presence K. wing,  
That God my love and hope--  
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, onward I go;  
Oft and anon, I brave his ken;  
God is not his guidance show--  
But in the end he shall be seen.  
How by a loving Father's will,  
Faithful and true he leads me still.

## Communications.

### Men and Things as seen in Europe.

#### LETTER XVIII.

##### Sail to Leghorn--A Day in its Bay--

Robbing by Passports. -- *Leghorn from the Sea--Correspondence--A great many great men--Gloria Vecchia, its Port--Harbor on the Adriatic--Gloria Vecchia from the Sea--Ostia--Bay of Naples--Landing in Italy.*

Our sail down the Mediterranean was remarkably pleasant. The sea was quiet to Leghorn as an inland lake on a calm, bright summer's day. Until midnight we gazed upon the heavens above us, studded with stars, which were reflected from the glassy bosom of the sea and with imaginations filled with dreamy thoughts of the scenes which a thousand seas since had transported on these waters, we went to our stateroom. We awoke in Leghorn, as the French call Leghorn.

After looking around us, and knowing our circumstances, we needed no valet to inform us that we were in Italy. A strong fortress on our right was guarded by Austrian soldiers in white or wool colored blouse. Our passports, given to our captain at Marseille, were sent ashore to get for us permission to land, but no permission came. We wished simply to land to see the city; but there was no landing without paying a bribe to the police. Everything in Italy goes by "bribery and corruption." We declined the bribe, and were, in consequence, confined to the deck of our steamer all day, gazing upon boats, ships, soldiers, sailors, priests, Jews, Arabs, and Frenchmen, sailing and jostling all around us. The exterior bath room presented us with a view of the city, but it was not endurable, but in Italy it became insufferable from its intensity and frequency and this mainly through the system of ports. Consuls, captains, keepers of hotels,

porters, commissionaires, waiters, custom and police officers, are united in a great conspiracy to plunder travelers. Consuls, against law and instruction, charge for signing your passport, and on entering and leaving the city it has to be resigned and repaid. You cannot turn round without paying for the privilege. If you enter a church or museum, a person demands your coat or umbrella, and you have to pay for their release. You are followed every where by the most perfect system of annoyance, and for the purpose of getting your money. The system of passports was designed to catch rogues, and to prevent the going at large of political disturbers of the peace of tyrants, but it is retained for the purpose of robbing honest travelers.

It is the burden of complaint everywhere and by every body, and Britain and America should interfere to break it up. The nearer you get to the seat of the pope, the more you are "out of humanity's reach."

A little bustle, and our boat was to sea again for Civita Vecchia. From the bay of Leghorn we had a good view of the city and surrounding country. The city is directly on the sea, and presents nothing inviting. The hills surrounding it are dotted with houses unsheltered by trees. But few houses and no trees are to be seen in the country; hence it presents from the sea a very dreary and barren aspect. On our way down, we passed the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, which only interest is their position with Napoleon Bonaparte--the one as the place of his birth, and the other as his confinement for a few months. They are within sight of one another and of Italy, that great man has impressed his character upon Europe. You meet with the traces of his power and genius everywhere. O, for another Napoleon, with all his genius and more than his morals. What Europe now wants is a great man. A man setting in himself the genius of Napoleon and the virtue of Washington, would be heaven's greatest gift at this hour to Continental Europe. Before such a man the demon of despotism would fall prostrate; petty and priestly tyrants would flee away; the hearts of all dependent patriots would be filled with hope and joy; there would be a universal rising of all those signing in silence over their medals and moral slave; and free institutions would rise like magic from the North Cape to the Mediterranean, and from the Straits of Dover to the Sea of Azov. The whole earth should cry to heaven for such a man!

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tripping along in three-cornered hats and long dresses, pinned up at one side so as to facilitate their walking! Such swarms of donkeys, laden with commodities often twice their own size, and a driver sitting on the top to boot! Everything was new, and very surprising. With very little trouble we passed the Custom house, and were soon pleasantly lodged in a room facing the magnificent bay, and from which, day and night, we could look out upon one of the most beautiful panoramic views in the world, one of whose attractive objects is the perpetually smoking Vesuvius.

### The Lord's Treasury.

Nearly 10,000 families know what is meant by the Lord's Treasury. But about 40,000 families in the Lutheran church do not know definitely what is meant by this term. For their information, I will tell what I know about it. There is one on the mantle piece before me as I write.

It is a little box with inscriptions on its top and on the four sides, and an opening for contributions. What these are for the box will tell you. I have just dropped a penny into it, and underneath the opening I am told it is "for Missions." Around the edge I find the admonition "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God has prospered him." On the four sides I find inscriptions informing me that the box is to be opened, and the contents to be given successively to the causes of Home Missions, Foreign Missions, Education and church extension.

I happened to be present once when a number of these boxes were opened. It was in a congregation of very poor people. It was the first Sunday of the quarter, after the sermon which had reference to the subject of Missions, had been preached, the holders of the Lord's Treasury boxes were invited to come forward and lay their gifts upon the altar. About six persons did so. The money was counted and found to amount to over \$80.00. This large sum had been contributed in the course of three months, by the members of a very poor congregation.

### HOW WAS IT DONE?

In a very simple way. Each family had received from the pastor one of these boxes. On the morning of the Lord's day, each member of the family was expected to deposit an offering for the Lord's name. Perhaps at other times too, during the week, the silent preacher may have called for an offering; but the Sabbath morning contribution was as regular as the coming of the day itself.

### ADVANTAGES OF THE PLAN.

By the old method, congregations were called on several times a year for their contributions. By dint of begging and soliciting, of arguments and tears, a small sum was gathered as the offering of the congregation ostensibly to the Lord. But it was very frequently only a peace offering to the eloquence or the perspicacity of the minister.

And how many in those days, in the fulness of their generous hearts, contributed in the spirit of a wealthy and prosperous York county farmer. The cause of missions had been already presented to the congregation. His spirit of self-sacrifice was equal to the occasion, and rising to his feet he informed the congregation "Wann draf und dran kum, kann ich an escheitliche gewore." (If it comes to the point, I am ready to give my six pence too.)

By the old method, still followed, I am sorry to say, by many congregations in this year of grace, 1871, congregations of 500 members have been known to send to Synod the enormous sum of \$5.00 for Foreign Missions, and perhaps \$10.00 for Education.

And yet they claim to be christian people, full of the spirit of prayer, who doubtless often sang with unctious:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

and then contributed one cent a year from each communicant for Foreign Missions.

(A glance at the paroch





