

Lutheran Observer.

Unless with proofs of Holy Writ, or with manifest, clear and distinct principles and arguments, I am refuted and convinced, I can and will recant nothing.—Luther.

In Essentials, Unity; in Non-Essentials, Liberty; in all Things, Charity.

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Poetry.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Oh! not by bread alone is manhood nourished
To its supreme estate.
By every word of God have lived and flourished
The good men and the great.
Ay, not by bread alone.

"Oh! not by bread alone!" the sweet rose, breathing
In throbs of perfume, speaks;
"But myriad hands, in earth and air, are wreathing
The blushes for my cheeks.
Ay, not by bread alone!"

"Oh! not by bread alone!" proclaims in thunder
The old oak from his crest;
"Put suns and storms upon me, and deep under,
The rocks in which I rest.
Ay, not by bread alone!"

"Oh! not by bread alone!" the truth flies singing
In voices of the birds;
And from a thousand pastured hills is ringing
The answer of the herds:
"Ay, not by bread alone!"

Oh! not by bread alone! for life and being
Are finely complex all,
And increment, with element agreeing,
Must feel them, or they fall.
Ay, not by bread alone!

Oh! not by love alone, though strongest, purest,
That ever swayed the heart;
For strongest passion evermore the surest
Defrauds each manly part.
Ay, not by love alone!

Oh! not by love alone is power engendered;
Until within the soul
The gift of every motive has been rendered,
It is not strong and whole.
Ay, not by love alone!

Oh! not by love alone is manhood nourished
To its supreme estate;
By every word of God have lived and flourished
The good men and the great.
Ay, not by love alone.

FAREWELL, LIFE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Farewell, life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mold above the rose!

Welcome, life! the spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives:
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mold!

Contributions.

PREACHING OUTSIDE OF THE PULPIT.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

For what purpose did I enter the ministry? is a vitally important question which every conscientious minister will keep constantly before his mind. The answer which he will make to this question will be—I became a preacher in order to bring God's message to my fellow-men, to awaken those who are careless, instruct those who are ignorant, comfort those who are in trouble, help those who are weak, and lead immortal souls to Jesus Christ; in short, my aim is to make bad people good, and good people better. To attract people to the house of God is of far less importance than to attract them to Christ; the making a good sermon is mainly of value that it makes a good man. A wise minister will not belittle his pulpit by neglecting to make full preparation for it, nor will he cheapen it by putting there anybody and everybody that he can lay hands upon. At the same time he recognizes that he can spend only about three or four hours in that pulpit on only one day of the seven; and whether in the pulpit or out of it, he is everywhere Christ's ambassador.

The Bible is the best theological seminary and in that he learns that his Divine Master delivered two popular discourses which the Holy Spirit has preserved for us; one of them was delivered on a mountain, and the other by the seaside. The great body of our Lord's instructions were in the form of personal conversations with individuals or with his little band of disciples. That quiet evening talk with Nicodemus has shaped all Christian theology and moulded myriads of human characters, and will continue to until the end of time. The apostles pursued the same methods with their Master; and the book of the Acts is largely the record of personal labors for the conversion or the spiritual benefit of individuals. Paul preached public discourses when he had the opportunity; but I question whether his sublime discourse on Mars Hill has ever brought as many souls to the Savior as his brief talk with one poor awakening sinner in the person of Phillippi. The danger with us ministers is that we look at our flock too much as a totality; the word "masses" is a misleading word. We preach on Sunday to a congregation; but God's eye sees only individuals. Guilt is a thing appertaining to an individual conscience; and conversion is the turning of a single soul to Jesus. If we preach to a congregation for an hour or two on the Sabbath, it is a joyful thought to an earnest soul-winner that he can preach outside of his pulpit for more than a hundred hours during the week.

One of the unanswerable arguments for thorough pastoral visitation is that it brings a minister within arm's length of his parishioners. He needs this personal contact for his own benefit. A good library is a good thing; but there is a great difference between a lifeless book on your shelf and the vitalizing and fer-

tilizing study of a book in boots; for every life is a biography. You and I, my dear brother, are helping to make these biographies. Our sermons are addressed to everybody; a conversation is addressed to a single soul. "Thou art the man" is the meaning of every loving appeal, every kind rebuke, and every personal invitation. A man may dodge a sermon; he cannot dodge a personal conversation conducted in the right spirit. A faithful sermon ought to set your people to thinking. In one mind it may suggest difficulties, and when that person meets you he may wish to have the difficulty explained; the door is thus opened for you to remove an obstacle, or to press home a needed truth. In another mind your sermon may have awakened a conviction of sin. The impression may fade away, or it may be deepened if it is followed up by a personal interview. Much of many a pastor's best work has been done in an "inquiry meeting;" but even when no method is used, there will be opportunities for every wide-awake pastor to find out who in his parish is an "anxious inquirer." You ought to have a fixed time in every week when persons can call on you; and if any one breaks into your study during your morning hours for spiritual direction, you ought to rejoice to throw aside books or sermon notes and give him the right of way. The man that wants you is the man that you want. It is an excellent method also to request your congregation to send a request to you if they desire an interview in their own homes. Remember how cordially the Master met every one who came to him for light or for healing, and what a long journey he took in order to bring relief to one poor woman in the coasts of Canaan. In dealing with awakened souls nothing can take the place of personal contact. To reach all such from the pulpit only is almost as absurd as it would be for a physician to write his prescriptions from a desk in a hospital instead of going from one bed to another to feel each pulse, and to examine each fever-coated tongue.

No pastor worthy of the name will need to be reminded how strong are the claims on him of the Lord's "shut-ins" whose faces are not seen in the sanctuary. Whosoever you neglect, never neglect the sick—especially those who are in the by-lanes of poverty. There is no more Christlike work than that, and none that will grip your people to you more strongly. The hours you spend in the ministrations of comfort to the sick and the sorrowing will often subject your nerves and your sympathetic sensibilities to a severe strain. The most celebrated pulpit orator in America once said to me: "It consumes more of my nerve force to spend an hour with people who are in trouble than to prepare two sermons." That may be so; but is there any more Christly office in this old sobbing and suffering world than to "bind up the broken-hearted?" What your people want is the ministry of sympathy; and the rich often need it as truly as the wretched poor.

I have indicated some of the ways in which a faithful minister may preach outside of his Sabbath pulpit. There is one style of preaching that is vastly more effective than any other, and that is the irresistible eloquence of a poor, manly, noble and unselfish life. "My pastor's discourses are not very brilliant," said an intelligent lady, "but his daily life is a sermon all the week." The "living epistle" of Paul was as sublime and convincing as any words that fell from his lips on the hill of Mars: for Jesus Christ lived in him. Our people look at us when out of the pulpit to discover what we mean when in our pulpits. Piety is power. Your aim is to produce Christian character, and what argument so strong, so constant, so pervasive, so heart-reaching as the beautiful example of a life copied even imperfectly after Jesus Christ?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE GROWTH OF POSITIVE KNOWLEDGE.

BY REV. C. F. SANDERS.

We might have stated our subject as, The Fact Discovering Itself. Fact is having a hard time with us mortals. Once we get hold of an important fact we prognosticate our thought-life inferentially upon the basis of the one cherished fact and we solidify in the mold thus formed. It is a tremendous thing for a great new fact to get hold of the thought world. It is singular how it is resisted. Even though it comes as a very angel of blessing, it must force its acceptance. And yet this is the method of test and proof.

All positive knowledge is but "thinking God's thoughts after him." Every progressive step is but a nearer approach to the All. But the advance step comes as a new idea. It announces the necessity of recasting certain forms of speech, certain readaptations. It holds the prophecy of great changes for all future time. But its first approach, as Goethe says, "is as a strange visitor into the phenomenal world, and as it begins to realize itself, it can scarcely be distinguished from fancy and imagination." It appears first in the form of a proposition purporting to be a positive conclusion from certain investigations and logical deductions. It is reluctantly accorded the place of a presupposition. When it ultimately seeks to pass on to the stage of a positive canon of thought it brings down upon itself the final decisive battle. In that final battle the advocates of the accepted traditions are on the resisting side. They are at a disadvantage because of a mental bent which I should like to call, in all kindness, an unwitting prejudice, from which they cannot wholly free themselves. In zeal for their cherished conceptions they frequently resort to the very illogical arguments of persecution. Over against them are those who have accepted the new idea and have set about making their readjustments. They are at a disadvantage because of the very bewildering largeness of the consequences which so rapidly unfold themselves. There is also the misfortune in this alignment of the thinking forces of the reciprocal tempering of judgments which might be profitably enjoyed if all were to accept the proposition as a joint problem demanding solution. Seeberg, with good cause, laments the loss theology has sustained through the respective attitude of Ritschl and Frank towards each other. And still another disadvantage results from the desperation of the advocate of the new idea. Ostracised by the conservative, he accepts the treatment stoically, and determines to work out his theory on his own premises. A kind providence after awhile removes the partisans, after they have shown the form and meaning of their respective presuppositions. A succeeding generation gathers up the positive conclusions in both camps, finds their harmony, applies them to their age, and they shed their blessing. Verification of the truth comes ultimately and always through the test of living. The false contributes to the glory of the truth by the very extent of its destruction.

In the history of Christian doctrine there are no pages so humiliating to me as those which tell the story of sinister methods in the advocacy of supposed truth. Simony and persecution can never advance the cause of God. I believe in God, in the power of his truth, and I fear no dismay. I welcome the man of thought; his theories, fanciful though they may seem, are a very joy to me. I know they are the monitors of more light. Turn on all the thought power possible. Investigate to the last molecule. Elaborate every theory to its last proposition. There is conflict. There must be harmony, for truth is one. That harmony will only come in with the last synthesis, and the only