

Lutheran Observer.

Sales with proof of Holy Writ, or with misfit, 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.

Vol. LXXII. No. 10

LANASTER AND PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1904.

Whole Number 3808

Poetry

WHAT ARE THE HEMLOCKS SAYING?

BY AVIS GR.

O Hemlocks green, in the intry weather,
How you are whispering tother!
You lean as close as broth to brother—
What are you saying to on-another?
The sky is cold, and the wids are wild,
And all around you the snw is piled,
Yet your green boughs becka like waving hands
To a neighbor tree that leass stands—
To an apple tree, wild and oung and small.
Lightly you beckon and sofy call;
Fine-Ear listens, and hears ou say:
"You will be fairer than w in May;
We shall be dressed in sobr green,
But you will be splendid inlossom sheen.
Take heart, little sister, an patiently
Wait for the glory that is to be.
And then—little Blue-eyes ill go a-Maying."
That is what the Hemlocksare saying.

O Hemlock green, why are ou stooping?
And why are your long, lith branches drooping?
To whom are they whisperin? From the sound
It seems to be some one ulerground.
Fine-Ear listens, and hears jem call:
"Wake up, squirrel-cups, vilets, all—
Up, little sleepy heads, out f your beds;
Stretch down your feet and lift up your heads;
Bustle about there, down in the dark,
And don't be discouraged, dar children, for hark!
Though it is cheerless and gilly and wet,
And though you have nothing to wear as yet,
As sure as the night is followed by day,
You will be fairer than we n May;
For we will be dressed in ober green,
But you will be robed in purple sheen.
And then—little Blue-eyes will come a-Maying."
That is what the Hemlocks are saying.

A PRAYER.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

To thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, thine erring child'en, in;
From dangerous paths too bldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.
Those arms were around our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
Oh, leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without thee.
We trusted hope and pride and strength—
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length—
We come to thee, O Lord, again!
A guide to trembling steps yet be!
Give us thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
And life smile on, like childhood's hours.

I am willing

To receive what thou givest,
To lack what thou withholdest,
To relinquish what thou takest,
To suffer what thou inflictest,
To be what thou requirest,
To go where thou sendest,
To do what thou biddest.

—Selected.

Contributions.

THE FAITH THAT SAVES.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

"When I was in college," said the Rev. Dr. B—, "one of the professors tried hard to explain faith to me. But it was a muddle until I came and trusted my soul to Jesus Christ. When I did it I understood it." It is the simplicity of faith that often puzzles people. They are discussing a doctrine, when they ought to be doing an act. They worry their brains when they ought to be yielding their hearts.

Faith is sometimes defined as an assent to the truth of the Gospel which God has given us. But this is an intellectual act that is not sufficient to save a soul. Intellectual belief in the Gospel is entertained by millions without the slightest penitence for sin or the least step towards following Christ. There are plenty of intellectual believers in that world of woe where "the devils also believe—and tremble!" Faith has also been defined as "taking God at his word." A very important mental act is this, too; but does any "word" of our Heavenly Father save our souls? Did the apostles ever preach "believe the word and be saved?"

Paul and Silas were confronted by the mightiest question that ever agitates a human soul, when that poor jailer of Philippi lay trembling before them. They did not stop to expound a doctrine; they enforced a deed; they did not point to a system of truth, but to a personal Savior. To an almighty Person, a loving compassionate Person, to a Divine Person whose atoning blood cleanseth from sin. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Not in Christianity but on Jesus Christ. That is what they told the jailer.

Mark that little and yet supremely great word *on*. It is not enough to believe in Christ. Millions of unconverted people believe in Jesus, just as they believe in Howard as a noble philanthropist, and in Washington as a pure patriot, and in Newton as a profound philosopher. But they do not trust their souls to Jesus. They do not rest on him for salvation; they do not build their characters on him as the only foundation.

One of the survivors from the terrible burning of a great hotel tells us that when he was driven back by the flames in the hall, he seized the escape-rope in his bed-room, and from an upper story he lowered himself through the smoke down to the sidewalk. He had seen that rope before, but had felt no need of it. He had a good opinion of the strength of the rope, but it was only an opinion; he put it to the test when he swung out of the window and trusted his life to it. Now that was a saving faith; he let go of everything else and committed his whole weight to those well-braided strands of hemp. And when a human soul lets go of every other reliance in the wide universe and lays hold of the sin-atoning Redeemer for salvation, that soul "believes on Christ." He entrusts him-

self to Jesus for pardon, for acceptance with God, for grace, for strength, for guidance, and for a full salvation.

Some anxious inquirer who reads this article may say that if Paul told the jailer to believe on Jesus Christ, the Apostle Peter had previously told a company of sinners who were "pricked in their hearts" that their first duty was to "repent." Very true; and my friend, it is your duty also if you would have a new life here and an eternal life hereafter. But just what is genuine and Scriptural and effectual repentance? Is it sorrow for sin? Yes; but it is a vast deal more than that. It is the act of a soul that with not only a sorrow for sin but hatred of sin, turns from it to God with an earnest endeavor to obey and follow Jesus Christ. Evangelical repentance and faith go together. They are inseparable. They are the two halves of one globe. Sorrow, shame, self-reproach will all end in nothing unless you lay hold of him who alone can give you the new life, the new character and the new conduct. Is the Holy Spirit working upon your heart? Yes; and you must move whither he points; he is pressing you right towards Christ.

Repentance is more than a mere feeling; it is an act. Saving faith is more than an opinion, or a good resolution, or a devout purpose. It is the act of yielding your heart up to the sin-atonement and loving Savior and joining your soul to him as your Redeemer and Lord. When Jesus Christ called Peter and James and John, he said to them "follow me!" They did not sit down and cry; they did not consult anybody; they did not promise the Christ that they would at some future day obey him. Straightway they left their nets and followed him. There, my friend, is the example for you. Begin to do the first thing that the Spirit working on your conscience bids you do. When you honestly take any step either in abandoning a sin, or in doing a duty, and do this simply to please Jesus Christ, then conversion has begun. You have changed masters. To be willing to trust on Christ; and to go with Christ even for a single important step is the beginning of a genuine Christian life.

Have you a little faith? Use what you have and pray for more. Christ will help you when you begin to follow him, as a child that is learning how to walk. Don't be satisfied with half-way work; no number of half Christians can make a whole one. Make a clean break with your old sins and old self, and lay firm hold on the almighty Savior. There was a good deal of pith in the answer of a humble servant-maid, who, when applying for admission to the church was asked by her pastor what evidence she had of her conversion? Her reply was, "Well—for one thing, I sweep now under the rugs and the door-mats." The fatal mischief with some professors of religion is that they have left a sad amount of sin and selfishness under the door-mats. "Faith without works is dead." The only proof you can give that you are trusting on Christ and following Christ is that you begin to keep Christ's commandments.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

—"Fear as to results need never deter us from doing right. We have nothing to do with results. Our work is to do as we are bidden of God, and to leave the rest with him. We may be tempted to forsake the line of right at one critical point or another, not feeling quite safe in following the line where it would seem to lead. But to trust God is far better. As a Christian business man has said: 'Make up your mind what is right as a business policy, and follow it. I believe right is always constructive.' Such sturdy and fearless adherence to the line of right is needed on every hand. And, after all, why should any one ever fear the consequences of doing right?"

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR—NO. 9.

BY W. S. STORK.

After the battle—the free and angry battle of July 2d, 1863—we take up our story of Gettysburg just where we left it on that ventful Thursday.

It was night when we left the hard-fought battlefield, held by Sickles's Cps on our left. Picking our way across the fields amidst the dead and wounded, we soon struck again the Baltimore pike. The flags of the veteran regiments of Sickles's and Hancock's corps were furled, the Stars and Stripes that had quivered and shone so vividly in the front of the battle-line and waved to blue-coated boys on to the fight, were now, as it were, resting, and the only stars that shone were those in the vaulted heavens above us.

There seemed to be no rest for our old, tired division. We were being hurried to some other threatened part of our long battline—whither and to what point we knew not—the orders were forward. "This is the way; walk ye in." There was no discussion among our hungry, tired boys as to where we were going, or as to where we were to get supper. The good, true soldier knows but one law, and that is obedience. No doubt our commanders forgot that soldiers have legs that get tired, backs that ache, stomachs that get famished, and heads that get sleepy, the same as other men and that the capacity of a soldier for endurance is limited; but still we marched in the night. What a beautiful night it was! The moon was shining bright, the sky was studded with stars. Looking ahead a our long line of men marching with their steady tramp, tramp; the subdued tones of the officers as they gave their various commands; the bright, shining barrels of our muskets as they gleamed in the moonlight; now and then an aid on some general's staff galloping down the line and back to his position again—attended to impress one with serious, sober thoughts as to what was to come next.

Suddenly the hill ahead of us, "Cemetery Hill," lighted up; it looked as if the ground were on fire; torrents of red flamed out from the brass throats of our cannon. The boys were at it again. The Louisiana Tigers were making a night attack on our lines. It was terrible, sublime, this battle at night. The Confederates had broken through our front line of infantry, and were now almost on our artillery. By the increased rebel yells we could tell that they were for the time being getting the best of the fight. Desperately fighting the thin line in front of them, the "Tigers" captured the first battery, (Weidrick's), which had received orders not to lumber up under any circumstances, but to fight to the last. It obeyed the order. A fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued, the young boy cannoniers fighting with pistols, hand-spikes and rammers, crying, "Death rather than surrender our guns on our own soil." The battery guidon (a small flag) was planted in one of the lunettes, and a Confederate officer seized it, when he was shot dead by young Riggins, its bearer, who himself was instantly killed, and fell with his flag in his hand. An officer of the 7th Louisiana Tigers was brained with a hand-spike by a gunner, and a sergeant of the same regiment was severely wounded with a stone by Lieutenant Brockway. The color-bearer of the 107th Ohio mounted the stone wall and waved his flag, when he fell dead; the flag was seized by Adjutant Young, who immediately afterwards rushed into the 8th Louisiana, shot its color-bearer, seized its flag and, severely wounded, fell with it inside his own lines. The hand-to-hand fight about the guns continued while reinforcements, hurried from the left of the cemetery, arrived. Carroll's brigade charged upon the Confed-