

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.

SEAWEED.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Not always unimpeded can I pray,
Nor, pitying saint, thine intercession claim;
Too closely clings the burden of the day,
And all the mint and anise that I pay
But swells my debt and deepens my self-blame.

Shall I less patience have than Thou, who know
That Thou revisit'st all who wait for Thee,
Nor only fill'st the unsounded deeps below,
But dost refresh with punctual overflow
The rifts where unregarded mosses be?

The drooping seaweed hears, in night abyssed,
Far and more far the wave's receding shocks,
No doubts, for all the darkness and the mist,
That the pale shepherdess will keep her tryst,
And shoreward lead again her foam-fleeced flocks.

For the same wave that rims the Carib shore
With momentary brede of pearl and gold,
Goes hurrying thence to gladden with its roar
Lorn weeds bound fast on rocks of Labrador,
By love divine on one sweet errand rolled.

And, though Thy healing waters far withdraw,
I, too, can wait, and feed on hope of Thee
And of the dear recurrence of Thy law,
Sure that the parting grace my morning saw
Abides its time to come in search of me.

ALL THE RIVERS.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

"All the rivers run into the sea,"
Like the pulsing of a river,
The motion of a song,
Wind the olden words along
The tortuous windings of my thought, whenever
I sit beside the sea.

All the rivers run into the sea,
O you little, leaping river,
Laugh on beneath your breath!
With a heart as deep as death,
Strong stream, go patient, brave and hastening never,
I sit beside the sea.

All the rivers run into the sea,
Why the striving of a river,
The passion of a soul?
Calm the eternal waters roll
Upon the eternal shore. Somewhere, whatever
Seeks it finds the sea.

All the rivers run into the sea,
O thou bounding, burning river,
Hurrying heart!—I seem
To know (so one knows in a dream)
That in the waiting heart of God forever
Thou too shalt find the sea.

He loses little who loses wealth,
He loses much who loses health;
Who loses courage, loses all.
O trembler, drawing fearful breath,
Guard well thy days, yet know that death
Is never the worst that can befall!

—J. T. Trowbridge.

Contributions.

THE HELP OF HEADWINDS.

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

Human life is a voyage, but our heavenly Father does not give us the control of the weather. If he did, we should be apt to choose nothing but smooth seas, fair winds, full cargoes, and secure harbors. God is wiser than we are, and he no more consults us than I consult my grass-plot as to when I shall use the mower, or my grape-vines whether I shall prune away the surplus branches.

On a certain night we are told that Christ Jesus directed his disciples to cross the lake of Galilee. He knew that a storm was coming, but he did not tell them. They found it out for themselves before they had gone very far; and Peter who was an "old hand" on that lake had never known a rougher night or an angrier sea. The wind is right in their teeth, and the waves hammer the bow of their fishing-smack like iron sledges. With all their sturdy pulls at the oars, they make but little headway. They are learning some lessons that night; and so are some of my readers who are now passing through storms of trouble and are enveloped by the darkness of a mysterious Providence. They are learning the blessings of headwinds, and what spiritual help they bring to us.

Prosperity very often breeds self-conceit both in a Christian, in a church and in a nation. We take to ourselves the credit. When we are "hard up" we are apt to call upon God for what we need; when we have got it we are equally apt to set it down to our own skill or our own seamanship. Prosperous churches congratulate themselves on the eloquence and popularity of their pastor, on the inflow of people to their pews and of money into their contribution-boxes. When the children of Israel had things to their liking, they forgot God and turned idolators; when calamities overtook them, they were driven back to God, and cried lustily for his delivering arm. One of the subtlest forms of sin is self-direction. We ignore God and set up a will and choose a way of our own. He is too wise and too loving to allow this, and he often sends a stiff gale into our faces for our chastisement and correction. Whom he loveth he chasteneth; the self-willed and the rebellious are left to go on the rocks.

Headwinds strengthen the sinews and develop strong characters. Many of our Americans who have attained to the highest work of honor and usefulness were "seasoned" in their youth by sharp adversity. As Joseph was prepared by a pit and a prison for the premiership of Egypt, so Abraham Lincoln was educated for his high calling by severe study of a few books in a log cabin, and by eating the tonic bread of a laborious poverty. If he had been born in the brown-stone mansion of a great city and reared in luxury, his biography would have read very differently, and perhaps history might never have heard of him. Probably the best part of George Washington's training for his destiny was his rough experiences in

the frontier wilderness. I seriously doubt whether the luxurious style of life in some of the highly-endowed and fashionable present-day universities turns out as stalwart a type of intellectual manhood as was produced in the plain uncarpeted rooms of the old-fashioned primitive-looking colleges. Silver spoons and soft raiment are not the regimen for heroes. Smooth seas and gentle breezes never make a sailor.

This same truth applies to the spiritual experiences of God's people. The great purpose of our heavenly Father in this school-life on earth is to develop a vigorous godly character. "Count it all joy, my brethren," said the Apostle James, "when ye fall into manifold trials, knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience." Afflictions often come upon bad people for their sins; but God sometimes sends afflictions upon good people to make them still better. That hard rowing in the night-storm on Galilee proved the disciples' pluck and gave new fibre to their sinews. They were learning to "endure hardness," and were rehearsing their subsequent experiences in the teeth of persecuting Sanhedrins and bloodthirsty Herods.

Adversity brings out the graces and the beauties of the noblest Christian character. As a fine mansion is often concealed in rich summer foliage, but stands out in its architectural beauty when wintry winds have stripped the trees bare, so we find that many Christians show their graces to better advantage when God has let loose the tempests on them. The furnace of affliction is heated up for gold—not for gravel stones. Then, too, the seasons of trial make us more watchful. In smooth weather the sailor may swing in his hammock; but a piping gale brings all hands on deck, and sharpens the eye of the "look-out" at the bow. David never fell during his seasons of severe trouble; it was the warm, sunny days of prosperity that brought out the adders. Noah weathered through the deluge of water nobly; it was the deluge of wine that drowned him! Ah, brethren, I suspect that when in another world we examine the chart of our voyages, we shall discover that the headwinds—trying at the time—gave us the most headway towards heaven.

The crowning blessing of all such adverse experiences is that they teach us our utter dependence on God. The poor prodigal forgot his father when he was among the harlots; but he began to think of him when he got down to the husks. Danger sends us to our knees. The hour of our extremity is the hour of God's opportunity. When the disciples were at the very crisis of the storm, lo! the welcome form of Jesus appears on the waves, and the welcome voice of Jesus is heard through the tempest. "It is I: be of good cheer; be not afraid!" As soon as he sets foot in the boat, the tornado hushes into a calm. Dear friends, you may find that it is a blessed wind that brings Christ to you. Welcome him into your vessels. No craft ever foundered with Christ on board. No struggling soul, no afflicted Christian, no sorely-tried church has ever gone down when once the Son of God has come to their relief. The fiercest headwinds and the angriest waves obey his voice; and so will he bring you at last into your desired haven.

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous winds obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

O sorrowful, great gift
Conferred on poets, of a twofold life!
When one life has been found enough for pain,
We, staggering 'neath our burden as mere men,
Being called to stand up straight as demi-gods
Support the intolerable strain and stress
Of the universal, and send clearly up,
With voices broken by the human sob,
Our poems, to find rhymes among the stars!
—Mrs. Browning.

THE VALUE OF ARBITRATION.

BY A. B. FARQUAHAR,
Of the National Association of Manufacturers

To every citizen of the Union it is important to substitute pacific methods and international law for warfare and preparations for war, but to manufacturers it is peculiarly so. Some of us can make a comfortable profit from government contracts, doubtless, and a few others can gain more from increased prices of goods sold that is lost on materials bought; but as a rule our prosperity or adversity is a reflexion of the prosperity or adversity of our customers—the great public—and we suffer by any cause that makes our fellow-citizens less capable of spending. Where much is wasted, many may find a chance to realize something, yet the rule is that waste makes want and that want cuts down demand. People buy when taxes are low and risks are small; they try to save all they can when pinched by the exactions of war expenditures, and when life and property are imperiled. Let those who will, then, deride the move to replace hostilities by peaceful settlement of misunderstandings as impracticable; the thoughtful man of business knows that nothing is more truly practical.

The opposition relies on sneers, not arguments; no one dares to come out openly against arbitration, and thus be met, overcome and disarmed in fair encounter, but, like the famous lawyer whose rule when he had "no case" was to "abuse the plaintiff's attorney," our antagonists pay more attention to us than to our cause. Who is there, whose opinion is worth noticing, who fails to acknowledge the superiority of arbitration to arms? It is safe to say, none, and yet there are many who will do nothing to establish the better method because they profess to fear that somebody else is going to refuse to follow it. This is the spirit of the priests of the Middle Ages, who never shed blood themselves, but, when they had a victim to dispose of, simply withdrew from him the protection of the church and "turned him over to the secular arm." Or of the strike leaders, who claim that deeds of violence against non-unionists are not done by strikers themselves, but by some conveniently unidentifiable "sympathizers." Or of some whom we knew half a century ago, who insisted that the growing hostility between the sections was due, not to slavery, but to "the unnecessary agitation of the slavery question." Or, in some degree, of everybody everywhere who persuades himself that somebody else, somewhere else, must make the beginning when a needed reform is to be introduced. I do not regard this spirit as practical. The practical advice to every nation and every citizen is that coming to him in the words of the prophet of old: "Thou art the man!" If there is a call to any people on earth to work for the prevalence of universal arbitration, that call is to us as Americans, to us as individuals.

We are often reminded of the conspicuous part already played by this country in international arbitrations, as if that furnished a reason for resting on our oars, and letting others do the pulling hereafter. I rejoice in everything in this line that my country has done, and honor her for having seen her duty so clearly. This is the very land that the initiative ought to have come from; and it is also, the very land best fitted to stand in the vanguard of the movement hereafter. Who could better lead than a people whose power is recognized as matchless, whose resources are inexhaustible, whose readiness and alertness are an un-failing defense, making them completely secure against aggression from without so long as union and concord continue within? What other nation can point, as we, to the magnificently successful operation of a tribunal in her own territory, which has for more than a century done work of the precise kind demanded of an international arbitration tribunal, as proof that an