

The ⁺ Seminarian

19310
6995452
3

The Ascension of Our Lord
1950

THE LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT PHILADELPHIA

The ⁺ Seminarian

Special THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD Edition

Published by
The Student Body
of
The Lutheran Theological Seminary

Editor-in-chief
KENNETH CRUMPTON, JR.

Associate Editor
CARL BERKOBIN

Published three times the school year. Subscription price—one dollar per issue, or two dollars and twenty-five cents (\$2.25) for the school year. Address subscriptions to THE SEMINARIAN, Business Manager, 7301 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia 19, Pennsylvania.

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Dedication	3
The Editor's Page	4
Swedish Utopia—Roy Enquist	5
Philadelphia's Patriot-Scholar—John Reumann	7
Poem—Richard Scherch	10
Wanted: Reform—Edward W. Uthe	11
Passover—Festival of Freedom—Harry Sutcliffe	12
Acknowledgments	16

Dedicated
to the
Class of 1950
of
The Lutheran Theological Seminary
at
Philadelphia

The Class of 1950

Robert Homer Anderson, Jr.

Robert Hugh Armstrong

Robert Curtis Ayers

John Thomas Braugher

Richard Irving Crossland

William Earl Dennis

Charles Edward Fair

John Swavely Fisher

Norman Holmes Fowler

James Arthur Graefe

Howard Frederick Guhl

Eugene Charles Harmony

John Robert Henrich

Daniel Louis Hoffman

Andrew Paul Kazar, Jr.

Walter Charles Kothler, Jr.

Luther Samuel Krouse

James Richard Laubach

William George Luger

Raymond Augustus May, Jr.

Roy William Meek

Glenn Carlton Reichley

John Henry Paul Reumann

John Willoughby Roberts, Jr.

Kenneth Jay Sharp

William Henry Snyder

Clayton Walter Sugg

Paul Adam Trump

John Phillip Ulrich

Edward William Uthe



The Editor's Page

HELLO AGAIN

For many months the staff and editor of THE SEMINARIAN have looked forward eagerly to this day when we might resume publication. As before, we have endeavored to make this a journal of student expression, thus affording a place for the best products of the student body. An effort has been made to entertain several different types of material. In this issue you will find History, Foreign Travel, Biography, and Religion represented. Future plans include an even larger variety. We sincerely hope that THE SEMINARIAN is back to stay since we feel that it has a definite place in the life of the Seminary and its Student Body. Many thanks to all who have made it possible to go to press once again. Let's keep 'em rollin'.

THE WEAPON OF PEACE

Another school year has passed on its way. We have all grown in the knowledge that this task for which we are preparing is one of tremendous importance to the future of the Kingdom of God in the world. Never was the need so pressing, nor the pressing so needed. We stand on the threshold of a new era. Will it be one of peace and freedom, or one of war and death? Without God in Christ there can only be the latter. If we are to achieve lasting peace in our world, it will come only when men turn their eyes to God seeking His love and then dispensing that precious gift to their fellow man. The battle is on. There is no greater weapon in the world than the one which we possess. It penetrates all defenses; it knows no bounds. This is the weapon: the Love of God in Christ. There is no other which can bring about the brotherhood of man, and the peace of the world. May our prayers in the months that follow prepare us to meet this need. May those who now leave us go forward in this task of bringing the Gospel to all men. May those who remain be strengthened in the knowledge and Love of God in Christ in preparation for this service.

BEST WISHES

The staff and editor of THE SEMINARIAN wish to extend to the Faculty and Students of the Seminary, and to our brothers elsewhere, our heartfelt wishes for a pleasant and profitable summer in the service of our Lord.

THE EDITOR

Mount Airy, May 1950.

Swedish Utopia

Ah Utopia! At long last thou hast found thy realization: A country actually exists which knows the twin blessings of a whole generation of socialistic government and a people who are some 96% Lutheran!

Though the writer brought back with him from last summer's vacation in Sweden (and two side trips to Norway and Denmark) a host of varied impressions, there were several characteristics of Scandinavian life which were especially memorable, perhaps because of their contrast with life here at home.

Even among the Scandinavians the Swedes have earned a reputation for their formality in social relations. When a Swede meets a friend on the street or in his home, he (or she) always shakes hands. Before one leaves after the visit, the handshaking routine is enacted again providing an antiphon-like setting for the platitudes or profundities which may have transpired. And little kids—from the age of three on up—also shake hands when they are confronted by an elder from outside the home. The little girls curtsy and the boys actually bow. This may sound like the court at Versailles in the 18th century, but it really is typical in contemporary farm homes of Sweden. Formality also extends itself to matters of dress. Although Scandinavian women generally don't dress in as good taste as those of the domestic variety, the men outdo themselves. Weddings and funerals don't merely call for dark suits—top hats and tails are the accepted norm even in the country. Speaking of weddings, many parishes have retained the old custom of maintaining a bridal crown—an actual crown of precious and

semi-precious stones which any virgin may wear when she marries in church. This universal formality doesn't seem to conflict with the equally universal ability to have a good time. A wedding is, of course, an occasion for all sorts of hilarity—the emphasis unfortunately is placed on the reception rather than on the actual rite. But a funeral is no less an occasion for a good time. Particularly in the country a banquet after the ceremony is the rule and often the festivities continue for several days. Some pious souls may be quite shocked by such goings on, but such "funerals" are probably no more pagan than our Anglo-Saxon funeral tradition of floods of tears accompanying Hellenic speculation over the supposed state of the departed's soul.

The Swedes are notorious for their amazing capacity for guzzling—coffee. (Some Mormon missionaries told me of some of their difficulties in making converts in Scandinavia; Mormonism regards coffee to be as sinful as Methodism regards bourbon.) But even coffee drinking is no casual affair. The rite—and it is usually performed three times daily—begins with a serving of fresh buns or rolls with a cup of coffee. Then follows a serving of cookies; usually about a half a dozen different kinds are passed around and the guest is under solemn obligation to take at least one of each variety. A fresh cup of coffee is poured. Course three includes cake and/or tarts, again with more coffee. One is now considered sufficiently nourished to last until meal time—a couple of hours away.

My immediate concern and interest in Scandinavia was the state of

the Church. All of the Scandinavian countries have an established church which is Lutheran in confession. While only a few percent of the total population are not members of the established church, many of the members practically never participate in the Church's worship or work. Personally, I feel that this obviously unrealistic state of affairs is usually overemphasized by us foreigners. The Church in the countries of the North is in no sense dead. The pastors and leaders realize the seriousness and tragedy of the situation far more clearly than do the outsiders. The only source of life for the Church of Christ is very much present in the North: The Gospel is faithfully given the people. But the people of Scandinavia suffer from the same malady of secularism that infests all of contemporary western civilization. The clergymen with whom I spoke about the church-state relationship seemed to feel that in time the Church would be disestablished. Furthermore, such a change would not be unwelcome by the Church. But I feel that the reason for the Church's ineffectiveness is not due to anything as peripheral as the issue of establishment. If such were the case, why are our "free" Lutheran churches in America doing an equally poor job of bringing God's Word to modern society?

The Scandinavian churches and especially the Church of Sweden have something of a reputation for being "high church." Having been at a seminary for less than three full semesters, I'm not quite sure just what that mysterious label is supposed to signify—but it was my impression that worship in general is no "higher" in Scandinavia than in Lutheran America. True, the ministers wear chasubles on festive occasions (eucharistic or other-

wise) but most of the time they wear a peculiar black cassock which reaches only to the knees. The surplice is very rare. The art in the churches is generally of exceptionally good taste. The ancient churches were romanesque; the medieval churches were gothic; the modern churches were contemporary in plan and execution. But stained windows were something of a rarity. The general feeling in this matter seemed to be that if a parish couldn't afford really good windows, it was better to have clear ones. Hence many of the churches have a lightness and an airy quality which is quite a contrast with some of the reconstructed "dungeons" some congregations here at home bravely try to worship in. The organ music was of professional caliber. The instruments were brilliant. The organists played both Bach and modern works. Some of the music approached the atonal. The congregation usually didn't leave after the benediction but waited to hear the postlude. Congregational singing was generally poor and popular participation in the liturgy was worse. Generally the minister would have to recite such elements as the confession of sin and the creed by himself. And the sermons seemed painfully long—about a half an hour seemed to be the minimum. At the glorious French gothic cathedral at Upsala, I was surprised to see the service conducted by two young men, neither of whom could have been over 30. The great church was packed on an ordinary Sunday.

On second thought perhaps I'll have to admit that the Scandinavian countries aren't quite Utopia. But yet, I really am convinced that we could learn a great deal more from the people of the North.

ROY J. ENQUIST

Philadelphia's Patriot Scholar

A small Irish boy stood at the rail of a crowded immigrant ship in the Year of Our Lord, 1739, gazing at the welcome shoreline of Lord Delaware's province. Just ten years old, young Charles Thomson, from County Derry, ought to have rejoiced at seeing the greenness of the New World with all its promises of hope after the weeks at sea—weeks filled with stench and filth, foul drinking water, and cramped humanity.

But instead, he struggled manfully to keep back the tears; for his future was filled with anything but hope. The boy's mother had died several years before, and John Thomson, left with six motherless children, decided to seek a new home in America. The voyage had been long, and Father Thomson fell violently ill. Charles could remember his father's dying prayer, "God take them up," as he and his brothers and sisters crowded round the bed. Afterwards he was to describe that vivid scene: "I stood by the bedside of my expiring and much loved father, closed his eyes and performed the last filial duties to him." John Thomson had died within sight of land, and his body was lowered into the Atlantic near the capes of Delaware.

Alone in a strange New World! Already his brothers and sisters were being separated from him, comforted by kindly passengers or gruff crewmen. Already the captain had taken to his cabin what little property the elder Thomson had. More than once, young Charles had heard the terrifying word, "Redemptioner!" whispered. He almost dreaded the landing at

New Castle. The small sad boy looked again at the ever-nearing coast; he wept, but in his heart there were dreams nonetheless.

* * *

And dreams, when coupled with ambition, had a way of coming true in America. Such was the conclusion Charles Thomson might have turned over in his mind, as he rode along in his carriage through Philadelphia, toward Chestnut Street, on a Monday morning, the fifth of September, 1774. God had indeed taken him up into His care, and the years had dealt kindly with Charles Thomson.

He could look at his new wife at his side, a bride of just four days. The former Miss Hannah Harrison was from a well-to-do, Welsh, Quaker family, owning a large estate, named Harriton, in Bryn Mawr. Right now he and she were on their way to visit her aunt's family in the city. Or he could think of his successful business—dry goods and hats imported from London; his holdings in the iron furnaces near Egg Harbor, shares in the Pennsylvania Bank; a comfortable home in the Northern Liberties section.

He might also let his mind slip back over the three decades and a half in America. There had been days at school where Dr. Alison unraveled the mysteries of ancient Greek to an eager Irish lad. There were years of teaching, four of them at Dr. Franklin's Academy of Philadelphia, where he'd also had his first business experience.

And then there were his years as a merchant. So trustworthy was he that the Indians welcomed him as their secretary for treaties with

the whites. As Thomson personally experienced the repressive British measures in his business, he began to take an increasingly active part in political affairs. He had helped force the Philadelphia agent for the hated Stamp Act to "resign." He it was, too, who arranged for a public meeting where Paul Revere, the Boston patriot, could speak; indeed Thomson's own speech that night was so impassioned he fell to the floor in a faint. Once, when even Franklin began to lose faith in the American cause and counseled, "Let us make as good a night of it as we can; we can still light candles." Thomson had replied: "Be assured the Americans will light lamps of a different sort from those you contemplate!" And now his vigor was bearing fruit; for even as he and his wife rode along, delegates were meeting in Carpenter's Hall, on Chestnut Street, for a Continental Congress.

But all these reveries were interrupted as the carriage bumped to a stop. As Thomson alighted, a messenger tapped him on the shoulder. Would he come to Carpenter's Hall immediately? He excused himself to Mrs. Thomson, told a servant to care for the horses, and hurried down the street. Through his mind raced a thousand thoughts—how Joseph Galloway, the conservative leader, had prevented him from being chosen a delegate for Pennsylvania; how just last Tuesday, two days before his marriage, he had been talking to one of the men from Massachusetts, John Adams, about the Convention. Thomson might have smiled, had he read Adams' diary for that Tuesday night: ". . . had much conversation with Mr. Charles Thomson, who is, it seems, about marrying a lady, a relative of Mr. Dickinson's, with 5000

pounds sterling; this Charles Thomson is the Sam Adams of Philadelphia!"

By now he had entered the Hall itself and followed the messenger down the aisle lined with grave, impressive faces, Peyton Randolph, the President, answered Thomson's bow and said, "Congress desires the favor of you, sir, to take their minutes." And the Sam Adams of Philadelphia— orphan, merchant, scholar, once a blacksmith's apprentice, newly married man— bowed again, took a seat, and began his task. And for fifteen years "he sat at the secretarial table, listening to the debates, minuting the birth records of a nation."

* * *

Not far from where Bryn Mawr College now stands in Lower Merion was Harriton, a large, stone house, overlooking several hundred beautiful acres. From one window you could look across the fields and see a little Quaker meeting house near the Harrison family cemetery, the property having been in the hands of the same family since 1719. Here, to Harriton, Charles Thomson retired at the age of sixty, with his books and his memories for years of leisure. Here he lived on into his ninety-fifth year, outlingering most of his contemporaries.

The years with Congress had been packed with events. Thomson was one of the two men who signed the Declaration of Independence on July 4. Some even said it was he who first read the document to the people. Year after year he had kept the journals in his accurate shorthand, the "perpetual secretary" of Congress. He had kept in touch with ambassadors abroad, dug into his own pocket to help the patriot cause, ferreted out information through spies behind British lines. It was

he who carried word to Washington of his election as the Republic's first President.

Now came the years of retirement, and almost anytime from 1789 to 1824 Thomson might have been found strolling near the house or working inside. The principal room on the main floor served as his study; occupying a prominent place was the silver urn Congress had presented him for his services.

The old man's interests still showed great variety. There were rumors once he would run for the Senate. He declined pleas to serve as a commissioner for the Indians. He started a history of the Revolution but destroyed it rather than blacken many reputations. He was interested in agriculture, and his name was connected with a pamphlet on farming. Scientific matters, too, aroused his curiosity. Jefferson wrote to him about French experiments with steam engines and balloons. Thomson himself kept accurate notes on a display of Northern Lights and speculated on rock-formations.

But chiefly his interest was in Biblical matters. Thomson was raised a Presbyterian, later felt strong Quaker and Baptist influence. He always carried a Greek New Testament with him, and many mornings were spent in the woods or fields considering a passage. Day after day he labored until he had translated the entire Bible from the Greek. This colossal task, begun during his years with Congress and completed and published in 1808, was followed by a **Synopsis of the Gospels** seven years later. So even in the twilight of his life, Thomson was busy doing the unusual.

Patriot, scholar, merchant, gentleman, teacher, translator, chronicler of the state—all this is the story of Charles Thomson. His versatility was amazing. Yet oddly enough his surprising contributions in the Biblical field have largely been ignored. The picture, however, of a single, apparently indefatigable scholar, armed with—by our standards—only the crudest of lexicons, cannot but excite our imagination.

The Holy Bible, 1808, is a landmark in more ways than one. Thomson's was the first English translation of the Septuagint, indeed the first rendering of the Greek Old Testament into any modern language; there has only ever been one other Septuagint translation made into any language spoken today. Moreover, the Thomson Bible was the first Bible printed by a woman in America. And—perhaps most significant of all—this was the first time the New Testament was translated and published in America!

Not too many copies of Thomson's Biblical works remain extant. The majority of them, though, are in the Philadelphia area, and the Mt. Airy Seminary Library possesses a four volume edition of his Bible, from the collection of Charles Porterfield Krauth. We may not agree with one of Thomson's overenthusiastic friends who suggested that his translation become a national Bible, replacing the Authorized Version, but Charles Thomson, the Patriot-Scholar of Philadelphia, does stand out as an unusual combination of service to country and Biblical scholarship.

JOHN REUMANN.

"The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the center of each and every town or city."

O. W. Holmes, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

Retrospect

I.

I had built me an edifice:
An edifice of flesh and clay.
I had built me an edifice:
And now it has crumbled away.
I had fashioned me an abode:
An abode of pride, lust, desire.
I had fashioned me an abode:
But it's vanished now in the fire.
I had found me fallen, alone:
Rejected, forsaken, despised.
I had found me dying forlorn,
And it's a thing my soul's decried.

II.

I have been built an edifice:
An edifice of fire and light.
I have been built an edifice:
The Man Victor in our fight.
I have been fashioned an abode:
An abode of Love—Threefold.
I have been fashioned an abode:
The Rock fast to which I hold.
I have been made captive in peace:
In a land empty of my pride.
I have been made captive in love:
Embracing what before I despised.

—RICHARD O. SCHERCH.

"This world nis but a thurghfare full of wo,
And we ben pilgrims, passing to and fro;
Deeth is an ende of every worldly sore."

—Chaucer, "Canterbury Tales."

"The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance."—Thomas H. Huxley, "Lay Sermons."

"To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, and that was sculpture; He varied and colored it, and that was painting; and then, crowning all, He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand divine, eternal drama."

—Charlotte Cushman.

Wanted: Reform

The close alliance between church and state which began with Constantine's edict of Milan in 313 had by the year 1000 resulted in a complete subordination of the church to the state. It was against this subordination that the strong popes of the middle ages struggled. It is easy for us to condemn the policies of Hildebrand and Innocent III, since we see in these policies an attempt on the part of the church to rule over secular government. We are right in condemning that attempt, but we should at the same time realize that there were relatively pure motives behind the policies.

By 1000 the control of the church had passed entirely into the hands of the secular rulers. This control was exercised through the appointment of bishops. The earliest form for the choice of bishops was election; election by the clergy and the people of the diocese. The election was not in the form of individual ballots, but was rather the general trend of opinion as seen by the leading clerics and laymen of the diocese. Naturally, the king or the local feudal lord (in the case of a country where there was no strong central control, as in France) became the leading figure in the "election" of a bishop. The nobility were the ones who had the strength to protect the church and the money to give to the church; it was the most natural thing in the world for the wishes of these men to be deferred to in the choice of a bishop. The consequence was, of course, that the idea of "election" became a complete fiction and the "election" became a political appointment, conferred for political reasons. Royal or noble elections replaced canonical elections; in the few places where canonical elec-

tions were retained the king and/or lords exercised the predominant influence.

Bishops had their place in the political organization of feudalism. They were vassals of the king or of lords. As vassals, they owed certain feudal obligations, which included the obligation of military support. It often occurred therefore, that bishops received their appointment because of their fighting ability rather than because of their spiritual accomplishments. He who was to become Pope Leo IX received his first episcopal appointment because of his physical prowess. Of course, it would be unfair to ignore the other factors which might lead to an episcopal appointment. One might be rewarded with a bishopric because of support given in a political struggle. One might be a member of a noble family desirous of becoming important politically. One might have a few gold coins hidden away in a sock, enough to exchange for the rights and privileges of the episcopacy. Or one might gain the appointment if he promised to give certain support or remuneration to his lord sometime in the future.

The situation of the parish priests was not much better. They were simply appointees of the local nobility. It became not uncommon for a serf to be the parish priest.

If the church was to be the church, reform was needed. The church needed to be freed from secular control. In their efforts to accomplish this the reforming popes of the late eleventh century were amply justified. Unfortunately, they failed to realize that there might be a solution other than ecclesiastical control of the state.

THE REV. EDWARD W. UTHE

Passover—Festival of Freedom

What is Passover? For the answer to this question, it is necessary to turn to the people of Israel, who have kept this celebration of their emancipation since that memorable night in which they left the land of Egypt, and its oppression and bondage.

It will only be possible to give at best a summary treatment of this majestic service of prayer, legend, and exhortation contained in the HAGGADAH SHEL PESACH. The service and its contents are in the form of a running commentary on the bondage in, and redemption from, Egypt. This Liturgy is introduced by the Four Questions asked by the youngest child. This service especially expounds upon the term Pesach, the Paschal offering and sacrifice, and its age-old significance. It also explains the significance of the Matzoth or unleavened Bread of Affliction, which reminds the Israelite of the readiness with which his forefathers followed the call to freedom, as well as the Moror or bitter herbs, typical of the lot of the Jew in Egypt and in so many other nations throughout his long eventful history.

The preparations for the Seder and the festival meal are the major occupation of the daylight hours of the 14th of Nisan. The young children of the family are usually allowed to rest during the afternoon, in order that they will remain awake and interested throughout the evening's festivities. Joy, excitement and anticipation pervade the household preparations.

Finally, at sun-down, all is in readiness. The family gathers around the table. The head of the household, or one designated by him to read the Service in his stead, has on the table before him the following articles: (a) Three unleavened cakes, Matzoth; (b) Bitter herbs and other vegetables, Moror and Karpas; (c) Salt water in which the Karpas are dipped before eating; (d) Charoseth—a mixture of apples, almonds, cinnamon, and other spices, and wine, in which mixture the bitter herbs are dipped; (e) A roasted egg and a bone with some meat on it.

The Sedar begins with the chanting of the Kiddush, the sanctification of the name of the Eternal God and the thanksgiving for His bounteous mercy.

The head of the family then washes his hands in the proper ceremonial manner.

After the blessing, "Blessed art thou who hast created the fruit of the ground," the head of the house dips a piece of parsley or salad or bitter herb in the salt water and partakes of it, and gives some to each member of the family. This mixture is reminiscent of the slavery and hardships of Egyptian bondage.

The head of the household then divides the middle Matzoth, half of which is laid aside for the Afikomen, the last thing eaten at the Sedar table.

The Passover story then unfolds in all its awe-inspiring and interest-arousing pagentry and detail. The

history of the departure from Egypt is related. Pointing to the broken Matzoth before him, the reader exclaims: "Such was the bread of poverty which our forefathers ate in the land of Egypt"; as if to say, "we are all alike descendants of those who ate the bread of poverty in Egypt." In a similar vein the reader proceeds: "We alike should rejoice in the kindness shown by the Almighty to our nation, and all alike should seek to find true comfort in the hope of the Messianic blessing promised by him for the future."

The youngest member of the family then asks the Four Questions as formulated in the paragraph beginning: "Why is this night distinguished from other nights?" Additions and alterations may be made by the questioner according to his knowledge and intellect. The object of these questions is to obtain and introduce the explanation of the rites that distinguish this evening from others.

In answer to the Four Questions, the reader cites the past history of Israel in three different forms. The first answer begins with the words, "We are slaves," and ends with the phrase, "when unleavened bread and bitter herbs lie before thee." Here the reader restricts himself without comment to the fact that the Jews were at first slaves in Egypt, and that they were redeemed and delivered from its oppression. It illustrates the duty of each Israelite to speak more fully that night of the departure from Egypt. It sets forth this obligation by precedent, by the authority of the Mishnah, and by the Midrashic interpretation of the law

commanding Jewish parents to relate these events to their children.

The second form of the answer to the Four Questions prepounded by the youngest member of the family begins: "Our forefathers were the first worshippers of idols," and ends, "deliver us out of their hand." In this section the Exodus is pictured as God's fulfillment of His promise to the patriarch, Abraham, that the Hebrews would be delivered from their oppressors, and would be made a great nation.

The third form of the answer is a recitation of Deuteronomy 26:5-8 together with its Midrashic interpretation. It concludes with an enumeration of the manifold blessings and benefits bestowed upon the nation of Israel from the departure from Egypt to the time of the building of the temple, and the duty of every Jew to show gratitude is emphasized.

During the recitation of these three forms of the Exodus story, no note has been taken of the actual questions asked by the child. Inasmuch as Rabbi Gamaliel has said that such notice should be taken, a section is added which explains the reason for the Passover offering, and for the eating of Matzoth and bitter herbs. Like the three preceding portions, this section is concluded with the declaration that, "we are still bound to thank and praise God for the benefits bestowed on our nation so long ago."

The first two paragraphs of the Hillel, which contain special reference to the exodus from Egypt are then chanted.

The first part of the Seder concludes with a blessing, in which the

celebrants praise God for the deliverance of Israel in the past and pray for the speedy approach of the future Messianic redemption.

The entire company then performs the ceremony of washing of the hands, as is done before all meals.

The entire company then partakes of two pieces of Matzoth broken from the upper and lower Matzoth on the Seder plate. The one piece represents that Commanded to be eaten on the Passover night. This is preceded by two blessings: "Blessed art thou . . . who bringest forth bread from the earth," and, "Blessed art thou . . . who hast sanctified us by thy commandments, and hast commanded us to eat unleavened bread."

Bitter herbs are then dipped in the Charoseth, and eaten after this blessing: "Blessed art thou, O LORD our GOD . . . who hast sanctified us by thy commandments, and hast commanded us to eat bitter herbs." The Charoseth represents the mortar used by the children of Israel in the construction of the Egyptian edifices. All of the celebrants partake of this.

Unleavened bread and bitter herbs are then eaten together as was done by Hillel, when he ate this combination together with the meat of the paschal sacrifice. This is done in obedience to the commands of Exodus 12:8 and Numbers 9:11. The manner of eating the Matzoth and bitter herbs is as follows: A sandwich of Matzoth and horse radish is eaten. Sometimes, the horse radish is wrapped in lettuce and consumed.

The table is then laid, and the evening repast is served. The meal

itself differs in no way from the usual Jewish festive meal, consisting of a soup course, followed by fish, and then by the main course usually chicken. Other optional dishes may also be added at the desire of the household, provided they are in keeping with the Pesach (Passover) ordinances. All food articles fit for Passover use are so identified and indicated in Jewish food-stores.

The meal is concluded with the Afikomen, mentioned previously. The prankish practice of one member of the family snatching away the piece of Matzoth reserved for the Afikomen, and of not relinquishing it until the head of the family grants the request of the holder is one of rather late origin, resulting from a misinterpretation of the stem of the word, and is emphatically condemned and discouraged by the Rabbinate. The sages feel that it detracts from the sacred joy which should dominate the occasion.

Grace then follows, as it does on all occasions in the homes of devout Jews. During the course of the Seder Service and the meal, the four cups of wine, (Arbah Kosoth) are drunk in their proper place as prescribed in the Liturgy.

Then follows the rest of the Hallel, followed by Psalm 136, known as the great Hallel.

The fourth cup of wine is drunk, with the usual prayer after it.

The Seder Service is completed with a prayer for the rebuilding of the temple, and the restoration of Israel to Zion. The wish expressed in the Seder to eat the Passover next year in Palestine seems rather anomalous since the establishment of the State of Israel.

An integral part of the festivities of the evening, which should be mentioned, are several hymns and songs of a more popular nature. They are especially adopted to group singing and responsive chants.

Let it be said that both Jew and Christian can well celebrate this paschal feast, as one emancipation. How much more the Christian?—he who has been set free from sin, death and the power of the devil by the sacrifice of "Christ our Pass-over," and by His "mighty resur-

rection and glorious ascension." We can well pray with our Jewish brethren: "May the time not be distant, O God, when Thy name shall be worshipped in all the earth. When unbelief shall pass away, and error be no more." On that day when, "The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ," we and they may echo the exultant cry: "The Lord is our God, the Lord is one," for, "On that day, the Lord shall be one, and His name One."

HARRY SUTCLIFFE.

"The whole drift of my education goes to persuade me that the world of our present consciousness is only one out of many worlds of consciousness that exist."

—William James, "The Varieties of Religious Experience."

"This world, where much is to be done and little known."

—Samuel Johnson, "Prayers and Meditations."

"I look upon the world as my parish."—John Wesley.

"The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game."

—H. W. Beecher.

"Earth with her thousand voices, praises God."

—Coleridge, "Hymn Before Sunrise."

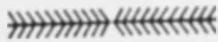
"Earth is but the frozen echo of the silent voice of God."

—S. M. Hageman, "Silence."

"Every man is as heaven made him and sometimes a great deal worse."—Cervantes, "Don Quixote."

"By learning the sufferings and hurden of men, I became aware as never before of the life-power that has survived the forces of darkness—the power which, though never completely victorious, is continuously conquering. The very fact that we are still here carrying on the contest against the hosts of annihilation proves that on the whole the battle has gone for humanity."—Helen Keller.

Contributors to this Issue



The Reverend EDWARD W. UTHE, a graduate of the class of January 1950, and at present assistant Pastor of The Church of the Reformation, Rochester, New York. . . . ROY JOHN ENQUIST is a member of the Middler Class and a graduate of Augustana College. . . . JOHN H. P. REUMANN is a member of the Senior Class and a graduate of Muhlenberg College. . . . RICHARD O. SCHERCH is a member of the Middler Class and a graduate of Gettysburg College. . . . HARRY SUTCLIFFE is a member of the Middler Class and a graduate of Wittenberg College.