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Poetry.

HOPE'S STAR.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

Beautiful star!
That illumines my soul
When clouds of deep sorrow
Do over me roll;
That beams o'er life's waters
When troubled and dark,
And safe through the mist
Guides my frail, trembling bark,
Till green, sunny isles
In the distance I view,
With their sweet-scented airs
And soft skies of blue,
Where loved ones stand waiting
Along the bright shore,
To welcome and clasp me
To warm hearts once more.

How lone and how weary
Our path through this vale,
Where lowly light and joy
Glean titful and pale,
Where friends that we love
With love strong and deep,
Soon, weary, lie down
'Neath the willow to sleep,
And to waken no more
From their sweet, dreamless rest—
Leaving us sorrowful
Lone, and unblest;

Where dreams we would cherish,
'S' blissful and fair,
They vanish like dew
In the clear morning air;
And all the bright blossoms
Of life's sunny May,
With its sweet summer roses,
Soon wither away.
O! little we'd care
In this world to live on,
Radiant star!
If thy beams were withdrawn.

Beautiful star!
Still lend me thy beams,
Through my pilgrimage here
Of vain longings and dreams;
Still shine o'er the waters
Of life's restless sea,
And gladden dark ruin
That Time makes for me;
Still cheer my lone pathway
With pure, changeless glow,
And show me each spot
Where the sweet daisies grow:
Then light me along
Through the valley of shade,
Till my soul on the bosom
Of Jesus is laid.

Travels.

Men & Things as I saw them in Europe.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

II

First sight of Land.—Voyage ended.—Liverpool.
Dr. Raffles.—Souls from Purgatory.—Sabbath in
Liverpool.—First Sermon in Britain.—Dr. Hugh
M'Neil.—Chat with a Lady.

We were all weary of the sea, and were
as anxious for a sight of land as they who
watch for the morning.

"Captain," said one of our passengers at
dinner, "when shall we see land?"

"About four this afternoon," was the re-
ply. We mustered on deck, and at four the
southern coast of Ireland lay dimly in view,
and before the day closed rose fully upon us.
With what sailors call a "soldier's wind," we
beat along the channel as we could. With
the rock-bound shores of Erin in full view,
we passed "old head of Kinsale," and after-
ward the "Tuscar light," and "Holyhead,"
and the "Skerries," when our gallant ship
turned her head toward Liverpool. Soon a
pilot was on board; and a "tug" took us in
tow; and our sails were furled; and at about
ten o'clock on the night of the first of May we
turned into one of the Royal Docks for which
that city is famed. These docks are easily
described. Deep and vast excavations are
made on the banks of the Mersey, which are
surrounded with solid masonry. These con-
nect with the river by gates, like those which
form the locks on our canals. When the tide
is full, which rises very high there, these
gates are opened, and vessels of any burden
pass in and out at pleasure. When the tide
commences falling, these gates are closed, and
ships of any tonnage ride within them in per-
fect safety. Such docks require only a high
tide and merchantile enterprise to be made
any where.

Liverpool is purely a commercial city, dis-
playing little of either taste or beauty. There
is much wealth, and solid worth, and active
philanthropy there; but its public buildings
possess no architectural beauty; its most fash-
ionable residences look plain and dingy; and,

with the exception of Prince's Park, which
lies outside the city, we observed not a place,
or a spot to be compared to any of the parks,
or many of the streets which adorn New York
or Philadelphia. Save for a man of business,
I consider it a most uninviting place of resi-
dence.

The name of Dr. Raffles, for many years a
distinguished minister of that city, is quite
familiar to American ears. Through a mutual
friend, rising to a distinguished rank
among the merchants of that city, I had a
most pleasant introduction to him. He invited
us to breakfast. We went at half past
eight, and left at ten o'clock. The visit was
remarkably pleasant. He is a man of medium
height, of full habit, with a full and fresh
English face. He is full of information—free
and frank in conversation—abounding in anec-
dote; and these, connected and enlivened
with a vein of humor and wit, make him a
most agreeable companion. Although prob-
ably turned of sixty years, he is yet in the full
moon of life, and the active, efficient, be-
loved pastor of one of the largest congregations
of that commercial emporium. With dramat-
ic humor, he narrated some incidents, illus-
trating the absurdities of Popery and the
gross frauds practiced by the priests upon
their people. Of these the following is a spec-
imen.

An Englishman in Ireland was introduced
to a Popish chapel there, when souls were to
be delivered from Purgatory. The place was
brilliantly lighted. The priest sat at a table
on which the relatives of the departed, whose
souls were to be released, laid money as they
passed. Having collected his wages, the priest
commenced his operations, and soon announ-
ced that the souls were liberated, and would
speedily make their appearance. Immediate-
ly a part of the floor opened, and there issued
from it small living creatures of red color, to
the joyful amazement of all present. One of
these creatures jumped near to the English-
man who seized it, and putting it in his pocket,
rushed out. Breathless, he soon entered
the parlor of his friend, exclaiming, as he
flung the living creature upon the table, "there
is a soul just delivered from Purgatory." It
was found to be a frog dressed in red flannel!
He was told as he valued his life, not to re-
veal the deception, at least until he had cross-
ed the Channel.

While it is difficult to give credence to a
story like this, these acquainted with the ma-
ny uses made of Purgatory to filch money from
the pockets of the ignorant and superstitious
will not deem it incredible. But it requires
the Doctor's manner to give it the effect which
it produced upon us. He suited admirably
the action to the word, a species of eloquence
which can not be printed.

My first sermon in Europe, and my last,
was preached in the pulpit of this distinguish-
ed minister. On this occasion the Doctor
conducted the introductory services with a
propriety, solemnity, and unction which made
them deeply impressive, mingling with his
supplications a devout thanksgiving for my
happily-ended voyage, and for my merciful
deliverance from the perils of the deep. The
services ended with the administration of the
Lord's Supper, in which I was permitted to
unite. I deemed the whole service a merci-
ful beginning and a happy omen of my subse-
quent Sabbaths and rambles in Europe.

On the evening of the Sabbath, in com-
pany with two friends, I went out to hear Dr.
Hugh M'Neil, at Prince's Park. He is noted
as an eloquent preacher—as an evangelical
minister—as a controversialist—a millenarian
—and a most bitter Tory politician. It is
said that on election eras he preaches politics,
as on other occasions he preaches Christ. I
was sorry to hear this. His church is large
and cruciform; and in the modern style of
Church architecture. A police officer stood
at each of its doors to regulate carriages and
the goers in. We were ordered by one of
these officers from one door to another, and
were kept standing in the aisle until service
commenced, and might have stood there to its
close but for the recognition of my friend by a
new owner. The introductory services were
conducted by an assistant or curate; and,
when ended the Doctor entered the pulpit.
He is a tall, slender man, straight as an ar-
row, with grayish hair, and a face of Scotch-
Irish cast. Judging from his face, any body
would say that he was predestinated to be a

Presbyterian, and of the deepest blue. He
was born in Ireland. He took his text from
a small Bible which he held in his hand, and
which he never laid down during the exercise.
His sermon was extempore, calm, expository,
truly scriptural, and exceedingly impressive.
It contained some passages of great strength,
in which he scornfully scouted any definition
of the church which would exclude from it
any who truly believe on Christ, and in which
he gave to Popery "fifty save one." All my
feelings were in sympathy with the man and
his subject; and I did not wonder that he had
been once a competitor for the highest popu-
larity with Irving in London. He was beat-
en by the Scot.

I could not help saying, at the close of the
service, to the lady by whose side I sat, "I
hope you feel thankful to God for a minister
so truthful and able." "I hope we do, sir,"
she replied, taking me cordially by the hand.
"And who will I tell him was so gratified in
hearing him this evening?" she asked. "Will
you return him the thanks of a clergyman
from America for his excellent sermon, and
who spends, to-day, his first Sabbath in Eng-
land?" was my reply. She again took me by
the hand, and with a radiant face replied, "I
will go to the vestry and do it instantly." And
as I returned from the church, I could not
help wishing that some of our narrow, and
selfish, and exclusive ministers of the High-
Church cut, in our own free country, could
have heard Dr. M'Neil with me on that occa-
sion. The Low-Church ministers of England
are far more outspoken than in this country.
Not merely Oxfordism, but the exclusive dog-
mas of High-Churchism, which give over other
Christians to unconvenanted mercies, they
denounce in words that burn.

Thus was spent my first Sabbath in Eng-
land.

Practical.

The Dispute settled.

Some years ago, I was connected with
scenes which alike illustrated the imperfect
character of present Christian sanctification,
and the glorious power of the religion of Jesus
Christ.

It happened that in one of the churches of
our neighborhood an unhappy dispute arose,
which had divided the church; and the pastor
with many of the members had opened a new
house, and organized a new church. The
brethren of each of these bodies were unhap-
py, and perplexed. Bad temper prevailed,
hard things were said by each party of the
other, and unlovely things were done. At
length they were compelled to call in the aid
of their friends, and it was agreed to refer the
whole case to the association of pastors and
delegates from sister churches around. Both
parties appeared before that body; but alas,
the more they said the less was understood of
the case, and the greater was the difficulty of
giving advice. No proposal that could be
made met the general concurrence, till at
length it was resolved to send three brethren
to investigate the whole matter of dispute on
the spot. It was my lot to be one of the three
and no small difficulty was felt by my col-
leagues and myself on the whole subject. We
appointed our time for meeting the two
churches in one place, had a general under-
standing among ourselves as to the prelimi-
nary measures, and in due time were found on
the spot.

On the first evening after our arrival, we
held a meeting with the two churches for spe-
cial prayer, that all parties might be favored
with the spirit of wisdom from above. Alas,
our fears were that evening painfully excited;
the spirit of apparent rancor, and the anxiety
separately to commit us to the one party or
the other, promised us little else than grief
and sorrow in the meetings yet to come.

On the following morning, we again met the
two churches with their pastors, and having
prayed, and laid down the preliminaries by
which the delegation meant to be guided, we
proposed that each party should occupy half
an hour in stating their grievances. This was
accorded to, and a painfully distressing hour
we spent. We then paused and implored
each member of the churches to cultivate the
spirit of the gospel, and to exemplify the
meekness of Christ throughout the discussions
before us. We then proposed that another

hour should be spent in devotional exercises.
Two or three brethren led us in prayer, and
it was then suggested that the brethren who
had been making their statements against
each other should farther lead our devotions
at the footstool of divine mercy and wisdom.

By this time it was felt by all that without
intending it we had arrived at a crisis. A
deep solemnity seemed to pervade every heart;
and it was felt that there was a sad incongru-
ity between the employment in which they had
been occupied, and that to which they were
now called. At length one of them bowed his
knees to pray. At first he evidently felt very
uncomfortable, but as he proceeded, tender-
ness took full possession of his spirit; so that
when he had closed, things looked brighter
than they had ever done before. The other
began, but had not advanced far before he
stopped through excess of feeling, the whole
house was a Babel—a place of weeping.
The hitherto opposing brethren, who had sat
on the opposite sides of a large lecture-room,
looked at each other and wept; affection light-
ed up each and every countenance in the two
churches, and every one intently looked for
the next act of their leaders.

Nor did they long look in vain. After a
few moments one of them crossed the room
with his hand extended to the other; they
met in the centre, and tearful and cordial was
their mutual greeting. "I cannot pray against
you," said the one. "I have always loved
you all," said the other. Tears of holy joy
glistened in every eye, while an aged brother,
with a trembling voice, broke out with the
doxology,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

It will be readily believed that all the diffi-
culties were now easily adjusted, and that the
deputed brethren left all parties filled with
holy joy in the triumph of Christian princi-
ples and love; and all, since that period, have
had occasion to rejoice in the prosperity of
both churches.

The three Choirs.

The remark has often been made, that of
all the classes of persons under his charge,
the pastor has most trouble with the choir;
the nerves of good singers being so finely
strung, that the least want of harmony dis-
tresses them.

The records of a certain committee contain
this item: "Resolved, that Mr. — be en-
gaged as chorister of this church, at a salary
of — dollars per annum." The arrange-
ments were soon completed, and Mr. —
appeared in front of the organ the following
Sabbath morning, attended by a group of
young ladies and gentlemen, who increased
from week to week in number, and improved
so decidedly that it was well understood the
best singing in the city was at that church.

By and by the question began to be agita-
ted, whether the recent increase in the con-
gregation arose from the increasing acceptance
and popularity of the preacher, or from the
superior talents of the choir; and serious evils
seemed to be impending. This in time wore
away, but was succeeded by a spirit of ex-
treme fastidiousness in reference to what was
called the science of singing. This went so
far as to destroy the singing of the conference-
room, and social meetings were held without
praise, till the salary of the chorister was ad-
vanced, that he might attend on the services
of the week, as well as those of the Sabbath.
But this did not last long; offences came, and
the choir resigned.

At its next meeting, the church seriously
considered the matter, and after grave delib-
eration resolved that, as singing the praises of
God is a most sublime and important part of
his worship, it ought to be conducted in his
fear, and engaged in "with the spirit and with
the understanding." They determined that
a choir should be formed of the members of
the church only, and appointed a judicious
committee to superintend it. A very few
weeks showed that the members of the church
could furnish voices, and that careful and de-
votional practice could improve them. Six
months gave entire and complete proof that
singing more than acceptable to the public ear
might thus be provided, and that the sweet
voice and the grateful heart might combine
in delightful harmony. All parties for a time
were charmed with this plan; the prayer-
room especially felt its advantage; and not a
few hoped that trouble from the choir or

about it was far distant. And we must here
do the choir the justice to remark, that they
were well satisfied, and felt holy joy in their
labor, an abundant reward for the sacrifices
they were called to make.

But there were those in the congregation
who thought that in this matter the church
"took too much upon them," and said that if
credit and advantage attended the new plan,
the society ought to have a common partici-
pation in them. Many fears began now to be
entertained as to the approach of another
storm; but a far-sighted wisdom warded off
the danger. One of the officers of the church
venerable for age and piety, had for some
time seen the possibility of this evil, and care-
fully selected the best plan to keep it at a dis-
tance. He quietly went to an eminent pro-
fessor of sacred music in the city, and under-
took to remunerate him for his services in de-
voting an hour or two in each week, after the
usual exercises in the conference-room, to
give instruction to the whole congregation
who chose to attend. This application high-
ly gratified the professor, who had long set
his heart on raising a congregation who should
scientifically sing the praises of God. The
plan was enthusiastically admired, and the
pecuniary responsibility which its originator
had voluntarily assumed was removed from
his shoulders in less than two weeks. The
services of the conference-room were con-
ducted on Tuesday and Thursday evenings; the
strictly devotional services were always con-
cluded within an hour, and then another hour
was given to the acquirement and practice of
the most delightful science in the world.

For several years the church of which we
are speaking has been crowded; in every
pew the tune-books are as numerous as the
hymn-books; the minister announces the
hymn, and the precentor the tune, and most
heavenly is the music. Why should not a
plan which interests and calls forth the powers
of every one be universally adopted? Surely
it would tend to much happiness to true wor-
shippers and to the glory of God.

This is no fancy sketch, but the unadorn-
ed facts relating to a church where the sing-
ing a few years since was said to be the worst
in the city, but where many now go to hear
what is regarded as the perfection of congre-
gational singing. As it is greatly admired,
so may it be widely imitated.

"Religion has nothing to do with Politics."

Capt. Smith.—Good morning, Mr. Brown!
I hope I see you well after the hard service of
Sunday.

Pastor Brown.—Thanks to our good Master,
I am nothing the worse of the labors of the
Sabbath; but I don't quite like the expression
hard, which you apply to the services of the
holy Sabbath day. I often think of the remark
of old Father Scrimgeour, a devoted and godly
Scotch preacher of New York State, who used
to say, "Preaching has been often the worse
of me, but I have never been the worse of
preaching."

Capt. S.—Very true; but you seemed
yesterday to exert yourself so vigorously, that
I supposed you must feel uneasy and Mon-
dayish this morning. You did pour it upon
them with all your might. By the way, Mr.
Brown, did you know you gave a little offence
to some of your hearers, by your remarks about
whiskey, bribery, and the tricks and schemes
of the demagogues, about these election times?

Mr. B.—Sorry for that; I certainly didn't
wish to wound the feelings of any sinner im-
properly, and God forbid that I should sin
against the generation of the just. Who is it
that I have offended?

Capt. S.—Old Tom Harris thinks you
came a little too close on him in your remarks
about whiskey and bacon; and, indeed, con-
sidering he's so poor, and has unfortunately
got such a habit of drinking, he seems as if he
couldn't help it; and I pitied the poor dog,
and thought, at the time, that perhaps it
would be better not to bring politics into the
pulpit at all. I've long thought there was
truth in the proverb, "Religion has nothing
to do with politics;" and, to be candid, you
came so close sometimes, that I began to wince
myself; for, you know, I'm a little of a poli-
tician, too.

Mr. B.—Well, it's true I do cut pretty
close sometimes; but then, you see, it seems to

come right in my way. How could I expound the language of my text, and show the character of the good man, "who walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes,"—without saying something which must make men wince who act differently? I vowed at my ordination to "preach the word," whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. There's another proverb worthy of recollection: "If the shoe fits you, put it on." My sworn duty is to present to my hearers the plain meaning of the word, leaving it to conscience and to the Holy Spirit to bring it home to the individuals to whom it is adapted.

Capt. S.—Ay, but these election times, when we politicians are somewhat excited and on the sharp lookout, it appears as if it might be prudent (excuse my freedom) to bear off politics, at least till we get time to cool down.

Mr. B.—That is plausible, and I don't at all wonder that you feel so. But then, my dear sir, just look at the matter from my standpoint: "Reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long suffering and doctrine." Now, does it seem common sense to reprove and rebuke evils that have no existence at the time and place? Should not the blister be laid where the inflammation is, and at the time? Besides, Captain, your proverb, *Religion has nothing to do with politics*, has, perhaps, led you into a mistake in your reasoning. I on the contrary, affirm that religion is the very foundation of politics.

Capt. S.—Oh! that'll never do. We'll differ entirely; here is a direct contradiction. If you take this ground, you'll be everlastingly preaching against the Democrats, or the Whigs, or the Republicans, the secession rebels or the loyal Unionists; and we'll get no gospel at all.

Mr. B.—Not quite so fast, Captain. There is another scripture which I try to keep in mind: "Rightly dividing the word of truth, giving to every man his portion of meat in due season." Besides, Captain, we don't differ much, after all. Your proverb and mine are not contradictory, as you suppose, but both are true, when you come to understand the meaning of the terms; and if you will bear with me, I will endeavor to explain wherein you are deceived by the vague, equivocal, double-meaning of a word. The term *politics*, in your proverb, means partyism, political management, tricks of faction, duplicity, deception, wirepulling, frauds upon the purity of elections, whiskey and other bribery, pipelaying, and all the thousand devices that go to make up the character of the demagogue. So, *he's a great politician* means that the man is up to all these—he's an adept in them. Now, in this sense, I perfectly agree with you, religion has nothing to do with politics. Surely there is no religion in all these. So there we are agreed.

But there is another sense in which the word *politics* is used. It includes great knowledge of political affairs—the principles of government—the very nature of man in regard to society, to law, to justice to social order, to national and international affairs. Thus, we say, Washington, Jefferson, the Adamses, Madison, Jay, Franklin, Morris, &c., were profound politicians. They had studied with great success the principles of political science and economy. I like their politics—i. e., their sentiments, their doctrines in reference to political affairs. When, therefore, I say that religion is the foundation of politics, I don't differ from you in regard to things. The difference lies merely in the meaning of a term.

Capt. S.—Oh, very well. I'm glad to find we agree as to principle. To be sure, there is no sure foundation for civil government but the moral law. If we abandon the pure doctrines of the Bible, we can never build up a political fabric that will endure; and I have always understood that our great politicians, judges, statesmen, have declared Christianity to be a part of the common law.

Mr. B.—But, Captain, I noticed you said *principle*—I agree with you in *principle*. If so, we cannot greatly differ in practice. I advocate no party principles or party chicane; but simply expound the doctrines of the moral law, and apply them in rebuking and reproving the misdeeds of political partisans and all others.

Here we have, then, the devil's *double entendre*, by the adroit use of which he has succeeded to a large degree in paralyzing the pulpit and destroying its power for good over one large portion of its appropriate field. Under this fallacy, politicians have become a privileged class. They occupy a sphere within which "the reproofs of instruction, which are the way of life," must not presume to enter. With regard to lying, swearing, treating, drunkenness, bribery, Sabbath electioneering &c., &c., connected with political management, this fallacy cries, "Hands off, preachers! This ground is appropriated to his Satanic Majesty. He has turned politician, and religion has nothing to do with politics; ergo, shut up, and let us alone." Art thou come to torment us before the time?

And now, my dear Captain, I must close; and I leave for your serious consideration the following question, viz.: When the devil claims his own and carries off the politician, where will the man be found?

Dr. Junkin's Political Fallacies.

THE ONE EYED SINNER.

The late venerable Isaiah Birt was a man of great tact, clear perception and ready wit. He resided for many years in Devonshire, where antinomianism more or less prevailed, and was frequently called to oppose it, which he often did with very great effect.

He had one week-day evening been preaching in a village church, and at the close of the service he saw a man with one eye coming up the aisle, whose whole appearance betokened an antinomian, and to meet whom Mr. Birt held himself prepared.

Approaching the preacher, he said, "I am much obliged to you for your sermon, sir."

Birt replied, admirably blending dignity with affability, "You are quite welcome, sir."

"But there were some things in it, sir, which I did not like."

"I cannot help that, sir; but what were they?"

"Why, sir, you preached to sinners."

"Well, I believe I did; and should I not do so?"

"No, sir."

"Whom should I preach to?"

"Why, to the dear elect people of God."

"Indeed! And you are one of them, I suppose, sir?"

"Yes, I believe I am."

"I thought so," said Mr. Birt. "Well now, are you a sinner?"

The man began to hesitate and to stammer. "Nay, man," said Mr. Birt, "do not stammer about it. You say that you are of the elect people of God, and I want to know whether you are a sinner."

"O yes, we are all sinners, to be sure," was the reply.

"To be sure we are all sinners, and I see no difference between you and other sinners, except that you are a one-eyed sinner;" leaving the poor man to guess whether the reference was to his physical or his intellectual blindness. This man never afterwards attacked the minister.

DR. CHALMER'S POWER.

We remember well our first hearing Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country, after nine months of the high school. We heard that the famous preacher was to be at a neighboring parish church, and off we set, a cart full of irrepressible youngsters.

As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city. He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but were afraid, when we saw him going in. The kirk was as full as it could hold. The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, and having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. He looks vaguely round upon the audience, as if he saw in it one great object—not many. We shall never forget his smile: its general benignity; how he let the light of his countenance fall on us.

He read a few verses quietly; then prayed briefly, solemnly, with his eyes wide open all the time, but not seeing. Then he gave out his text; we forgot it, but its subject was, "Death reigns." He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; what death was, and how and why it reigned; then suddenly he started, and looked like a man who had seen some great sight, and was breathless to declare it. He told us how death reigned—verywhere, at all times, in all places, how we all knew it; how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in the table seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never took his eye from the speaker. The tide set in; everything added to its power—deep call d unto deep, imagery and illustration poured in; and every now and then the theme, the simple, terrible statement, was repeated in some lucid interval.

After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of death, and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotion; and after shrieking, as if in despair, these words, "Death is a tremendous necessity," he suddenly looked beyond us, as if into some distant region, and cried out, "Behold a Mightier!—who is this! He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, traveling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save." Then in a few plain sentences he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death by sin, and passing upon all. Then he took fire once more, and enforced, with redoubled energy and richness, freeness and simplicity, the sufficiency of the great method of justification.

How astonished and impressed we all were. He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks; his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's; his whole body stirred with emotion. We all had been insensibly drawn out of our seats, and converging toward the wonderful speaker. And when he sat down, after warning each one of us to remember who it was and what followed death on his pale horse, and how alone we could escape, we all sank back into our seats. How beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look—exhausted, but sweet and pure. How he poured out his soul before God, in giving thanks for sending the abolisher of death. Then a short psalm, and all was ended.

We went home quieter than we came—we thought of other things. That voice, that face; those great simple, living, thoughts; those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice; that "tremendous necessity."

Dr. John Brown.

Original Communications.

THE GEN. SYNOD'S BASIS.

Mr. Editor,—

In making your bow to the public in the first number of the American Lutheran, you inform us that, "Its doctrinal basis is that of the General Synod." But now the question arises, what is its basis? Though I had not the honor to be a representative at that august body, I have since learned that it has commenced tinkering at its basis and actually contemplates an alteration. I am very sorry for this, and if I had a million votes they should all be given against the change. Changes are not always improvements but often deteriorations; and such, I am convinced, will prove to be the character of that under consideration. That part of the old basis intended to be altered was:

"That the fundamental doctrines of the Word of God are taught in a manner substantially correct in the doctrinal articles of the Augsburg Confession."

This, when altered is to read thus:—

"Do you receive and hold the Augsburg Confession as a correct exhibition of the fundamental doctrines of the Divine Word, and of the fifth of our church founded upon that Word?"

To this change I am strongly opposed. Some of the reasons for opposition were assigned by Prof. Sternburg, D. D., in a late able article in the Observer; and in my judgment they were cogent and irrefutable. But there are others which he did not mention, and which independently of his, would alone most decidedly determine me against the proposed amendment.

1. The alteration affects a part of the organic law of the General Synod, and such law should never be altered without the utmost necessity. It is dangerous to meddle with, to modify, or to alter fundamental principles. This is universally admitted in politics as well as religion; in fact, it is an established maxim, and hence all wise men are very slow and very reluctant to lay hands on such principles, and as there was no absolute necessity for it I cannot but disapprove of it. It moreover, establishes a dangerous precedent preparing the way for future and still more perilous alterations. It is the entering wedge opening the first gap and looking toward ultimate disaster. The first step in a downward course is always the most hazardous and most to be dreaded; it soon tempts to a second and a third, and is apt, finally to terminate in apostasy. This consideration in itself, is sufficient, in my opinion, to condemn the proposed alteration.

2. We have gotten along in the General Synod very prosperously under the old basis. Why should we attempt innovations while succeeding so well? I am for "letting well enough alone," men who are well enough often make themselves sick by taking medicine, and so the General Synod, at present sound in body and mind is resorting to empiricism to improve its health. I am afraid it will realize as a body, what so many thousands of individuals have experienced, by having recourse to quackery. I once heard of an epitaph or inscription on a tombstone which read thus, "I was well; I took medicine;—and here I lie." Should not the General Synod take warning and consent to "let well enough alone?"

3. I suspect the change was designed to meet the objections of symbolists. If so it will be a perfect failure, they cannot possibly be satisfied with the old or the new basis. Consistency will require them to reject both. The pretended amendment is a mere half-way affair, "neither one thing nor 't'other"; and if intended to satisfy, to conciliate or to throw sand into the eyes of high church Lutherans, it will prove a grievous disappointment. It is utterly impossible to meet the demands of symbolists unless you go the whole figure, and when the General Synod does that then farewell to the unity of the Lutheran church. It has already reached the Rubicon, and one step more and eternal separation follows.

4. The contemplated amendment is indefinite, misty, obscure and ambiguous, and will give rise to bitter and interminable wrangling. What are "fundamental doctrines"? On this point theologians do not agree; one says the mode of Christ's presence in the Eucharist is fundamental, another says baptism is, a third the mode of the union of Deity with humanity in the person of the Saviour; others, equally learned, honest and pious deny all this. Hence everlasting disputes must arise, and how are they to be settled? Surely we shall gain nothing by this unwise, uncalled for and obnoxious change. It is true, the same phrase, "fundamental doctrines" occurs in the old basis, but in a connection less objectionable, much easier of satisfactory explanation and vastly less liable to produce angry disputation.

"Better bear the ills we have,

Than fly to those we know not of."

Oliver Standfast.

PREACHING, HOW?

Preaching, though consistent with divine truth, if it be phlegmatic, merely discursive, and cold like the light of the moon, is not calculated to interest, effect and spiritually to benefit the hearer. In order to attain these desired ends, preaching must rather be like the sun, that gives warmth and light, even if intervening clouds occasionally intercept his brighter rays. The life-giving power and fertilizing effects of such preaching soon become evident.

To preach the gospel aright, human knowledge and learning in themselves, avail nothing. "Knowledge puffeth up." Human wisdom is supreme folly. "For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." All other qualifications, without holy zeal, to set them at work, for the promotion of the glory of God, can be of no avail.

The scriptural style of preaching is the best, and consequently ministers should endeavor to imitate it. None of the Apostles had the ability or the desire to dress their preaching in the forced and false style of human eloquence. When the Apostle Paul was sent forth "as one born out of due time." We know what was his style of preaching, he tells us how he preached. And how different from the style of preaching we sometimes hear at the present day! Paul tells the members of a certain church, "And I, brethren, when I came unto you, came not with excellency of speech and of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified; and I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling; and my speech and my preaching were not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in the demonstration of the spirit, and of power; lest your faith should stand in the wisdom of man, and not in the power of God." Is not Paul's argument, for preaching the gospel as he did, still a valid one? Should not the believer's faith now, as well as then, stand "in the power of God" and not "in the wisdom of man?" If so, then let Paul be imitated. SIMON.

ANOTHER NEW MEASURE—A

DRESSING ROOM—"Manhattan," the interesting N. Y. correspondent of the Lutheran Observer informs us, in the issue of the 25th of Nov., of the various improvements that have lately been made in the Lutheran church at Red Hook, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Barclay. Among other important improvements, such as frescoing, a new roof, increasing the number of pews &c. he tells us "a dressing room has been constructed in the rear."

I am puzzled to know what this means.—a dressing-room!—just think of it; I never before heard of the like. Does the pastor wear his every-day clothes until he gets to the church and then don his nice sundays in the new dressing-room? Or has he (in spite of his once having been a good Methodist) taken to wearing gown and bibs, and is the room intended to accommodate him with facilities to adjust his silk and fine linen? If so why could not he have done this at home, and saved his people the expense at least of this addition? But perhaps my conjectures have no foundation. As editors are supposed to know every thing, you can doubtless throw light on the subject. At all events it looks to me like an innovation, an entirely new measure; and it further strikes me, that some of our young ministers are making progress rapidly. —N. B. namely —backwards!

QUERIST.

REMARK BY THE EDITOR.—We do know some things, but make no pretension "to know every thing," and will probably not be able to enlighten our correspondent very much on this subject. The name is new to us in its application to the church. We have met with it in the papers in connection with theatres and ball-rooms, but never in connection with the church. The gown-men usually call their dressing-rooms "Sacerdote," which, as its name imports, is "considered the holiest place in the church, the Sanctum Sanctorum. We think our correspondent is needlessly alarmed in regard to Dr. Barclay. We have always known him as a zealous, new-measure, forward-going man, who was more interested in the edification of believers and the conversion of sinners than the frippery of gowns and bibs.

If we were to venture a conjecture on the case before us, it would be this: The climate of northern New York is several degrees colder than that in which Querist resides. It is necessary therefore in winter to bundle up in furs, over-coats and cloaks, and it will be very convenient for the pastor, when he arrives at church, to have a comfortable, warm private room, where he can lay off his superabundant clothing, and put them on again after preaching without taking cold. For this purpose the name dressing-room is very appropriate, and evinces a very tender concern of the congregation for the health and comfort of their beloved pastor.

A CONVENTION IN BEHALF OF THE MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

At a convention of the friends of the Missionary Institute held in the Institute-chapel in August 1864, the object of which was to take into consideration the support of the Theological Professor, and the best means of obtaining such support systematically and regularly.—

The following action was taken, viz.—

1. Resolved, That this convention instruct the Board of Managers of the Missionary Institute, to pay their theological professor a salary of \$1,000 per annum, commencing on the first day of June last.

2. Resolved, That to secure this amount, we advise the Board to send a printed form of subscription to every pastoral charge in the Synod of Central Pennsylvania, and also to friends of the Institute within the bounds of other synods, asking the annual payment of such sums as persons may be willing to give, and that said subscriptions be continued until the professorship shall have been endowed.

3. Resolved, That, as friends of the Institute, we will hereafter make more regular and systematic efforts to secure the payment of said salary, and, if it be not paid at the end of each year, we advise the Board to employ agents to collect the deficit.

4. Resolved, That we regard it as highly important, that the Board make a persevering effort to secure a permanent endowment for the Theological Professorship.

After the adjournment of the convention, the Board met, and, on motion, passed the following resolutions:—

1. Resolved, That the board highly approve the recommendations contained in the above four resolutions of the convention, and will endeavor faithfully to carry them into effect.

2. Resolved, That, at our next regular meeting, we will consider the question as to the best mode of carrying the fourth resolution into effect.

In accordance with the above action of the convention and the Board of Managers of the Missionary Institute, the Prudential Committee hereto annex their usual form of subscription to be circulated in connexion with the above resolutions, in order to secure the object contemplated.

We the subscribers promise to pay annually to J. G. L. Shindel, treasurer of the Missionary Institute of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, located at Selins Grove, Pa., or to his order, for the support of the professor of Theology in said Institute, the sums placed opposite our names, on the following conditions, viz, that the subscriptions can be discontinued at the option of the subscribers, provided that the notice to discontinue be communicated to the treasurer at least six months before another annual subscription becomes due.

The first annual payment shall be due in one month after the date of subscribing.

ASHLAND, PA.

Mr. Editor,—

For some time have I desired to visit Ashland and renew the acquaintance with the Lutheran Pastor, Rev J. R. Sikes, and his family there, which was formed years ago in the sunny climes of "Dixie." Circumstances being favorable, on the 7th. inst. I made my way thither, and found the good brother laboring faithfully in a protracted meeting. I learned that in the earlier part of the meeting he had been assisted by the Revs.—Shindel of Minersville and Koons of Pottsville. The writer remained several days, rendering such assistance as he could. There were seven accessions to the church as the result of the meeting. Most of these, I believe were members of the catechetical class, now under a course of instructions.

During the meeting about fifteen professed to have found peace in Christ. This church, in connection with other points, though but recently a mission field, now supports its own pastor, and is steadily growing in strength, and we believe in piety too, under his faithful ministrations.

It is just to add, that, as a mark of their christian benevolence, this congregation presented me, as the Missionary of the Allegheny Synod to the Freedmen of the South, to aid in my support, the Sabbath evening collection which amounted to \$10 03; for which, in behalf of the Synod, I return their thanks.

J. E. H.

P. S. Please find enclosed \$17.00, for which send the "American Lutheran" to the names annexed, all of Ashland, Pa. Your paper seems to give satisfaction. With very little effort, these subscribers were obtained.

The above communication comes from Rev. J. E. Honeycutt formerly of N. Carolina and recently of the Missionary Institute, who has been appointed by the Allegheny Synod as their Missionary to the Freedmen of the South. We hope to hear from br. H. frequently, and will communicate all interesting intelligence from him to our readers. We would also commend his example to other friends of our paper. With "a little effort" he obtained 17 subscribers and the pay in advance. If all our friends would unitedly make one such "little effort" the American Lutheran would be placed on a solid basis at once. Brethren, will you do it?

THE AMER. LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, Thursday, Dec. 22, 1864.

We have delayed the publication of our paper until we could hear from our friends and determine how many copies to strike off. Thus far we have been very much encouraged and expect to publish regularly henceforth every two weeks.

ENGLISH LUTHERAN ALMANACS. published by T. N. Kurtz. We have a few dozen of them for sale. Price \$1. a dozen, 10 cts a piece, postage included.

Our readers will find an article among our selections, under the caption: "The Three Choirs." To those who would like to follow the advice there given, we would recommend the "Carmina Ecclesiae," published by T. N. Kurtz of Baltimore. It contains all the hymns in the Gen. Synod's Hymn Book with an appropriate tune to each hymn.

"LUTHERAN PRAYERMEETINGS."

Under this caption we find an article in Brobst's German paper that is characteristic, and will probably be new and surprising to many of our readers. The Editor says:

"As it is the desire of the Synod (of Pennsylvania) that every congregation shall pray in common on every Sunday and Holiday, she has long ago published a church-prayer-book (a Liturgy and Agenda) according to which the public prayers are to be held. Where ever the liturgical service has been properly introduced, there will be a Lutheran prayer-meeting in connection with every sermon."

But alas, there are still some Lutheran congregations, who do not hold their prayer-meetings according to the old church, or Lutheran order, but according to the Methodist way, and who seem to care very little about the good advice of the Synod. How does this come? Is the Methodist way of holding prayer-meetings so much easier, and more congenial to the natural feelings, or on what grounds are they preferred to the Lutheran or old-churchly order?

We have been accustomed to estimate the state of piety in any congregation by the attendance of its members on its weekly prayer-meetings, and all zealous ministers, who labor to promote vital piety among their people use all proper means to induce them to attend these meetings. But here we have an editor of one of our church papers instructing his readers that the only genuine Lutheran and churchly prayer-meetings are the liturgical services on a Sunday or Holiday, and stigmatising all prayer-meetings held on any other day or without the liturgical services as un-Lutheran, unchurchly, and Methodist!

It has hitherto been conceded, even by American Lutherans, that high-church symbolism might prevail in a congregation without interfering with the state of piety, and indeed so long as it remains a mere abstraction, a theory or speculation, Symbolism is comparatively a harmless thing; but Symbolism reduced to practice exerts a baneful influence on the state of religion among the people. It prohibits the laity from praying in public, except according to the prescribed responses on the Sabbath or Holiday, and thus is calculated to extinguish vital piety in the congregations and spread a cold and lifeless formality over the church.

If the Synod of Pennsylvania really designed by the introduction of the liturgical services to abolish the weekly prayer-meetings, then those congregations really deserve credit who disregard the advice of their Synod on this subject, and we would advise those brethren who are on the highway to Symbolism, to stop and think before they farther go.

When the editor says: "the Methodist way of holding prayer-meetings so much easier and more congenial to the natural feelings?" we answer unhesitatingly no! but on the contrary it is much easier and congenial to the natural feelings to read responses in the liturgical service on Sundays, than to lead in earnest, heartfelt prayer in the social prayer-meeting during the week. It is a historical fact, that liturgies were first prepared for priests who were too ignorant, too lazy, or too irreligious to pray extempore in public. The editor is greatly mistaken when he calls these meetings Methodist and the liturgical services the Lutheran and old-churchly prayer-meetings. The kind of prayer-meetings which he condemns were held before ever the Methodists existed or a liturgical service was known in the Christian church. One of the first facts related in the early history of the church is that they assembled daily from house to house—praising God, Acts. 2: 46, 47. And in the house of Mary, the mother of John, many were gathered together, in the night that Peter was in prison, praying for his deliverance. Acts, 12: 12. Was this prayer-meeting conducted according to the liturgical service? or was this also un-Lutheran, unchurchly, and Methodist?

But we can hardly believe that the good old "mother Synod" has so far fallen from grace, as deliberately to aim at exterminating prayer-meetings from their congregations and substituting instead the "liturgical services." We would rather take a more charitable view of the subject and suppose this is a mere speculation of the editor. It is well

known that he has invested some capital in the publication of liturgical books, and he must needs make the most out of it. Now if people continue to hold weekly prayer-meetings and make their own prayers from the heart instead of reading them from the books, he cannot sell his liturgies. It is his interest peculiarly that the liturgical services recommended by the Synod of Pennsylvania should be universally adopted in the church, but so long as congregations continue to hold prayer-meetings in disregard of the good (?) advice of the Synod, his liturgies will probably become moth-eaten on his shelves.

Hine ille lachrymæ.

"A VOICE FROM THE EAST."

The Lutheran and Missionary of the 1st inst. devotes over a column of editorial to a notice and review of the American Lutheran, for which he will please accept our thanks; it has brought us in a number of subscribers to whom we would not have thought of sending our paper. We appreciate the merits of the Lutheran and Missionary as "an advertising medium."

Our worthy colleague of the quill and scissiors seems to have been very highly interested in the American Lutheran, for he has carefully read it through, column after column, and inwardly digested its contents.

Some of his conjectures are, however, very far from the mark. For instance he says:

"The second column of editorial bears traces of coming from the sprightly pen of Prof. Boon. It is racy, without being ill-natured."

Who this "Prof. Boon" is, we do not know, and yet we ought to know, if he wrote the second column of editorial for us. Dr. Krauth insults our editorial dignity by more than insinuating, that our best editorial column, the one we took most pains with, in order to make it "sprightly and racy, without being ill-natured" was written by a "Prof. Boon" that nobody knows.

Some one suggests that he probably means Prof. Boon, Principal of the Classical department of the Missionary Institute of this place. If so, the Professor would be very much gratified to have the above mentioned "traces" pointed out to him.

Equally unfortunate is he in his conjectures about the personalities of our correspondents. He remarks: "The voice from the West sounds strangely familiar to us. He who knows the man of that voice may say, he never knew a better man, but he cannot with truth say he never knew a wiser." In this pun on the name of the Rev. R. Weiser, the learned editor has not shown himself wise, but rather otherwise.

The voice from the south, he says, has pith and good sense in it. He also quotes the whole passage and pronounces it good. Is it possible! "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Thirdly and lastly we must remark, that our quondam friend, Dr. C. P. Krauth Jr. has come to a most premature conclusion when he says:

"The conclusion to which we have come is, that the American Lutheran is the result of a family quarrel."

We are utterly at a loss to know what family the worthy editor can have in his mind's eye, in which this quarrel should have taken place, or how such a quarrel could possibly result in the establishment of an American Lutheran church paper. The editor of the American Lutheran, though we say it, that should not say it, is acknowledged by all who know him, to be one of the meekest and most peaceable men in the church. We try, as much as possible, to be at peace with all men, and especially with our American Lutheran brethren. The only controversy we have, is with the "High church Symbolists." Now as he more than intimates that we cherish "mild malice" against the Lutheran Observer, we hereby publicly declare, that this paper was not gotten up in opposition to the Observer, but rather as a collaborator with it, in so far as it advocates American Lutheranism.

When Dr. Krauth assumed the editorial chair we ventured to express the fear, that the cares and vexations of editorial life might sour that jovial spirit for which from his youth up he has been so much distinguished; and our worst fears seemed actually to have been realized when he denounced his former friends and brethren, the American Lutherans as traitors and pirates. But from the conclusion of his article on our paper we rejoice to find that he is still the same jovial fellow and boon companion, at least among his "High Church Symbolic" friends, that he used to be in his younger days. This we infer from the various musical instruments with which he seems to be familiar. We never knew that there exists such a variety of instruments for comic music as Dr. Krauth enumerates in the conclusion of his criticism on the American Lutheran; such as the "Trombone," "Hurly-gurdy," "Bagpipes," "Tamborine and Bones"; and the Ethiopian melodies, such as "Jim Crow" and "Pop goes the Weasel," appear to be still his favorite relaxations. He enjoys in the city of Philadelphia rare and enviable opportunities for cultivating still further this taste for the ludicrous at the Ethiopian concerts, where the above mentioned instruments are played upon, and those Plantation Melodies are sung. No doubt he frequently avails himself of these opportunities. This is one of the advantages of living in a large city and another powerful argument for locating the new Seminary in Philadelphia.

A dry Prospect. — Rev. Dr. Stohman in an article in the "Lutheran Herald" predicts that the professors of the new seminary in Philadelphia will not get their bread in the way of salary, much less their butter. In the event of this prediction being verified they will not be troubled with a question that often perplexes some people, namely on which side their bread is buttered?

A bad Word in a good Sense. — The same writer in the same paper informs his readers, that in the heat of debate during the session of the New-York Ministerium he called the Hartwick Seminary a "nuisance." Being called to account for this ugly word by some of his brethren, he now declares in the "Herald" that he will not recall the word, but that he intended it in a good sense. This is the first time we have ever heard of a "good nuisance."

The Lutheran Standard in noticing the appearance of our paper says among other unkind things: "That it will devote its powers to the defense of the un-Lutheran sectarian Theology of Selinsgrove, is a matter of course, and is indicated by the name. It is American, not Evangelical Lutheran."

The Theology of Selinsgrove does not differ from the Theology taught in Gettysburg, Hartwick, or the two Springfields. This has been repeatedly and conclusively shown by Dr. Ziegler, the Prof. of Theology in Selinsgrove; and yet our friends in Philadelphia and Ohio persist in stigmatising the Missionary Institute as un-Lutheran and sectarian. As to the imputation that this paper is not Evangelical, we will leave the decision to our readers; we are also willing to appeal to an impartial public, as to which paper is more Evangelical, the Lutheran Standard, or the American Lutheran. We think we may safely appropriate to ourselves the consoling words of the Saviour: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." They certainly publish these things against us falsely, and we cannot help thinking against their better knowledge.

One of the baneful effects of Symbolism is to eradicate all feelings of charity and love from the heart, for brethren who conscientiously differ in opinion. We are not personally acquainted with the Rev. M. Loy, Editor of the Standard, but have heard him spoken of as a very gentlemanly and amiable brother, yet Symbolism seems to have so filled his heart with malignity towards his brethren that he can print the most uncharitable falsehoods against them. The same is lamentably the case with our dear brother Krauth of Philadelphia. Formerly he was one of the kindest of men, so that "the milk of human kindness flowed around his heart;" but since his perversion to Symbolism a sad change has come over the spirit of his dreams. Brethren whom he formerly loved he now misrepresents and calls them traitors and pirates, which ugly names he has never yet, so far as we know, publicly recalled. May the Lord preserve us from falling into the snare of Symbolism.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

A highly respected professor in one of our Theological Seminaries writes as follows:

"I am pleased with the tone of the first No. If it is conducted with ability; if its style is elevated and its thoughts sparkling; if every thing coarse or common-place is studiously excluded; if it breathes throughout the spirit of devotion, and consistently maintains the character its name imports, I believe it will rapidly extend its circulation. In the expectation and hope that the paper will thus meet a felt want in the church I bid you God-speed in your undertaking."

As a practical demonstration of the sincerity of this last expressed wish, the Rev. Prof. inclosed \$5.00 with the names of five subscribers for the American Lutheran.

"I hail with delight the birth of the 'American Lutheran.' I like its appearance in every respect, like its Editor, it is good-looking, and I prophesy for it a bright future."

Though humble, I think it is destined to accomplish a great and necessary work for the Lutheran church. I bid you and your enterprise a hearty God-speed and promise you my earnest support. I spent a few hours this afternoon in visiting, and took occasion to introduce this new child of the church, and though I had no opportunity to use my "powers of eloquence" yet with my powers of persuasion I succeeded in getting quite a number of subscribers.

We are true American Lutherans here, and go in might and main for the support of American Lutheranism. Relative to the paper you will hear from me again."

Whilst we thank the writer of the above for the lively interest that he takes in the American Lutheran, and the bright future which he predicts for it, we almost blush to publish his letter. The editor of this paper makes no pretensions to personal beauty, and he was not aware that any one besides his "better half" thought him good looking.

Mr. Editor! I have just finished reading the first number of the "American Lutheran," and I can't tell you how much I am pleased with it. As an evidence of my gratitude for getting up such a paper and of my own satisfaction, I enclose \$5.00 for my first year's subscription, and you may put me down as an annual subscriber for that amount until the enterprise sustains itself.

Both the paper and the printing are good; the selections and communications, the title and the motto,—in fact, all is good. When I was done reading, the only regret was that the sheet was not larger; but that will come when your subscription-list shall justify it. Your editorials are short and well-written, decided and positive. I have read some editorials in my time that were neither flesh nor fish, neither cut straw nor long straw, and when I got through I could not tell on which side the writer was or what particular opinion or doctrine he aimed to inculcate. Don't give us such editorials that are so cautiously circuitous as to touch every thing without touching any thing—not editorials that shall give you an appearance of doing your duty, without committing yourself one way or another;—not editorials so far off foggy as not to commit you plainly to the symbolists, and so far American Lutheran as not to commit you to revival-measures. Instead of this wavering course, write something and mean it. If you are opposed to romanistic tendencies, to gowns and bands, to liturgies and responses &c. and in favor of revival measures and progress &c. as I believe you are, have the candor and manliness to tell us so without evasion or circumlocution.

I forgot to give you credit for your skill in reading proof. I met with fewer typographical errors in the "American Lutheran," which so mar the enjoyment of the reader as well as prevent the meaning of the writer, than in some papers that I wot of. I hope you will continue to exercise the same caution in future.

A RIVER BROTHER.

LOCKHAVEN, Pa.—Rev. P. Gheen has been appointed the missionary of the Synod of Central Pa. to the English Luth. congregation of Lockhaven. We have heard that he labors there with extraordinary diligence and success. He sends a number of subscribers and adds the following in regard to his labors and prospects there:

As you no doubt feel interested in the prosperity of our Mission, and would be glad to hear how we are progressing, I would say that our prospects are very favorable. It is true, when I came here I was very much discouraged; every thing appeared to be out of order; our audiences were very small; Sabbath school boys died out; hence you can judge of the state of the church.

We commenced our labor of building up the torn down walls of Zion, trusting in God and relying on His promises which are "yea and amen" in Christ Jesus. We have at least some reason to believe that the Lord is with us; our audiences have increased about one half its former number; our Sunday school is more than doubled. In general the Mission is beginning to wear a different aspect, and we hope that good will eventually grow out of this barren soil.

CORNERSTONE LAYING.

Rev. G. Eichholtz appears to labor with great industry and success in Cunyngnam Valley. Under date of the 2nd inst. he writes as follows:

On last Saturday we laid the Corner Stone of Emanuel's Lutheran Church. Bro. Dimm officiated. His text was Psalm 84, 1, "How amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts." The sermon was preached in the Presbyterian church and was very appropriate. Bro. Johnson of the Presbyterian and bro. Hofmann of the German Reformed church were also present. I deposited the American Lutheran and the Luth. Observer, a copy of the Bible and Luther's Catechism in the Cornerstone. We expect to have the church completed by Spring, and this will make the second Lutheran church in Cunyngnam Valley, and I hope the time is not far distant when we shall have the third. We are doing as well as we can in these trying times.

ENDOWMENT OF THE MISS. INSTITUTE.

Mr. Editor, I noticed that you refer in the "American Lutheran," to the endowment of the Theological Department of the Missionary Institute. There is wealth enough in your village to endow it richly with ease, and in your neighborhood to endow the entire Institute without serious inconvenience to any one. If \$10,000 are raised for the above purpose, I pledge myself for \$500 of that sum, and if \$20,000, for \$1000.

B. K.

Balt. Nov. 23rd 1864.

CHRISTMAS

is the happiest day of the Christian year.—Even the world mimics the Church at this season, and rejoices as best it can. But the Church has a joy unspeakable in the Holy

Child Jesus, whose birth we celebrate on this happy day—a joy which those who accept not the precious Christmas gift can never attain.

Even now as we write, many days before the joyous day, the children are all astir to make arrangements for the festival, and their eyes sparkle as delightful thoughts of coming bliss crowd on their hearts. Bless them, the little lambs of the flock, why should they not. The Saviour became a little child to sanctify childhood, and why should not the little ones, whom He blessed at the baptismal font and numbers with the saved, rejoice as His happy birth-day approaches? And if their little thoughts reach joyously forward to the Christmas gifts which friends prepare, to faintly symbolize the unspeakable gift, and in their little way connects these gifts somehow with the dear Christ-Kindel, the Christ Child—who would blame them, seeing that every good gift comes from above and it is bestowed for the sweet Savior's sake? We are heartily with the little ones when Christmas comes, if ever; and we envy no crabbed and crusty soul that looks with frowns upon the children's joy. Luth. Standard

OBITUARY.

Died of the effects of scarlet fever, at Hughesville, Oct. 27th, 1864, Miss Margaret L. Hill, youngest daughter of John Hill Esq. and wife Catharine, deceased.

This beloved sister, nearly a year before her death, contracted the disease of whose effects she died. In the early part of November 1863, she attended the funeral of a little niece, the daughter of her sister, Mrs. Born, of Selinsgrove. At the time of the funeral of her niece, who had died of scarlet fever, two little nephews were lying dangerously ill of the same disease, of which they also died a few days after. It was at this time and place she took sick. So violent and sudden was the attack, that she was immediately confined to her bed. After a period of six weeks, she had so far recovered, that it was thought, she might, without incurring any risk of a relapse return home, and at the same time strong hopes were entertained of her speedy and entire recovery. But the hopes entertained were doomed not to be realized. She returned home, but not to be restored to health, but to suffer and die.

Margaret was a dutiful daughter, an affectionate sister, an amiable and intelligent lady, and a most devoutly pious christian. She was one that was actuated by pure and correct principles.

At an early age—we might say from childhood—she felt an unusual concern for the salvation of her soul. In the fifteenth year of her age, she united with the Lutheran church at Hughesville, of which she was a faithful and most consistent member till death. Though pious in an eminent degree, and possessing a most tender conscience, she had, nevertheless, frequently, many doubts and fears concerning her acceptance with God. Often did she lament and shed burning tears on account of her sins. Her fears, lest she might finally be lost, gave her many an anxious thought and wrung from her sorrowing heart many a fervent prayer.

But Oh! how changed were all her feelings and anticipations, as she drew nearer the heavenly world. How glorious were her anticipations! how bright her hopes of endless life! To her beloved pastor she said, "I soon expect to commune with the saints in light." And to a weeping sister, just a few moments before her spirit took its flight to the world of bliss, she whispered, "I am happy."

In the death of this lamented sister, the church of Hughesville has lost one of her brightest ornaments and most active members. Her loss will be felt in more than one respect. She will be missed in the social circle, the Sunday school, and the prayer meeting. Her place will be vacant in the house of public worship and at the table of the Lord. A large circle of sorrowing friends will miss her at the Old Homestead to which she gave so many attractions, and around which cluster many pleasing reminiscences with which she is intimately associated. And above all, an aged and beloved father will miss her, Oh! how much, we cannot say. Upon him this dispensation of God's providence falls with peculiar and crushing weight. To him we proffer our most heart-felt and deepest sympathy. We know from no ordinary experience, what anguish wrings a father's heart when called to part with a beloved child.

Though many are the hearts made sad by the death of this sister, yet there is much to alleviate the grief and comfort the hearts of sorrowing friends. Margaret has died that she may suffer and die no more. She has gone to her rest—to dwell with Jesus, to meet and mingle with saints in light; to behold dear friends; a beloved mother; brothers never beheld on earth, and a little band of little nephews and nieces safely housed in those mansions which Jesus has prepared for the good and the innocent. Oh! glorious abode, Oh! happy band, how we long to see you and dwell with you in your home of peace and love.

SELINS GROVE DEC. 6th 1864.

P. B.

Children's Department.

I want to be a Christian.

I WANT to be a Christian,
To be a child of God,
To tread the same bright pathway
The lowly Saviour trod,
To be as kind and loving,
To be as meek and mild,
To be as He requir'd,
As humble as a child.

I want to live a Christian,
For we are in a land
Where gospel lights are burning,
Where there's a Christian band;
To live a life of holiness,
Spent in the cause of Him
Who even gave his precious life,
To free our souls from sin.

I want to die a Christian,
"In triumphs of our faith,"
For then I'll be so happy
When comes the angel Death;
I want to e'er be faithful,
For there's a promise given
That I may "have a crown of life,
And Christian's home in Heaven."

Then let us all be Christians,
As such in God's sight stand,
And then, when we are called from earth
We'll be a Christian band.
O what a happy meeting
With all the saints above,
Where we will meet to praise forever
"Our Father," "God of Love."

ANNIE T. SHAW.

The Family

The family is like a book,
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover that
Protective beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank, and smooth, and fair;
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
O break it not, lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.

More Blessed to Give.

"More blessed to give than to receive."
It was the low, half-questioning voice of a child, whose thoughts went into audible expression. "More blessed to give?" she repeated.

"More blessed?"
And then she was silent again. She had been reading, and this divine truth falling into the rich, tender soil of her young mind, had already begun to germinate.

"Mother," the child was now standing by her mother, and looking into her face, "Is it more blessed to give than to receive?"

"Yes, dear, far more blessed,"
"What does it mean by being more blessed?" inquired the child.

"It means, that giving will make us happier than receiving."

"Then you and Father will be happier to-morrow, than the rest of us; for you will make all the presents."

"Don't you intend making any presents, my love?" asked the mother.

"I never thought of that," answered the child. And then her countenance took on a more serious aspect.

"It is hardly fair that we should be happiest of all," said the mother.

"You are best of all, and should be happiest of all," replied little Ernestine, quickly.

The mother could not help kissing her child. She said, as she did so,

"We are happy in our children; and whatever increases their happiness, increases ours."

Ernestine looked down to the floor, and mused for some moments. The good seed was quickening into life.

"I have nothing to give," she looked up as she spoke, and there was a touch of regret in her voice.

"Think." It was the mother said.

The child thought for some time.

"There is half a dollar in my savings bank. But you know I'm going to buy a little sofa for baby-house."

The door of the sitting-room opened, and a child came in with some coarse aprons and napkins which her mother had been making for the mother of Ernestine. Her clothes were poor, and not warm enough for the season, and she had in her hand the wreck of an old bonnet that let in the wind at a dozen places. A few words passed between her and the lady, and then she went, with quiet steps, from the room. The eyes of Ernestine were fixed upon this child intently, while she remained; they followed her from the room, and rested upon the door for some time after she had withdrawn. Her mother who had become interested in the work brought home by the little girl, said nothing more to Ernestine, at the time, and so her thoughts were free to run their own way.

The evening which closed in that day, was the evening before Christmas.

"Where is Ernestine?"
The child's father had made the inquiry. He had returned home from his office a little earlier than usual, and lifted her voice, and called "Ernestine!"

But there was no answer.

"Ernestine! Ernestine!"
Still no reply came.

"I wonder where she can be?"
While the question was yet on her lips, the street door opened, and the child came in, with hushed, gliding footsteps. She had a small package in her hands, which, on seeing her father and mother, she made an effort to conceal.

"Ah! Here is our pet!" said the father. "Why, darling, where have you been?"

There came a warm flush into the little one's face; and something of confusion showed itself in her manner.

"I know all about it," spoke up the mother, gaily.

"No you don't!" And Ernestine's face took on a serious aspect.

"Yes. It's the sofa for the baby-house."

"No." The flush came back to the child's fair brow.

voring to conceal the package she held; her parents looking at her in loving wonder. Slowly, at length, a hand came forward—

"What is it, darling?" The mother's voice had in it a slight flutter, for something of the truth was dawning in her mind.

"It is the sofa," said Ernestine.

Her mother took the package, and opened it. It contained a netted hood, coarse, but warm.

"Who is this for?"
"I bought it for Mary Allen."

"Her Christmas gift?"
"Yes."

"It was very kind, and very thoughtful in you, dear," said the mother, speaking calmly, though with an effort. And she stooped down and kissed the lips of her child. "God bless you!"

It was spoken in her heart, though the benediction came not forth into words.

"Who is Mary Allen?" asked the father.

"The child of a poor woman who has done my plain sewing for me. She needs a warm hood, and Ernestine's Christmas gift will be a timely one, I am sure."

What a loving look was cast by the father upon his child. How his heart stirred within him.

"I wonder if Mary Allen didn't need a pair of warm stockings, and stout shoes as well?" he said, looking down into the face of Ernestine.

"Oh, yes, Father; I know she does!" The child spoke eagerly, and with a hopeful expression in her eyes.

"You shall add them to your gift, to-morrow said the father.

"I shall be so happy!" And Ernestine clasped her little hands together in the fervor of her delight.

"It is more blessed give than to receive."

The mother's voice, full of meaning for the ears of Ernestine, trembled as she uttered these words, which were now radiant with light. But the child felt their meaning still deeper, as she stood at her window on the next day, which was Christmas—a day of icy coldness—and saw Mary Allen go past, wearing a comfortable hood in place of the old, thin bonnet, and having warm stockings, and new shoes upon her feet. Ernestine received many beautiful gifts on that day, and she was very happy; but her joy in giving was deeper, purer, and more abiding, than her joy in receiving.

T. S. A.

How Broad is Sunday?

ONE day a little boy asked permission to play with some of his toys. "No, my dear, it is Sunday," replied his mother.

"Is it Sunday up at Mr. Arthur's?" asked the child.

"Yes my son," answered his kind mother.

"Is it Sunday down at Mr. Mason's, too?" he inquired.

"Yes, my child."

"Is it Sunday everywhere?" asked the little fellow.

"Yes, my dear, it is Sunday in the house, in the street, in the country, in the city, and everywhere."

Do all our little friends know how broad Sunday is? Do not some of you forget that it is Sunday where you are?

One day little Ellen went to her room, took out her doll, and made a new dress for it, and spread her tea-cups and saucers on a table before it. Did she think it was Sunday there?

The other day, Robert and some other boys stole away into the field and had a game of ball. The church steeple was out of sight, and they could not see the people on their way to meeting; but was that retired nook beyond the limits of the Sabbath?

The Sabbath is as broad as the earth—it comes everywhere. Will you not remember that it is God's day? You may retire where no human eye can see you profane it yet no spot is so secluded, no darkness is so deep, that the eye of God can not see your conduct.

Don't Forget to be polite.

An elderly lady, passing down a busy street in New-Haven, was overtaken by a sudden shower. She was some distance from any acquaintance, and had no umbrella. She was deliberating what to do, when a pleasant voice beside her said, "Will you take my umbrella, madam?" The speaker was a boy, perhaps ten years old.

"Thank you," said the lady: "I am afraid you will get wet."

"Never mind me, ma'am; I am but a boy, and you are a lady."

"But perhaps you will accompany me to a friend's, and then I shall not find it necessary to rob you."

The boy did so, and received the thanks of the lady, and departed.

Two years rolled away. The lady often related the circumstance, and wondered what had become of her friend, but little thinking ever to see him again. In the dull season of the year this boy was thrown out of employment, and the circumstance coming to the knowledge of this lady, she gave him a good home till March, when she introduced him to a good situation. Verily, kindness seldom goes unrequited, even in this world.

Beautiful Answer.

THOSE who have had much intercourse with children, cannot fail to have remarked with what simplicity they frequently put questions, which even those of mature years and extensive knowledge are puzzled how to answer. The following is one of those questions, with an admirable answer.

A child said to his parent, "Father, where does God get the color to make cherries so beautifully red?"

"My child," says the father, "I will tell you as soon as I have been informed how he tinged all the leaves with so beautiful a green."

What A Dumb Girl Said About Prayer.

A LITTLE deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?"

The little girl took her pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart."

And so it is. All fine words and beautiful verses said to God do not make real prayer without the sincere wish of the heart.

LITTLE GIDDIE'S SPEECH.

GIDDIE is not yet three years old, but he can make a speech. I cannot give you a correct idea of the attitudes through which he passes while he is delivering himself, but I can give you the substance of his speech. Here it is:

"It is a sin
To steal a pin;
But 'tis a greater
To steal a tater;
But he who steals a copper
Is guilty of a whopper."

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"Lucy," said a friend one day to a little girl who was laid on a sick bed, "would you not like to be well and again at play?"

Lucy thought for a moment, and then said with great sweetness, "God knows best; and what he thinks best pleases me best."

Progress.

At an examination of one of the schools in Cambridge, a very small boy was asked to define the meaning of this word "progress." He hesitated but a moment, and then in a clear voice answered, "Goahead!"

Do Good Deeds.

ONE pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend round the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time and cast its influence into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last hours of a long life and form the only bright spot in it.

Christian Duty.

Do all the good you can,
At all the times you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
And as long as you can.

The Relatives of our Lord.

There were yet living of the family of our Lord, the grand-children of Judas, called the brother of our Lord, according to the flesh. These were reported as being of the family of David, and were brought to Domitian by the Edvocateus. For this emperor was as much alarmed at the appearance of Christ as Herod. He put the question, whether they were of David's race, and they confessed that they were. He then asked them what property they had, or how much money they owned. And both of them answered, that they had between them only nine thousand denarii,* and this they had not in silver, but in the value of a piece of land, containing only thirty-nine acres; from which they raised their taxes and supported themselves by their own labour. Then they also began to show their hands, exhibiting the hardness of their bodies, and the callosity formed by incessant labour on their hands, as evidence of their own labour. When asked also, respecting Christ and his kingdom, what was its nature, and when and where it was to appear, they replied, "that it was not a temporal nor an earthly kingdom, but celestial and angelic; that it would appear at the end of the world, when coming in glory he would judge the quick and dead, and give to every one according to his works." Upon which, Domitian despising them, made no reply; but treating them with contempt, as simpletons, commanded them to be dismissed, and by a decree ordered the persecution to cease. Thus delivered, they ruled the

churches, both as witnesses and relatives of the Lord. When peace was established, they continued living even to the times of Trajan." Such is the statement of Hegesippus. Tertullian also has mentioned Domitian thus: "Domitian had also once attempted the same against him, who was, in fact, a limb of Nero for cruelty; but I think, because he yet had some remains of reason, he very soon suppressed the persecution, even recalling those whom he had exiled. But after Domitian had reigned fifteen years, and Nerva succeeded to the government, the Roman Senate decreed, that the honours of Domitian should be revoked, and that those who had been unjustly expelled, should return to their homes, and have their goods restored. This is the statement of the historians of the day. It was then also, that the apostle John returned from his banishment in Patmos, and took up his abode at Ephesus, according to an ancient tradition of the church.

* The Roman denarius was about the value of a Greek drachma, each fifteen cents nearly.

MAXIMS.

They have much to do with the character of a community. Maxims not only form a nation's sentiment and action, but they are also indicative of a nation's thought and inner life.

Cicero styles maxims "the salt-pits of a nation." So, also, a man's favorite maxim is often the embodiment of his leading idea and aim—the die imprinting itself on his whole character and history.

Perdiccas asked Alexander what he reserved for himself before setting out on his eastward march—having given away, with lavish prodigality, estates and domains. His sole reply was—Hope—the secret of his sublime career.

Washington's maxim, imprinting itself on his whole character, was—Never put off till to-morrow what ought to be and can be done to-day.

Talleyrand's maxim was—Never do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow. Talleyrand true to his maxim, had no principle. He avowed that a blunder was worse than a crime. He lived by expedients. A wily politician, a perpetual office holder, he could not found a state, nor be an exemplar to a race of freemen.

Torstensohn, of the school of Adolphus, and the prosecutor of the Thirty Years' War, shattered by disease or deformity, not being able to walk or ride on horseback, carried at the head of his forces on a litter, he was yet the resistless, terrible, and victorious commander. Schiller says, his maxim was—Never count your enemies. In the heart of Germany, with his little force of Swedes, he marched against the finest armies and most renowned generals of Europe. He always fought, always attacked, however brave, strong, or numerous the enemy might be. He used vigilance and foresight—warding off perils and seizing advantages—but he dashed on the foe with fiery valor, inspiring the assailant and appalling the resisting force. He possessed that sublime courage which fears no danger and shrinks from no enemy. Torstensohn felt that he was contending for truth, right, and humanity, against the gigantic tyranny of Austria. The brilliant succession of victories, freeing central Europe from the deadly evils of Austrian oppression, showed the grandeur and might of the maxim—He never counted his enemies.

Pelissier's maxim was—Il faut casser les œufs pour faire des omelettes—One must break eggs in order to make omelettes. The "eggs" of Pelissier were men. The omelettes to be made by "breaking" them are fortune, fame, dukedom, victory, and a marshal's baton.

John Say's famous maxim was: "Never to desert a friend and never to count an enemy." This maxim was reproduced in the man.

No day without a line—nulla dies sine linea—the maxim of an ancient painter. Practice makes perfect.

"No day without an act of love," the maxim of the benevolent Lavater. It made him rich in good works.

Overcoming Obstacles?

The men who have attained the greatest success in the race of life, have generally labored under difficulties. *Nitor in adversum* might be the motto of many a man beside Buckle. It seems to be almost a general rule, that the raw material out of which the finest fabrics are made, should look very little like these, to start with. It was a stammerer, of uncommanding men, who became the greatest orator of graceful Greece. I believe it is admitted that Canning was the most effective preacher, perhaps the most telling speaker, that Britain has seen for at least a century; yet his aspect was not dignified, his gestures were awkward, his voice was bad and his accent frightful. He talked of an *opening* when he meant an *opening*; and he read out the text of one of his noblest sermons: "He that is faithful, let him be faithful still." Yet who ever thought of these things, after hearing the good man for ten minutes? Alexander, Napoleon, and Wellington, were all little men; in places where a commanding presence would have been of no small value. A most disagreeably affected manner has not prevented a barrister, with no special advantage from rising with general approval to the highest places which a barrister can fill. A painful hesitation has not hindered a certain eminent person from being one of the principal speakers in the British Parliament, for many years. Yes, even disadvantages never overcome have not sufficed to hold in obscurity men who were at once able and fortunate. But sometimes the disadvantage was thoroughly overcome. Sometimes it served no other end than to draw to one point the attention and the efforts of a determined will; and that matter, in regard to which nature seemed to have said that a man should fall short, became the thing in the attained unrivaled perfection.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE.

What assertion will make one believe that in a second of time—one beat of the pendulum of a clock—a ray of light travels 155,000 miles, and would, therefore, perform the tour of the world in about the same time it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less time than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe—without demonstration—that the sun is over a million times larger than the earth; and although remote from us, that a cannon shot directly towards it and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet the sun affects the earth appreciably by its attractions in an instant of time.

Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second? Or that there exist animated and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid together would not cover the space of an inch.

But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, and which teach that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred million of millions of times in a second.

THE ATMOSPHERE.—The atmosphere rises above us, with its cathedral dome reaching toward the heavens, of which it is the most familiar synonym and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision, "a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like snow-fakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all; and that the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap bubble sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves its wings, and it ministers to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its northern blasts brace us to new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastening radiance of the gleaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their messengers on errands around the heavens.—*Quarterly Review.*

MISSIONARY INSTITUTE

This Institution consists of two departments—a Theological and a literary. The course of instruction in both is designed to be thorough and liberal. The full course in the Theological department embraces a period of three years, each year being divided into three sessions. The students can enter at the beginning of each session. In this department students pay no tuition.

The course of instruction in the classical department is designed to prepare students for the Theological department, and also for the Junior class in college, as well as to furnish a good business education to such as design neither to enter college nor to prepare themselves for the ministry.

One hour is daily devoted by Prof. Nettling to the giving of instruction in vocal music. For this branch no additional charge is made. All the students are expected and encouraged to attend this exercise.

The rates of tuition vary according to the grade of studies pursued by the pupil:

First Grade, \$5 00. Exercises in Reading, Orthography and Punctuation, Penmanship, Modern Geography and Arithmetic.

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Furnished rooms (except sheets, pillow-cases and towels), and janitor service per session, \$4.00. Boarding per week, from \$2.50 to \$2.75. Students find their own fuel and light.

The scholastic year is divided into three sessions of 13 weeks each.

The Fall session commences August 18th. The Winter session commences Nov. 17th. The Spring session commences March 1st 1865.

The Winter session will consist of 14 weeks, including one week's vacation at the Christmas Holidays. There will also be a vacation of one week at the close of the Winter session.

A merit roll is kept, showing the scholarship, conduct, and attendance of each student. At the end of each session, this roll, if desired, will be given to the students, or forwarded to parents and guardians.

This school is located at Selingsgrove, Snyder Co., Pa. Selingsgrove is justly celebrated for the healthfulness of its climate, beauty of its scenery, and for the Christian intelligence of its inhabitants. It is situated on the Northern Central Railroad, fifty miles north of Harrisburg. It is easy of access from all parts of the Country.

For further particulars Address
P. BORN, Prin. Col. Dept., or
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Nov. 1864.

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1864.

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