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Poetry.

On the Death of an Infant

[FROM THE DUTCH OF DIJK SMITS.]

A host of angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impelled,
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In heaven's vast halls of light.

They saw, with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendor:
Virtue it could not know,
Nor voice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came with looks of love
From heaven's enchanting region.
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it—
That little pearl which shone
With luster all its own—
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth,
But left the shell on earth.

Practical.

TELLTALES.

A short time ago a Christian brother met me in the street, and with a long face and dismal tones began to tell me of a sad report which rumor was spreading of a worthy old brother, very long a servant of Jesus Christ. The tale in itself, stripped of its very evident exaggerations, was not of much importance; but the shrugs of the shoulder, the significant shakes of the head, and the speech of the eye, which said, "I am afraid, or rather I hope, it is all true," made the case appear a very bad one.

Happily I felt no disposition to believe a charge against a brother, especially as it was insinuated, rather than openly alleged; and therefore I asked, "Well, my brother, have you seen our worthy friend on this subject, and ascertained from him the real facts of the case?"

The reply was, "No, my dear brother, I really have not time to attend to the matter; besides which, you will understand that I do not believe it to be true."

My reply at once was, "I shall go direct to our brother, tell him what you say, and ask him as to its truth." The look of the good man in return was a picture. How fervently did he implore me not to take any further notice of it, and what solemn assurances he gave me, in a five minutes' further conversation, that he would in future be more cautious.

A short story more. Thirty years since, I was pastor of a church in which were some female gossips, a race which I will hope are now rapidly dying away. Nothing could occur in connection with the church, but they could make mischief out of it. At a church meeting I stated my determination to break up this practice of scandal, and gave notice that I would embrace the very first chance of tracing its author.

An opportunity soon offered: a young lady was proposed for church-fellowship, and the detractors were quickly at work. I overheard one telling another a petty story, which on its very surface indicated exaggeration. "Is this true?" I asked. "I do not know, sir, but I hope not." "Why do you report what you are not sure of?" "Mrs. — told me, sir, and I was only just mentioning it in confidence." To Mrs. — I went, and found that she had told something, but not quite so bad as reported. I insisted on her authority, and went on tracing the report from one to another, till it ended in—nothing. Not quite so, either; for the whole facts were stated to the church, who very wisely in the strongest manner censured the practice, and for a period at least checked the evil.

The Rev. Dr. C— of New York, in a centennial sermon of the history of his church, remarked that nearly all the troubles of that church had arisen from sins of the tongue; and who that knows the facts of our churches, is not ready to bear similar testimony in reference to very many others? As I write this paper I am very strongly reminded of a series of facts given me by an old minister, in connection with the church in England of which the well-known Samuel Pearce was pastor.

My informant was a member of the church in the days of that excellent minister, and deeply sympathized in the troubles it experienced. He said that the whole body of the church within a few months had gradually changed its character. Instead of the full mutual confidence in each other they had formerly manifested when they met, all were shy and cold, and scarcely disposed to speak. All lamented the fact, but for a long time none could discover the cause. Time, however, brought it out.

It happened in that church as in many others, that two of its young members became acquainted, and their marriage was expected. A young man remarkable for his professions of piety and his soft and confiding manners, called on the young gentleman, and having extorted a solemn promise from him that he would never divulge a secret he would tell him, proceeded to relate a scandalous tale relating to Miss —. The young man, in all the ardor of love, replied, "Sir, your whole statement is a base lie; I shall go to her instantly, and tell her what you say." "Stay, my dear brother," said the smooth young man; "you have just promised not to tell any one the secret." The reply was, "I am bound by no such promise to conceal villainy which would destroy the happiness of my whole life," and forthwith repaired to the house of his ladylove. "Maria," said he, "Mr. — has just told me that he saw you. . . I am sure it is utterly false; will you not tell me that it is so?" The consternation was intense. The base villain had also confided a similar secret to her respecting her dearest friend. They hastened together to Mr. Pearce, who the same evening brought the whole matter before the church; the hypocritical mischief-maker refusing to be seen on the subject. When the matter was told to the assembled church, developments of the most extraordinary character were made by different members to each other of the kind to which we have referred, the falsehood of which was at once proved. The villain, for he was nothing else, who had scattered arrows, firebrands, and almost death among them, was excluded from the church, and their former confidence in each other was fully restored.

The late Rev. Dr. Jenkins of London was once asked by an intimate friend on what subject he intended to preach at a forthcoming monthly meeting of ministers in that city, when he answered, "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; . . . it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell."

This friend remarked that such a subject was enough to set the whole city on fire; to which the old clergyman replied, he was afraid so too, and to destroy all the churches. Alas that the tongue, even the tongue of Christians, which was designed to be the glory of the body, to praise God and to make men happy, should do almost infinite mischief. The tongue has eternally destroyed its millions, has ruined kingdoms, and has disorganized and disbanded many highly promising churches.

I have lying before me a sermon recently delivered in one of our large cities, and printed only for private circulation. I will borrow its closing paragraph: "My hearers, be cautious against such abuses. Let us bridle our tongues. Let us put a check upon our curiosity. Do your own business." Next to your own, be careful of your neighbor's reputation. Be slow to believe aught against him. Give no credence to flying reports. Reject unfounded insinuations. Pay no attention to rumors that go about like orphans in the world, or foundlings whom none dare own. Remember that 'what every body says must be true,' is a sophism worthy of the father of lies. As matters stand, everybody's word is worth nobody's taking. If you hear against your will, demand proof of what you hear. Let not the scarcity of truth be atoned for by the abundance of affidavits. Keep truth on your side. Speak evil of no man. If your neighbor injure you, tell him his faults alone. If he wish it, forgive him. Be no busybody. Hate tale-bearing. Oh, if all would do thus, would there not be a millenium?"

The history of every great success in business is the history of great perseverance. By perseverance the mind is strengthened and invigorated, and the difficulty that once seemed so formidable is a second time surmounted, with ease and confidence.

OLD HUNDRED.

In a rustic old church opposite, while we write, a company of worshipers are singing the old, old hymn:

"Be thou, O God, exalted high!"

The air is old, also—the immortal "Old Hundred." If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often he has heard the declaration, "they are singing 'Old Hundred' now!"

The solemn strain carries us back to the times of the Reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He doubtless was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his own stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch, the eternal heavens. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence, it cannot die! Neither man nor angels will let it pass into oblivion.

Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lie that have not sung that tune? If then were gray old men, they have heard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes, they smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep singing "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregation where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it. The sweet young girl, whose tombstone told of sixteen summers, she, whose pure and innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty, loved "Old Hundred;" and, as she sung it, closed her eyes and seemed communing with angels who were so soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who with faltering steps ascended the pulpit stairs, with white hand placed over his laboring breast, loved "Old Hundred;" and though sometimes his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to cease to throb, the holy melody was sounding. The dear white-headed father, with his tremulous voice, how he loved "Old Hundred?"

You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost almost as much; but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by young and old together! Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the dying beds of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation has worshiped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried and laid before the altar where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower-top—the very air is haunted with its spirit. Think for a moment of the assembled company, who have at different times, and in different places, joined in the familiar tune! Throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful—their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds!

"Old Hundred!" king of the sacred band of ancient airs, never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee. And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strain that welcomes us may be:

"Be thou, O God, exalted high!"

Travels.

Men & Things as I saw them in Europe.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

III

Exeter Hall.—Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society.—Lord Ashley.—Marquis of Cholmondeley.—Earl of Harrowby.—Sir Robert H. Ingles.—Dr. Duff.—Salt among the Aristocracy.

The meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society is the great anniversary of London. There, all who receive the Bible as the all-sufficient Rule of Faith—forgetting all minor differences—meet, and rejoice together in the privileges and blessings of our common Christianity. Accompanied by a few friends, we went early to the Committee-room at Exeter Hall, where we were introduced to the officers of the society, the speakers, and to the noble men, gentlemen, and clergymen, who were present in considerable number. At the appointed hour we entered, by a side door, the platform of the hall itself, headed by Lord

Ashley, the president, and were received with applause by the crowd of spectators. This famous hall is a large oblong room, without galleries, with an elevated platform at one end, and the seats rising toward the other. It reminds an American, not so much of the Tabernacle at New York, as of the Musical Fund Hall of Philadelphia. Being the representative of our American Bible Society, I was assigned a prominent seat, next but one to the president; and although surrounded by the nobles of the land and the dignitaries of the Church, they were plain and as unpretending men in their appearance as we ever meet in good society. In point of pretension, a New York clerk or Puseyite priest would beat any of them.

After the reading of a portion of Scriptures, Lord Ashley, who then presided for the first time as president, rose, and uttered a brief but noble speech. It was full of sense, piety, and noble Protestantism. And when he uttered the sentence, "the evangelization of the nations and the peace of the world depend upon the full, free, and universal circulation of the Word of God," a plaudit rose from the vast assembly, loud and long, which it was good to hear. This nobleman, now the Earl of Shaftesbury, is making his mark upon his age. He is at the head of the Ragged School system, if not its originator. He is devoting his fortune, the influence of his position, and his personal industry, to the instruction and elevation of the lowest classes of society. He is yet in mid-life, tall, spare, of light complexion, easy, kind, and modest in manner, and bearing a most striking resemblance to the lamented Dr. Kearney Rodgers, of New York. "May he live," in the language of the Celestials, "a thousand years."

There sat down by my side a small man shortly after the meeting opened, who was greeted with some "ruffling" as he entered by the side door. During the reading of the report, he was making marks on the floor with a small ratan. "The first resolution will be offered by the Marquis of Cholmondeley," said the President, when, to my no little amazement, up jumped my left-hand neighbor, offered the resolution, and made quite a speech. I had no idea I was so near a marquis, and while I saw in his address but little thought or force, the audience must have seen it full of both, as they clapped him most profusely. But I soon saw that the clapping always rose or fell with the title of the speaker. We had a similar speech from the Earl of Harrowby, which for its fulsome eulogy of the new president was intolerable, and whose redeeming quality was a vein of earnest piety.

The name of Sir Robert H. Ingles, then member of Parliament for Oxford, was announced. He is a man of mark in the House, and his connection with Romanizing Oxford excited some interest. He has rendered himself quite famous recently by his awful review of the Bishop of Exeter, in which he leaves neither root nor branch of that vain, turbulent, selfish, but very clever prelate, who once honestly wrote a powerful pamphlet against Catholic emancipation, and then answered it for a mitre; and who exercises his apostolic functions and patronage so discreetly as to pension almost all his poor relations with fat offices. The speech of the noble baronet was truly excellent; and a feeling of deep solemnity pervaded the entire auditory when he said with emotion and self-application, "No man ought to stand up here to advocate the diffusion of the Bible, unless he makes it his first duty to regulate his own life and heart by its precepts. Whether we have placed the Bible or not in the hands of the negro, the Esquimaux, or the Chinese, matters little to any of us personally, unless we have the Bible in our own hearts." Sir Robert is a large, portly man, with a full, rosy face, fluent utterance, decidedly and subjectively pious, and was, on the whole the most perfect personification of an Englishman on the platform. Unless he relishes his roast beef, his plum pudding, and his mug of ale, he should have his outer man indicted for bearing false testimony against him.

The Bishop of Cashel was announced from the chair, and my right-hand neighbor was on his feet in a moment. He seemed eager for the opportunity. He is a strongly built, frank, stammering Irishman, with clearly defined principles and strong emotions. And how fearfully he lashed High-Churchism and Ox-

fordism! Much as I dislike both of them, I felt like asking my brother bishop to have a little mercy. "Nothing," he said, "promotes Roman Catholicism like departing in any thing from the Scriptures. If the simple Scriptures had been adhered to in certain portions of our church, we should never have heard, first, of the semi-popery, and then of the whole popery of those who have left a stain upon the Church which they have deserted. Long before people knew they had a tinge of Popery, they were too High-Church to be member of the Bible Society. They have deserted the Church of England, but they have not deserted the Bible Society, for they never belonged to it." Would that those in our country, in and out of the Episcopal denomination, who are for treating High-Churchism in its modern developments gingerly, could have heard the lashing given it by the Lord Bishop of Cashel, in Exeter Hall. It would have nerved their energies to treat its assumptions as they richly deserve. Bad, in many respects, as is the Irish establishment, it has too much of Popery around it to fall in love with any of its tricks or devices. There is no Puseyism in Ireland. There should be none within the wide domain of Protestantism.

But, beyond all question, the man of the meeting was Dr. Duff, the great Scotch missionary at Calcutta. I had heard of him—I had read his powerful and moving addresses and communications, but now I saw and heard him. The day was chilly, and he sat near me, wrapped up in a cloak. He is quite tall, probably six feet two or three inches, when he takes the folds out of his body. He is a very slender man, with a small head, thick black hair, combed back from his forehead and temples, deep-sunken black eyes, hollow cheeks, and presenting, on the whole, a worn, sickly aspect. His accent is of the broadest Scotch, and his delivery most furious. When his name was announced, the hall rang again. He commenced like a race-horse, and kept in full gallop to the close of a very long speech. He twisted his body into all possible shapes—at one time, a part of the tall of his coat was over his shoulder; at another, he had every available portion of it closely packed under one arm, so as to reveal his waistcoat midway to his shoulders. I never heard such a torrent of information, of history, of invective, of figure and illustration, of vigorous grappling with pantheism, infidelity, and formalism, and of earnest exhortation to the whole host of God's elect to a bold and united assault upon the army of the aliens. And as he traced the progress of the soul emerging from the darkness of nature into the light of revelation, and by the aid of that light ascending step by step until introduced to the general assembly and Church of the First-born in heaven, he held his audience in breathless silence. When he concluded his speech he was dripping with perspiration; and the moment his last words were uttered, he rolled his cloak around him, and, amid the tumultuous applause of the house, darted out of the hall.

This meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society had other besides religious interest to me. There were seen to meet and mingle all classes of men and Christians on the common platform of their humanity and Christianity. Dukes and Earls were there in common dress, plain as the plainest; and if there was any difference, with less force of intellect than their untitled brethren. Yet it was charming to see their position and influence on the right side, and to hear the strain of humble, fervent, earnest piety that ran through all their speeches. There is much salt mingled with the corruption which pervades the English aristocracy. Lord Ashley, Sir Robert Ingles, and the Earl of Harrowby, are not, however, true samples of their class. They form the exceptions.

WORKING CHEAP.

"Well, take it along for six, but if anybody asks you what you paid for it, tell them seven cents."

This remark was made the other morning by a butcher to one who had been higgling about the price of a piece of meat. The butcher, to save his own credit in some way, advised the man to tell a lie, and the poor simpleton, for the sake of a cent on the pound, nodded assent, and thereby agreed to lie. He bought four or five pounds of flesh at most, and hence promised to lie indefinitely for four or five cents. Satan hires hands cheap.

Original Communications.

A LUTE FOR SYMBOLISTS TO PLAY UPON.

MR. EDITOR!

The following observations, made by the learned divine, Moses Stewart, in his introduction to a series of letters on the "Eternal Generation of the son of God," addressed to Rev. Samuel Miller, D. D., seem so pertinent and truthful, and so well adapted for the times, that I have thought they would be read with interest and profit by all, who may give them that attention, which the principles therein inculcated, demand, and consequently I send them for insertion in your paper. They have the right ring. They remind us of the very "Lute of Luther."

The principles here inculcated are those for which Luther contended, and upon which he acted, and which resulted in the Reformation and all its glorious consequences. They are the principles which we, who call ourselves Lutherans, should still entertain, and in reference to which we should act. Sure I am that the American Lutheran will fearlessly contend for them.

But let us hear what the learned Doctor and Commentator of Andover says:

"I am satisfied that the time has come, when it is necessary to examine well the doctrines which we believe and inculcate. The watchful opponents of our common faith have their eyes on all the steps of its advocates, and will demand a reason for all that they inculcate. But independently of this, the love of truth should be enough to stimulate us to the highest efforts, in order to know what we ought to believe and teach.

We ought highly to venerate the pious fathers in the Church, who have given us summaries of Christian doctrine, which they sincerely believed; but as the ministers of truth, we are obliged to call no man master upon earth. We have a heavenly master, who has made his word the supreme and only rule of faith and practice. That word we must investigate, to know whether the doctrines of our Symbols are true; and not taking those doctrines as already established, bring the word of God to their test. Thus lived and acted Luther, Zuingli, Calvin, and all that blessed host of worthies, who burst asunder the bonds of tradition and human authority; and we their children in respect to professed principles, may venture to walk in their steps.

It is just as much our individual duty now, to bring every principle of the creed of the Protestant Churches to the test of the divine word, as it was the duty of the Reformers to bring that of the Catholics to the test of Scripture. This position is absolutely certain; unless we can prove that the framers of Protestant Symbols were inspired. If they were not, they may have erred in some things; and if so, it is important to us, if possible, to know in what they have erred. But how shall we, or how can we know this, unless their creeds are subjected, anew and repeatedly, to the test of the Scriptures?

Will it be said, that the dwarfs of modern days only exhibit their pride and self conceit in attempting a comparison with those giants of yore? If it should, my answer would be: That dwarfs as we are in modern days, we stand, at least upon the shoulders of those ancient giants, and must needs have a somewhat more extended horizon than they. To speak plainly, the whole word of God represents the path of the Church, like that of the just, to be as the light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The Kingdom of God always has been, and still is progressive. Glory is bursting in upon the Church, in various ways intimately connected with making her light to shine still more brightly. Is she yet perfected in doctrine? Are all the treasures of the divine word yet unlocked? Are her fairest days past, and her brightest constellations set, to rise no more? The "thousand years" of glory yet to come, will supply a ready answer to these questions.

So long as we profess to be Protestants, and of course profess to believe that the Bible is the sufficient and only rule of faith and practice, so long, if we act consistently, we believe in the Symbols of faith which we receive, only because we find them supported by the Scriptures. It is not only lawful then to put them to this test; but it is an imperative duty for every man to do it, who is able to do it. There may be a show of modesty and humility in receiving what others have believed, without examination and without scrutiny; but in every case, where there is ability to investigate and bring to the Scripture test, a failure to do it must arise from undue regard to the authority of fallible men, or from mere inaction—from absolute sloth.

Such are the sentiments, which, with all my reverence for the Reformers and for our Symbols of Faith, I entertain; and which I do not hesitate openly to avow, and am not unwilling to defend."

These are views which those, who call themselves American Lutherans, entertain. They truly reverence "the pious fathers of the church, who have given us summaries of

Christian Doctrine," but at the same time believe that they were fallible men. Consequently, they claim the right (and in this respect they walk in the steps of these worthies) to bring, what are called the symbols of faith, to the test of the divine word, and to reject what they find in them inconsistent with that word. Herein they cherish and evince the spirit of "those giants of yore." "There may be" as Dr. S. says "a show of modesty and humility in receiving what they taught without examination and without scrutiny," but there is certainly little of their spirit and independence in it, and much less of their piety and reverence for the word of God.

AN AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

THE OLD FLAG.

This is the title of a work recently published by the Sunday School Union. It is a work of undoubted merit and absorbing interest. We have read it through. Indeed, when we had once commenced its perusal, it was no longer optional with us, whether to stop or go on. Necessity was laid upon us to finish it. The scene is laid in the state of Connecticut, in the little town of Woodlee, & the principal actors are the inmates of a snug little New-England farm-house. Every character portrayed is perfectly natural and life-like—qualities not always found in books of this class.

The style is most charming, & admirably adapted to the nature of the subject. It is simple, yet neat, & just sufficiently diffuse not to efface the impressions designed to be made. Whether the writer aimed at this, is very doubtful, but he has, nevertheless, been eminently successful in combining these elements. Elements, most essential in a book designed for the young.

The matter, too, possesses those qualities which are desirable and looked for, in a book of this kind. The moral and religious tone that pervades the entire work, is one of its chief excellencies. It is thoroughly religious and intensely patriotic. Indeed, these two virtues are considered, as they should be, as being inseparable. The war for the Union is vindicated, Slavery is delineated in its true character; as "contrary to the spirit of Christianity, blighting in its effects on both master and slave and also on the community in which it exists, and subversive of the best interests of humanity and civilization."

The great object, however arrived at, is to teach, that industry, self-denial, obedience, honesty and piety are sure to secure their merited reward. No one, whether old or young, can read this book, without feeling a desire to be more faithful both to his country and his God.

It is a work that should have a place in every Sunday school library throughout the land. It ought to be introduced into every family. To parents, we would say, buy it for your boys. It will teach them lessons of obedience, usefulness, industry, self-denial, contentment, patriotism and piety. Leonard's example will stimulate them to all this, and teach them that they may, even in the seclusion of a quiet country home, make their "lives sublime." Buy it for your girls. They will be benefited by the example of the patient self-denying Mabel. Read it yourselves. The example of George Washington Roberts, and his pious and faithful wife, Mary, will aid and stimulate you, not a little, in the discharge of parental duties. Even "Grandpas," enfeebled by age, may learn from the perusal of this book, how to render themselves useful, and set influences to work, that shall continue to operate when they have passed away from the present scene of action. The example of good old Captain Roberts, with his limited book knowledge, but strong common sense, will give them a clue to all this.

We will conclude our remarks by giving the opinion of the distinguished jurist and statesman, Hon. Horace Binney, in reference to this work.

"I have read," says Mr. B., "with the greatest satisfaction 'The Old Flag' and mean so give it to one of my grandsons, as expressing my sentiments upon the principles, political and religious, which ought to guide him. It is a leading work in its way, and has the very attractions which young persons seek in their early books, and so rarely find without alloy."

The author, whoever he may be, has done a work of which the strongest man might be proud, and the comfort of which must come to his heart as often as he shall think of it. I almost envy him the satisfaction of giving to the young so pleasing, impressive, and instructive a story; and there are very few who are so well grounded in the principles of public or personal morality, as not to be the better for reading it."

P. B.

Lutheran S. S. Herald.

DEAR READER!—Please see the advertisement of this paper within. Every effort is being put forth to make this beautiful illustrated sheet for the young of our church still more attractive and welcome.

The increased cost of publishing has compelled a slight advance in the terms. All publishers have been obliged to raise their prices. Of course no one can complain of the step. No paper could live at former rates. We trust that all our old subscribers will renew their orders, and that they will increase their subscriptions. We would state, for the gratification of our friends, that during the last few months of this year the "Herald" has received more new subscribers than ever before in corresponding months. The edition issued is now considerably larger than at any former period. But we shall not be satisfied so long as any one of our schools or families is without the paper. We, therefore, have determined to set out with the aim of securing ten thousand additional subscribers in the new year. This can be done with proper effort. Come, dear friends, let every one of you lend your earnest, prayerful help, and this object may be speedily accomplished. Come, let us all act—both old and young—and the work will and must be done. Yours in Christian love,

M. SHERLEIGH,

Editor of L. S. S. Herald.

A PASTOR'S CHRISTMAS.

DEAR LUTHERAN:

This is my first Christmas among the snow-clad hills of the North,—having been brought up, and spent the former part of my life in the sunny climes of the South. My people seem determined to make Christmas as pleasant to me as possible.

In the first place the young ladies of my congregation—the English Evangelical Lutheran—paid us a visit on Christmas Eve, and presented us with several beautiful articles of use and comfort. These were followed from day to day with turkeys—one of the indispensables of an Ashland Christmas.—sausages, eggs, apples, and a variety of other articles of necessity and luxury, with now and then a V. in green backs, until yesterday evening when we received a polite invitation to call at the house of Mr. Joshua Weimer and spend a social hour, which invitation we accepted. On our arrival we found a few gentlemen and ladies present, and soon the number increased to some twenty-five or thirty. After some social conversation, Mr. H. S. Boner, in a short and appropriate speech, in the name of the congregation presented us with an envelope containing \$66. in cash, and a large variety of Merchandise, amounting in all, to \$143.81 cents. Among the articles of Merchandise, were two very handsome dresses for the wife,—one from Mrs. Weimer, and one from Mrs. Garner, a number of articles of clothing for the little ones, a superb copy of the family Bible, worth \$11 from Mr. H. S. Boner, and a beautiful cane from Miss Emily T. Logan, with many other valuable articles from different individuals.

And this is only one of several donations that have been made since our coming among them in June last. Verily it is pleasant to be in the midst of such a people.

It is but just to add, that the donations of this week have not been confined to my own congregations, but the sister denominations have been forward in the good work, especially the Presbyterian, Methodist, and German Lutheran.

May the Lord bless the people, and give the Pastor grace to serve them faithfully and successfully, in spiritual things!

J. R. Sikes

Ashland, Pa. Dec. 20th. 1864.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Standing at the opening of a new year, a multitude of thoughts come thronging to the mind. The past rises up before us, and what has been, and what we hoped would be during the months that are now gone forever, comes up for review, filling our breasts with mingled regrets and hopes,—regrets for what has been amiss or that has turned out so differently from our anticipations, and hopes that the New Year may bring their fulfillment or something better. Who does not find himself involuntarily engaged in asking the question, what will this New Year bring forth? In Church and State, in the personal and domestic life, what has Providence in store for us? It is a blessed thing that, while all such conjectures are vain, and we but torment ourselves needlessly as to the dark future,—some things there are which are forever sure and unchangeably right.

Be the future what it may, whether its experiences be those of light or darkness, whether the hopes and yearnings that now fill our breasts all be doomed to bitterest disappointment, yet God never changes in truth and goodness: the faith and love and labor of the Christian abide the unfailing source of the deepest blessedness. And it is this consolation that the religious heart resorts when it looks forward and measures the probabilities of the time that yet lies before in dim obscurity. Much there may be to suffer, many disappointments to endure, many bright anticipations ending in disheartening failure, but truth and duty remain forever unmoved by all the vicissitudes of mortal things. In the pursuit of them the soul shall reap an enduring happiness, and time and change shall be unable to take away the blessed reward which God has attached to them. What the New Year will bring in respect to results, no man can know. But each one may assure himself of a peace and joy that shall be altogether independent of success in the things in which he now most ardently longs for it. In our spirits, in the simple path of duty, in fervent obedience to the holy will of God our heavenly Father, are laid up resources of enjoyment and comfort of which no man can rob us, and which shall never feel the touch of the blight that so often destroys other hopes and projects. Beginning the year, as many Christians will, with days of prayer, let them enter fully into the recognition of their heavenly citizenship, and of the solemn obligations which that position implies, and then they can contemplate the future chiefly as a time for the fulfillment of the high duties of their calling, as a time of prayer and study and work for Christ's cause, a time of earnest service of the Redeemer, and of steadfast efforts for a complete sanctification. The New Year may see peace again restored within our borders: this sad war issuing in a triumphant vindication of the rightful authority of the Constitution and Laws; friendship restored between the now divided sections; prosperity and plenty smiling again over every part of this fair land. It may see the continuation of this dire struggle. The Church may be privileged to experience that copious outpouring of the Spirit for which so many hearts are praying. It may witness no such blessed consummation. Whatever be the incoming year's history, our duties are plain and imperative. Indefatigable work, unceasing prayers, large-hearted liberality, firm patriotism, and a charitable spirit to those whom mad passion has for the time converted into our enemies,—these are the obligations which each Christian must gladly assume and continually perform. He that believeth shall not make haste. Love and duty to God forbid a single repining thought, a single impatient hope, and must keep us all up to the performance of the holy service which God has laid upon His people. Serving Him fully, the New Year

shall be one of blessedness and peace; duty shall not be a burden; labor shall be a joy; we shall be steadily growing in grace and knowledge of the truth, and we shall be enabled to do much and important work for the Heavenly Master.

Moravian.

THE AMER. LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, Thursday, Jan. 5. 1865.

OUR NEW HEAD.

Kind reader, what think you of our new head? Is it not an improvement on the clumsy, dark heading in which this paper first made his appearance? We regard this head as very neat and appropriate; and the American Lutheran makes his most respectful bow to his readers, with his new hat, wishing them all a happy new year.

We are indebted for it to those enterprising and accommodating typefounders, L. Johnson and Co. Philadelphia.

We send this number of our paper to some of our friends who have not yet subscribed for it in the hope that they will do so, and also circulate it in their congregations. Any one sending us ten new subscribers will receive the eleventh copy gratis. A little exertion will enable almost every one to obtain 10 subscribers for the American Lutheran. All that is necessary is to make the trial. Should any one however not wish to keep it he will please return it immediately.

Our Prospects.—We have so far been very much encouraged in our undertaking, not only by the letters of our friends but also by substantial aid in the form of new subscribers with the pay in advance. We are in the almost daily receipt of letters like the following two specimens: "If from the two papers so far issued, I correctly judge of your views and of the course you propose to pursue, I am persuaded that you will soon secure a large circulation in the state of New York."

"I have received the 'American Lutheran' I am much pleased with it, and I think before it is a year older it will have a wide circulation. I hope that it will be what its name signifies, and that it will stand by the new-measure portion of the church, and we will stand by it."

But our most substantial encouragement has come from those brethren who have sent us in lists of new subscribers. A number of them have sent us in from 10 to 17 subscribers, each, but the Rev. M. Rhodes of Sunbury has outstripped them all; he has sent in 65 subscribers with the pay in advance, and thinks he can obtain 100 subscribers in his charge before the close of the year. Who among our friends will be able to excel or even to come up to Mr. Rhodes? A few such efficient agents would soon give the American Lutheran a very respectable list of subscribers.

MINISTERS SALARIES.

From various parts of the church we hear complaints of the inadequate support of the ministers of the gospel. Many of them had scarcely enough to support their families before the war broke out and prices of provision and clothing rose to the present enormous extent; if their salaries have therefore not been advanced in the same proportion as prices have risen, they must now be suffering for want of the necessities of life. Quite a number of brethren have written to us, that they are compelled to retrench by giving up some of their church papers. We believe that synods should make it a part of their business to aid their members in securing an adequate support for themselves and their families.

The Synod of Illinois is the first one, so far as we know, that has taken this matter in hand as a part of its synodical business. In the year 1863 a committee was appointed to report on the salaries of the ministers belonging to the synod of Illinois. To this committee all the brethren are to report in writing the amount of their salaries, and answer the two questions: "Are you supported in your present charge? Have the people paid you what they have promised?" We add an extract from the report of the committee. Other synods, if they think proper, may adopt the same plan. It should also stimulate our people to contribute more liberally to the support of their pastors during these hard times:

Your committee would state, in general, that it appears from the statements of the brethren, and other well-known facts, that the salaries of all our pastors are quite too small, and we would most earnestly urge upon all our people, and especially the Church Councils, to consider that what may have been a support for a family several years ago is not a support now, in view of the great advance in all the necessities of life. We beseech our church-members to consider that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and "that they who preach the Gospel must live of the Gospel," for so has God ordained. If possible, the salaries of all our ministers should be increased by their people at least one third, if they are to get along without suffering.

1. In regard to the brethren, J. Stoll and C. Anderson, in Stephenson county, your committee are of opinion that the salaries of both these brethren are quite too small, that of the former being \$300, and the latter \$250 a year. We think that each of these brethren ought to receive at least \$400 a year, and, as we consider the people of those charges able to raise this amount with the utmost ease, we think it is their solemn duty before God to do so at once. We recommend that their case be referred to a committee to be appointed on this subject.

2. In regard to the case of Rev. Bro. Weiser, we think that his salary ought to be increased to at least \$600, and we think his people are able to make up this amount, and we kindly urge them to do so.

3. We think that the salary of Brother S. Cook is entirely too low, being only \$150 a year. We are of opinion that it ought to be immediately increased to at least \$300. We kindly urge his people to do this, and if after their best efforts they can not do it, we recommend the charge to the Home Mission Committee for aid.

4. It seems from the statements of Brother J. R. Keiser, of Dixon, that the account of his salary has not yet been finally and fully adjusted; but we have confidence in our people in Dixon that they will do what is right, and will come up to their just obligations in this matter. Should they not be able to adjust matters satisfactorily, we recommend the case to the committee to be appointed.

Finally, your committee recommend that a committee of three be appointed to have the supervision of this whole matter during the interim of the meetings of Synod; and it shall also be the duty of this committee to prepare and publish a short Pastoral Letter on the support of the ministry, to be addressed and read to all our people.

Respectfully submitted.

S. W. HARKEY,

W. UHL,

GEO. WALKER.

DONATIONS.

No doubt most of our readers have received valuable presents from their friends during the past Christmas and New-Year. Christmas is a joyful season; the whole Christian church rejoice on account of the birth of the Savior, and the effort is made to lighten this joy by the interchange of presents between friends and the bestowing of gifts to children. It is especially gratifying to ministers of the Gospel to be remembered by their people at this festive period, and we hope many a pastor's heart has been made glad by the generous donations of the people of his charge during the past holidays. It is not only the pecuniary value of the presents received that fills the pastor's heart with joy on such occasions, but it is much more the manifestations of affection and kindness by his people towards himself and family that enhances the preciousness of these gifts.

Our readers will find an account of such a donation in another column of this paper, which was made to Rev. J. R. Sikes, formerly of North Carolina, but now of Ashland, Pa. He has lately made his escape from the South and has sustained heavy pecuniary losses. But the Lord has called him to labor among a kind people in the North, the English Lutheran church in Ashland, Pa. May Heaven's blessings rest upon pastor and people.

SUNBURY.—We have also learned that the Lutheran congregation of Sunbury made their pastor, Rev. M. Rhodes, a very handsome donation. Besides other valuable presents to himself and his family they presented him with a purse containing \$133.50 in greenbacks. Twenty-five dollars of this sum, we learn were contributed by the Presbyterian congregation of Sunbury, and this too, at the suggestion of the Presbyterian minister, showing that Bro. Rhodes is held in very high estimation by other denominations as well as by his own congregation. Rev. Rhodes has been very successful in his ministry in Sunbury, being one of the alumni of the Missionary Institute, he constitutes a living, standing refutation of the slander that the students of this Institution are neither needed nor wanted by the church. Would to God, that we had scores and hundreds of just such men like Rhodes and others that have gone forth from the Missionary Institute.

GETTYSBURG.—Who among our readers has had studied at Gettysburg does not remember Henry C. Neinstedt, the printer and book-binder, together with his venerable father. There is scarcely a minister in our church who has not in his possession a score or two of pamphlets issued from his prolific press or a few books neatly and strongly bound by H. C. Neinstedt standing on his shelves. Neinstedt's printing office has been in Gettysburg from time immemorial, at least it was there before we knew any thing about that place. He seemed to be a permanent fixture of the institutions there. The old man was the wonder of all beholders, and the first

thought suggested by his appearance was the question proposed by Pharaoh to Jacob, "How old art thou?" He "lived and moved" in the 16th century and was almost oblivious to the present generation. It is barely possible that the thunder of artillery at the battle of Gettysburg waked him up to a realizing sense of his living in the 19th century. His conversation was about men and things three centuries ago; his bitterest maledictions fell upon the Pope and the Prussians; the only authors he read were Luther and Arndt, with whose works he was perfectly familiar, and woe to the unfortunate wight who would let himself be entrapped to listen to his reading out of one of those ponderous old tomes; he would not get his release very soon.

Well, kind reader, I have sad news to tell in relation to the Neinstedt's. We have just been informed that Henry has sold his printing office and gone with his aged father to Harrisburg. His brother Cooney is now living there keeping a boarding house and Henry followed him there with his father. — Gettysburg has sustained an irreparable loss; they will never get another printer there like Henry Neinstedt, he was one of the printers of olden times who did his work carefully and well, eschewing all modern improvements. He told us seriously some years ago, that he thought the art of printing had arrived at perfection and was not susceptible of any further improvement.

But what can be the cause of this extraordinary heira? A painful thought suggests itself in connection with this question. Taking place so soon after the secession of the Symbolists from Gettysburg, the presumption is, that it had something to do with that movement. Neinstedt will not stop in Harrisburg; he will go on to Philadelphia, and be inaugurated as the printer and book-binder of the new Seminary. This shows the cruelty and rapacity of the Symbolists. Not content with robbing Gettysburg of its German professor, and of two thirds of its Theological students, they must also have its printer and book-binder; and as no one can print the Review but Neinstedt, we expect to hear shortly of the removal of that learned journal and its editor to Philadelphia. Thus the Symbolists will not rest satisfied till they have robbed Gettysburg of everything worth robbing, and there will not be anything left but the bones of its fallen heroes in its grave-yards and the barren, desolate walls of its institutions. His transit gloria mundi.

DAYTON, OHIO.—We are sorry to learn from a German paper of the city of Dayton, Ohio, Der Froehliche Botschafter, that there is likely to be a division in the English Lutheran church in that city.

The editor says: "The English Lutheran congregation of this city, for several years served by the Rev. D. Steck, seems about to be divided. Rev. Steck now preaches in one of the halls of our city, it is said, to those of like political sentiments with himself. Last Sunday the notorious Valandingham is said to have been one of his hearers which reminds us of the proverb, 'Birds of a feather will flock together.' If Valandingham takes an active part in this movement, then we have not the least doubt, but that Mr. Steck will soon gather a large congregation here. Even if there should be much rough material among this congregation, then there will be much room for improvement, which would be a great benefit to our community. It is possible therefore that this division, which is so much deplored by some, may in the end result in much good."

We translate the above literally from the Dayton paper. The English Lutheran congregation in Dayton may be large enough to bear a division, and this "movement" may in the end be overruled for good, but we are extremely sorry to hear of a division in a congregation on political grounds.

WATERTOWN, WISC.—The German Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin is about establishing a Theological Seminary in Watertown, Wisc. The Rev Mr. Bading was sent to Europe as agent of the Synod to collect funds &c., for the proposed seminary.

From one of our German exchanges, we learn that he has returned. His mission has been very successful. He travelled in Russia, Germany, and Switzerland, and collected about 10,000 Prussian Thalers. He also brings with him the Rev. Bachman and a Mr. Zur Steden who are to labor as professors in this new Seminary.

A CARELESS PRINTER.—The lady principal of a school, in her advertisement mentioned her female assistant, and the "reputation for teaching which she bears," but the printer—a careless fellow left out the "which," so the advertisement went forth commending the lady's "reputation for teaching she bears."

How can the trees put on a new dress without opening their trunks? They leave out their Summer clothing.

Dare to act singularly when you are acting conscientiously.

NEW YEAR.

The old year has passed away, and we wish our readers all a happy New Year.

The mercies of God are numberless:—He has crowned the departed year with his goodness. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His Holy Name. Terrible as the troubles have been through which we have passed as a nation, God hath not dealt with us after our sins nor rewarded us according to our iniquities: in the midst of wrath He has remembered mercy. In the Church He has done great things for us whereof we are glad. To us as individuals He has not ceased to be gracious.—We look back with gratitude upon the innumerable manifestations of His love and long-suffering kindness. He has tenderly cared for us and supplied our wants; He has helped us in our employments, and sweetened our enjoyments, and comforted us in our tribulations.—Let us thank God for mercies past and take courage for the future. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

The Church commemorates to-day the Saviour's circumcision. He was made under the law that He might redeem them that were under the law. His name was called Jesus, because He should save the people from their sins. And by His grace we are made recipients of the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ, buried with Him in Baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him through the faith of the operation of God. To Him be our lives consecrated anew to-day. Let the old man be drowned by sorrow and repentance and a new man arise that shall dwell in the presence of God in righteousness and purity for ever. It is meet that we should begin the new year with new resolves to live unto Him who loved us and gave himself for us, and with new energy in putting these resolves into execution.

Our lives have not been faultless: at best we are miserable sinners who come far short of his glory. Let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith. Let us more earnestly, in the power of that faith which gives us peace and overcomes the world, deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world.—In these times, when a lack of conscientiousness is so apparent around us, it becomes those who are sincere in their devotion to the Lord, to walk all the more circumspectly, watching always and being instant in prayer. The day is approaching when we must give an account of our stewardship: may we be always ready. The night cometh when no man can work: let us do with our might what our hands find to do while time is given us. Let us act upon the determination that we and our house shall serve the Lord, whatever others may do. Let the new year be marked by greater fidelity to the Lord and His truth and His Church, the word of God dwelling in us richly in all wisdom, and it will be a happy New Year to us all.

L. Stand.

MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

I heret y acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts received for the support of Prof's. of Missionary Institute,

1864.
Nov. 5. From Phillip Smyser, York Pa. \$10 00
" " J. B. Hall, McKees Falls. 1 00
Nov. 22. " J. Fulmer, Mendota, Ill. 10 00
Dec. 2. " Rev. Nixdorf, Burkettville, Md. 10 00

1865.
Jan. 2. " A. Mauk, Laurel, Del. 10 00
" 4. " Rev. Dr. Kurtz, Balt., Md. 50 00

\$91 00

J. G. L. Shindel, Sec.

Varieties.

Presbyterian.

THE CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN'S NOT TO DISBAND. We find in the American Presbyterian the following: The Cumberland Presbyterian thus replies to a suggestion from a leading minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, that, in view of its being so greatly enfeebled by the state of things in the southwest where its chief strength lay, it should disband, and cast in its lot with other denominations:—"We object, and think we have a right to object, that the Cumberland Presbyterian Church should be published to the world, that because the war has cut us off for a time from a large portion of the Church in the South, and we have had other trials incident to the war, that, therefore, like the 'stony ground hearers,' having not sufficient root in ourselves, because trouble has come we have been looking round to see where we can best dispose of ourselves, and hide from the storm. We repeat this may be all true with 'some' in Ohio. But it is not true to the Church generally. We have never seen our Church in Illinois—and we believe it is so in Indian a—in a more prosperous condition. Indeed in all the elements of Permanent prosperity, it has never been so much so. Of course, in Missouri, Kentucky, and where the war has raged, the church is at a stand still, some places destroyed, but nowhere, even there, have we heard of the idea of 'disbanding' the Church.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE AND CAMEL.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

There are thousands who read this passage, but receive from it no definite idea. Various explanations have been given of it, none of which ever seemed to us to convey the true meaning, showing the beauty and force of the figure. All admit that it is impossible for a camel to go through a needle's eye, yet we cannot doubt that some men who are rich will be saved. We have met, somewhere in our reading, with an explanation that we regard as probably the true, which was this: We are informed by travellers that all the cities of the East are surrounded by high and massive walls. At certain points these walls have passways for the exit and entrance of the inhabitants. These passways, in times of peace, were opened in the day, but closed at night. By the side of these large entrances were those that were much smaller, used by foot passengers and by those who had occasion to go in and out at night—they were called the "needle's eye." A camel, without any burden, can pass through these, yet with much difficulty. Now, it is not impossible for a rich man to enter heaven; for we trust that there are many already in the paradise of God, who consecrated their wealth to the service of Christ, and looked to him alone for salvation. But just as the camel must be relieved of his load before he can pass through the "needle's eye," so the rich man must lay off his heart, the riches of the world, and consecrate them, as well as himself, to the service and glory of God; for it is utterly impossible to serve him and mammon. It is much easier for a camel to go through the "needle's eye." What, then, will become of those professors whose hearts are set on this world? Worldly-minded, money-loving Christians, we leave you to ponder this solemn question. It is one of deep and eternal importance to you.

EXHAUSTION OF TALK.

How long the lamp of conversation holds out to burn between two persons only is curiously set down in the following passage from Count Gouffalionier's account of his imprisonment:

"Fifteen years I existed in a dungeon ten feet square. During six years I had a companion: during nine I was alone. I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection.

The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth we were silent. The sixth he was taken away—I never knew where, to execution or liberty. But I was glad when he was gone: even solitude was better than the pale, vacant face. One day (it must have been a year or two after my companion left me) the dungeon door was opened, whence proceeding I knew not, the following words were uttered: 'By order of His Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago.' Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had but flung this great agony upon me and left me alone with it."

LARGE DEPOSIT OF HONEY.—The inmates of one of our largest up-town mansion-houses, a few days since, were surprised to find a large number of bees flying about in two of the upper rooms. As the little fellows continued to occupy the places, a bee naturalist was sent to investigate. On entering the rooms he exclaimed, "You have honey somewhere here," and proceeded to search for it. On removing the fireboard he discovered that one flue of the chimney was full of honey-comb, which was hanging down into the fireplace, and the honey dripping from it; proceeding to the top of the house to sound the chimney, he found it the same—one flue of the chimney was full and the bees were industriously at work there also. These flues of the chimney had never been used; they were plastered smooth inside, and were perfectly dark, a stone having been placed on the top of each flue. The bees had descended the adjoining flues, and found small holes about ten inches from the top of the chimney leading into the closed flues, and through these holes they had made their way in and out. They have, as is supposed, occupied these places for three years, having been kept warm in winter by the heat from the adjoining flues. On removing the fireboard the bees, seeing the great light which had broken in upon them, descended to the room and gathered on the windows until they were covered to the thickness of three inches. It is estimated that there are in the two flues from 40,000 to 50,000 bees and from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds of honey.—St. Louis Argus.

Smile upon and speak to the poor and neglected, not patronizingly, but as the children of "our Father."

Live for others.

All providences, to a gracious heart, are but as so many fulfillings of promises.

Show piety at home. Bear and be patient under difficulties.

Strong Characters.

STRENGTH of character consists of two things—power of will, and power of self-restraint.

It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak.

You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remained chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself, and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.—Rev. F. W. Robertson.

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF THE BIBLE.

Four thousand years this volume has withstood not only the iron tooth of time, but all the physical and intellectual strength of man. Pretended friends have endeavored to corrupt and betray it; Kings and Princes have perseveringly sought to banish it from the world; the civil and military powers of the greatest empires of the world have been leagued for its destruction; the fires of persecution have been lighted to consume it and its friends together; and at many seasons death, in its most horrid form, has been the almost certain consequence of affording it an asylum from the fury of its enemies. Though it has been ridiculed more bitterly, misrepresented more grossly, opposed more rancorously, and burnt more frequently than any other book; and perhaps, than all other books united, it is so far from sinking under the efforts of its enemies, that the probability of its surviving until the final consummation of all things is much greater than ever. The rain has descended, the floods have come, the storm has arisen, and beat upon a rock. Like the burning bush, it has been in the flames, yet it is still unconsumed; a sufficient proof, were there no other, that He who spoke from the bush is the author of the Bible.

THE SAINTS.

Satirists who ridicule hypocrisy are but too apt to overstep the limits of propriety, and employ words in such a manner as to throw contempt on religion. Thus certain terms which have legitimately a high and noble use are degraded—like the words "Saint" and Sanctified," which are so often employed in a satirical sense, that it is scarcely safe to use them in their unusually exalted significance. There is much of truth and good sense in the following strictures:—

The phrase "Vulgar Saint" occurs in a late work of great repute, in which the author's aristocratic tendencies stick out through some of the otherwise finest passages ever penned. "Vulgar Saint!" The term itself is a contradiction; there never was, or will be, a vulgar saint; true religion is sublimating, etherealizing. "Breeding" has nothing to do with it; there are vulgar hypocrites, but never a vulgar saint. We might carry you to old houses that never knew a carpet or piano, and leading you up the rickety stairs, into a rough chamber, show you the mother on her knees, pleading with an eloquence no college could ever teach, for her absent sailor boy; or show you the wrinkled grand-mother, who never saw a grammar, singing some old hymn which brings the tears to your eyes, and all your long-forgotten follies to daylight. True religion banishes vulgarity. It is calm-eyed, soft-voiced, all-pervading, like the warm sunshine. There never was a "Vulgar Saint." We don't care what are his antecedents, or where he lives, or what clothes he wears, or how rough are his toil-worn hands, he has that in him which lifts him far beyond turreted libraries, stained-glass windows, and softly carpeted floors, and allies him with the angels; although through the broken roof above his head the stars may nightly look in upon his peaceful slumbers.

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistake. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at his window, or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He professes no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted, himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor.

A NEGRO'S WISH.—There is a fine specimen of ebony reckoning in the reply once made in New York—a member of the "Church of the Colored Messiah" in that city, where he was born and brought up—to a stranger who inquired of him if he knew where St. Paul's Church was. "Does I know where St. Paul's Church is? Well, I jis wish I had as many half dollars as I know where St. Paul's Church is!" It would puzzle an arithmetician to determine the precise extent of Cuffee's fortune, in the event of a fulfilment of his wish.

EFFECT OF PATIENCE.—"You can do anything if you will only have patience," said an uncle who had made a fortune to a nephew who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve if you can only wait." "How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's soliloquy. His uncle coolly replied, "Till it freezes."

MARRIED.—On the evening of the 29th Dec. by the Rev. M. Rhodes, Dr. D. Shindel to Miss Lizzie Irvin, both of Sunbury Pa.

MARRIED.—By the Rev. P. Anstaedt on the 5th inst. Mr. C. B. North, Cashier of the first National Bank of Selinsgrove, to Miss Annie Richter of Selinsgrove, Pa.

The Susquehanna Conference will meet in the First Lutheran Church of Danville Pa., on the first Monday in February 1865. A full attendance is desirable.

M. Rhodes. Sec.

Sunbury, Dec. 30th 1864.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 14th inst., at the residence of her son-in-law, Dr. B. Kurtz, in the 80th year of her age, Mrs. MARGARETTA ARIANNA CALHOUN, relict of the late Alexander Calhoun, Esq., formerly cashier of the bank of Chambersburg, Pa.

Mrs. C. was a great but most patient sufferer, having for a number of years been writhing under all the agonies of inflammatory rheumatism until all her limbs were distorted and contracted into uselessness. During the last year she was confined to her chamber or bed, and was never known, even during the most intense agony to open her lips in complaint or fretfulness.

She was, in the fullest and strongest sense of the phrase, A GOOD WOMAN, making it her meat and drink to do the will of her Father in heaven, and going about doing good, hunting up in alleys and by-streets the sick, the suffering, the needy and destitute without regard to color, that she might minister to their wants, both spiritual and temporal. But notwithstanding her many good works, she felt deeply that she was a sinner, and rested all her hopes of salvation upon the atoning sacrifice of her Saviour.

Jesus, Jesus, naught but Jesus,
Was her wish and all her aim.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following books from the American Tract-Society. Children Led to the Saviour.

Little Missionary, 25 cts.
Little Willie, 20 cts.
Eddie Gray, 25 cts.
Golden Ladder, 25 cts.
Almanacs, 10 cts.—\$700 per 100.
U. S. Primer, 20 cts.
Madeline, 20 cts.
Missionary Boat, 30 cts.
Jesus in Bethany, 25 cts.
Scotland, 15 cts.
Mary's Falsehood, 15 cts.
I wish I was Poor, 15 cts.
Our Katie, 15 cts.
Johnny, 35 cts.
The Weed, 35 cts.
A little More, 30 cts.
W. Martin, 50 cts.
Bloom of Youth, 50 cts.
Chr. Home Life, 80 cts.
Pastor's Jottings, 80 cts.
Eloquent Preacher, 80 cts.
Pleasant Path, 50 cts.

The above books we can heartily recommend to our readers. They will find them highly edifying and instructive to their children. Christian Home Life, Eloquent Preachers, and Pastor's Jottings should be introduced into every family. From the last mentioned we have taken several articles for our paper. In this paper the article on the first page under the head of "Tall tales" is taken from this book. To be had at the depositories of the American Tract Society, 156, Nassau Str. New York or 629 Chestnut Str., Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST is the best journal of its kind published in this country. It is not only useful to farmers, but also interesting and instructive as a family paper. We can heartily recommend it to our readers. It is a thorough-going, reliable, and practical journal, devoted to the different departments of soil culture—such as growing field crops; orchard and garden fruits; garden vegetables and flowers; trees, plants, and flowers for the lawn or yard; care of domestic animals, etc., and to household labors, with an interesting, instructive department for children and youth.

The Editors are all practical working men. The teachings of the Agriculturist are confined to no State or Territory, but are adapted to all sections of the country—it is for the whole American Continent.

Terms (in advance): \$1.50 per year; Four Copies one year for \$5; Ten Copies one year for \$13; Twenty or more Copies one year for \$1 each.

Children's Department.

Watching For Pa.

Three little forms in the twilight gray,
Scanning the shadows across the way;
Six little eyes, four black and two blue,
Brimful of love and happiness too,
Watching for pa.

May with placid and thoughtful brow,
Gentle face beaming with smiles just now;
Willie, the roguish, so loving and gay,
Stealing sly kisses from sister May,
Watching for pa.

Nellie, with ringlets of sunny hue,
Cosily nestled between the two,
Pressing her cheek to the window-pane,
Wishing the absent one home again—
Watching for pa.

O how they gaze at the passers-by!
"He's coming at last," they gayly cry;
"Try again, my pet!" exclaims mamma,
And Nellie adds, "There's the twilight star"
Watching for pa.

Jack nods and smiles, as with busy feet
He lights the lamps of their quiet street;
That sweet little group he knows full well,
May and Willie, and golden-haired Nell—
Watching for pa.

Soon joyous shouts from the window-seat,
And eager patter of childish feet;
Gay musical chimes ring through the hall;
A manly voice responds to the call,
"Welcome, papa."

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.

DOING GOOD FOR EVIL.

A small boy, named CARL THORN, was passing a grist-mill one day, on his way to a village some miles distant. He was going thither on an important errand, at the request of his mother, who was a poor widow.

As he was quietly walking along the road with a little bag in his hand containing some bread for his dinner, Michael, the miller's son, saw him. Now Michael was a wicked boy who loved mischief better than work. Besides, he hated poor Carl because he felt that Carl was a better boy than himself. So, to gratify both his hatred of Carl and his love of mischief, he turned to his father's big dog, and said:

"Harra! harra! at him, Wolf. After him, my dog. Harra, harra!"

Thus set on, Wolf sprang after poor Carl, who, terrified at being so beset, ran away, the dog following hard after him. Michael kept shouting, "Harra, harra! at him, Wolf," until Carl heard the dog panting close at his heels. Filled with agony, the poor boy threw himself on the ground. Happily, the dog was not as vicious as his young master. So, instead of biting Carl, he only seized the bag which held his dinner. Taking the bag in his mouth, Wolf left the poor boy to pursue his journey, while he scampered back to the mill with his prize.

Carl, freed from his fears, walked on, and did his errand with no further trouble, save that he was very hungry, owing to the loss of his dinner.

Soon after this event, Carl and his mother moved to another city. As you may well suppose, such a peaceful and affectionate boy as he was, grew up to an honorable manhood. In fact, he became a great lawyer.

One day a miller came to him requesting him to plead in his behalf in a case of great wrong he had suffered from a rich neighbor. This miller's name was Michael. He was the person who, in his boyhood, had set the dog on Carl; but he did not know that the great lawyer whose aid he now sought was the object of his boyish hatred.

Carl was glad to see Michael, but he did not tell him who he was. He wanted to be revenged on him for the wrong he had suffered at his hands. So he quietly undertook his case, threw all his genius into its management, and won it. When Michael found out to whom he was indebted for his success, he was astonished beyond measure. Henceforth, he loved Carl the lawyer more heartily than he had formerly hated poor Carl the widow's son. Thus did Carl have his revenge. It was very sweet revenge too, I assure you. It delighted Carl, won Michael's friendship, and pleased God.

Children, what do you think of Carl's revenge? Wasn't it fine? I know you think so. Go, then, and imitate it. When any one injures you, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

W.

DEFECT IN THE LIKENESS.—A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude standing with his hand in his pocket. His friends and clients went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, "O how like! it is the very picture of him!" An old farmer, however, dissented: "Don't you see," said he, "he has got his hand in his own pocket! 'T would be as like again if he had it in somebody else's."

THE LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A Light-house keeper's wife was sick, and he was gone in his boat from his lonely little sea island home to the main land in quest of a doctor and a nurse.

The day drew near its close and his boat did not return. It was stormy weather too, and the sky was filled with mist. Little Elsie, his daughter, was troubled. She was alone with her sick mother. It was the hour for lighting up the lamps in the light-house. Her father might not get home through the storm, and, for lack of the light, some noble ship might be wrecked on that dismal night. But what could a little girl like Elsie do?

I will tell you what she did. Her heart told her to light the lamps at the top of the tall light-house; so away she went, tripping lightly up the winding stairs, up, up, until she reached the lantern. But then, alas! she was too short to reach the lamps. What more could she do?

She dragged a table from its place and mounted that. She was still too short. Down the long winding stairs she flew to the room below, and bearing a big Bible in her arms, up she went again. Placing the Bible on the table, she mounted it and was just able to reach the lamps. Happy Elsie! She had won a victory. In a minute more the lamps were all burning brightly, and the friendly light shed its bright rays far over the tumbling sea without, to guide the poor sailor in safety along the coast.

How happy Elsie felt that evening when her father came in with the doctor and asked: "Who lighted the lamps to night?"

"I did, papa. I thought you would like to have me do it."

"Blessings on thee, my brave child! You saved your father's life to-night, for just as the light burst forth I was steering directly on a shoal. The light saved me," and the glad father pressed his still happier Elsie to his bosom.

Children, what do you think of Elsie? Wasn't she brave, wise, persevering, and good? If you think so please cherish her spirit, and when you meet a difficulty march bravely up to it as little David did to big Goliath, and conquer it in the name of the Lord. Be brave and never give up?

THE WORM-EATEN SHIP AND WHAT IT TEACHES.

Some ship-carpenters were building a large vessel. One of them found a stick of timber which was partly worm-eaten. It was not very badly eaten, but the faithful workman cast it aside, saying to himself, "It is a wormy stick, and might cause the loss of the ship."

Presently, the master-builder visited the ship-yard. The workman pointed to the rejected piece of timber, and said, "The worms have got hold of that stick, sir, and I have laid it aside."

The builder looked at it, tapped it with a hammer, and said—

"Nonsense! nonsense! Put it in. It's only a small stick, and very little eaten. It won't do any harm."

"But sir!" interposed the workman, looking earnestly at his employer. "Suppose there are worms in it now. Will they not eat it through, and weaken the ship; perhaps lead to her destruction?"

"Pooh! pooh!" replied the builder, who was a very covetous man. "You are too particular, young man. That little stick, so slightly damaged, will never harm the ship. Put it in, and say nothing more about it."

The man obeyed. The ship was finished. She was a beautiful spectacle when full-rigged, and with her canvas spread to a light breeze, she sailed gracefully as a swan out of port to sea. "What a fine ship!" the people cried. "May she have a prosperous voyage!"

A fine ship! Yes, she was a fine ship; but, alas! beneath all her beauty, in that little stick of timber, the busy worms were concealed, which were to secure her destruction. Day and night those little creatures wrought, until, having eaten the strength out of quite a large space, the ship, caught in a gale, was struck by a heavy sea, the worm-eaten timbers gave way, the waters poured into the vessel, and she sunk with all her crew to the bottom. That little worm-eaten stick of timber destroyed her.

Now, my children, I will tell you a fear which sometimes rises in my heart. When I cast my eyes over a Sunday-school room, I generally see many fine-looking, keen-eyed, intelligent boys and girls. They are well dressed, and seemingly happy. The sight, to me, is very beautiful. "These boys and girls," I think within myself, "are like graceful ships about to sail out of the quiet port of home, into the rough ocean of life. They promise well, and I hope there are no greedy worms gnawing at the roots of their characters, and fitting them for destruction."

But with this hope my fear rises: for, as I study the dear children before me more closely, I observe here and there an eye gleaming like the flash of a falchion. "Ah!" I say to myself, "those lads have the worm of a fiery temper in their hearts. I hope it will never goad them into dangerous folly."

Looking further I notice some well-dressed misses, shrinking from the side of a poor classmate. Then, I think, "the worm of pride is preying on the peace of those dainty misses."

Again, I perceive, here and there, a scholar staring vacantly, yawning, and lolling on the seats. "Alas!" I exclaim to myself, "the worm of idleness is rioting in the souls of those scholars!"

Once more, I observe here a boy and there a girl, refusing to permit those seated next to them to read from their books; and I remark "the worm of ill-nature has a home in their breasts!"

Now, my children, I hope you will all look into your hearts, to see if any of these destructive worms have a home in you. Search your lives; and see if pride, vanity, ill temper, idleness, or any other selfish disposition governs you. Remember, all bad dispositions, if allowed to remain, will ruin you, just as surely as that worm-eaten stick of timber led to the destruction of the beautiful ship. They must be destroyed, or you must be unhappy both now and forever. Which, then is best, —your wretchedness or the putting away of sinful dispositions? Would you not rather sail safely, like a sound, beautiful ship, over the sea of life, and enter the port of heaven with all sails set and streamers flying, than to sink as the worm-eaten ship sank, a pitiful wreck, into the sea of eternal sorrow? Ah! I know what your young hearts say. Go then, my dear children—go to Jesus. Ask him to kill the worms of sin, and conduct you safely to the felicities of heaven.

THE BIBLE.

The miraculous preservation of the Bible from its innumerable foes through ages of ignorance, tyranny and skepticism and its mighty influence on the history of man are indeed wonderful. It is an unpretending book, yet what an eternity of thought does it suggest! —It is by many centuries the oldest book in the world. More than three thousand years ago the first word of it was written in the deserts of Arabia; more than seventeen hundred, the last word was written on the rocky isle of Patmos. It has been read by more people than all other books in the world put together. More of it is remembered by men than all the books that were ever written. It treats of questions of the highest moment to all men, and proposes to reveal that for which the wisest of all ages have sought in vain—the secret of true happiness. These very letters that pass under my eye are the same as those traced by the finger of God on the tablets of stone amid the thunders and lightnings of Mount Sinai. The language in which the New Testament was written is the same in which Solon, Plato, and Demosthenes wrote and spoke.

This book has survived the revolutions and changes of three thousand years. It has seen Nineveh, Babylon, Memphis, Thebes, Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Rome, Athens, and a thousand other cities, rise, flourish, and fall. It has lived amid wars the most bloody, amid desolations the most complete, amid tyranny the most grinding, amid darkness the most profound, amid superstitions the most degrading, amid idolatry the most repulsive, amid blasphemy the most heaven-daring, and has been against all these the great witness of God. This book has outlived all the efforts made to shake the faith of man in all its revelations, and to banish it from the world. Celus, Perphry, Julian, and a host of others, fiercely attacked it in the first ages of the Church; but it still lives; Hume, Hobbes, Voltaire, Paine, and many others of the rabble rout of infidelity, in modern times; but it still lives, while its enemies sleep in dishonored graves.

This book has laid hold of all classes. The warrior has carried it next his heart in the storm of battle; and often has the bullet aimed at his life buried itself in the leaves of his Bible. It has been laid upon the throne of the monarch as his safest guide-book in the administration of justice. It has been exalted by the priest in the cathedral, amid solemn chants and penitential confessions of sin. It has been sought by the world-sick for its healing balm; by the hermit in his cell for its consolations; by the poor man for its promise of more than earthly riches; by the homeless wanderer for its promise of a "home in heaven;" by the guilty for its assurance of pardon; by the living for its guiding principles of truth; by the dying for its passport into "the heavenly places."

This book has been given to the world in all its babbling tongues. In more than two hundred languages and dialects it is read by a sinful race. It has long been unchained from the high altars of gray old temples, and sent out to all the tribes, nations, and people of the world; and yet it cannot be supplied fast enough, though a Bible is printed every minute in the day.

This book has marched at the head of civilization in all ages. It went with the Jews into Palestine, it invaded Greece, Rome, and all the States of the ancient world under the preaching of the first heralds of the truth.

Its principles have been at the base of all revolutions that have pushed forward the human race. It was so in Germany, England, France and Scotland, and in our own country.

The Pilgrims fled to American Wilds that they might enjoy the blessings of Bible truth and Bible teachings unmolested by the laws of tyrants.

In the darkest and stormiest hour of the Revolution it was venerated by those noble apostles of freedom—the fathers of the Republic: when we, their descendants shall cease to cherish it as the palladium of civil and religious liberty, that moment will the nation begin its downward march to ruin.—

COMING DOWN.

By coming down I understand this: Learning from the mortifications, disappointments, and rebuffs which we must all meet as we go through life, to think more humbly of ourselves, intellectually, morally, socially, physically, esthetically; yet while thinking thus humbly of ourselves and our powers, to resolve that we shall continue to do our very best; and all this with a kindly heart and a contented mind. Such is my ideal of true christian coming down; and I regard as a true hero the man who does it rightly. It is a noble thing for a man to say of himself, "I am not at all what I had vainly fancied myself; my mark is far, very far lower than I thought it had been. I had fancied myself a great genius, but find I am only a man of decent ability; I had fancied myself a man of great weight in the country, but I find I have very little influence indeed. I had fancied that my stature was six feet four, but I find that I am only five feet two. I had fancied that in such competition I never could be beaten, but in truth I have been sadly beaten. I had fancied (suffer me, reader, the solemn allusion), that my Maker had entrusted me with ten talents, but I find I have no more than one. — But I will accept the humble level which is mine by right, and with God's help I will do my very best there. I will not kick dogs, nor curse servants; I will not try to detract from the standing of men who are cleverer, more eminent, or taller than myself. I will heartily wish them well. I will not grow sour and moping, and misanthropic. I know I am beaten and disappointed, but I hold on manfully still, and never give up!" Such, kindly reader, is Christian coming down!—*Recreation of a Country Parson.*

CURE FOR STAMMERING.

Some years ago a famous professor came to a town where I was then residing, and announced that he could "cure the worst cases of stuttering in ten minutes, without a surgical operation." A friend of mine was an inveterate case, and I advised him to call upon the wonderful magician. He called, was convinced by the testimonials exhibited, struck up a bargain, paid the fifty dollars, and soon called at my office, as straight as a railroad track.

I was greatly astonished, and asked my friend by what miracle he had been so strangely and suddenly relieved of his life-long trouble. He most provokingly informed me that he had made a solemn pledge not to reveal the process of cure.

I knew two other bad cases—Jadest—and, calling upon them, reported what had come to pass.

They were soon at the professor's rooms, came away greatly elated, raised a hundred dollars, went the next day, paid the cash, and in half an hour were ready, had the question been popped, to say yes! without a single jerk.

I was soon made acquainted with several other cures, quite as remarkable, and resolved to put on my sharpest wits and wait upon the magician myself.

He seemed an honest, earnest man, and in two days I had made up my mind to pay a large fee and learn the strange art, with the privilege of using it to cure whosoever I would.

Those who had been cured by the professor were solemnly bound not to reveal the secret to any one; but my contract gave me the privilege of using the knowledge as I pleased.

And now I propose to give the readers of my journal a simple art which has enabled me to make very happy many unhappy stammerers. In my own hands it has often failed to effect the desired result, but in three fourths of the cases which I have treated the cure has been complete.

The secret is simply this: The stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable. It is best at the first lesson to read simple composition, like one of David's Psalms, striking the finger on the knee at every word, then read in a newspaper, beating each syllable. Soon you need only beat on every word.

You can beat-time by striking the finger on the knee, by simply hitting the thumb against the fore-finger, or moving the large toe in the boot.

I doubt if the worst case of stuttering could continue long, provided the sufferer would read an hour or two each day, with thorough practice of this simple act, observing the same in his conversation.

As thousands have paid fifty and a hundred dollars for this secret, I take great pleasure in imparting it to the generous patrons of my journal.

SIN AND ITS TYRANNY.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

When a sin is let in as a suppliant, it remains in as a tyrant. The Arabs have a fable of a miller who one day was startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window of the room where he was sleeping.

"It is very cold outside," said the camel; "I only want to get my nose in."

The nose was let in; then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced at the ungainly companion he had obtained in a room certainly not large enough for both. "If you are inconvenienced, you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

There are many such camels knocking at the human heart. Take, for instance, compliance with a single worldly custom, namely, dancing.

First, the custom creeps humbly to the door of the heart, and says: "Let me in; what am I but putting one foot before another? certainly you do not object to music, and I would not for the world have a full band."

So in comes the nose of the camel; and it is not long before the entire body follows. The Christian then finds his heart occupied in full figure by the very voice which a little while before peeped in so meekly. "Being up," it says to him, "all night at a ball, with the eyes dazzled by lights and the ears stunned with a full band, interferes, you say, with your private devotions. So it does. But your private devotions will have to go, for I will not."

Lutheran S. S. Herald.

This excellent and attractive paper will commence its Sixth Volume with the opening of the year 1865. The sheet will continue to be beautifully illustrated, and every effort will be made to render it still more pleasing and instructive. The Herald is issued monthly, by the Lutheran Board of Publication, at the following terms:

Single copy, per year.	25 cts.
Copies, per year, to one address.	\$1.25
10 "	2.00
25 "	3.75
100 "	12.00

Payable invariably in advance. No more money is to be sent us for postage by those residing within the United States. Postage must be paid at the office where the paper is received. It is hoped that all our people will give the preference to this paper, which is especially prepared for the children of our Church. Will old patrons please promptly renew their subscriptions, and many others send on their orders as soon as practicable? Letters relative to the editorship of the Herald address to the Editor, Rev. M. S. HERNIMAN, Stewartsville, Warren Co., N.J. Orders for the paper and remittances of money address to the Business Agent, Mr. T. L. SCHUCK, Lutheran Publication House, Philadelphia, Pa.

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. Nestling 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 Defining, Penmanship, Modern Geography and Arithmetic.

Second Grade, \$7.00. Besides the studies of the first grade the second embraces Grammar, History, Ancient Geography, First lessons in Latin, Greek, Algebra, Composition and Declamation.

Third Grade, \$9.00. Besides the studies of the two preceding grades, the third embraces Latin, Greek, the Higher Mathematics, Rhetoric, Logic, &c. 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
Nov. 1864 H. ZIMMER, Theol. Prof.