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Poetry.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of day are num'ring,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumber'd
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are light'd,
And, like phantoms, grim and tall,
Shadows from the fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
Thy beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife—
By the roadside fall and perish'd
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore—
Folded their pale hands so meekly—
Spoke with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beautiful,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

Practical.

[For the American Lutheran.]

A FEW THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

The teachings of our nature will tell us that prayer is necessary. The untaught bow down to their own Gods, while we, with the light of inspiration, worship the true God.

There is no duty of the Christian more specifically defined than this one. As well might we expect to prolong our existence without proper food for the body, as to hope to live, spiritually, without prayer. As God rained down, upon the ancient Israelites, manna from Heaven; so now, through the agency of prayer, he will grant every needed blessing. Thus, too, are we brought into communion with a being infinitely good and gracious. Men esteem it a great honor to see and converse with the kings and noblemen of earth. How much more so must it be to converse with the King of kings!

Oh! How delightful it is in the hour of prosperity to look up to the God of our fathers and acknowledge him as the giver of every good and every perfect gift! How delightful, above all, in the dark hour of trial and adversity, to look to him who is our strength in every time of trouble: to trace in our afflictions, the workings of his mighty hand, and believe that,

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

you, who are never found at a throne of grace, imploring mercy from God, and rendering the thanks due him for his loving-kindness and tender mercies; you, whose hearts are grown cold, and where nothing but spiritual starvation and destitution exist, you are in great danger of never again having those drowsy, sleeping powers of yours aroused, of never having the cold, dark, gloomy caverns of your hearts lighted up by the sun of righteousness, of never having the night of error and superstition dissipated which now clouds your benighted souls; there is danger of your dying in the wilderness of sin, unless you determine that you will pray. Yes! Pray much, pray earnestly, that God's kingdom may come in your hearts. Oh! that God would put it into the hearts of men so to do! that men could only realize the weighty and awful responsibilities resting upon them as eternity-bound souls, hastening on to appear before

the judge of all men. Considering prayer, not only as a duty, but as a blessed and glorious privilege, let us be found frequently conversing with our God; so that, at last, we may enter upon that rest which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

SHOWING HIM A MIRACLE.

[Ernest Roman having said, in his "Life of Jesus," that the proper way of proving the reality of a miracle is to show one. A pamphlet "shows" him one in a letter "Upon the Establishment of the Christian Religion," which we here translate.—G. P.]

Sr.—Permit me to-day to draw your attention again to the establishment of the Christian religion, a fact upon which we naturally differ in opinion. Like you, when I have striven to identify its causes with the me forces of man, I have failed in my endeavor. The supernatural then has been the only conducting thread which has helped me to escape from the labyrinth where I see you continually seeking to rectify yourselves, without ever doing it, and condemned to escape therefrom only when you shall have proved that there is nothing miraculous in the establishment of Christianity. Pardon this little digression; I go straight to the work. There is a religion called the Christian, whose founder was Jesus, named the Christ. This religion, which has lasted eighteen centuries, and which calls itself the natural development of that Judaism which ascends near to the cradle of the world, had the apostles for its first propagators. When these men wished to establish it they had for adversaries:

The national pride of the Jews;
The implacable hatred of the Sadducees;
The brutal despotism of the Roman emperors;
The raileries and attacks of the philosophers;
The libertinism and caste-spirit of the pagan priests;
The savage and cruel ignorance of the masses;
The faggots and bloody games of the circus;
They had an enemy in
Every miser;
Every debauched man;
Every drunkard;
Every thief;
Every murderer;
Every proud man;
Every slanderer;
Every liar.

Not one of the vices, in fact which abuse our poor humanity, which did not constitute itself their adversary.

To combat so many enemies and surmount so many obstacles they had only

Their ignorance;
Their poverty;
Their obscurity;
Their weakness;
Their fawning;
The Cross.

If you had been their cotemporary at the moment when they began their work, and Peter had said to you: "Join with us, for we are going to the conquest of the world; before our word pagan temples shall tumble and their idols shall fall upon their faces: the philosophers shall be convicted of folly; from the throne of Caesar we shall hurl the Roman eagle, and in its place we shall plant the cross; we shall be the teachers of the world; the ignorant and the learned will declare themselves our disciples!" Hearing him speak thus you would have said: "Be silent, imbecile." And as you are tolerant from nature and principle, you would have defended him before the Sanhedrim, and have counselled them to shut up the fisherman of Bethsaida and his companions in a madhouse. And yet, sir, what you would have thought a notable madness is to-day a startling reality, with which I leave you face to face.—*Zion's Herald.*

ENGLAND.—There seems to be a general agreement that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council will decide in favor of Dr. Colenso, claim present jurisdiction of the case, and proceed to hear it on its own merits. The English papers predict that this will kindle a fire in the Church of England such as has not been dreamed of since the revolution of 1688.

An old writer says: Of most things it may be said, vanity of vanities, all is vanity; but of the Bible it may truly be said, verity of verities, all is verity.

MR. SUMNER presented in the United States Senate the memorial of the Executive Committee of the Board of Delegates of the American Israelites, remonstrating against the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States recognizing the Divinity of Christ.

THE BEST WAY.

Timothy Titcomb writes as follows of Matrimony:

When the honeymoon passes away, setting behind dull mountains, or dropping silently into the stormy sea of life, the trying hour of married life has come. Between the parties there are no more illusions. The feverish desire of possession has gone, and all excitement receded. Then begins, or should, the business of adaptation. If they find that they do not love one another as they thought they did, they should double their assiduous attentions to one another, and be jealous of everything which tends in the slightest way to separate them. Life is too precious to be thrown away in secret regrets or open difference. And let me say to every one to whom the romance of life has fled, and who are discontented in the slightest degree with their conditions and relations, begin this reconciliation at once.

Renew the attentions of earlier days. Draw your hearts close together. Talk the thing all over. Acknowledge your faults to one another, and determine that henceforth you will be all in all to each other; and my word for it, you shall find in your relation the sweetest joy earth has for you. There is no other way for you to do. If you are happy at home, you must be happy abroad; the man or woman who has settled down upon the conviction that he or she is attached for life to an uncongenial yoke-fellow, and that there is no way of escape, has lost life; there is no effort too costly to make which can restore to setting upon the bosom the missing pearl.

IMAGINARY CROSSES.

Many Christians create their crosses, and then have great complacency in bearing them. They imagine that they make great self-denials for Christ. Peter said, loftily after having left a fishing boat, perhaps nearly worn out, and nets often patched and mended, and companions low and ignorant, "Lo, we have left all and followed Thee: what shall we have therefore?" A many Christians who have been in every respect gaily, like him, by discipline to Jesus, fancy they have made great sacrifices. Gail Hamilton says, in her "Stumbling Blocks," just published by Tickner & Fields:

In fact, there is not much persecution in these latter times. We like to fancy ourselves bearing a cross, because it enables us to claim a crown. Young people who have just begun to think upon their ways, and to turn their feet to the testimonies of the Lord, read of the cruel mockings and scourgings in the New Testament, and forgetting that they are not living in Rome in the days of Nero, exhort each other to courage and constancy, after the manner of Paul and the early Christians. If you bring them to the point, insisting that they explain what they mean, they will probably conclude that they refer to the scorn, ridicule, coldness, or contumely "of the world." Even of this, however there is very little in New England. I dare say many of my young readers will be considerably shocked at hearing it, but it is true. Religion here walks on silver slippers. It is, on the whole, appreciably more respectable to be within than without the pale of the Church. I have been amused to hear young people at prayer meetings counsel each other not to fear the frowns of the world, when their world was composed of an overwhelming majority of at least nominal Christians—when their certificate of church-membership was, if not a passport, at least a recommendation to the "best society" and the most lucrative clerkships.

(From the Educator.)

"LIFE IN A WATER-DROP."

Clear and transparent it lies before us; vainly our vision attempts to discover the least evidence of life, or the smallest creature, in that which seems in itself too small to contain any living object: the breath of our mouth is strong enough to agitate it, and a few rays of the sun are sufficient to convert it into vapor.

But we place this drop of water between two clean squares of glass, beneath the microscope, and lo! what life is suddenly presented; we scarcely trust our senses. The little drop has expanded into a large plain; wonderful shapes rush backwards and forwards, drawing towards and repelling each other, or resting placidly and rocking themselves, as if they were cradled on the waves of an extensive sea. These are no delusions; they are real living creatures, for they play with each other, they rush violently upon one another, they free and propel themselves, and run from one place in order to renew the same game with some other little creature, or madly precipitate themselves upon one another, combat and struggle, until one conquers and the other is subdued; or carelessly they swim, side by side until playfulness or rapacity is awakened anew.

One sees that these little creatures, which the sharpest eye cannot detect without the aid of a microscope, are susceptible of enjoyment and pain: in them lies an instinct which induces them to seek and enables them to find sustenance, which points out and leads them to avoid and to escape the enemy stronger than themselves. Here one tumbles about in mad career and drunken lust; it stretches out its feelers, beats about with its tail, tears its fellows and is as frolicsome as if perfectly happy. It is gay, cheerful, hops and dances, rocks and bends about upon the little waves of the water-drop.

There is another creature; it does not swim about—but contracts itself convulsively, and then stretches itself palpatingly out again. Who could not detect in these motions the throes of agony; and so it is; for only just now it has freed itself from the jaws of a stronger enemy. The utmost power has it exerted in order to get away; but he must have had a tight hold, and severely wounded it, for only a few more throes, each one becoming weaker and more faint, it draws itself together; stretches out its whole length once more, and sinks slowly to the bottom. It was a death struggle. It has expired.

On one spot a great creature lies apparently quiet and indifferent. A smaller one passes quietly by, and like a flash of lightning the first dashes upon it. Vainly does the weaker seek to escape from its more powerful enemy, he has already caught it—the throes of the vanquished cease—it has already become a prey.

This is only a general glance at the life in a water-drop; how wondrously does everything show itself within that, of which we had formerly no conception. These are creatures which nature nowhere presents to the eye, upon an enlarged scale, so marvelous, odd, and also again so beautiful, so merry, and happy in their whole life and movements; and although defective, and in some respects, only one step removed from vegetable life, they are yet animated and possessed of will and power. It would require a volume to give a description of all, or even of a great part of the ephemeral world in all its varied aspects, but we propose to take a nearer survey, of some few at least, in order to display the life which exists in a single drop of water taken from a pond.

Slowly and gracefully through the floods of this small drop of water, comes glidingly swimming along, the little Swan animalcule, turning and twisting its long, pliant neck, swaying itself comfortably, and moving in every direction, sucking whatever nourishment or prey may present itself. This animalcule has its name from its likeness to a swan; it carries its head just as proudly and gracefully arched only the head is wanting; for at the end there is a wide opening mouth, surrounded by innumerable beam-like lashes. The entire little creature is transparent, and it seems impossible that any species of nutriment could possibly pass through the thin throat, for even water seems too coarse a material for this small tube, but scarcely does one of the variously formed monads, which exist in all waters, and of which many thousands could move and freely tumble about in the hollow of a poppy seed, approach its mouth, ere it gulps them down; we see them gliding through the throat and see the green, grey or white monad lying in the stomach of this curious animalcule. This monad which has just been swallowed, is itself a living atom; and possibly a still smaller animalcule serves for its nourishment; but the human eye has not yet penetrated thus far, possibly it may never do so, for the Creator has hidden from the material vision of man, the limits of his creating power, alike in the infinitely great, as in the inconceivably small.

Whirling along, comes swimming by the side of the swan animalcule, the Bell. Here nature has still retained a form out of the vegetable kingdom, for the body of this animalcule is similar to the bell-shaped blossoms of a May flower, fastened to a long stem, through which passes a spiral formed vein, a fine dark tube, which is easily moveable; it closes itself screw-like, together, and stretches out again—this is the tail of the Bell animalcule; at the end there is a little knot, and soon this knot becomes attached to the bottom, or to a blade of grass, or to a piece of wood, and the little animalcule is like a ship at anchor in a bay or harbor: its tail extends and turns itself

and the body of the animalcule, the little bell, whose opening is at the top, begins to whirl itself round and round, and this movement is so quick and powerful, that it creates even in the billows of the water-drop, a whirlpool, which ever keeps going round wilder and more violently; it grows to a Charybdis, which none of the little monads who are caught within it can escape; the whirlpool is too fierce, they get drawn into it, and find a grave in the jaws of the Bell animalcule. The Bell closes the tail, rolls together, but soon it stretches itself out again; the bell whirls, the whirlpool goes round, and in it many a quiet and thoughtless passing monad is drawn down. But the Bell animalcule is about meeting its punishment; again it whirls its bell violently, the tail breaks from the body, and the bell floats without control hither and thither on the waves of the water-drop; but it knows how to help itself; nature has provided for such a catastrophe in its creation. The bell sinks to the bottom, and soon the missing tail grows again; and if death even comes, so liberal has nature been in her provisions, that new life and new creatures arise so quickly out of those which have passed away, and so great is their number—that the death of one is less than a drop in the ocean, or a grain of sand in the desert of Sahara."

Travels.

Men & Things as I saw them in Europe.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

VII.

Notre Dame — The Power of the Keys — Hotel Dieu — A Nun in a Circle — Vincennes — A Mistake Blame divided — The Donjon — Salle de la Question Justice will come.

I am not yet out of Paris.

Notre Dame is the Cathedral of Paris—the historic church of France. It has its place in the bloody revolutions and persecutions of the country. It is on the "Isle de la Cite," and of course in the most ancient part of the city, and is conspicuous by its double Gothic towers. It was here that "Te Deums" were sung on the cruel murder of Protestants—that a courtesan was crowned as the Goddess of Reason during the frenzy of the Revolution—and that Napoleon placed the imperial crown on his own head, and that of Josephine, in 1804, in the presence of the Pope, and of an assemblage more brilliant than any Paris ever witnessed before or since. A star wrought in the marble marks the spot where he stood on that great occasion.

As you approach this pile of masonry you are struck with its dingy appearance—its antique bas-reliefs, and the magnificent circular window between the towers, said to be thirty feet in diameter. It is French in its appearance. Various hands and ages have had to do with it; and it is yet unfinished. We entered a side door into the tower, and soon the vast interior was before us. The floor is of marble. There are no seats. Piles of split-bottom chairs with high backs are on either hand, which one can hire for a few sous at any time. On the sides are altars, and candles, and confession boxes; and we saw here and there an old woman or a young servant whispering confessions into the ear of a priest, whose face, whether from shame or wine, recalled the color of Burgundy. The grand altar is shut out from the body of the church by an iron railing, within which you can enter—"for a compensation." A silver or golden key has great efficacy within the dominions of Popery. It will open a church, or chapel, or relic box: it opens the gates of Paradise or Purgatory. Between the railings and the grand altar are some magnificent paintings. On either side of this altar, but shut out from it, are rooms which contain treasures and relics. In them we were shown the splendid robe in which Napoleon was crowned, priestly robes embroidered with gold, gifts of popes and kings made at different times to this old Cathedral, and, passing from the sublime to the ridiculous, the bullet which killed Affre, the archbishop of Paris, during the emeute of 1848!

As we passed round the building, we saw here and there poor, ragged devotees praying before pictures, counting their beads, and leaning over chairs. It appeared far more like a heathen than a Christian temple. As we were going out we passed a confessional where a female was confessing, and two others

were waiting for their turn. "There is a shaving shop," said one of the company in broken English. Startled by the remark, and by hearing my own tongue, even in foreign accent, I joined conversation with the person. "Why call it a shaving shop?" said I. "They take money from the people for nothing, and seduce the women," was the reply. I found him to be a French merchant from New York who had been brought up in the Papal Church, and who had seen enough of its priests to form a true estimate of them.

Notre Dame is inferior to St. Paul's or to Westminster Abbey. It is in an old and crowded part of the city, where nothing can be seen to advantage. Although the laying of its foundations dates back to the fabulous ages of remote antiquity, it is yet unfinished. It is in many respects a type of the Romish Church—it lifts itself high—it has much external pretension—it is dingy and faded—while internally it is empty, and cold, and damp. We were chilled there on a hot day; it was pleasant to get out into the air and sunshine.

Under the shadow of Notre Dame is the Hotel Dieu, the most ancient hospital of Paris, whose foundations date back to the seventh century. It has been gradually enlarged by public and private benefactions, until it now contains upward of 800 beds. Here the sick and wounded are received, with the exception of children, incurable and insane persons, and those with cutaneous diseases. The yearly average of patients is 12,000, and the mortality one in eight. We were taken through it by an official wearing a chapeau militaire, and whose step indicated that he had often marched to the tap of the drum. There is one immense hall with three rows of beds, nearly all of which were filled with sick men. Every thing was perfectly neat—the rooms, beds, cooking, washing, waiting. Not an unpleasant odor was perceptible. Altars, candles, and crucifixes were offensively numerous. We saw here and there a lazy-looking priest confessing the sick; the nuns were numerous. But the sight which most deeply impressed me was that of a circle of recovering invalids around a sister, who in a sweet and earnest manner was reading to them from a book. Our approach diverted the attention of some of them, but the nun read on. I did not approach near enough to see the book, or to hear any of its contents. But it did not look like a Bible—probably not a copy of it is to be found in the building—and I suppose she was reading to them from the Lives of the Saints, that miserable fabrication of lying legends and old wives' fables, by which the priests would every where supplant the word of God. These poor nuns are every where the dupes of the priests, when they are nothing worse. The Hotel Dieu bore to us a much greater resemblance to the house of God than does the Notre Dame under whose shadow it reclines.

We made quite an unexpected visit one morning to Vincennes, outside the wall of the city, and famous in history as a royal residence, and for its being a prison of state, and now one of the strongest fortifications in the kingdom or empire. We started for Versailles, and were put down at Vincennes. So much for our bad French and the roguery of the coacher. He insisted that we said Vincennes instead of Versailles; and we thought he lied about it to get our money. But we also thought, as the fare was paid, the best plan was to divide the blame—to charge half the mistake to our French, and the other half to his falsehood, and to act like heroes. Yet there before us was the Donjon where the gallant Henry V. of England reigned and died—which was converted into a prison by Louis VI.—where the Duke d'Enghien was murdered in 1804—where Poincaré, minister of Charles X., was imprisoned in 1830—and where yet is to be seen the "Salle de la Question," with its fearful bed, upon which men were tortured during the application of the "Question." Heaven only knows the cruelties committed within that Donjon, through those long years when French kings perpetrated crimes by "lettres de cachet," which are a disgrace to humanity. We almost forgave the roguery of the driver, who, to get a shilling out of strangers, took us to Vincennes, as we had thus an opportunity of gazing upon a place so famous in history, and upon that Donjon that has had such a baptism of blood. It would seem as if the spirits of the multitudes there murdered were hovering around its turrets, waiting the arrival of that retributive justice which, though slowly, will surely come.

THE ROD.—The eldest son of President Edwards, while congratulating a friend on having a family of sons, said to him with much earnestness: "Remember, there is but one mode of family government. I have brought up and educated fourteen boys; two I suffered to grow up without the rod. One of these was my youngest brother's, and the other was Aaron Burr, my sister's only son—both having lost their parents in their childhood; and from both by observation and experience, I tell you, sir, a maple sugar treatment will not answer. Beware how you let first acts of disobedience go unnoticed, and unless evidence of repentance be manifested unpunished. The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

A VOYAGE UP THE MISSISSIPPI.

Morning dawns and just off yonder ahead of us are to be seen the "Passes" of the Mississippi river. There are four main ones, and fifty or sixty smaller outlets, most of which are not navigable for anything except canoes. The names of the principal passes are the South West, South, South East, and the Saluda. Before passing the bar a river pilot comes on board, and the regular pilot, who has been directing the course of the ship through all the previous voyage, suddenly finds his "occupation gone." At length we are out of the pass and into the river proper. The water has assumed a dirty lightish hue, and the air too has changed; it has no longer the freshness—the purity that made its inhalation a joy; and it only remains an act of necessity, from which however, we were not anxious to be relieved.

The "passes" through the delta, are straight narrow channels of water from fifteen to twenty-five feet in depth. One of them is about twenty miles long, another fifteen, and two are about ten miles each. At their mouths, or at the point where they empty into the Gulf, these passes are about five miles apart. On the intervening spaces of marshy ground, there is a rank growth of marshy grass, often six and eight feet in height. This serves as a place of refuge—a secure retreat for great numbers of river birds, such as cranes, sea-gulls, wild-ducks, pelicans. And here also they rear their young. Cattle are also seen grazing upon these broad savannahs reckless of the danger that they incur from passing from Terra Firma, upon some of the numerous floating islands that abound among the Bayous of the delta. Finally, after a slow and cautious trip up the South West pass, we arrived at the Balise, (pronounced Ba-leez) a French word, signifying where all the outlets meet. Here, within a very limited circle, the four great passes and the numerous smaller ones have their place of commencement: and it certainly produces a curious mental sensation to behold them branching off, in different directions, as if at irreconcilable strife with each other.

The delta of the Mississippi, is like everything else that pertains to that wonderful river, a wonder in itself. It is a vast flat plain, formed by the deposits of stumps, mud and sand, brought by the river's turbid tide from the far interior of the continent. This plain is divided into countless numbers of islands, large and small, with intervening lakes, and bayous, and "passes" through which the great river of De Soto discharges into the Gulf. The delta is covered, for the most part, with a dense growth of tall grass, resembling wild oats.

It may be surprising to many who read this article, to learn that the Mississippi here, and for hundreds of miles above is not as wide as the Delaware river at Philadelphia, but then it is wonderfully deep and swift, except at its mouth and averages more than ten times the depth of our noble old Pennsylvania river. And again there are certain peculiarities, and a majestic mien about it, that truly and emphatically mark it as the monarch of American rivers. When swollen with a great flood, it often overleaps its levees or banks and spreads into a vast sea 50 miles or more in width. Gazing from the masthead, lagoons or small lakes were to be seen at intervals of only a few miles apart, spread all over the country—sometimes these degenerated into ponds and marshes, while as far as the eye could reach, bayous like huge crawling serpents could be seen extending in almost every direction. Of course this region is a little too damp for agricultural purposes, and so is given over to the domination of alligators, mud-turtles, and other amphibious specimens of the animal kingdom.

But further up the river the scene changes, and cotton and sugar plantations become numerous. River gulls hovered around us in great numbers, and also, great flocks of pelicans were to be seen along the banks. The Pelican is the chief emblem on the escutcheon of the arms of the state.

At noon we passed Forts Jackson and Phillips the former on the left and the latter on the right bank of the river. They are very nearly opposite to each other and mount an immense number of guns. From this point to the mouth of the Mississippi is 37 miles and in the other direction to New Orleans is 83 miles—making the entire distance of the city from the Gulf, 120 miles. Above these forts the country is settled, and the scenery gradually increases in interest as we ascend. Tropical trees line the banks—orange groves laden with their burden of yellow fruit make their appearance in greater and constantly increasing numbers.

At the distance of 72 miles from New Orleans we passed the Quarantine Station, the Officer came on board and after the usual ceremonies and formalities we proceeded on our way. At this point there are two fine hospital buildings. On the passage up several government steamers passed us, among which were two gunboats. From the top of the Pilot House, the river could be seen for many miles ahead and beyond the point where it is

visible, a border of lofty trees along its margin, point out its winding course. The river is extremely crooked and bends in almost every direction; were it not for this the water would rush down its channel with such impetuosity that its navigation would be rendered almost or probably quite impossible. The numerous curvatures check the rapid descent of the vast volume of water that comes from the rivers above, that are its affluents.

Vegetation in the rankest luxuriance is now to be seen on either side; splendid groves of orange trees, covering great tracts of land, and heavily laden with their golden fruit, extensive plantations of cotton and sugar-cane, appeared in rapid succession. Strange trees and plants, and a delightful drapery of green lined the banks of the river and at intervals between the numerous plantations extended back for a considerable distance from the course of the mighty stream. The Planter's houses are generally of but one story in height entirely surrounded by the inevitable piazza, and are chiefly remarkable for the large extent of ground which they cover.

This river, below New Orleans reminds one of Bayard Taylor's description of the scenery along the Nile. It often happens that a plantation of sugar-cane, hundreds of acres in extent, another of cotton, not inferior in size, and a magnificent grove of orange trees, are all taken in at a single glance of the eye, forming a gorgeous picture not easily forgotten. As we approached New Orleans, the Planter's Houses grew in stature to two or three stories in height and the verandahs and balconies increased in like proportions. Some of these summer cottages, however, were the same in form and size as those seen below with the portico extending all around them; the same roof covering the house and its verandahs. Around the supporting pillars of the latter vines twined up and ran over the roof, forming a most beautiful picture of Southern rural life. The Slave habitations or huts formed a regular street, with ten or twelve of them ranged on each side. These were generally at only a short distance from the owner's Mansion. These cabins are all built of logs, one story high, and present a uniform appearance.

In many places along the river, lofty trees have been undermined and are tottering over into the water, while others have more than half their roots exposed to sight. These trees grow along the levee, which is about five or six feet in height. In consequence of the river being higher than the surrounding land an extended view is to be had of the vast level expanse spread out like a map in every direction.

It is nearly sunset and the glowing scene will soon be veiled in darkness—let us enjoy it while it lasts—What wonderful fertility! What luxuriant vegetation! Ah! it is truly amazing. Yonder are large sugar houses with their odd looking steam boilers, with smoke-stacks reaching high into the air. Another bend in the river is turned and new features of this ever varying river present themselves.

"Ever charming, ever new."

When will the landscape tire the view."

Night overtook us when within 30 miles of the city and as it grew dark a wonderful scene was presented to our vision—at a considerable distance was to be seen a large prairie on fire; the wind blew towards us and the scent of the burnt grass of cedar forests are almost suffocating. Vast volumes of smoke are seen curling up, until half the heavens are obscured by it—long blades of blackened vegetation are floating in the air and cover the surface of the water: and we are soon speckled all over with the crisped fragments. The long line of fire on the burning prairie, surged up at times with increasing brightness, and the waves of fire would roll up in long serpentine wreaths, casting a lurid glare over the waters.

Large steamers are almost constantly passing us and among others a large iron clad one covered in every available spot, with union soldiers, and one that looked like a lion oval fort. In the dim, murky twilight two immense sugar plantations are partly visible—with the Plantation cabins or "negro quarters" looking for all the world like a rural country village—while a little distance off stand the capacious Mansions of the proprietors—with their verandahs, green blinds, and ornamental grounds. The water was perfectly smooth and the trees, houses—everything along the banks of the river was reflected vividly on its surface.

At 8 o. c. P. M. we were in sight of New Orleans—distant about 8 miles; and at 10 o. c. halted at the lower wharves. The scene as we approached the city was grand; on the right a long crescent line of lights showed where lay, as it were in skeleton outline, the great commercial metropolis of the South West.—On the left the waving flames curled up fitfully from a distant prairie on fire. The singular emotions that the writer experienced will perhaps never be forgotten: on the morrow, he trod for the first time the soil of Louisiana, and wandered in the streets of a city where he was a total stranger.

Reader, we have now taken you 1800 miles and landed you at the crescent city.

—Educator.

For the American Lutheran.

SOCINIANISM UNMASKED.

MR. EDITOR:—I have lately been reading a work of a quaint old divine of the eighteenth century, who had a peculiar way of exposing and disposing of the views of certain religious errorists, prevalent in his day and country. I have thought, that perhaps you and your readers would be interested and edified by a perusal of some of his keen sarcasm and biting ridicule with which he met the views of his adversaries; and therefore send you a specimen for circulation in the American Lutheran. In his day, as in the present, it was very fashionable, among a certain class of expounders of the scriptures to interpret the word of God, in a very rational way.

The following is a specimen of the manner in which one of these expounders disposed of the doctrine of spiritual beings, as taught in the Bible. He says on this subject, "We have no doubt at all, as to the devil, that he is entirely a fabulous character; and as to what is said concerning those who are possessed of the devil, it were irrational to suppose, that it could mean anything farther than that they were mad, or had hysterical fits: as to the existence of angels, though there are frequent allusions to it in the New Testament, yet it is a doctrine that cannot be proved or made probable from the light of nature; and what have we got to do with the New Testament, while it contradicts the light of nature? Notwithstanding, therefore, the allusions, we choose to say, this is nowhere taught as a doctrine of revelation. A judicious Christian, therefore, will discard it from his creed; that, not only as groundless, but as a useless and pernicious tenet, which tends to diminish our regard to the omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent God, and to excite superstitious respect to, and unreasonable expectations from imaginary and fictitious beings. When, therefore, we hear how Jesus was tempted of the devil in the wilderness, it was only an allusion to a fictitious being; and the proper, and most rational meaning is, that he was fighting with some good and bad thoughts which alternately possessed him; but such were the Eastern metaphors and Oriental figures then in use."

To this preposterous interpretation of God's word, our heroic divine replies:

"Then, sir, might it not have sounded still more rational, had you made it out, that Christ was fighting with two Eastern metaphors, or Oriental figures? that when the angel spoke to Zacharias about the birth of John, the forerunner of our Lord, he should not have said, 'I am Gabriel,' but 'I am an Oriental figure?' and that it was nothing but an Oriental figure that spoke to Mary on the same subject? and that Eastern metaphors, or Oriental figures appeared unto the shepherds, and sang 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men;' and then again, that our Lord had another meeting with these Eastern metaphors and Oriental figures in the mount of transfiguration? that an Eastern metaphor opened the prison in which Peter was confined, and that an Oriental figure knocked off his fetters? that Paul was converted at the sight of these Eastern metaphors? that Stephen saw somewhat of the like sort when he was stoned? and that an Eastern metaphor stood by Paul when near shipwrecked?"

"In addition to these I will give you a few more passages, where the real existence of such spirits is positively mentioned and then you shall see how far common sense will befriend you in your rational religion."

"Beelzebub, the prince of the devils—the prince of the Eastern metaphors. Unto which of the angels (oriental figures) said he at any time, this day have I begotten thee; let the Angels of God (eastern metaphors) worship him."

Our Lord cast out a whole legion of these eastern metaphors from the man among the tombs, and that it was several of these tropical figures that possessed two thousand swine at the same time, and to alarm them in such a manner, as to drive them into the sea. "Whether there be thrones, dominions, principalities and powers," he spoiled eastern metaphors and oriental figures. The ministering spirits "sent forth to minister unto those who shall be heirs of salvation," these are also to be understood as nonentities or oriental figures. "The angels (oriental figures) who kept not their first estate! 'There was fire prepared for the devil and his angels' (for an eastern metaphor and his oriental figures)—But enough of this from the New Testament, by way of giving a fair specimen of the wisdom of those, who can bestow such high compliments on themselves, and on the rationality of their religion."

A few instances from the Old Testament shall also be given, as farther embellishments of these rational evasions.

An angel appeared to Manoah, foretold the birth of Samuel, and instructed him concerning his education: his appearance was very terrible or glorious; he did wondrously, and in a flame of a sacrifice ascended into glory. All this was done by an eastern metaphor.

An angel was commissioned to punish Israel with a tremendous plague, when David numbered the people; it is said "the angel of the Lord stretched out his hand." N. B. Eastern metaphors have hands; and again, the Angel of the Lord stood between the earth and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand. N. B. Tropical figures carry drawn swords. We are farther told, The Angel of the Lord stood by the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite. N. B. These standings and movings, and actings, were all accomplished by an eastern metaphor.

The angel of the Lord that encamped around his people, when he brought them out of Egypt, first stood before them and then went behind them; strange, that nothing but a tropical figure should have had such an influence on Pharaoh and all his host!

Again, Abraham had a visit from three of these eastern metaphors, and he was so sure of their positive existence, that he prepared an entertainment for them, while the plentiful repast was all in the eastern style; and every properly, for he had to entertain three eastern metaphors. There was also a long conversation held between these eastern metaphors and Abraham, Sarah, and Lot, and we are told of the great care they took to deliver the righteous man out of Sodom. This is a notable proof what a wonderful book will be exhibited before the world, when your rational comment upon the scriptures, shall appear to illuminate the human mind.

The last instance which I will produce, out of a large variety, shall be taken from the history of Balaam. The ass of the soothsayer was thrice opposed by the angel of the Lord, i. e. by an eastern metaphor; and by this means crushed his foot against the wall. The Lord spoke unto him, as through the mouth of the ass, and thus "forbade the madness of the prophet." What a strange timid ass must Balaam's ass have been so afraid of a tropical figure; or what stupid asses must those be who thus interpret the word of God? on what brainless asses we all must be, to abide by interpretations so preposterous and absurd."

If this is not sufficient to expose the folly of Socinianism then it is indeed incorrigible.

Antiquarius.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR:—

The following article which I clip from the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph is well worthy of a careful consideration, and will be read with pleasure by your readers.

It is taken from the editorial page of a secular news-paper where we do not look for discussions of those momentous subjects which pertain to the welfare of the church of the blessed Redeemer. This simple fact is a powerful argument to prove the desirableness of a more thorough "Christian Union" than the church has yet realized since the days of the Reformation. When secular papers speak with so much earnestness in favor of more energetic and united effort on the part of the church for the suppression of sin should not the church herself commence gathering up her scattered fragments? We give the article below without further comment; it speaks for itself.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Nothing has so hindered the progress of Christianity and debarr'd it of the predominant and universal sway that it ought of right to attain over the minds and affections, the social and civil affairs of mankind, as the want of a hearty practical sympathy and co-operation among Christians themselves. In their divisions and conflicts, infidelity has formed its chief strength; and as long as they continue to strive against each other respecting unimportant differences of creed, worship, or discipline, instead of combining, in virtue of the great essential matters in which they all agree to achieve the triumph and establish the dominion of a common cause, we may confidently look to see the reign of the Devil maintained and fortified everywhere upon the earth.

A house divided against itself must fall, and this is as true of the Church as of any other kind of community. In view of the bitter and persistent efforts which the various sects of Christians have been making during the last nineteen centuries to pull each other down, the wonder is, not that they have advanced no faster in their joint war against the kingdom of Satan, but that they have not effectually accomplished their own destruction.

Surely it is high time that this unnatural and pernicious discord should cease, and that the energies of all Christians, which have so long been turned against themselves, should be directed with all practicable unanimity against the one enemy they are alike professedly opposing. Until this is done, until every denomination desists from a miserable contest with others about rules of faith as respects indifferent points, questions of ecclesiastical government, and forms and modes of worship, and all unite in some manner compatible with sectarian independence, in an earnest, harmonious, and organized effort to promote the great essential aims, and push forward throughout the world the conquest of one Christian Church, the empire of sin and unbelief will

suffer no material or lasting diminution, if it does not, indeed, regain she ground it has lost.

This is a truth which clergy and congregations in all parts of Christendom will have to realize sooner or later, and they had better look it in the face at once. It is a sad and fatal delusion to fancy that they are doing much, if anything, towards the conversion of the world. However church edifices may be multiplied, and ministers sent abroad, and the Bible circulated, and communicants increased, it may yet be doubted whether any real advance is being made in the propagation of vital piety in the hearts of men, and in acquiring for the spirit and the law of the Gospel, a more decidedly operative power over the consciences and conduct of individuals and communities.

The best evidence, perhaps, that no such progress is taking place, is that pastors and people are still waging, with but slightly abated fierceness, the sectarian controversies that are making a thousand infidels for every convert to the truths that are common to the whole divided and belligerent brotherhood of Christians, under whatever variety of name they are distinguished; and the best assurance that could be given that living principles had become triumphant over dead forms, that essential and saving tenets of faith had taken the place of pretentious and unavailing vanities of doctrine, would be a cordial reunion of the members of all communities of true Christians for the cause of religion, and a fraternal intercourse and co-operation in all plans and enterprises to build up, extend, and establish its power throughout the earth.

THE AMER. LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, Thursday, March 2 1865.

A SYMBOLIC PEACE.

"For the peace of the Church we have established, this Seminary in Philadelphia."—These words as near as we can recollect them, were written some time ago by the editor of the *Lutheran and Missionary*. The editor was laboring to show that the doctrines of the Lutheran Church are not correctly taught in the English language in any Theological Seminary of this country, whilst this is the case there can be no peace in the Church, and therefore the noble enterprise of the new symbolical Seminary in Philadelphia was projected in order to restore peace. How far they have succeeded in promoting peace in the Church we will leave those to judge who have read that exceeding friendly (?) correspondence between Dr. Brown of Gettysburg and Dr. Krauth of Philadelphia.

Dr. Krauth is not the first one who has propounded the theory that the only way to unite the Church and restore peace is to require a subscription to the Symbolical Books from all Lutheran Ministers. Others before him have labored to make us believe the same thing, but our brethren in Philadelphia have gone to work in the most practical manner to realize this utopian scheme. They are trying to establish a Theological Seminary for this avowed purpose; their organ the *Lutheran and Missionary* is laboring with might and main to accomplish this object, and they no doubt hope to make the Lutheran Publication house in Philadelphia subserve the same end. Already they revel in immagination in the elusiveness of this symbolical millennium, when they shall have converted the whole Church to symbolism and there shall be perfect peace and love among all the Lutherans in the whole world because they have all signed the Symbolical Books.

Let us proceed to illustrate this symbolical peace by one or two examples from the history of the Lutheran Church.

The Formula of Concord, was prepared for the express purpose of restoring peace and unity to the Church; that document was "voluntarily" (?) signed by 8,000 preachers and school-masters. They had the choice of signing the Formula, or of being deposed from their positions, and hence many subscribed, it with their hands whilst they despised it in their hearts. There was then an external peace, but it was the peace of the grave; the Church was dead, dead in cold formalism and rigid confessionalism. The condition was very much like that described in Holy Writ. Men cried peace! peace! when there was no peace. It was only through the pious labors of Franke and Spener that a degree of life and warmth was infused into a cold and petrified church. But these holy men were denounced by the symbolists of their day and stigmatized as pietist, unworthy of the Lutheran name, very much as the American Lutherans are denounced by the symbolists of the present day.

The Wittenberg Theologians of the 17th century were symbolists of the purest dye; they ought therefore, according to the Philadelphia scheme, have had a perfect heaven of peace and harmony. Any person wishing to know what kind of a peace they had among themselves is advised to read Dr. Tholuck's *Spirit of the Wittenberg Theologians*. It resembled very much that which prevailed among the Killkenny cats.

But we have one of the most striking illustrations of a symbolic peace represented before our eyes at the present day. The Synods of Missouri, Buffalo and Wisconsin are intensely symbolic, they have adopted the whole of the Symbolical Books, ex animo and without "mental reservation." What a beautiful trio these three sister synods ought to be, according to the Philadelphia scheme. There should be nothing but love and harmony without one jar of discord to disturb their placid peace? But alas! alas! the facts in this case present quite a different picture. In their papers, the *Lutheran* and the *Informatorium* they pour upon each other a perfect Billingsgate style of abuse. The Missourians assert that the Buffalonians are no true Lutherans, the Buffalonians retort that the Missourians are not of the right stripe, and both unite in denouncing the Wisconsin Synod as "unionists." Then they exert all their power in proselyting each other's members and robbing each other's churches. Of this we have a remarkable example in the last number of the *Lutheran*. It seems that the Missouri, Buffalo and Wisconsin Synods are all represented by congregations in the city of Milwaukee.—The Rev. F. Lochner of the Missouri Synod charges the Rev. G. Wollager of the Buffalo Synod as entertaining and practising the following sentiment. "That as little as it is necessary to ask the devil's permission when any poor sinner wishes to escape from hell and get to Heaven, just so little is it necessary to ask the permission of a Missouri faction preacher, when any of their renegades wish to come over to the Buffalo Church."

The Lord in mercy preserve the American Lutheran Church from a symbolical peace. These men are evidently unconverted, for no truly converted man would speak thus of his brethren, and we fear some of our English brethren will lose their piety too in proportion as they advance in Symbolism. The best thing to restore peace among them would be a genuine revival of religion. We wish that they all might be brought down to the anxious bench, and that there might be a powerful "shaking among the dry bones."

REVIVALS.

From various parts of the country we hear that the Lord is still reviving the churches notwithstanding the excitement of the war which is agitating the people. We give below a few instances. Rev. H. Baker from Newville, Pa. communicates the following:

A protracted meeting was commenced on the first day of January in the Evangelical Lutheran church of Newville Penna. and continued for some five weeks.—

Some sixty or more persons manifested a deep concern in their souls salvation. Nearly all of these persons professed to have found peace in believing in Christ.

A large proportion of the converts were heads of families, who will be valuable accessions to the church. To God be all the glory.

Rev. D. Smith from Noblesville writes: "I have just closed a protracted meeting in my Mt. Pleasant congregation, which was blessed of God in the conversion of upwards of twenty persons, twenty one of which were added to the church. Christians were greatly revived, and new life and vigor were infused into the whole congregation. Not quite five years ago I organized this congregation with 17 members and now it numbers upwards of one hundred and thirty."

May the Lord continue to bless us in his prayer." D. Smith.

Rev. S. Domer of Selinsgrove communicates the following:

Quite an interesting series of meetings was recently held in the English Lutheran church of Selinsgrove, S. Domer, pastor.

The meeting was in progress two weeks during which between twenty and thirty persons were brought to consideration; and concerned for their welfare inquired what they must do to be saved?

A large proportion of this number were students of the several Institutions of this place—Nineteen (19) united with the Lutheran church.—

Among these were some of the brightest intellects, and most talented young men and young ladies of these schools; and who can tell what influences for good, shall not go forth, from these consecrated hearts and minds?

It was this which gave an additional charm to these religious services, and invested them with a deeper interest, because "the truth as it is in Jesus," winning the minds of those who are just engaged in fitting themselves for positions in life by a course of mental training, becomes the moulding power by which the entire character of their lives is turned in the direction of holiness and heaven.

It is yet worthy of remark, that on account of the perfect harmony and co-operation of the entire Lutheran ministry of this place, our meeting became exceedingly pleasant. The brethren who are here, in the providence of God, associated with each other in labors for the promotion of the Master's cause, see "eye to eye," and co-operate without a jarring element to disturb their harmony.

Thus we realize, in our associations with each other, the idea of the Psalmist: "Behold, how good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

A BUTTER ITEM.—Rev. Dr. Stohman of New York City, is responsible for the following interesting butter item:

At the last meeting of the Synod in Utica, a pastor related the following:

One of the members of his congregation asked him lately, "What do you pay for butter now?"

Pastor: I don't know the price. We don't use any.

Member: "Don't you use any?"

Pastor: Not in these times.

The next day the same member sent five pounds of butter to his pastor with his kindest respects and the promise of more.

This example is worthy of imitation.—Who will go and do likewise to his pastor?

A COLD LUTHERAN AND WARM BAPTIST.

Under this head the "*Lutheran*" says: "A Baptist preacher by the name of Thomas, describes an immersion which he performed in Laseo in the following manner. 'I invited the Lutheran preacher who has lately come to this part of the country, and is a man that actually prays on his knees, (Do the people regard it as something uncommon now for a Lutheran preacher to pray on his knees? Ed. Amer. Luth.) to be present at the ceremony. He promised to come, and also kept his word. Sister Stuhlman's both rooms were filled with hearers. The Lutheran preacher took his seat beside me. Now I proclaimed with great freedom the truth on the subject of Baptism. Now we proceeded to the water.—After I had baptised the two souls I felt the presence of the Lord so powerful, that although the weather was so cold, I could have preached a whole hour in my wet clothes, if it had been necessary. This was a blessed day.' To this the '*Lutheran*' remarks: 'That the Lutheran preacher could so calmly attend at the disgracing of Holy Baptism, proves that he was a spiritually dead, and therefore a cold Lutheran. But that the Baptist, notwithstanding the cold weather and his wet pantaloons could have preached an hour longer, is a proof on the other hand that this fanatic was exceedingly warm.' We agree with the *Lutheran* on this subject.

We direct the attention of the readers to the advertisement of the Government loan in another column of this paper. Those who have money to invest permanently could not find a better or safer investment than this, beside aiding the Government in the suppression of the rebellion. Especially would we advise the Trustees of our Colleges and Seminaries to invest those funds which are now being raised for the endowment of their respective institutions in this loan, as being one of the safest and most profitable modes of investment.

The success of this new loan is truly astonishing. From 3 to 4 millions are daily received in subscription by Jay Cook. A most overwhelming illustration of the confidence of the people in the stability of the Government.

VALUE OF A RELIGIOUS PAPER.—The Presbyterian Witness (Halifax), in an excellent article on the value of the religious newspaper, says:

"Unless you supply religious reading and news to your family, they will grow up 'secularists.' Politics or petty scandal will be their week-day and Sabbath talk. All their interests will be of the world worldly. The heart, the intellect, the tongue, must be always busied with something, and if you do not provide that which is good, Satan is always ready to pour in what is bad. The house that is swept and garnished will speedily be occupied by eight devils—a troublesome and ill-paying tenantry. It is proper then that from their earliest youth, our children should be taught to take an interest in their church—in the Church universal—in the religious questions that are to any degree prominently before the world. The best way, indeed the only way to attain this end, is to place in their hands a reliable religious newspaper."

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.—We notice by the proceedings of the Lehigh County, Bible Society, that the Legislature is to be memorialized by that body, to amend the school law of this State, so that applicants for schools be examined also in reference to their knowledge of the Bible.

This is a very proper and a highly important move. We hope that the Bible Society in other parts of the State, as well, as the christian public in general, may follow the example thus inaugurated by our Lehigh Co. friends.

It is a deplorable fact that many teachers are most lamentably ignorant of Biblical history, and Biblical knowledge in general.—While they can stand a respectable examination on the secular branches, yea, even prove themselves experts in these departments of knowledge. Some teachers would fall even below the six or eight year old Sunday school children in Bible knowledge.—*Educator*.

"Every Superintendent and Teacher should have it."

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS PAPER.

One Dollar Fifty Cents a Year in Advance.

The SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES discusses all questions of Practical Interest to Superintendents and Teachers, and is supplied every week with fresh Original Articles from able Regular Contributors.

Every year adds to the evidence that such a paper as this was needed. Whenever it finds its way into a new neighborhood, the Teachers hail it with pleasure, as supplying a want they had long felt. The SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES is an undenominational paper. It therefore finds a welcome in all our Sabbath Schools, and in every Christian home. With the first of January, 1865, we began the Seventh Volume of the Sunday-School Times. We

have made arrangements which will add materially to the attractions of our paper for the coming year.

We are happy to announce as a special contributor to our columns the name of:

REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D. D., whose articles commenced with the first week of the New Year.

Stated contributions may also be expected from the Rev. John Todd, D. D., as heretofore—from the Rev. J. T. Crane, D. D., the Rev. J. Heyl Vincent, of Chicago, Miss Caroline E. Kelly, Mrs. McConaughy, Miss Trowbridge, and several other writers of acknowledged ability. We shall spare no effort to make the *Times*, for next year, increasingly worthy.

We offer several attractive premiums to those who will obtain new subscribers, and among them a large and beautiful "*Bird's-Eye View of Ancient Jerusalem*," worth ten dollars.

Specimen copies of the paper, containing a list of the premiums, sent free, on receipt of a stamp, to pay the postage.

Subscriptions may be forwarded at any time during the year, and the papers will be sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

J. C. GARRIGUES & Co., PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS, 147 south street, Philadelphia.

THE VALUE OF THE MINISTRY FINANCIALLY.

We have received a copy of the "*Columbia Republican*" containing a sermon by the Rev. Wm. Hall, Pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, Ancram, N. Y. In this sermon the importance of the Christian Ministry even in a financial view is set forth in a very clear and forcible manner. We select from it the following extracts for the benefit of our readers:

"Any community without a church would consult its own pecuniary interests by building one; and by sustaining a pastor. It is well known that the church has a vast social and moral power, and that it civilizes and refines a community. If you go to a locality where there is no church for a considerable distance, there you will discover a very weak moral power among the inhabitants. They are rough in their manners—the Sabbath is desecrated—the aims of the people are low—they have but little self-respect, and their notions of right and wrong seem very much confused. But plant a church there—let a faithful minister of Christ labor among them a few years—let the spirit of God be poured out, and what a vast change will occur. What a check the church will put upon vulgarity, profanity, Sabbath-breaking and other vices: what a change there will be in the manners of the people; how their rude ways will disappear, and after a lapse of time they will become a refined and Christian community.

In the course of a few years, in such a regenerated neighborhood, the price of real estate will have advanced. Men in want of farms and business locations will say to themselves 'that is a good place of residence, society there is refined—the morals of the people are good—there is a church in the vicinity for the spiritual benefit of ourselves and children and it will be a pleasant section to make our home.' A christian man would willingly give a thousand dollars more for a farm there than when there was no church; when the morals of the people were low, their manners rude and their taste uncultivated. Instead therefore of the inhabitants sustaining loss by building a church and sustaining a pastor, they have made money by the operation. As soon as the church was erected it added much more than its cost to the value of real estate within a mile of it. Men are sometimes counted liberal who give a little patch of land from one corner of their farm to build a church upon; but do they not immediately get it back again many fold in the increased value of their property?

Suppose the people of Columbia County, looking merely from a financial standpoint, should conclude that they were losing money by sustaining their eighty-five churches, and that they should close their sanctuaries and dismiss their pastors—what would be the result? Christian men would say, "I do not wish to live in this county any longer, for if I am deprived of the means of grace I may lose my religion and my soul. I remember how it went with Lot in Sodom, and I will be very likely to see my children grow up in wickedness and in the end I may lose all." The consequence would be that there would be a great number of farms for sale in Columbia County; such as was never known before. With so much property thrown upon the world for sale, the price of real estate would decline very materially. Men who cared nothing about religion, hearing of the bargains to be made, would come in and make purchases; many godly men would move out and many ungodly men would move in and soon the devil would have undisputed possession. The Sabbath would be spent in gambling, horse-racing, rum-drinking and kindred ungodly practices; the moral power in the county would become less and less—vice of all kinds would make rapid progress, and crime would increase at a fearful rate.

Even if there should be no change in the inhabitants—no going out and coming in; what a change ten years would make in the county without a ministry and the church. Temptation to vice would greatly increase—the people would become dissolute; industry would languish and a marked decline in prosperity would be apparent.

"No one can fail to see how cheap a means for making money the church and the ministry are. It was estimated a few years ago that these which give such a great value to property, and which sustain our free institutions as the great foundation stone upon which

they rest, only cost in the United States about \$8,000,000 a year; whereas three times that amount was consumed in tobacco. The lawyers of the country at the same time cost six times what the ministers did, and yet it is safe to say that the clergymen are ten times more valuable. Instead of the minister being a pensioner upon the community, he does them at least five times more good in dollars and cents than he costs them; so that in reality the community are under financial obligations to him. He makes more money for them than any other class of men. The County of Columbia could better do without a thousand of its other citizens than without its fifty or sixty ministers. These are indispensable to keep up the value of real estate, and save the country from vast pauper and criminal bills. This town could better spare scores of its other citizens than its ministers. Every time a farmer looks over his broad acres and computes their value he should remember that if it were not for the ministrations of the gospel in his vicinity they would be worth far less. Instead of complaining that it costs so much to support the church and the ministry, he should rejoice that it costs so little—so much less than it is worth."

MARRIED.

On the 5th of January, by the Rev. J. E. Honeycutt, the Rev. J. R. Williams and Miss Annie F. Alter, both of Blairsville, Pa.

On the 23d ult., by the Rev. J. E. Honeycutt, Mr. Isaac B. Brumbaugh of McConnellstown, Pa., and Miss P. C. Stenner, Cassville, Pa.

Died in Sunbury, Pa., on Monday morning the 23d Jan. 1865, George, son of William and Maria Teats in the 13th year of his age.

George was a youth of attractive characteristics. Amiable in disposition, winning in his manners, and commendable in his quiet and becoming deportment. He was a faithful Sabbath school scholar and gave ample evidence of the faithful training of a mother who desired above all things his spiritual welfare.

In the early part of his sickness he appeared conscious of his approaching end, and expressed a willingness to depart and a desire to be prayed for. George has gone to share the glory of a better clime; the stroke is a heavy one, but we pray that it may be instrumental in accomplishing a work even more than adequate to the sore bereavement. The parents mourn over this decease of an only son, but they may mingle with their tears the bright hope of a blessed immortality, and realize that the cloud which now hangs over them has its silver lining in the evidence of George's preparation for the world to which we believe he has gone.

We commend them to the sympathy of our blessed Redeemer and the riches of God's grace, and pray that holy lives on their part may make the family circle complete in heaven.

M. R.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

By authority of the Secretary, of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of August 15th, 1864, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent. GOLD-BEARING BONDS

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent., including gold interest from Nov., which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its exemption from State and municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. more, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupon s attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.
Two " " " " \$100 "
Ten " " " " \$500 "
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In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the note for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT, Philadelphia.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE First National Bank of Selinsgrove.

Children's Department.

BABY.

Little baby, just beginning,
Life's old problem, sad and sweet,
You don't know the hearts you're winning
With your tiny hands and feet,
With your little mouth and chin,
And your dainty rose-leaf skin,
With your wondrous violet eyes,
When their dreamy lids uprise,
All your tender helplessness
Waking love's most sweet excess.

Happy little one! to be
Nestled close to hearts that love you;
And I wonder if you see
Your young mother's eyes above you;
While each day new life is bringing,
Do you hear her sweet voice singing?
Do you know her hand's soft touch?
Oh, so fond, she loves so much!
Do you look up in her face,
And instinctive feel its grace?

Almost four weeks old, they say—
Ah, dear baby! life is long;
You'll not know for many a day,
How hearts sadden growing strong;
Baby's feet are soft and white,
And they need not travel yet;
Baby's eyes are blue and bright;
Seeing nothing to regret,
As the flowers get sun and dew,
So your life shall come to you;
Trust on, sleep on, without fear,
Angels guard you, baby dear.

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter,
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

And as thus we sat in darkness
Each one busy in his prayers—
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the Ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

A BOY SAYING HIS MORNING PRAYER IN THE WOODS.

Three little boys were once playing one morn-
ing beneath some noble forest trees, in a light,
merry mood. Suddenly one of them stopped
playing, put on a very grave face and said:
"I have forgotten something. I forgot to say
my prayers this morning. You must wait for
me."

He then went quietly into a lovely little nook
in the bushes, knelt down, said his prayers, and
went back to his companions and his play.

How many boys are there, think you, who
would have acted as this one did? There are
too many. If a boy who forget to pray, but where
is the boy who, in calling his neglect to mind,
would have courage to stop aside and perform
his duty? Don't you think such boys are
scarce?

You will not wonder when I tell you that this
boy became an officer in the army, fought bravely
for his country, and died the death of a hero
in battle. Brave men, you know, are made of
brave boys. Cowardly boys grow up into cow-
ardly men.

Be brave, then, my children, for God and the
right. Stand up for Jesus always and every-
where, and Jesus will give you strength, bless-
ing, and eternal life.

"NO BEANS."

A lady who had basted high at a dinner table
of the good manners of her little darling, address-
ed him thus:
"Charlie, my dear, won't you have some
beans?" "No," was the ill-mannered reply of
the petulant cherub. "No!" exclaimed the as-
tonished mother. "No what?" "No beans,"
said the child.

POLITENESS AT HOME.

Always speak with politeness and deference to
your parents and friends. Some children are po-
lite and civil everywhere else except at home;
but there they are coarse and rude. Shame-
ful!

Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, noth-
ing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect
and dutiful deportment toward their friends and
superiors. It makes the plainest face beauti-
ful, and gives to every common action a nameless
but a peculiar charm.

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father,
and forsake not the law of thy mother, for they
shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head,
and chains of gold about thy neck."—Prov. i.
8, 9.

"GOD OF MY MOTHER."

An infidel of talent, under the power of the
truth, bowed his knees at a religious meeting,
and cried in agony, "God of my mother, have
mercy on me!"

"God of my mother!" how much is reveal-
ed in that single expression; how conclusively it
proves this man had a mother whose faithfulness
left an impress on his soul too deep to be oblit-
erated by time, how eloquently it plads with
other mothers to be diligent in the inculcation on
moral and religious truths!

A LOVING HOME.

Try to have a loving home. You may not be
able to have a fashionable, a wealthy home, or
one always free from trial and misfortune. But
can you not have that which will be better than
riches, ease or style, loving hearts, kind words,
tender forbearance, generous actions—a loving
home?

There can be no greater blessing than to be
born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving
home. It not only insures a happy childhood,
—if there be health and a good constitution—
but it also makes sure a virtuous and happy man,
hood, and a fresh, young heart in old age. I
think it every parent's duty to try to make their
children's childhood full of love and childhood's
propriety; and I never see children dis-
turb of them, through the poverty, faulty im-
pulses or wrong notions of their parents, without
a heartache. Not that all the appliances which
wealth can buy are necessary to the free and
happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind
and heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked;
but children must at least have love inside the
house, and fresh air and good play, and some
good companionship outside; otherwise young
life runs the greatest danger in the world of
withering, or growing stunted, or at least pre-
maturely old, and turned inward on itself.—
Mother's Journal.

THE SIN AND FOLLY OF SCOLDING.

"Fret not thyself to do evil."—Ps. 37: 2.

1. It is against God.—It is evil and only evil,
and that continually. David understood both
human nature and the law of God. He says,
"Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil." That
is, never fret or scold. If you cannot speak with-
out fretting or scolding keep silence.

2. It destroys Affection.—No one ever did,
ever can, or ever will love an habitual fretter,
fault-finder, or scolder. Husbands, wives, chil-
dren, relatives, or domestics, have no affection
for peevish, fretful fault finders. Few tears are
shed over the graves of such. Persons of high
moral principles may tolerate them—may bear
with them. But they cannot love them any
more than the sting of nettles or the noise of
mosquitoes. Many a man has been sent to the
tomb, or to dissipation, by a peevish wife.
Many a wife has been made miserable by a peev-
ish, fretful husband.

3. It is the bane of Domestic Happiness.—A
fretful, peevish complaining fault-finder in a fam-
ily, is like the continual chafing of an inflamed
ore. Woe to the man, woman or child, who is
exposed to the influence of such a temper in an-
other. Nine-tenths of all domestic trials and
unhappiness springs from this source. Mrs. A.
is of this temperament. She wonders her hus-
band is not more fond of her company; that
her children give her so much trouble; that do-
mestics do not like to work for her; that she
cannot secure the good will of young people.—
The truth is that she is peevish and fretful.—
Children fear her, and don't love her. She never
gained the affection of a young person, nor never
will until she leaves off fretting.

4. It defeats the end of Family Government.—
Good family government is the blending of author-
ity with affection, so as to secure respect and
love. Indeed, it is the great secret of managing
young people. Now your fathers may inspire fear,
but they always make two faults where they cor-
rect one. Scolding at a child, fault-finding at a child,
taunting a child, treating a child as though it
had no feeling, inspires dread and dislike, and
fosters those very dispositions, from which many
of the faults of childhood proceed. Mr. G. and
Mrs. F. are of this class. Their children are
made to mind, but how? Mrs. F. frets and
scolds her children. She is severe enough upon
their faults. She seems to watch them in order
to find fault. She sneers at them.—Treats them
as though they had no feelings. She seldom
gives them a command without a long running,
fault-finding commentary. When she chides it
is not done in a dignified manner. She raises
her voice, puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes
them, pinches their ears, slaps their heads, etc.—
The children cry, pout, sulk, and poor Mrs. F.
has to do her work over pretty often. Then she
will find fault with her husband because he does
not fall in with her ways, or chime with her as-
chisms.

5. Fretting and Scolding Make Hypocrites.—
As a fretter never receives confidence and affec-
tion, so no one likes to tell them anything dis-
agreeable, and thus procure for themselves a fret-
ting. Now, children conceal as much as they
can from such persons. They cannot make up
their minds to be frank and open hearted. So
husbands conceal from their wives and wives
from their husbands. For a man may brave a
lion, but he likes not to come in contact with
nettles and mosquitoes.

6. It Destroys One's Peace of Mind.—The
more one frets the more he may. A fretter will
always have enough to fret at, especially if he or
she has the bump of order and neatness largely
developed. Something will always be out of
place. There will always be dirt somewhere.—
Others will not eat right, look right, talk right.
And fretters are generally so selfish as to have
no regard for any man's comfort but their own.

7. It is a Mark of a Vulgar Disposition.—
Some persons have so much gall in their disposi-
tion, are so selfish, that they have no regard to
the feelings of others. All things must be done
to please them. They make their husbands,

wives, children, domestics, the conductors by
which their spleen and ill-nature are discharged.
Woe to the children who are exposed to such an
influence. It makes them callous and unfeling;
and when they grow up they put on the same
course with their own children, or those entrus-
ted to their management, and thus the race of
fretters is perpetuated. Any person who is in
the habit of fretting or scolding, taunting their
husbands, wives, children, or domestics, shows
a bad disposition.

CHURCH VENTILATION.

BY A. GASPER.

"AN APPEAL FOR ARETOS TO THE SEXTANT OF THE
OLD BLICK HEATH HOUSE."

[The following path to appeal to Sextans,
written by "A. Gasper," Esq., is handed to us for
publication by one of the subscribers. We ac-
cept it with the greatest pleasure, as we know
by sad experience, how to sympathize with the
writings in this tribulation. And we think that
the "Sextant" of our town, if it were a
"bowls of compass," would be a most useful
as often as once a week—that second-hand ar-
rangement according to the laws of health and di-
cency, and also to allow the privilege of pass-
ing as much as possible, through such passag-
es as the architect's wisdom has not made un-
usually closed. "School keepers" should also have
a lesson and be wise.]

O sextant of the meetinghouse, which serves
And dusts, or is supposed to dust, the floor,
And lifts the gas, and sometimes has a screw
loose,
In which case it smells awful,—was it not so,
And wrings the Bel and toles it when in dis-
tress to the grief of survivors and sweeps pathless
And for the services gifts \$100 per annum.
Which them that think dear, let us try it:
Gettin up before star-life in all weathers and
Kindlin' fires when weather is as cold!

As zero, and like as not green wood for kindle;
I would not be hired to do it for no some—
But a sextant! there are a kermidolity
Wich's more than gold, which don't cost nothing.
Worth more than anything except the Side of Math
I mean power are, sextant, I mean power are!
What on airth to dew, with it self, but flies about
Scatterin' leaves and blowin' out me's hats;
In short, its just "free as air" out doors.
But a sextant, in our church it's scarce as pity,
scarce as bank bills when "gins" beg for mischance.
Which some say in partly often (taint nothin' to me)
Wat i give aint nothing to my body, but a sextant,
a sheet 500 med, women and childre!
Specially the latter, up in a tight place;
Some has bad breaths, some aint 2 swid,
Some is fevry some is crodlus, some have bad
teeth

And some aint none, and some aint over clean;
But every 1 on em breathes in & out and out and in
Sa 50 times a minit, or 1 million and a half breaths
an hour.

Now how long will r church ful of are las at that
rate.

I ask you, say 15 minits, and then wat to be did?
Why then they must breathes it all over agin
And then agin and so on, till each has took it down
At least 10 times, and let it up agin, and wat more.

The same individual don't have the privilege
of breathin his own are, and no one else;
Each one must take whatever comes to him.
O sextant, don't you no our lungs is bellusses,
To blo the fire of life, and keep it from
goin out, and how can bellusses blo without wind,
And aint wind are? I put it to your consens.

Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
Or water is to fish, or pendulums to clock—
Or roots or airbs unto the injun Doctor.

Or little pils unto an omeopath,
Or boys to girls. Are is for us to breathe,
Wat signifes who preaches if I can't breathe?

Wat's Del? Wat's P. H. S? Is it for who are a child?
Del for Wat of breath? why sexant, when wat's
its only coz we want breath, no more—that's all.

And how a sextant, let me tell of you
2 let a little are into our church.

(Power are is certin pro for the power)
And do it week day and Sundayes too—
It aint much trouble—only make a hole
And the air will cum in of itself.

(It loves to cum in where it can get warm.)
And o how it will rouse the people up
And spirit up the presher, and stop gaps,
And yawns and figg's as effectual!

As wind on the dry bones the P. offit tells of.

GROWER & BAKER'S

CELEBRATED ELASTIC STITCH SEWING MACHINES

Were awarded the highest Premiums over all
Competitors at the following State and
County Fairs of 1863

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.
First Premium for Family Machine.
First Premium for Manufacturing Machine.
First Premium for Machine Work.

INDIANA STATE FAIR.
First Premium for Machine for all purposes.
First Premium for Machine Work.

VERMONT STATE FAIR.
First Premium for Family Machine.
First Premium for Manufacturing Machine.
First Premium for Machine Work.

OHIO STATE FAIR.
First Premium for Machine Work.

IOWA STATE FAIR.
First Premium for Family Machine.
First Premium for Manufacturing Machine.
First Premium for Machine Work.

ILLINOIS STATE FAIR.
First Premium for Machine for all purposes.
First Premium for Machine Work.

KENTUCKY STATE FAIR.
First Premium for Machine for all purposes.
First Premium for Machine Work.

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR.
First Premium for Family Machine.
First Premium for Manufacturing Machine.
First Premium for Machine Work.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIR.
First Premium for Family Machine.
First Premium for Manufacturing Machine.
First Premium for Machine Work.

OREGON STATE FAIR.
First Premium for Family Machine.
First Premium for Manufacturing Machine.
First Premium for Machine Work.

CHAMPLAIN VALLEY, VT. AGRI. SOC.
First Premium for Family Machine.
First Premium for Manufacturing Machine.
First Premium for Machine Work.

HAMIDEN CO. (MASS.) AGRI. SOC.
First Premium for Family Machine.
First Premium for Manufacturing Machine.
First Premium for Machine Work.

WASH. NETON CO. (N.Y.) FAIR.
First Premium for Family Machine.
First Premium for Manufacturing Machine.
First Premium for Machine Work.

SARATOGA CO. (N.Y.) FAIR.
First Premium for Family Machine.
First Premium for Manufacturing Machine.
First Premium for Machine Work.

First Premium has also been awarded by the
following Fairs:—Queens Co. (N.Y.) Agri. Society.
Mechanic's Institute, Pa.; Greenfield, O. Clinton
Co. O.; Montgomery Co. Pa.; San Joaquin Co.
Cal.; San Jose, Dist. Cal.; Franklin Co. N.Y.
The above comprises all the Fairs at which
the GROWER & BAKER'S Machines were exhib-
ited, and a Sales-rooms, 495 Broadway, N.Y.
Dec. 1864

DON'T BE DECEIVED.

COFFEE! COFFEE!! COFFEE!!!

EAST INDIA COFFEE CO.,

ROBINSON'S EAST INDIA COFFEE,

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Different Lines of Travel.

NORTHERN Central RAILWAY.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

Three Trains Daily to and from

BALTIMORE

AND

WASHINGTON CITY.

Connections made with trains on Pennsylvania

Station, to and from Pittsburgh and the West.

Two Trains Daily to and from the North and West

Branch Susquehanna, Elmira, and all of Northern

New York.

On and after Monday, November 16th, 1864, the

Passenger trains of the Northern Central Railway

will arrive at and depart from Selingsgrove as follows:

SOUTHWARD.

Accommodation (Harrisburg & Sunbury) 7:55 a.m.

Mail 6:52 a.m.

Night Express 6:54 p.m.

Philadelphia & Erie Express 4:55 p.m.

NORTHWARD

Morning Express 5:03 a.m.

Mail 4:07 p.m.

Accommodation (Harrisburg & Sunbury) 6:02 p.m.

Philadelphia & Erie Express 3:55 a.m.

Ticket office at the Ferry.

All trains stop at Selingsgrove.

A 1 Train daily (except Sundays) and the Express

northward on Monday mornings.

The Pennsylvania Central Rail Road.

1864.

THE GREAT DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE.

The capacity of the Road is now equal to any in the

Country.

THE GREAT SHORT LINE TO THE WEST.

Facilities for the transportation of passengers to

and from Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis,

St. Paul, Kansas City, Omaha, New Orleans and all

other towns in the West, Northward, and Southward,

are unsurpassed for speed and comfort by any other

route. Sleeping and smoking cars on all the

trains.

Pittsburgh and Erie Mail 8:30 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 1 10:00 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 2 2:30 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 3 6:00 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 4 8:30 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 5 10:00 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 6 12:00 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 7 2:30 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 8 5:00 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 9 7:30 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 10 10:00 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 11 12:30 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 12 3:00 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 13 5:30 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 14 8:00 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 15 10:30 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 16 12:00 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 17 2:30 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 18 5:00 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 19 7:30 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 20 10:00 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 21 12:30 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 22 3:00 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 23 5:30 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 24 8:00 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 25 10:30 p.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 26 12:00 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 27 2:30 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 28 5:00 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 29 7:30 a.m.

Mail Accommodation No. 30 10:00 a.m.