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Poetry.

ONE DAY.

I will tell you when they met:
In the limpid days of spring;
Elder boughs were budding yet,
Oaken boughs looked wintry still.
But primrose and veined violet
In the mossful turf were set,
While mating birds made haste to sing
And build with right good-will.

I will tell you when they parted!
When plenteous autumn sheaves were
brown,
Then they parted heavy-hearted;
The full rejoicing sun looked down
As grand as in the days before;
Only to them those days of yore
Could come back nevermore.

When shall they meet? I cannot tell,
Indeed, when they shall meet again,
Except some day in Paradise:
For this they wait, one waits in pain.
Beyond the sea of death love lies
Forever, yesterday, to-day;
Angels shall ask them, "Is it well?"
And they shall answer, "Yes."

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

Travels.

Men & Things as I saw them in Europe.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

VIII.

I am yet in Paris, and am telling what I saw.

We started again for Versailles, determined this time to reach it. We walked to the "Chemin de fer," and after whirling us around the city, we were dropped in the heart of the town in half an hour. We met in the cars a British officer, retired on half-pay, who had been often there, who spoke the French as a native, and who kindly offered to take us around the place. So intelligent was he, and so thoroughly conversant with the town and the palace, that we saw all that was to be seen in the day, under the very best circumstances. The town itself is old and decaying, having once had a population of 100,000, and now reduced to less than 30,000. But of the palace, what can I say?

It is a monument to the taste, the extravagance, to the pride and folly of the voluptuous Louis XIV. Some idea may be formed of its surpassing splendor, of its buildings, gardens, fountains, waterfalls, statuary, and paintings, when it is known that it cost about forty millions sterling, and that 30,000 soldiers, when they could be spared from the battlefield, were simultaneously employed on the works! The palace is approached by a very wide avenue, amid statuary, fountains, and soldiers. At eleven o'clock you gain admittance, and may wander amid its numberless apartments as you please. There are the great picture galleries, the finest in the world, where, in historical paintings, the great battles of kings, emperors, and republicans are placed before you. You wander over acres of canvas, glowing with the finest creations of the great masters, until oppressed by the feelings of pleasure and wonder. There is the magnificent Chapel, with its gilded furniture, where royal sinners went to mass, and where royal courtesans went to confession, and where each could secure from a pliant and profligate priesthood pardon for the past and indulgence for the future. And there, before that altar, stood the beautiful Maria Antoinette, when she was wedded to Louis XVI., in 1769. And there is the Salle de l'Opera, where the Bourbon court, sparkling in jewels and diamonds, and amid the blaze of ten thousand wax candles, crowded to attend theatrical exhibitions. The stage was now vacant, and I sat down in the very seat where the beautiful queen of the sixteenth Louis, whose tragic end made the world weep, often reclined, attracting all eyes and hearts to herself. And this is the very place whither the court fled for counsel on that fearful hour, when that furious mob reached the gates, which marched out from Paris to wreak their vengeance upon their royal oppressors. And there is the grand Banqueting Room, less than three hundred feet long, the finest in the world, where Louis displayed all the grandeur of royalty, and all the luxury of his times, and where were given the most splendid fetes of Europe.

But profound quiet had now succeeded to royal revelry.

Every room in this magnificent royal abode has its history. There is the very chair and table of Louis XIV., and in the room where he planned most of his great wars and battles—where Louis XV. signed the decree expelling the Jesuits—where his bold and impudent mistress, Du Barri, who died by the guillotine, in the presence of his ministers snatched from his hands a package of letters and threw them into the fire; and where Louis XVI. received the reply sent by Mirabeau, that the Assembly would not adjourn save at the point of his bayonets!

And here is the room where Louis the Great died, bewailing his sins, and terrified, as well he might be, in view of the judgment; and where Louis XV. died of small-pox, hated of all men, and with one watcher, an old woman, who announced his death by the putting out of a candle in the window of his room! What a just termination of a cruel and profligate life!

And here is the room where the infamous Jesuits, La Chaise and La Tellier, secured the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. Bloody men of a hated order! God save us from their wiles!

And there is the balcony, on which I gazed with emotions of horror, where Maria Antoinette appeared at the call of the mob which filled the court below, yelling for vengeance. When she was married, a fearful thunder storm threw Versailles and the surrounding country into terror—it was regarded as an omen of her fearful end! And there is the room into which the mob had broken but a few moments after her escape, and into whose bed they plunged a hundred daggers. Her murder is the bloodiest chapter in the bloody history of the bloody revolution. As I gazed upon that balcony, I thought I could see her in loveliness, with her children on either side of her, facing the fury of the mob, which recoiled for a moment, with a murmur of admiration, at her presence; and on my return to Paris, I imagined I could see her spirit hovering over that city, and crying, in view of the delay of justice, "How long! O Lord, how long!"

On leaving the palace for the gardens and parks which lie in the rear, you enter a scene of fairy enchantment which can not be described. Groves, lawns, serpentine walks, lanes, waterfalls, parterres of flowers, fountains and statuary, bewilder you with their number, opulence, beauty, and magnificence. I doubt whether of its kind there is a sight in the world to be compared to the view from the wall which surmounts the orangery in the garden of Versailles.

But whence the immense revenues required to produce, amid the wild forest, magnificence like this? The very stables are palaces, and the horses of the Bourbons were better cared for than the princes of other lands! And whence the revenues that created and sustained such splendid and profuse royalty? They were wrung from the peasantry and citizens, who were regarded by that bad race of kings as does a farmer his cattle, who are reared to yield their milk and beef for his profit! The French people saw and felt how they were ground to sustain royal profligates and prostitutes, and they waited their time of vengeance! The Revolution was only the effect of the outpouring of the wrath of the nation, which had been accumulating for ages under the pressure of the iron heel of despotism. And when men and women seemed equally savage, it is to be remembered they were equally oppressed. Some of the causes which led to the bloodiest revolution in the annals of time, you see in the fading magnificence of Versailles.

And, were I a Frenchman, there is nothing which gave a hope of preventing it which I would not do, to prevent the return of the Bourbon dynasty. Taken as a whole, it was a cruel one; with scarcely an exception, its kings were vain, oppressive, tyrannical, superstitious, lascivious, and cruel. Louis XIV. was the most regal of them all—the flower of the race. And yet no right mind can form an acquaintance with his interior history without holding him in royal contempt. To see him scolding his wife—caressing his mistress—sending his favorite of to-day into exile to-morrow—living daily in open debauchery—going to bed at night with a scapular and crucifix to keep off the devil—rising and dressing

amid a silly formalism, the very recital of which fills you with disgust—sipping his coffee and wine—then going to prayers amid his attendants—then going to mass amid bishops and cardinals who were ever singing hosannas to the royal saint—shedding the blood of his people like water, and then dying amid the horrors which the recollection of his sins and profligacy could not fail to excite—O, if this was the flower of the Bourbon race, may France be ever free from their rule, and the world from their example!

The moral lesson and instructions to be learned at Versailles are very many and very important. The race of monarchs that expended millions in its erection are now banished and detested. The halls, once crowded with the great and noble of Europe, and resounding with their revelry, are now silent. And those oaken floors, waxed and polished so brightly as almost to reflect your image, and upon which none but royal or noble feet were permitted to tread, are now daily trod by peasants and by strangers from other lands, who resort there to gaze upon the beauties of art, and the effects of the creative skill of man. Versailles is now only a national gallery! "Sic transit gloria mundi."

Practical.

A ROLLING CHAPLAIN.

The son of Dr. Eastman, secretary of the Tract Society is a chaplain. His horse, plunging during a battle, struck him on the knee-pan. His leg swelled and stiffened until the pain became almost unendurable. When he could no longer stand, he gave his horse up to a servant, and had himself to lie on the ground. The pain was intense. Darkness settled over him. He had to take a wounded soldier's place alone that night.

As he lay on his back, suffering and thinking, he heard a voice—"O, my God!" He thought, can anybody be swearing in such a place as this? He listened again, and a prayer began. It was a wounded soldier praying. How can I get to him? was his first impulse. He tried to draw up his stiffened limb, the while setting his teeth and clenching his hands for the pain. But he could not rise. Then he threw his arm around a sapling, drew up his well foot, and tried to lift the other up and extend it without bending; that he might walk; but he fell back in the effort, with a heavy fall that jarred through him like a stab. He then thought, "I can roll." And over and over, in pain, he rolled in blood, and over dead bodies, until he fell against a dying man, and there he preached Christ, and prayed. At length, one of the line officers came up and said:

"Where's the chaplain? where's the chaplain? One of the staff officers is dying."

"Here he is—here he is," cried out the suffering hero.

"Well such an officer is dying; can't you come and see him?"

"I cannot move. I have just rolled up alongside of this dying man, to talk to him."

"If I detail two men to carry you, shall they do it?"

"Yes."

They took him gently up and carried him. And that live-long night these two men rode him over the battle-field, and laid him down in blood beside bleeding, dying men; and he preached Christ to them, and prayed. He had to look up then, brethren; he could look no other way from that position, not even into the face of the dying; and, with God's stars shining down on him, and heaven bending over him, he had to preach Christ and pray!

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

Last week I narrowly escaped a terrible accident. In the night, left the cars at Rockford, having for some time amused myself with the comical scene around me—the passengers dozing in all manner of postures, alike only in this, all had their eyes shut—all were entirely insensible of danger. As I stepped from the middle car, how little did I realize that in a few minutes it would be plunging down a bank forty feet! Three full passenger cars were dashed to pieces. What an alarm to the sleepers! Yet, strange to say, not a life was then lost, although some have died since. Thus suddenly will the stupendous scenes of eternity open upon many, now sleeping in impenitence and unbelief. Who will not take warning? Awake, O sleeper, and cry to God ere you perish. *Sunday School Times.*

THE DANCING DEACON.

The state of religion in our church is very low. The deaths and dismissals were the last year greater than all the receptions. The young people fall off to the Episcopal, the Methodist and the Baptists; according to their predilections. In the Episcopal Church they find pomp and ceremony, with sacred days enough to satisfy any religious instrumentality, whilst they are permitted full indulgence in all fashionable worldly amusements. In the Methodist Church, the more active and enterprising find more of life and freedom, and, seemingly, more of religious devotion. In the Baptist Church, with immersion and close communion, they find a stricter ordeal and a greater separation, with more that is distinctive. Not a great many are therefore left for our church. As the aged must die and the young do not join, the consequence is that the church must grow more and more feeble, and, unless a change takes place, the church must become extinct. We have no weekly prayer-meeting, as such gatherings are dull and have few to attend. The lecture has a few standbys, and is quite regular in its routine and the length of the service. The morning service on the Sabbath is well attended, though the building is far, very far, from being full. But the afternoon is very thin and drowsy. The members of the church who have wealth and station dress their children in the height of the fashion, and encourage their attendance upon parties and to step forward in the dance. At home cards are introduced to enliven the tedium. The boundary-line between the church and the world is so hidden that nobody can tell exactly where it is to be found. One of our deacons, a most worthy estimable man, has a liking for dancing. It is not, I think, as a religious, or as part of his official duty, that he practices this, for he never dances either at the communion-table on the Sabbath, or at the prayer-meeting or lecture, but always at the night-meeting, in the crowded and well-lit parlors, where the young are gathered, and where the polka and the quadrille are performed. The church so far approves of his doings as not to call him to an account, and the young think him to be perfectly lovely. But is not the dancing deacon a true sign of the times, most clearly declaring the low state of religion, and the great need for a time of refreshing. Should one of the young dancers be taken suddenly and dangerously ill, would he send for the dancing deacon to direct her mind to the Saviour. What must be the strange emotions for the worldling, who danced with the dancing deacon at the great party on Wednesday night, to see him devoutly, on Sunday, pass the bread and wine to the communicants. I do not find that Paul, 8-13, has anywhere stated that dancing is a requisite for this office. I rather incline to the belief that dancing indicates a state of mind and conduct in direct variance with the proper calling of a deacon. I trust that there are not many dancing deacons. With us it is a peculiarity, there being only one, and that, too, when the state of religion is very low. Will not the godly among your subscribers, and the churches that have prayer-meeting, specially pray for the church that has the dancing deacon? X. X. X.

[For the American Lutheran.]

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

NO. I.

Several months ago we received by mail a paper, with the backing of which we were not familiar, and therefore took it to be a stranger. Naturally suspicious of strangers until greater familiarity removes that suspicion, we opened this strange paper cautiously, looked at it with some misgiving, surveyed it from head to foot, and then laid it away for further examination. Taking it up again we read it through, which its size allowed us to do without fatigue, even if its contents had been less interesting. In due time another of the same sort came, and so they have been visiting us every two weeks regularly till now, all of which we have diligently read and deeply pondered. As this paper was something new under the sun, claiming popular favor, and as its mission would be for good or for ill, it should not be encouraged unless it possessed real merit sufficient to recommend it to the patronage of the church. Thus we thought. To condemn a thing before it is

fairly tried is unfair, and to find fault with a man before hearing him is ungenerous. Therefore we resolved to give the paper a fair trial and to lend the editor an impartial hearing, so as to be able to judge intelligently. Quietly we observed its movements, silently we watched its course, critically we examined its teachings, and carefully we investigated its standpoint. Upon the whole we found that the stranger would bear acquaintance, and so amazingly did he gain upon our affections that he has now become a welcome visitor in the family. From being a suspicious looking stranger the American Lutheran has, in the brief space of a few months, become a familiar friend. After a familiarity based upon the discovery of true intrinsic worth, it may be safe to express an opinion; and we will give our opinion, which was not hastily formed, and which may be taken for what it is worth. As lengthy articles are not desirable, unless extremely good, and as the paper for which this is designed does not present a large surface, we will give only some of our cogitations now, reserving the remainder for a future occasion.

The name of this paper strikes us as being peculiarly appropriate. There is such a thing as American Lutheranism, notwithstanding all that has been said against it. Every thing becomes Americanised here, whether it belong to church or state, whether of a private or a public character. The institutions of our country are all American. To oppose this tendency is to resist an impetuous torrent, and to deny this fact is to contradict one of the plainest truths in nature. Our church is the Evangelical Lutheran Church of America, and not of Germany. We will yield to no one in love for the German people, and for the religious institutions of Germany. They are perhaps better than our own. Much of what we hold dear has come from the Fatherland. With all this, we have some things that are peculiar to us as American Lutherans, and which we are not willing to abandon. How absurd it would be to talk of an American Lutheran church in Germany! Equally ridiculous is it to speak of a Germanic Lutheran church in America! Some years ago the phrase was not objectionable. But now, since certain ambitious ends are to be accomplished, the words, American Lutheranism, are ridiculed as unmeaning and nonsensical. But in our estimation they do mean something, and the very thing we want them to mean. We will hold on to these dear words, as expressive of the distinctive features of our church in this land. We have a number of church papers, but to our surprise none has ever assumed the right name till now. At length "The American Lutheran" has come forth, and taken his stand upon the Platform, to speak out the true sentiments of the church, whether men will hear or forbear. All honor to the man, or the set of men, who has had the moral courage to originate that paper, with such a distinctive and significant name, so dear to its friends, so hateful to its foes. That title has a magic power in it, which will carry it through, other things being equal, in spite of all opposition. We would just here say to the editor, hold to your motto, stick to the text, and let us have American Lutheranism in its purity, without any truckling to cold-hearted and lifeless symbolism. You will be sustained. H.

Feb. 22, 1865.

For the American Lutheran.

HOME MISSION OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA SYNOD.

In my last communication in the American Lutheran I promised that, after visiting the Millerstown and Stone Valley missions, I would inform the brethren in regard to them. I now proceed to redeem that promise.

On the morning of the 20th inst., I started to visit the above missions, and after several hours hard driving through the piercing cold, drifted snow, and over hills and mountains, I arrived in Lewistown, where I exchanged the sleigh for the more convenient mode of traveling by rail. After waiting several hours beyond the usual time on the East bound train, we were at length notified by the shrill notes of the whistle, that the long expected train was approaching. A few moments more and we were on our way to Millerstown, where we landed at half past six o'clock. But what was my surprise on alighting from the train, to

find no one there to guide me either to the house of worship or place of lodging. I inquired for some Lutheran family but found that creatures of that class were scarce in that locality. I then instituted a search for the church, which, after considerable difficulty, I succeeded in finding. But I was doomed to another disappointment. There was neither light nor fire in the church, and, as I learned, no appointment. I then renewed my search for some Lutheran family, and at length met with a gentleman who pointed out a man whom he called a Lutheran, but, as the brother himself informed me, even he was not a full-blooded Lutheran. Be that as it may, I found a home for the night where I was kindly entertained, for which I felt very grateful. From this brother I learned that the congregations in the valley were in a pretty prosperous condition, having enjoyed a precious season of revival; but the congregation in, or near Millerstown is in a sickly and almost dying condition. The unfavorable state of the congregation must, no doubt, be attributed mainly to the unfavorable location of the church. Instead of building it in town as it should have been, it is built on the western side of the river about half a mile away. In locating churches, and especially mission churches, it should always be borne in mind that when people have churches in town at their doors, they will not be likely to walk half a mile or more to a place of worship. From all I could learn, I fear that the money expended on the Millerstown congregation is lost; yet I do not feel at liberty to advise the Missionary to abandon this congregation, and concentrate his labors on the other points, without the advice of Synod. Besides, I think that our missionaries should be more amply supported by synod and the mission fields themselves, so as to enable them to devote all their time to the work assigned them, and avoid the necessity of teaching to obtain a livelihood, as in the above instance.

It may be proper to remark here, that the above disappointment at Millerstown, may have resulted from the fact that the appointment had been made a week earlier, but on account of an attack of erysipelas, I could not come at that time, and immediately wrote to bro. Kerr, postponing the appointment one week, which notice may not have reached him.

On the 21st I returned to Lewistown and thence to Stone Valley. Here I found all things ready.—The Missionary was at his post, and engaged in holding a protracted meeting at McAlevy's Fort. Though this is called a "Fort," yet it wears no outward hostile appearance; there are no rifle pits, abatis, or mounted cannon. Yet, in my humble judgment, it will require a pretty long and close siege, before it can be completely subdued and brought to submit to the peaceful reign of King Jesus. This mission is a large and laborious one. Though bro. Studebaker is laboring zealously, both in and out of the pulpit, to cultivate the field assigned him, yet it is utterly impossible for one man to do the work effectually. There are already five points where organizations might and ought to be effected, and there are still other points which he has not yet been able to visit. There is abundant material here to build up at least two self-sustaining churches, but it will require time, labor, and money to gather and mould it into a proper form. The brethren are now making an effort to secure a parsonage, but how they will succeed time will show. It is certain, however, that a parsonage would greatly encourage both missionary and people, and contribute much to the permanency of the mission. The mission contains at present about 70 members, a number of whom are active, working christians. Upon the whole the aspect of affairs here promises well for the future.

In conclusion, I would again urge the brethren of synod to use every means and put forth faithful efforts to gather funds for our missionary operations. Brethren, we can, by the help of God, take possession of and cultivate all the mission ground within the bounds of our synod, if we do our duty. There must be faithful, united, harmonious action among us, otherwise the work will not be accomplished. Our duty to the Great Head of the church, to our beloved Zion, and perishing souls, demand prompt and vigorous action. Who will be delinquent or a drone under the consciousness of his terrible responsibility. As to the manner of taking up collections I would refer the brethren to a resolution unanimously passed at our last meeting of synod, see Min. P. 51. D. Sell.

—Some professors pass for very meek, good-natured people till you displease them. They resemble a pool or a pond; while you let it alone it looks clear and limpid, but if you stir it toward the bottom the rising sediments soon discover the impurities that lurk beneath. Toplady.

Ambition often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up merely to fling him down. Beware of the recoil of sinful indulgences we may break our necks over the organ-pee of our own throwing down.

—It is wise and well to look on the cloud of sorrow as though we expected it to run in for a rainbow.

PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

It is absolutely necessary that parents should have supreme authority and control over their children. This is a great desideratum in our day. Many parents seem to have no more control over their children than entire strangers, and the consequence is all sense of obedience and all respect for parental authority are lost, and the children do in every thing just as they please. This is radically wrong. Parents should demand the most implicit obedience from their children; they should curb their unruly passions, and bring their wayward wills into subjection. For this there is always necessary a great degree of prudence, they should be governed with affection, and obey rather out of love and respect for their parents than through abject, slavish fear. But obey and submit to parental authority they must, if they are to be brought up in the way they should go. And if they will not submit by mild means, harsher means must be used, so that by all means they submit to and obey their parents. And as I think that there is a false view generally prevalent, in regard to the correction of children, a kind of a morbid sensibility against all corporal punishment, I will here give what the Bible says on this subject which I fear is so little understood. He that spareth the rod, hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes, (Prov. 13: 24.) Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying, (Prov. 19: 18.) Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him, (Prov. 22: 15.) Withold not correction from the child. Thou shalt beat him with a rod and shalt deliver his soul from hell, (Prov. 23: 13, 14.) Correct thy son and he shall give thee rest, yea he shall give delight unto thy soul, (Prov. 29: 17.) The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame, (Prov. 29: 15.) Numerous examples from real life might be brought forward to prove and illustrate these divine truths. "A few years since," says the Rev. John Abbott, "a lady was left a widow with several little sons. She loved them most devotedly. They were her only hope. Sad and joyless as she was, she could not endure to punish them, or deprive them of a single indulgence. Unhappy and misguided woman! She was living upon the delusive hope that her indulgence would ensure their love. And now one of these sons is 17 years old, a stout and turbulent and self-willed boy. He is altogether beyond the influence of maternal restraint. He is the tyrant of the family, and his afflicted mother is almost heartbroken by this accumulation of sorrow. The rest of the children are coming on in the same path, she sees and trembles in view of the calamities which it is now too late to avert. It would be far happier for her to be childless as well as a widow. Her children are her oppressors, she is their slave."

"I knew a mother," continues the same writer, "who had an only son. She loved him most ardently and could not deny him any indulgence. He of course soon learned to rule his mother. At the death of his father the poor woman was left at the mercy of this vile boy. She had neglected her duty when he was young and now his ungovernable passions had become too strong for her control. Self-willed, turbulent, and revengeful he was his mother's bitterest curse. His paroxysms of rage at times amounted almost to madness. One day, infuriated with his mother he set fire to her house, and it was burned to the ground with all its contents, and she was left in the extremest state of poverty. He was imprisoned as an incendiary and in his cell he became a maniac, if he was not such before, and madly dug out his own eyes. He now lies in perpetual darkness, confined by the stone walls and grated bars of his dungeon an infuriated madman." Pursuit.

From the Sunday-school Times.

WHERE TO LEAVE OUR TROUBLES.

As the angel of mercy flew over earth at midnight, he saw so many forms of sorrow, heard so many groans of pain, listened to so many sighs of distress, that his heart was moved and saddened. He went and laid his sadness at the feet of Jesus on the throne. "Go back," said the sweet voice, "Go back and visit each one of those sufferers, and see if they need to suffer as they do."

Down again to the earth the swift angel flew, and entered a small, humble dwelling. He paused and stood in the chamber door. On the bed lay a dying father. He was pale, breathed with difficulty. On his breast lay a great bundle. It was evident it was very heavy, and very oppressive. He could not get it off. Presently the angel saw a hand close by the bed, holding a large sack in the shape of a human heart, and on it was written, "Cast in all thy cares, for he careth for thee."

The writing was in letters of light, large and plain. The poor man put his trembling hand into the bundle and took out a handful, marked "Anxieties for my poor wife." Slowly and tremblingly he cast it in. Then he took another, marked "Distress for my orphan child."

He threw that also in, and his load was lighter. Once more he took up another parcel, marked "O my aged father and mother!" Slowly he dropped it into the sack. Then he seemed to be frightened at what he had done, and tried to reach down and take back these several burdens. But no! the hand withdrew the sack, and he could not take them back. Then his breathing became soft and easy, his face lit up with smiles, his heart beat with hope, and he died in peace and joy, "casting all his cares on him who cared for him!"

Next the angel of mercy entered a magnificent dwelling. Softly they were treading upon the rich Turkey carpet; with velvet step and low breathing, they were gathering around the couch of a beautiful, dying child. Near the little sufferer stood the mother, pale, fearless, wringing her hands in agony. Her child she knew must die—was dying. Slowly and gently the Hand held up the heart-sack, and she read, "Cast all your cares upon him, for he careth for you." In a moment she threw in her sorrows, her griefs, and her agonies; but before she could feel relief, she suddenly stooped down and snatched them up again, and laid them on her own heart. A tender Voice seemed to say, "Cast in, cast in, and thou shalt be comforted." But she would not. She said she had cast in all her cares, and wondered why she was not comforted. Poor weeper! She forgot that we must leave our cares with him as well as cast them upon him!

Again, the angel stood in the study of a minister of Christ. It was Sabbath evening, and the wearied man was thinking over the results of another day's sowing, and was crying to his Master, "Lord who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed? When will the harvest day come?" The Voice spoke to him, "Be not weary in well-doing." "In due season you shall reap if you faint not."

And then he the physician just entering his home, after having seen nearly forty patients since he last slept. He was worn down. There was an epidemic, and the community was filled with terror. What could he do? He had exhausted all his skill. Gently the Hand held up the sack, and he saw written, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." "Cast all your cares upon him."

Then the angel met a little child in the street sobbing and in tears.

"What is the matter, little one?"

"O, I can't understand my lesson, and my teacher is not patient with me. I try hard, but I can't get it!"

In a moment the Hand drew the sack up to the little one, and the Voice bade him throw in his sobs and his tears.

And the angel saw that in every instance when they cast in their cares, and did not take them up again, they all were comforted and cheered. They could dry up their tears, and the smile followed the tear. But when they refused to cast them in, or were unwilling to let them remain after they had cast them in, there was no comfort: the Hand withdrew the sack and left the poor sufferer to his sorrows. And as the angel went back to the throne, he brought a loud thanksgiving that there is one place large enough to hold all the sorrows of earth, if the poor sufferers would only cast them in and let them remain there!

"Earth has no sorrows which heaven cannot cure."

Rev. John Todd.

GOD'S WHISPERINGS.

A mother who had suffered and murmured greatly because of the sufferings and temptations of her son in the army was at length able to say:

It seemed to me that God whispered into my heart such words of pity—tender, yearning, melting pity—for those who suffer, as I had never so much as thought of before. He did this by impressing upon my mind such passages as this: "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your father's notice." "The Lord is very faithful, and of tender mercy." "Like as a father pitieth his children." etc. These seemed to vibrate on every tendril of my heart, until there was such a sense of the compassion of the Saviour's heart that my own commiseration for my child seemed utterly poor and insignificant. Then there came to my heart such a sense of his pervading presence, of his presence with my child, that I could no longer feel that he was without a guide or counselor. His presence seemed not only to overshadow me, but also to encompass him. How precious to me was the thought of this "Living Presence" with my boy. It removed the most bitter portion of the trial. God seemed to whisper into my soul, "I will carry the lambs in my bosom!"

—A little boy on coming home from a certain church, where he had seen a person perform on an organ, said to his mother, "O, mamma, I wish you had been at church to-day to see the fun—a man pumping music out of an old cupboard!"

DAVID MATSON.

WHO of my young friends have read the sorrowful story of "Enoch Arden," so sweetly and simply told by the great English poet? It is the story of a man who went to sea, leaving behind a sweet young wife and little daughter. He was cast away on a desert island, where he was discovered and taken off by a passing vessel. Coming back to his native town, he found his wife married to an old playmate—a good man, rich and honored, and with whom she was living happily. The poor man, unwilling to cause her pain and perplexity, resolved not to make himself known to her, and lived and died alone. The poem has reminded me of a very similar story of my own New England neighborhood, which I have often heard, and which I will try, to tell, not in poetry, like Alfred Tennyson's, but in my own poor prose. I can assure my readers that in its main particulars it is a true tale.

One bright summer morning, more than three-score years ago, David Matson, with his young wife and his two healthy, barefooted boys, stood on the bank of the river near their dwelling. Then were waiting there for Pelatiah Curtis to come round the Point with his wherry, and take the husband and father to the Port, a few miles below. The Lively Turtle was about to sail on a voyage to Spain, and David was to go in her as a mate. They stood there in the level morning sunshine talking cheerfully; but had you been near enough, you could have seen tears in Anna Matson's blue eyes, for she loved her husband, and knew there was always danger on the sea. And David's bluff, cheery voice trembled a little now and then, for the honest sailor loved his snug home on the Merrimack, with the dear wife and her pretty boys. But presently the wherry came alongside, and David was just stepping in to it, when he turned back to kiss his wife and children once more.

"In with you, man," said Pelatiah Curtis. "There's no time for kissing and such fooleries when the tide serves."

And so they parted. Anna and the boys went back to their home, and David to the Port, whence he sailed off in the Lively Turtle. And months passed, autumn followed the summer, and winter the autumn, and then spring came, and anon it was summer on the river-side, and he did not come back. And another year passed, and then the old sailors and fishermen shook their heads solemnly, and said that the Lively Turtle was a lost ship, and would never come back to port. And poor Anna had her bonnet gored with morning ribbons, and thenceforth she was known only as the Widow Matson.

And how was it all this time with David himself?

Now you must know that the mohammedan people of Algiers and Tripoli, and Mogadore and Salce, on the Barbary coast, had for a long time been in the habit of fitting out galleys and armed boats to seize upon the merchant-vessels of Christian nations, and make slaves of their crews and passengers, just as men calling themselves Christians in America were sending vessels to Africa to catch black slaves for their plantations. The Lively Turtle fell into the hands of one of these roving sea-robbers, and the crew were taken to Algiers, and sold in the market-places, poor David Matson among the rest.

When a boy he had learned the trade of a ship-carpenter with his father on the Merrimack; and now he was set at work in the dock-yards. His master, who was naturally a kind man, did not overwork him. He had daily his three loaves of bread, and when his clothing was worn out, its place was supplied by the coarse cloth of wool and camel's hair woven by the Berber women. Three hours before sunset he was released from work, and Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, was a day of entire rest. Once a year at the season called Ramadan, he was left at leisure for a whole week. So time went on, —days, weeks, months, and years. His dark hair became gray. He still dreamed of his old home on the Merrimack, and of his good Anna and the boys. He wondered whether they yet lived, what they thought of him, and what they were doing. The hope of ever seeing them again grew fainter and fainter, and at last nearly died out; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

But one day a handsome middle-aged gentleman, in the dress of one of his own countrymen, attended by a great officer of the Dey, entered the ship-yard, and called up before him the American captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow, Commissioner of the United States to procure the liberation of slaves belonging to that government. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and said they were free. As you might expect, the poor fellows were very grateful; some laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted and sang, and threw up their caps, while others, with David Matson among them, knelt down on the chips, and thanked God for the great deliverance.

"This is a very affecting scene," said the Commissioner, wiping his eyes. "I must keep the impression of it for my Columbiad";—and drawing out his tablet, he proceeded to write on the spot an apostrophe to Freedom, which afterwards found a place in his great epic.

David Matson had saved a little money during his captivity, by odd jobs and work on holidays. He got a passage to Malaga, where he bought a nice shawl for his wife and watch for each of his boys. He then went to the quay, where an American ship was lying just ready to sail for Boston.

Almost the first man he saw on board was Pelatiah Curtis, who had rowed him down to the port seven years before. He found that his old neighbor did not know him, so changed was he with his long beard and Moorish dress, whereupon, without telling his name, he began to put questions about his old home, and finally asked him if he knew a Mrs. Matson.

"I rather think I do," said Pelatiah; "she's my wife."

"Your wife!" cried the other. "She is mine before God and man. I am David Matson, and she is the mother of my children."

"And mine too!" said Pelatiah. "I left her with a baby in her arms. If you are David Matson, your right to her is outlawed; at any rate she is mine, and I am not the man to give her up."

"God is great!" said poor David Matson, unconsciously repeating the familiar words of Moslem submission. "His will be done. I loved her, but I shall never see her again. Give these, with my blessing, to the good woman and the boys," and he handed over, with a sigh, the little bundle containing the gifts for his wife and children.

He shook hands with his rival. "Pelatiah," he said, looking back as he left the ship, "be kind to Anna and my boys."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the sailor in a careless tone. He watched the poor man passing slowly up the narrow street until out of sight.—"It's a hard case for old David," he said, helping himself to a fresh cud of tobacco, "but I'm glad I've seen the last of him."

When Pelatiah Curtis reached home he told Anna the story of her husband and laid his gifts in her lap. She did not shriek nor faint, for she was a healthy woman with strong nerves; but she stole away by herself and wept bitterly. She lived many years after, but could never be persuaded to wear the pretty shawl which the husband of her youth had sent as his farewell gift. There is however, a tradition that, in accordance with her dying wish, it was wrapped about her poor old shoulders in the coffin, and buried with her.

The little old bull's-eye watch, which is still in the possession of one of her grandchildren, is now all that remains to tell of David Matson,—the lost man.

John G. Whittier.

STARTLING CALCULATIONS.

NAUSEOUS, NOXIOUS, POISONOUS, ABOMINATION.

Could the young man, who is rolling the first morsel of tobacco under his tongue, realize the immense drain he is about establishing on his system and pocket he would turn from the grim idol with disgust. It is a much quoted saying, that "figures will not lie," and we will spend a few minutes applying them to the subject under consideration.

After a chewer has become rooted and grounded in his habit, he will spit, on an average, twice in five minutes, and half a teaspoonful at a time, making twenty-four expectorations in an hour, or about two hundred and forty in a day, which will amount to one hundred and twenty drachms, or about a pint. This will give three hundred and sixty pints, or forty-five gallons in a year—almost one and a half barrels! If his vitality withstands this drain for fifty years, he will have lost two thousand two hundred and fifty gallons, or over seventy-one barrels—enough to fill a good-sized cistern! Estimating a pint as weighing a pound, he will lose seven pounds per week, or three hundred and sixty-five per year, and eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, or over nine tons, in fifty years. Can we wonder that the tobacco-chewer is thin and haggard looking, when he spits away his own weight in less than six months?

Let us make another calculation. After fully forming the habit, a person will chew about two inches of light plug per day. For convenience, we will say one foot per week, or fifty-two feet in a year, which will amount in fifty years to two thousand six hundred feet, or nearly half a mile. At present prices, this is worth two cents per inch, which gives the neat little sum of six hundred and twenty-four dollars, which, if deposited in the saving-bank instead of the tobaccoist's till, would have given the chewer a fine farm, instead of eighteen or twenty bushels of useless quids.

But suppose the man be a smoker, and indulges in cigars—very moderately, we will say only three per day, each four inches long, and costing two cents apiece. Each day he will consume a foot of tobacco, at an expense of six cents, or seven feet in a week, thirty per month, and three hundred and sixty-five feet per year, costing twenty-one dollars and ninety cents. In fifty years he will burn eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty feet, which would make a cigar three and a half miles long, costing one thousand and ninety-five dollars. Set upon end, it would be higher than Mount Blanc!

We might calculate the time spent in taking a chew or lighting a cigar, and prove that it would be sufficient, if rightly spent, to give the man a thorough knowledge of several sciences; but at present we will push our calculations no further.

—It is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their (little) rights is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickering which attends such a disposition; and unless a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, we question if it is not wiser, happier, and more prudent to yield somewhat of our precious right than squabble to maintain them. True wisdom is "first pure," then "peaceable," then "gentle."

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, Thursday, March 16. '65.

We send this number of our paper to some ministerial brethren, who have not yet subscribed for it, or who did not know that such a paper is in existence. We hope they will not only become subscribers themselves, but make an effort to circulate the American Lutheran in their respective congregations.

Any person sending in ten new subscribers with the pay in advance, is entitled to the eleventh copy gratis. Those brethren, however, who do not wish to keep the paper, nor circulate it in their congregations, will please to return this number with their names written on the wrapper.

THE NAME OF OUR PAPER.

From many of our friends we have been complimented on the appropriateness and beauty of the name of our paper. Among others the reader will find an article in another column of this number concluding with the following elegant passage:

"We have a number of church papers, but to our surprise none has ever assumed the right name till now. At length 'The American Lutheran' has come forth, and taken his stand upon the Platform, to speak out the true sentiments of the church, whether men will hear or forbear. All honor to the man, or the set of men, who has had the moral courage to originate that paper, with such a distinctive and significant name, so dear to its friends, so hateful to its foes. That title has a magic power in it, which will carry it through, other things being equal, in spite of all opposition. We would just here say to the editor, hold to your motto, stick to the text, and let us have American Lutheranism in its purity, without any truckling to cold-hearted and lifeless symbolism. You will be sustained."

We thank the brother who wrote the above for this word of encouragement; and also to the many other friends who have cheered us by their letters and lists of new subscribers, we return our heartfelt thanks. The name, "American Lutheran," has indeed been covered with obloquy by the symbolists, but to every true lover of our American Lutheran Church it has a beauty and a charm, and as "truth is mighty and must prevail," so we believe this name and what it represents will continue to live and flourish when symbolism shall have been laid in the dust.

The Editor of this paper intends to defend American Lutheranism and to battle against symbolism with all the gifts and powers that God has given him; and he does this not as a matter of mere policy, but from the convictions of his inmost soul; he is in earnest about what he says or does.

THE AMENDED DOCTRINAL BASIS OF THE GENERAL SYNOD.

When the amendment to the doctrinal basis of the General Synod was proposed, the measure seemed to be regarded at the time as a compromise between the two parties. It was considered by most of the new-school men as the olive branch of peace held out by the symbolists, and therefore hailed as the unfailing remedy for all our strifes; there were to be henceforth no more contentions in the Gen. Synod about a doctrinal basis, unqualified subscription to the confessions &c.

What has been the consequence thus far? What was yielded by the American Lutherans from a spirit of magnanimity and conciliation, was immediately heralded abroad by the symbolists as a victory on their part. Now we would be quite willing to let them enjoy their fancied triumph to their hearts content, if they would be satisfied with what they have, but any one in the least acquainted with symbolism must be convinced of the folly of entering into a compromise with it, for it never will be satisfied till it has every thing its own way.

A striking illustration of this is found in the minutes of the "English Lutheran Synod of Ohio and adjacent States." This synod was formerly a branch of the Old Synod of Ohio. For some reasons this branch separated itself from the parent stock, and connected itself with the General synod, carrying with it however the heaven of that symbolism which it had imbibed from the mother synod. In the copy of their minutes before us we have the report of their delegates to the last General Synod, which concludes with the following remarkable words:

"From the general sentiment expressed, it would appear, that a conservative spirit predominates in that body, and there is a cheering prospect that it will soon give an unqualified reception to the pure doctrines of the Augsburg Confession."

From this it would appear that this synod regards the adoption of the constitutional amendment to the doctrinal basis of the Gen. Synod as but the stepping stone to farther amendments in the same direction.

Our voice is therefore: No more compromises with symbolism, and as the proposed amendment is such a compromise, let us vote it down in our district synods, and where it has already passed in district synods, let the matter be reconsidered, and then voted upon with all the facts in the case clearly before the mind.

HARTWICK SEMINARY.

We observe the statement going the rounds of the different Lutheran Church papers, that Dr. Sternberg has resigned his professorship in Hartwick Seminary, and that the Rev. Scholl has been elected in his place. In these statements we do not observe any regrets expressed, nor any cause assigned for the resignation of Dr. Sternberg. We observe however that the symbolists rejoice over it, while they endorse Rev. Scholl and offer to support Hartwick Seminary. A Rev. Adelburg, who manifests a zeal for symbolism worthy of a better cause, publishes a lengthy communication in the "Lutherische Herold," in which he commends the Rev. Scholl for his "churchliness" and advises the ministers of the New York Ministerium now to give their support to Hartwick instead of Philadelphia. This looks very much as if there had been a compromise for the purpose of securing the support of the symbolists for Hartwick, as if it had been made impossible for Dr. Sternberg as an honorable man to retain his professorship, and hence his resignation. We do not know anything personally of Rev. Scholl, but he certainly does not appear to be a genuine American Lutheran when the Symbolists praise him.

We should certainly be very sorry to see Hartwick Seminary, which always has been regarded as an American Lutheran institution go over into the hands of the symbolists. If such a compromise has really been made by the trustees of that institution, from mere motives of policy, to secure the support of the symbolists, then, we think, besides the injustice of the proceeding, they will also find it an exceedingly bad policy. For in gaining the support of the Symbolists they will lose the support of the American Lutherans, who have hitherto been its principal supporters. The time has gone by in our church when American Lutherans will sit still and let the Old Lutherans have every thing in their own way. If Hartwick is really to be symbolized, then it can look for no more support from American Lutherans; it will then be dependent upon the half dozen symbolists in the Hartwick Synod and the Germans in the New York Ministerium.

The Way to get subscribers for the American Lutheran.

The following communication from a brother in the state of New York will explain itself. We insert it here for the purpose of presenting to the friends of our paper an easy and very practical mode of introducing it into their congregations:

Last Sabbath I took occasion to tell my people that there was a paper printed in Selinsgrove, Pa. called The American Lutheran, and that its object was to defend American Lutheranism, which is vital Godliness against symbolism, the stepping stone to death and ruin. The result you have in these green-backs, as fifteen said "I want The American Lutheran, and here is the dollar with which to get it." You may judge that we are not very symbolical up here. No sir, a symbolist here in S. ——— would be as much of a curiosity, as a monkey in Lapland. What we have done, however, is but a beginning. We hear but one prayer for your paper from all that we have heard; and that is, Lord bless The American Lutheran.

COLLECTIONS FOR THE GENERAL SYNOD.

The following resolutions were adopted at the last meeting of the General Synod held in York, Pa. May, 1864.

"That in view of the fact that the income of synod from the sales of its publications falls considerably below the actual and increasing expenses of synod, it be recommended, that annual collections be taken in the churches of the several district synods for the purpose of creating a fund to defray the mileage of the delegates and the necessary expenses of synod, and that any surplus funds, that may therefore remain in the Treasury of the synod, be appropriated at the time to the Missionary or Education Treasuries of the General Synod."

"That the proposed collection be taken on, or near, the first Sabbath of April in each year, and that the Secretary of Synod be instructed to give notice to the churches four weeks before the time of collection."

M. L. Stoeber,

Gettysburg, March 6th 1865.

CHRIST IN THE ARMY.—This is a very neat pamphlet printed for the Ladies' Christian Commission, and containing a selection of sketches of the work of the U. S. Christian Commission, by various writers. It contains much important and exceedingly interesting information.

An Excellent Sabbath-School Paper.

The Sunday-School Times, edited by John S. Hart, LL. D., and I. N. Baker, A. M., and published weekly by J. C. Carrigues & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., at \$1.50 per year, is a very valuable journal for Superintendents and Teachers. It contains a large amount of information, hints, and suggestions highly useful not only to Sunday-school people, but also to teachers in secular schools, and to parents. We often find in its single articles worth more than the annual subscription. Send to the publishers for a specimen number.—*American Agriculturist*.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

MESSRS. J. C. GARRIGUES & Co., 148 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, have sent us an exquisite picture, illustrating this memorable event of the Saviour's life. The artistic work of this picture is most admirable. We rarely see the grouping of the different characters in any work of art so distinctly and finely set forth. In the foreground, an anxious mother kneels at the Master's feet with her little child, while a questioning disciple seems to be whispering in her ear, "trouble him not." But the Saviour's hand is already on the little one's head, and the blessing is not withheld.

Another disciple turns his head away from the hallowed scene with an expression, that once seen, is not soon forgotten. This beautiful picture would adorn any parlor, and is an excellent illustration for the Infant Department of a Sunday-school.

With great pleasure we recommend this admirable picture to the notice of all Christian parents. Such an ornament hung up in the nursery or parlor, would be well calculated to make deep and indelible impressions of the most touching, moral nature upon the minds of the children. The Saviour blessing little children—what a scene for an artist! Yea for a seraph! Let each of our Sabbath-schools send and get at least one of these pictures.

The most favorable terms are made for introducing it in Sunday-schools.

LUTHER'S FAITH.

It is faith which gives Luther this clearness of vision. "I have lately seen two miracles," he says, "the first, as I was looking out of my window and saw the stars in heaven and that beautiful vaulted roof of God, and yet saw no pillars on which the Master builder had fixed his vault; yet the heaven fell not, but all that grand arch stood firm. Now there are some who search for such pillars and want to touch and grasp them, and, since they cannot, wonder and tremble as if the heaven must certainly fall, for 'no other reason but because they cannot touch or grasp its pillars. If they could lay hold on those, think they, then the heaven would stand firm! The second miracle was, I saw great clouds rolling over us, with such a ponderous weight that they might be compared to a great ocean, and yet I saw no foundation on which they rested or were based, nor any shore which kept them back; yet they fell not on us, but frowned on us with a stern countenance and fled. But when they had passed by, then shone forth our foundation and our roof which had kept them back—the rainbow! Yet that was indeed a weak, thin, slight foundation and roof, which soon melted away into the clouds, and was more like a shadowy prism, such as we see through colored glass, than a strong foundation; so that we might well distrust that feeble dyke which kept back that terrible weight of waters. Yet we found in fact, that this unsubstantial prism could bear up the weight of waters, and that it guards us safely. But there are some who look rather at the thickness and massy weight of the waters and clouds, than at this thin, slight narrow bow of promise. They would like to feel the strength of that shadowy, evanescent arch, and because they cannot do this, they are ever fearing that the clouds will bring back the deluge."

THE JEWS.—"According to a calculation recently made," says the Monitor, "There exist in the whole world nearly 7,000,000 Jews, of whom one half are in Europe, especially in Russia, where there are 1,320,000. The number in Austria is 853,000; in Prussia 284,500, and in the rest of Germany, 492,000. At Frankfort-on-the-Maine there is one Jew to sixteen Christians; in Sweden 80,000, Norway only one in 600. France contains 80,000, England 42,000, and Switzerland 3,200. A remarkable fact is that in the countries where the Jews are completely emancipated—that is, in France, Belgium, and England—their number is diminishing; while elsewhere it is increasing. Since the commencement of the present century the societies for the conversion of the Jews (33 in number, and employing 200 missionaries) have at the most, and with great expense, made 20,000 proselytes."

—Those who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement, will find these trifles become at last their most serious concerns.—*Goldsmith*.

Search for Happiness.

A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore the body to health and give happiness to the mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly satisfied with his lot. Whereupon the patient set out on a journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the directions given, the traveler was at length rewarded with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremony he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory, whether he was contented with his lot, was answered in the affirmative. "Then," said the seeker of happiness, "I have one small boon to ask at your hand. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I may also become contented and happy." "Most gladly would I accede to thy request," replied the cobbler, "but—" "Nay, refuse me not," replied the man of wealth, "for any sum you name shall be thine." "I seek not thy wealth," said the cobbler, "but—" "But what?" "But—the truth is—I have no shirt."

CHURCH CONTRIBUTIONS.

Mr. A. F. Ockershausen, of New York, who last summer gave \$20,000 toward the endowment of Pennsylvania College, recently gave \$10,000 to the endowment fund of Hartwick (Lutheran) Theological Seminary, provided the churches will raise \$40,000 more.

A new Professorship has been endowed in the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Pa., by a Lutheran family of Pittsburgh. Of the \$20,000 required, \$13,500 have already been contributed by the surviving widow and three sons of Henry Graeff.

Dr. N. E. Smith, of Brooklyn, a graduate of the Institutions of the Dutch Reformed Church, at New Brunswick, has contributed \$40,000 to the Endowment Fund of the Theological Seminary in the same place, provided \$60,000 more will be raised for the same object, by May 15th, 1865.

Within the last three months, Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pa., has received cash benefactions, amounting to \$80,000. One young man, suddenly made rich by the oil traffic, gave \$25,000. This well will diffuse light in a double sense. A blessing on all men like him.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Church appropriates this year for Foreign and Domestic Missions, the sum of \$622,910.—The denomination has but one Missionary Society, one Secretary, and one paid agent.

The Unitarian church of San Francisco is ahead of Beecher's Plymouth church. Its pews were sold for \$27,000 in gold, making a sum at the time the sales were made, equal to \$70,000 in currency.

This is a suitable time to pay church-debts, and endow literary, religious, and charitable institutions. Rich men wax richer fast, and poor men poorer. Fabulous fortunes are made in a single year. And they may be lost in less than a year, in coming financial convulsions. There is no surer safeguard against reverses than to deal honestly toward the Giver of all good, by consecrating a liberal portion, to His service. Let the first-fruits of favorable investments be given to the Lord as a halloving sacrifice, along with the heart and life—let "the first-fruit be holy, and the lump will also be holy; if the root be holy, so are the branches."—*Gen. R. Mess.*

A HARD BED.

Early one sharp, frosty morning, the other day, a man going early to his work saw something lying beside a pile of boards which made him suddenly stop. He thought he saw two heads. Sure enough, they were two little heads on some leaves and straw. He kicked away the leaves with his foot, and found two small children, with their arms around each other, asleep; an old shawl covered them. The little boy opened his eyes.

"How came you here, children?" asked the man.

"We had nowhere else to sleep," said the boy. The little girl then waked up and began to cry.

"Hush, sissy," he said; "don't cry."

"How came you here, children?" asked the man again. "Where's your mother?"

"Mother's dead," answered the boy.

"Haven't you a father?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"Well where is he?" asked the man.

"He turned us out-doors last night. He drank, and came home, and swared us out of the house and sissy and I came here," said the little boy.

"Poor dear children," cried the man, tears running down his brown cheeks. "I see: run did it. Nothing but rum can turn a father's heart to stone, and make him drive his motherless children from his door. Yes, and I dare say rum broke your poor mother's heart."

The man took the little girl in his arms, for she was stiff with cold, and carried them both to his own warm kitchen, where his wife gave them plenty of good breakfast.

He then went to hunt up their miserable father. He was on the floor of his own house, laying with that sickness which is the drunkard's own sickness, *delirium tremens*. Once he was an industrious, healthy man. Now what a sight

was he! The neighbors called him a beast. That is not fair, for the poor beasts are kind to their little ones. He was far, far, far below the beast. He had made himself a degraded monster. That is what rum, whiskey, and strong drink do for a man, boys.—*Child's Paper*.

PETROLEUM IN BURMAH.—Shaw Loo, a native of Burma, who is studying at Lewisburg, Pa., with a view to return as a missionary to the land of his birth, is delivering a series of lectures in Oil City and Titusville, on the oil wells in Burma, and the processes in use there to secure the oil, of which they have long made great use. His lecture on this subject well shows the progress and power of American invention, for the Burmese have to dig large shafts hundreds of feet deep, down which men go by ladders, and bring up the oil on their back in proper vessels; while by our deep pumps and steam engines nineteen-twentieths of the work is saved. It doubtless makes the rough miners of the oil region open their eyes to tell them that the Burman wells have been in use for centuries. And certainly nothing could stronger mark the contrast between Burman civilization and ours than the want of the least progress in their method of obtaining oil in that country compared with the ingenious processes that have sprung by the hundreds from the inventive brains of our never satisfied people. We sincerely hope that when Shaw Loo returns to teach his countrymen the wonderful arts of this land he will not arouse such an excitement and speculative mania as now threatens to drag with its vortex and overwhelm in ruin the respectability and stability of the country.—*Lewisburg Chronicle*.

—There are six sorts of people at whose hands you need not expect much kindness.—The sordid and narrow-minded think of nobody but themselves; the lazy will not take the trouble to serve you; the busy have not time to think of you; the overgrown rich man is above minding any one who needs his assistance; the poor and unhappy have neither spirit nor ability; the good-natured fool, however willing, is not capable of serving you.—*Baugh*.

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Cliver Ditson, & Co., Publishers, Boston.

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 coupons 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 "
20 " " " " \$1000 "
\$1 " " " " \$5000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than \$200,000,000 remain unsold, which will probably be disposed of within the next 60 or 90 days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

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 all the national Banks of the State.

Religious and Domestic.

STAND UP FOR JESUS!

Some of the little ones who read this paper may not know how the words "Stand up for Jesus" have become so common and popular. — Let me therefore tell you.

A young minister (Dudley A. Tyng,) who was much beloved, had his arm nearly torn off by a threshing-machine. When told afterwards that he must die he said to his father, "Father dear, I dearly love you all; but I had rather be with Jesus than my dearest ones on earth. Lay me straight in the bed, and cover me, and let me wait my FATHER'S TIME." They then arranged his bed as well as was possible; and he said, "Now, Father, put your arms under, and let me die in your arms."

He then added, as his dying message to his father and others, "Father, Stand up for Jesus. Tell them, Let us all stand up for Jesus."

How much he loved Jesus, and how he remembered his precious name when all others had faded away from his memory, will be seen from his last utterances. His father says, "At his physician's request, I aroused him again, and asked him, in a loud voice, 'Do you see me, my dear son?' 'No.' 'Do you know me?' 'No.' 'Do you not know your dear father's voice?' 'No.' 'His wife then made the same attempts, with no other result. Then I said, 'Do you know Jesus?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, with a very loud voice."

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross:
Lift high his royal banner:
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquish'd
And Christ is Lord indeed!

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear:
If while ye sleep, he suffers,
Away with shame and fear!
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of battle.
And put the foe to rout.

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day;
Ye that are men, now serve him,
Against unnumber'd foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
As strength to strength oppose!

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone:
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Each soldier to his post!
Close up the broken column,
And shout through all the host.
Make good the loss so heavy
In those that still remain,
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain."

FREDDY'S PRAYER.

A bright-eyed boy of four years was saying his prayers the other night to his mother, and with his hands folded and eyes closed, he sweetly said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take,
God bless papa, mamma, and—"

He stopped all at once, opening his eyes and exclaimed:

"Mother, mother, what shall I say if I have been a bad boy?"

"You should not stop to ask questions, my son; while you are saying your prayers," replied his mother.

"But, mother, I have been bad; what shall I say?"

"Ask God to forgive you; but you should say your prayers all through, when you begin, without stopping."

His question answered, he reverently folded his hands, and closing his eyes, continued:

"And will God forgive me for killing a hop-toad with a big stick, and throwing it down a big hole?"

Children of a larger growth will do well to copy.

A RECIPE—READ IT.

Take a handful of the vine called Runabout, the same quantity of the root called Nimble-tongue, a sprig of the root called Backbite, at either before or after dog days; a spoonful of Don't-you-tell-it; six drachms of Malice; a few drops of Envy, which can be purchased in any quantity at the shop of Miss Tabitha Teatable; stir these well together and simmer them for half an hour over the fire of Discontent, kindled with a little Jealousy; then strain it through the rag of Misconstruction; hang it upon a skein of street yarn. Shake it for a few days and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the subject will be enabled to speak all manner of evil continually.

LOOKING AT THE BEST SIDE.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks: "For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission; one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on the sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.

LAZY BOYS.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, criminals and paupers, have come to what they are, by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the busiest part of the community—those who make our great and useful men, were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

SENSIBLE MAXIMS.

Never speak of your father as "the old man."
Never reply to the epithets of a drunkard or a fool.
Never abuse any one who was once your bosom friend, however bitter an enemy now.
Never smile at the expense of your religion or your Bible.
If you have nothing good to say of any one, say nothing bad.
Peace with heaven is the best friendship.

TWO OF MR. LINCOLN'S JOKES.—Bishop Simpson recently delivered his great lecture in Wesley Chapel of this city, to a large audience, among whom we remarked President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. The Bishop was very eloquent, and everybody seemed completely carried away. He told an anecdote in the course of his speech about a Kentuckian who was asked by an Englishman what where the "boundaries" of our country. The Kentuckian replied that the United States "were bounded on the east by the rising sun, on the west by the precession of the equinoxes, on the north by the aurora borealis, and on the south by the day of judgment." This reminded the President of the following story, which he told *sub voce* to those around him in the midst of the bishop's eloquence:—"John Bull met with a North American Indian, and in the course of conversation was very anxious to impress him with the greatness of the British Empire. 'The sun,' said Mr. Bull, 'never sets on British dominion. Do you understand how that is?' 'Oh, yes,' said the Indian, 'that is because God is afraid to trust them in the dark.'" When the lecture had ended, the President waited to greet the bishop, but could not wind up without the perpetration of another joke. The bishop, in showing our ability to carry on the war for any length of time that rebel pluck or persistence might make necessary, had enumerated our vast sources of wealth. "Bishop," said Mr. Lincoln as the Bishop approached him, "you never struck the ile!"

INTERESTING QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS RELATIVE TO THE 7-30 U. S. LOAN.

Mr. Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia, who for so long a time had the management of the popular 500 million 5-20 Loans, has just been appointed by Secretary Fessenden, the General Agent to dispose of the only popular Loan now offered by the Government, viz.: the "SEVEN-THIRTY."

In entering upon his duties he desires to answer plainly the large number of questions daily and hourly propounded to him, so that his fellow-countrymen may all understand what this "Seven-Thirty Loan" is—what are its peculiar merits—how they can subscribe for or obtain the notes, &c.

1st. Question. Why is this Loan called the "Seven-Thirty" Loan?

Answer. It bears Interest, in currency, at the rate of Seven Dollars and thirty cents, each year, on every hundred dollars; making the interest as follows:

One cent per day on each	\$ 50 note.
50 cents " " "	100 " "
en " " "	500 " "
Twenty " " "	1,000 " "
One dollar " " "	5,000 " "

2d. Question. When and how can they be obtained?

Answer. They are for sale, at *par*, and accrued interest, by all Sub-Treasurers, National and other Banks, and all bankers and Brokers.

3d. Question. When is the interest payable and how can it be collected?

Answer. The Coupons or Interest Tickets are due 15th of February and 15th of August in each year, and can be cut off from the note, and will be cashed by any Sub-Treasurer, U. S. Depository, National or other Bank or Banker.

4th. Question. When must the government pay off these 7-30s?

Answer. They are due in two years and a half from the 15th of February, 1865; viz.: on the 15th of August, 1867.

5th. Question. Must I receive back my money so soon as 1867?

Answer. No! not unless you yourself prefer to do so—the Law gives you the right to demand from the Government, at that time, either your money or an equal amount at *par*, of the famous and popular 5-20 Gold Bearing 6 per cent. Loan.

6th. Question. How much do you consider this privilege of conversion, into 5-20 Loan to be worth?

Answer. More than 9 per cent. premium at that time.

Answer. 5-20s bearing Gold Interest from 1st of November, are to-day worth 9 per cent. premium. If they are worth no more at the end of the two years and a half, when you have a right to them, than they now are, this premium added to the interest you receive, will give you at least 10 per cent. per annum for your money—but the opinion is that they will

7th. Question. What other advantage is there in investing in the 7-30 Loan?

Answer. It cannot be taxed by States, Counties, or Cities, and this adds from one to three per cent. per annum to the net income of the holder, according to the rate of taxation in various localities. All bonds and stocks, except those of the United States, and all mortgages, &c., are taxed, not only by the Government, but by States, Counties and Cities.

8th. Question. How does the Government raise the money to pay the interest, and is it safe and sure?

Answer. The Government collects, by taxes, internal revenue, and duties on imports, fully three hundred millions each year. This is nearly three times as much as needed to pay the interest on all the debt, and as soon as the war is ended, the amount not needed to pay the interest will be used in paying off the debt. Our Government has twice paid off all its debts, and can easily do so again. The interest is sure to be paid promptly, and the debt itself is the very safest investment in the world. It is as safe as a mortgage on a good farm, and pays a better interest. It is, in fact, a First Mortgage on all lands, all incomes, all railroad and canal bonds, and bank or other stocks, mortgage, &c.

Nothing can be safer, for we are all bound for it, and all that we have is firmly held for the payment of principal and interest. How foolish those people are, who keep their gold and greenbacks idle and locked up, or purchase mortgages or railroad stocks and bonds, which pay only 5 or 6 per cent. interest, when these Seven-Thirties pay (counting the premium of Five-Twenties,) over ten per cent., and are so much safer and surer.

9th. Question. How many Seven-Thirties are there, and how much remains unsold?

Answer. There are only about three hundred and twenty-five millions authorized by law, and only about one hundred and ninety million remain unsold.

10th. Question. How long will it take you to sell the balance?

Answer. There are about 800 National Banks all engaged in selling them; also a large number of the old banks, and at least three thousand private bankers and brokers and special agents will be engaged in all parts of the country in disposing of them to the people.

11th. Question. How long will it take to sell the whole?

Answer. In less than three months they will be all sold, and will no doubt sell at a premium, as was the case with the old Seven-Thirties, the first Twenty-Year Loan, and the Five-Twenties.

The above questions and answers, it is believed, give full satisfaction to all. If not, the General Subscription Agent, or any of the Banks or Bankers employed to sell the Loan will be glad to answer all questions, and to furnish the Seven-Thirties in small or large sums (as the notes are issued in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, and \$5,000,) and to render it easy for all to subscribe—thus fulfilling the instructions of Mr. Fessenden, who earnestly desires that the people of the whole land, (as well as the capitalists,) shall have every opportunity afforded them of obtaining a portion of this most desirable investment.

LET NONE DELAY, BUT SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE, THROUGH THE NEAREST RESPONSIBLE BANK OR BANKERS.

—Kansas Ed., Journal.

GROVER & 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 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.

OHIO VALLEY (VT) AGR'L Soc.
First premium for family machine.
First premium for manufacturing machine.
First premium for machine work.
HAMPTON CO (MASS) AGR'L Soc.
Diploma for family machine.
Diploma for machine work.
WASHINGTON CO (NY) Fair.
First premium for family machine.
SARATOGA CO (NY) Fair.
First premium for family machine.
First Premiums have also been awarded by the following Fairs: Queens Co (NY) Agr'l Society. Mechanics' Institute, Pa.; Greenfield, O.; Clinton Co, O.; Montgomery Co, Pa.; San Joaquin Co, Cal.; San Jose District, Cal.; Franklin Co, N. Y. The above comprises all the Fairs at which the GROVER & BAKER Machines were exhibited this year. Sales-Rooms, 495 Broadway, N. Y. Dec. 1864.

DON'T READ THIS.
COFFEE! COFFEE!! COFFEE!!!

THE

EAST INDIA COFFEE CO.,

154 READE St. (three doors from Greenwich Street,) N. Y. call universal attention to their

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE,

Kent's East India Coffee.

as all the flavor of OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA and is, at half the price, and also that

Kent's East India Coffee.

has twice the strength of Java, or any other Coffee whatever and wherever used by our first class hotels and steamboats, the stewards say there is a saving of 50 per cent.

Kent's East India Coffee.

is the most healthy beverage known, and is very nutritious. They can and may use it at all times with impunity. The wife of the Rev. W. Hayes, local minister of the M. E. Church, Jersey City, who has not been able to use any Coffee for fifteen years, can use

Kent's East India Coffee

three times a day without injury it being entirely free from those properties that produce nervous excitement.

Dr. JAMES BOYLE, of 156 Chambers Street, says: "I have never known any Coffee so healthful, nutritious, and free from all injurious qualities as

Kent's East India Coffee.

I advise my patients to drink it universally even those to whom I have hitherto prohibited the use of Coffee.

The Prin. of the New York Eye Infirmary says: "I direct all the patients of our Institution to use exclusively

Kent's East India Coffee.

and would not be without it on any account."

The Rev. C. Lurie, an eminent clergyman of the M. E. Church, now stationed at Halsey street Newark, says of

Kent's East India Coffee

"I have used it nearly a year in my family, and find it produces no ache of the head or nervous irritation, as in the case of all other Coffees. It is exceedingly pleasant, and I cordially recommend it to all clergymen and their families."

Kent's East India Coffee.

is used daily in the family of Bishop Ames, Bishop Baker, Bishop James, and many of the most distinguished clergymen in the country

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS

and be sure that the packages are labeled

Kent's East India Coffee

154

Read Street, New York,

there are numerous counterfeits afloat under the name of "Genuine East India Coffee," "Original East India Coffee," etc, put forth by impostors to deceive the unwary

In 1 lb packages, and in boxes of 25, 50, and 100 lbs for grocers and large consumers, sold by grocers generally. Orders from country grocers solicited to whom a very liberal discount will be made

Wholesale agents: Goodrich & Molan, and W. J. & Bro Philadelphia; Francis H. Perry, Providence; A. L. Waittender & Co, Boston; Frychson & Lee, Springfield, Mass.; S. N. Callender Buffalo; Gordon McMillan & Co, Cleveland; A. Colter & Co, Cincinnati; J. & J. W. Cunn, Springfield, Ill.; H. B. Shields, Corydon, Ind.; C. C. Garber, Chicago, Illinois

The American Advertising Agency, 308 Broadway, N. Y. will receive orders for the above Coffee Business Department Corresponding Department E. ALYDOR FOWLER & WELLS

MISSIONARY IN-

STITUTE.

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

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

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

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

First Grade, \$5 00. Exercises in Reading, Orthography and Diction, 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 and their own fuel and light.

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

The Fall session commences August 13th

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. BOKX, Prin. Col. Dept., or

H. ZIEGLER, Theol. Prof.,

Nov. 1864

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 Railroad, to and from Pittsburg 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 at wit:

SOUTHWARD.

Accommodation (Harrisburg & Sunbury)	7 55 a m
Mail	8 52 a m
Night Express	9 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 52 p m
Philadelphia and Erie Express	3 55 a m

Ticket office at the Ferry.
All trains now stop at Selingsgrove.
All Trains daily except Sundays and the Express northward on Monday mornings.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. ROAD

THIS great line traverses the Northern and Northwestern counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

It has been leased by the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, and under their auspices is being rapidly opened throughout its entire length.

It is now in use for Passenger and Freight business from Harrisburg to St. Mary's (216 miles) on the Eastern Division, and from Sheffield to Erie, (78 miles) on the Western Division.

Its entire length was opened for passenger and freight business, October 17th, 1864.

Time of Passenger trains at Milton.

Leave Eastward.

Through Mail Train 9 45, p. m.

Elmira Express Train 10 05, p. m.

Accommodation 9 58, a. m.

Leave Westward.

Mail Train 4 53 a m

Elmira Express Train 5 56 a m

L. Haven Accommodation 5 03 p m

Wm. pt Accommodation 12 32 a m

Passenger cars run through without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.

Elegant Sleeping Cars on Express Trains both ways between Williamsport and Baltimore, and Williamsport and Philadelphia.

For information respecting Passenger Business apply at the S. E. Cor. 11th and Market Sts.

And for Freight business of the Company's Agents:

S. B. Kingston, Jr., Cor. 13th and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

J. W. Reynolds, Erie.

J. M. Drill, Agent N. C. R. R. Baltimore.

H. H. HOUSTON,

General Freight Agt. Phil'a.

LEWIS L. HOUTT,

General Ticket Agt. Phil'a.

Jos. D. FORTS,

General Manager, Wm. pt.

March '64.

LACKAWANNA & BLOOMSBURG RAIL ROAD.

On and after Dec. 26th the Passenger Train runs as follows: