

# The American Lutheran.

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In Fundamentals Unity, in Nonessentials Liberty, in all things Charity.

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## Poetry.

### RUTH.

I know a little maiden,  
A household's youngest daughter,  
All innocent and lovely  
As pearls within the water;  
Her heart is full of kindness,  
And her lips are bright with truth;  
A child of noble promise  
Is our charming little Ruth.  
She hailed me in the morning,  
Just one short year ago,  
And gave to me a white rose,  
Half fragrance and half snow.  
She gave to me a white rose,  
Without a spot of stain,  
With buds of clustering sweetness,  
All trembling from the rain.  
The rose was just unfolding,  
And, as an infant grieves,  
The drops hung thick and heavy  
Among its velvet leaves.  
I kissed away the rain-drops  
As we quench an infant's tears!  
Then I thought of that fair maiden  
With her twelve unclouded years.  
And I prayed the God of heaven,  
To keep her soul as bright  
As that pure half-open rose-bud  
With its rain-drops from the night;  
I asked not always sunshine,  
But just enough of shade  
To make the angels watchful,  
Who guard that gentle maid.

## Travels.

### Men & Things as I saw them in Europe LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN. IX.

Bastille.—Lettres de Cachet.—Man of Iron Mask.  
Column of July.—Emeute of 1848.—Place de la  
Concorde. Obelisk of Luxor.—Guillotine.—Jan-  
uary 21st and October 16th, 1793.—National As-  
sembly Hall.—Confusion.—Republicanism dis-  
honored.

Yet in Paris.

The place de la Bastille is one of great his-  
toric interest. It is an open space whence  
many streets radiate, and in the centre of  
which rises the famous column of July. Here  
once stood the Bastille, formerly a famous cas-  
tle, in which state prisoners, arrested by let-  
tres de cachet, were confined. By these "let-  
tres" a man was taken from his family for any  
or no reason, and was carried none knew whi-  
ther. They were usually plunged into the  
cells of this building. If a man knew any-  
thing whose revelation might be injurious to  
king, or minister, or mistress, here was his  
home! What days of tyranny have passed  
over our world! Here was confined "the man  
with iron mask," about whom so much has  
been written, and as to whom curiosity is yet  
on tip-toe. He was treated with the highest  
distinction—was fed by the hand of the chief  
keeper—was denied nothing he desired—but  
ever wore an iron mask, behind which no eye  
was permitted to look. He made, it is said,  
two efforts to reveal his confinement to the  
world. Once he threw a shirt out of the win-  
dow on which he had written something. It  
was picked up by a priest, who took it to the  
keeper without reading what was written.  
The priest, lest he should have read it, was  
put to death. Once he threw a silver plate  
out of the window upon which he had scratch-  
ed something. It was found by a peasant and  
given back to the keeper. "Have you read  
what is here written?" said the keeper. "I  
can not read," was the reply. Having satis-  
fied himself that the man could not read, the  
keeper dismissed him, saying, "You are very  
fortunate in not knowing how to read."  
Among many conjectures in reference to him,  
some intimate that he was a twin brother of  
Louis XIV., and that he was thus disposed  
of to prevent civil wars, as the twins might  
put in equal claims for the throne. If the  
true history of the Bastille could be written,  
tyranny, treachery, blood, and murder would  
mark its every page.

A few months have passed away, and on  
the 16th of October of the same year, another  
and similar crowd is collected in the same  
place. An open cart, used to carry the low-  
est criminals to death, slowly makes its way  
amid hissing crowds of men and women—the  
women the most coarse in their abuse—and  
stops before the guillotine. A female, with a  
white gown soiled and crumpled, with her  
ringlets fallen over her face and neck, de-  
scends from it. Her mouth sorrowfully pre-  
served the folds of royal pride, which no suf-  
fering could tame, and which nothing could  
hide. She was bound to the plank, and the  
blade fell—and the head of Maria Antoinette,  
the Queen of France, the daughter of the Em-  
peror Francis I. and of Maria Theresa, rolled  
away from its body! The executioner took it  
by the hair, and went the round of the scaf-  
fold with it, raising it up in his hand, show-  
ing it to the people, who raised a long, loud  
cry of "Vive la Republique!" And the most  
furious in Paris for the life of this queen, and  
those who showed the most frantic joy on her  
execution, were women. O France, France!

And here I was treading the very ground  
on which the guillotine stood, where rivers of  
blood were shed, and where those scenes,  
which to this hour shock and sadden the civi-  
lized world, were enacted! And now it is  
called Place de la Concorde, and is a place of  
enchanting beauty! And yet it is steeped in  
blood!

From this bloody and beautiful spot, you  
cross the Seine by a magnificent bridge, built  
in part by stone from the demolished Bastille,  
and fronting you on the opposite bank stands  
the Hall of the National Assembly, with its  
Grecian portico and twelve Corinthian col-  
umns. With an ambassador's ticket I entered  
it from the rear, and was shown by officials to  
the gallery to which such tickets give admis-  
sion. The Assembly was in full blast. Du-

pin sat as president, a large, full man, with  
semi-bald head, full face, and more English  
than French in appearance. Behind him sat  
two men, for what purpose I did not learn.  
They helped him to keep order! A little  
stand, the tribune, like to a chorister's desk  
in a Scotch church was before him. And on  
the seats, rising from the centre on all sides,  
amphitheatre like, sat the members. They  
were numerous, and gentlemanly in appear-  
ance. Every speaker went to the tribune. A  
deputy ascended, buttoned to his chin, gloved,  
and brushed in true French style. He spoke  
calmly, and showed his gloves to perfection.  
The point in debate was about some duty on  
sugar. He uttered a sentence with force, and  
a cry was heard from a deputy, and another,  
and another; and soon the house was in a  
perfect uproar. The orator folded his gloved  
hands on his bosom, and stood calm, as if  
made of marble, until the tumult subsided.  
He went on again, and soon the storm return-  
ed with fourfold violence. Members shouted,  
jumped to their feet, and brandished their  
arms in the air. I supposed there was to be  
a fight at once. Again the speaker stood qui-  
et, and again the storm subsided. He resum-  
ed again, and the storm howled with still  
greater fury. Dupin hammered the desk, the  
men above him ringing a bell; and such a  
Babel, for fifteen or twenty minutes, I never  
saw before or since. The man descended  
from the tribune, and the vote was taken;  
and as they passed to and fro, voting, talking,  
and scolding, they seemed to me the most ex-  
citable set of human beings that ever was cre-  
ated. To this excitement there were some  
exceptions. The ministers of Louis Napoleon,  
who sat near the centre of the room, and on  
the lowest seats, moved not. Nor did Cavaig-  
nac, a man of middle stature, serious aspect,  
simple dress, who sat thoughtful among his  
brethren.

If this was their usual way of legislating,  
I did not wonder when Louis Napoleon sent  
them home. One master is better than a mil-  
lion such, even when that master is "the ne-  
phew of his uncle." Many heads sometimes  
make a hydra—of which there is some proof  
in American as well as French history. The  
French Assembly disgraced Republicanism in  
Europe. France has no religion and no fixed  
principles, and as long as the alternative is  
between socialism and despotism, no man who  
has any thing at stake will long hesitate as to  
his choice. My sense of shame, because of  
the scenes which occasionally disgrace our  
legislative chambers at Washington, was some-  
what relieved by my visit to the National As-  
sembly. If the American people only knew  
the use which is made abroad of the vulgar  
and shameful conduct of some of our senators  
and representatives in our halls of legislation,  
to prop up despotic institutions, and to bring  
republicanism into contempt, they would pre-  
vent our brawlers from disgracing our coun-  
try by voting them the privilege of staying at  
home.

MUNICIPAL PATRONAGE OF THE ROMISH CHURCH  
IN NEW YORK.—The Common Council of New  
York has given \$5,000 to a Romish College—an  
unprecedented measure. The *Journal of Com-  
merce* speaks of it as follows: The appropriation  
of \$5,000 to the St. Francis Xavier's College of  
this city by the Common Council, is exciting  
much comment among tax-payers, without re-  
gard to their religious beliefs, or political pre-  
ferences. As a precedent, nothing could be  
worse. For if the Catholic College of St. Fran-  
cis Xavier should have \$5,000 from the city  
funds, why should not the colleges, academies,  
and private schools of every other religious de-  
nomination in the city receive an equal amount?  
There is probably not one among them that can-  
not make as strong an appeal for municipal  
charity as the St. Francis Xavier. To carry out  
an immense scheme of unsystematic and irra-  
tional benevolence, would take a number of millions  
of dollars a year, and still leave all the recipi-  
ents unsatisfied. To be consistent in their gen-  
erous folly, and treat all the denominations alike,  
would be to bankrupt the city. To confer these  
favors on one religious sect, and not give a pen-  
ny to any of the others, would arouse an un-  
pleasant state of feeling among those who are  
shut out from the public treasury, not only  
against the Common Council, but against the  
sect which is thus favored at the expense of all  
the others.

BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.—Embossed books for  
the blind have been printed in fifty-three dif-  
ferent languages. The natives of northern India,  
seeing a blind young woman reading with her  
fingers, pronounced it more surprising than the  
railway or the steam engine.

## Practical.

### WHY DO I STAY AT HOME ON A RAINY SABBATH?

It was a rainy Sabbath. I was well, the  
owner of a good umbrella, a friend to my pas-  
tor, and I truly loved the sanctuary of Him  
who never forsakes his house nor his people.  
The bell had tolled. The pastor was in his  
accustomed seat.

One and another entered. I glanced my  
eye over the empty seats, and noted a few,—  
one here, two there,—who kept other seats  
from being empty.

Here sat an old man, his hair white, his  
form bent. I knew it was an effort for him  
to come; and a silent prayer went up that he  
might have a double portion of the Spirit, a  
sweeter foretaste of the joys but just before  
him. There was a child who lived a mile  
away; near by, a whole family who I was sure  
had walked, as no carriage was ever owned  
by them. A little farther back sat a middle-  
aged, careworn-looking man, in a blue coat,  
and resting his head thoughtfully on the top  
of a cushioned crutch. Most of the few oth-  
ers lived within a stone's throw of the church.  
I saw a sad look on the pastor's face as he  
rose, and with keen and yet kindly eye, look-  
ed over the little assemblage a moment, and  
then poured out a full, earnest prayer for the  
flock.

I thought, here are twenty or thirty per-  
sons, will we have a prayer-meeting? But no.  
The services went on as usual. It was a bless-  
ed meeting. The pattering rain and rattling  
shutter were forgotten. God was in His  
house; and all were still before him.

The next day I was in a little company,  
most of them church-members. Their con-  
versation turned upon the rainy Sabbath.

"Were you out yesterday?" asked one.  
"No: it was such a dreary rain."  
"But are you afraid of the rain?"  
"No: are you? I think you were not there."  
"I was not; but not from fear of the rain;  
it is so much pleasanter to sit quietly at home  
by a little fire, and read what best pleases one  
on such a day."

"I never go when it rains," said another. "I  
don't like to walk; and riding is nearly as  
bad."

"You spoil a nice dress," said another; "and  
I never will go shabbily dressed to church.  
The pavements are so wet, one must be damp  
through the service; and I never can hear  
when uncomfortable."

"I wish," said another, "the doors might be  
locked, and the bell kept still on rainy Sab-  
baths."

"That would never do," quickly responded  
another. "The clergyman must be in his  
place, or the people would be disaffected.  
There are always enough that don't mind  
rain."

"Suppose the pastor should become disaffec-  
ted?" I ventured to say.

"Oh! you were at church?"  
"Yes."

"How many were present?"

"A mere handful. I was sorry for the ab-  
sent ones,—I mean those who might have  
been present without danger to themselves."  
"Danger!" said one: "you take it seriously."

"I see but one reason worthy of a Christian's  
absenting himself from the house of God on a  
rainy Sabbath. No doubt it is a grief to the  
pastor, and a grief to Christians who are pres-  
ent; but those are in reality minor considera-  
tions. The loss is wholly sustained by those  
who are absent. Pity should fall in no other  
direction. Slight or neglect, if any be im-  
plied, falls not on the temple made with  
hands, not on the minister, not on the seat-  
ed few, but on God himself."

"Do you think it is a sin, then, to stay at  
home on a rainy Sabbath?"

"That depends on circumstances. It might  
be a sin to go. One must decide for himself.  
Let him remember God's honor; his command  
to 'forsake not the assembling of yourselves  
together;' and then think of the danger of  
going, not the discomfort, inconvenience, or  
annoyance, but, Will it be safe? If he asks  
this question sincerely, conscience will reply,  
so that whether he stays or goes the sweet in-  
fluence of the Spirit may be in his heart. I  
am afraid all do not enjoy these influences at  
home on a rainy Sabbath. There is a great

difference between a rainy Sabbath and a was-  
ted Sabbath. There may be a wasted Sab-  
bath in the house of God on a rainy day, and  
a profitable one by the fireside. Man looketh  
at the outward appearance: but God on the  
heart."

"I think some go from vain motives," said  
another.

"To their own master they stand or fall.  
An account is kept by the recording angel of  
rainy Sabbaths: will the excuses we offer  
stand in the great day, or will they not?"—  
*Tract Journal.*

### WHAT A RUM-SELLER CONTRIBUTES TO SOCIETY.

We find the following in an exchange, with-  
out any indication as to its origin. It presents  
the business of the liquor dealer in striking  
contrast with trades which are useful and hon-  
orable:

Every individual in society is expected to  
contribute something to its advancement and  
interest. We remember to have read, years  
ago, of a company of tradesmen, who had unit-  
ed themselves together in a mutual benefit so-  
ciety, and each one had to relate what he could  
contribute to its support. First the black-  
smith came forward and said:

"Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of  
your association."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Oh, I can iron your carriages, shoe your  
horses, and make all kinds of implements."

"Very well; come in, Mr. Blacksmith."

The mason applied for admission into the so-  
ciety.

"And what can you do, sir?"

"I can build your barns and houses, stables  
and bridges."

"Very well, come in; we cannot do without  
you."

Along comes the shoemaker, and says:

"I wish to become a member of your socie-  
ty."

"Well, what can you do?"

"I can make boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker, we must have  
you."

In turn all the different trades and profes-  
sions applied, till lastly an individual came in  
who wanted to become a member.

"And what are you?"

"I am a rum-seller."

"A rum-seller! And what can you do?"

"I can build jails and prisons, and poor hous-  
es."

"And is that all?"

"No I can fill them; I can fill your jails with  
criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your  
poor houses with paupers."

"And what can you do?"

"I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to  
the grave with sorrow; I can break the heart  
of the wife, and blast the prospects of the  
friends of talent, and fill the land with more  
than the plagues of Egypt."

"Is that all you can do?"

"Good heavens!" cries the rum-seller; "is not  
that enough?"

### Dancing.

Dr. Eadie, one of the best biblical scholars of  
this age, says in his *Cyclopedia*:

From a collection of all the passages in Scrip-  
ture in reference to dancing it may be inferred:

1. That dancing was a religious act, both in  
true and in idol worship.

2. That it was practiced exclusively on joy-  
ful occasions, such as national festivals or great  
victories.

3. That it was performed on such occasions  
only by one of the sexes.

4. That it was performed usually in the day-  
time, in the open air, in highways, fields, and  
groves.

5. That men who perverted dancing from a  
sacred use to purposes of amusement were  
deemed infamous.

6. That no instances of dancing are found  
upon record in the Bible in which the two sexes  
united in the exercise, either as an act of wor-  
ship or amusement.

7. Lastly. That there are no instances upon  
record in the Bible of social dancing for amuse-  
ment, except that of the "vain fellows" void of  
shame alluded to by Michal; of the irreligious  
families described by Job, which produced in-  
creased impiety and ended in destruction; and  
of Herodias, which terminated in the rash vow  
of Herod and the murder of John the Baptist.



## THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

For the American Lutheran.]

Parents should also instruct their children early in the principles of religion. Impress upon their minds that there is a God above them who sees them at all times, who knows their hearts, and who is displeased at sin. Teach them to love and obey the Saviour who died to redeem them, teach them that there is a heaven of indescribable happiness and a hell of unutterable woe, and that by a life of love to God and faith in Christ they will obtain the one and escape the other. And for this purpose, avail yourself of every favorable opportunity. "Teach them diligently unto thy children, and talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way and when thou liest down and when thou risest up." Deut. 6, 7.

Be very careful about the company they keep, and don't let them associate with the immoral, the wicked and the profane. It is a sacred precept which is abundantly verified by experience: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Be careful also in regard to their reading. Don't let them read novels, and romances, over which they will sit and weep sentimental tears, which will give them wild and extravagant ideas of life, make them dissatisfied with their lot, and give them a distaste for all solid and useful reading. Such books ought never to be admitted into a christian family.

But in place of these teach them to read and love the Bible, supply them with other useful books of history and religion, and thus cultivate in your children a taste for solid, useful, and religious reading.

Habituate them early to go to the house of God to hear the Gospel preached, and thus they will early imbibe a love for the church and a desire to attend its sacred ordinances. This part of parental duty I fear is lamentably neglected. Parents attend church in one place and their children in another, or they are roving about the city or the country, they know not where, violating the sanctity of the Sabbath, and indulging in all kinds of wickedness. No parent can be considered as fulfilling his duty to his children, who has not sufficient influence over them to take them with him to the church, or to prevent them from roving about and indulging in all kinds of wickedness.

Teach them also and encourage them to sing, but don't teach them foolish songs, negro songs, but teach them the songs of Zion. A certain writer has said "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws." Now if the mere national songs of a nation have an influence over the people, paramount even to the laws of the land, will not also the songs which children sing have an influence on their moral character? How important is it therefore that christian parents should teach their children to sing sacred songs and hymns of praise to God.

In every christian family also there should be a family altar, around which the whole family, all the children and the servants should be assembled and one of the family should read a portion of scripture or sing a hymn, or both, and offer up a prayer to the throne of grace.

Teach your children also to pray for themselves, let them feel their obligations to pray for the pardon of their sins, and for the blessing and protection of God. And even if at first they appear to have only a form of words, without entering into the spirit of the devotion, yet still it should not be omitted, it will cultivate in them a habit and a love for prayer which will have a salutary effect on them through their whole life.

Parents should often pray with and for their children in private, beseeching God to grant them wisdom in the instruction of their children, and to add his blessing to their efforts to bring up their children for Christ, for heaven, and for eternal life.

Thus parents should bring up their children in the way they should go, and then they have the divine promise, that they will not depart from it. It may here be objected that we frequently see the most pious parents have very wicked children. This is true, but these parents although pious themselves, may yet have failed very egregiously in the education of their children. They may not always have set them a good example and they may not properly have controlled their passions and subdued their wills, and they may not have properly instructed them in religion, and thus their children have grown up in wickedness while they themselves were pious. But we may remark that the children of wicked parents are most invariably wicked also, and although sometimes we see the children of ungodly parents become pious, yet the great body of professing christians consists of the children of pious parents. Go into any christian congregation, and although you may find some members there who were under no religious influence at home, yet you will discover that the great majority of the membership consists of those whose parents themselves were members of the church, and who brought them up in the fear of God. So the divine

rule, Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it, although it may have its exceptions in particular instances, yet in general it is true.

We have on record some very remarkable accounts of the good effects of early religious training, for the encouragement of christian parents.

Dr. Doddridge, the distinguished commentator relates of his mother, that she taught him the history of the Old and New Testaments before he could read, by the assistance of some dutch tiles in the chimney of the room where they commonly sat, and her wise and pious reflections on the stories there represented, were the means of making some good impressions on his heart which never wore out.

John Newton says of his mother, "She made it the chief business and pleasure of her life to instruct me and bring me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." In his narrative he says again, "that his mother stored his memory with whole chapters and smaller portions of scripture, catechism, hymns and poems, and often commended him with many prayers and tears to God." His mother died before he was seven years old, but these teachings, prayers and tears were not forgotten by the wicked and wayward young man, they were remembered and at length employed by the Spirit to lead him back to God. Often while surrounded with guilty associates, in midnight revels, he would fancy he felt the soft hand of his mother upon his head, pleading with God to forgive and bless her boy."

Almost every body has read something of the writings of Richard Baxter. They have doubtless been instrumental in conducting a great multitude of souls to the cross and to heaven. It was his father's faithful conversation with him respecting the life to come, in connection with his holy example in his family, that first awakened Baxter to serious consideration, and lead him in early life to choose the service of God.

The Rev. John Flavel says, "I bless God for a religious tender father, who often poured out his soul to God for me, and this stock of prayers I esteem above the fairest inheritance on earth." P.

For the American Lutheran.

## NORTHERN CONFERENCE.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and the large masses of ice that were swept along by the angry waves of the West branch of the Susquehanna, the Northern conference of the Synod of Central Pa., met in the Hall occupied by the English Lutheran congregation at Lock Haven on Thursday evening, March the 9th. The President being absent the opening sermon was preached by the Secretary from, 1st John 3: 3, at the same time bro. D. Kloss preached in the German Lutheran church from Rev. 3: 20.

1st Session Friday 9. A. M.

After spending half an hour in devotional exercises, conference was opened with singing and prayer by the Secretary. In the absence of the President, in accordance with the constitution the Secretary acted as such. J. M. Anspach was appointed Secretary pro tem.

The roll being called, the following brethren answered to their names; Clergy, J. G. Anspach, D. Sell, W. S. Porr, D. Kloss, P. Gheen, D. Grothe, J. M. Anspach, J. M. Emerson, W. H. Schoch.

Delegates, Jacob Wolf, Jacob Harpster, George Shaffer, Henry Frank.

Absent, L. K. Secrist, D. W. Kinsel, J. C. Burkhalter, E. Studebaker, J. W. Davidson.

The minutes of last session were read and adopted. On motion P. Willard and W. Heisler of the Synod of East Pa. were received as advisory members. The committee appointed at our last session to revise the constitution reported. The report was received and adopted as corrected. A letter was received from bro. D. W. Kinsel stating the cause of his absence, he was on motion excused. After conference had adjourned letters were received from all the absent brethren stating the cause of their non-attendance.

On Friday evening Rev. P. Willard preached a very able and edifying sermon from 2nd Cor. 5: 17.

2nd Session 2. P. M.

Conference was opened with prayer by bro. Heisler. On motion bro. J. Darnsager was received as a delegate from the Salona charge. The reports on the state of religion were now heard. These were interesting and in many cases very encouraging.

Preaching in the various congregations is well attended, Sunday-schools progressing, Prayer-meeting in good condition.

The following preamble and resolutions were offered and after a spirited discussion adopted.

Whereas our mission operations are already pretty extensive, and still other points which ought to be taken possession of and supplied with ministers, and whereas our mission funds are or will be exhausted by the meeting of synod, therefore

Resolved, 1st, That we, members of the Northern Conference do pledge ourselves anew to God and each other, to labor more faithfully for the cause of missions and to teach our members both by precept and example to become more liberal in the various causes of benevolence and especially in that of missions.

Resolved, 2nd, That in our collections we will endeavor to reach every member of our congregations. Rev. W. S. Porr preached this evening in the German church.

3rd Session Saturday 9. A. M.

Conference was opened with prayer by D. Kloss, after which we had a very interesting and profitable Colloquium on Ministerial duty and responsibility. From this discussion we learn that some ministers are afraid to preach the Gospel, for fear of exposing the vices of some of their members and by so doing lose a few dollars. It would be good for such if they possessed the same spirit that the Apostle did when he exclaimed, "Yea wo is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

On motion the President was requested to turn the thanks of Conference to the citizens of Lock Haven for the hospitality shown us during our stay with them. The Secretary was on motion requested to furnish an abstract of the minutes of conference for publication. Preaching this afternoon by D. Sell. Preaching this evening by J. M. Anspach.

On Sabbath morning the congregation assembled at an early hour and after hearing an able sermon by D. Sell, assembled around the table of the Lord and commemorated his love by partaking of the emblems of his body and blood. Our Missions in this place both English and German seem to be in a very prosperous condition, May God continue to bless them both spiritually and temporally. On motion Conference adjourned to meet at Kartaus in September.

W. H. Schoch, Secretary.  
Bellefonte, March 18th.

## The Pulpit On Fire.

The pulpit on fire! Yes, the pulpit on fire. If anything in the world should be set on fire it is the pulpit. It should glow with intense heat, and thence should issue a fiery stream, burning its way to the hearts of the people. The fire should enwrap the Book on the sacred desk, leap along the breastwork, and make the floor hot beneath the feet of its occupant. As the ambassador of heaven stands there to deliver the Gospel message, his eyes should be eyes of flame, his tongue a fiery tongue, and his whole frame wrapt in fire, fire from the third heaven, fire from the throne of God! Why! I answer:

1. His auditors need a fiery approach. Tame words will not do in the pulpit. See the variety of human character composing every congregation; what strange exercises to those immortal minds! what diversified interests! And, in this time of gigantic worldly enterprises, engrossing the minds of the people, taking captive the whole range of their physical and intellectual powers, what but fiery utterances will burn their way to hearts thus encased?—The brain of merchant, mechanic and farmer, reels under the pressure of worldly schemes and pursuits. They come to the sanctuary with the mountain of care upon them. And is it to be supposed that these minds are to be reached, illuminated, and lifted from their worldly engulphment by the reading of manuscripts so smoothly written that the whole scholastic performance will not stir a hair upon your head, awaken a twinge of conscience, or move even the surface of human sensibilities? Ah! if Christ's ambassador would snatch brands from the burning, and plant them as stars in the Redeemer's crown, he must tread his way to the pulpit with something more than a manuscript in his pocket. His head must be on fire, his profoundest sensibilities on fire, his whole being from head to foot, from centre to circumference, on fire.—Tell me not that a fiery pulpit is obsolete, that it belonged to the days of the fathers. They did, indeed, melt the pulpit. Men are the same now, corrupt, guilty, in danger of hell. They have become accustomed to pulpit assaults. It must be heated seven times hotter than it is wont to be heated. The Gospel message does not now reach the Stoics. Bank stocks, rail-road stocks, petroleum stocks, are searing many consciences, hardening many hearts, and rendering them impervious to the ordinary appeals of the pulpit. Nothing but fire, living fire, divine fire, leaping, rolling upon them like a torrent, from the myriad pulpits of the land, will reach the besotted masses. Think not that I advocate wild fire (and yet a little wild fire is better than no fire) but I plead for the fire from heaven, such as consumed Elijah's sacrifice, glowed upon Isaiah's lips, and sat upon the heads of the disciples. The minister must get upon his knees, by agonizing prayer in the closet, and carry it with him to the sanctuary. And then find the pulpit as he enters it a burning, fiery rostrum, and the people will confess the power of a pulpit on fire.

2. The Gospel is a Gospel on fire. "Is not my word like a fire? saith the Lord." The great truths of the Gospel, when rightly presented, search like fire, quicken like fire, re-

fine like fire, and mould like fire. Let a pulpit on fire discourse sin, its guilt, its fearful abominations, its destructive tendencies, its eternal penalties, and it will burn like fire. Let the gift of Christ in behalf of a guilty world be the theme. The presentation of a fiery pulpit of matchless, divine love, of Christ's wondrous humiliation and sacrifices, and especially the Gethsemane agony and death of Calvary, must resistlessly move and melt the hardest hearts.—Calvary seen amid the glowing scenery of a pulpit on fire must arrest the most careless eye and subdue the callous soul.

Or let the pulpit on fire bring to view the tremendous scenes of final judgment, the clangor of the trumpet, bursting graves, heaving oceans, the folding heavens, a world on fire, the Judge in grandeur clothed, earth's teeming population at the great white throne, the fiery processes of the solemn ordeal, the sentence and destiny! Depend upon it, before such pulpit approaches to dying men they will, in their inmost souls, have the demonstration that God's word is a fire. How puny, in comparison, the pulpit whisperings, the school-boy performances, the tame somnambulant readings of one who attempts a philosophical or metaphysical dissertation of the "Fatherhood of God," the possibility of the resurrection of the human body, or the immortality of the soul. Souls, deathless souls, blood-bought souls, dropping into a burning hell from the very presence of such cold, lifeless, manuscript utterances. God pity such pulpit occupants! and either lead them to seek for pulpit fire, or make the pulpit too hot to hold them.

See that host of warriors marshalled for the battle! Their commander, mounted on a fiery steed, leads them to the contest. How shall he stir them to valorous deeds? Shall he call them to a halt while he reads to them a critically exact manuscript, full of beautiful but lifeless words? No, no! such work as that will not do for the battle field. He looks out upon his men with fire-flashing eye; his whole frame is on fire, and lifting up his voice like a trumpet, shouts to them, Onward! Onward! They rush to the contest like a fiery avalanche, and the prostrate foe confesses the resistlessness of their fiery advance. And shall the ambassadors of heaven, sent to marshal men for the fight—the grander contest for principalities and powers—talk tamely or read tamely to them of such tremendous matters?—No! taking the Gospel of fire upon hearts of fire, and a world stirred, subdued, redeemed, shall declare the potency of pulpit on fire.—*Advocate and Journal.*

For the American Lutheran.

## ORIGEN'S THEORY OF INTERPRETING SCRIPTURES.

Origen, one of the church fathers, was born at Alexandria in the year 185, and died about the middle of the third century. He was in many respects an extraordinary man. His views, in reference to the sense of the scripture, was, to say the least, very peculiar.

He believed and taught, that the scriptures, in order to be correctly understood, must be interpreted, according to the following principles: The scriptures, he maintained, bear a resemblance to man, who is constituted of three parts, viz. a rational and a sentient soul and, also a body. The literal meaning of the scripture corresponds to the body of man. The moral meaning to his soul, and the mystical, or spiritual meaning to his spirit. As the body of man is his most inferior part, so the literal meaning of the scriptures, is less important, and as the body, or its depraved propensities, frequently lead the pious to sin, so the literal meaning of the scriptures often leads into error. Yet is the literal meaning of the scriptures, like the body, of some advantage. Those, however, who wish to penetrate farther into the meaning of the scriptures, than the common people, must also search for the moral meaning. Those who wish to attain to perfection, or the highest degree of holiness, must, investigate the spirit. The moral sense of the scriptures, consists in two things. In the teachings which have reference to the changes that are effected in the soul of man; and in the precepts that regulate the internal and external life of the christian. The spiritual sense of the scriptures, is that which describes the condition, the nature and the history of the spiritual world; for independent of the physical, there is also a spiritual world; and this latter is two-fold, heavenly and earthly. The earthly mystical world, is the christian church here upon earth. On the other hand, the heavenly world is above, and corresponds, in all respects to this lower world which has been formed after the pattern of that above. As the scriptures contain the history of this two-fold mystical world, so also is found, in the scriptures a two-fold mystical sense, viz. an allegorical and an anagogical or mysterious. The mystical sense pervades the entire scriptures; but the literal meaning is not found in every part. Many passages have no literal meaning. Some passages of scriptures, have but one moral and mystical meaning, but others have also, at the same time a grammatical sense. The literal meaning can be discovered

by every attentive reader, but the moral is more difficult to be discovered. The mystical meaning can only be discovered by the wise and those taught of God. Yet these cannot expect to fathom all the mysteries of the scriptures. Those especially, who wish to discover the anagogical sense, must proceed with caution and fear. Their rules for interpreting, by which they teach others when certain passages should or should not retain their literal meaning, are not able to be prescribed.

This theory of interpreting scripture has the merit of being fanciful, if it has no other.

Antiquarius.

Selected for the American Lutheran from a Manuscript of Dr. Lochmann, sr.  
Advice to a Young Clergyman.

The first virtue of a young Clergyman is frugality.

The second virtue of a young clergyman is sobriety.

The third virtue of a young clergyman is retirement—learn to live alone.

The fourth virtue of a young clergyman is to be studious.

The fifth virtue of a young clergyman is to be reserved.

Pursue preferment by honorable means and with moderate anxiety. It is not essential to happiness, perhaps not very conducive, were it of greater importance than it is, no more successful rule could be given you, than to do your duty quietly and contentedly and so let things take their course.—You may think otherwise, but be assured, that for once, that preferment is forfeited by modesty, it is ten times lost by intrusion and importunity.—Every one sympathizes with neglected merit, but who shall lament our repulsed impudence.

Sixth. Seriousness in your deportment, especially in discharging the offices of your profession.—seriousness in a clergyman is therefore agreeable not only to the serious, but to men of all tempers and dispositions.

Seventh, plainness and simplicity—in the style and composition of your sermon.—Ornaments cost the writer much trouble and produce very little advantage to the hearer. Let the character of your sermon be truth and information and a decent particularity—propose one point in a sermon and stick to it—disdain not the old fashion of dividing your sermons into heads.—In a word strive to make your discourses useful and they who profit by your preaching, will soon learn and long continue to be pleased with it.—

Go then into the vineyard of the Gospel and may the grace of God go with you. The religion you preach is true, dispense its ordinances with seriousness, its doctrines with sincerity—urge its precepts, display its hopes, produce its terrors—the sober—the vigilant—have a good report—confirm the faith of others, testify and adorn your own by the virtues of your life and the sanctity of your reputation—be peaceable, be cautious—condescending to men of the lowest condition,—apt to teach, willing to communicate, so far as the immutable laws of truth and probity will permit—be everything to all men, that you may gain some.

The world will requite you with esteem—the awakened sinner, the enlightened saint—the young whom you have trained to virtue—the old whom you have visited with the consolations of christianity, shall pursue you with precious blessings and effectual prayers—you will close your life and ministry with consciences void of offense and full of hope—to present at the last day even one recovered soul, reflect how grateful an offering it will be to him whose commission was to save a world—infinitely no doubt, but still only in degree, does our office differ from his—himself the first born, it was the business of his life, the merit of his death, the council of his fathers love, the exercise and consummation of his own to bring many brethren unto glory.

## SOMETHING OF VOLTAIRE'S DEATH.

In the midst of his triumphs, a violent hemorrhage raised apprehensions of his life. D'ambort, Diderot and Marmontel hastened to support his resolution in his last moments but were only witnesses to their mutual ignominy as well as to his own.

Rage, remorse, reproach and blasphemy all accompany and characterize the long agony of the dying atheist. This death, the most terrible that is ever recorded to have stricken the impious man, will and cannot be denied by his companions of his impiety.

In spite of all the sophisters flocking around him, in the first days of his illness, he gave signs of wishing to return to the God he had so often blasphemed. He calls for the priests who ministered to him, whom he had sworn to crush, under the appellation of the wretch. His danger increasing, he wrote the following note to the abbe Gaultier.

"You had promised me, sir, to come and hear me. I entreat you would take the trouble of calling as soon as possible.

Paris, 27th Febr. 1778.— Voltaire

A few days after he wrote the following declaration in presence of the said abbe, and the abbe Mignot and the Marquis de Vilvoille, copied from the minutes deposited with Mr. Momt, notary at Paris.



I, the underwritten, declare, that for these four days past, having been afflicted with a vomiting of blood, at the age of 84, and not having been able to drag myself to the church, the Rev. Rector of Sulpsie having been pleased to add to his good works that of sending to me the abbe Gaultier, a priest; I confessed to him, and if it pleases God to dispose of me, I die in the holy Catholic church, in which I was born; hoping that the divine mercy will deign to pardon all my faults; if ever I have scandalized the church, I ask pardon of God and the church.

March, 2nd, 78.—

Voltaire.

Towards the close of his life it was impossible for any of the priests to gain admittance to the patient. The conspirators had strained every nerve to hinder the priest from consuming his recantation, and every avenue was shut to the friends, which Voltaire himself had sent for. The Demons haunted every access; rage succeeds to fury, and fury to rage again, during the remainder of his life. Then it was that D'lambert, Diderot and about twenty others, who had beset his apartment never approached him but to witness their own ignominy, and often he would curse them and exclaim: Retire, it is you that have brought me to my present state; begone I could have done without you all, but you could not exist without me, and what a wretched glory have you procured me!

Then would succeed the horrid remembrance of his conspiracy—they would hear him the prey of anguish and dread, alternately supplicating and blaspheming that God whom he had conspired against, and in plaintive accents would he cry out: O Christ! O Jesus Christ! and then complain that he was abandoned by God and man!

In vain he turned away his head, the time was coming apace, when he was to appear before the tribunal of him he had blasphemed, and his physician, Mr. Tronchin, being called in to administer relief, thunderstruck retired, declaring the death of the impious man to be terrible indeed. The pride of the conspirators, would willingly have suppressed these declarations, but it was in vain; The march of Richelieu flies from the bed side, declaring it to be a sight too terrible to be sustained. And Mr. Tronchin, declared that the Furies of Orestes, could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire.

## THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, Thursday March, 30. '65.

### EXTRACTS FROM THE LIVES OF SYMBOLISTS.

Our symbolic friends write and act as though they thought the salvation of the church depended upon her adoption of all the Symbolical Books and requiring unconditional subscription to them. It has therefore appeared strange to us that they do not give us biographical sketches in their papers of the most distinguished symbolists of former days, but instead of these they give the biographies of such men as Arndt, Spener and Franke, men who were most bitterly opposed by the symbolists of their day. So for instance the Lutheran and Missionary is now treating its readers to a translation of Wildenhahn's historical novel of Spener's Life, who can with greater propriety be styled an American Lutheran than a Symbolist. This is certainly a great oversight in our symbolic friends, and we will try to supply this deficiency by occasional quotations from the lives of the most distinguished symbolists from Dr. Tholuck's biographical sketches of them. They will probably interest our readers, and perhaps the Old Lutherans will thank us for them.

On page 169 we are told that the faculty of Wittenberg had decided against Lutherans accepting an invitation to eat a meal with a confirmed Calvinist. Professor Hulseman violated this decision on one occasion, when he was traveling in his own conveyance. Passing through Berlin he took dinner with Dr. Berg, a Reformed Theologian. In his vindication for this act he says, "If it did not hurt Dr. Berg, then it did not hurt me, to have taken dinner with him. But I had my own wagon with six horses, upon which I rode with my companions, and no Calvinist was among us."

We fear our Philadelphia professors and their students, have been living in the habitual violation of this decision of the Wittenberg Faculty, but henceforth they should carefully abstain from the mortal sin of eating with a confirmed Calvinist.

Calixtus had expressed the hope that he might meet with many of the German Reformed in Heaven. Prof. Hulseman denounces this hope in the following Latin words: *dubio procul a diabolo inspirata.* (!)

Dr. Tholuck tells us that Hulseman was one of the mildest symbolists of his day, but if one of the mildest symbolists could designate a hope that Christians of other denominations as well as Lutherans, might be saved, as a hope inspired by the devil, then we ask, what would a hard symbolist say or do?

We design to continue this subject in future numbers of the American Lutheran.

### SPENER AN AMERICAN LUTHERAN IN HIS VIEWS.

The "Lutheran and Missionary" is now devoting a great part of its space to an historical novel on the life of Philip Jacob Spener, translated from the German of Wildenhahn by Rev. A. G. Wenzel.

If the symbolists claim Spener as one of their own champions, they have certainly waked up the wrong passenger, for he was most violently opposed by the symbolists of his day, and the views expressed, as well as the measures adopted by him, are very much like those of the American Lutherans.

Dr. K. R. Hagenbach in his "Lectures on Protestantism," 2. Vol. p. 194, gives the following exhibit of his views:

How far Spener, with his enlightened views, was from desiring to circumscribe the salvation of the world entirely within the limits of the Lutheran church, is evident from his candid remarks on Luther's person, as well as on the members of other religious confessions. Much as he revered Luther, yet he openly confessed that Luther was only a man, and as such liable to err. At the present day we do not hesitate to make such an acknowledgment, but in those times such an opinion sounded very heretical to many ears. Very properly did Spener show, that nothing would be detracted from Luther's greatness by the fact that later generations had made greater progress in their comprehension of some truths than he: that a dwarf, standing on the shoulders of a giant, would see farther than the latter, although the giant would remain a giant and the dwarf a dwarf. The modest man compared himself to the dwarf.

But in regard to the different Christian confessions he said: "The Lord Jesus would be a poor king, if he had no other subjects of his kingdom of grace, than those who live within the narrow limits of the so-called Lutheran church, but that his government extended over the whole world, and that amidst all the dispersions he alone knows, and that with the greatest precision, those who belong to him."

### Church News.

Dedication of the New Seminary. — On Monday, the 13th inst., the new Theological Seminary in Philadelphia was dedicated, an account of which is given in Brobst's Zeitschrift. Dr. F. W. Geissenheiner, President of the Board of Directors, made introductory remarks; Rev. A. F. Geissenheiner read passages of scripture; Rev. L. E. Albert, President of the East Pa. Synod, said an English prayer; Prof. C. W. Schaffer, President of the Synod of Pa. gave a brief history of the origin of the institution; Rev. S. K. Brobst delivered a German, and Prof. Dr. Krauth an English address; Rev. Spath said a German prayer; the last verse was sung by the whole congregation in English, and Rev. Vogelbach pronounced the benediction in German. Rev. Brobst apologizes for the imperfections of his German address. He says Dr. C. F. Schaffer was appointed to deliver an extensive and elegant German address, but was prevented by sickness, and then he (Rev. Brobst) was informed as he entered the building that he must help them out of the difficulty and hence had no time for preparation.

We are under the impression that the Synod of East Pa. does not approve of the establishment of this new symbolical seminary in Philadelphia, and therefore presume the prayer of the President of this synod must have been uttered with the same degree of sincerity, as the "paternal blessing" once pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Passavant on the Missionary Institute at Selinsgrove. Dr. Passavant is opposed to the Missionary Institute, but could not resist the invitation to come down and bestow his "paternal blessing" upon it, which he did by offering up a prayer for its prosperity. He excused himself for this apparent inconsistency by publishing in the church papers, that he was opposed only to the Theological department of the Institute, but was in favor of the literary department, and could not discriminate in his prayer between the two; he could not do, for instance, like the deacon who owned the half of a mill and used to pray only for his half of it.

After the above was in type the Lutheran and Missionary came to hand containing the following additional item:

"In the dining room, furnished out and out, most thoroughly by the ladies of St. John's, one of the orators of the day, carried away by the universal enthusiasm, made a second speech to the ladies about the ladies, closing with a fervent blessing upon them, which, our American Lutheran friends will rejoice to hear, was responded to by a chorus of as hearty 'Amen's,' as ever graced one of their liveliest meetings. In fact, for a set of 'fossils,' there is an extraordinary show of vivacity after all, among these 'Symbolists,' 'Old Lutherans,' 'Formalists,' and what not.

This item seems to be especially designed for the benefit of the American Lutherans, and we feel in duty bound to take notice of it. It is implied here in their own statement that in their religion they are cold symbolists and

dead formalists; but when they get into a well furnished dining room, and begin to speak "to the ladies," and "about the ladies," then their enthusiasm becomes aroused, they become lively, they clap their hands and shout Amen. Is it any wonder that symbolism is becoming so popular in certain quarters?

### SUSQUEHANNA FEMALE COLLEGE.

This Institution is at present in a very prosperous condition. A new Music Teacher has recently been added to the corps of instructors in the person of Miss Ruthrauf, favorably known in the Church, as the daughter of the Rev. Jonathan Ruthrauf of sainted memory. Address, Rev. S. Dörner, Selinsgrove, Pa.

### DONATIONS.

Northumberland, Pa.—Rev. M. Rhodes received a donation from the members of his church and his friends in Northumberland. It amounted in the aggregate to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. (\$125) of which fifty dollars consisted in cash and the rest in necessities of life. Brother Rhodes wishes hereby to return his hearty thanks to the kind donors for this expression of their kindness to him.

Bossardsville, Pa.—Rev. H. Seifert writes:

"I have received from my people a very liberal donation. From the 3rd of Jan. to this date (7th March) I have received in cash and produce over \$275.00. May God bless the kind donors."

### Oil in the Pulpit.

We have received a copy of the Petroleum Journal, containing a Sermon on Oil, its Scriptural History, Significations, and uses, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter.

Rev. Hutter is a popular preacher who knows how to improve passing events to the glory of God and the prosperity of the Church. He has given us a very instructive and edifying "Sermon on Oil," as the following extract will show.

Hear we not as Peter did, "a voice from heaven, saying: 'What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common.'" Wine and milk continue to be derived by ancient methods from ancient sources. But oil, of a kind most valuable for use, is flowing from unexpected quarters. For thousands of years, it may be: in secret laboratories, the plastic hand of God has been compounding it for us. Only now it is being elicited and that in incalculable abundance. Thus, a new element of individual and aggregate wealth stands disclosed to our astonished gaze, at a juncture in our national history most opportune. To private and public enterprise a fresh stimulus is imparted. Now, Oh, how wonderful oil is drawn from overflowing wells, almost as copiously as water; and exported by the cargo to foreign lands, in exchange for their commodities. Who so blind to the providence of this invisible Power, that sits enthroned in the heavens, as not to discern herein fresh proofs, that "God has not dealt so with any nation?" If pious Job could see what we see, with more earnestness than ever, would he ask, "Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?" Truly, now may we joyously and gratefully reiterate the utterance of the Psalmist: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all! the earth is full of thy riches." The hearts of our whole people, by these amazing discoveries, should be penetrated with emotions of profoundest gratitude to Him, who has opened up to us these new sources of comfort and wealth! Oh, that the inhabitants of our entire land might be brought to realize, that "every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadows of turning!" "O man! despise thou the riches of God's goodness, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?" Of these rich temporal benefits, directly or remotely, we are all partakers, and torpid and benumbed must be our sensibilities, if they do not lead us to ascriptions of praise and thanksgiving to the monarch of the skies. Most gratifying is it, too, to find that in the midst of abounding spiritual declension, and pervading sordidness, the Lord is yet raising up noble and true men, who are not consuming these vast treasures on themselves, but are generously conducting immense portions of them into the channels of private and public benevolence—are emptying much of them into the lap of the church, to serve as a mighty auxiliary in the spread of Christ's everlasting Gospel, and aid in the erection of churches, and in the endowment of seminaries of learning, and in the amelioration of the condition of the suffering poor, and in the promotion of all the blessed works of mercy, which the ascended Redeemer has committed to his followers. This is right, and wise, and good, and exhibits proofs of faithful stewardship, and furnishes grateful and irrefragable authenticity that the heaven of the Gospel is still at work in the hearts of men, moulding them to conformity to the perfect, example of Jesus, and vindicating our fallen and disordered humanity from the charge of total and irredeemable degeneracy. Ah, yes! fallen and debased, though we be, as a race, God and his Christ are never without their witness in the earth, to testify to the sub-

duing and sanctifying power of the Gospel, whereof, God be praised, in these our own eventful times, and in this our own suffering and bleeding land, there are so many splendid living exemplifications. For this, too, as well as for all things else, let us unite in ascriptions of praise, and power, and glory, to the Triune God!

### German Sabbath Celebration.

From the New York Observer we take the following report:

A grand meeting was held on Sabbath evening last in Cooper institute. The Germans of the city crowded the great hall, to testify their regard for the Christian Sabbath.—Distinguished clergymen and laymen occupied the platform, and the exercises were conducted by the New York Sabbath Committee. Its secretary, Rev. Dr. Schaff, presided, and the proceedings were in the German and English languages interchanged.

After an invocation by the president, the German branch of the N. Y. Young Men's Christian Association, assisted by the choir of St. Matthew's Lutheran church, sang with good effect the famous Sunday ode of Uhland—*Das ist der Tag des Herrn*. A prayer was then offered by the Rev. Fred. Busche, of the German Reformed church in Suffolk Street, after which the assembly united in singing the Sabbath hymn—"O Sabbath which the Lord hath made." The Rev. Dr. Schaff then made the first German address; he gave a brief account of the origin and progress of the Sabbath reform movement in New York since 1857, and its effects upon the peace and order of the city; urged the importance of maintaining the ground already gained, and uniting in vigorous efforts against the enemies of virtue and religion; surveyed the whole foreign population of the country in its moral aspects and social importance, and advocated its spiritual assimilation to our nationality by the leaven of pure evangelical Christianity.

The Rev. Dr. Schramm, pastor of Dr. Tyng's German Mission Church, made the second German address, on the blessings of the proper observance of the Lord's Day in the family, the church and the State. The congregation then sang Luther's hymn—"A Tower of Safety our God is still," which has been translated by more than a dozen hands into English. The effect of this war song of the Reformation was thrilling.

Rev. Drs. Hitchcock, Prentiss and Adams made rousing addresses in English; and all of them being more or less familiar with German, were able to make such references and quotations as deeply affected their hearers. Dr. Adams exhibited a beautiful manuscript copy of Luther's Hymn in German, made in 1531, and a copy of a Tract giving an account of Luther's last hours, which was printed in 1545.

Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg then offered prayer and the assembly sang the German Te Deum, *Nun danket alle Gott*, and retired with the benediction.

It was a glorious meeting throughout. The singing was magnificent. Every one had a copy of the hymns, they all stood up, and sang with spirit and understanding, and the effect of 2,000 trained German voices, with those grand old chorals, was sublime.

The impression will be happy on those assembled, and far and wide as the report of it spreads abroad.

LIBERAL CONTRIBUTIONS.—The Independent says: The Madison Square, Presbyterian Church Rev. Dr. Adams, took a collection for the American Tract Society, New York, on Sabbath morning, Feb. 26th, of \$4,047.50.—One member of that church for three years has subscribed for ten thousand copies of the American Messenger to be distributed monthly in the army, making in three years a distribution to the soldiers of 300,000 copies, at an expense of \$9,750. The same benevolent donor sends over a thousand copies of the Messenger monthly to the prisons and jails in the State of New York.

This society has expended for the army and navy and freedmen, since the commencement of the war, about \$50,000 per annum, making in four years nearly \$200,000.

Another paper says: On the 19th February, Christ Church (Methodist Episcopal) Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, took up its annual missionary collection. It amounted to \$10,552, which is more than double the collection of last year.

### THE GREAT FLOOD

on the Susquehanna has caused a derangement in the mails for a week or ten days, this will account for the fact that some of our readers did not get their papers at the regular time.

The "oldest inhabitants inform us that this was the greatest flood ever known in Selinsgrove. It was more than three feet higher than the flood of 1846. All the bridges between Northumberland and Lock Haven have been carried away; the canal has been injured to such an extent that it will require the greatest part of the summer to repair it. The bridge over Penns Creek uniting Selinsgrove with Charleston was swept away and the latter place completely submerged; the farmers along the river have lost nearly all their fences; Scribner, Perkins & Co., proprietors of the steam saw-mill, it is supposed have lost \$4-5,000 worth of lumber and saw-logs; Schoch Wagenseller & Co., have also lost heavily in coal and salt.

The waters have now subsided and affairs are again taking their regular course, temporary bridges have been erected over the creek and the Charlestownians are busy in cleaning out their cellars and repairing their garden fences.

### In Memoriam.

Died, after a short illness, on Wednesday, the 8th of March, 1865, aged 55 years, Mrs. MARY C. WIFE of Rev. B. Kurtz, D. D., of Baltimore.

Mrs. Kurtz, daughter of the late Alexander and Margaretta A. Collum, of Chambersburg, was the most exalted style of a lady and a Christian. In the former character she was intellectual, highly educated, self-sacrificing and exceedingly fascinating in her manners; in the latter she was preeminently spiritual, devout and holy, praying without ceasing, living in close and daily communion with her Saviour and habitually and beautifully illustrating in her example all the virtues of the meek and humble Jesus. She attained to a degree of moral and social perfection, which it is probably the privilege of but few to reach.

Notwithstanding the completeness of her character in every aspect, she felt herself to be a grievous offender in the sight of God, and humbly but confidently reposed all her hopes of salvation on the blood and righteousness of Him of Calvary. In this faith she peacefully, willingly and with full assurance of acceptance closed her eyes in death, leaving a husband and three children in addition to many admiring friends to mourn her departure.

To the above, which we take from the Lutheran Observer, we add, that we have known Mrs. Kurtz for many years, and have often enjoyed her generous hospitality and her intelligent Christian conversation. She was also a model of a Christian lady. She was also a true wife, sustaining her husband in all his undertakings, and sympathizing with him in all his conflicts and trials. Her death is an overwhelming affliction to our beloved Father in the church. The sympathies of God's people are with him, and their prayers ascend to the Throne of Grace that he may be sustained.

In a business letter Mr. T. N. Kurtz writes to us:

"My father bears his great affliction like a true Christian. I was afraid it would crush him, but his health is as good as usual."

DIED.—on Saturday the 26th. of March, William Edward, son of Levi and Susan Ulrich of Selinsgrove, Pa. at the age of six years and eleven months.

Once more has the messenger death visited our school, and taken one of our brightest, and most promising members. Little did we think one week previous to Willie's death, that on the next Sabbath morning he would not meet with us; but we would rather have thought that he would again be in his class, and, as usual, be one of the first to answer questions, but, alas! how changed! instead of him meeting with us, we met around his cooling-board, and there gazed on the face of our little companion, who was cold in death.

### MOURNING CLASS.

Willie will meet with you no more,  
He has taken his upward flight,  
Where you should endeavor to soar,  
And be, as he, an angel bright.

A Teacher.

### HYMENEAL.

MARRIED.—On Tuesday the 7th. inst. at the residence of Col. W. F. Wagenseller by Rev. Prof. Ziegler, D. D. the Rev. J. E. Honeycutt to Miss Hannah daughter of Michael Ewig.

MARRIED.—March 16th. 1865, in Cassville, Pa. at the residence of Miss C. Steyer, by Rev. J. E. Honeycutt, Mr. Thomas C. Steel and Miss Margaret J. Zimmerman, both of Calvin, Huntingdon Co. Pa.

### STANDARD MISCELLANEOUS

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For sale by T. NEWTON KURTZ,  
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English Lutheran Hymn-Book, 48mo.—smallest size—sheep 50 cts.  
English Lutheran Hymn-Book, 24mo.—common or medium size—sheep, 75 cts.  
English Lutheran Hymn-Book, large print small margin Pew edition, 16mo. sheep, \$1.00  
English Lutheran Hymn-Book—large edition, 12mo. sheep, \$1.50

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General Synod's edition—4 sheep, 15 cts.  
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Dr. Luther's Kleiner Catechismus—(German) West Pennsylvania Synod's improved standard edition, 3 sheep, 15 cts.

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Any of the above books will be sent by mail, free of postage, upon the receipt of the price annexed.

A liberal discount made to ministers, theological students and others, buying by the dozen.



## Children's Department.

## ADVICE GRISIS.

From virtues, path ne'er DV8,  
Her influence B9  
Will fill your heart with 10derness,  
And 40tude divine.

And of 10 then, in after years,  
This 4tress 4med in Uth  
Will obV8 4boding fears.  
And 3bly strengthen truth.

And then without a 1dering sigh,  
Over life's B10 track,  
To 4mer hours and days gone by,  
'T will please U 2 look back.

A 2fold interest will spring  
From duties well per4med;  
And 10der joys 4ever cling  
2 hearts by virtue warmed.

Then never, never underr8  
The 4tune U may gain,  
In virtue U appreci8,  
And in her paths remain.

## CHURCH-GOING.

Go to church regularly.  
Always be sure to go early.  
Enter the house as soon as you reach it.  
Go at once to your seat.  
Offer up a silent prayer.  
Avoid the habit of looking about the house.  
Join in all the services.  
Speak out the words clearly in singing.  
Be not lazy or listless during prayer.  
"Take heed how you hear" the sermon.  
Be guilty of no act that will disturb others.  
Don't arrange your clothes before dismissal.  
Receive the benediction devoutly.  
Let a silent pause follow before moving.  
Return home thoughtfully and prayerfully.

## A Talk in the Night.

A little girl woke in the night, and put her arms close around her mother's neck. After caressing her a while she spoke out:  
"I thank God every day for such a dear good mother."  
"But what if I should be taken away, what would you do then?" the mother asked.  
"I should keep on thanking him, and try to be good, and come to see you in the beautiful mansions."  
"And do you think little children will know their mothers in heaven?"  
"Mother," said Minnie, "does a soul have eyes to see with in heaven?"  
"The Bible says we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known," was the mother's reply.  
"My eyes wont ache there, will they, mother?"  
"No, dear; there will be no sort of pain in heaven."  
"And my eyes wont cry, too, will they?"  
"No; God shall wipe away all tears."  
"But if I should fall down and hurt me?"  
"There will be nothing to hurt in all God's holy mountain."  
"Is heaven a mountain, mother?"  
"Heaven is likened to every beautiful place and every glorious thing. But does my little daughter think she is fit to enter the holy heaven where God is?"  
"I shall be ready," she replied, "when Jesus puts on me the beautiful garment you told about; how glad I will be not to have my eyes ache any more!"  
"Yes, darling, there is a better thing to be glad for: there will be no sin in heaven."  
"I shan't want to disobey you, then; shall I, mother?"  
"No; and the beauty of heaven is that we shall not want to do any wrong thing. Go to sleep now, child, to wake up bright in the morning."  
"Shall I have to go to sleep in heaven, mother?"  
"There will be no night there; but we can trust God for what we shall have to do; can't we, darling? We know it will be all pleasure, for we shall be satisfied when we awake in his likeness."—S. S. Times.

## "Does You Love God?"

"In a large and fashionable hotel upon the sea-shore there once came to pass the summer months a gentleman and lady by the name of Hayden, bringing with them an only child, a little girl three years of age.

"There was something that looked out from the eyes of this child, that spoke in every tone of her sweet voice, which led even strangers to exclaim, 'What a heavenly child!' She was not robed in frounces nor laces: her ways and manners were all natural and as a child's should be, and very soon the thoughtless ones began to look upon little Nettie with a sort of awe, as if she checked their worldliness.

"Lorse Ben" was a servant in the house, whose duty it was to make fires in the rooms of those who desired them; for though it was summer, yet the sea-air made the early morning raw and cold. He was about sixteen years old, dirty and ragged in dress, suspicious in his looks, and careless what people called him.

"He was a German,—perhaps never knew whether he had a father and mother, or not: at least, he never would speak of them.

"One morning he went to Mr. Hayden's room to make the fire. Little Nettie sat upon the floor by the bedside. When he entered, she looked at him earnestly, and, as his work progressed, she moved toward him and stood by his side: he gazed at her, and seemed paralyzed into greater stupidity at her sweet smile. Nettie did not mock him, nor call him hard names, as the other children did, but, laying her white, dimpled hands upon his ragged sleeve, she asked, 'Does you love God?'

"He was too much startled to reply at first, and again that voice of surpassing beauty asked, 'Does you love God?'

"He looked around him awkwardly for a moment, and then, in his broad Dutch accent, said, 'Ya-as.'

"Does you pray to God in the morning?" persisted Nettie, still keeping her hand upon him; and, in the same tone, he said, 'Ya-as.'

"Then the little one seemed satisfied: she danced and capered about, chatted with the coarse, boorish boy, and built, all unconsciously, a fire of love and gratitude in that uncultivated heart.

"Every morning, when Ben came to light the fire, dear little Nettie would say, 'Does you love God?' and when he answered with his stereotyped 'Ya-as,' she would always add, 'Does you pray to God in the morning?' And again, with stupid wonder, he would say, 'Ya-as.' But there was a change in this semi-barbarian: his rough hair was combed from off his low but full brow, his face and hands grew clean and his clothes less ragged than before; and, had one met him going on his daily duty to room 56, a smile might have been seen lighting up his face, till it was almost handsome; and every day as he entered came the same questions about love and prayer.

"One Sabbath morning he came bearing the wood, not in his arms, but in a basket, and was dressed in a neat gray suit from head to foot, and under one arm he carried a straw hat bound with a black ribbon. Placing his burden upon the hearth, he turned to look for Nettie. A little voice came from under the curtains:—'Benny, does you love God? Does you pray in the morning?' The boy drew his hand across his eyes, and, going toward Nettie, fell on his knees at her feet. 'You dear little angel!' he sobbed, taking her hand and covering it with kisses: 'every morning you say that, and every morning I lie to you. Yes, I lie to you! For I no love God, as you say. Then you ask if I pray; and I lie to you again, and keep lying, 'cause I don't know no better. I poor ignorant Dutch boy. But this morning, you dear little angel, I tell you I love God, I pray God: yes, I do love, I do pray, and I tell no lie any longer. When you asked me first, I don't know what to make of it, and I think it no harm to say, 'Ya-as.' But, when you keep asking, it seem to me very wicked, and I tremble when I came in the morning, for I knew what you would ask me. And, now I found God, I come to thank you on my knees that you did ask me. Oh, yes, blessed be God!"

"The scene now changes. She is in her coffin, with roses on her bosom, and the little silver plate says, 'Antoinette Hayden, aged seven years.' In that darkened chamber sat the stricken mother, bearing her grief alone with her God. Suddenly a voice asked for Antoinette Hayden, and then some one mournfully uttered the sad truth. 'Dead!' exclaimed the stranger: 'Little angel! Dead!'

"You do not know me, Mrs. Hayden," he said, with emotion.

"I do not indeed," exclaimed the bereaved mother.

"Ah, my dear madam, I am Lorse Ben now,—thank God, a preacher of righteousness. Day and night have I thought of that sweet child. Every morning I have seemed to hear her clear voice exclaim, 'Does you love God?' and now I have come to find her in heaven.' He bowed his head on the coffin of little one and wept. 'O Antoinette, dear little Nettie, you were the first one to lead me to my Saviour: on your infant breath my name was first carried up to Christ. O my lamb, canst thou not look down upon me and see me bend above thee? But the grave cannot hold thee, my darling. Already she is up there,' he cried, pointing to heaven. 'The brightness of thy glory, O Lord God of hosts, falls on her temples. She hath led souls to thee, and thou wilt give her a crown of life!"

## THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

As I sit in my garret here, (in Washington,) remarks a friend of the poet, watching the course of great men and the destiny of party, I meet often with strange contradictions in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of the poet, J. Howard Payne, the author of "Sweet Home." I knew him personally. He occupied the room under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating, that I have often spent whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for an office under the Government at the time—Consul at Tunis—from which he had been removed. It was a sad thing, indeed, to see the gifted poet subjected to all the humiliation of office-seeking. Of an evening we would walk along the streets, and looking into the lighted parlors as we passed, would once in a while see some family circle so happy, and forming such a

beautiful group, and then pass silently on. On such occasions he would give me a history of his wanderings, his trials, and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. "How often," remarked he, "I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other large city, and heard persons singing, or playing on the piano, 'Home, Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal with, or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody—yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from my office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." Thus he would complain of his helpless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land; to be buried by strangers, and to sleep in obscurity.

I met him one day. He was looking unusually sad.

"Have you got your Consulate?" said I.

"Yes, and leave in a week for Tunis. I shall never return."

The last expression was not a political faith. Poor Payne!—his wish was realized. He died at Tunis, among strangers, far from his native land. Whether his remains have ever been brought to this country, I know not. They should be, however; and if none others will do it, let the homeless and friendless throughout the world contribute their mite for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the poet Payne. I knew him well, and will contribute my mite. Let the inscription on his monument be:—

HERE LIES J. HOWARD PAYNE,  
THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

A wanderer in life—whose songs were sung in every tongue,  
And found an echo in every heart.

NEVER HAD A HOME.

HE DIED IN A FOREIGN LAND.

## The Young Preacher.

"Away in the West lived a Roman Catholic family, in which there was a little girl seven years old. She was induced to go to a Protestant Sunday-school. The father became very anxious about his soul. His distress increased daily, and one night, at the midnight hour, he rose from his bed in agony. He begged his wife to pray for him, as he said he did not know how to pray himself. She told him she 'could not pray,—no better than he could.'

"What shall I do, then?"

"Perhaps," said she, "our little Mary can pray."

"So the father went up to the chamber where she was fast asleep, and took her up from her bed in his arms and bore her downstairs, and putting her gently down, he said to her with great earnestness, 'Mary, can you pray?'

"Oh yes, father, I can pray."

"Will you kneel down and pray for your poor father?"

"Yes, I will pray for you."

"So she knelt, put up her little hands, and said, 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' going through with the Lord's Prayer. Then she prayed for her father in her own language, asking God to love him, and have mercy on him, and pardon all his sins, for Jesus Christ's sake.

"When she had finished her prayer, her father said to her, 'Mary, can you read in your Bible?'

"Oh, yes, father, I can read. Shall I read to you in my Bible?'

"Yes: read to me."

"She began at the third chapter of the Gospel according to John. She read along till she came to that verse:—

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Oh, Mary," said he, "is that there?"

"Yes, father; it is here. Jesus Christ said so."

"Well, that is just what I need,—what your poor father needs."

"Yes, father; and hear the rest of it:—

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Oh, that is for me,—for just such as me! Whosoever believeth in him:—I can believe in him; I do believe in him."

"And from that hour that father went on his way rejoicing in 'Christ Jesus with great joy.'

## WASHINGTON'S WATCH.

On this ever-memorable day—the 132d anniversary of the birthday of the great and good "Father of his Country," we deem it reasonable to publish the following anecdote, which illustrates the practical sense of General WASHINGTON:—

Governor Morris was going to Europe, and, with other commissions, Washington gave him this charge: "Buy me, at Paris, a flat gold watch; not the watch of a fool or of a man who desires to make a show but one of which the interior construction shall be extremely well cared for, and the exterior air very simple."

These words are an exponent of the character of Washington. In other things besides watches he liked to have the interior cared for, and to preserve an external simplicity. The reverse of this is the tendency of modern times—a growing evil, against which too much can hardly be said.

It is a fatal mistake in all things to sacrifice the inner to the outer; but how common it is! We see people desirous of living in the same apparent style with those whose incomes are double their own, and in order to do so there must be a sacrifice somewhere—comfort must give way to ostentation. We see our daughters acquiring superficial accomplishments, and do not concern ourselves because they are ignorant of the simplest laws of health; of the structure of their own bodies; or of the uses of the world full of resources growing around them. John and Henry come from school and we set them to work—either in the counting-house, or machine-shop.—Mary and Maude "graduate" at some ladies' "finishing establishment," and we expect nothing farther of them than to ornament our drawing-rooms with worsted-work, or shine in suburban raiment at festivals. We care for the exterior wonderfully well, but we forget that life is not all a summer-day, and when the autumn winds and the early frosts come, the air is fatal to butterflies. We decorate our houses, adorn them with gilding and upholstery; but we neglect to see that the rooms are thoroughly ventilated, and judiciously heated. We hamper ourselves with articles too fine for general service, and the result is that, instead of a daily culture of our tastes by the use of well selected things, we get along with some common substitute nine days out of ten, and on the tenth day astonish our visitors with something entirely too fine for our position. If we could but carry into our daily lives the lesson of Washington's watch, we should learn to be true, and wise, and thoughtful—to be, rather than to seem.

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

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

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

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First Grade, \$5.00. Exercises in Reading, Orthography and Spelling, Penmanship, Modern Geography and Arithmetic.

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Third Grade, \$9.00. Besides the studies of the two preceding grades, the third embraces Latin, Greek, the Higher Mathematics, Rhetoric, Logic, &c. Furnished room (except sheets, pillow-cases and towels) and janitor service per session, \$4.00.

Boarding per week, from \$2.50 to \$2.75.

Students find their own Fuel and Light.

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

The Fall session commences August 18th.

The Winter session commences Nov. 17th.

The Spring session commences March 1st 1865.

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

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

This school is located at Selinsgrove, Snyder Co., Pa. Selinsgrove 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

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Nov. 1864 H. ZIEGLER, Theol. Prof.,

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March, 3m.

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