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P o e t r y .

"To Give is to Live,"

Forever the sun is pouring his gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow,
To withhold his largesse of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night:
To give is to live,
The flower shines not for itself at all,
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the life it sweetly loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,
To exhale or to smother, to wither or bloom:
To deny is to die.
The seas lend silvery rain to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its lightning motion:
And ever and ever we yield our breath
Till the mirror is dry and images death:
To live is to give.
He is dead whose hand is not opened wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the life of his life long ride
Who gives his fortune place to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies:
To deny is to die.
Throw gold to the far-dispersing wave
And your ships sail home with tons of treasure;
Care not for comfort, all hardships brave,
And evening and age shall sup with pleasure:
Fling health to the sunshine, wind, and rain,
And roses shall come to the cheek again,
To give is to live.
What is our life? Is it wealth and strength?
If we, for the Master's sake, will lose it,
We shall find it a hundredfold, at length,
While they shall forever lose who refuse it;
And nations that save their union and peace
At the cost of right their woe shall increase;
They save a grave.

T r a v e l s .

Men & Things as I saw them in Europe

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

X.

Sabbath in Paris.—Madelaine.—Toupet. — The Interior. — Le Suisse.—Appearance and duties. — A Funeral. — A young Couple at Mass. — Sights Seen.—High Mass. — Bad Influence of Popery on Paris.

A Sabbath day spent in Paris, where there is no Sabbath set apart to the service of God by the people, is not easily forgotten by a Protestant! And it is impossible so to describe it as to make a person who never witnessed it fully to comprehend it. Popery in Papal countries knows no Sabbath; in Paris it has converted it into the harvest day of play-actors, shop-keepers, restaurants, buffoons, and mountebanks.

The Madeleine is an exquisite building, Grecian in its form and proportions. It was designed by Bonaparte as a Temple of Glory to the French arms but is now a Papal Church. It is surrounded on all sides by fifty-two Corinthian columns, and is lighted entirely from above. It is both externally and internally gorgeously decorated by sculpture and paintings, and has cost nearly three millions of dollars. It is the most gorgeous and fashionable place of Papal worship in the city. From its southern portico a view of great beauty lies before you, as your eyes wander with delight over the Place de la Concorde, the bridges over the Seine, and the hall of the National Assembly.

Desirous to see the practical workings of Popery, I visited this building many times. On entering it from the southern porch, you are soon arrested by a railing with a gate in the centre of it. At this gate stood the most dry, wrinkled, and insignificant looking person I ever saw in the form of a man, holding at the end of a short handle a brush wet with holy water. He was very old, very ugly, with a nose twice as long as necessary, very small, very stupid-looking, and with a cap on his head rising like a sugar-loaf. He is called I believe, the "Toupet," from his holding out the brush. The faithful, as they enter, most daintily touch the brush with their gloved fingers, and cross themselves. This, of course, I declined; and the little fellow's eyes seemed for a moment to assume an expression of fear that I might be an unbeliever in the

sanctifying efficacy of touching his brush. If I were called upon to draw the picture of an incarnate male witch, I would select for my model the Toupet of the Madeleine.

After passing the door guarded by the above relic of antiquity, you are surrounded by splendid paintings and statuary. The high altar is before you; confession boxes and altars are on either hand; there are no pews or seats; and if you wish to sit, you can have a split-bottom chair for a few sous, which are piled up on all sides. Your attention is soon arrested by the stately movements of another official, called "Le Suisse." He was in every respect a fine contrast to the Toupet. He was at least six feet two, with broad shoulders and dressed as a field-marshal. He wore a chapeau militaire, side-arms, white tights, gloves, and carried an immense halbert in one hand, and an immense cane in the other. He seemed the most self-satisfied being I ever saw. He goes all over the house at pleasure, and stands by the altar, even when the priest is making God out of a wafer, without any apparent reverence. When all others are uncovered and on their knees, this official walks about as stately as ever, without even a nod of respect to host or priest. This fine-looking fellow, that I first supposed to be some famed general or commodore come hither to make a votive offering to Mary or Mars, is a mere servant, who leads the priests to the altars and leads them away; who makes way for the monks or priests through the crowd when taking up collections; who stands godfather for all children baptized who have no fathers; and who says "Amen" at funerals when there are none else to respond. I never before saw so big a man engaged in such small business. And yet he threw all the priests in the shade, attracting to himself the attention of all strangers. If I had the ear of the priests, I would advise them to dismiss that stately "Suisse" if they wish strangers to notice themselves or their pantomime. I would know him if I met him in the moon, while the priests, like sheep or geese, seemed all alike.

I went to the Madeleine several times during the week. I witnessed a marriage at one of its altars, and a funeral at another. I was there when the poor and when the fashionable go to mass. And the more frequently I went, the more I was impressed with the utter heartlessness of Popery. A coffin made of very disjointed boards, kept together by ropes, was brought in and laid before an altar. After some time the Suisse came clattering along with the priest behind him. A ceremony was mumbled hurriedly over, of which I could not hear a word but the response of the knight of the halbert, and then the poor people took away their dead! A spruce young couple came to mass, smelling strongly of musk, as I can testify. The young lady knelt on the bottom of a chair, hid her face for a few moments, and then, yet kneeling, commenced a talk with her friend, who stood, hat and cane in hand, by the chair. And thus they spent some twenty minutes—she alternately praying, talking, and laughing, and the man, when she was praying, looking with an opera-glass upon the persons and things around him. And this is the manner of the fashionable Parisians at mass. It is a frivolous alternation of giggle and praying, of praying and giggle, which proves beyond all question the utter absence of the mind and heart from the service.

On Sabbath morning the sun rose warm, and without a cloud, over the city of Paris. I felt I was from home, and in a Papal country. After breakfast, and worship with a few friends in an upper room, we went to the Madeleine to witness high mass. As we went along the Rue Rivoli, masons were at work on the streets and public buildings, supervised by an officer in livery; shops were every where open, and more attractively decorated than usual; soldiers were marching and counter-marching along the streets, and across the Place de la Concorde, and in nothing did the town differ from the other days in the week, save in the gay dress of the people, the greater appearance of finery in the shops, the greater number of purchasers, the increased number of soldiers, and the more densely crowded state of all the fashionable promenades. We made our way to the church.

As we approached its southern portico, people were coming out in considerable numbers, while others were entering. We entered, passed the Toupet, whose skin looked as if it

was borrowed from a mummy, and hired chairs. Mass soon opened, and the drama was acted very well. The bishop and priests, were in full attire; twice, followed by priests shaking their boxes, did the stately Suisse parade the entire church, asking alms from the people. And amid the noise of his cane, halbert, and heels upon a marble floor; of the changing of money to pay for the chairs occupied by the people; of the jingling of their boxes by the priests, to give notice of their approach; of the ringing of bells from the altar; of the deep tones of the noble organ, which swelled one after another through the ample building; of the talking of the young, of the whispering of strangers, of whom there seemed to be many, the reader may judge of the worship we were enabled to render to Him who requires his creatures to worship him in spirit and in truth. Candles, statuary, painting, priests dressed in the most gorgeous style of man-millenary, were there in profusion; but there were no religious emotions, no worship of God, no religious instruction. And we retired from the gorgeous scene, feeling that, if that were the worship which the High and Lofty One required from intelligent creatures, God and religion were both a farce. No wonder that a religion, of which this is the highest style, does so little to instruct the people, or to render Paris a moral city. The judgement day will reveal how much of the blood that has so often deluged this city—how much of its crimes and dissoluteness—how much of the influence for evil which it exerts on Europe and on the world, will be found on the skirts, and required at the hands of Popery and its priests.

P r a c t i c a l .

THE REMARKABLE AWAKENING IN DETROIT.

This city never witnessed scenes like those which have passed before our eyes during the last ten days.

The prayers of Christians in this and other places are rapidly being answered, and multitudes are asking the way to Zion.

The children absorbed the chief attention last week, though the prayer meetings for adults crowded the largest churches. Children's meetings were appointed last week for those only who believed they had found the Saviour, and between three and four hundred came to them. Among the number were many little children under ten years of age, but those ministers and Sunday-school teachers who have had most to do with these little ones believe that they give, almost without an exception, evidence of having been born again by the Spirit of God. All about the city they have commenced children's prayer meetings conducted by themselves. Mr. Hammond receives many letters from the children. Occasionally he reads some of them, and God uses these child experiences to lead others to rest in Jesus for peace and pardon. A boy of eleven years, in his letter, which Mr. H. read to-day, said:

"I want to let you know that I feel very happy. These meetings have brought me to love the Saviour. I enjoy them very much. I think I am very sure that I have got hold of the first link of the golden chain."

Another of the same age says:

"I think that Jesus has given me a new heart. My age is eleven years, not too young to know, and love that precious Saviour who died on the cross for me."

Often as many as thirty ministers from the city and surrounding country have been present in these delightful gatherings, and those with whom we have conversed, without a single exception, express their conviction that this work among the children is a most genuine and blessed work of the Holy Spirit.

No one can look upon these gatherings of from 1,500 to 2,000 without feeling that a power more than human is present. Last Sabbath evening Mr. Hammond preached to about twenty-five hundred people packed into Young Men's Hall. His sermon was addressed to young men. Hundreds remained for conversation and prayer.

Great unanimity exists among the different churches. Often fifteen or twenty ministers are present at work among the anxious inquirers. The children's meeting alternated last week in six different churches.

This week the meetings for adults are held in Dr. Duffield's church. Hundreds go away

nightly, it is said, unable to get in. Another church is also open where Christians meet to pray.

A gentleman from Rochester told us that the work was much like that which was in connection with Mr. H.'s labors in that city. We pray that it may be as permanent and blessed in its results. FIDES.

Detroit, Mich., March 8, 1865.

M Y D R E A M .

BY MRS. MARY A. DENNISON.

Reader, I once had a dream. Say you—that's nothing strange; but it was—I mean the dream. I was in a quaint village, wherein I saw no living soul! Quietly I pursued my way, wondering, till I came to a pleasant path bordered by wild roses. Walking on my attention was attracted by an irregularity in the surface of the ground. I had no idea that anywhere about this place was planted a "garden of the dead;" but so it was. The farther I went, the more conspicuous the grave stones grew, and looking and reading, I came to experience some surprise, mingled with satisfaction such as one feels in telling or hearing the honest truth.

Great antiquity marked all the surroundings. The mortar that seamed the stones in the walls had fallen out, the mounds were very high, and the grave-stones worn and mouldering. There were some I could not read, they were so illegible; but the first that arrested my attention was graved on an odd little stone, that looked as if it had been squirming to get out ever since it was planted there. Thus it read:

"Ebenezer Dockwood, aged forty-seven, A miser and a hypocrite—his home is not in heaven."

This was disposing of the matter in a rather summary manner. I moved on a little farther, and read:

"Sacred to the memory of Eliza Hill. She was a splendid house-wife, revered the truth and read her Bible—but her temper was most unreasonable, and her domestic rule so strict, that her children remembered the punishment and forgot her love. In her old age she grew sour and morose, so that her relatives were rather glad than otherwise to raise this stone to her memory. May she rest in peace—if she can."

I could not help smiling at this queer style of memorial to the dead, so different from all that we usually see in cemeteries. This was the next:

"John Tuttle, school master. May he be punished as often as he punished us. He was a hard master, and though he repeated the Lord's prayer every morning, he never forgave the boy that offended him. We his scholars, rear this stone over his ashes, and are glad that his reign is over, for he was cruel as Nero."

Was there nothing complimentary in all this strange grave-yard? My eye fell next on the following:

"Mrs. Ann Rogers—a devoted daughter, and one who was rich in this world's goods. She gave largely to the poor, and subscribed liberally to public and private charities. But she was, as scripture has it, only a "tinkling cymbal," for real charity she had none. Her donations were always put in print—her pay to her servants was stinted—her work people feared her, and complained of her injustice; she would allow no religious right but her own; punished any little infringement of her wishes, vigorously, and though everybody said Mrs. Rogers was a good woman, no one wished to be long in her company."

Again I essayed to find some compliment, but instead came upon this:

"To the memory of Margaret Gold, who was nothing but her name. Her temper was furious and her tongue slanderous. She resented a look, frowned at a smile, and was as tart as vinegar. She punished the earth forty years, to say nothing of her relations."

Was there not even the grave of a little child, sacred from this merited reproach? No—all through the precincts of that strange place, I did not see a spot of earth where an infant reposed. There were sermons on avarice, on profanity, coquetishness, deception—and, making my way to a tall, noble monument towering above all the rest, my attention was attracted by the following remarkable lines:

"To the memory of Capt Elias Barker, a staunch patriot, who fought and bled for his country; who was foremost in all the stirring deeds of his nation's history: known to be a liberal man, kind to the orphan and the fatherless. But he was a glutton and a wine bibber; drove his only son off to sea and to ruin, killed his wife by misdeeds, and died drunk in his fifty-first year."

Thus I might fill page after page with the records found in that quaint burial ground in my dream. All the virtues were set down in fine array—but so were all their faults. Every deed that could have been perpetrated by the living, good bad and indifferent, was here engraved; and whoever visited the strange place, would not be constrained, as now, to say, as they leave our modern cemeteries, where only the fairest virtues and holiest graces lay entombed—"there are none but good people here."

I had arrived at the outer gate, when I noticed, away down hidden by the brambles, an obscure little stone, at which I was soon busy. Letter after letter came out under my hand, and thus I was rewarded:

"EUNICE, She was a poor widow, but walked humbly with God."

Only one among so many! Reader, is there not a lesson in this dream?

A T H R I L L I N G S P E E C H .

At the recent anniversary of the Christian Commission, held in the Academy of music, Philadelphia, Gen. C. B. Fisk, of St. Louis, was present, and made the following speech. Having heard the General on another occasion, we can imagine the effect of his soul-stirring remarks:

The General was received with much applause. He said: Mr. President, friends and fellow-citizens in the bond of Christian fellowship and patriotism: Not until the great day when God shall make up his jewels, can we tell you of the benefactions of the Christian Commission. This great array of figures read by the brother from Boston; the narrative of Brother Reed; the stirring scene depicted by our Brother Chidlaw—these do not, cannot, show what the Christian Commission has done for our soldiers. We who are in the army, who are the recipients of its kindness, to whom it comes with its blessed ministrations, even we cannot tell you all that it has done. But in the day when all hearts shall be uncovered before God shall we begin to understand and to estimate fully the worth of such an institution. He thanked God that good men ever thought of originating it, and that it had now served its term of enlistment, the first three years of its useful career, and was ready to re-enlist as a veteran for the war.

The General had seldom seen such an audience as that before him in the Academy of Music. But he had been in the academies of music that the Christian Commission had originated in the grand armies of the Union, where he had seen 500, 5,000, and even 10,000 men gathered together to sing praises to God, and to hear words of Christian comfort and encouragement. His mind was carried back to such a scene on the banks of the Yazoo, amid the swamps of the Mississippi, where they sang the songs that brothers, sons and fathers used to sing around the family altars, before they enlisted in the defense of the unity and freedom of their country. And oh, such singing! He would like to take his audience there to hear it, and to join in it; but he could not. Yet he would ask them to imagine themselves in a soldier's camp for a few moments, and to transfer themselves to the scenes of war a thousand miles away from home, and join with him, heart and soul, in singing the good old hymn:

"Come thou fount of every blessing!"

At this unexpected invitation, the whole assembly rose to their feet, and united in the hymn of praise. It was a novel and grand sight to see a general of the Union army leading an audience such as graced the Academy of Music that night, in sacred song. And they did sing! The fretted roof rang with exalted praise. The effect was elevating, inspiring, grand. On taking their seats the General resumed:

We have had a good song. The American Academy of Music never heard anything better. He had sung that song with thousands of soldier boys who would never sing it again this side of the dark waters; but he could hear them now as they were singing it on the shining shore of deliverance.

"Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love."

Ah! that expressed the too sad experience of the men in the army, and for that very need the Christian Commission had been raised up, to keep wandering feet from straying, to encircle the lonely ones in the arms of friendship, and sympathy, and throw around them the memories and restraints of home.

This was the key-note of the Commission's work. The organizing of the Commission, the merging of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the land, when their work had seemed to be accomplished, into this new and wonderful agency, were also alluded to by the General, and he illustrated by incidents, the need of the Commission's work among men who had long been removed from the better influences of the Sabbath schools and sanctuaries and altars at home.

Talk with a Southern Sexton.

Passing by a church, I saw the sexton, with brush in hand, sweeping the aisles. The edifice is a solid, substantial, ancient structure. A mahogany, old-style pulpit, a broad aisle, chandelier pendant from the arched roof, filigree and panel work around the galleries. Ancient and aristocratic families have sat in the cushioned pews, men of great wealth, owning houses, and lands, and slaves. A great organ looms high up in the gallery, its gilt pipes fronting the pulpit. Marriages and funerals have been solemnized at the altar. For fifteen years, Sunday after Sunday, the sexton now sweeping the aisles has opened and closed the doors of the sanctuary, and rung the bell hanging high up in the tower.

He is stout, thick-set, strong, with well-developed muscles and a clear eye. He is gentlemanly in his deportment and his voice is one of the most musical I ever heard.

"Shall I take a look at the church?"

"Certainly, sir. Walk in."

His words were as if he had chanted them, so faultless were the tone, inflection, and cadence. His features are well formed, but anthracite coal is not blacker than he. I was interested in him at once. He leaning upon his brush, and I resting in one of the pews, we had a free conversation upon the events of his life. Were I to write it all many columns would be required. I present only an outline.

He was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1829.

"My old master died," said he, "and I fell to his son, who went off to college and got to spurring it, lost all his property, and, of course, I had to be sold. I brought twelve hundred dollars—that was in 1849—but another man offered the man who bought me a hundred and fifty dollars bonus, and bought me. He brought me to Charleston. I have always been a slave."

"But you are a free man now, just as free as I am," I said.

"Yes, sir, so Gen. Sherman told me. I had a talk with him; and he talked just as free with me as if I was his own brother. But I don't feel it in my heart, sir, to go away and leave my old master, now that he is poor, and calamity has come upon him."

"Has he always treated you well?"

"Yes, sir; that is, he never scarred my back. Some masters are mighty hard, sir. I don't blame some negroes for running away from their masters now that they can, for they have been treated mighty bad, sir; but my master has had great calamity come upon him, sir. When I was brought here from Norfolk, master's son Bob, who is in Texas—a captain in the southern army—saw me, and liked me, and I liked him, and his father bought me for Bob, and Bob and I have been like brothers to each other. I have no complaint to make. But master has lost two sons in Virginia. One of them was killed in the first battle of Manassas."

"I suppose you have heard many prayers here for Jeff. Davis?"

"Yes, sir, and mighty fine sermons for the southern army, sir; and there have been solemn scenes in this church, sir. Six bodies, one Sunday, after the first battle of Manassas, were here in this broad aisle. I had the communion table set out here, right in front of the pulpit, and there they lay—six of 'em. I couldn't help crying when I saw 'em, for they were just like old friends to me. They used to attend the Sunday-school when they were boys, and used to cut up, and it was my business to keep 'em straight. They belonged to the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, and went with Col. Barton. They went away gayly, and thought they were going to Richmond to have a nice time. And their mothers and sisters told them to go and fight the Yankees. They didn't expect to see them brought back dead. It was a sad day, sir."

"Then the women were as eager as the men for the war?" I said enquiringly.

"Yes, sir, more too. The women were crazy about fighting the Yankees. I know that some of the boys didn't want to fight against the flag, but the women made them. They had to wear secession badges, as something to show that they were for the South. If it hadn't been for the women, I reckon we wouldn't have had the war."

"What do the women think now?"

"Well, sir, some of them are as bitter as ever they were against the Yankees, but I reckon they don't care to say much, and then there are others who see it aint no use to try to hold out any longer. There are lots of them who have lost their husbands, and brothers, and sons. I reckon there are very few of the Light Infantry left. I know them all, for I took care of their hall—their armory—and they made me hoist the flag one day union down. That made me feel very bad, sir. I always loved the flag, and I love it now better than ever. It makes me feel bad to think that my boys fought against it (he meant the boys who attended the Sunday-school.) But I reckon it is the Lord's doing, sir, and that it will be a blessing to us in the end."

"Can you read and write?" I asked.

"A little, sir. I never had any one to show me, but I used to sit down here in the pews, and take up the hymn-book, and spell

out the words, and one day master Bob, he set me a copy in writing, and so I have learned a little. I can read the newspapers, sir, and so I have kept track of the war."

I was surprised at the extent of his information about the war. From the first battle of Manassas, through the peninsular campaigns, the blowing up of the Merrimac, Antietam, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, New Orleans, and Sherman's campaign, he had kept himself well informed. He has a brother who is fighting for the Union.

"He is a brave fellow, and I know he won't show the white feather," said he.

I talked upon the prospects of the colored people, now that they were free, and was surprised at his comprehensive views.

"I reckon sir," said he, "that a good many of them will be disappointed. They don't know what freedom is. But they will find that they have got to work, or else they won't get any thing to eat. They are poor, ignorant creatures, but I reckon, sir, that after awhile, when things get settled, they will learn how to take care of themselves. But I think they are mighty foolish to clear out and leave their old masters, when they can have good situations, and good pay, and little to do. Then, sir, it is kind of ungrateful like to go away and leave their old masters when the day of calamity comes. I could not do it, sir; besides, I reckon I will be better off to stay here for the present, sir."

I informed him that I was from Massachusetts.

"I know something about Massachusetts, sir, I reckon it is a mighty fine state, sir. I have heard you abused, and the people of Boston also. They said hard things about you; they said you were abolitionists, and wanted to make the negroes have equal privileges with the white men. My father, when I was in Norfolk, undertook to get to Massachusetts, but they hunted him down in the swamps and sold him south, away down to Alabama, and that is the last I have heard of him. I have always liked Massachusetts. I reckon you are a liberal people up there. I hear you have sent a ship-load of provisions to us poor people."

I gave him information upon the subject, and spoke of Mr. Everett.

"Mr. Everett! I reckon I heard him talk about Gen. Washington once here, five or six years ago. He was a mighty fine speaker, sir. The house was crowded."

The sun was getting low, and the sexton had other duties. As I left the church he said,

"Come round, sir, some afternoon, and I will take you up to the steeple, so that you can get a sight of the city, and may be you play the organ. I love to hear music, sir."

FOURTEEN WAYS BY WHICH PEOPLE GET SICK.

1. Eating too fast, and swallowing food imperfectly masticated.
2. Drinking too much fluid during meals.
3. Drinking poisonous whiskey and other intoxicating liquors.
4. Keeping late hours at night, and sleeping too late in the morning.
5. Wearing the clothes so tight as to impede circulation.
6. Wearing thin shoes.
7. Neglecting to take sufficient exercise to keep the hands and feet warm.
8. Neglecting to wash the body sufficiently to keep the pores of the skin open.
9. Exchanging the warm clothing worn in a warm room during the day for the light costumes and exposures incident to evening parties.
10. Starving the stomach to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress.
11. Keeping up a constant excitement by fretting the mind with borrowed troubles.
12. Employing cheap doctors, and swallowing quack nostrums for every imaginary ill.
13. Taking the meals at irregular intervals.
14. Reading the trash and exciting literature of the day, and growing crazy on politics.

The fair Sex Defended.

Women say that they would be equal to the sterner sex were they equally well educated. In five cases out of ten they are just as well educated—for instance, among the poorer classes; yet from them our great men rise—our great women never do. In music women have ten times more education than men. They begin early; they leave off late; and yet who ever heard of a great female composer—a Purcell, a Haydn, or a Mozart? Again: In cookery women are carefully taught; but who ever heard of a first-rate woman cook who could demand, like a Soyek or a Ude, her eight hundred a year? No; man is the weightier animal, the more powerful, in brain and limb—sometimes even the grater and more tender of heart. Women have lately been knocking at the door of the Edinburgh and London Universities for doctors' degrees. At the former they have been rejected, and wisely so. In acute and dangerous cases we would all sooner trust to man.—Home Journal.

Missionary Institute.

I hereby acknowledge the receipt of the following sums for the support of the theol. Prof. of the Miss. Institute:
March 2. from Rev. C. W. Sanders \$5 00
" 8. " I. D. Foust per P. A. 1 00
April 4. " Mr. J. W. Tomlinson, Bedford 5 00
J. G. L. SCHINDLER, Treas.

For the American Lutheran.
THE PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION.

MR. EDITOR!

The following is the introduction to a sermon preached by me more than sixteen years ago. By a slight change of some of the terms, it will be applicable to the present times, and if you think proper you may insert it in the American Lutheran.

"Yea doubtless I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things and do count them but dung that I may win Christ."

In these words we have the estimate which St. Paul formed of the importance of Christianity. Those things which others regarded as the most valuable treasures of earth, he considered as utterly worthless in comparison with the excellency of Christianity. Reputation, rank and station, wealth, home, country and friends, personal comfort, ease and safety, yea life itself he offered up for the sake of the Christian religion.

It is astonishing to see how much men will do and suffer for the sake of worldly gain. They will toil day and night, literally enslave themselves and deprive themselves of the comforts of life, and when they have become worn out in the acquisition of wealth, they die without even enjoying any good of it in this world, and as they have made no provision for the salvation of their souls, they will be inconceivably miserable in the world to come. And in all probability the riches which they have accumulated will be the occasion of strife and contention among their children and heirs. At the present time the mania for gold seems to be directed to California, thousands of men are leaving their comfortable homes and their friends to endure the toils of a long and dangerous voyage, and labor in a foreign land. And all for what? For a little shining dust! I do not say that it is a sin to go to California, nor do I say that there is any virtue in it, or that it is wrong to labor for worldly gain. That depends upon circumstances, I make no assertion, on this subject at present either one way or another, I speak merely of the folly of being intent only on worldly treasures which perish with the using, and which can give no consolation in a dying hour, to the entire neglect or disregard of those heavenly treasures which are spiritual and eternal. In the Pilgrims Progress, (a book which I recommend you all to study) we read of a man, who could look no way but downward, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and offered that crown for his muck-rake, but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks and dust of the ground. This is to show how men of the world will grovel on the earth, intent only on accumulating the perishing riches of this world, whilst they disregard a crown of glory, and make no provision for the salvation of their souls. Now should we not do more for the salvation of the soul, than for the riches of this world? If it is true that one immortal soul is of more value than all the treasures of earth, should not every one be deeply solicitous for the salvation of his soul, and should not Christians use their influence and their wealth in promoting the cause of religion and the salvation of souls? They could not invest their capital in a more profitable manner. It would yield them an interest through all eternity.

See also what men have done for the sake of human glory. They have waded through streams of human blood to a royal throne. Look at Alexander, Xerxes, Hannibal, Cesar, Napoleon and others who distinguished themselves on the field of carnage and blood. After Alexander had conquered all Persia and India, it is said he wept on the shore of the ocean because there was only one world to subdue. And Napoleon, how many thousands of human victims were slaughtered on the altar of his ambition! or to speak of events more recent and fresh in our recollection, how many men volunteered to engage in the war against Mexico? How many hardships did they endure by placing themselves under the most despotic government, yea I may say abject slavery? They lived on poor fare, slept on the cold damp ground, contracted diseases, and died in a distant land, or perished on the field of battle, where there was no kind hand to smooth their dying pillow. Of those who returned many returned with enfeebled health, a broken constitution, or a crippled body. Not long since I saw a poor fellow hobbling along on one foot and a crutch, "This" said he, "is what I got by going to Mexico." And what is the motive held out, why do they expose themselves to such hardships, dangers, sickness and death? It is glory, human glory of course, oh! it is esteemed such a glory to have been present at the battles of Buena Vista, at the siege of Monterey, Vera-Cruz and the city of Mexico, and to have fought under the banner of Scott and Taylor! And who are Scott and Taylor when compared with Almighty God? Poor

mortals as we are, who in a few years will be mouldering in the dust. Is it not more glory to be engaged in the service of God, the king of heaven and earth and to enlist under the banner of Christ? His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom and of his dominion there shall be no end. No one who engages in his service, will lose his reward.

[For the American Lutheran.]

NEGRO CITIZENSHIP.

From all appearance, the war that for four long weary years, has desolated our beloved country, costing thousands of precious lives, making thousands upon thousands of widows and orphans, and rendering many a happy home desolate, is near its close, and peace, with all its attendant blessings and comforts, is about to return to gladden a nation's heart. Who can adequately describe the joy that thrilled every loyal heart, when the news, that Lee had surrendered, was flashed along the wire, from city to city, and from town to town. Tears of joy were then mingled with those of grief.

Never has a nation passed through an ordeal, similar to the one from which ours is now coming forth, without benefit. Neither will ours be an exception. In what respects our nation will be benefited by this war, we may not, at present fully know; but that God will overule the war to the good of the nation, we have not the least doubt. One question, and that an important one, that was not only mooted, but agitated, and frequently shook the nation to its very centre, for more than a generation, and finally resulted in the terrible war, the end of which we hope is now at hand, has, by means of the war, been settled. Slavery, we think, we can say without qualification, is done for in this country. It is doomed never again to raise the iron rod of oppression, or bind the fetters of tyranny to its victims, under the folds of the stars and stripes. Some there may be, who, influenced more by prejudice than reason, will still advocate the cause of slavery, but their number is few and their influence circumscribed. They may gnash with their teeth, but their victim has escaped from their grasp. He is free.

There is, however, another question, growing out of the emancipation of the colored race, that will present itself, and must be decided by the people of these united states. The question will no longer be whether the colored man is to be free, that as we have already intimated, is a foregone conclusion; but whether he shall be permitted to enjoy the rights and privileges of citizenship. This is an important question—a question that must be met. One, too, that to a very great extent involves the future happiness and prosperity of our country. It will have its ardent advocates and its bitter opponents. It is, however, a question that should be calmly and dispassionately considered. Prejudice and partiality should be laid aside. It cannot be disposed of, either by denouncing or lauding the colored man. The fact that he is of a different complexion from that of the white man, and has been in a degraded condition—a bond man—a slave; but now, in the providence of God emancipated, does not prove that he is unfit, by proper treatment, to become a citizen. Neither do these considerations, in themselves, prove that he is fit to enjoy so great a boon. The consideration that should decide this question, and we think will in the minds of all right minded persons, is this: Is he a Man? If he is, (and according to the Bible he is) then he should also enjoy the rights and privileges of a man. Our great Magna Charta, "The Declaration of Independence," declares: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men [not all white men] are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its power in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

So long as the colored man was, in law, a chattel, he was excluded by the Declaration of Independence from these "unalienable rights;" but if he now, by emancipation, becomes, in law, a Man, to be consistent with our own Declaration of Rights, we must admit him to the enjoyment of citizenship.

Again, upon the same principle that our forefathers resisted the tyranny of England, the colored man should enjoy the rights of citizenship. Our forefathers contended, and righteously too, that England had no right to tax them, while they had no representatives in Parliament. In other words, the colonists were unwilling to be governed by laws, in the making of which they had no voice, and sooner than submit to an injustice and indignity so great, they took up arms and for seven long and bloody years suffered and fought in defence of their rights. Will we then deny these same rights to men who have been loyal

and true to our country and our flag? Who have fought for us and labored for us and without whose aid the rebellion, that has just died the death, could never have been crushed? Forbid it heaven! England claimed this right to tax the colonists, upon the ground that she had incurred a heavy debt during the French and Indian wars, in the protection of the colonists, and sacrificed many valuable lives.

This, though specious, was not altogether a pretext. There was some truth in it, yet, were the colonists unwilling to submit. But upon what pretext even, will our government refuse citizenship to the colored man? what shadow of a right can she urge, with the Declaration of Independence before her, for taxing three millions, or more of her subjects, and loyal ones at that, without granting them the right of citizenship? None at all, except that they have a dark skin. Was it injustice in England to enact laws, in the making of which the colonies had no voice, and then endeavor to enforce them, and will it be a less crime, in our government, to treat the colored population of our country after the same, yea, worse manner? Was it a dangerous, and ultimately a ruinous policy in England, even under a specious pretext, to deny the full right of citizenship to the colonists, and will it be less dangerous and ruinous for our government, without any pretext at all, to attempt the experiment in reference to the colored race? The fact is, if we consult our own interests, we will welcome them to all the rights and privileges of citizenship. In addition, they have earned it—they deserve it. But some will say, "They will become a dangerous element in our government." Not a whit more, as we have already learned by experience, than those with a white skin. What! will those, who were held as chattel, yet, were true to our country's flag, become dangerous, when they have guaranteed to them the rights of citizenship? Believe it who may, we cannot. Where is there an instance of this kind on record?

We hope, and we believe that in this we express the sentiment of a large majority of the United States, that not only, the greatest executive clemency, consistent with the safety of our government, will be exercised, towards "our erring brethren of the south," but that upon the evidence of genuine repentance, the common soldier, at least, will be restored to the full rights and privileges of citizenship. But while we would be merciful to the rebel, we would also be grateful and just to the loyal colored man, and not deny him what we are willing to grant to the penitent rebel. We cannot afford to do the colored man an injustice, so great and ungrateful. Our injustice and oppression have brought upon us, as a nation heavy judgments. We as a nation have passed, and are still passing, through untold sufferings and privations, on account of our injustice to the colored man. And as we have now been brought to recognize him to be a man, let us treat him as a man; grant him the rights and privileges of a man, otherwise the boon of freedom will not be worth the having. Let us learn righteousness by the judgments of God. More anon.

Justitia.

REMARK BY THE EDITOR.—We do not agree with our correspondent in every particular in the above communication. For instance, where he asserts that the rebellion could never have been crushed without the aid of the negroes. It might have taken a year longer, and cost a greater sacrifice of white men, but we believe it would eventually have been crushed without the aid of the colored soldier. By this remark we not in the least wish to underrate the valuable services which the colored soldiers rendered the government. Besides, it seems to us the discussion of this question belongs rather to the civil than to the ecclesiastical domain.

MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Forty years ago, in Goshen, Mass., five mothers agreed together that at the close of each day, in their own closets, they would devote the hour from nine to ten to a concert of prayer for their unconverted children. Within six months three sons and a daughter of one of them, and some of the children of each of the others were brought to Christ, and publicly professed his name.

TELEGRAPH TO PERSIA.—Teheran, the capital of Persia, is now in telegraphic communication with all the great capitals of Europe, and also with Bombay, in India. The Shah communicates by telegraph with his army on the northeastern frontier, and with most of his provincial governors.

SINCE the head has been crowned with thorns the feet have never yet been permitted to walk on roses; but God's times are the best times; and when he intends you should carry a cross, be sure you will not want an enemy to lay it on your shoulders.

It is mercy to want mercy till we are fit for mercy, till we are able to bear the weight of mercy, and make a divine improvement of mercy.

THE AMER. LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, Thursday April, 13. '65.

SPRIT OF THE SYMBOLIC PRESS.

The Lutheran and Missionary of the 30. ult. notices our statement that Rev. M. Scholl had succeeded Prof. Sternberg in Hartwick Seminary and our remark that his being endorsed and praised by the symbolists did not indicate him to be an American Lutheran, in the following manner:

"Could the littleness of partisan meanness go beyond this? The Rev. Mr. Scholl, who has for years been held in the highest regard by all who know him, without the slightest reference to his or their views on points of difference in the Church, is now to be regarded with suspicion, because he is loved and respected by brethren whose only offence is, that they hold in their inmost hearts the faith which made the Lutheran Church, and apart from which her name is a delusion."

Our friend is evidently losing his temper and becoming excited. If the above had been written in the dog days, we would prescribe an application of ice. Keep cool, brother C. P. K., it will be better for your health.

What innocent lambs and harmless doves these symbolists are? "Their only offence is, that they hold the faith which made the Lutheran Church." The extremes meet. We used to think only the Methodists held the doctrine of sinless perfection.

As the editor puts the case interrogatively and implies that he regards it as the littlest partisan meanness, to suspect a man of being a symbolist himself, when the symbolists endorse and praise him, we beg leave to differ, and assure him that we regard this as no meanness at all, either great or small.

But to persecute a man for holding and teaching those views with which he was ordained; to remove him from his professorship and put a symbolist in his place, and all this as a mere matter of policy to secure the co-operation of the symbolists, this we think borders very closely on meanness.

To denounce his brethren for holding the views which he himself held but a few years ago as "pirates," as men who have no right to call themselves Lutherans, may seem perfectly right and honorable in the eyes of the symbolists, but to us it looks like the littleness of partisan meanness.

Can the littleness of partisan meanness go beyond this? Yes, it can go one step farther: When a man undertakes to unlutheranize the theological seminary of the General Synod, the institution that nurtured him in her bosom, when he labors to blacken the character of his Alma Mater, in order to build up a rival institution, this is the lowest depth to which partisan meanness can descend.

A STRANGE INVOCATION.

Our friend C. P. K. publishes a new invocation in the Lutheran and Missionary which we do not remember to have ever seen in any Christian liturgy, nor in any heathen one either. It seems to be a strange mixture of Ophionian and ancient Mythology. As he is constantly tinkering at the liturgy, he may intend to introduce this invocation into some of the collects. As an American Lutheran we protest against the introduction of Ophionian or heathen Mythology into the liturgy. The invocation reads as follows:

"Shades of all the snakes! Was not the infant Hercules a baby?"

A NEW TEST OF LUTHERANISM.

The "Lutheran" of St. Louis, organ of the Missouri Synod, discusses the question, whether those are true Lutherans, who deny that the Pope is the Antichrist? It denies most emphatically that those who believe in a millenium yet to come, and an antichrist in the future, can be regarded as orthodox Lutherans. It remarks among other things: "It is indeed terrible, when Lutheran preachers, who on paper confess themselves to the whole book of Concord, presume publicly to deny, that the Pope is the antichrist."

We fear our Philadelphia friends must soon fall under the ban of the Missourians, as they not only tolerate such chiliasts as Vogelbach and Seiss, but also have given such a welcome to the latter, as we do not remember ever to have seen given to a Lutheran preacher.

Editorial Correspondence.

Rev. W. H. Schoch of Bellefonte, sends us the names of six subscribers from Illinois. He concludes his letter with the following words:

"I expect ere long to send you another list of subscribers. I am so well pleased with the American Lutheran that I am determined not only to get subscribers for it in my own charge, but wherever an opportunity presents itself. Will you give me that rights?"

Certainly we will give you this right, brother Schoch, with great pleasure. Right glad would we, if all the friends of the American Lutheran would imitate your example.

Rev. Geo. Young from Starkville, N. Y., writes to us: Many, very many thanks to you for the American Lutheran which I received to day. May the good Lord bless your noble

efforts to save the church from the deadening influence of formalism and symbolism. O how the beauty of the church has been and is still marred by these evils. I look upon your paper as being just what we want. Secure as much of the talent, that is in true sympathy with American Lutheranism as you can, and your efforts will be crowned with God's blessing and with success.

In your remarks concerning Hartwick Seminary you are right. Prof. Sternburg was abused by the symbolists, who have managed to get the control in the board of Trustees. With its newly elected principal Hartwick has become just what the symbolists desire, but it will be "no go," for the bone and sinew of this state will go strongly against it. Our Synod will undoubtedly send her students to your place. The great mass of the Lutheran Church in this state never can be dragged into the whirlpool of formalism.

Rev. J. H. Bratten writes to us that the Lord has blessed him with a glorious revival of religion in his congregation at Huntingdon, Pa. Upwards of fifty persons profess to have experienced a change of heart and about forty united with the Lutheran church.

The meetings were continued for several weeks. Br. Bratten was assisted at various times by the brethren Steck and Fletcher, and although they were opposed by a symbolist, yet the work progressed and resulted in a glorious work of grace. The church at Huntingdon has long been in a languishing condition, but we hope from this time forward a new life and energy will be infused into it.

HYMENEAL.

MARRIED.—On Tuesday evening March 28th 1865, by Rev. M. Rhodes, L. H. Case to Miss Sue A. Gobin, all of Sunbury Pa.

MARRIED.—March 30th 1865, in Cassville, by Rev. J. E. Honeycutt, Mr. R. A. Madden and Miss Jane Stevens, both of Three Springs Huntingdon Co. Pa.

CLERICAL RECORD.

Baltimore.—Rev. Joel Schwartz, Pastor of the Second Lutheran Church in Baltimore, has been called to a professorship in Springfield, Ohio. The Baltimore American notices this change in the following words:

"The Rev. Joel Schwartz, for nearly eight years pastor of the English Lutheran Church, Lombard St., west of Green, has tendered his resignation which has been reluctantly accepted. Mr. Schwartz has been a faithful pastor to the congregation, ministering to them in all seasons, and securing their affections by his constant labors in behalf of their interests, they deeply regret his early departure. His discourse, the last of a series delivered on last Sunday evening, was an able production, and his theme was 'Our duty to God and our Country.' Mr. Schwartz has accepted a professorship in the College of the Church at Springfield, Ohio, and that is the only reason why he leaves the Lombard street congregation."

Reading.—Rev. P. Williard, Agent of the Lutheran Publication Society, has removed from Schuylkill Haven to Reading, Pa. Correspondents will please address him accordingly.

Carlisle.—Rev. S. P. Sprecher, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Milton, Pa., has received a call from the English Lutheran Church in Carlisle, Pa. We have been informed that he has accepted the call and will shortly remove to that place.

Indiana, Pa.—Rev. A. C. Ehrenfeld, has been called to the Lutheran Church at Indiana, Pa. Correspondents please notice.

CENTRAL OFFICE: U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, Philadelphia, March 25, 1865.

To the Christian People of the United States.

The United States Christian Commission is your agency and instrument. It lives and works by your confidence and co-operation. The degree of its usefulness is the measure of your liberality. If your support continues as heretofore, its ministry will continue; if it falters it will diminish; if it fails it will die.

The work of the Christian Commission was never so thoroughly organized as now. Our great armies are concentrating in the East. Our facilities are thereby multiplied, and our opportunities of usefulness increased. By your liberal aid, only, will they be available. The indications of approaching battles are unmistakable. Before you read these lines indications may have become events; and bloody fields may be strewn with suffering soldiers. We are not prepared for it as we should be. Our treasury is exhausted. We cannot wait until the necessity is fully upon us, for that will be too late. The necessity is now. We must be beforehand with the emergency. Ten thousand dollars next week may save more lives and relieve more suffering than a hundred thousand next month. Let not retrenchment be forced upon us on the very edge of battle.

At this very hour a most remarkable religious interest is spread throughout our armies. Even our famished men from southern prisons are more eager for the bread of life than for that for want of which they have starved.

Christian men and women of the nation, this is for you, a special message and call to each. We shall go forward in God's name and for your service. Our appeal is before you. For Christ's sake let the response be liberal and prompt.

On behalf of the Executive Committee,
Geo. H. STUART, Chairman.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.

REBELLION IN SOUTHERN CHURCHES.

We have just received a letter from one of our officials in Charleston, whose position and point of observation entitle his statements to entire confidence. In this private letter he says: "I went to St. Paul's church last Sunday. It is the only English Episcopal Church now open here. The French Episcopal Church is also opened for the usual service. of the former the Rev. Mr. H. is Rector, who on this occasion seemed to be endorsed by another clergyman then present. The prayer for the President was omitted. The sermon was of average ability; and while preaching the rector very properly wore the 'gown,' but had left off the 'bands' apparently to display to greater advantage a Confederate grey vest. This was at least in bad taste, and it was still worse to omit the prayer for the President. I hear he has since been prohibited from preaching again, by the commanding general. But it may be regarded as unfortunate to be obliged to control men's absurd caprices in the house of God. They will either act freely in such matters, or play the hypocrite. It was, however, most gratifying to be privileged to hear the form of sound words in the cradle of the present wicked rebellion. If the church continues to be open, I shall go again next Sunday, and shall do so regularly while I am here." Hence, though the rebel metropolis is again ours, we have not won back the hearts of some of the rebel leaders. And the writer's account cannot be impugned. He is on the staff of that distinguished officer, Rear Admiral Dahlgren.—Ch. Times.

THE GREEKS.—The C. Times says of the Greek Priests who recently officiated in Trinity Chapel, New York: Father Agapius, we are informed, intends to leave in a few days for New Orleans, where he intends to spend Passion week and Easter. At the present time there are three hundred Slavonians (Hlyrians) and one hundred Greeks in New Orleans. Some of them have spent quite all their lives in this country, without any religious opportunities such as they desire.

There are about thirty persons at New Orleans awaiting baptism. There are also several wealthy Greek families in Baltimore who desire a visit; also several in the vicinity of Boston, among whom is Professor Sophocles, of Harvard University.

MEMORABLE DATES.

An old man was sitting in his little room one Sunday afternoon. His Bible lay before him, opened at the blank sheets before the title-page, on which were written some dates of days and years. He was so absorbed in the contemplation of these that he did not notice the entrance of a neighbor, who asked him what he could find to read with such intense interest, where he saw only a few dates? The old man replied: "Neighbor, could you but know what these dates stand for, you would not be any longer surprised." These were the dates of all the principal occurrences of the old man's life. He pointed with his finger to one after the other. "Here is the date of my birth, of my baptism, of my enlistment, my marriage," and so on till at last he came to the date of the day when the Lord had effectually called him, and since which he had known himself to be the child of God, and inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. And then he exclaimed, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" and sang with tears and in a trembling voice:

"Could I a thousand voices raise,
A thousand tongues employ,
My heart would pour itself in praise,
In thankfulness and joy.
And still its happy song should be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me."

You may be sure that, if you are thoughtful for other people's children, God will be thoughtful for yours. God will take care of your children, if you are conscientious in your conduct toward the children of other people. God will bring back your children when they stumble and go astray, if you are faithful to the children of others that are liable to stumble and go astray. You will be paid a hundred fold for all that you do in this direction.—H. W. Beecher.

LIST OF LETTERS

remaining in the Postoffice at Selinsgrove, Pa. Mrs. Annie Bower, Michael Bitting, H. S. Bryan, Miss L. R. B., L. N. Bowman, G. Bernheimer, Mrs. Mary Clair, Isaac Campbell, Daniel Clapper, E. Deel, Getman Eves, Michael Eckhart, Emanuel Foltz, Geo. Hopple, 3, Peter Henninger Agt., F. H. Hemperley, Esq. 3, Joseph Leight, Sam Merick, W. P. Miller, Esq., Richard I. Maylan, Mrs. Maria Mayer, Daniel Maneas, Eli Pitzman, Susan E. Schenck, Geo. Stuet, J. B. Shroyer, Anthony S. Speece, David S. Specht, Miss Eliza Trego, J. G. Winegardner, Esq., Miss Elizabeth Wolf, Chas. A. White, A. J. S. Weise, Mrs. Mary A. Ziegler.

Persons calling for the above letters will please say they are advertised.

G. A. Hassinger P. M.
April 1st, 1865.

SUDDEN DEATH.

"Lord, be pleased to shake my clay cottage before thou throwest it down. May it totter awhile before it doth tumble. Let me be summoned before I am surprised. Deliver me from sudden death. Not from sudden death in respect of itself, for I care not how short my passage be, so it be safe. Never any weary traveller complained that he came too soon to his journey's end. But let it not be sudden in respect of me. Make me always ready to receive death. Thus no guest comes unawares to him who keeps a constant table."—Thomas Fuller.

In worldly matters "think twice," but in duty, it has been well said, "first thoughts are best;" they are more fresh, more pure, have more of God in them. There is nothing like the first glance we get at duty, before there has been any special pleading of our affections or inclinations. Duty is seldom uncertain at first. It is only after we have involved ourselves in the mazes and sophistries of wishing that things were otherwise than they are, that it seems indistinct. Considering a duty is often explaining it away. Deliberation is often only dishonesty. God's guidance is plain when we are true.

On a lovely little island in the middle of the Pacific ocean, a mission chapel has been built. Some people from Illinois, little children as well as grown-up people, sent the little chapel a bell, the first Sabbath bell that was ever heard in those far-off waters. And what do you think the poor natives call the bell? "The voice of God summoning the people to his bosom!"—The Child's Paper.

Influence of a Religious Newspaper.

The Journal of Health for January contains the following hearty commendation of the religious press of the country: "The religious Press is a power for good in times like these, and every household ought to take a religious paper, even if it cost the giving up of one meal every week by each member to pay for it. The general influence of the daily papers of our large cities is, on the whole, inimical to the Christian religion and every religious man and woman should consider it an imperative duty to take a religious paper as an antidote to their poison. Nor does a man do his whole duty in being himself a promptly paying subscriber to a religious newspaper: he ought, in proportion as he values it himself as a useful vehicle of religious truth and good moral principles, to endeavor to induce his neighbors who have no such reading in their family to take it also. There are tens of thousands of men in our country who have such an influence on some persons around them that a single recommendation would be the means of placing excellent reading every week before a large family of growing sons and daughters, to mould their characters for good for a lifetime. Every religious newspaper has to expend a great many dollars and a great many hours every year for the furtherance of various good objects for which they receive in return not a single farthing, and it is as little as their habitual readers ought to do, to endeavor to extend their circulation and thus increase their ability for extending their work."

It is a curious fact that no minister of the Gospel or theological writer has yet noticed it, that the year 1866, which Louis Napoleon has fixed on as the time for withdrawing his troops from Rome—which will be virtually leaving the Papacy in that city to its fate—is the very year in which nearly all our eminent commentators on the New Testament, and writers on prophecy, from the time of Bishop Newton downwards, have, by a wonderful concurrence of opinion, named as the year in which popery is to receive its death blow.

In the garden at the military hospital at Chattanooga, there were grown one thousand and eighty-eight varieties of flowers last year, and from these floral beauties nearly six thousands papers of seeds were put up and given to the soldiers to send home.

More than thirty patents were issued in the last six months of 1864, for inventions relating to petroleum. So petroleum is a lubricator of inventive genius.

A Chinese giant, believed to be the largest in the world, and the most amiable man alive, is exhibiting in Hong Kong. He stands about 8 feet 2 or 3 inches in height, and is proportionately broad. His figure is good, his movements as graceful as his is compatible with his extraordinary height, and his manners are reassuring. He is indeed quite a wonderful fellow.

It is now asserted by scientific explorers that the "slime," or bitumen which the builders of Babel used for mortar is the same thing as our modern petroleum, after its volatile parts had been discharged by evaporation. Layard makes mention of the famous springs of Is, whence the builders of Nineveh and Babylon obtained large quantities of their bitumen. Those springs were flowing three thousand years B. C., and are flowing to-day.

THE CROPS.—Reports from nearly all parts of the country concur in showing that the prospect for a heavy yield of winter wheat has seldom looked more favorable than at the present time. The present winter has been remarkably favorable for wheat. The weather was unusually steady, and although there was but little severely cold weather, the ground steadily remained frozen, and was covered with snow for a longer period than has been known for many years.

Richardson's New Method,

Has a regular sale of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND COPIES A YEAR. It is superior in excellence to all other "Methods," and

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OLIVER 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 worth a premium which increases the profit on the 7-30 loan, & 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.

STANDARD MISCELLANEOUS AND

LUTHERAN BOOKS.

For sale by T. NEWTON KURTZ,
161 West Pratt street, Baltimore.

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
They are bound also in various finer sets
Lutheran Liturgy—General Synod's edition, 12mo. \$1, \$1.50 and 2.00
Luther's Smaller Catechism,—General Synod's edition—2 sheep, 15 cts.
Luther's Shorter Catechism,—(Dr. Morris' edition) 18mo. 2 sheep, 15 cts.
Evangelical Lutheran Catechism,—(Dr. Schmucker's edition) 4 morocco, 20 cts.
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Any of the above books will be sent per 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.

The Home Sick.

Stranger faces all around me,
Kindly smile and bid me come,
While I'm thinking, ever thinking
Of the fondly loved of home.

I am turning, ever turning,
Sometimes here and sometimes there,
And I wonder, often wonder,
Why it is I've so much care.

New friends crowd around my pathway,
Dear ones on my Savior's side
And, tho' I have learned to love them,
They are not the old and tried.

Yet I am advancing slowly,
Cautiously my footsteps bend,
While I'm praying, ever praying,
To my never-changing friend.

I am thinking, ever thinking,
Of my home beyond the skies,
And I'm pressing' ever pressing
Forward for to win the prize.

E. B.

Our Soldier.

Another little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin!

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
Of a life.

Another little sentry,
Who will stand
On guard, while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord! our little darling
Guide and save,
Mid the perils of the march
To the grave!

What a Faithful Boy Did.

"I WANT some liquorice for my cough," said a six-year-old boy one day to a woman, and he threw down a penny as he spoke.

The woman tore a leaf from an old book and wrapped the liquorice in it. On going out of the store the little boy found that the book from which the leaf had been torn was an old Bible.

Now this boy loved the Bible because it is God's book. It pained his heart to see its leaves used for wrapping-paper, and he began to think what he could do to make the woman sorry for doing it. At last a plan struck him, and trudging off to a bookstore he put his last penny on the counter, saying:

"Please, I want a tract for people that tear up Bibles."

The man smiled to hear a little fellow whose eyes were just up to the top of the counter make this request. But he sold him the right sort of a tract, and off trudged the child back to the shop. Finding the door shut and feeling afraid to knock, he pushed his tract under the door and went home, feeling that he had done what he could to teach the woman to put the Bible to a better use than tearing it up for wrapping paper.

Faithful boy! Don't you think Jesus looked lovingly on that little boy when he saw him doing what he could to teach that woman her duty? I do, and if you wish to have his heavenly smile on you, you must get that love for him in your heart which set the little boy to do what he did. Do you love Jesus enough to do what you can for him? X.

A Naughty Think.

"MAMMA," said Kitty, "papa calls me a good little girl, and auntie does, and most everybody; but I am not, mamma, good at all."

"I am very sorry," said mamma.

"So am I," said Kitty; "but I have got a very naughty think."

"Naughty what?" asked mamma.

"My think is naughty inside me," said Kitty.

"When I was dressed to go to ride yesterday, and the carriage came and there was no room for me, I went into the house, and auntie told you I behaved very good about it. She said I didn't cry or anything. But, mamma, I thought wicked things, and I ran up stairs and lay down, and kicked, and kicked, and kicked: I was so—so—so mad. I wished the carriage would upset, and the old horses run away. That's what I did. It was a naughty think in me."

"Well, nobody knew it," said John.

"Somebody did know it," said Kitty.

"Who?" asked John.

"God," answered Kitty. "He cannot call me good as auntie and papa do. Mamma, how can I be good inside?"

Kitty is not alone in asking that question. Many and many a one is asking it very sorrowfully. How can I be good inside? King David felt like Kitty, and he fell down on his knees and prayed this little prayer: "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." Secret faults are in some sense the worse sort of faults, because, first, they deceive others, for they are inside and nobody sees them; and then they deceive ourselves, for we are apt to think nobody will find them out, and that if they are out it is no matter.

Was Kitty deceived? No. She knew they were not kept secret from God, and it troubled her. And when her mother told her of King David's prayer she prayed that little prayer herself, and she prays it every day. "Cleanse thou me from secret faults," she whispers in her Saviour's ear. And the Saviour hears and answers this little prayer. As she offers it she watches over her own heart, and when a "naughty think" comes into her bosom she fights against it. She says to it, "Go away, go away," and asks the Saviour to help her to resist it. Go it does, and sweet peace comes and nestles in her bosom instead.

Kitty's way may help other children.

GRINDING THE DIAMOND.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

The poor sufferer lay in severe pain on her bed. It had been nearly twenty years since she saw a well day,—more than half that time since she had walked a step, and nearly two years since she had sat up. Her limbs were jerked by spasms, her back had deep sores on it from lying so long; and whenever one was relieved by a new position of the body, another would be made. She never complained; and the cheerfulness with which she endured all this from day to day, and from year to year, was a matter of amazement to all. Her friends who saw the Bible always lying near her, knew well from what springs she drew water. They all said it was one of the dearest providences they ever witnessed.

One night, as the sufferer lay sleepless from terrible pain, she began to look back upon the past. What a wreck life seemed, dating from her bright school days! What a mystery that she must be so helpless and such a sufferer, while her school-companions could walk and move, and act, and enjoy life! What was the object of her heavenly Father in putting her into this slow, hot, long-continued furnace? As she lay there thus communicating with herself, the room seemed suddenly to fill with light, and a beautiful form seemed to bend over her. His face was calm and gentle, but full of pity. She was not at all frightened, nor deemed it strange that he was there, though she was aware that she never saw him before.

"Daughter of sorrow!" said he in a voice soft as the zephyr that rocks the rose on its stem, "art thou impatient?"

"No; but I am full of pain and disease, and I have so long been a sufferer that I see no end to it, nor can I see why I must suffer thus. I know that I am a sinner; but I hoped that Christ's sufferings, and not mine, would save me. Oh, why does God deal thus with me?"

"Come with me, daughter, and I will show thee."

"But I cannot walk."

"True, true! There, gently, gently!"

He tenderly took her up in his arms, and carried her away, far away, over land and water, till he set her down in a far-off city, and in the midst of a large work-shop: the room was full of windows; and the workmen seemed to be near the light, and each with his own tools, and all seemed to be so intent upon their work, that they neither noticed the newcomers, nor spoke one to another. They seemed to have small, brown pebbles, which they were grinding, and shaping, and polishing. Her guide pointed her to one who seemed to be most earnestly at work. He had a half-polished pebble, which was now seen to be a diamond, in a pair of strong, iron pincers. He seemed to grasp the little thing as if he would crush it, and to hold on to the rough stone without mercy. The stone whirled, and the dust flew, and the jewel grew smaller and lighter. Ever and anon he would stop, hold it up to the light, and examine it carefully.

"Workman," said the sufferer, "will you please to tell me why you bear on, and grind the jewel, so hard?"

"I want to grind off every flaw and crack in it."

"But don't you waste it?"

"Yes; but what is left is worth so much the more. The fact is, this diamond, if it will bear the wheel long enough, is to occupy a very important place in the crown we are making up for our king. We take much more pains with such. We have to grind and polish them a great while; but, when they are done they are very beautiful. The king was here yesterday, and was much pleased with our work, but wanted this jewel, in particular, should be ground and polished a great deal. So you see how hard I hold it down on this stone. And, see! there is not a crack nor a flaw in it! What a beauty it will be!"

Gently, gently, the guide lifted up the poor sufferer, and again laid her down on her own bed of pain. "Daughter of sorrow, dost thou understand the vision?"

"Oh, yes! but may I ask one question?"

"Certainly."

"Were you sent to me to show me all this?"

"Assuredly."

"Oh! may I take to myself the consolation that I am a diamond, and am now in the hands of the strong man, who is polishing it for the crown of the Great King?"

"Daughter of sorrow! thou mayest have that consolation; and every pang of suffering shall be like a flash of lightning in a dark night, revealing eternity to thee; and hereafter thou shalt run without weariness, and walk without faintness, and sing with those who have 'come out of great tribulation.'"

Tract Journal.

—A village doctor went to visit a patient in a neighboring hamlet, and took with him his gun, that he might wing any game he encountered in crossing the fields. A peasant meeting him on the way asked whether he was going? "To see a patient," was the answer. "What, then," said the peasant, "do you really fear to miss him in the ordinary way that you take your gun with you?"

From the Educator.)

The Wonders of the Ocean, No. 6.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY INKER PENNE.

Some very interesting and instructive facts have recently been developed in certain scientific investigations that have been made, relative to the physical features of the ocean. We give the results that were attained in the language of the eminent writer (Prof. Olmstead) whose name is such an ornament to literature.

THE OCEAN AND ITS DEPTHS.

The waters of the ocean cover nearly three fourths (or more exactly, five sevenths) of the surface of the globe; and of the thirty-eight millions of miles of dry land in existence, twenty-eight belong to the northern hemisphere. The mean depths of the ocean has been variously stated; but may for the present be taken at four miles; the numerous soundings now in progress will soon enable us to speak with more definiteness on this point. Enough has already been done to prove that the depth is exceedingly unequal; that like on the surface of the earth, the bottom of the ocean here rises in mountain peaks, and there sinks in deep valleys. Until recently the deepest sounding ever made, was that by Captain Scoresby, in the polar seas, which was short of a mile and a half. As late as 1848 the maximum sounding was that of Captain Ross in the South Atlantic, and gave 27,600 feet, or a little more than five miles, without finding bottom. But more recently, at a point of the Atlantic farther north, Lieut. Welsh, of the United States schooner Tancy, sounding without reaching bottom, to the depth of 34,200 feet, or nearly six and a half miles. Within a short time Captain Denham communicated to the Royal Society a report of having reached the bottom of the Atlantic, in a passage from Rio Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope, at the astonishing depth of 7,706 fathoms, or eight and three fourths miles: a depth so profound, that the plummet occupied in its descent from the reel nearly nine and a half hours. From these results it appears that the depths of the ocean exceed the heights of the mountains, since the loftiest summits of the Himalaya are little more than 28,000 feet, or five and one fourth miles. Notwithstanding these enormous depths there are large tracts of the ocean comparatively shallow; and in the immediate vicinity of places where no bottom could be found, were spots of no uncommon depths. These facts indicate that the bed of the sea is diversified like the surface of the earth. The Gulf of Mexico is thought not to exceed on an average one mile; and the Greenland seas are of such moderate depth, the whales, when harpooned, often run to the bottom, this is indicated by their appearance when they rise again to the surface. Whales are even supposed to seek a part of their food at the bottom of the sea.

The vocation of sea-diver is full of adventure and of danger. Mr. Green, the famous diver relates some wonderful experiences through which he has passed when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some sketches of what he saw on the Silver Banks, near Hayti:—when describing the

BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

"The banks of coral on which my divers were made, are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet, when submerged, with little obstruction to the sight. The bottom of the ocean in many places on these banks is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of the more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more; giving the reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In other places, the pendant forms arch after arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through these into the deep, winding avenue, he feels that he fell him with as sacred awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had long been buried beneath 'old ocean's wave.' Here and there, the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if those loftier columns were towers belonging to those stately temples now in ruins.

"There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants, in every crevice of the corals where the water had deposited the least earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants I am familiar with, that vegetate on dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea-fan of immense size, of variegated colors and of the most brilliant hue.

"The fish which inhabited those Silver Banks, I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the cymmetrical goby, to the globelike sunfish; from those of the dullest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark. Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs; one of small size resembled a bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move. I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sunfish, sawfish, starfish, white shark, ground shark, blue or shovel-nose shark, often seen. There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub. The only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were ribbon-fish, from four or five inches to three feet in length. Their eyes are very large, and protrude like those of a frog. Another fish was spotted like the leopard, from three to ten feet long. They build their houses like the beaver, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the ova until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from four to five hundred pounds."

—The too frequent use of authority impairs it. If thunder were continual, it would excite no more sensation than the noise of a mill.

Dutch Reformed.

A LIBERAL MINISTER.—Rev. Dr. Smith, who is a young minister of the Reformed Dutch Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., having recently become very wealthy by the discovery of coal oil on his lands in Western Virginia and Kentucky, has paid to the Theological Seminary connected with Rutgers College at New Brunswick, N. J., \$40,000 towards the endowment of a Professorship in Rhetoric, Eloquence and Pastoral Theology, provided an equal amount be raised from other sources.

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AN ELEGANT NOVELTY IN WATCHES. The cases of this Watch, are an entirely new invention, composed of six different metals combined, rolled together and planished, producing an exact imitation of 18 carat gold, called Arcana, which will always keep its color. They are as beautiful and durable as solid gold, beautifully designed, with Panel and shield for name, with Patent Push Pin, and engraved in the exact style of the celebrated Gold Hunting Leavers and are really handsome and desirable, and so exact an imitation of gold, as to defy detection. The movement is manufactured by the well known St. James Watch Company of Europe, and are superbly finished, having engraved pallets, fancy carved bridges, adjusting regulator, with gold balanced, and the improved ruby jeweled action. It has line dial and skeleton hands, and is warranted a good time keeper. These watches are of three different sizes, the smallest being for ladies, and are all hunting cases. A case of six, will be sent by mail or express for \$125.00. A single one sent in an elegant Morocco Case for \$25.00; will readily sell for three times their cost. We are the sole agents for this watch in the United States, and none are genuine which do not bear our Trade Mark. Address, DEVAUGH & CO., Importers, 15 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

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

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

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

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

Second Grade, \$7 00. Besides the studies of the first grade the second embraces Grammar, History, Ancient Geography, First lessons in Latin, Greek, Algebra, Composition and Declamation.

Third Grade, \$9 00. Besides the studies of the two preceding grades, the third embraces Latin, Greek, the Higher Mathematics, Rhetoric, Logic, &c. Furnished rooms (except sheets, pillow-cases and towels.) and janitor service per session, \$4.00.

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The Fall session commences August 15th.

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.

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For further particulars Address
P. BORN, Prin. Col. Dept., or
Nov. 1864 H. ZIEGLER, Theol. Prof.,

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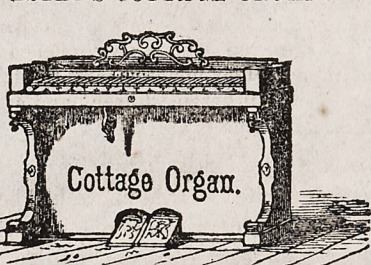
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