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## P o e t r y .

### All Things Earnest.

Time is earnest,  
Passing by;  
Death is earnest,  
Drawing nigh.  
Sinner! wilt thou trifling be?  
Time and death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest;  
When 'tis o'er,  
Thou returnest  
Nevermore.  
Soon to meet eternity,  
Wilt thou never serious be?

Heaven is earnest;  
Solennly  
Float its voices  
Down to thee.  
Oh! thou mortal, art thou gay,  
Sporting through thine earthly day?

Hell is earnest;  
Fiercely roll  
Burning billows  
Near thy soul.  
Woe for thee! if thou abdest,  
Unredeemed, unsanctified!

God is earnest;  
Kneel and pray  
Ere thy season  
Pass away;  
Ere be set his judgment throne,  
Vengeance ready, mercy gone!

Christ is earnest,  
Bids thee "come!"  
Paid thy spirit's  
Priceless sum.  
Wilt thou spurn thy Savior's love,  
Pleading with thee from above?

Thou refusest  
Wretched one!  
Thou dispisest  
God's dear Son!  
Madness! dying sinner turn!  
Lest his wrath within thee burn.

When thy pleasures  
All depart,  
What will soothe thy  
Fainting heart?  
Friendless, desolate, unknown,  
Entering a world unknown!

Oh, be earnest!  
Loitering  
Thou wilt perish!  
Lingering  
Be no longer—rise and flee;  
Lo! thy Savior waits for thee!

## T r a v e l s .

### Men & Things as I saw them in Europe

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

XI.

A pleasant meeting in the Madeleine—Wesleyan Chapel—The Service—"Clothes"—Minister for Paris—Prayer-meeting—Sabbath Evening walk—Sights seen—Reasons for French Character—The Riddle solved—A look at St. Germain—A Prayer.

I am yet describing a Sabbath in Paris.

When the mummery of high mass in the Madeleine was drawing to a close—when the Suisse, with military tread and martial air, commenced, for the second time, making a pathway for the priests who followed, rattling their boxes, and asking for money, we rose to depart. We gave once, and did not care to pay again, even for such magnificent nonsense. On turning round we were most happy to meet an honorable judge and honored Christian from Pennsylvania, with his reverend son—a clergyman from Boston, and a gentleman from Providence. Although comparatively strangers, we soon felt that we were friends. Were it not for this casual meeting, I might not have seen Rome. How sweet to meet Christian friends and fellow-citizens in a foreign land!

At twelve, we went together to the Wesleyan Chapel in the Rue Madeleine, and almost under the shadow of the splendid church which we had just left. We entered by a narrow alley. The room is small, but it was well filled, and mostly with men. Soon a man of good appearance, of comparative youth, and of serious aspect, entered the pulpit, and without robes. His accent was strongly English. The Episcopal service was read by him from the beginning to the end, just as I had heard it in St. James's Westminster, with the prayers "for our beloved Queen Victoria, her royal consort Prince Albert," the royal children and all. The whole thing struck me strangely. Why these prayers in France for England's royal family? Why this slavish use of the prayer-book by a Methodist clergyman in Paris? And never did I see so much the

need of robes on the minister, and responses from the people, to make the formulary of the prayer-book tolerable. When well read, and with hearty responses, I have been edified by it; but on this occasion it was oppressive. The constant repetition of the same forms, as Carlyle would say, "needs clothes" to render them tolerable. Without gowns, responses, and frequent down-sittings and up-risings, the prayer-book would be soon laid aside. So I judged from the effect of its naked and unvaried perusal upon myself on this occasion. But "clothes" are essential to the continuance of many other things as well as the Prayer-book.

The minister preached from the thirtieth chapter of Isaiah, and the thirty-third verse, a sermon on the doctrine of future punishment. It struck me as a most inappropriate and feeble effort. The room was filled with strangers from Britain and America, and who went there from the hush of Popery to be fed with the Gospel. Many, I know, were disappointed. And yet, inappropriate and feeble as was the effort, and destitute as was the preacher of emotion, the service was incomparably better than the hocus pocus, in all its gorgeous drapery, which we had just witnessed in the Madeleine.

The importance of a first-rate American preacher of the Gospel in Paris can not be too highly estimated. Such is now the facility of transatlantic travel, that the number of those must be constantly on the increase who will seek their summer recreations in Europe. And a noble preacher, of fervent heart and piety, meeting such in Paris, would be to them as a stream in the desert, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Why is not such a minister of God there?

Before we left the Wesleyan Chapel, we projected a service of our own; and at four o'clock we met in the Hotel Windsor, in a private room, for reading the Scriptures and for prayer. The number which met in the Madeleine was increased by the addition of the Rev. Dr. C. and his three fine boys. A more pleasant meeting I never attended. There we were in a foreign land, surrounded by people of a strange tongue, some of us away from our people, and all of us from our families and homes, and in the midst of a people proverbially estranged from God. And the word of the Lord was sweet to our taste; and we prayed, weeping, for our people, our families, our home. That meeting for prayer in Paris on the Sabbath afternoon will not be soon forgotten by any that were there!

As the light of the Sabbath's sun commenced waning in the sky, and when the mild, balmy air of evening had succeeded to the rather oppressive heat of the day, we went forth to see for ourselves the way in which the Sabbath evening is kept in Paris. We went from the palace of the Tuileries, through its garden, and the place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysees. Thence we turned into the Boulevards, and through the Rue Richelieu home. And such sights I never beheld! It would seem as if all Paris had turned into the streets. Here were soldiers marching in platoons; there were ballad singing under a canopy, surrounded by people sitting on benches and sipping wines and ices. Here were elegantly dressed girls dancing; and there was a crowd collected around gambling monkeys. Here was a man selling trinkets at auction, and there were gambling tables. Here were a few women going to church, and there were crowds of men and women rushing to the theatre and opera. The Boulevards were densely crowded; the shops were all open—their windows surrounded by admiring spectators; and at short intervals the sidewalks were covered with tables, around which men and women sat, in the open air, regaling themselves with wines and confectionery. Occasionally you would come to a stand in the Champs Elysees where men were playing all kinds of mountebank tricks, surrounded by hundreds of admiring spectators. The restaurants seemed crowded by men, women, and children. Not a vestige of evidence to remind you of the Sabbath was apparent. The whole route taken through the city wore the appearance of a Fourth of July in New York, when booths were allowed around the park. The proof was positive that Paris at least has no religion. And it is very remarkable to what an extent the manner in which the Sabbath is kept is a type of the moral character of a people, and of a man. A Parisian Sabbath is as

certain an index to the character of the French, as is a Sabbath in Edinburgh to the character of the Scotch.

After visiting its churches during the day, and taking the walk above described on Sabbath evening, you no longer wonder at the character which Paris has in all the earth. The wealth of the Church is spent in fostering the arts; the labors of the clergy are expended in vain ceremonies; there is no instruction from the pulpit; and all the efforts of the priests are directed, not to enlighten the people in the knowledge of God, not to purify the heart, but to gratify the senses. A church is more or less attractive according to its wealth, its pictures, its statuary, or its relics in the way of old bones from the catacombs of Rome or Naples. And people resort to them, not to worship God, but in accordance to custom, or as they would resort to an opera or to an exhibition of the arts. The frivolous character of the religion of France is obvious even amid their most solemn ceremonies; for I have seen the women on their knees during the elevation of the host, praying, laughing, talking; now turning their eyes on the ground; now raising them most piously on a picture; and now turning them laughingly on their lovers or friends, without ever changing their kneeling position!

French character is a riddle. You meet the French in the garden of the Tuileries, gay, joyous, with hearts light as down, and in the Champs Elysees, as full of fun, frolic, and dance as you can conceive. So polite are they, that in cases where an Englishman would pass on without uttering a word, they will turn upon you with hat off, bowing most reverently, and asking a thousand pardons. You would not, you could not, impute to them any thing but a joyous, polite, and refined character; and yet to-morrow those very persons, men and women, may be furious, covered with scars, ragged, half naked, caring neither for God or man, carrying a rapier in one hand and a tri-colored flag in the other, and wading ankle deep in blood, to gratify their thirst for more. They will raise barricades—scale walls—face cannon—demolish prisons—burn thrones, churches, or palaces—guillotine kings and queens, and shed their own blood like water, to indulge the excitement of the hour. And why thus? Why so refined, polite, sympathizing one day, and so demoniacal the next? The French are morally uneducated. Sentiment, passion, the outward, are every thing with them. They are versatile, inflammable, and atheistic in the undertone of their opinions. Popery is an overcoat to put off or on as suits the hour. And when their passions are up, there is no great principle to guide them; there is nothing in time or eternity to fear; and they rush on like a raging tornado, blind as the winds. With the religious training and principles of Scotland, the French would be the noblest people on the globe. The grand want of France is religion, and this is a want which Popery can never supply.

On my Sabbath evening stroll through Paris, I stood for a few minutes before the church St. Germain l'Auxerois. As I gazed upon its belfry, my thoughts recurred to that dreadful period, the 23rd of August, 1572, when its bell gave the signal for the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew, and tolled the death-knell of the Protestants of France through the whole night, while the hired assassins of court, bishops, and priests were butchering Coligny and his fellow-Protestants! With a shudder of horror, I turned away from the sight and went home. O Popery, the blood of millions thou hast slain is pleading against thee before the throne of eternal justice! False in principle, fanatical in spirit, and ferocious in heart, may the Lord soon destroy thee with the brightness of his rising!

THE SABBATH DESECRATED.—Harper's Monthly also relates this incident about the daughter of a minister. Her father was on a certain Sabbath favored with the presence and ministrations of a brother minister. It was arranged that he should invite the stranger home to dinner. The little girl heard this arrangement, and said, "Ma, will the man come here to-day?" Being answered that he probably would she cried out, "Why it is the Sabbath day." "Yes," said her mother, "but he is a minister, and your father wishes to talk with him." "Oh yes, ma; he is a minister, poor man, and doesn't know any better."

### LUTHER'S MARRIAGE.

Luther came to Melancthon's house and requested to see Catherine alone.

Margaret hastened to her and gave her the message. She entreated her friend to return with her.

"That would not do," replied Margaret: "he said expressly alone; he undoubtedly has something very particular to say. Now Catherine, take courage, and open your heart."

Poor Catherine went with trembling steps to the presence of Luther.

"I have sent for you my child," said he, "to converse on the subject of matrimony. I hope you are convinced it is a holy state."

"Yes, sir," said Catherine.

"Are you prepared to embrace it?"

"No, sir," said Catherine.

"Perhaps you have scruples on the score of monastic vows; if so, I will mark some passages I have written on that subject, that may set your mind at rest."

Catherine was silent.

"I perceive that I do not make much progress in my purpose. I am little used to these matters, and I had better be direct. Do you mean to abide by your monastic vows, or will you marry like a rational woman?"

This direct appeal seemed to arouse her courage.

"Even Dr. Martin Luther has no right," said she, "to ask that question without explaining his motive."

"Well said, Kate," replied he laughing. "I must tell you then. There is a person who would gladly take you for better or for worse."

Catherine's color rose, and her eyes sparkled with additional brightness.

"Now, say, has he any chance?"

"You have not told me who he is," said she, resolutely.

"And you have not told me whether you have any scruples of conscience on the subject; if you have God forbid that I should urge you."

"When I left the convent," said she in a low voice, "it was because it would have been hypocrisy in me to have remained there. I took the vows ignorantly, and almost by compulsion; I embraced the reformed religion with an inquiring and willing faith. God forgive me that I so long offered him the worship of my lips while my heart was far from him."

"And now," said Luther, after waiting for her to finish her sentence.

"Now," she replied, "I need not ask his forgiveness for worshipping him in spirit and in truth. I am no longer a nun."

"Well," said Luther, "I suppose this is as direct an answer as I must expect. So, to my purpose."

But even Luther stopped short, surprised at Catherine's emotion.

"Perhaps, my dear," he said kindly, "I do wrong in speaking to you myself, I had better commission Margaret. I suppose women converse on these matters better together; and yet, as I have begun, I will finish. The other day, Bodenstein, the nephew of Carlstadt, came to me to solicit my influence with you. He wishes you to marry him. I told him I could have no particular influence, unless you have scruples of conscience about marrying. He is a clever young man, and I see no objection. He is very unlike his fanatic uncle."

He might have talked an hour without receiving a reply. Catherine's manner had changed; there was no longer the emotion or the blush.

"What shall I tell him?"

"Anything you please," said she, "so that I never see him again."

"Why, this is strange," said Luther; "you did not seem to have scruples of conscience just now. My dear Catherine, you must not forget that you have no natural relations here, and this young man can be a protector to you."

"I wish you would not speak of him," replied she.

"Is there any one else that you like better?" said Luther.

She made no reply.

"Nay, speak; I have every disposition to serve you. Has any other person made the same proposition to you?"

"Yes," said Catherine, with a little womanly pride; "Counsellor Baumgartner has made the same proposals."

"Do you prefer him?"

"Yes," she replied rising; "but I am as happy as I ever expect to be. My friends assure me that I am no burden, but a help to them; and so I wish you good morning."

Poor Catherine hastened to her room. Her dream was over. Luther, the austere, the insensible reformer, had awakened her from it. Margaret entered while her eyes were yet red with weeping. She tenderly approached and embraced her; but neither exchanged a word.

"There is no hope for Bodenstein," thought Luther; "it is evident Baumgartner is the object. Catherine is a child; if the Elector dies, she is without support, except by the labor of her hands; and they do not look as if they were made for labor. I will write to Jerome Baumgartner; he is well known as a young counsellor at Nuremberg."

"1524, Oct. 15.

"If you would obtain Catherine von Bora, hasten here before she is given to another who proposes to her. She has not yet conquered her love for you. I shall rejoice to see you united."

LUTHER.

The young counsellor received this letter with surprise and incredulity. The positive refusal of Catherine, some months before, had left no doubt on his mind, and he thought the wisest plan was to enclose the letter to her and to inquire whether it was written with her sanction.

In the mean time, Luther's friends began to urge him to marry, particularly Melancthon. "You preach," said he, "what you do not practice."

He protested, however, that he would not be caught in the snare; that his time was now fully occupied.

When Catherine received the letter from her former lover, she was filled with astonishment, and requested Margaret to speak to Luther on the subject. He said he had done what he thought was right, and would be agreeable to all parties; but he found there was one science he did not understand, the heart of a woman.

"That is true," said Margaret, "or you would long since have perceived that Catherine's was yours; and now the mystery is out."

It required all the evidence to convince Luther of the truth of this assertion; he forty, and Catherine but little more than half that number of years, that she could prefer him to her younger suitors, seemed to him incredible. Margaret, however, had said it, and a new life opened to Luther, in the affections of this woman.

When he spoke to Catherine again on the subject of matrimony, he was more successful than before. He learned the history of her long attachment, which had become so much the reverie of her silent hours. The betrothment took place, and very soon the marriage followed.

### Nearly Home.

"Almost well, and nearly at home," said the dying Baxter, when asked how he was by a friend. A martyr, when approaching the stake, being questioned as to how he felt, answered, "Never better; for now I know that I am almost home." Then looking over the meadows between him and the place where he was to be immediately burnt, he said, "Only two more stiles to get over, and I am at my Father's house." "Dying," said the Rev. S. Medley, "is sweet work, sweet work; home, home!" Another on his death-bed said, "I am going home as fast as I can, and I bless God that I have got a good home to go to."

"Beyond the gathering and the strewing,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing;  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the coming and the going,  
I shall be soon;  
Love, rest and home,  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come!"

Dust, by its own nature, can rise only so far above the road, and birds which fly higher never have it upon the wings. So the heart that knows how to fly high enough escapes those little cares and vexations which brood upon the earth, but cannot rise above it into that purer air.



[For the American Lutheran.]  
The Sins of the Tongue.

The first sin of the tongue that I shall mention is lying.

A lie may be defined to be a voluntary speaking of an untruth with an intention to deceive. A lie must therefore have these three ingredients. It must be an untruth; it must be known to the person uttering it to be an untruth; and it must be with a will and intent to deceive him to whom it is uttered and to lead him into error. There are various kinds of lies.

1. The pernicious lie uttered for the hurt or disadvantage of our neighbor.
2. The officious lie uttered for our own or for our neighbors advantage.
3. The judicious or jocund lie, uttered by way of jest, and only for mirth's sake, in common conversation.
4. Pious frauds as they are improperly called, pretended inspirations, forged books, counterfeit miracles are species of lies.
5. Lies of conduct, for a lie may be told in gesture as well as in words.
6. All equivocation and mental reservation come under the guilt of lying. When a lie is told by a person under oath it is called perjury; this is a great aggravation of the sin, and when detected is severely punished by the laws of the land.

The evils of this sin are great indeed, first to the individual himself. It is considered so vile and foul a sin that we find it generally esteemed worse than any other sin, so that if one wicked man charges another with lying they will generally fall to beating and murdering one another, in duels or street fights. Lying is always followed by reproaches of conscience. Then the liar is continually tormented by the fear of detection and when he is detected, which will generally be the case, it will be a stain upon his character through life, and he will have forfeited all claim to truth and honesty. When Aristotle was asked what a man gains by telling a falsehood? he answered, "Not to be believed when he tells the truth." Falsehood is equally pernicious to the private interests of mankind. "A great proportion of all the miseries of the pursuit of happiness," says Dr. Dwight, "are suffered by mankind from intentional misinformation. A man is falsely informed of the state of the markets; and conveys his property to a ruinous sale. He wishes to employ an agent to manage his business, to instruct his children, or to plead his cause. He wishes to employ a physician to attend his family in case of sickness, or a clergyman to preach for himself and his neighbors. The character of each of these men is represented to him falsely. In consequence his business is mismanaged, his children are half taught, his cause is lost by ignorance or treachery, his family are hastened to the grave by an empiric, and himself and his neighbors by a false exhibition of the gospel are led to perdition. The beggar cheats him by a false tale of woe. The false friend betrays his interests and his secrets. A false witness swears away his rights, and a false judge perverts the law to his ruin. A flatterer deceives him into fatal apprehensions concerning his own excellencies. A censurer breaks his spirits by unfounded and malignant representations of her defects, and a sophist cheats him out of truth virtue and heaven.—This harpy sin preys on every human enjoyment and on every human interest, destroys whatever is in her power, and pollutes and distresses wherever she is unable to destroy."

But especially is falsehood to be deprecated, because it is an awful sin against God, and the liar is in his character most assimilated to the devil. The Saviour pronounces him "a liar from the beginning and the father of it," John, 8: 44. And the more malice goes into the composition of any lie the more nearly it resembles him. This is the firstborn of the devil, the beginning of his strength, for by lies he prevailed over wretched man, hence it is his darling and beloved sin and the greatest instrument of promoting his kingdom. It is that which in his own mouth ruined all mankind in the gross when he falsely suggested to our first parents, that they should be as Gods and that which he still puts into the hearts and mouths to ruin and destroy their souls and the souls of others. In Acts, 5: 3, Peter asks Ananias, "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie unto the Holy Ghost?" "When he speaketh a lie he speaketh of his own," saith the Saviour. And certainly when we speak a lie we speak only what he prompts and dictates to us. Thou never liest but thou speakest aloud what the devil whispered softly to thee, the old serpent lies folded around thy heart and we may hear him hissing in thy voice. And therefore when God commanded all his heavenly attendants about him and demanded who would persuade Ahab to go and fall at Ramoth Gilead, an evil spirit that had crowded in amongst them steps forth, and undertakes the office, as his most natural employment and that wherein he most of all delighted, 1 Kings, 22: 22, "I will go forth and be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets." Every lie thou tellest, consider the devil sits upon thy tongue, and forms thy

words and accents into deceit. God has expressed his abhorrence of this sin and denounced most awful punishments upon the transgressors. In Proverbs 12: 22, we read: lying lips are an abomination to the Lord and that the Lord hateth a lying tongue, 6: 16 17. A false witness shall perish 21: 28. In Ps. 63: 11 we read, the mouth of them that speak lies shall not escape, but he shall perish Prov. 19: 5, 9. And in Rev. 22: 27 we read that, There shall in no wise enter into heaven anything that defileth or worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie. Liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." 21: 8.

VERITAS.  
To be continued.

For the American Lutheran.  
Home Missions.

The following report was communicated to us from Rev. J. J. Kerr, Missionary of the Synod of Central Pa. at Millerstown, Perry Co., Pa:

DEAR BRE:

A few remarks concerning the Millerstown Mission would perhaps be in place: and especially so, when we tell you that the action of next synod will have much to do with the future of this mission.

This mission consists of three organized congregations; viz: Rice's school house, Millerstown, and Centre.

The congregation at Rice's was organized by the Rev. W. O. Wilson, 29th Nov. 1861. And numbered at one time 28 members. It now numbers 19. The decrease was occasioned by enlistments. Here we had a very interesting meeting during the winter. We received 2 into church fellowship—but most of the good effects are seen in the desire exhibited for religious instruction. An interesting class of catechumens was organized. Here, in short, the prospects are very good, the house is always full of attentive hearers.

Millerstown, I think is ready to be a cast-off. Here many efforts have been made. Congregations have been formed some three or four times. They numbered at one time 40 members; now only about six.

Here was the mistake. Rev. W. O. Wilson in locating his church, removed it too far from town, (half mile,) on the wrong side of the river. Now if any one can preach the people to the church where it is, he had better come along, for it is as near dead as the C. S. A. In fact this church must be moved or lost. There are some \$300 of the Church Extension Society's money in it; what must we do with that?

The Lutherans in Sugar Run can put it to use, I can organize a good congregation about 2 miles from Millerstown toward Bloomfield. These good people, if permitted, can raise the money to remove the church in one day, if the Church Extension Society will allow them. Here is a fine, thickly settled country. The people are very anxious to have a church.

Centre which is in Brush valley about four miles East of Newport, is doing exceedingly well. It numbers 21 members. They contribute \$60 to the pastor.—Here we have a class of upwards of 20 catechumens.

The whole amount contributed to the pastor's support will not reach \$150. He taught school, however, and thus will be able to live until synod.

Now I have one suggestion to make, and it is this: Could some measures be adopted to join Newport and Millerstown. Please refer to the map of Perry. The Millerstown church can easily be moved to a point in the N. E. corner of Juniata Tp. by H. C. Smith's residence. Now with Newport it would be in a direct line. The question then comes up: can Bloomfield then support a pastor? They will have at least 300 members; let them do half as well as the Millerstown mission, and they can. Here 45 members raise \$150 or \$3.33 a piece.—If Bloomfield would then exert themselves as these, they would give \$1099.

J. J. Kerr.

THE POPE'S TITLES.—The Pope has a long array of titles. In the *Annuaris Pontificis* for 1865 he is styled "Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor of the Prince of the Apostles, Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Metropolitan of Rome, and Sovereign of the States of the Church."

#### BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

THE pious Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble in the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm of rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The world may think nothing of the little flower—it may not even be noticed; but, nevertheless, it will be diffusing around sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lowly sphere.

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THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.  
NO. 2.

Having, in a former article, congratulated the American Lutheran on the peculiar appropriateness of its pretty name, we now turn to its worthy editor, in whom it is equally fortunate. Here the right man is in the right place, and a noble enterprise has the proper person at its head. If some things are written that may seem like flattery, we hope the extreme modesty of the brother will not be offended, as we write not so much on his account as for the benefit of his paper. The American Lutheran is a felt necessity in its sphere, with a specific vocation resting upon it, divinely commissioned to perform a particular work, and Rev. Peter Anstadt is the very man to carry out its grand object. As he is not personally known to the majority of its readers, some further knowledge of the editor of such a paper may be desirable, which desire shall be gratified. We were once familiar with him, when it was our privilege to tread the pleasant paths of literature and science in company, about a quarter of a century ago. Then he was an amiable young man, eminently pious, and much devoted to study. We suppose he has not forgotten that he is indebted to us for a long carriage ride from Gettysburg, over the hills of Bedford County, soon after our college life closed. Then our paths began to diverge, our duties called us into different fields, far apart, and we have not seen each other since. We might now meet and not know each other in person. We have never lost sight of him mentally, and we know each other as men. If he bears his age as well as the writer does, he may yet be taken for a comparatively young man. We can think of him only as a youth, of medium stature, with a smooth face, and pleasant countenance, with a physiognomy indicative of good nature, an attribute so essentially necessary in the vexatious position of an editor. His origin, his physical constitution, his mental cast, his early training, his thorough education, his piety, and the employment of his life, fit him in an eminent degree for the responsible business of editing such a paper as we wish the American Lutheran to be. A German by birth, familiar with the German people, perfectly acquainted with their rich and beautiful language, and for many years editor of a German paper, he has facilities of access to that interesting people which few men in the church possess. And the advantages arising from these facts can not be too highly estimated by a man in his position. Having acquired a knowledge of the English language when quite young, and being a regular graduate of both college and seminary, he possesses all the qualifications of a good English scholar. He is both an Englishman and a German, two men combined in one, able to do the work of two. Although the American Lutheran is an English paper, any one can at once see how important it is in this case that its editor should also be a German. An English scholar, he will give us a good English paper. As a German, he will employ what is good on that side, and battle with that which is evil. As a Christian he will temper his paper with love and mildness. And as proverbially good-natured he will meekly bear all the taunts and jeers that may be heaped upon him by the hydra-headed mass against whom he is in arms. We do not wish to say or do ought against the dear old Lutheran Observer. On the contrary we wish it the widest possible circulation, and we pray for heaven's best blessings upon its excellent editors. But the American Lutheran can circulate on the Observer's territory without coming into unpleasant collision with it, and at the same time do a work that is peculiar to it. It is particularly committed against the so-called symbolists, and in favor of the Missionary Institute, and he will make his sword cut both ways. Symbolism has a technical meaning as used by us in the present day and all know what is meant by it without further definition. We are opposed to it from religious principles, because of its evil tendencies, and think we are doing God a good service by combating it with all the zeal in us. This is not so much the work of the pulpit as of the church-paper, because the latter has a wider circulation. Therefore do we desire to aid that paper which will aid us in opposing symbolism, the great bane of the church now. The American Lutheran, in addition to other essential helps to the ministry, will give the symbolists rest neither day nor night, and will do a good work in this department. Brother Anstadt, one of the oldest editors in the church, perfectly at home in that business, is also extensively acquainted with symbolism, English and German, and knows how and where to strike the blows that will tell. Let all American Lutherans give him their hearty support, to the best of their ability.

April 7, 1865.

H.

AGED CITIZENS.—The venerable Jeremiah Day, ex-President of Yale College, and now ninety-three years old, is the oldest male citizen in New Haven. There are twenty-seven others in the city over eighty years of age.

## Educational.

From the Educator.  
(Read at the Northumberland County Teachers' Institute.)  
The Mind: its Cultivation and Development.

The importance of Mental Culture can be better realized than expressed. It cannot be over estimated. A sound mind is as essential as a sound body. And it is not only essential that the mind be cultivated but positively imperative. For he who formed it also endued it with the power of expanding more and more; of progressing onward and onward from improvement to improvement. Not to improve the talents given for improvement is slighting the opportunity to become wise, useful virtuous and happy.

The cultivation of the mind, and unfolding of its latent energies, are as necessary as bodily growth and health. It is even more important that the powers of the mind be cultivated and invigorated than that the body be nourished. It is true one means of supporting life is the nourishment of the body, but even this, if carried to excess, will produce a deranged organization, and plant the seeds of disease. There is a point beyond which the body can not grow, beyond which it is not safe to go in pampering and feeding it! But not so with the mind, once directed in the right channel there is no end to its intellectual researches. Unbounded, it can traverse the unlimited regions of space, contemplate the glory, knowledge, and excellency of the Creator, and receive fresh instruction and delight from the workmanship of the Most High, exhibited in a variety of ways, by the loveliness and harmony of nature's works.

The mind was formed in the body at its creation, and like the body in infancy, is in its primitive state, weak and powerless; but as the body increases in strength and stature, the faculties of the mind gradually unfold. Its capacities are enlarged, until, by thinking and observation, materials of thought and knowledge are treasured up, and produce a refining process, which is carried on by study and meditation; and the sphere of improvement becoming enlarged, new attainments are constantly made. The philosophical world is traversed, a knowledge of the arts and sciences acquired; and the mind thus invigorated and matured, continues to unfold its faculties until the improvement of the natural produces other faculties and the mind becomes adorned with reason and intelligence.

The great means of mental culture is Education, that science which comprehends all science and is important beyond the powers of expression. That proper training of the whole man, and thorough cultivation of all his noble faculties, which opens the inexhaustible, unfathomable fountain of thought, asserts and shapes the developments of the reasoning and moral powers, blends them in beautiful harmony, and strengthens and disciplines each according to its intrinsic value.

A thorough education, properly considered, is not that narrow defective kind which places a higher estimate on mental than on moral culture, and educates the intellect alone, without educating the heart and the conscience.—No education can elevate to the proper rank in society, and make wise, useful, virtuous, and patriotic citizens, that does not include that moral culture, and high toned religious training without which knowledge is only power for evil.

To assist the mind then in strengthening and developing its intuitive powers must be a scientific work. A work which requires such a knowledge of the powers and needs of the mind as will enable us to adapt instruction to the capacity and understanding of those immortal minds, committed to our care, and to bring what we know to bear upon the mind in such a way that its own latent faculties will be brought into active exercise. Body and mind in their undeveloped state are weak, tender, and capable of but little effort in acquiring knowledge. The growth of the body is a natural process. The cultivation and development of the mind too, may be called natural, the only difference being that in the latter, the great author of nature uses human means.—And unless the right means are rightly used, so as to quicken into growth the seeds of knowledge, implanted in the mind, by the great author of our being, education will be superficial and the growth of mind greatly impaired. One means doubtless is an earnest and faithful application of truth to the mind in proportion as it is able to receive it. Teaching to be successful must be earnest. An earnest desire to impart instruction will awaken an earnest desire to receive it; and an earnest desire to receive instruction is the work of education well begun. A single fact in any branch of learning, communicated to the mind in an earnest manner will do more to arrest attention, awaken thought, and inspire the mind, than a dull, careless and indifferent manner of teaching will do if continued for months.

Then, too, teaching should not be premature. The mind can be led on, but can not be urged on any faster than its intuitive faculties unfold. Teaching can not impart anything to

the mind, it can only assist in bringing into exercise its powers of thought and perception, and in revealing the hidden stores of knowledge it contains. The mind is so formed that just in proportion as it improves it is capable of still greater improvement. It is the great storehouse of knowledge, and as knowledge is treasured up its latent powers expand and ignorance is dispelled. Knowledge in its greatest degree of perfection is imperfect. We know only in part, and the more knowledge we acquire the more sensible we become that very much remains unknown. No matter how vast and penetrating the researches of the mind, it can penetrate still further. Its thinking powers by being exercised, instead of being exhausted, become inexhaustible. The two talents increase to five, and the five to ten. The development of the mind is a work which is always progressing and never completed, until the body returns to its original dust, and the spirit to God who gave it.

S. P. G.

#### MODERN UTILITARIANISM.

It is contended by many, that, in these days, the spirit of utilitarianism has so possessed the minds of the people that all interest is likely to be lost in imaginative art, and that the only fine arts it fosters are those which increase the sensual comforts and gratify the vanity of that luxurious animal—man. The spirit, too, of its teaching is affirmed to be, that the money value of an object is the true criterion of its worth in the world. A diamond is worth much gold and therefore to be esteemed. It is also a good thing for cutting glass and indispensable to window makers, but it may be left to fantastic Orientalists to call it a "Mountain of Light." Now it is not to be denied that in our day there is a disposition among ourselves and other active nations of the world to encourage utilitarianism as a thing most deserving encouragement, and that, though this may not be done in the spirit of depreciating other things worthy of being fostered, these suffer by its exaltation. The world, however, has never been too industrial, and the fine arts have never gained by men being idle. The utilitarian does no more than declare that bread for the hungry, water for the thirsty, clothing for the naked, and homes for the homeless can be furnished to all, if men will wisely use their faculties. If it be desirable—as assuredly it is—that, after being fed and clothed and housed, they should cultivate their imaginations, let the poet and his brother-artists look to that. To feed, to clothe, to house the needy are surely not acts which involve any invasion of their imaginations.

There is one respect, however, in which too great a devotion to utilitarianism is doing mischief. An endeavor is being made to cram children with what is called "useful knowledge," to the exclusion of so-called "imaginative literature." This is wrong. The childhood of an infant, like the childhood of a nation, is a time when the imagination is the great inlet to knowledge. It is, for example, an unwise and even a cruel thing to tell a wondering child that the diamond is only so much charcoal. The fact has no interest for the child, and to the small extent that it is apprehended can only occasion perplexity.—Not that it is objectionable to teach children utilitarian facts, but to teach such facts so as to cripple the imagination or dwarf the intellect. A dwarfed or chilled imagination will help no one to study or work. The boy who is greatly interested in "Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp" is sure, by-and-by, to be interested in all the wonderful safety lamps, electric lights, and self-lighting lamps of Davy and his successors; and all men who have distinguished themselves as men of thought and action were great story-readers in their early days.

CHARITY.—Said one: I have been young and now I am old, and as I stand before God to-night I declare that nothing I have ever given in charity is regretted. Oh, no! it is riches we keep that perish; that which is given away abides with us forever; it impresses itself on our character and tells on our eternal destiny, for the habit of charity for this life will accompany us to the next. The bud which begins to open here will blossom in full expansion hereafter, to delight the eyes of angels and beautify the paradise of God. Let us then, now and on every occasion hereafter, practice that liberality which in death we shall approve, and repudiate the parsimony which we shall then condemn.

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—The number of Chinese in San Francisco last August, according to the City Directory, was 3,900.—The number in California in 1862, according to the report of a joint select committee of the legislature, was 50,000, engaged as follows; mining 30,000; farming (hired as laborers,) 1,200; trading, 2,000; leaving some 26,800 unaccounted for, and supposed to be employed in washing, ironing, and as servants. Probably there are not more than 40,000 Chinese in the State at this time.



THE  
AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, Thursday April, 27. '65.

The readers will find in another column a copy of the constitution of the Publication Society. We published it at the request of the agent of that society who regards it as a refutation of an article by "Oliver Newschool," that appeared some time ago in our paper. We would also have published brother Willard's reply, if it had been written in a respectful, christian spirit. But, having in effect called our correspondent a proud and boastful pharisee, who is so blind that he cannot see his own shape, we respectfully declined to publish his reply.

## A Symbolist becomes a Revivalist

It is cheering news in the midst of the prevailing formalism of these times, to hear of a symbolist forsaking his evil ways and becoming a revivalist. Such news we can communicate to our readers today. The converted symbolist is no other personage than the Rev. S. K. Brobst of Allentown. The same used to be, like Saul of Tarsus, "exceedingly mad" against the American Lutherans and persecuted them by means of his quill, with all his might. He has always been an enemy to our General Synod, an opponent of our institutions at Gettysburg, has been laboring to have rival institutions established at Allentown, and since their establishment at Philadelphia is one of their most zealous promoters; he has always opposed revivals, or so-called new measures, and advocates gowns, liturgical responses, and the whole paraphernalia of symbolism. Now that such a symbolist should suddenly be changed into a revivalist, is truly a miracle—not of grace, but of the "almighty dollar," as the reader will presently perceive.

We will give the reader a brief history of this remarkable conversion.

Soon after we suspended the publication of the Kirchenbote and began to publish the American Lutheran, the Lutheran Observer expressed its regret at the suspension of the Kirchenbote, and declared that an effort should at once be made to establish another German paper, that would advocate revivals among the Germans. In a subsequent number the Observer expressed the wish and the hope, that brother Brobst would turn from his symbolism and change his "Zeitschrift" into a good new-school paper, and thus save the church the trouble and expense of establishing another German organ for the General Synod.

This last hint produced the desired result. The astute editor at once perceived that if another German paper were commenced, it might interfere with his "Zeitschrift" and cause him pecuniary loss, but if it could be made appear that he is in favor of revivals, he would gain the support of the American Lutherans, they would circulate his paper among their people and this would be a great pecuniary gain to him, and in an instant he is converted from a rabid symbolist into a zealous revivalist. In the Lutheran Observer of the 14th inst. he gives us his "experience" as follows:

## "A WORD FROM A GERMAN EDITOR."

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As many of the readers of the Observer seem to believe that my German paper, the "Lutherische Zeitschrift" is opposed to revivals or religious activity and in favor of "cold formalism," I wish you would, as an act of justice, permit the "Zeitschrift" a word on the subject in the Observer. Here follows a translation of one of my editorials contained in No. 5, dated March 4, 1865.

S. K. BROBST,  
Editor Luth. Zeitschrift.  
Allentown, Pa., April 6, 1865.

[Translated.]

## LIFELESS ROUTINE.

We have always been and are yet advocates of the revival and maintenance of the good old customs and usages of the church, but not of the old lifeless routine, the old cold, corpse-like existence to be found even now in many congregations. We wish to have life and activity, growth and progress, since, in our opinion for a church to do nothing, is to do evil, and to stand still is to go back.

The world, or rather, the kingdom of this world, never stands still, but extends itself far and wide in these "last evil times," and in many places advances with a fearful stride.—If, then, pastors, church officers and church members do not arouse, stretch forth zealous hands to the work, labor unceasingly in the vineyard of the Lord, and, besides, watch and pray, by day and by night, the powers of evil will gain the supremacy.

"Brethren, awake, the danger is great, the crisis is imminent."

We confess that we have our doubts and fears about the genuineness of this conversion. We have heard of an old fellow who changed himself into an angel of light, and all the time whilst he was parading in the "livery of heaven," his heart was bent on mischief; so we

fear that brother Brobst has stolen the livery of a revivalist in which he would deceive, if possible, the very elect.

In order that our readers may see what kind of revivals he advocates we will republish an article that we translated from his "Zeitschrift" on Lutheran prayer-meetings. Mr. Brobst says:

"As it is the desire of the Synod (of Pennsylvania) that every congregation shall pray in common on every Sunday and Holiday, she has long ago published a church-prayer-book (a Liturgy and Agenda) according to which the public prayers are to be held. Wherever the liturgical service has been properly introduced, there will be a Lutheran prayer-meeting in connection with every sermon.

But alas, there are still some Lutheran congregations, who do not hold their prayer-meetings according to the old churchly, or Lutheran order, but according to the Methodist way, and who seem to care very little about the good advice of the Synod. How does this come? Is the Methodist way of holding prayer-meetings so much easier, and more congenial to the natural feelings, or on what grounds are they preferred to the Lutheran or old-churchly order?"

Here Mr. Brobst instructs his readers that the only genuine Lutheran and churchly prayer-meetings are the liturgical services on Sabbath or on a Holiday, and stigmatizes all prayer-meetings held on any other day, or without the liturgical services, as un-Lutheran, unchurchly, and Methodist. What kind of a revival would be promoted by the introduction of such measures it would be difficult to determine, but it would hardly be a revival of genuine religion or heartfelt piety.

We are therefore constrained to believe, that when brother Brobst professes to be in favor of revivals, he is acting the hypocrite for filthy lucre's sake. We have some little respect for the ultra symbolists, such as the Buffalonians and the Missourians, who are at least consistent with their principles and conscientious in maintaining them, and who could under no considerations be bribed to forsake them, who go flatfooted against revivals of religion; but for such transparent hypocrisy as Mr. Brobst's, we have the most ineffable contempt.

## Editorial Correspondence.

DEAR BROTHER,

I enclose a dollar for the "American Lutheran" and in a general way I can say I am pleased with it. I trust I am an American Lutheran, that is, I occupy the same position I did when I was at the seminary a score of years ago, or more; the same position that the majority of Lutheran ministers did at that time who were in connection with the General Synod. I have not succeeded in procuring any subscribers yet, but I will make a further effort and if I succeed I will send you some.

There is one feature about your paper which I like very much—it is free from an acrimonious spirit, yet plain and forcible while dealing with symbolism. I think that religious discussions are necessary and a little wit and pleasantry now and then are not objectionable. But often there has been more vinegar than honey in religious discussions. Prof. Zeigler has shown that a writer can be powerful and severely logical, and at the same time feel and exhibit the true christian spirit.

## A LUTHERAN.

MR. EDITOR!

There is but one class of Lutherans after all, as there is but one class of christians. We talk about Old Lutherans and New Lutherans, Symbolical, and American Lutherans. So many talk about cold christians, and dead christians, &c. But all christians are alike. So all Lutherans are alike. If we are not right, we are not christians. If we follow not Luther as he followed Christ, we are not Lutherans. Luther, was converted, forsook sin, followed Jesus by a life of faith, prayed much, opposed earnestly every thing he saw of a sinful nature. He was the great Reformer. If we are Lutherans, we shall be like him. Converted men of earnest prayer, work hard to get men reformed as to all the evils prevalent at the present time as love of the world, bitter contention in church and state, intemperance, all inactivity in the church. If we are not reformers, we are not Lutherans. We invite none into our church but reformers.

R. Smith, Pastor.  
Mt. Morris Ill. April 7th 1865.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the correctness of the views in the above communication, nor are we quite sure that we understand its meaning. Ed.

Sunbury.—Rev. M. Rhodes preached a Funeral Sermon last Sabbath evening on the death of President Lincoln. On the following day he received from a few of the most prominent citizens a present of \$82.00 in greenbacks, as a mark of their appreciation of the discourse. We understand the discourse is to be published in pamphlet form.

Brother Rhodes labors among a kind people, who appreciate his valuable services. Since Christmas they have given him in donations \$355, and have lately also increased his salary.

The Evangelical Review for April has come to hand and contains the following articles;

- I. Dr. Luthardt's Contrast of the Two Generic Aspects of the world, By S. E. Schmucker D. D., Gettysburg, Pa.
- II. Sartorius' Holy Love of God—Translated from the German, By Rev. G. A. Wenzel, A. M., Philadelphia, Pa.
- III. Elders.—Translated from Zeller's Bibliothekes Worterbuch, By Prof. E. A. Muhlenberg, A. M., of Pennsylvania College.
- IV. Lutheran Hymnology, By Rev. Frederic M. Bird, A. M., Philadelphia, Pa.
- V. The Hand of God in the War, By F. W. Conrad, D. D., Chambersburg, Pa.
- VI. Politics and the Pulpit, By Prof. Henry Ziegler, D. D., Selinsgrove, Pa.
- VII. The United States Christian Commission.
- VIII. The Poetry of the Bible. By Prof. J. A. Brown, D. D., Gettysburg, Pa.
- IX. Notices of New Publications.

## THE ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

For the first time in the history of our country has a president of the United States been assassinated. On the 14th of April, the 4th anniversary of the beginning of the war, the day on which the national flag was raised on Fort Sumpter, against which the first rebel shot had been fired—President Lincoln was murdered by J. Wilkes Booth. At the same time a brutal assault was made by another murderer on Secretary Seward, who was lying in his sickbed from the effects of injuries received by being thrown from his carriage. This calamity coming in the very midst of the rejoicings of the people over the recent victories, the prospects of a speedy suppression of the rebellion and the restoration of peace, has cast a universal gloom over the nation. It was no doubt a foul plot of the traitors, and the last fruits of the rebellion. Woe to a people who resort to such dastardly means to accomplish their evil designs. President Johnson has issued the following proclamation:

## A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, By my direction, the Acting Secretary of State, in a notice to the public of the 17th, requested the various religious denominations to assemble on the 10th instant on the occasion of the obsequies of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, and to observe the same with appropriate ceremonies; but

Whereas, Our country has become one great house of mourning where the head of the family has been taken away, and believing that a special period should be assigned for again humbling ourselves before Almighty God, in order that the bereavement may be sanctified to the nation:

Now, therefore, in order to mitigate that grief on earth which can only be assuaged by communion with the Father in Heaven, and in compliance with the wishes of Senators and Representatives in Congress, communicated to me by resolutions adopted at the national capital, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 25th day of May next to be observed, wherever in the United States the flag of the Union may be respected, as a day of humiliation and mourning. And I recommend my fellow-citizens then to assemble in their respective places of worship, there to unite in solemn service to Almighty God in memory of the good man who has been removed, so that all shall be occupied at the same time in contemplation of his virtue and in sorrow for his sudden and violent end.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, the 25th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the independence of the United States of America eighty-ninth.

[L. S.] ANDREW JOHNSON.  
By the President: W. Hunter, Acting Secretary of State.

HISTORY OF A LOCOMOTIVE.—Among the locomotives secured by General Terry in his overland movement from Wilmington to Goldsboro, is one that possesses some historical interest, the engine "Job Terry." The "Terry" first came into the possession of the United States military authorities by the occupation of Alexandria, Va., in May, 1861; was recaptured by Stonewall Jackson at Front Royal in the famous Banks retreat down the Shenandoah in the summer of 1862; recaptured soon after by the Union forces near Martinsburg, and found slightly damaged; was however, soon put in running order; ran for us but a short time, again falling into rebel hands at Warrington Junction, Virginia, at the time of Pope's disastrous campaign, doing the rebels service till repossessed for Uncle Sam by her namesake, General Terry.

## Bird's Nests.

This spring a chaffinch built a nest in one of my yew-trees. The particular yew, which the bird did me the honor to select, had been clipped long ago into a similitude of Adam.—The resemblance to a human figure was, of course, remote; but the intention was good.—In the black, shock head of our first parent did the birds establish their habitation. A prettier, rounder, more comfortable nest I never saw, and many a wild swing it got when Adam bent his back and bobbed and shook his head, when the bitter east wind was blowing. The nest interested me, and I visited it every day from the time that the first stained torpise sphere was laid in the warm lining of moss and horsehair till, when I heard, four red hungry throats, eager for worm or slug, opened out of a confused mass of feathers.—What a hungry brood it was, to be sure; and how often father and mother were put to it to provide sustenance for their family! I went but the other day to have a peep, and behold brood and parent birds were gone, the nest was empty and cold, Adam's visitors had departed. Peace go with them! I do not think the world contains a prettier sight than the nests of some of our common birds when the eggs are laid.

I can remember perfectly well the first bird's nest I ever saw. It was a hedge-sparrow's and was built in a bush which overhung a tiny streamlet. The lining of it gave me a sense of warmth, far more than my own crib at home did; the five gleaming eggs dazzled me. Talk of the Pleiades in comparison. Bah! Although far from my home I visited it often, and one day I found it "harried," as we say in Scotland, to my intense grief. I do verily believe that for a week after my loss, the world seemed a place hardly worth living in. I have had greater misfortunes since, but I don't think I ever felt one so much. For more than twenty years now, the train, running between two great cities, passes over the spot where the bush stood which contained my treasure. Time changes men and places so.

In the corner of my bedroom window I have a couple of swallow's nests, and nothing can be pleasanter in these summer mornings than to lie in a kind of half dream, perfectly conscious all the while of the chattering and endearments of man loving-creatures. Beautifully restless they are; they dart like lightnings round their nests in the window corners. All at once there is a great twittering and noise; something of moment has been seen, something of importance has occurred in the swallow world, perhaps a fly of unusual size and savor has been bolted. Clinging with their feet, and with heads turned charmingly away, they chatter away with great sweetness and volubility; then with a gleam of silver they are gone, and in a trice one is poisoning itself in the wind above my tree-tops, while the other dips her wing as she darts after a fly through the arches of the bridge which lets the slow stream down to the sea. I know not what of romance attaches in my mind to the swallow. It is a biblical bird and has its biblical associations. Abraham knew it, and David, and it built its nest in the pinnacles of Solomon's Temple. It has no native country; it is a stranger and visitor everywhere. It follows summer round the world; it makes its home with man. The swallows at my window have occupied the same nest for several years now, and where they go I cannot tell. They may chatter on dewy mornings around the kraal of the Hottentot, skim in golden air above the mosques of the Mohammedan, or hang their procreant cradles from the capital of one of the six pillars of Babel.—Good Words.

## A Religion of Four Letters.

"There is a wide difference between your religion and mine," said a Christian lady to one in whose spiritual condition she had been interested.

"Indeed," said he, "how is that?"

"Your religion," she replied, "has only two letters in it, and mine has four."

It seem that this gentleman was one of that numerous class who are seeking to get to heaven by their doings, by attention to ordinances and ceremonies, by what the apostles, in the ninth of Hebrews, terms "dead works." But he did not understand about the "two letters" and the "four." His friend had often spoken to him, and on the occasion to which our anecdote refers, she had called to take leave of him for some time, as she was about to go from home.

"What do you mean," said he, "by two letters and four?"

"Why your religion," said the lady, "is done; whereas mine is done, done." This was all that passed. The lady took her leave; but her words remained and did their work in the soul of her friend—a revolutionary work verily. The entire current of his thoughts were changed. Do is one thing; done is quite another. The former is legalism; the latter is Christianity. It was a novel and very original mode of putting the gospel; but it was just the mode for a legalist

and the Spirit of God used it in the conversion of this gentleman. When next he met his friend, he said to her, "Well I can now say, with you, that my religion is done." He had learnt to fling aside his deadly doings, and rest in the finished work of Christ. He was led to see that it was no longer a question of what he could do for God, but of what God had done for him.

This settled everything. The four golden letters shone under the gaze of his emancipated soul. Precious word! Who can tell the relief to a burdened heart when it discovers that all is done? What joy to know that what I have been toiling for it may be many a long year, was all done, over eighteen hundred years ago on the cross!—Christ has done all. He has put away sin—magnified the law, and made it honorable—satisfied the claims of Divine justice—vanquished Satan—taken the sting from death and the victory from the grave—glorified God in the very scene in which he had been dishonored—brought in everlasting righteousness.—All this is wrapt up in these four golden letters, "done."

Reader, what say you to this? What of your religion? Does it consist of two letters or four? Is it still "do" with you? Or have you found your happy portion and rest in "done." Do think of it, dear friend; think deeply, think seriously, and may God's Spirit lead you this moment to cease from your own doings, and to rest in what Christ has already "done."

## A VINDICATION.

In consequence of the diabolical assassination of President Lincoln, Vice President Johnson has been inaugurated as President of the U. S.—The Hon. C. Blair publishes the following vindication of his moral character which must be gratifying to every christian patriot:

"Andrew Johnson, the vice-President, had been seriously ill, and when he left Tennessee he was not strong enough for the fatigue of the journey to Washington. Arriving there enfeebled and weak, without sleep or rest for several days, on the morning of the 4th his physician and friends advised him to brace himself with a glass of brandy. Not accustomed to drink, it went to his head, and a second glass was administered, which set him crazy. He is a sober man, reliable, and in every way worthy of the respect of the American people. The venerable F. P. Blair assured the writer that he had known Andrew Johnson intimately for twenty-five years, and he never knew him to drink a drop. It was his extreme temperance habits through life which unfitted him for the prescription of his friends and physician."

## LIST OF LETTERS

remaining in the Postoffice at Selinsgrove, Pa. Mrs. Annie Bower, Michael Biting, 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. Hopples, 3, Peter Henninger Agt., F. H. Hemperley, Esq. 3, Joseph Meigh, Sam Merick, W. P. Miller, Esq., Richard I. Maylan, Mrs. Maria Mayer, Daniel Manaes, Eli Pitzman, Susan E. Schenck, Geo. Stuet, J. B. Shroyer, Anthony S. Speece, David S. Specht, Miss Eliza Trego, J. G. Wingardner, 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.

## 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 bonds, bearing seven and three tenths per cent. in 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 v promptly furnished upon receipt of subsc All the This is Aptions

## THE ONLY LOAN IN M

now offered by the Government, and is its confli make it the advantages will

## GREAT POPULAR LOAN

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

In order that tion of the cc citizens of every town and sec taking the l antry may be afforded facilities for and Priv ap, the National Banks, State Banks, have ger ate Bankers throughout the countr. par. s orally agreed to receive subscriptions at whor subscribers will select their own agents, in be they have confidence, and who only are t responsible for the delivery of the note for wch they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,

Subscription Agent, Philadelphia. be received by all the n Subscri ptions will National Ban. of the State.



## Children's Department.

## Little Things.

HEART good and true  
Have wishes few,  
In narrow circles bounded;  
And hope that lives  
On what God gives  
Is Christian hope well founded.

Small things are best;  
Grief and unrest  
To rank and wealth are given;  
But little things  
On little wings  
Bear little souls to heaven.

## Nothing to Thank God for.

A little girl did not want to pray when she retired to rest. I do not like to tell you her true name, so I will call her Helen.

"Have you nothing to thank God for?"—asked her mother.

"No," said Helen, "you and papa give me everything."

"Not for your present home?" asked mother.

"It is my papa's house; he lets me live in it."

"Where did the wood come from to build it?" asked mother.

"From trees," answered Helen, "and they grew in big forests?"

"Who planted the big forests? Who gave rain to water them? Who gave the sun to warm them? Who did not allow the winter to kill them, or the lightning to blast them? Who kept them growing from little trees to trees, big enough to build houses with? Not papa, not man; it was God."

Helen looked her mother in the eye, and then said, "Papa bought nails to make it with."

"What are nails made of?" asked mamma.

"Iron," answered Helen, "and men dig iron out of the ground."

"Who put iron into the ground, and kept it there safe till the men wanted it?" asked mother. "It was God."

"We got this carpet from carpet-men," said Helen, drawing her small, fat foot across it.

"Where did the carpet-men get the wool to make it from?" asked mother.

"From farmers," answered Helen.

"And where did the farmers get it?"

"From sheep and lamb's backs," said the little girl.

"And who clothed the lambs in dresses good enough for us? for your dress, I see, is made of nothing but lamb's wool. The best thing we can get is their cast-off dresses. Where did the lambs get such good stuff?"

"God gave it to them, I suppose," said the little girl.

"It is you that gives me bread, mother," said she quickly.

"But," said the mother, "the flour we got from the store, and the store bought it from the miller, and the miller took the wheat from the farmer, and the farmer had it from the ground, and the ground grew it all itself?"

"No," cried Helen suddenly, "God grew it. The sun and the rain, the wind and the air are his, and he sent them to the cornfield. The earth is his too. And so God is at the bottom of everything; isn't he, mother?"

"Yes," said the mother; "God is the origin of every good and perfect gift which we enjoy."

The little girl looked serious. She looked thinking. "Then, mamma," she said at last, "I can't make a prayer long enough to thank God for everything."

"And have you nothing to ask his forgiveness for?" asked the little girl's mother.

"Yes," she said, in a low tone, "for not feeling grateful, and trying to put him out of my thoughts."

Helen never after that refused to pray.

## RATHER PUZZLED.

At a railway station an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman who was talking about steam communication,

"Pray, sir, what is steam?"

"Steam, ma'am, is, ah—steam is—ah! ah!—steam is—steam!"

"I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough looking fellow standing by; "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

## Passive Verbs.

A TEACHER one day, endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said:

"A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as, 'Peter is beaten.'—Now what did Peter do?"

The boy pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied:

"Well, I don't know, without he hollered."

"The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes."

## THE TWIN RIDDLE.

My first is often very beautiful, often very plain; often almost priceless, often almost valueless. It has long been in use, yet grows in favor daily. It is the ardent desire of the boy, lies near the heart of his parent. It possesses several attributes of humanity, yet is the creature of man. It controls many of our decisions, yet is insensible to kindness.

My second is the first lesson we acquire in life, the last we yield in death. 'Tis a solace in adversity, is inseparable from prosperity. The humblest use it freely, the highest cannot dispense with its service. It causes exquisite pain, it yields the keenest pleasure. It cheers the thatched cottage, it enlivens the stately palace. It will cement friends, it will embitter enemies.

The miser and the prodigal are alike lavish of it. The minister uses it in the pulpit, the jockey on the race course. It tells of love, it assures of hate. It greets us in meeting, it mists us in parting. My first and second are distinct and perfect in themselves; without them both, my whole could not be.

My first is a divine injunction, my last a heavenly gift. My first guards the sleeping citizens, my second apprizes him of danger. My first is a feeling trait, my second is peculiar to intelligent beings. The wisest subject my second to my first.

My whole has been in use from earliest times till now. It is jealously guarded, yet is daily thrown away. On the Jordan once it brought death to some, while it was the guardian of life to others. It is a key to admit, it is a barrier to keep out. George Washington often used it, while his bootblack used it at the same time.

My riddle is two-fold, but you cannot give an answer that is not one of its numbers.

The above taken from a bound volume of Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet is we believe, one of the most complete riddles we have ever seen.—Ed.

## One Way of Manufacturing Snuff.

"Stinking" of the stinking kind,  
Fifth of the mouth, and fog of the mind,  
Africa, that brags her foyson,  
Breeds no such prodigious poison."—LAMB.

Any one who passes along Chestnut Street, from Eighth to Ninth, Philadelphia, early in the morning, before the crowds begin to fill the sidewalks, may see a novel sight. It is an old man, meanly clad and bowed with age, with hollow, sickly face, and languid eye, busily engaged in his daily occupation. He earns a livelihood there—such a livelihood as must be but little better than death.

Often have we watched him, as we passed the Continental Hotel in our morning walk. Nearly every morning he is to be seen, and always intently occupied with his work. He will not see you, for he pays no attention whatever to the passing people. But he will see every pebble in the pavement of the street; and he finds his wealth along the curbstones and in the sluices at the street corners.

Are you wondering what is the old man's business? We will tell you, for we asked him and watched him, and we know. It is to gather up cigar-stumps that the gentlemen (?) have thrown away! He searches diligently every possible and probable nook and corner where the chewed end of a "Havana" or a "tobacco," might be concealed, and with a sort of cane he upturns and looks under any recent rubbish that has fallen on the street, and so passes along, picking up cigar-stumps—cigar-stumps, and depositing them one by one, as he finds them, in a little bag which is slung over his shoulder. Nor is it to be inferred that the gathering of "respectable" cigar-stumps is alone the object of the old man's industry. He looks out for the "old soldiers" likewise, and wherever he finds them compels them to re-enlist. In a city like Philadelphia he is sure to come across lots of these, and he bags them without scruple.

And these filthy, abominable things, which hogs and dogs would be very careful to make a wide berth and pass by in disgust, are a marketable commodity! The old man sells them to the tobaccoist, who re-manufactures them into snuff for the nostrils of those who pass for men, and the gums of nice, fastidious, delicate woman! Surely folly can no further go, and we may well exclaim, "Noxious, nauseous, poisonous abomination!" We wonder not at the almost incredible nature of the tobacco taste, when it may be gratified with such loathsome catering! Whenever we see or smell the indecent thing about the person of a would-be aristocrat, or one who would pass for a lady, we think with loathing and pity of the old man gathering cigar-stumps in the streets of Philadelphia!

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.

The Illinois legislature, at its recent session, made an appropriation of five thousand dollars to found an experimental school for idiotic and imbecile children in that state, and intrusted the disbursement of the fund to the trustees of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Jacksonville. The Board, as a preliminary step, are now seeking information in regard to this class of unfortunate.

## CONSTITUTION OF THE LUTHERAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

Adopted at its Meeting, held in Reading, Pa., May 13, 1857.

ARTICLE I.—The name, style and title of this Society shall be, "THE LUTHERAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY."

ART. II.—This Society, assuming the doctrinal basis of the Gen. Synod, shall have for its object the diffusion of religious knowledge, by means of translations and original productions, and thus to furnish and circulate a suitable literature for the church.

ART. III.—The Officers of the Society, to be elected at the annual meeting, shall be a President and Secretary. At the same time the Society shall elect a Board of Publication, to hold its meetings in Philadelphia, and to be composed of twenty-four members, all of whom shall be members in good standing of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and two-thirds of whom shall be within such a distance of Philadelphia as to be able to attend the meetings of the Board.

ART. IV.—Each Evangelical Lutheran Synod, in connection with the General Synod of the United States, is recommended to establish depositories within its own boundaries, and to circulate the publications of the Board, either by colporteurs or otherwise; said colporteurs to be appointed by and with the consent of the General Agent of the Board.

The President of any such Synodical organization to be ex officio Vice President of the Publication Society and shall be expected to pay into the Treasurer's hands, at each annual meeting, whatever money may have been collected during the year; and shall, at the same time, receive from him the amount requisite to pay the salaries of colporteurs and others employed.

ART. V.—The Board of Publication shall have power to elect its own officers, viz: a President, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, General Agent, and Treasurer, who shall at the same time, be Treasurer of the Society.

The Board shall have power to enact its own by-laws, to fill vacancies occurring during the year, to provide for the publication of books and tracts, and to print and circulate appeals to the church in behalf of the benevolent objects of the Society.

ART. VI.—The Board shall have power, whenever the funds of the Society shall justify it, to establish a publication house or depository, in some suitable location in Philadelphia, where our books, tracts, pamphlets, periodicals, and all kinds of stationery may be kept for sale; the profits of which sales to be appropriated toward the support of the Education and Missionary Society of the church.

ART. VII.—The Society shall hold anniversary meetings, the time when, and place where, to be previously designated by the Board.

At these meetings, the Corresponding Secretary of the Board shall make a detailed report of the operations of the Society during the past year, showing its present condition and future prospects.

ART. VIII.—Any Lutheran minister or layman shall be considered a member of this Society by paying one dollar annually.

ART. IX.—The payment of twenty dollars, or more, in one year, shall constitute the person so paying a Life Director, and the payment of ten dollars, a Life Member.

ART. X.—Each Life Director shall be entitled to publications to the amount of two dollars, and each Life Member to the amount of one dollar annually, if called for within the year. Each Life Director shall be further entitled to a seat in the meetings of the Board, and to take an active part in its proceedings.

ART. XI.—The Board shall have power, whenever the funds of the Society shall justify it, to establish a publication house or depository, in some suitable location in Philadelphia, where our books, tracts, pamphlets, periodicals, and all kinds of stationery may be kept for sale; the profits of which sales to be appropriated toward the support of the Education and Missionary Society of the church.

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## AN ILLUSTRATION.

It is said that the first light house was built by Ptolemy III. many years before our Saviour came to earth. A circumstance connected with it is a happy illustration of the Sunday-school teacher's work. Ptolemy requested the mechanic to cut in the top stone:

"Ptolemy built this."

But the mechanic was too sharp for the wicked old king, and cut his own name in the stone; then covered it with white clay; then cut in the clay the words "Ptolemy built this."

Time passed on, and both men died; but the first impression proved the most lasting. The storms of the ocean and the penetrating rays of the sun soon made the clay crumble, leaving the mechanic's name in full view.

It is your privilege, dear teacher, to write upon the marble the name of Jesus; and although the cares of this world, and the temptations of the devil may, for a while, cover your instructions, yet, when the child passes through the storms of life on to old age, bright upon the heart will be found the name of "Jesus, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS.

COFFEE! COFFEE!! COFFER!!!

EAST INDIA COFFEE CO.,

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

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE,

Kent's East India Coffee.

as all the flavor of old GOVERNMENT JAV and is at half the price; and also that

Kent's East India Coffee.

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

Kent's East India Coffee.

s the most healthy beverage known, and is very nutritious. These can and should be used at all times with impunity. The wife of the Rev. W. H. Haves, local minister of the M. E. Church, Jersey City, who has not been able to use any Coffee for fifteen years, can use

Kent's East India Coffee

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

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

Kent's East India Coffee.

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

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

Kent's East India Coffee.

and would not be without it on any account."

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

Kent's East India Coffee

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

Kent's East India Coffee.

Used daily in the family of Bishop Ames, Bishop Baker, Bishop James, and many of the most distinguished

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