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P o e t r y .

The Wife's Prayer.

Father, most merciful and kind,
Before thy throne I kneel,
And in this holy twilight hour
Would tell thee all I feel,
With humble faith and tearful eye,
With love, and hope and fear,
With trust in him of Calvary,
A wife would meet thee here.
The offerings of a thankful heart
For mercies, rich and free,
Bestowed since first this heart had birth,
Father, I bring to thee.
Thanks for my parents, brothers, friends,
For home and sisters blessed;
And dearer still, for that fond heart
Where mine hath found a rest.
Thanks for the kindly words and looks,
The sympathy divine,
That heart hath ever shown to me
Since first its love was mine.
And, Father, in this hour of prayer
May we united be,
And may the lives thy love hath joined
Be consecrate to thee.
When sorrow's night shall round us fall,
Wilt thou our Guardian be;
And in the dangerous path of joy
Still may we turn to thee.
In all our hopes, in all our fears,
Be thou our Guide and Friend!
We would be thine now—evermore—
In all—till life shall end.
And, Father, as our days increase
So may our love to thee,
And may we love each other more,
But worship—only thee.
We thank thee, Father, for a home,
An earthly home of rest;
And in that home, blest Saviour, deign
To be a constant guest.
And when on earth our eyes shall close,
Supported by thy love,
May we, as one, together gain
A happier home above.

Tract Journal.

T r a v e l s .

Men & Things as I saw them in Europe

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.
XII.

Exit from Paris.—A Diligence.—Beaune.—Chalons
Abelard and Heloise.—Face of the Country.—
French Villages.—The Peasantry.—The Saône
Ladies Dress.—Old Habits retained.—American
Peculiarity.—Digression.

Having spent what time we had to spare in Paris, we started for Italy by the way of Lyons and Marseilles. We were packed into a diligence at the Messageries Generales, Rue St. Honore. This is a traveling concern which can scarcely be described to a person that has not seen it. It contains four kinds of places—the coupe in front, the best and dearest; the interior, or middle apartment; the rotonde, or hinder; and the banquette, on the top of the vehicle. The seats are all numbered, and your receipt informs the conducteur where to place you. Thus all scrambling for seats is prevented. It will hold fifteen or twenty persons. There is any amount of baggage on the top. It is a far more comfortable conveyance than any one would take it to be at first sight. In one of these coaches we were driven out of the city to the railway depot, when it was swung bodily from the wheels by a crane, and placed on the railway car, all retaining their seats. We were yoked to the iron steam-horse, and away we went through a level country, the beautiful woods and village of Fontainebleau, to Tonnerre, then the terminus of the "chemin de fer." There we were again swung on the wheels of a coach, and yoked to two tier of horses, three abreast; we trundled along at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, day and night, to Beaune. We were dropped a little after daylight at, I presume, the best hotel in the town; but every thing looked so uncleaned-for that I called for eggs. If fresh, I knew they would be clean. After as much of breakfast as surrounding circumstances would permit us to take, we spent a few hours in viewing the old town. Here is the noble hospital of Nicholas Rollin, once chancellor to the Duke of Burgundy; here, also, is a college, which seemed neglected; here are strong ramparts, planted with

trees, which form a magnificent promenade; but the chief celebrity of the town is owing to its being the centre of trade in the wine of the Burgundy. Julien says that the wines of Beaune have the justly acquired reputation of being "le plus francs de gout de toute la Bourgogne."

By railway we proceeded from Beaune to Chalons, on the Saône, which we reached in a short time. This was for many years the capital of the ancient kingdom of Burgundy, and is yet a place of considerable business. The streets seemed dirty, and the place looked as if it might be unhealthy. It is low, marshy, and the country very level. It was here the famous Abelard died in 1142, whose varied and romantic history is yet a subject of interest to the world. His intrigues with Heloise show to what an extent passion and religion, faith and falsehood, love and monkery, were mixed and mingled in the lives of the ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages. Heloise begged his body after his death, and had it buried in her own monastery, with the view of reposing in death by his side. In 1800 the ashes of both of them were removed to the Museum of French monuments at Paris, and the exquisite monument in Pere la Chaise is erected to both of them, as the martyrs of love! At Chalons we took a steamer down the Saône to Lyons.

In this ride from north to south we had a fine opportunity of seeing the country portions of France. In the main, the face of the country is very level, and is well cultivated. The people live in villages, and neither horses nor cattle are seen dispersed over the country, as in Britain or with us. If now and then you see a cow feeding by the wayside, it has always an attendant to keep it within bounds. There are no fences to be seen anywhere; and lines of trees, running for miles without deviating from a straight line, constantly present themselves, until the eye is weary of seeing them. Where nothing richer can grow, the vine is sure to be planted. The hills are all vine-clad, and are often prettily terraced for its cultivation. The vines are planted about as far apart as are our hills of corn: the old stump seemed only a foot or two high, and the branches from the stump are only permitted to grow four or five feet long. Thus the strength of the tree is thrown into the fruit, instead of being permitted to expend itself in the production of long branches and many leaves. Vineyards thus cultivated were every where to be seen. They ran up the sides of the most steep acclivities, and capped the summit of the highest hills. Because they can stick a vine any where, the entire surface of the country is producing them.

The villages through which we passed present a very strong contrast to our American villages. The streets are so narrow as often to make it impossible for two carriages to pass one another. The houses are built directly on the street, without door-yard or pavement in front. Sometimes the horses are eating on the first floor, while you are dining or supping on the second. And the air of neatness, cleanliness, comfort, which is worn by our best American villages, is generally absent from those of France.

The peasantry also seemed uncultivated, and in a low state of civilization. Women were every where working in the fields, and were doing all kinds of manual labor. And all along a canal, on the borders of which we traveled many miles, men were drawing the boats. The women seemed to be doing the work of men, and the men the work of horses. In countries which support large standing armies, the men are needed for arms, for the deadly breach, as food for the cannon; hence the cultivation of the country must, of necessity, devolve upon women, if it is done at all. And, as we shall narrate by-and-by, we have seen men directing gangs of women in the field, as it is said drivers superintend gangs of negroes in some of our Southern plantations. When there, France was a republic, and yet soldiers were met every where. The people willed a republic, and legions of armed men were needed to induce the people to respect it! What a riddle are the French people!

The sail down the Saône to Lyons was very fine. The steamers on these rivers are very narrow and very long, and with very little to interrupt a promenade from stem to stern. We stopped at many places to give out and take in passengers, which was done adroitly

and rapidly. At one place we took on board several females with head-dresses which excited the wonder of those of us who were travelers and strangers. Their bonnets I then likened to a large circular mat with a thimble placed on the centre of it. The thimble was placed over the head, and the leaf was tied on by very wide and gorgeous ribbons. Their feather garments were very short, and their shoes quite in the masculine order. I asked the captain who these strange-looking persons were, who told me that they were very respectable ladies of the place, wearing the dress peculiar to that locality.

There is nothing which strikes an American traveler in Europe more strongly than the attachment to old habits, fashions, and forms every where visible. The guides through the Tower of London are dressed as harlequins. The Lord Chancellor of England is buried in an enormous wig with sleeves. The advocates pleading in court must wear their gown and wig. Welch women wear hats like men. The people in many of the departments of France are distinguished by their dresses. They will tell you in Rome to what village the people from the country belong by the fashion of their garments. Mountains, and rivers, and often imaginary lines divide kingdoms, nations, and tongues. On one side of a river you and one set of customs; on the other, a very different set. On one side of a mountain you hear the Italian; on the other, the German, or the French, or a patois peculiar to the people. The British Channel is some twenty miles wide, and how different the people, the language, the religion on either side of it. In a few hours you may fly from Liverpool to Wales and to the Isle of Man, and these hours bring you among a people who speak the English, the Welsh, the Manx languages. This all seems singular to us, who can travel from east to west, and from north to south, over a country thousands of miles in extent, and find among all our people the same language, customs, and habits. These distinctions tend to keep up old jealousies, to foster prejudices, to retain the dividing lines of races and religions, and thus to obstruct the march of civilization and Christianity. They form strings upon which kings, princes, and priests can play so as to suit their own purposes. The people of Europe need to be shaken together, and to be kept together long enough, as it were in some chemical retort, in which they would lose their peculiarities, and from which they would come forth one people. The great peculiarity of our country is that we take all the varying people from all the varying nations of Europe, and cast them into our mill, and they come out in the grist, speaking our language, Americans and Protestants.

What a digression, caused by those curiously dressed women seen on our way from Chalons to Lyons.

THE RAINY SATURDAY.

"Do you think it will rain to-morrow, papa?" asked Addie Dalton eagerly as she ran to welcome her father home one Friday afternoon.

"The wind is easterly and the clouds look very dark," said Mr. Dalton, as he stooped for the proffered kiss.

"O! I do so hope it will be pleasant," exclaimed the child, "for I have been studying my lessons very hard the whole afternoon so as to be able to play with cousin Jennie in uncle's garden to-morrow; and if this Saturday should be rainy it would make the fifth unpleasant one we have had." And the little girl stood on the stoop, striving all in vain to find one bright cloud in the sky.

Very early the next morning Addie was awakened by the rain pattering against the windows. Not very cheerful did the little girl look as she entered her mother's room, exclaiming, "Another rainy holiday! O! mamma, it does seem as though Saturday never would be pleasant."

"I am very sorry that you are again disappointed," replied Mrs. Dalton; "but suppose we try and see how very happy we can be within doors to-day."

Addie walked toward the window, and with brow pressed close to the pane looked in vain for some signs of clearing, then said with a sigh: "What can I do, mamma, all day long? I wish my lessons were not learned; for indeed I had rather study than read the same old books over again so many times."

"Would you like a lesson to learn?" replied Mrs. Dalton. "Very well, I will introduce you to a charming little instructor, who can teach a most valuable lesson; but first you must promise to give him your best attention until the lesson is learned."

Addie looked up in surprise and said, "Yes, mamma, I will promise; but what do you mean? Where is the teacher?"

"Come with me," said Mrs. Dalton. And leading the way into an adjoining room she stopped before a little cage, where a beautiful canary was singing, and said: "Here is your teacher. Remember the promise."

"Do you mean Charlie, mamma?" exclaimed Addie. "How strange! Surely such a little bird cannot teach me anything."

"Listen and think," was Mrs. Dalton's reply as she left the room.

Not more than fifteen minutes had elapsed when Addie returned to her mother, exclaiming: "I have learned the lesson, mamma, and will tell you what it is my pet Charlie has taught me. At first I looked at the dear little fellow as he hopped from perch to perch, singing so merrily, wondering what you could mean. All at once the rain came in torrents against the pane close by his cage; but that did not make him stop singing. Then I thought, if such a little bird as Charlie, shut up all alone in a cage, with nothing in it but seed and water, would sing so sweetly on such a gloomy day, I ought to be very happy and cheerful in such a beautiful home, with you, dear mamma, and papa. Then I watched him as he stooped to drink out of his tiny cup, and O! mamma, after every swallow the dear little fellow lifted his head and looked up, just as though he were thanking God for the water. Then I felt so sorry to think how ungrateful I had been to God, after all he had given me, to fret about a rainy day. This is what Charlie taught me, dear mamma. Was it not a beautiful lesson?"

"Yes, Addie has learned what I trust she will never forget it," said her mother; "but see, it is raining harder than ever. What will my little daughter do?"

"O! you need not trouble yourself about me, mamma," replied Addie with a smile. "I will practice, sew, play with my dolls, and perhaps sing a duet with pet Charlie."

And thus in many ways Addie amused herself; so that when night came she said that, thanks to Mr. Charlie's lesson, the rainy Saturday had been a very pleasant one. And often afterward, when tempted to fret, the little canary's song would bring bright smiles to the child's face, driving all frowns away.

I wonder if my little reader has a canary. Perhaps not. Never mind: only imagine you hear Charlie singing when tempted to fret and think of Addie.

It may be you live in the country, and if so, can go to school in the woods, and take lessons from hundreds of teachers. I should like very much to take your little hand in mine and wander with you beneath the trees, where the beautiful birds are singing; but as that may not be, suppose you take brother or sister instead, one with them listen to those lessons of cheerfulness and praise which the dear little birds are forever teaching.

WHY THE SHEEP DIED.

On the occasion of the consecration of a church on which there was still some debt, the pastor urged the congregation to liberality. He said among other things, that God would bless them the more, that all their prosperity depended upon His blessing, that if His blessing were withheld they could soon lose more than they withheld from His cause—a blight could beset upon their fields, and sickness could carry away their cattle. After service, a pious woman began to apply the doctrine preached to her perurious husband in a practical way, outside the door, thus:—

"Now, John, you see why so many of our sheep died this summer! You never give any thing to good objects. I have often told you so."

We were once making an effort to pay the debt of a church. The amount was all apportioned in a fair way so as to cover the debt. We came to a rich man from whom two hundred dollars was desired; but he took the responsibility of frustrating the whole plan by refusing to give his part. The very next week a superb horse, his pride and glory, died, worth two hundred and twenty-five dollars!

Do you know why his horse died? Our good woman could have told him! If God takes care of lilies, sparrows, hairs of our head, we would not wonder if His care extended also to horses and sheep. We are inclined to regard the good woman's teaching as strictly scriptural, and orthodox.—Ger. Re. Mess.

Practical Preaching.

Ministers of religion already do much toward checking the evils of dishonesty; but perhaps they might do more if they gave their preaching a more practical tone than in many cases it assumes. They are called upon to preach the Gospel. It is their duty to preach the Gospel, and God forbid that they should ever cease to preach the Gospel as long as they preach at all. But some people have very narrow notions of the Gospel. They pick out one or two truths—great truths, and indeed, the greatest truths of the Gospel—and if they do not hear these in a sermon they do hear the Gospel; or if with these they do hear other truths, those other truths are hardly worth hearing, for they are not the Gospel.

Now, let us have the Gospel, but let us have the whole Gospel. And I think morality is a rather important part of the Gospel, and that no minister of Christ should shun to declare this part of the council of God. We in this country, and especially in the great towns of this country, have to speak to business men, and should speak truths that will come home to them as business men; that shall go with them to the market, and shall shed their light upon their ledger, and shall indorse every bill and every bond.

Now, here is a specimen of practical preaching that, I dare say, will shock a good many people. They will say it is perfectly outrageous that such themes should be introduced in the pulpit. They will cry, This man knows nothing of the Gospel. Stay, friends; this man is Hugh Latimer, who died at the stake for the Gospel. Listen to him: "There never was such a falsehood among Christian men as now.—The merchant, commonly in every city, teaches his 'prentice to sell false wares. No man setteth anything by his promise; yea, writings will not bind some; they be so shameless that they deny their own handwriting."

Latimer did not hesitate to expose from the pulpit the tricks of the market. It seems to have been a common practice to take a fair cow that gave no milk; and in order to sell her, a calf was taken along with her under a pretence "this cow hath brought this calf." "The man which buyeth the cow cometh home: peradventure he hath many children, and hath no more cattle but this cow, and thinketh he shall have some milk for his children. But when all things cometh to pass, this is a barren cow, and so this poor man is deceived. The other fellow which sold the cow, thinketh himself a jolly fellow and a wise merchant. But I tell thee, who-soever thou art, do so if thou list; thou shalt do it of this price; thou shalt go to the devil, and there be hanged on the fiery gallows, world without end!"

Quaint, but strong. Let preachers of the present day not be afraid to take a leaf out of Latimer's sermons. There is more good sense, and, perhaps, more Gospel truth, in what Latimer says about "the fellow which sold the cow," than in many an elaborate discourse, which, in these times, is regarded as a perfect model of the homiletic art. We ministers cannot say that there is a lack of texts bearing on such subjects. No: the word of God was constructed with too much wisdom to be deficient in this respect. Is it not written in the Old Testament, "Thou shalt not steal;" "A false weight and a false balance are an abomination to the Lord;" "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to an fro of them that seek death;" "As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days;" and at his end shall be a fool?" Is it not written in the New Testament, "Owe no man anything;" "Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds;" "This is the will of God that no man go beyond and defraud his brother in any matter, because that the Lord is the Avenger of all such;" "Therefore, all things ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them; for this is law and the prophets?"

Men of business! if we preachers are not practical enough for a commercial age, the Bible is. Conduct your business according to the principles embodied in the verse just quoted, and defaulters will be almost unknown. Like the Dodo and the Megat herium, they will be numbered with the things that were. And let ministers take such texts as these, and apply them with all the force that they possess. Let them take texts from Solomon's Proverbs, as well as from Solomon's Songs; from the practical part of the Epistles, as well as from the Apocalypse, and they will send the shot and shell of divine truth crashing and shattering through every stronghold of dishonesty.

This world is not made for a tomb, but a garden. You are to be a seed, not a death.—Plant yourself and you will sprout. Bury yourself and you can only decay. For a dead opportunity there is no resurrection. The only enjoyment, the only use to be attained in this world must be attained on the wing. Each day brings its own happiness its own benefit; but it has none to spare. What escapes to-day is escaped forever. To-morrow has overflowed to atone for the lost yesterday.

For the American Lutheran.
The Sins of the Tongue.
 (Continued.)

Another sin of the tongue is slander and detraction. Slander is defined by Dr. Barrow as uttering false speeches against our neighbor to the prejudice of his fame, safety, welfare, and that out of malignity, vanity, rashness, ill-nature or a bad design. The principal kinds of slander are these:

1. Charging others with facts they are not guilty of.
2. Affixing scandalous names and odious characters which they do not deserve.
3. Aspersing a man's actions with foul names.
4. Magnifying and aggravating the faults of others.

Of all characters says Massillon the slanderer is the most odious and most likely to produce mischief. His tongue is a devouring fire which tarnishes whatever it touches which exercises its fury on the good as well as on the bad, on the profane as on the sacred which blackens what it cannot consume, and sometimes sparkles and delights before it destroys. This sin frequently destroys the peace and happiness of a whole community, and destroys a man's prospects for life by tarnishing his character which is more valuable to a man than riches,

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him
 And makes me poor indeed."

And let it not be supposed that it is the slanderer alone who is guilty of this sin, you make yourself guilty of the sin of the slanderer by listening to his calumnies without expressing your disapprobation. There are, says one, not only slanderous throats but slanderous ears also, not only wicked inventions but also wicked assents.

It was a maxim of the emperor Domitian that such as give ear to slanderers are worse than slanderers themselves. No retailer of scandal, ever tells his story without watching in your countenance or your remarks whether you like to hear it or not. Hence it is often in your power to arrest it before he proceeds any farther. In many cases this may be done simply by a look or a word of disapprobation. The North wind, says Solomon, driveth away rain, so does an angry countenance a backbiting tongue. Austin it is said had an inscription on his table that no one should ever have a seat there who would be guilty of detraction. It is said of Peter the great, that when one was speaking ill of another, in his presence, he first listened attentively but soon interrupted him with the question: Is there not a fair side to his character? Come tell me what good qualities you can remember. Here is true greatness and an example which it would be well for us all to follow.

When the celebrated Bernard was about to die, he declared that there were three things for which he felt bound to render thanks to God, one of which was that he had never willingly slandered another, and if any one had fallen he had hidden it as much as possible. Will we all be able to say this on our deathbed?

I happened says Cotton Mather to be present in the room of a dying man, who could not leave the world until he had lamented to a christian acquaintance, whom he had sent for on this account, the unjust calumnies which he had often cast upon him, and when asked what was his reason for this conduct, he made this horrible reply; No, it was merely this, I thought you were a good man, and that you did much good in the world and therefore I hated you. And having made this confession he added, now it is possible for such a wretch as I am to find pardon. Would you be spared a thorny pillow for your deathbed? begin in due season to govern your tongue.

Solomon says whose keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble, Prov. 21: 23. He that uttereth a slander is a fool, 10: 18. And God says, Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor him will I cut off, Ps. 101: 5. Thou slanderest thy mother's son I will reprove thee says God, Is. 20: 21.

Another sin of the tongue which is very common is talebearing.

A talebearer is one who officiously and impertinently communicates intelligence and makes mischief in society.

Such persons go about in the community, and catch up scandals and flying reports about their friends and neighbors, and when he hears anything about the character of any person, perhaps something that was inadvertently dropped during conversation in company, he goes immediately to the person and asks him, do you know what such a one said about you; so and so, this and that he said about you. Or when something occurs between two friends such persons pretending to be the friends of both will go first to one and hear what he has to say then go and tell the other and hear what he says in reply and go and re-

port it again to the former one, and thus through the officiousness of talebearers very frequently a trivial misunderstanding which might have been easily adjusted, becomes an incurable controversy. These are the persons who make mischief in societies and often create serious disturbances in churches. They fan the flame of animosity and supply it with fuel. The word of the Lord is, Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people, Lev. 19: 16. Solomon says, A talebearer revealeth secrets but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter, Prov. 11: 13. He that covereth a transgression maketh love but he that repeateth a matter separateth friends, 17: 19. The words of a talebearer are as wounds, they go down to the innermost parts of the belly, 20: 19. Where there is no wood the fire goeth out and where there is no talebearer the strife ceaseth, 24: 20.

Another of the sins of the tongue is strife and quarreling.

We frequently meet with persons who are of a quarrelsome disposition who take offence and flare up at the most trivial circumstances or expressions. A person must be continually under apprehension when he is in their company. Such persons are continually getting into difficulty with some one or other, and in their moments of excitement give vent to expressions which in their cooler moments they regret and recall. Some are harsh and censorious in their language and make remarks to their associates which are calculated to wound their feelings, and thus frequently weakminded persons, or such as are weak in their faith, for the sake of some uncharitable remarks that some one has made about them will leave the church and forsake the service of their God, and it is to be feared not unfrequently lose their souls.

Some tell us that they speak just what they think, and they suppose it is no worse to speak what you think than to entertain bad thoughts, and thus they give themselves credit for uprightness and plainness. I would say to such, before you speak just as you think you should carefully consider whether your speaking will not do more harm than good. It is certainly a sin to entertain bad thoughts and feelings in your heart, but it is certainly worse to spew out these evil thoughts to corrupt the heart and wound the feelings of others.

Another sin of the tongue that is very frequent, is light, trifling, frivolous conversation. There is much of this in promiscuous companies, it is what is vulgarly called small talk, and it is usually considered that if any one has not a large stock of this he cannot get along in a company. It is by no means wrong to converse for the purpose of entertaining one another, on some sensible and profitable subject, but all nonsensical and foolish talking is certainly inconsistent with the dignity and propriety of a christian profession. In the multitude of words says the wise man there wanteth not sin, Prov. 10: 19. There is a time to speak and a time to keep silence, saith thou a man hasty in his words, there is more hope of a fool than of him. The apostle warns his hearers, Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, Eph. 4: 29. Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking nor jesting which are not convenient, 5: 4. Let your speech be always with grace, Col. 4: 6. And the Saviour declares that for every idle word that men shall speak they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment, Math. 12: 36. I am afraid there is many an idle word spoken for which no account can be rendered at the day of judgment.

VERITAS.

NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.—Dr. Sprague, of Albany, was asked to see an educated man, who had been picked up in the street and placed in the watch-house; he was once a minister of the gospel, and filled a pulpit formerly occupied by the late Dr. Chalmers. He was a man of fine talents, and brilliant education. When I was in Edinburgh, I asked a minister about him. "He," said he, "was a most noble fellow, but he feared that he was loving his wine too much." He disgraced himself and went to America. Dr. Sprague helped him, and procured him a situation in an academy as a teacher. He kept sober for a while, but at a party was invited to take wine, and he did it; and he was not seen for six weeks afterwards, when he was found in a wretched hovel on the banks of the Hudson. He was got back again, and his friends labored with him for months, but his relapses were so frequent, they were obliged to give him up; they could do nothing with him.

Education did not prevent drunkenness in his case. You have educated men in London—God pity them!—drunkards now, but we scarce dare to mention it. Many men have died of disease,—many have died in railway carriages—have been crushed to death by accident—have been blown up in steamboats, we may speak of these; but when men die drunkards, the disposition of the people is to let down the curtain between them and the public, and you must not speak about them for fear of hurting the feelings of others.—Gough.

Never take the humble and the proud at their own valuation; the estimate of the former is too little, and that of the latter too much.

[For the American Lutheran.]
Symbolism Found Wanting.

In Dr. Wood's Preface to Knapp's Theology we are informed that in Spenser's time the Bible was perhaps less used in the Protestant universities than it had been by the Catholics before the reformation. What then were the books used by Protestants? He informs us that instead of the Holy Scriptures, the different Symbolical books of the Protestant Church were used. The minutest distinctions were contended for with the greatest zeal, and the least deviation from them was pronounced heresy as decidedly as if given by inspiration, and was punished accordingly. The spirit of Protestantism seemed to have thrown off the yoke of Rome, only to assume another and perhaps a more degraded form of bondage. We would pronounce this a base slander upon our Symbolical Lutherans, if it were not so abundantly established by Spenser, Franke, Tholuck and others. The seminary at Philadelphia, it is hoped will also throw aside the Bible. What use can they make of that un-lutheran old book. Prof. Tholuck says the great mass of the common people were altogether ignorant of the living experimental piety of the Bible. The preachers did not even read the Bible, they were as ignorant of its meaning as the Roman Catholic priests, and according to all accounts they did about as much good. Is the case any better now? Look at the state of piety in our symbolical churches. Why sir, nearly all the symbolists with whom I have come into contact actually, even now in this age of light and knowledge, laugh at the idea of anything like Christian experience! And does not the symbolical sheet in Philadelphia sneer at "vital godliness?" Is it not one of its standing jokes? A good sound revival of religion among its Professors and students would perhaps cure them of their heresy! The Bible says to all of us "except ye become converted ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God." No matter what the Symbolical Books say, the Bible I suppose will after all be the rule by which we shall be judged. Tholuck tells us that the state of piety in the symbolic age of the church was very low. The symbolists had altogether lost sight of the life of faith in the soul. They were so much engaged in the controversies of hair-splitting theologians, that they had no time for serious reflection and prayer. Is not that still the case? God raised up Arndt, Spener, Breithaupt, Gerhardt, Francke and other holy men to preach a living Christianity and save the church from utter ruin. These holy men were all persecuted by the symbolists of that age. And yet the symbolists of our age claim these experimental and earnest Christian men as agreeing with them! Our lay-members certainly cannot be aware of the ultimate tendency of symbolism, or they would not sustain it. But they are perhaps after all not to be blamed, for their pastors keep them in the dark, they don't come out fair and square with the most repulsive features of their system. They preach pretty much like other ministers around them, and rely upon their papers the Lutheran and Missionary and Standard, and their German papers to do the work for them. And they are no doubt also making great calculations upon the Publication Society to convert our people over to their views.

So far as the effects, the moral effects of high symbolism are concerned, I would say they are bad. I have seen a good deal of the effects of symbolism among the Germans and Swedes. A young Swede who was raised among symbolists went away from home, and returned. After an absence of four years, he had become happily converted to God under the influence of a better system of Lutheranism, and when he returned he found that intemperance had blasted and ruined the whole congregation and the Methodists had sent a converted Swede there to try and save these poor deluded symbolists from the ruinous effects of their own system. This is the case all over the West. The Methodists are reaping a golden harvest from this neglected field of symbolism. Not long since I was in a large city in the West. I inquired about the churches—I learned that there were from 10 to 12,000 Germans in it—how many Lutherans think you were there? There should have been at least 6,000—I was told by the pastor himself that there were about 60. The Methodists, Baptists, United Brethren, and Allbrights, had all built up large churches—and this is the case in all our large cities. If symbolism continues much longer to afflict the church, there will be nothing left. Our American theology soon drives sacramental religion out of the heads of our European Lutherans. We need revivals of religion to save our Germans; of symbolism they have enough in the old country, when they come here they want something for the heart, and if we don't give it to them, God will raise up others that will. The idea then of introducing this worn out and exploded system into our churches in Pennsylvania, is a most astonishing thing. A Looker on.

We nearly always talk of a thing before we do it; every action, like a statue, is first modelled in the poor wax of words.

[For the Amer. Lutheran.]
SUSQUEHANNA CONFERENCE.
 OF EAST PENNSYLVANIA SYNOD.

Conference met at Jacob's church, Rev. J. E. Wampole's charge, Shamokin, Northumberland Co. Pa., on Monday evening May 1st. In the absence of the president, Rev. W. L. Heisler was called to the chair.

The following brethren were present: Rev. J. Wampole, Heisler, Dimm, Shertz, Rhodes, Eicholtz, Horne, and Keller, and their delegates. Also Rev. Dr. Ziegler from the Missionary Institute. The Shamokin congregation, having called Rev. J. B. Keller, as pastor, was recognized as a new charge.

The following committee on supplies, for vacant congregations was appointed:

Orangeville, Rev. Sharretts.
 Milton, Rev. J. Fink and Rhodes.
 Espy, Rev. J. Dimm and Eicholtz.
 Montoursville and Allegheny, Rev. J. Parson and Earhart.

Paradise, Rev. Wampole.
 Williamsport, Rev. Horne.

The following resolution was offered and discussed:

Inasmuch, as Rev. Dr. Ziegler is in our midst we enter into a discussion of the design of the Missionary Institute, and the best mode of carrying out that design.

Quite a lengthy discussion ensued, all agreeing as to the design, but differing as to the manner of carrying it out, and the necessity of the separate existence of such an institution.

Resolved, that the congregations to which the conference sends supplies, be requested to take up collections, to pay the expenses of the ministers sent, and compensate them, at least in part, for their services.

The subject of colloquium, viz: "Should we deny to the children of parents, who are not themselves church members, the rite of baptism?" was discussed, in a very able, spirited, instructive, and edifying manner.

As the essayist was absent, it was continued for further discussion at next conference. Under state of congregations, quite a number of accessions to church membership was reported by several of the brethren.

Sybertsville, Luzerne Co. Pa., was selected as the place for next meeting, to take place on Monday evening Aug. 7th.

The following brethren preached during the session of conference: Rev. J. Heisler, Eicholtz, Keller, Dimm and Horne.

Secretary.

The Battle of the Choirs.

For the comfort of those ministers and parishes who are much annoyed by the "annual surrections" of their choirs, we give the following incident, from the life of Rev. Levi Washburn Leonard, D. D., who lately died in Exeter, N. H.:

"The first Sunday he preached at Dublin there was an unfortunate discord among the singers. Two choirs had been formed, and both, under different leaders, occupied separate positions in the gallery. Not knowing the state of things, the candidate read a hymn, both choirs determined to sing. The leaders named different tunes, and the hymn was sung, as we may well suppose, with no little discord. The preacher, supposing that they would not make such an attempt a second time, read, at the proper period, another hymn, which was sung in the same manner as the first. A member of the society in the gallery then arose, and most severely reprimanded both choirs for their indecent and disorderly course. No more hymns were read that day. The town at a public meeting soon settled the matter."

That kind of duet was, if possible less promotive of a devotional spirit than even a fashionable church quartette of these days.

Missing at the Prayer-meeting.

Ah! and who missed me there? My Savior, my pastor, and my brethren and sisters in Christ.

And what did they miss? They missed my figure in its usual place, my voice in the sacred song, and the voice of heart in prayer.

And what did I miss by my absence? I missed the blessing of God, the approbation of my conscience, and the love of Christ's friends.

And why was I missing at the prayer-meeting? I forgot the hour, and was too far away in body and heart to reach there.

My dear reader, if we love the communion of saints, if we love the souls of sinners, if we love our own souls, let us never be missing at the prayer-meeting again.

Monkey Nature and Child Nature.

Our Betsy is two years old. Recently she has been noticed to be in the habit of putting her tongue out frequently, and to a considerable distance. This being rather an objectionable practice, she was reproved for it, and advised to do so no more. "How could the child ever have learned such an ugly trick?" was asked by her parents. Betsy's little sister, aged five, spoke up in her behalf: "Why, papa, she learned it from 'oo." Papa stoutly

denied that he had ever taught her anything of the kind. Little sister further explained, "Why, 'es, papa, when 'oo was sick, 'oo stuck 'oor tongue out for the doctor to look at." Sure enough. Papa had been sick for some time. The doctor had been coming several times a day, papa had regularly protruded his tongue for examination, and the child had taken notice thereof, and got into the habit of it.

Furthermore. Some years ago, on a hot Sunday in July, a Sunday-school teacher who was put on the police committee, whose duty it was to keep order among the boys in the gallery, felt greatly oppressed by the heat. Being in a place where he supposed nobody would see him, he took his coat off. In a moment, just as if he had given the word of command, "Coats off!" every boy in that gallery had whipped off his coat, and sat in his shirt sleeves. The teacher was horribly confused, and learned, as he had never learned before, how much of the monkey there is in the child nature.

No smart Sunday-school teacher need to have a sermon preached to him, to enable him to apply these two cases to himself and his scholars. The child will learn more from example than from precept, especially if the example be lively, and the precept administered in very dry fashion. He will do as he sees others do. His eyes will be sharply open for every thing about him. Let us remember, in teaching and training the little folks, that they are not mere machines to have precepts poured into them, but their imitative faculties are so quick and so powerful that, if we take proper advantage of them, we can on the one hand, convey a vast amount of useful information, and on the other, we can do considerable mischief by a lack of sufficient care in the examples we set them.—The Presbyterian Standard.

"JESUS WILL TAKE ME HOME."

When Col. Herman Canfield was wounded at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, knowing that his wound would be fatal, he expressed a wish to his young brother-in-law that he would take him home to his family. But as the battle raged the enemy pressed upon them, so that they were in momentary fear of being made prisoners. The surgeon, chaplain, and many others, who were in attendance upon the wounded were taken. But remarkable as it may appear they were left alone unmolested. That was a moment of trial to them both. His brother-in-law was not able, without aid, to convey him to a place of safety, and he expressed a fear that he should not be able to comply with his request. To which the colonel calmly replied, "Never mind, Charley, Jesus will take me home." O what childlike trust, what Christian faith, is there expressed! Having lived near to God, and long trusted in his sure promises, he had no doubts now. He knew that the Lord of hosts was present on the battle-field as well as in the peaceful home. As he lay there, with his life-blood ebbing from a ghastly wound in his lungs, he testified of the goodness of God, and showed with what fearlessness a Christian may yield his soul to him who gave it.

At last assistance arrived, and he was borne on a stretcher through low, marshy defiles, and over rough, pathless woodlands, toward the Tennessee. At night they encamped upon its bank. It was the last night he passed upon earth. A dark and fearful one it was to his companions. A storm raged about them; the very elements seemed pouring forth their sad requiems for the dying and the dead. During the vivid flashes of lightning, they had glimpses of the agonized features of their loved commander. And many were their anxious inquiries; but he assured them that though his physical sufferings were great, his soul was at peace with God, and he knew he would soon be at rest. Doubtless he caught glimpses of that brighter world, where darkness and death cannot enter, because God is the light and the life thereof. What that brave soldier and true Christian suffered during that night of agony, none but God can know. He did not murmur at his fate, and thought not his life too great a sacrifice for the cause in which he fell.

The following day he was removed to an hospital ship, where his wounds were carefully dressed. But he gradually grew weaker until evening, when, leaving tender messages for his loved wife and children, he calmly committed his soul to God, and Jesus took him home.

HOW THE BRICK CHURCH, N. Y., WAS BUILT.—To build the Brick Church in Beekman street, Mr. Rogers—the pastor—went for several months from door to door in New York city. One morning he called at the door of Mrs. ———, who had recently lost a daughter. She was poor. To his surprise, she handed him a very large sum—so large, for her, that he hesitated about accepting it. She put an end to his scruples by saying, "Take it all—I had laid it up for my daughter, as her portion. I am determined that He who has my daughter, shall have her portion too." Beautiful example, indeed!

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, Thursday May, 11, '65.

GOOD NEWS!!!

The Rebellion has been suppressed. The Rebel Armies have surrendered. Peace is about to be restored to our whole Country. Glory be to God. Hallelujah!!!

LUTHERAN HYMNOLOGY.

Under this heading the Rev. Frederick M. Bird, A. M. of Philadelphia, gives us an article embracing 31 pages of the Evangelical Review, in which he pronounces the most sweeping denunciations against hymn books in general and against the General Synod's Hymn book in particular. He tells us that "our hymnology is in a sad and disgraceful state and we insult the Most High with much that is unfit for human use." He tells us farther, that the principles involved in these remarks apply to nearly all the standard Church Hymn Books in existence. The General Synod's is not the worst, the Dutch and German Reformed collections reach even a deeper abyss of misery." The earlier editions of the General Synod's Hymn books he pronounces "positively absurd and indecent, easily mistaken for a Hardshell Baptist Hymn Book, and adapted to the use of negro camp-meetings." It was only the subcommittee, Reynolds, Baugher and Schmucker, who "got" the edition of 1852 into a little better shape. Yet, still it contains a great deal of "trash and twaddle" and "dreary, drowsy doggerel." "The arrangement is worse, if possible, than the selection." "It is utterly unchurchly, illogical and gotten up with utter carelessness."

"The General Synod's Hymn book" he says, "does not correctly represent the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ." "The Gospel has as it were been cut in two, and only half of it is preserved in these English hymnals," yet for our consolation he assures that, "there is enough in this half to save us." What a mercy! we can be saved by the half of our hymn book! although it has sunk into such an "abyss of misery." He informs us farther, that "the new-school system, of which the General Synod is confessedly the embodiment and type is supposed to *pride* itself on its piety." But in respect to piety alone he says, "the resources of pure hymnology afford material for an English volume that should tower above the General Synod's Collection, as Himalaya to an ash-heap, as Gulliver to the Lilliputians."

The whole article abounds with expressions similar to the above, but we have neither time, space, nor inclination to transcribe any more of them. Our readers can judge of the spirit that pervades this article from the above quotations. A more arrogant, self-complacent, supercilious production we have seldom met with. The motive of the writer is very transparent. The Synod of Pennsylvania intends to publish a hymnbook of her own, a symbolic hymnbook. Mr. Bird seems to have been employed to prepare this hymnbook. In order to give success to the undertaking the General Synod's hymnbook must first be trampled. This is in keeping with the policy pursued by that synod for years past. Although members of the General Synod are sharing in the revenue from her publications, they have published their own church books in opposition to those of the General Synod. They published a liturgy because that of the General Synod was rationalistic and unchurchly; they published a catechism of their own because that of the General Synod was not a correct translation; they established a Theological seminary because that of the General Synod is not an orthodox school; and now as they are about to publish a hymnbook of their own they begin to traduce the character of the General Synod's hymnbook and promise to produce one that shall "tower above it as Himalaya to an ash-heap, as Gulliver to the Lilliputians."

That Mr. Bird's efforts would be extolled by the symbolists, was to be expected. We find therefore that Dr. Kranth extols him in his paper as "a young man who has shown himself a master in one of the greatest works to which our time is calling the church. He is making an epoch in hymnology, and we for one," says the Dr., "give our hearty vote, that he shall work in his own way."

But how Dr. Diehl, confessedly standing on the same platform with us as an American Lutheran and a friend of the General Synod, could say in the Observer of the 5th inst. "Our own individual taste coincides generally with Mr. Bird's," and "His labors in this department we trust will do much good," we are at a loss to understand. The only good that we can see as resulting from Mr. Bird's labors in this department, is to make American Lutherans more disgusted with symbolism.

Children are the kindlings of a congregation. Light them and you will fire the parents.

The Philosopher.

This is the title of a neat little monthly, published by the Philosophian Society of the Missionary Institute, Selinsgrove, Pa. Most of the articles are original compositions by the students of the Institute, and do honor both to the students and their Alma Mater. We have transferred a few of the articles to our columns this week. We hope they may obtain many subscribers. Price 75 cents a year. B. F. Allen, Editor.

Put your Children to Bed.

There may be some mothers who feel it to be a self-denial to leave their parlors, or fire-sides, or work, to put their children to bed. They think that the nurse could do it just as well—that it is of no consequence who hears the children say their prayers.

Now, setting aside the pleasure of opening the little bed and tucking the darling up, there are really important reasons why the mother should not yield this privilege to any one. In the first place it is the time of all times when a child is inclined to show its confidence and affection. All its little secrets come out with more truth and less restraint; its naughtiness through the day can be re-proved and talked over with less excitement, and with the tenderness and calmness necessary to make permanent impressions.

If the little one has shown a disposition to do well, and be obedient, its effort and success can be acknowledged and commended in a manner that need not render it vain and self-satisfied.

We must make it a habit to talk to our children, in order to get from them an expression of their feelings. We cannot understand the characters of these little beings committed to our care unless we do. And if we do not know what they are, we shall not be able to govern them wisely, or educate them as their different natures demand.

Certainly it would be unwise to excite young children, by too much conversation with them just before putting them to bed. Every mother who carefully studies the temperament of her children, will know how to manage them in this respect. But of this all mothers may be assured: that the last words at night are of great importance—even to the babes of the flock. The very tones of the voice they last listened to, make an impression on their sensitive organization.

Mother, do not think the time and strength wasted which you spend in reviewing the day with your little boy or girl; do not neglect to teach it how to pray, and to pray for it in simple and earnest language, which it can understand.

Soothe and quiet its little heart, after the experience of the day. It has had its disappointments and trials, as well as its play and pleasures. It is ready to throw its arms around your neck, and take its "good night" kiss.

The Arab's Proof.

A Frenchman who had won a high rank among men of science, who denied the God who is the Author of all science, was crossing the great Sahara in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer that at certain times, his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God.

Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed, till at last one evening the Philosopher, when he rose from his knees, asked him, with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his burning eye on the scorching for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly, "How do I know there is a God? How did I know that a man, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot in the sand. Even so, and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert, "that footprint is not that of a man."

Facts for Farmers.

TOADS are the best protection of cabbages against lice.

Plants, when drooping, are revived by a few grains of camphor.

Pears are generally improved by grafting on the mountain ash.

Sulphur is valuable in preserving grapes from insects.

Lard never spoils in hot weather, if it is cooked in frying it out.

In feeding with corn, sixty pounds ground goes as far as one hundred pounds in the kernel.

Corn meal should never be ground very fine. It injures the richness of it.

Turnips of small size have double the nutritious matter that larger ones have.

Ruta-baga is the only root that increases in nutritious qualities as it increases in size.

Sweet olive oil is a certain cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. Apply it internally and externally.

Rats and other vermin are kept away from grain by sprinkling of garlic when packing the sheaves.

Money skillfully expended in drying land by draining and otherwise will be returned with simple interest.

To cure scratches on a horse, wash the legs with soap-suds, and then with beef brine. Two applications will cure in the worst cases.

Timber cut in the spring and exposed to the weather with the bark on, decays much sooner than if cut in the fall.

Experiments show apples to be equal to potatoes to improve cows, and decidedly preferable for feeding cattle.

A bare pasture enriches not the soil nor fattens the animal, nor increases the wealth of the owner.

One animal well fed is of more value than two poorly kept.

Ground once well plowed is better than thrice poorly.

Bountiful crops are more profitable than poor ones. Make the soil rich; pulverize it well, and keep it clean, and it generally will be productive.

National Debts and U. S. Stocks

The national debts are not a modern improvement, but the ability of a great nation to provide for a great debt, and to make it the most convenient and best form of personal property, is a modern wonder. The debt of Great Britain was begun by raising a million sterling by loan in 1692, and when her great contest with Louis XIV. was terminated, the debt had reached fifty millions. Many statesmen and economists were then alarmed at the great burden which had been imposed upon the industry of the country, but when the war of the Austrian succession had swelled this amount to eighty millions, Macaulay says that historians and orators pronounced the case to be desperate. But when war again broke out, and the national debt was rapidly carried up to one hundred and forty millions, men of theory and business both pronounced that the fatal day had certainly arrived.

David Hume said that, although, by taxing its energies to the utmost, the country might possibly live through it, the experiment must never be repeated, even a small increase might be fatal. Granville said the nation must sink under it unless some portion of the load was borne by the American Colonies, and the attempt to impose this load produced the war of the revolution, and, instead of diminishing, added another hundred millions to the burden. Again, says Macaulay, was England given over, but again she was more prosperous than ever before. But when at the close of her Napoleonic wars in 1816, this debt had been swelled up to the enormous sum of over eight hundred millions sterling, or four thousand three hundred million dollars, or nearly one half the entire property of the United Kingdom, the stoutest heart, the firmest believer in national progress and national development, might well have been appalled. But in the very face of this mountain of obligation,—to say nothing of her vast colonial possessions,—the property of the British nation has been more than trebled and her debt is now a charge of but 12½ per cent. against it. All that Great Britain has done in paying her debt, we shall do, and more, with ours. We have vast territories untouched by the plow, mines of all precious metals, of which we have hardly opened the doors, a population full of life, energy, enterprise and industry, and the accumulated wealth of money and labor of the old countries pouring into the lap of our giant and ever-to-be-united republic. During the fiercest and most exhausting of all possible wars, we have demonstrated our national strength—and all the world over, national strength is but another name for national credit. "As good as United States" will soon be synonymous the world over with "as good as British Consols." For our part, we think a U. S. Treasury note bearing seven and three-tenths annual interest, is just as much better than British Consols as the rate of interest is higher. Some of our timid brethren, who shipped their gold to London and invested in consols, are now glad to sell and invest at home at a round loss,—and serves them right.—New Yorker.

The Sunday-School Times publishes the following in reference to President Johnson: "What we desire to say for ourselves, and feel bound to say, is that we have obtained direct explicit and unimpeachable evidence that the transgression on the fourth of March was altogether an isolated and exceptional act; that a severe diarrhoea threatened to prevent the attendance of the Vice President upon the inauguration ceremony, and that medical advisers gave the brandy which produced the disastrous result. One thing is evident. If Mr. Johnson had been a drunkard, or an habitual drinker of intoxicating liquors he would not have been intoxicated by the potions administered on that occasion. The overthrow could have occurred to no one who was not himself a sober man; and we have it from gentlemen who know the President intimately, and who have known him for years, and who have been and are his bitter political opponents, that he is, and has always been, a man of temperate habits. We deem it not improper to state farther, that during the last week, invited to take a glass of wine, Mr. Johnson replied that he had made a firm resolve that no intoxicating liquor should pass his lips so long as he remained President of the United States. This was told us by a late member of the United States Senate, who had it directly from the gentleman himself to whom the refusal was given.

A sophist wishing to puzzle Thale; the Milician, one of the wise men, proposed to him in rapid succession these difficult questions:

The Philosopher replied to them all, without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety the reader can judge for himself.

What is the oldest of all things? God, because he always existed.

What is the most beautiful? The World, because it is the Work of God.

What is the greatest of all things? Space, because it contains all that is created.

What is the quickest of all things? Thought, because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.

What is the strongest? Necessity, because it makes men face all the dangers of life.

What is the most difficult? To know thyself.

What is the most constant of all things? Hope, because it still remains with man after he has lost every thing else.

THE TESTIMONY OF EXPERIENCE.—A venerable clergyman stated at the Episcopal Convention of New York, that those years of his long minister in which he had the more faithfully sought to interest his people in the various objects of Christian benevolence, were the years in which his own salary had been the more and promptly paid.

Anecdotal.

"A young minister received a call from two different congregations at once, to become their pastor. One was rich and able to give him a large salary, and was well united. The other was poor, and so divided that they had driven away their minister. In this condition he applied to his father for advice. An aged negro servant who overheard what was said made this reply: "Massa go where there is the least money and the most devil." He took the advice, and was made the instrument of uniting a distracted church, and converting many souls unto Christ." We would recommend our Philo-theologues to take the above as an example.

THE CLOSING EXERCISES OF SUSEQUHANNA FEMALE COLLEGE

Will take place as follows: Examinations; Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 29th 30th and 31st of May next. ADDRESS: on Monday evening, May 29th by Rev. D. Schindler of Hollidaysburg Pa. COLLEGE ENTERTAINMENT—Tuesday evening May 30th.

Missionary Institute.

I hereby acknowledge the receipt of the following amount, received for the support of the Theological Professor: April 15. Waterman & Young, Philad. per Schoch, Wagonseller & Co. \$20 00 May 4. M. W. Eagle Mills, N. Y. 3 00 " 10. M. E. Batten, Comp. 4. Pa. Art. 5 00 " M. H. Watson do 3 00 " John Q. Adams do 3 00 " J. W. Battin do 4 00 " D. H. Weaver do 4 00 " D. G. Campbell do 4 00 " J. B. Shoup do 7 00 \$53 00

\$30. of the above per hands of J. B. Shoup came from the Army of the James. J. G. L. Schindler, Treas. May, 1865.

FRANNEAN SYNO D.

Notice is hereby given that the twenty-eighth annual Convention of this body will commence, pursuant to adjournment, at West Sandlake, Ranssacker county, New York, on Wednesday the thirty-first (31) of May, at 10 o'clock A. M. Candidates for examination will not fail to be present on that day. Brethren coming by rail will find conveyances on Tuesday previous at the depot of the New York Central railroad, Albany. J. A. ROSENBERG, Sec'y.

THE SYNOD OF CENTRAL PA.

Will meet in New Berlin, Union Co., Pa., on the second Tuesday (23th) of June, 1865.

[From the Philosophian.]

Tribute of Respect.

Whereas it has pleased our heavenly Father in his infinite wisdom and goodness to call from time into eternity our worthy Brother Philo, Capt. John N. Hughes, who was mortally wounded while gallantly defending his country at the battle of Hatcher's Run, and who afterward died of his wounds, therefore

Resolved, That in the death of brother Hughes, who was an active member of the Philosophian Society for the space of two years, and whose labors as a member of the same were duly appreciated, this literary body has lost a faithful and consistent member.

Resolved, That the Philosophian Society greatly admires the bravery of our heroic brother, who deprived himself of the emendations of friends and home and offered his life a willing sacrifice upon the altar of his country.

Resolved, That while we deeply sympathize with the mourning friends and relatives of our deceased brother, we rejoice to know that he died in a noble cause, and that his name will be inscribed among the "martyrs of liberty."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, also one to company B. of which he was captain, 210th Regt. P. V., 3d Brigade, 2d division, 5th A. C., and that we publish them in the "Philosophian."

{ G. M. RHODES,
J. A. ADAMS,
D. T. KOSER.

Hymeneal.

MARRIED.—April 11th 1865, in Cassville, Pa., by Rev. J. E. Honeycutt, Mr. Henry B. Michel and Miss Elizabeth Shingler, both of Paradise Furnace, Huntingdon Co. Pa.

MARRIED.—On the 23rd of April by Rev. P. Anstadt, Mr. C. Hartley to Miss Elizabeth Gemberling, both of Snyder Co. Pa.

MARRIED.—On the 4th of May by the same, Mr. Elias Anstadt to Miss Mary Ann Apple, both of Freeburg, Pa.

Obituary.

DIED.—Oct. 28th 1864, in Salisbury, N. C. Mr. G. A. Flanagan, in the 38th year of his age.

The deceased enlisted in the army to defend the rights of his country, and was captured near Petersburg and sent to the prison at the above place. We learn through his nurse, a released prisoner, that he bore his sufferings with Christian fortitude, and died in the triumphs of the Christian's faith.

His funeral discourse was preached by the writer on the 9th of April 1865 in Newburg, Huntingdon Co. Pa., where he formerly lived. J. E. H.

DIED.—April 23rd 1855, at his residence, near Orbisonia, Huntingdon Co. Pa., Mr. Andrew Gilliland, aged 74 years, 5 months, and 9 days. J. E. H.

Two dull and torpid natures may be aroused by contact with each other even, a couple of dry sticks rubbed together will make a flame.

Write your name, by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

They asked Lukam, "of whom didst thou learn manners?" He replied, "from the unmannerly." "Whatever I saw them do which I disapproved of, that I abstained from doing."

Moral beauty, the reflection of the soul in the countenance, is as superior to superficial comeliness as mind is to matter. Those who look good cannot fail to be good-looking.

The Most Popular Musical Instruction Books ARE WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDES,

CONTAINING Easy Lessons, Pleasing Exercises and Choice Music. For the Flute, 75. Violin, 75. Guitar, 75. Piano, 75. Melodeon, 75. Accordeon, 75. Fife, 75. Clarinet, 75. Flageolet, 75. Sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price. Oliver Ditson & Co., Publishers Boston.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The sale of the first series of \$3000,000,000 of the 7-30 Loan was completed on the 31st of March, 1865. The sale of the second series of Three Hundred Millions, payable three years from the 15th day of June, 1865, was begun on the 1st of April. In the short space of thirty days, over One Hundred Millions of this series have been sold—leaving this day less than Two Hundred Millions to be disposed of. The interest is payable semi-annually in currency on the 15th of December and 15th of June by Coupons attached to each note, which are cashed anywhere. It amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.
Two " " " \$100 "
Ten " " " \$500 "
20 " " " \$1000 "
\$1 " " " \$5000 "

More and More Desirable.

The Rebellion is suppressed, and the Government has already adopted measures to reduce expenditures as rapidly as possible to a peace footing, thus withdrawing from market as borrower and purchaser.

This is the ONLY LOAN IN MARKET now offered by the Government, and constitutes the GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

The Seven-Thirty Notes are convertible on their maturity, at the option of the holders, into.

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

Which are always worth a premium.

Free from Taxation.

The 7-30 Notes cannot be taxed by Towns, Cities, Counties or States, and the interest is taxed unless on a surplus of the owner's income exceeding six hundred dollars a year.—This fact increases their value from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate levied on other property.

Subscribe Quickly.

Less than \$200,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within two months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscription to other Loans. It now seems probable that no considerable amount beyond the present series will be offered to the public.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be offered 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 notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT, Philadelphia.

May 1st 1865:

Subscriptions will be received by all the national Banks of the State.

List of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Selinsgrove, Pa. Adamson J. B. Beman Samuel E. G. Chew Miss Sarah C. Chew Miss Kate S. 2. Couch F. S. Crider C. M. Debber Elias P. M. Gordian Gedion. Gross Mathew, Hilbish Thomas, Hill Mrs. Moolly, Hemminger Peter Agt. Steward Mrs. Hester Z. Smith Miss Sarah, Straub Mary Lucy, Spengler Adam, Weaver Miss Kate, Wolf Miss Uranna, Weipert George, (from Germany), Yoder W. L. Esq. Cash.

Persons calling for the above letters will please say they are advertised. Selinsgrove, May 1st 1865 G. A. Hassinger P. M.

Children's Department.

THE CROSS.

Blest they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit meek,
The way of truth.

To them the sacred Scriptures now display,
Christ as the only true and living way;
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in heaven
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace,
The glorious blessings of his Savior's grace.

For them he bore
His Father's frown;
For them he wore
The thorny crown;
Nail'd to the cross,
Endured its pain,
That his life's loss
Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part,
Nor ever dare refuse
The Lord your heart,
Lest he declare
"I know you not
And deep despair
Forever be your lot."

Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died,
And trust on him alone who there was crucified.

LIFE'S GUIDING STAR.

The youth whose bark is guided o'er
A summer stream by zephyr's breath,
With idle gaze delights to pore
On imaged skies that glow beneath.
But should a fleeting storm arise
To shade a while the watery way,
Quick lifts to heaven his anxious eyes
And speeds to reach some sheltering bay.

Tis thus down time's eventful tide
While prosperous breezes gently blow
In life's frail bark we gaily glide.
Our hopes our thoughts all fixed below
But let one cloud the prospect dim,
The wind its quiet stillness mar,—
At once we raise our prayer to Him
Whose light is life's best guiding star.

A Burning Coal.

Joe Benton lived in the country. Not far from his father's house was a large pond. His cousin Herbert had given him a beautiful boat, elegantly rigged, with mast, and sails, all ready to go to sea on the pond. Joe had formed a sailing company among his school-mates. They had elected him captain. The boat was snugly stowed away in a little cave, near the pond. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the boys were to meet, and launch the boat. On the morning of this day Joe rose bright and early. It was a lovely morning. Joe was in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he thought of the afternoon. "Glorious!" said he to himself, as he finished dressing. "Now, I've just time to run down to the pond, before breakfast, and see that the boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home and learn my lessons for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon, for the captain must be up to time."

Away he went, scampering towards the cave where the boat had been left, ready for the launch. As he drew near he saw signs of mischief, and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been rolled away. The moment he looked within he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat, which his cousin had given him, with its masts and sails all broken to pieces, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise; then with his face all red with anger, he exclaimed:—"I know who did it,—the mean scamp! It was Fritz Brown; and he was mad because I didn't ask him to come to the launch; but I'll pay him up for this caper, see if I don't." Then he pushed back the ruined boat into the cave, and hurrying on, some way down the road, he fastened a string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground, and carefully hid himself in the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. He expected to see Fritz coming along, but instead of that it was his cousin Herbert. He was the last person Joe

expected to see just then, so he unfurled the string, and lay quiet, hoping that he would not see him. But Herbert's quick eye soon caught sight of him, and Joe had to tell him all that had happened, and wound up by saying:—"But never mind; I mean to make him smart for it."

"Well, what do you mean to do, Joe?" asked Herbert.

"Why, you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning; and I mean to trip him over this string, and smash 'em all."

Joe knew that this was not a right feeling; and expected to get a sharp lecture from his cousin. But, to his surprise, he only said, in a quiet way:

"Well, I think Fritz does deserve some punishment; but this string is an old trick; I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Joe eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What! burn him?" asked Joe, doubtfully. His cousin nodded his head, with a queer smile. Joe clapped his hands. "Bravo!" said he, "that's just the thing. Cousin Herbert. You see, his hair is so thick he wouldn't get burnt much before he'd have time to shake 'em off; but I'd just like to see him jump once. Now, tell me how to do it—quick!"

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." There," said Herbert, "that's God's way of doing it, and I think that's the best kind of punishment that Fritz could have."

You should have seen how long Joe's face grew while Herbert was speaking. "Now, I do say, Cousin Herbert," added Joe, "that's a real take in. Why, it's no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain that he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that kicking or beating him would be like fun in comparison."

Joe was not really a bad boy, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said, sullenly:—"But you've told me a story, Cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would burn, and they don't at all."

"You're mistaken about that," said Herbert. "I've known such coals burn up malice, envy, ill-feeling, and a great deal of rubbish, and then leave some cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Herbert, "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very fond of reading, but you have quite a library. Now suppose—but no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that." Then Herbert sprang over the fence, and went whistling away.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the land carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other. For a moment the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a grand smash it would have been if Fritz had fallen over the string!" but he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was put away in his pocket. Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the good fellow began at once with, "Fritz, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven the cows home and done all my chores, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read every book I can get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes fairly danced. "Oh, may I? may I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe; "and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help to sail my new boat this afternoon, but some one has gone and broken the masts, and torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped on his breast, but after a moment he looked up with great effort and said:

"Oh, Joe! I did it; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean when you promised me the book, did you?"

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

"And yet you didn't—" Fritz couldn't get any farther. He felt as if he would choke. His face was as red as a coal. He could stand it no longer, so off he walked without saying a word.

"That coal does burn," said Joe to himself. "I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine." Joe took two or three somersets, and went home with a light heart, and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries, and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag which he had bought for the boat with a part of his egg money. The boat was repaired and launched, and made a grand trip, and everything turned out as Cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts, that he never was more happy in his life. And Joe found out afterwards, that the more he used of this curious kind of coal, the larger supply he had on hand,—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions.

"I declare, Cousin Herbert," said he with a queer twinkle in his eye, "I think I shall have to set up a coal yard."

I should be glad to have all of you, my young friends, engage in this branch of the coal business. If every family would be careful to keep a supply of Joe Benton's coals on hand, and make a good use of them, how happy they would be. Joe was sowing righteousness

when he put that coal on Fritz's head, and he had "a sure reward" in the pleasure which it yielded him. Pleasure is one part of the reward of sowing righteousness. This is sure.—*Safe Compass.*

The Blind Boy.

The other day I went to see a little blind boy. The scarlet fever settled in his eyes, and for many months he had not seen at all. He used to be a sprightly little fellow, upon the run everywhere.

"Well, my dear boy," I said, "this is hard for you is it not?"

He did not answer for a minute; then he said:

"I don't know as I ought to say hard; God knows best." But his lip quivered, and a little tear stole down his cheek.

"Yes, my child, you have a kind heavenly Father, who loves you and feels for you more than your mother does."

"I know it, sir," said the little boy, "and it comforts me."

"I wish Jesus was here to cure Frank," said his little sister; "Jesus cured a good many blind men when he was on earth, and I am 'most sure he would cure Frank."

"Well," said I, "he will open little Frank's eyes to see what a good Saviour he is. He will show him that a blinded heart is worse than a blind eye; and he will wash Frank's heart in his own blood, and cure it, and make him see and enjoy beautiful heavenly things, so that he may sit here and be a thousand times happier than many children who are running about."

"I can't help wishing he could see," said Lizzie.

"I dare say," said I; "but I hope you don't try to make Frank discontented."

"Frank isn't discontented," said Lizzie earnestly; "he loves God! and love sets everything right, and makes its own sunshine; does it not Frank?"

"I don't feel cross now," said the little blind boy, meekly; "when I'm alone I pray and sing my Sabbath-school hymns, and sing and sing; and God's in the room, and it feels light, and—and—I forget I'm blind at all!" and a sweet light stole over his pale features as he spoke; it was a heavenly light, I was sure.

I went to pity and comfort him, but I found God had gone before me. The great God, who has a thousand worlds to take care of, did not overlook him, but with his heart of love came and turned his mourning into joy, his darkness into light, and made him in his misfortunes as happy as a child can be. O! God can do more and better for us than we can ask or think.

KIND WORDS.—Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much yet they accomplish much. They help one's good-nature and good-will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath and make it blaze the more fiercely. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kind of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and boisterous words, and war-like words. Kind words, also, produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is; they soothe and quiet and comfort the heart. They shame a man out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings.

YOUNG MEN

And
MEN OF MIDDLE AGE WANTED.

By an arrangement with gentlemen at Washington, and through agencies established in different cities, I am now prepared to furnish lucrative and honorable situations for every young man of middle age, who completes (in a thorough, satisfactory manner) the course of ACTUAL BUSINESS TRAINING at Eastman's National Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. But a small portion of those who graduate desire the assistance of the College in this matter, and the demand for Spring and Summer business is greater than the supply. The preference exhibited by the business community for those who qualify at this Institution is owing to the fact of their being so thoroughly drilled in ACTUAL BUSINESS OPERATIONS. It is this that has given the College such wide-spread reputation and placed it so far in advance of the Commercial or Business Schools. Reference is given to two hundred graduates now in the Government Departments at Washington, more than four hundred in banks, offices and mercantile establishments in the city of New York, and to Merchants, Book-keepers, Accountants, Salesmen, Telegraph Operators and Business men in the cities and villages of the country, who have been PRACTICALLY educated here. As occasions of the graduates have been formed in Boston, Washington, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and other cities. The entire expense of the Course, including board, Tuition Fee and incidentals, is from \$80 to \$90. Applicants are admitted at any time. Full particulars may be had by addressing

H. G. EASTMAN,
President National Business College,
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March, 3m.

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They furnish similar and equal security to the safes generally manufactured in the different cities, but are superior to them in their fire proof qualities and durability, the iron being effectually protected from rust in any climate, and the fire proof not subject to lose its utility by age. This is an important advantage gained by the purchaser, as safes often rust out and become worthless in two or three years. To substantiate my position, those purchasing the fire-Proofs are at liberty, by giving me due notice, of time and place of trial, to test them by fire with any other safe of the same size; and should they not prove superior, I will refund the money, or a new fire proof, as the purchaser may decide.

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No. 6 costs \$150; No. 5, \$125; No. 4, \$110; No. 3, \$100; No. 2, \$75; No. 1, \$50.
No. 6 is 40 inches high, 31 wide and 27 deep on the outside, and 31 inches high, 21 wide and 15 deep on the inside. No. 1 is 24 inches high, 19 wide and 20 deep. The intermediate numbers between 7 and 1 are also of proportionate intermediate sizes.

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with 2 inside Burglars & 1 D & 2 M Locks.
Price from \$900 to \$1,100.

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with Folding Doors D Lock.
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Price from \$1,500 to 3,000.

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July, 1864. 1y

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