

The American Lutheran.

VOL. 1 NO. XVI.

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

PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Rev. P. Anstätt, Editor.

SELINGSGROVE, PA. THURSDAY, AUGUST 3., 1865.

PUBLISHED EVERY TWO WEEKS

P o e t r y .

PLEASURE.

BY MRS. M. J. ROBERTSON.

Oh, tell me not of joys that float
In the mazes of the dance!
Of the gleesome sport, as the music-note
Resounds through the wide expanse,
In the glittering room where all is joy,
And brilliant eyes are beaming;
Tis pleasure full of dark alloy,
And its happiness is seeming.

Oh, speak not to me of the forms so free
That are gliding far and near,
Of the joys there be in the mirrored sea,
And the light of the chandelier;
Of the fragrant flowers that bloom around
In all their life and gladness,
For they bloom upon unhallowed ground,
And their fragrance is but sadness.

Oh, tell me no more of the crowded floor,
And the pressure of soft hands;
'Tis like the ore on India's shore,
Or Asia's burning sands.
'Tis bright and fair, but it thrills the soul
With its influence all too wildly;
And it lures to death, as the drunkard's
bowl,
While it starbles soft and mildly.

Oh, speak not again of the pleasures vain,
And the hollow, heartless smiles;
For they beam in vain, and wax and wane,
As the passing hour beguiles.
They but grasp the hand, while the heart's
away,
And thoughts to others roving;
And their look will beam with a mirthful ray
While their hearts are cold, unloving.

Then turn from the glance of the evening
dance,
And the dazzling light beguiling;
Of the false expanse and the thrilling chance
Of the music softly wiling.
To the pure sweet air of a summer night,
When the silver moon is shining,
Or the hearth of home, with its fire so bright,
And true hearts round us twining.

T r a v e l s .

Men & Things as I saw them in Europe

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

XVIII.

The Effect of a Feast day.—San Carlos.—Mixture.—Capua.—Gaeta.—Its Sights.—The Three Taverns.—First Sight of Rome.—Italy, from Naples to Rome.—The Face of the Country.—The People.—Woman degraded.—Emblems of Superstition everywhere.—Mass in a Village.—Light at Gaeta.—Contrast.—Glorious Associations.—Door of Hope.

By the recurrence of a feast-day, which was succeeded by the birth-day of the tyrannical king, we were detained in Naples longer than was comfortable. A feast or fast day down here stops all steamers and stages, and nearly all business; even on the wheels of government they put a brake—not so as to the Sabbath-day. Man's days are sacred; the Lord's day is disregarded. This is the action of Popery everywhere. On the birth-day of the king, the theatre of San Carlos was opened, and the church opposite to it on the square was brilliantly illuminated. The cross by which it is surmounted was in a blaze of light. Thus Popery mixes and mingles the feast, the theatre, the Church—things the most opposite—in the same dish, always paying a preponderating respect to the earthly element. I stood for some time, in the twilight of the evening, near the door of the San Carlos, to catch a glimpse of royalty and to see the fashion of the city. But the royal family was afraid to risk itself amid the gatherings of a theatre, and the great majority of the men I saw enter were priests and soldiers. The men in shovel-hats looked as if they cared much for the things of this life, and not much for the things of the life which is to come.

When the feast and natal day were over, and conveyances were permitted again to move, we left Naples amid a crowd of boys, priests, and beggars. We soon entered the country, which is finely cultivated. Soon we thundered through the gates of Capua, where Hannibal took up his residence after his great victory at Cannæ, and amid dirty lanes and all kinds of noises, drew up before the Hotel de Ville. It was any thing but attractive. Who would ever think of Hannibal in connection with such a place! Thence we passed along the valley of the Volturno—magnificently cultivated and wonderfully productive—to Gaeta, rendered somewhat noted by the hegira of his Holiness a few years since. This place received its name from its being the burial-place of the nurse of Aeneas, according to Virgil, and in its immediate vicinity Cicero was put to death by order of Anthony. The Mola di Gaeta is beautifully situated on the sea, as is also the town, from which it is separated by a valley. But the town itself is in the broadest

contrast with its magnificent situation. Its streets are very narrow, very dirty, and the hotel in which we dined was in every respect like them. The women wore a most peculiar dress, and the shorts of the men reached almost half way to their knees. The women sat in groups in the doors and under the shade of the walls, nursing their children, and picking each other's heads. The oranges were falling from the trees as we rode along, and as we knew that they were clean when skinned, we ate many of them. Thence we passed to Terracina, on the southern extremity of the Pontine Marshes, on the Appian Way, and where once stood, proudly and beautifully, the palace of Galba. After crossing the marshes, we spent an hour or more at a miserable village, the Three Taverns, rendered famous by the visit of Paul. Thence we passed through a beautiful and oft broken country until we reached the heights of Frascati, when Rome, reposing at the bottom of the immense basin which here opens upon you, presented itself to view. "Voici la Rome!" exclaimed our French companions. Soon we appeared before the gate Porta Giovanni. After due search and inquiry we entered the Eternal City; guarded by an officer we were conducted to the place of customs, and after a thorough search for articles contraband and heretical, we were permitted to file off, each to the hotel of his choice. Very soon I found quiet quarters, after a most dusty and fatiguing ride, in the Hotel d'Angleterre. I was now in the very heart of the city of Rome!

This ride from Naples to the Tiber, though tiresome, occupying nearly two days and a night, is a very fine one. It gives you new views of Italy, which is much broken, very fertile, presenting beautiful sights, and crowded with a most stupid and debased-looking peasantry. In fertility it seemed to surpass England or France, and you meet everywhere with groves of oranges and lemons. The fig and prune abound, and the vine trained from tree to tree, and so trimmed as not to exclude the sun from the culture beneath, forming a sort of net-work twelve or fifteen feet high, gives a fairy aspect to the scenery. Looking simply at its surface, fertility, and climate, Italy is a splendid country.

But the people seem remarkably poor and debased. Women are seen working with men in the fields, and at all kinds of labor, without covering on head or foot, and often not decently clad. We met them often riding asses as do men, and merrily singing with them as they were returning from the fields to their villages in the evening. The villages wear a very faded appearance, and beggars everywhere assail you. The country is beautiful, the air is balmy, the sky is clear as glass; but you exclaim with amazement as you gaze upon the people. Are these the descendants of the Romans, whose eagles flapped their wings in triumphs of victory at the extremes of the world?

And the emblems of Popery meet you every where. The pictures of Mary you see in the shops of the butcher, the baker, the shoemaker, and in the gin-shop, over the bottles of wine and brandy. Little alcoves are made for them in the walls by the highways, where they are often placed with candles burning before them. The cross you see every where—in houses, and on them—by the way-side, and in the fields—on the tops of hay-ricks and stacks of grain. And yet there is no scriptural religion among the people. On the Sabbath morning we visited a church in one of the interior villages; a very few people were attending mass, performed by a most clumsy old priest, while a crowded market was going on in the public square, where were priests in dozens, and some of them laughing merrily at the tricks of the mountebanks! So little are people affected by these emblems, multiplied until they become offensive, that we have seen a man at the same time bowing to the Virgin and swearing at his ass! In passing through Gaeta, a woman, spinning flax after the fashion of the place, to save herself in a narrow street, turned into an alcove in the wall in which was an image of the Virgin, which she struck with her flax-stick; she quickly turned round, and, crossing herself, dropped a courtesy. She evidently made the *amende honorable* by asking her pardon! There is no more religion in Italy than when Paganism held dominion there; and there is no more, and probably no less homage to the external symbols of religion than when the people worshipped the *lares* and *penates*. There is no way of addressing an ignorant and brutalized people but through the senses. And as Popery brutalizes the people, it multiplies the objects of sense. Thus did Paganism, and Popery faithfully write after its copy. This is its true succession.

The American riding through Italy is constantly reminded that he is in a strange land. Convents are seen on the tops of the very highest hills, and you are left to imagine how they are accessible. Nor can you conjecture the reason why they are so located. Villages are very generally built on the slopes of hills, and in positions where they could with ease be very strongly fortified and easily defended. No houses are scattered over the country, as with us—the people, like sheep, go out over the fields by day, and return to the same fold in the evening. When you stop at a village to change horses or take a meal, the first and last persons you generally see are priests and

beggars; and, while equally idle, they differ widely in appearance. The priests are round sleek, and well-dressed—some of them as fat as Egdon. The common people look as one might suppose the Hebrews looked in Egypt, when, under the cruel tyranny of the Pharaohs, they were obliged to make brick without straw!

And yet you feel that you are treading a soil of hallowed association, whose every road, hill, village, river, mountain, bay, has its stirring history. In this town Hannibal lived. In this narrow pass he was checked by Fabius. Here Cicero lived. There he was killed by the paid assassins of Antony, who cut off his head and hands, and sent them to Rome. Along this road marched the legions of Rome to the conquest of the nations, and on it they marched back again to the Capitol, leading kings captive, with their victorious banners floating over them. In this valley was a death-struggle with Goths and Vandals. On that promontory Paul landed. Here he met the brethren from Roman, and rejoiced with them. Thence every thing has its history, and during every step of your progress you are dreaming of the past and sighing over the present; Paganism ennobled, Popery has degraded Italy. There is no hope for it but in the removal of the priestly tyranny that has ground it to powder. Let Italy exchange the missal for the Bible, the priest for the true minister, the authority of the Pope for that of God, and it may be again among the nations what it has been. This is its only door of hope.

From the Philosophian.

The Poetry of the Bible.

Human intellects have performed poetical wonders, the poets of earth may proudly boast of their productions of eloquence and beauty; their high adornments of taste, their works of a creative imagination. In the compass of thought, the wealth of expression, and the grandeur of description, there is indeed much that belongs to human poetry.

But let the poets of earth concentrate all their power, their beauty, their wisdom, and compass of thought into one intellectual mass, compare it with the poetical productions of the Bible, and see how insignificant the merely human effort, when compared with the divine, how far the utmost stretch of the finite sinks beneath the high and comprehensive thought of the infinite.

When we examine the poetry of the Bible, we are unable to decide what part is preferable; there is so much for our instruction, for our admiration, for our wonder, for the highest feelings of our moral nature, for our love of the sublime and beautiful, and all so far above the highest discipline and power of all created mind; that the feeble intellect of man is absolutely lost in a vast universe of poetical wonders. In this region of Biblical lore, human thought has a range that is boundless, a height that the most brilliant imagination can never soar to, a depth that no reason can penetrate, and a breadth that all intelligence can never encompass.

Let those who so much admire the poetry of a gifted Byron, or the touching sweetness that flows in the verse of a Cowper, or the grand intellectual creations of a Milton, turn to their Bibles, and give the poetry of inspiration a careful perusal. Examine the book of Psalms, how vividly they describe, the morals of life, the mystery of redeeming grace, the display of almighty power and almighty love, the spiritual history of the world, the passage of Jehovah through the wonders of creation. In this wonderful book, lessons of wisdom as salutary as they are intelligible open up before the reader. What a combination, the attributes of God, the rewards of piety, the horrors of hell, the glories of heaven, together with the vanity of human cares, and the deceitfulness of human counsels, they are set forth, by examples, by images, and by descriptions so magnificent, yet so familiar, so elevating, yet so natural, so suitable to common feeling, yet so commensurate with our highest faculties, that all must acknowledge their excellence.

And let those who love poetry, read the prophecies of Isaiah, who is the most perfect model of prophetic poetry. He is elegant and sublime, forcible, and highly ornamental, in his composition there is such a sweetness and power that the mind is often carried along with irresistible force, as this prophet of high dignity exposes the blackened crimes of rebellious Israel, and then again as he kindly invites all of every rank and condition, to repentance and reformation by numerous promises of pardon and mercy, or as he soars in perfect descriptions of the future events that shall come upon the world.

In a word the poetry of the Bible, is mighty in power, infinite in wisdom, perfect in beauty, complete in description, containing every shade and variety of language, vast in thought, profound in truth, surpassing all the productions of either ancient, or modern times, and eclipsing them with a glory that is eternal, and containing an eloquence, the admiration of good men, the wonder of the saints, and the delight of angels. Oh, the poetical eloquence of the Bible is colossal, towering, till lost in the inaccessible majesty of its Author.

FRATER.

From the Minutes of the Frankan Synod.

Christian Benevolence.

The subject of benevolence is one of so general and vital an application, and is so imperative, that your committee is scarcely able to see how any one professing religion can think of enjoying the love of God in his heart, and closing that heart to the calls of benevolence. Religion originated in a benevolent regard for man. It was this that brought down the Son of God from Heaven. That induced him to die for man. That seated him on the right hand of God to intercede for man. Now, to be a Christian is to have the spirit of Christ. How is it possible that any man can have this spirit and not be controlled by the same principles that were the governing principles of his life? His was a life of benevolence. He went about doing good. Christians are supposed to have drank in the same spirit, and to be governed by the same principles. They should ever be ready to contribute, as they have means, whenever they see that in so doing they will be able to advance the cause of God and promote his glory. With the Christian, it should not only be considered a duty, but a luxury to give, and thus do good. It is blessed, more blessed than to receive. It is a feast to the conscience. It makes us feel that we are doing right; and that is a feeling for which kingdoms and worlds have been offered on a dying bed. And then the idea of mingling in the joys and sorrows of others is a pleasing one. To fill some longing soul with the bread of life, by liberally contributing, will shed a glow of sweetness and satisfaction over one's own heart that seems like the sunshine of heaven. In this way we show our resemblance to Christ. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." By giving of our possessions, then, for the benefit of the cause of humanity and the cause of Christ, we show that we have the spirit of our Saviour and prove ourselves to be his followers. By being liberal we also improve our own moral character. "He that watereth shall be watered himself." There is a reflex influence in benevolence which is most desirable. The man who gives advances himself in virtue. While he is doing good to others he is doing greater good to himself. He is rising higher and higher above the disease and contagion which is spreading around in those who are miserably and regardless of God's glory. He puts himself in a purer and more heavenly atmosphere. He schools his soul to the discipline of heaven. Christian liberality is also peculiarly pleasing to God. He is pleased with sacrifices of prayer and praise, and with the offerings of a broken and contrite heart; but he is well pleased—it is his especial pleasure—to see us doing good unto others. He thus sees the active operation of his grace. He thus beholds the vine which he planted and cherished with so much care bringing forth the desired fruit. Thus if we have any real desire to please God, we will be liberal, and our liberality here is connected with our final reward in another world. Let no one be surprised at this. It is a doctrine of an infallible teacher. "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water, only, to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward." It is said, "Give and it shall be given to you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over." "He that showeth not mercy shall have judgment without mercy." The scriptures are full of high rewards for the benevolent, assuring us that those that do good and forget not to communicate, shall obtain everlasting riches in glory.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor the man perfected without adversity.

Look at your Hearers.

I find in the Observer of last week seven reasons why the hearer should look at the preacher. Being both a preacher and a hearer, I find the article one-sided. My conviction is that it is hard, if not impossible, for a hearer to look at the preacher while the latter looks at his manuscript, having frequently observed that a congregation attend to the minister in the proportion that he attends to them. Allow me, therefore, to take the liberty to apply the words of your worthy contributor, Simon, to the other side, by addressing his seven reasons to your ministerial readers.

Look at your hearers,

1. Because they are listening to you. They have come to church for that purpose. Many people get themselves to sleep by reading, or by having some one read aloud to them. But they don't think of going to sleep when a man looks them right in the eye and talks to them, especially if the conversation is on a topic of importance and interest.

2. Because looking at them is a proper return, so far as it goes, for their pains in coming to hear you. They put themselves into communication with you, and your gaze at them is a response to their inquiring look at the man in the pulpit. It is simple justice.

3. It is politeness too. You would call one rude and ill-mannered who should avert his face when you put him a question, or when you come to listen to an explanation which he has offered to give you. Politeness should eminently characterize a minister of the Gospel of all that is good, sound, "of good report," and "worthy of all acceptance."

4. It is kindness too. You can do your hearers unspeakable good; they are anxious to learn and be edified. It will gratify them to see that you are really in earnest to tell them something. They will be moved. They are, perhaps, indifferent, and come from mere custom. Your look right at them will fling the arrow of truth into their hearts.

5. Would you not, if a hearer, like the same treatment now sought for him? Would not the preacher's gaze make you feel that he was in earnest? Can you refuse to do as you would be done by?

6. Look at your hearers, for there is power in your example. It will rebuke the wrong habit of reading long homilies to the hasty performance of worship, praise, prayer, and reading of the word of God, while the people learn coolly to sit and listen with critic's ears at the performance, if they do not avert their faces, look around at the congregation, or compose themselves into a comfortable nap.

7. Look at your hearers, because it will warm your heart, put burning words into your mouth, and suggest to your mind your best thoughts and fittest illustrations. You will put yourself into electric communication, through the eye, with the upturned faces of your hearers, and the process, while it lasts will drive from their minds the thought and desire of criticising or of sleeping; they will leave the church better men and women, and you will feel that you have not labored in vain.

Here are seven good reasons for doing what will cost you but little effort, and which is certain to be profitable and honorable to yourself, polite, kind, and enlivening to your hearers, and greatly useful to your ministerial brethren.—N. Y. Observer.

AN INDIAN'S IDEA OF BAPTISM.

In the memories of Erasmus Simon, an interesting account is given of a poor Indian's idea of baptism:

A French Jesuit once visited a tribe of this singular people, and taught as usual the efficacy of baptism. But a chief, when he heard of the power of the regenerating Word and Spirit of the living God from a Protestant missionary, contrasted the teaching of the two missionaries in a few plain but unanswerable words of broken language: "That goes right here to my heart, not like that other nonsense talk. The great Spirit wants clean here," pointing to his heart; "never mind face; what have bad men to do with baptism? Water on face all go for nothing to bad man. Jim Beech Tree mad as ever with strong water. Baptize on face do him no good; he old Jim still."

For the Amer. Lutheran.

The German Lutherans in America.

Mr. Editor,

In looking over our excellent Evangelical Review, I see that Rev. B. M. Schmucker in the Installation Address in Philadelphia, very properly refers to the Germans in this country. Their numbers and their great spiritual destitution. He says, "There is an immense work to be done before the German Lutheran immigrants now resident in this country, shall be gathered into congregations, and supplied with the ministrations of the Gospel. There are hundreds of thousands of such members of our fold, scattered, and uncare for by us, and the number is increasing every year by tens of thousands." This is all true. There are thousands of European Germans scattered all over our vast country who are not gathered into congregations, and never will be under the system of instruction the New Seminary at Philadelphia proposes to give its students. These thousands of German Lutherans have all been raised under just the system the Philadelphia faculty proposes to train its young men in. And just here is the great difficulty, and it may not be improper to direct the attention of the church to some facts in relation to this whole subject. We have had some opportunities of learning some things about the state of our European Germans. When they come to this country, all over 14 years of age, both male and female are members of the church, i. e. they are all confirmed. Those who come from Lutheran sections are of course all Lutherans. Those who come from churches where Old Lutheranism is prevalent, are of course Old Lutherans—those who come from churches whose pastors were Rationalists are infidels, and so of all others. Like priests, like people. Hence we have all sorts of Lutherans among the German immigrants. They have all been confirmed, and of course have all been instructed in the catechism, to which we of course can have no manner of objection. But to come to the point, those persons have been instructed precisely in the way and manner proposed by the New Seminary in Philadelphia. They have been taught (carefully no doubt) the doctrine of baptismal regeneration just as it is taught in some of the symbolic books, and as the Philadelphia Professors are pledged to teach their students. And if they do not teach it they must be looked upon as morally dishonest. Now when a man is brought up under this Popish error, nothing can be done for him, until the Spirit of God enlightens his mind and moves his heart. You may get such persons into a church, and they will very cheerfully go to the Lord's supper, with their semi-popish notions, but you talk to them about a new heart, or conversion and they don't know anything about it. They have as a general thing no love for the church, and why not? Simply because the church in the Fatherland, "when they asked for bread gave them a stone." The Lutheran church in Germany has shamefully neglected the spiritual interests of her children. She has fed them on symbolism, instead of giving them the pure Gospel of Christ! Is it any wonder that those poor neglected and starving souls are rushing by thousands into the German Methodist, Baptist and other evangelical churches that direct them to Christ? Just look at the German Methodist church, we well recollect the time when the first German Methodist church was formed in the West, about 26 years ago. Now they have many thousand active and devoted members. But it seems we as a church will never learn wisdom, even from our misfortunes. Now the Philadelphia brethren propose to supply the church with just such men as Germany has sent us, who have well nigh let the whole German element slip out of our hands! We need German Revival preachers, men who have experienced Religion in their own hearts, and can tell their Countrymen what Christ has done for their own souls.

The best place in this country for the education of preachers for the German population would be Selinsgrove. There they would mix with our young American Revivalists—they would catch the spirit of the age, and go forth into the church with their semi-popish notions removed. There ought to be a German department connected with the Missionary Institute. Some of our rich Lutherans could do an untold amount of good by endowing a German professorship there. Let them do it. God has by his Providence thrown these thousands and hundreds of thousands into our midst, and it is our duty as a church to break unto them the bread of life. And if we don't do it, he will raise up other churches that will. Of old dead symbolism they are evidently sick and tired, of outward forms they have had enough, they want something for the heart, and they will have it, though we compel them to seek it among strangers! The brethren in Philadelphia may be honest and sincere in their convictions, (and we hope they are,) but they are wrong in their views, their system will never be productive of any good! Time will show that they can with their present views, not save the Europeans from going over into other churches by thou-

sands. A few English churches in our large cities that were built up under other systems and that are entrenched with wealth and worldly influence may prosper (at least in an outward way) under the symbolic system, but the church can never prosper under it as a whole. It is worn out in Europe, for even there the church is now sighing and groaning for a purer Gospel! Look at the success of the Methodists and Baptists in Germany and Sweden. Look too at the inroads Mormonism is making in Europe, thousands of our Lutherans who are trained under the symbolic system are annually falling in with that insane heresy.

We are glad to hear that your German paper is to come to life again.

GERMANICUS.

[For the American Lutheran.]

Where are the Parents.

When we enter our Sabbath Schools, we are generally met by a number of little children, youths, young men and young women, with now and then some of the older members of the church—the parents. But knowing from the number of children present, that there are many more parents who should be interested in the school, than are present, we naturally inquire,

WHERE ARE THE PARENTS?

Have they no interest here? Is there no room for them? Is there nothing for them to do in the Sabbath School? If we were to ask them personally and separately, we should very likely receive a great diversity of answers. Some would tell us it is too much to go to Church and Sabbath School both, others would confess that they had taken a walk for recreation, or paid a pleasure visit, while others still would plead weariness and acknowledge that they had appropriated the Sabbath School hour to a comfortable snooze on the sofa, lounge, or easy chair. But if we should ask them, why they were not at Sabbath School, or why they do not attend it, we should very likely receive for an answer,

"I HAVE SERVED MY TIME IN SUNDAY SCHOOL."

I attended regularly for so many years, now let the young folks take charge of it."

The fact is, many regard a marriage certificate as a legal discharge from Sabbath School, and the simple fact that they are married as a sufficient excuse before God and man for appropriating to pleasure or indolence the time which they formerly occupied in imparting religious instruction to the young. Now, why is this? Is there less responsibility resting on them after they are married than before? Are they less capable of doing good? Has God any where said; "Work for me till you are married, and then indulge your pleasures and indolence?" Certainly not. We read, "He that is faithful to the end, the same shall be saved." And certainly the entering upon matrimonial alliances does not excuse us from a single duty that we owe to God, but on the contrary, generally increases our opportunities and responsibilities to do good. In every way that we can, then, we should be employed for God. And certainly there are few places that afford a more inviting field of labor than the Sabbath School.

Parents are generally better qualified to teach than younger persons, their experience with children gives them advantages that few young persons can have. Their presence and aid in our Sunday Schools would greatly increase their value, and employ their time for God, and the cause of human happiness, which is certainly better than wasting it in self-indulgence, and Sabbath desecration. Remember, parents, you are responsible to God, for every hour of your time, and if your children should accuse you at the judgment of neglect of duty in this respect, what would you answer? What excuse would you render? Think you that your conscience when you are dying, or your judge in the great day, will be satisfied with the excuse that you went to the Sabbath School when you were young, and sent your children when you were older? Will this answer instead of your presence, your aid, and your influence in school, after you become parents?

J. R. SIKES.

Selected for the Amer. Lutheran.

DEVILS.—have gone to the utmost extreme of wickedness. They have a perfect hatred of all that is good or holy. There is nothing in them for divine grace to operate upon, in order to create a change.—Prof. M. Jacobs.

HELL OF THE WICKED.

Let the wicked man alone and he will render himself miserable; he will create a hell in his own bosom from which he never can separate; he will carry it with him wherever he goes, in the bright blaze of the sun or in the darkest cavern of earth, it will accompany him to every twinkling star in the heavens, or to the brightest sun in the Milky Way, it will go with him to the most distant constellation in the universe, or if there be an unknown void beyond to which he could retreat it would follow and torment him there.

Prof. M. Jacobs.

THE PRAYER OF A GOOD MAN.

So have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass and soaring upward, singing as he rises, and hoping to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back by the loud sighing of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, that it could recover by the vibration and weighing of its wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down, and pant and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries below—so is the prayer of a good man.—J. Taylor.

Heaven a Place of Activity.

Excepting freedom from sin, intense vigorous untiring action is the mind's highest pleasure. I would not wish to go to Heaven did I believe that its inhabitants were to sit inactive by purling streams or to be fanned into indolent slumbers by balmy breezes! Heaven to be a place of happiness must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton rested from its investigations? Have David and Isaiah hung up their harps useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with God-like enthusiasm ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter, and Cyprian, and Luther, and Edwards, idling away eternity in mere Psalm-singing? Heaven is a place of activity, of never-tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep nobler and loftier strains in eternity, and the minds of saints unclogged by cumbrous clay forever feast on a banquet of thought, rich glorious thought. Young gentlemen press on, you will never get through. An eternity of untiring activity is before you, and the universe of thought your field.

Dr. L. Beecher.

The School house a Gauge of Civilization.

In different ages of the world, and in different countries, men have entertained very different notions as to the things which might serve as a measure of civilization. Too often some weapon of war, cunningly forged and threatening fierce destruction, has been accepted as the best standard. Sometimes the criterion of a nation's advancement has been the amount and quality of the soap it used, or of the salt, or of the iron, or of some other mineral or agricultural product. And this was not bad; for the skillful production and adroit application to manifold uses of these things are a tolerable exponent of the inventive genius of a people, and of their progress in developing certain of the arts and sciences.

But of all the gauges of civilization which have ever been employed, the school-house, it seems to us, is at once the truest and most satisfactory. Does it gather in itself, not a third or a half of the children of the nation, but all of them? Are these children there taught simply to cast up accounts in order to become sharp traders, and to speak fluent English in order to appear well in good society? Or are they educated as well to form high purposes, or to aim after the utterance of worthy words, and the achievement of noble deeds, and above all to cultivate the manners and spirit of Christian men and women? How much do they learn of their real relations to their fellows? of their relations to their country? and, is it too much to ask, of their relations to that almighty Being who, though invisible, is yet always and everywhere present, controlling the destinies of individuals and communities? These are the test questions which reach to the very seat of a nation's life, determining its permanence, greatness, usefulness, and glory.

A careless observer will indeed see little connection between the magnificent silk, arrayed in which our fashionable lady sweeps down Broadway, and the small, insignificant cocoon, which lies perchance—a curiosity—in the shop-window; but the thoughtful will remember that from just such a cocoon the fine and delicate threads were unrolled that were afterwards woven into the robe of fabulous cost and dazzling lustre. And precisely so, not every one who looks upon the occupants of the splendid marble Capitol in Washington, the judicial bench, the metropolitan pulpit, or of the war-worn saddle, will be reminded of the little round-headed urchins that used to sit on the hard boards of the town school-house, taking their first lesson in self-mastery, that grand element of greatness, by struggling diligently to master the task before them; but the philosophic biographer cannot fail, in unraveling the history of the legislator, the judge, the minister, and the general, to trace the most valuable, because most elementary threads running through their experience back to the pedagogue's hand; nor to acknowledge what a debt they severally owe to the skill and unflagging zeal of that hand, which thus first gathered up these threads and finally gave them into their own, with many solemn directions how to weave them into a noble and worthy fabric of life. What thinker is there, and especially in a republic, who does not feel the mighty truth of Aristotle's remark to the effect that he who would look wisely to the future welfare and glory of the state must look at once and well to the instruction of youth? And why? Wherein consists the glory of a state? Not, surely, in inexhaustible beds of mineral wealth, nor in boundless acres of fertile soil, nor in wonderful water courses affording grand lines of commerce, nor in genial, healthful climate, nor yet in any other physical advantage that can be imagined. Several countries might be named that have been most highly favored with all these elements of greatness, still their

people are to heroic history unknown, and to noble "fame unsung." These things are simply the rough materials lying, so to speak, in the nation's workshop, and ready to be wrought into whatsoever high forms of civilization the nation's artisans may devise. The vital question then turns upon the character of the artisans, and, as these are trained in the school-house, we must knock at its door to inquire whether they are wise and inventive; whether they know the value of industry and economy; and, above all, whether they are ambitious to excel in producing works of a lasting and glorious nature. It is the very intelligence developed under a teacher's influence that converts agriculture into a science, and trade into a princely calling; while it is the upright manhood, formed under the same influence, in unison with that of the Church, which conserves the best institutions of the state, and hands them down, in spite of corruption, to posterity in safety and in beauty. In other words, a state is glorious just in proportion as her citizens are educated, honest, and qualified, if need be, to fill responsible positions with distinguished honor and usefulness. And whether her citizens shall bear such a high character depends altogether upon the kind of training they receive in their early years, not the least part of which is that given them in the school.—Educational Monthly.

The Voice of the Seasons.

BY J. F. REYNOLDS.

There is in the revolution of time a kind of warning voice which summons us to thought and reflection; and every season, as it arises, speaks to us of the analogous character which we ought to maintain. From the first openings of spring, to the last desolation of winter, the days of the year are emblematical of the state, and of the duties of man; and whatever may be the period of our journey, we can scarcely look up into the heavens and mark the pathway of the sun without feeling either something to animate us on our course, or to reprove us for our delay.

When the SPRING appears, the earth all covered with its tender green, and the carol of birds and song of happiness is heard in every shade, it is a call to us to religious hope and joy. Over the infant year the breath of heaven seems to blow with paternal softness, and the heart of man willingly partakes in the joyfulness of awakened nature.

When SUMMER reigns and every element is filled with life and beauty, and the sun, like a giant, pursues his course through the firmament above, it is the season of adoration. We see there as it were, the majesty and wisdom of the Almighty; and wherever we direct our gaze the glory of the Lord seems to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

And AUTUMN comes; with its rich mellow loveliness, chanting a dirge of departed summer in strains so mournful and plaintive. It is the appropriate season of thankfulness and praise to him whose benevolence never slumbers nor sleeps. Moreover, the thoughtful mind will not fail to discover the many lessons this season teaches: "Of the doom of genius blighted in its bloom, and of joy's beclouded ray."

And WINTER, which will soon lift his icy sceptre over the land for stern and stormy months, has also similar instructions. Perhaps the noblest lessons of religion are to be learned amid its clouds and storms. I am often reminded of a beautiful passage in "Thomson's Seasons," where the seasons and their lessons of human life are briefly expressed. It reads thus:

Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life: pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last
And shuts the scene.

PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER.

What a glorious boon is thus vouchsafed to us! The Christian's joy, and hope, and consolation. How often and how earnestly, then, should the Christian seek the throne of grace? He should feel most sensibly that the fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much. He should long and ardently lift up his soul to God in prayer that blessings may come down upon himself and his fellow-men.

To call upon God is not only acknowledged as our privilege, but is everywhere laid down in the New Testament as our absolute duty. Earnest, energetic prayer, we are kindly informed in the Bible, has great efficacy with God. What infinite condescension! The humble, feeble petition of a worm of the dust may have an influence in the counsels of the Eternal Three!

In nothing, perhaps, do we see the forgiving love and benevolence of the Deity more strikingly manifested towards his rebellious creatures than in the institution of prayer. Here we see, as it were, a communication opened between earth and heaven. By this way the humble saint may rise on the wings of faith and love to the very confines of heavenly bliss. He may almost hear the sound of heavenly music. He mingles in imagination with the glorious company that stand around the throne of God, with crowns upon their heads and golden harps in their hands, singing, day and night, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

In the emotions of the simple, humble, and desponding disciple of Christ are the loftiest examples of moral sublimity ever seen or felt by man. But these emotions, elevated and exalted as they are, still are open to all who will

sincerely and earnestly seek them. Yet, after all, there are some still remaining, and those professing Christians too, who, regardless of its value, are now living in almost entire neglect of this heaven-born privilege.

MORAVIAN.

WE OUGHT TO SING.

We can sing our cares away easier than we can reason them away. Sing in the morning. The birds are the earliest to sing, the birds are more without care than anything else that I know of. Sing at evening. Singing is the last thing that robins do. When they have done their daily work; when they have flown their last flight, and picked up their last morsel of food, and cleaned their bill on a napkin of a bough, then, on a topmost twig, they sing one song of praise. I know they sleep sweeter for it. They dream music; for sometimes in the night they break forth in singing, and stop suddenly after the first note, startled by their own voice. O that we might sing evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through!

As I was returning from the country the other evening, between six and seven, bearing a basket of flowers, I met a man that was apparently the tender of a mason. He looked brick and mortar all over! He had worked the entire day, and he had the appearance of a man that would not be afraid of work. He was walking with a lithe step, and singing to himself as he passed down the street, though he had been working the whole day, and nearly the whole week. Were it not that my good thoughts always come too late, I should have given him a large allotment of my flowers. If he had not been out of sight when the idea occurred to me, I should have hailed him, and said, "Have you worked all day?" "Of course I have," he would have said. "And are you singing?" "Of course I am." "Then take these flowers home, and give them to your wife, and tell her what a blessing she has in you."

O that we could put songs under our burdens! O that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song! Then these things would not poison so much. Sing in the house. Teach your children to sing. When troubles come, go at them with songs. When griefs rise up, sing them down. Lift the voice of song against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven; and among God's people upon earth song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.

H. W. Beecher.

Charity.

Let my lips be sealed with Charity, that they may open only for the good of my neighbor. Let my eyes be veiled with Charity that they may rest upon good, and that wickedness may be shut from my sight. Let Charity close my ears to all unkind and malicious slander. Let Charity keep my hands busy with profitable work, and my feet turned in the path towards those whom God hath given me power to benefit. May Charity keep my heart from secret sin, from evil imaginings, from the tempting whispers of the evil one. So that shutting every door against uncharitableness, my soul may be made strong in love to the Father and to all men.

S. S. TIMES.

I figure to myself that the last hour is come—the heavens are opening over our heads,—time is no more and eternity is begun. Jesus Christ is about to appear to Judge us, according to our deserts, and we are here waiting at his hands, the sentence of everlasting life or death. I ask you now stricken with terror like yourselves, in no wise separating my lot from yours, but placing myself in the situation in which we must all one day stand before God our judge.—If Christ I ask you were come to make the awful partition between the just and the unjust, think you that the greater number would be saved. Do you believe that the numbers would even be equal. If the lives of the multitudes here present were sifted should we find among them ten righteous? Should we find a single one?

Massillon's Sermons.

A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

Two springs which issued from the same mountain, began their course together; one of them took her way in a silent and gentle flowing stream, while the other rushed along with a noisy and rapid current. "Sister," said the latter, "at the rate you move, you will probably be dried up before you advance much farther; whereas, for myself, I shall probably become navigable within two or three hundred furlongs, and after distributing commerce and wealth wherever I flow, I shall majestically proceed to pay my tribute to the ocean. So farewell, and patiently submit yourself to your fate!" Her quiet sister made no reply, but calmly descended to the meadow below, and patiently proceeding on her way, she increased her strength by numberless little rills which she collected in her progress, till at length she was enabled to rise into a considerable river; while the proud stream who had the vanity to depend solely upon her own sufficiency, continued a shallow brook, and was glad, at last, to be helped forward by throwing herself into the arms of her despised, but superior sister.

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, Thursday Aug. 3, 1865.

"Candor--The Unfettered Feline."

Under these headings the Lutheran and Missionary has recently copied articles out of our paper. Under the latter heading the editor remarks:

"We are wonderfully amused at the manner in which the 'American Lutheran' 'lets the cat out of the bag' as fast as the 'Observer' 'ties her up.'"

We were not aware that the "Observer" is trying to "tie up a cat in a bag" until we were so informed by the editor of the Lutheran and Missionary. We regard it as no disgrace to be considered candid, and make it a matter of principle to speak the truth without mental reservation or prevarication before friend or foe. It betrays the weakness of their cause, when parties forsake the straight forward path of truth and candor, and betake themselves to tricks and subterfuges. American Lutheranism, conscious of its strength, can show an open front over against symbolism, and in a fair, open contest can outvote the symbolists in the General Synod two to one, as was abundantly shown in York a year ago. It was only by one of their tricks that they afterwards smuggled in their doctrinal amendment at the close of the session, and thus gained a temporary advantage, which in an open and fair contest they could never have obtained.

We have occupied the position of editor of a Lutheran paper for nearly fifteen years. During all this time the symbolists have been our bitterest enemies and persecutors, and their animosity is at this time rather increasing than relenting. But we shall go on in the even tenor of our course; we do not court their smiles nor fear their frowns.

The Trip to Europe.

We notice that quite a number of ministers and laymen of our church are making trips to Europe this summer. Among others we notice our old friend and colleague, Mr. Henry Ludwig, Editor and proprietor of the "Lutherische Herald" of New York, has gone on a three months tour to Germany. During his absence the paper will not be issued, which is a very nice arrangement, provided the subscribers are satisfied.

Mr. Ruetnik, Editor of the "Evangelist" a German Reformed paper, has also gone to Germany on a six months visit. He has secured a substitute, and his paper is to appear regularly during his absence. There appears however to be a rod in soak for him. It seems he published something derogatory to the German Reformed Orphan house and his brethren express a determination to bring him to an account for this transgression as soon as he returns.

AN AMIABLE Symbolist is the Rev. M. Loy, editor of the "Lutheran Standard." Of this any one can convince himself by reading the following selections from his paper:

The American Lutheran, decided as it is in its opposition to the confession of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, sometimes, in its frankness, says good things. It is hostile to the faith of our Church, as the Church has confessed that faith and honestly says so. We hate error, but we like honesty, and like it in the American Lutheran. A correspondent in a late number of that paper, after saying some ugly things about Lutheranism, and showing a great deal of ignorance about it, expresses the following true sentiment: Surely it is not Lutheran to sell the truth at any cost whatever. And if Luther could speak from the skies to-day, he would say: "Follow me as I follow Christ." Compromising with error is questionable in civil affairs, but in matters of faith and doctrine it is most surely not admissible. A peace secured on such a basis is a delusion. For sooner or later God will hurl the thunderbolts of his wrath at error, and all connected therewith shall suffer loss. That is the kind of language we love. What these "Americans" are pleased to style symbolism asks no compromise. It wants no cloaking and no smuggling. It comes not at error, and does not go begging for favors. It seeks God's glory through good and through evil report, and is content. If the General Synod will only carry out the principle expressed "symbolism" can be satisfied.

THE KIRCHENBOTE, which was the only German paper in the country that battled against the Lutheran confessions while it professed to be Lutheran, and which some time ago became defunct, is about to be revived. So says the American Lutheran. It seems the hope is entertained of still finding some Germans who are silly enough to assist in supporting such an enemy to the Lutheran faith, which they profess to hold. Or do they expect it to be supported by sects that are Americans but do not claim to be Lutheran?

Remark by the editor of the American Lutheran.—While writing this latter article, the amiable editor unfortunately suffered a drop of gall to flow into his pen. He certainly misrepresents and slanders us, when he represents us as an "enemy to the Lutheran faith," and as "decided in our opposition to the confessions of the Evangelical Lutheran Church." On the contrary, we most sincerely believe, that the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion are set forth in the Augsburg

confession, in a manner substantially correct. We venerate and love the noble confession, but we do not regard it as inspired, or place it on an equality with the Bible, as an infallible rule of faith and practice. It was written by that good and learned man, Philip Melancthon, and received the sanction of Luther and the Protestant Princes. But its author did not, by any means, regard this as a perfect rule of faith, for he began the work of revising and correcting it, soon after its completion. Just as little, therefore, as Melancthon could be regarded as an enemy of the confession which he himself had written, can we be regarded as an enemy to it, when we regard it in the same light in which its author regarded it.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The kind reader would make a great mistake, if he supposed that the path of an editor is always strewn with roses, that his correspondents breathe only love and affection towards him, and express the most unbounded admiration for his paper. On the contrary our correspondents "come down on us," sometimes, "like a thousand bricks," as will be seen by the following caustic epistle:

"I have been receiving your paper (the 'American Lutheran') for some time. I do not know that I ever asked you, or any one else to send me your paper. I do not want the paper, and therefore I never asked you to send it to me. I do not like to say all that I feel like saying, as you Editors are very smart men, and you come down very hard, sometimes, on people.

I will say, however, that I am down on the principle, of every one that 'feels like it,' becoming Editors of church papers. I am just as much opposed to such Editors as I am to those men who establish New Seminaries 'on their own hook.' I am as much down on the Rebels in the Church, as I am on the Rebels in the State, and God knows I never liked them.

I do think, sir, that those men who claim so much 'right,' and so much individual power in the Church and State, are very dangerous to both. It seems to me, that our church has no discipline whatever, every man can do what he pleases.

Well, I will say no more, only this. I do not want your paper. The church does not now, support the good, loyal, 'Old Observer,' loyal to the church and state, as it should be supported."

Remarks by the Editor.—The writer of the above was represented to us as a very promising young minister who had just been licensed, and who was very successful in building up the church in which he labored. For this reason we sent him the American Lutheran; we fondly hoped he would not only himself be pleased with it, but that possibly he might send us ten subscribers.

To the remark that "editors are very smart men, and come down very heavy, sometimes on people," our innate modesty forbids us to make any reply. We may be permitted to say, however, that this rule, like most others has its exceptions.

We are sorry that our correspondent is down so heavily on every one that "feels like it" becoming editors of church papers." He would not certainly have any one to edit a church paper who does not "feel like it." And if he does "feel like it" and the church "feels like" sustaining his paper, we can see no earthly reason why our friend should come down so unmercifully on the innocent editor.

We have been an editor of a church paper for nearly fifteen years and all this time we "felt like it," and "feel like it" still, and expect to "feel like it" as long as we can wield a pen to the edification of our readers.

His denunciation of rebellion in church and state meets with our most hearty approbation, and we entirely agree with him that those men who claim so much "right" and wish to concentrate so much power in themselves are very dangerous men. But as regards discipline, we think our church has all she needs; all that is necessary is to put it properly in force in the cases of offenders. Moreover it is an essential part of our glorious liberty that every one can do what he pleases, provided he does not interfere with the rights and privileges of his neighbors. Our correspondent exercises this same privilege himself which he condemns in others. He can do towards the American Lutheran just as he pleases, either subscribe for it, or refuse it. He "pleases" to do the latter and we have no church discipline, and ought to have none, to compel him to do otherwise. So also it is not within the province of our church discipline to determine whether a man has a right to publish a church paper or not. If he publishes anything derogatory to the church or to religion, the discipline may take hold of him, but with his abstract right to publish a paper it has nothing to do.

When our correspondent says: "The church does not support the good, loyal, old Observer, loyal to the church and state as it should be supported," we remark, The church did not support the "Observer" any better before we commenced the American Lutheran than it does now. The American Lutheran was not commenced as an opposition paper to the Observer, but as a co-operator with it in battling for American Lutheranism and against symbolism. It is only in case the Observer should ever prove recreant to the principles of American Lutheranism, that we

should feel ourselves in conscience bound to oppose it.

Our paper supplies an important want in our church at this time. There are thousands of families in our church who are either unable or unwilling to pay \$2.50 or \$3.00 for a large weekly church paper, who can be easily induced to pay \$1.00 for a semi-monthly paper, and thus a large number of our members will become interested in the affairs of our church that would without the American Lutheran remain comparatively ignorant of them.

If our correspondent intends to intimate by the phrase "Loyal old Observer," that the American Lutheran is not loyal, then we plead not guilty to the "soft impeachment," and with patriotic indignation we repel the slanderous insinuation.

"I enclose you a small list of names as subscribers to the 'American Lutheran.' I did not do, however, as you directed me, but chose my own way. I spoke of the matter from the pulpit and urged the importance of having in every family a good church paper. I did all this in a neat little speech. You know I can do that. Well, you may consider this the first shot from this direction—a round twelve pounder, solid."

(Here follow the names of twelve new subscribers, constituting "a round twelve pounder, solid." He then adds:)

There are a number of others whose names I will get shortly. I have been a little slow, but depend upon it, sort of sure."

Remarks by the Editor.—The most pleasant work that an editor can perform, is to enter a long list of subscribers on his mail-book. But we doubt whether the editor of the American Lutheran experienced a greater delight whilst transcribing the above named twelve subscribers in his book, than the good brother felt when he sent us the "round twelve pounder, solid" together with the subscription money in advance. To each and every one of our ministerial brethren who would secure for himself one of the most exquisite pleasures, and at the same time rejoice the heart of the editor, but above all, do a good work by disseminating edifying reading among his people, we commend the example of our correspondent. The effort is not very difficult, and the result often is the most glorious.

Lutheran Publication Society.

On this the Committee thus express themselves:

Whether the issues of this society have been worthy of general patronage, and have supplied, to their full extent, the wants of the Church, we are not able fully to decide. The Board of Publication shall consist of twenty-four members, elected by the General Synod.

The question might be legitimately proposed, which would be the better plan, the present one, or to make the Board the creature of the General Synod or of the District Synod? Honest men may doubt the propriety of having such a society organized outside of the general agencies of the church. This feature certainly is worthy of thought and reflection.

Whether this Synod is prepared to propose co-operative action at the present time or not, your committee are unable decide. Thus much and nothings less, they would advise Synod to do, to examine the character and workings of the Society more fully in the future and to endorse and co-operate so soon as they shall be convinced of its worthy character and adaptation to issue and diffuse a sound and efficient religious literature.

There might be also an objection raised, however, to some extent neutralized by necessity in the case, against the constitution that two-thirds of the members of the Board must live near the city of Philadelphia. There may arise the apprehension of danger in a centralization of power.

THE CASE OF MR. WIETING.

On the case of Mr. Wieiting, who was deposed by the Synod of East Pennsylvania, at its last meeting, we have the following:

Your committee have examined the minutes for the interrogatories of your President, but have looked in vain for any solution of your former difficulty; whilst the assertion of Brother Wieiting touching the propriety of writing for information, that "the whole truth would not be given," has been too truly verified.

Why the President of the East Pennsylvania Synod refused to answer the interrogations put to him, your committee are at a loss to know. If every thing was fair, right, and honorable why withhold the truth? The facts which have been gathered from letters addressed to Brother Wieiting by various members of the Eastern Pennsylvania Synod and from other documents placed in their hands, the true answer may perhaps be inferred.

We have now evidence that he is guilty of any wrong, hence the presumption of innocence is still in his favor, notwithstanding his deposition by the East Pennsylvania Synod.

The conclusion to which they came is: Resolved, That we respectfully request the East Pennsylvania Synod to adjust the matter, if possible, and to give this body all the information in the case.

Resolved, That if we fail to secure any light beyond what we now have we shall feel justified in entertaining his application.

Minutes of the Frankean Synod.

It is better to be the credit of a mean post than the shame of high one.

If we are sanctioned by the Holy Spirit, then it is its own witness in our hearts; this is scriptural.

Wise men mingle mirth with their cares as a help either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind is to cure melancholy with madness.

DO YOU PRAY?

David did. His circumstances were indeed unfavorable. A crown was upon his head. The care of a kingdom pressed him. He might have said, "I have no time." But he prayed. He prayed much. Prayer formed one of his most influential habits. What proofs and illustrations abound in those wonderful writings, the Psalms! How touching, earnest, often sublime, were his cries unto God!

Daniel did. He was indeed a statesman and courtier. He lived in the midst of idolaters. To them his religion was offensive. The king bade him not to pray unto the Lord. If he did, it was at mortal peril. The Great men of Babylon conspired to make this very thing the means of his ruin. Still he prayed. He did it, not ostentatiously, but without concealment. His religious principle was stronger than his fear of men. "Three times a day he kneeled, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as aforetime."

St. Paul did. It was the first pulse and expression of his new life in Christ. "Behold he prayeth!" said the spirit. The fact was the surpassing but conclusive proof of his spiritual change. From being Saul the persecutor, it was shown he had become Paul the saint. However, after that event his life was one of prayer, as well as heroic labor; of prayer for himself, for his countrymen, for the Gentile world, for the blood-bought church. Holier, more intense, sublimer aspirations probably never ascended from a soul on this side heaven.

Our Lord Jesus Christ did. This is a most impressive truth. It ought to be pondered by all who do not pray. The Saviour was perfect. He was divine. He sustained no relations of dependence. He had no sins to be forgiven. There were in him no evil passions to be subdued. He was subject to no temptation that he could not resist. He was assailed by no enemy whom he could not conquer. He had life in himself. He had creative power. He had infinite merit. But he prayed. He prayed in earnest, and with his disciples.

Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fervor of his prayer. Yes; David, Daniel, St. Paul, our Lord Jesus Christ, all prayed. The prophets and the saints were men of prayer. Even God, made man, prayer for you. Do you pray?

Mirthfulness.

The power of discovering a comic point, of appreciating a humorous hit, and enjoying the fun of a droll position, is a gift not to be despised. It is not a vain, silly, or unbecoming thing, as some moping owls and grave dullards suppose. It is, indeed, like all human faculties, liable to abuse, and capable of being perverted to evil; but it is essentially a good gift, and ought to be turned to the good account of which it is susceptible, and to manifest itself in the increase of the cheerfulness, the happiness, and the affection of social and family life.

We might go further. We might say, and adduce much evidence to support the proposition, that as humor is discerned only by those who can to some extent, catch the feeling and spirit of the humorist, so the sense of discernment of humor is one phase or department of sympathy, and thus the springs of mirthfulness and of kindness are not far distant; and many a home, amid the alternations of joy and sorrow that darken or brighten the course of life, has found an ever-fresh gladness in the comic vein and jocund humor of some mirthful member of the family. Many of the best men we have ever known—the best in the highest sense of the term—with the best heads and the best hearts, have been men who thoroughly appreciated and highly enjoyed true humor.—North British Review.

The smallest key being put into a music box rightly made, and rightly turned, may cause that box to go on for an hour, rolling out exquisite tunes. What the box performs is in no proportion to the size of the key. And the size of the truth that winds up a man's experiences and feelings is in no proportion to the breadth of those feelings and experiences. That truth may be simple almost to infancy; and yet as a key in the hand of God applied to the music box of the soul, it may unfold and develop that which shall fill a whole life. I recognize to this moment that my ministry and character have been shaped by the views that dawned upon me in one single moment; and though these views are often hid as stars by night, they are never wiped out any more than the stars are wiped out.

Remember that God is no curious or critical observer of the plain expressions that fall from his poor children when they are in their closet duties; 'tis not a flow of words, or studied notions, seraphic expressions, or elegant phrases in prayer, which take the ear, or delight the heart of God, or open the gate of glory, or bring down the best of blessings upon the soul; but uprightness, holiness, heavenliness, spirituality, and brokenness of heart—these are

the things that make a conquest upon God, and turn most to the soul's account.

The Watchword.

In one of the great rock galleries of Gibraltar two British soldiers had mounted guard, one at each end of the vast tunnel. One was a believing man, whose soul had found rest upon the Rock of Ages; the other was seeking rest, but had not found it.

It was midnight, and these soldiers were going their rounds, the one meditating on the blood which had brought peace to his soul, the other darkly brooding over his own disquietudes and doubts. Suddenly an officer passes, challenges the former, and demands the watchword. "The precious blood of Christ!" called out the startled veteran, forgetting for a moment the password of the night, and uttering unconsciously the thought which was at that moment filling his soul. Next moment he corrected himself, and the officer, no doubt amazed, passed on. But the words he spoke had rung through the gallery and entered the ears of his fellow-soldier at the other end, like a message from heaven. It seemed as if an angel had spoken, or rather as if God himself had proclaimed the good news in that still hour. "The precious blood of Christ!"

Yes; that was peace! His trouble soul was now at rest. The midnight voice had spoken the good news to him, and God had carried home the message. "The precious blood of Christ!" strange, but blessed watchwords, never to be forgotten! For many a day and year, now, it would be the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

The Antiquity of Petroleum.

In Egypt petroleum was used for medicinal purpose nearly four thousand years ago, and oil springs are still in existence in that country. In the latter part of the last century two ships' cargoes of the crude oil were transported to England to be sole, but the process of refining not being understood, the traffic was abandoned. Under the name of sicilian oil, the people of Ag- rigentum used what is now known as petroleum for purposes of illumination, and in Parma there is a spring of naphtha which the people apply to a like use at the present day. In Asia Minor the oil has been known to exist, and has been used to a limited extent for ages. The oil wells in Burmah, it is estimated, have been yielding their present supply of eight hundred thousand barrels per annum at least a hundred years, amounting during that period to about eight millions of barrels in English measure. Oil wells also exist in Persia, and it is said have lately been discovered near the Sea of Azof, while on the Island of Samos they existed five hundred years before the Christian era.—London Grocer.

THE religion of Jesus Christ is a vast remedial system made up of many mighty forces and containing within itself capacities of adaptation and adjustment to every phase of the world's progress and to every necessity of individual life. These mighty forces are to some extent dormant, and they must be awakened into action: and the outlying field around the Church must be filled by all the agencies which God has placed in our power. To develop these inner forces, and to cultivate this outer field is the bounden duty of this age and this Church.

We may grieve the Spirit in our own hearts as well as grieve it in others, when we doubt its teachings, and yield to harassing temptations after we have done the best we could under the influence of the purest motives.

SUSQUEHANNA FEMALE COLLEGE.

SNYDER CO. PENN'A.
Fall Session commences August 17th, next.
Winter do do November 16th, "
Spring do do March 1st, 1865,
For Catalogues, &c., address,
Rev. S. DOMER, PRINCIPAL.
July 31, 1865.

MARRIED, on the 20th of July, 1865, by Rev. A. W. Lentz, at the residence of Mr. Peter Kantz, Mr. Jacob Roadarmel, to Miss Sarah C. Marsh, both of Elmsport, Locoming Co., Pa.

Also, by the same, July 30th 1865, at the residence of Mr. Peter Haines, Mr. David Mumbur, of Philadelphia, to Miss Caroline Haines, of Clinton township, Locoming county, Pa.

NOTICE.

The Northern Conference of the Synod of Central Penn'a., will meet in Pine Grove Mills, August 24th, 1865.
WM. H. SCHOCH, Sec'y.

LIST OF LETTERS.

Remaining in the Post Office at Selinsgrove.
Collins, Charles J., Markley, Francis
Hoff, Josiah, Parsing, Miss Mary
Henninger, Peter, Reichenbach, Wm. due 3.
Heller, Miss H. J., Schoch, William
Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say they are advertised.
P. S. Persons wishing advertised letters forwarded, will remit two cents to pay for advertising.

G. H. HASSINGER, P. M.
Selinsgrove, Aug. 1, 1865.

MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

I hereby acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts for the support of the Theological Professor:
July 6th, From "A Friend," Baltimore \$50.00
" 18th, " B. F. Allenan, Agent collected in Muncy, Lewisburg, and Ashland, 67.5
" 26th, " Dr. A. Mauk, Laurel, Del. 10.00
\$127.50
J. G. L. SHINDEL, Treasurer.
Aug. 1, 1865.

