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FINISH THY WORK.

Finish thy work, the time is short,
The sun is in the west;
The night is coming down—till then
Think not of rest.

Yes, finish all thy work, then rest;
Till then, rest never;
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow;
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down
On some celestial hill,
And of its strength-reviving air
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace,
Life's battle fought and won,
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
"Well done! well done!"

Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above;
Sing a new song of mighty joy
And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who held thee up
In all thy path below,
Who made thee faithful unto death,
And crowns thee now!

Travels.

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

XX.

Object stated.—Saint Peter's.—From Top to Bottom.—Chit in the Basement.—Its Grandeur and Amplitude.—Statue of St. Peter.—Its Worship disgusting.—Mass there.—A disappointed Confessor.—The Scene of the Road.—The Sublime and Ridiculous.—The Confessional, or Tomb of St. Peter.—Poor Leo's Emblems of Office.—The Wafer Taken.—A Farce.

As the great object of my visit to Rome was to see for myself the workings of Popery at the very centre of the system, and under the eye of its infallible head, I sought to render every hour of my time, and all my resources, subservient to my own object. My readers will give me credit, at least, for honesty, when I frankly own that I was as much interested to discover the *fool* arts of the priests, as I was to look upon those immortal productions of the *fine* arts, which, together with its ruins, now form the only attractions of Rome, whose power was once supreme in the world.

Of course we went to St. Peter's the noblest edifice of its kind in the world, and as we gained the point where we had a first view of its towering front, surmounted by the apostles—of its semicircular colonnades adorned with nearly two hundred statues—of the majestic pillar, sent to Rome by Caligula, that rises in the centre of the piazza—of the fountains which send up their snow-white foam, we stood and gazed in mute wonder! Until now, my disappointment almost reached the point of dejection, but now my expectations rose to the point of astonishment. We entered. Our astonishment rose as we went around the magnificent interior. And as we gazed upon the splendid nave—the gigantic pillars—the stupendous dome that swells up nearly five hundred feet, arrayed in beauty to the very apex—the wonderful creations of art that meet the eye at every point, we felt overwhelmed with a sense of the beautiful and the magnificent! We clambered up to the top and looked again over the city, and feasted our eyes upon every thing that could be seen from that elevated position. We descended to the apartments beneath the building, where, by the aid of torches, we examined little gems, chapels and altars, and beautiful statuary and painting. Down in those dark chambers we were shown a picture of the Judgment, with robbers, murderers, and bad women on the left, and a great array of popes and cardinals on the right. "Why," said one of the company, to the guide, "why not put others on the right as well as popes and cardinals?" "O," said he, with a shrug, "the painter was paid by the Pope to paint it, and he must put them there; he was *paid* for doing it." Although he had a shaven crown, and was an official of the Church, he evidently estimated that some on the right hand might in truth, have been placed on the left.

Regarded in whatever point of view, save as a house for the true worship, St. Peter's is a magnificent building. You are lost in its amplitude, which is sufficient to give room to fifty thousand persons, and you are amazed at its wealth of architecture, statuary, and painting, at which you gaze and wonder, until your sensations of pleasure become oppressive. I visited it often, and always with increasing admiration of its grandeur, proportions, and magnificence; and as I stood taking my last view of it, at the point where I took my first, a feeling of sadness came over me at the reflection that I should never see it again. I had seen other cathedrals before, St. Paul's,

Westminster, Notre Dame, and have seen others since, including those of Turin, Strasbourg, and Cologne, but in comparison with St. Peter's, they are as the Grampians to the Alps, or as the Falls of the Clyde to the Niagara.

And yet, as a house of Christian worship, how utterly offensive to a Protestant! There conspicuously poised, where all eyes may behold it, in the great nave, and near the high altar, is the bronze statue of St. Peter. It is a sitting figure, resting on a marble pedestal, with an impulsive, stern expression; the right hand raised as if in the act of blessing, and holding two ponderous keys in its left. Save the head and hands, this is the old Jupiter Tonans, with thunderbolts exchanged for keys. It is a very uncouth affair, and is striking contrast with the perfection of beauty by which it is surrounded. If the thunderbolts had only been retained, it would be a good representation of Popery—black, ugly, fierce in aspect, with keys to lock up all heretics, and bolts to strike opponents dead! And to see old women and silly girls, soldiers, gilded and plumed, peasants from the Campagna, ladies with liveried servants, and now and then, "few and far between," an ecclesiastic, bowing to this ugly man in bronze, wiping off the kiss of the last worshiper, and then imprinting one of their own on its toe, and rubbing that toe with their foreheads—if all this is not disgusting, I should like to know what is. O, if Peter himself were only there, how he would spurn such silly idolaters from his presence! And while gazing upon the scene, I was informed that, when last in Rome in fiery pursuit of a pair of red stockings, the venerable, pious, retiring, bashful John of New-York prostrated himself most profoundly before this image! And yet he was refused the red stockings! What ingratitude for such pious humiliation!

And there, too, on all sides, are altars and confession-boxes, where masses are muttered, where sins are confessed and forgiven, for a compensation. At some of these altars I saw masses in progress, without a person to witness them except the boys in waiting; and when the priest was reading from the mass-book, these boys were often playing pranks behind his back! Even in St. Peter's, the mass is falling into the contempt which it merits. Even before the altar, boys are making fun of the priests.

And it was pleasant to see fat-looking priests sitting in their confession-boxes, anxiously waiting for customers, and without finding any! I was struck with the face of one of these fathers, and walked several times in front of his box for the purpose of reading it; but it was too darkly shaded to be legible. I thought he looked at me as if he had caught a fat customer, but he was mistaken. A poor woman came along and dropped on her knees by the side of his box. She looked at it she needed both forgiveness and alms. While whispering into his left ear, another woman came along, and stood at a respectable distance before the box. She dropped courtesies until she attracted the attention of the knight of the box. She then fell on her knees, and soon a long rod like unto a fishing-rod was slowly extended from the box, and thrice laid upon her head. She then crossed herself, rose from her knees, and went smiling away. "And what," said I to our valet, "is the meaning of all this?" "That woman," said he, "is a *little* sinner; perhaps she told a *little* lie, or got a *little* angry, or said some bad word not *big* enough to confess—her so standing before the priest is a confession of some such *little* sin—and he laid the rod upon her in token, and as a sign, of forgiveness." Such was the sight seen, and such was its explanation! What horrible perversion of the Gospel, under the light which comes pouring down the dome of St. Peter's, and in the presence of the high altar, where the Head of the Church alone can officiate! And what a labor-saving process for confession, and to obtain forgiveness! A courtesy is a confession, and the sticking out of a long rod conveys pardon! And all this in St. Peter's! The ridiculous in the presence of the sublime!

With a guide book in my hand, I was walking around, gazing now at this painting, now at that group of statuary, and now at that superb mosaic. I stopped before the high altar, and by the *confessional* as it is called, which contains the grave of St. Peter. It is surrounded by a marble balustrade, from which are suspended many lamps constantly burning. A double flight of steps leads down to the shrine, where is a kneeling pope by Canova, and other statues. A silver-gilt box rests upon the tomb of St. Peter, in which are placed the palli, when finished by the withered nuns of St. Agnes, which the Pope confers on the priests when made archbishops. They are placed there to absorb some virtue from the holy atmosphere which there circulates! It is somewhere about this tomb the Pope is said to have hung the badges of offices of poor Bishop Ives, on his recent surrender of them, with his faith, at the foot of the sovereign pontiff! Is it not a wonder that sensible men do not see how closely Puseyism treads upon the heels of the ridiculous and farcical!

As I turned away from the "Confessional," I observed a young man of medium appearance, half-way between a peasant and a shopkeeper, making his way to an altar. He knelt before it. I stood to witness the result. He

prayed for a brief time. Without changing his position, he looked round and beckoned to a boy. They whispered. The boy ran off, and soon returned with a priest. The wafer was taken out—converted into God—was laid upon the man's tongue—and the priest was away again! The whole thing was over in as short time as it takes me to write this account of it. This was the only instance I saw in Italy of a man taking the wafer. This was in St. Peter's, and the whole thing, as far, at least, as the officials were concerned, was a farce. There is no worship in this basilica of the popes, it is only a splendid temple of the arts.

PEACE BY FAITH.

Dr. Spencer, in his "Pastor's Sketches," gives a touching account of a young woman who suddenly obtained peace by faith in Christ after a long period of gloom. She had clear and pungent convictions of sin, felt the necessity of immediate repentance, and the absolute need of an atoning Saviour to save her from condemnation. She seemed to understand her dependence on the Holy Spirit, and the danger of grieving him, and was earnest in her private devotions, and in constant attendance on the means of grace. But for many weeks she made no progress. Her friends and companions one by one rejoiced in hope of pardon, but she remained in deep gloom. Her pastor had many long conversations with her, but could not understand what obstacle hindered her conversion.

One evening on his way to church he called at her house. He found her just where she had been for many weeks. On leaving her he said:

"I would aid you most willingly, if I could, but I can do you no good."
"I do not think you can," said she calmly, "but I hope you will still come to see me."
"Yes, I will," said I, "but all I can say is, I know there is salvation for you; but you must repent and you must flee to Christ."

On reaching the church he gave out the hymn closing with the stanza:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

The next day she came to see him, to tell him she had made a new discovery, and on his asking her what it was, she said:

"Why, sir, the way of salvation all seems to me perfectly plain. My darkness is all gone. I see now what I never saw before. All is light to me. I see my way clear; and I am not burdened and troubled as I was. I do not know how it is, or what has brought me to it. But when you were reading that hymn last night I saw the whole way of salvation for sinners perfectly plain, and wondered that I had never seen it before. I saw that I had nothing to do but trust in Christ—"

"A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

I sat all the evening just looking at that hymn. I did not hear your prayer. I did not hear a word of your sermon. I do not know your text. I thought of nothing but that hymn, and I have been thinking of it ever since. It is light, and makes me so contented. Why, sir, don't you think that the reason we don't get out of darkness sooner, is that we don't believe?"

Simple faith in Christ will always bring peace to the soul.

The Mission of a Sunbeam.

A sunbeam left its home of light on an errand of love and kindness. It came with the first blush of morning, breaking, by its magic glow, the spell with which sleep had enchained the world. It painted the clouds with beauty, and gladdened the earth with its smile.

The trees wooed it to their embrace, and the rippling stream flowed softly, bearing it on its bosom. The flowers, whose delicate coloring was traced by its pencil, opened wide their petals to its life-giving ray. In the halls of wealth it shed a softer and richer glow.

Its dimmed light struggled into the low dwelling-place of poverty, bearing to the despairing watcher there the boon of hope and peace. The little child looked up and smiled as it paused to play with its golden curls. The tottering step of age grew firmer as its silvery beam fell on his locks of gray. Every where it inspired joy. The gay and happy felt their pulses bound with more gladness of life. The sad and friendless were comforted by its peaceful influence.

At last, its mission ended, it returned again to its source. Its last bright rays were shed upon the evening colors with which no painter's pencil can vie, while the earth lay calmed in its mellow radiance.

Would that our lives might be like sunbeams, that wherever we go we may cause joy and peace to spring in our pathway, and the blessing of hearts made glad by our presence to rest upon us! And when this short day of our earthly life shall close and we pass away may we leave behind us the bright light of our example to lessen the sorrows of life, and guide wayward man in the path to glory and to God!

Christian Piety.

"What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do—
That, more than heaven, pursue."

Had Pope never written more than the single stanza above, he would have been entitled to the thanks of those who admire true poetry when used as the garb of truth. We doubt whether so comprehensive an idea as is contained in this petition, could possibly be embodied in fewer words, or language more sententious. According to our notions, a clearer, and at the same time more accurate view of what constitutes true christianity cannot be given. We should do right because it is right, and avoid wrong because it is wrong, not with the expectation in the former case, of obtaining a certain reward, nor on the contrary, of receiving a dreaded punishment. We should do good solely and simply for the sake of good, deeming the sincere satisfaction arising from dispensing kindness to our needy fellow creatures, the heartfelt gratification afforded by the feeling that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," ample recompense in itself, without any ulterior motives. We should love virtue for virtue's own sake, since whatever is pure and lovely and of good report can alone arise from a strict observance of all that virtue requires. An upright mind a conscientious spirit, a rectitude of purpose, an amiable disposition, a kind heart, all spring from that virtue which we cannot help loving, admiring, yea revering; while on the other hand, vice, with its attendant ills, its long train of evil consequences, so far from possessing any inherent property to win our esteem, is calculated to call forth nothing but aversion and our reprobation.

We cannot commend the course which some Christian ministers pursue in their earnest exhortations to their people. There are those as all well know, who expend the bulk of their eloquence and their logic in impressive admonitions to "flee from the wrath to come," as a great snare and pitfall, the avoidance of which is the chief end and aim of earthly existence. We admit that sinners may be frightened into a transient repentance by a glaring representation from the pulpit of the terrors of hell, but who will venture to say that such repentance is ever proved to be sincere by the permanence of its effects, that is to say, by a continuous course of consistent piety to the close of life? Are we not compelled by repeated observation to say that a change of heart effected under the influence of alarm, invariably leads to that backsliding of which it may be truly remarked, "the last state is worse than the first?"

Nor, on the other hand, can we think that those who endeavor to act in accordance with the precepts of right merely for the sake of obtaining a reward hereafter, are worthy the acceptance of the Supreme Being they profess to serve. "To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly," are acts which in themselves afford the truest pleasure a rational being can experience—a pleasure, the attainment of which requires not the labored effort arising from the stimulus of compensation. The task they impose must be entered upon with that cheerfulness which arises from a sense of duty, not with the reluctance that stops to inquire into expediency; the self-denial they enjoin must be practiced because of its chastening influence, not because it will be repaid by subsequent happiness at the rate of compound interest. If the latter were the guiding principle of men's actions, how could such actions be acceptable to God? Love must be the motive power—love to God and man in its most exalted and comprehensive sense.

If this be the governing principle, the reward will follow in due season as a matter of course. Respecting this, the Christian gives himself no concern, one of his chief traits being a full reliance upon the mercy and loving kindness of his Maker. He knows that as he sows so shall he reap, and therefore he casts his seed into good ground, humbly, trustfully, and thankfully, believing that he shall gather the fruit of an abundant harvest.

The glories of that better land, where there shall be no more night, nor death, nor sorrow, nor pain, only stimulate his exertions, in as far as that he may be the better fitted to enjoy them by a purifying course of earthly trial. This is the crucible to which the ore of his human nature is subjected, that when the refining process is over, he may show to the world the blessings of a well spent and exemplary life—life in earnest—life lived to some purpose—

"Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!"

Noble Reply.

Luther, when making his way into the presence of Cardinal Cajetan, who had summoned him to answer for his heretical opinions at Augsburg, was asked by one of the cardinal's minions, where he should find a shelter, if his patron, the elector of Saxony, should desert him. "Under the shield of heaven!" was the reply. The silenced minion turned round and went his way.

A Significant Card.

The following is printed on a card and hangs in the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Detroit, Mich.:

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

Is it because I am afraid of ridicule?
"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the son of man be ashamed."—Mark viii. 38.

Is it because of the inconsistency of some professing Christians?

"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."—Rom. xiv. 12.

Is it because I wish first to obtain the things of this life?

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matt. vi. 33.

Is it because I am afraid I shall not be accepted?

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

"He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Heb. vii. 25.

Is it because I am afraid I could not withstand temptation?

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above what you are able to bear, but will with the temptation also make a way of escape."—1st Cor. x. 13.

Is it because I hope to save myself by leading a moral life, and doing no harm?

"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xviii. 3.

Is it because I am postponing the matter without any reason or excuse?

"How can ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation?"—Heb. ii. 8.

HOW CAN I BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

I want to be saved; does Jesus invite me?
"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

Can I come at any time?

"Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."—2d Cor. vi. 2.

How can my sins be forgiven?

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1st John i. 9.

Is Jesus near to hear me?

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Psa. xxxiv. 18.

What sacrifices must I make?

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service; and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."—Rom. xii. 1, 2.

Can I know when I am forgiven?

"He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."—1 John v. 10.

I think I feel God's spirit in my heart?

"The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart—that is, the word of faith, If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him up from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—Rom. x. 8, 6, 10.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

At the time of a great drought in England, several pious farmers agreed to hold a special meeting to pray for the much-needed rain. When the appointed time came the minister was surprised to see one of his little Sabbath scholars bringing a huge old family umbrella and asked why she did so on so lovely a morning. The child gazed at him with evident surprise at the inquiry and replied, "Why, sir, I thought as we were going to pray to God for rain, I'd be sure to want the umbrella." While they were praying the wind rose and the clear sky became clouded, which was soon followed by a heavy thunder-storm, by which those who came, unprepared to the meeting, were drenched, while Mary and the minister were sheltered by the umbrella her faith had led her to bring.

On Success in Preaching.

The Rev. Mr. Stein, of Frankfort-on-Maine, preached one Friday in a church in which there were only a few hearers scattered here and there. On the Sunday thereafter he had in the same Church a numerous and brilliant congregation, comprising in it the most respectable and dignified citizens. There happened to be in town at the time a young foreigner, who heard this clergyman on both these occasions. He called on him, and expressed his joy at seeing so large a congregation on Sunday. "I cannot say," answered Mr. Stein, "that I am remarkably glad on that account. On the Friday I see souls in the church, but on the Sunday scarcely more than bodies and clothes." They who attended on Friday came not from custom and compulsion, but from a sense of spiritual want. This is more valued by a true minister.

The following anecdote is related of Mr. Lassenius, a minister in Copenhagen. A stranger, who for a long time had had a desire to hear Mr. Lassenius, and to become acquainted with him, was, while on a journey, staying a couple of days in Copenhagen, and noticed in a newspaper that Mr. Lassenius was to preach next day—a week-day. The traveller entered the church with high expectation. To his surprise he found it almost empty. Only a few old people were sitting here and there. Thinking that something had occurred to prevent Mr. Lassenius himself from preaching, the traveler felt disposed to go away; but just at that very moment the preacher entered the pulpit. The stranger remained and heard a powerful sermon, full of spirit and life. He inquired of an old woman who was sitting near him what was the preacher's name, and was informed that it was "Lassenius." At the conclusion of the sermon he went into the sacristy and introduced himself to the clergyman. In the course of conversation he asked how it was possible to preach to animated and carefully prepared a sermon in an almost empty church. Mr. Lassenius gave no reply; but as they were walking out together to the country he conducted his companion to a spring of water. "Let us drink of this spring," said Mr. Lassenius; "the water is very fine." They drank, and the stranger praised the water. "What think you," said Mr. Lassenius, "is the chief excellence of this spring?" Of course," replied the other, "that it gives so good water." "No," said Mr. Lassenius, "but this, that it always gives so good water whether many or few come to drink of it. This," he added, "is my answer to your question in the vestry." Mr. Lassenius was accustomed to preach as in the presence of the Lord, and took the same pains for one soul as for ten thousand. This must be a great art, learned of Him who went after the one sheep in the wilderness.

It is said that in some countries the churches stand almost empty, though the very best preachers are officiating. But it is not so in our dear fatherland. Here there is among the people in general a hunger after spiritual food, and the inclination to hear is evident. Whenever the preacher manifests any true knowledge or spiritual life, multitudes flock to him, although perhaps they are often brought to gether only by reason of his good appearance, or his warm, hearty style of address. How long shall this precious season last of willingness to hear the word? Does it not, next to God's mercy, depend on the way in which the ministers occupy it? A minister can easily be tempted to accustom himself to victories won without much labor, and to trade on his popularity. When he sees that the people think so much of him, he can easily familiarize himself with going to the pulpit after little preparation, a faint prayer, and a hastily-compiled sketch of a sermon. He can begin to thrash the old straw, and to excuse his indolence by this; that what is essential to salvation cannot be too often repeated, and that is what he always preaches. It is well for him if he meets opposition, and is taught thereby. How blessed if he is driven to self-examination, and to repentance for his carelessness, to a deeper search into the mine of the word, and a more abundant bringing forth of its treasures; to a more earnest combat in the light and power of the Spirit of Christ! But then he must discontinue hunting after popularity. He must not lay himself out to please and get a multitude of hearers. He sees how needful it is not to excite, but to instruct, in order that the hearers may not, like children, stand or fall with him, but be independent in the Word of God as a full-grown man. He accustoms his hearers to the nourishment of solid, juicy meat, and makes them themselves courageously and perseveringly explore the word, and seek for themselves tribute out of its boundless treasures. His aim is that they depend not on himself, but on the word. For in the word they find Jesus Christ, and in him they have enough. "He is made unto them wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."—*From a Swedish Journal.*

There are prating coxcombs in the world who would rather talk than listen, although Shakespeare himself were the orator, and human nature the theme!

Family Discipline.

There are a thousand ways of administering discipline without resorting to the rod. We remember the course a mother took with her children in the absence of her husband. No sooner was the father gone, than her son manifested a disposition to assume the reins of government. His mother's treatment and conduct, though she spoke not a word, were calculated to prove to her son, that her authority was law. The next morning while engaged in family prayer, he showed some slight marks of disrespect; this she passed over in silence. When, in the course of the same day, she made some remarks upon his improper treatment of a younger brother, he manifested the same spirit of disrespect by a peculiar curl of the lip, (so often seen in lads from fourteen to eighteen,) at the same time calling the attention of a little sister to a caterpillar crawling on the floor; this too, she let pass, simply noticing the fact. The following morning, when this disaffected son entered the breakfast room, he did not, as usual bid his mother good morning. She omitted to send him a cup of coffee. Presently, with considerable politeness, he requested a cup of coffee, which was at once granted. The younger brother, having caught the same spirit of insubordination, was guilty of the same offence. A cup of coffee was, in like manner, withheld from him.

The younger boy captiously asked, "Aunt I going to have some coffee?" "When you ask properly for it, and not till then," was the mother's reply; adding, "when my sons forget to bid their mother good morning, she will remember not to give them a cup of coffee."

On another occasion, a little boy, in the same family, who had been helped to some honey, ate it voraciously, and, without saying anything, held out his plate for more.

No one at the table appeared to notice this conduct. He said, somewhat angrily—"Give me some more honey."

"I shall not help you to any more," was the reply.

"Then may I help myself?" said the unmannerly boy.

"You may leave the table," said his mother. "If you do not know how to behave better, you must hereafter eat by yourself."

The child, as usual, began to cry, and to make bitter complaints.

"You may leave the table," said his mother, at the same time forbidding him to utter a syllable; and, as he continued to pout, he was sent by himself into an adjoining room.

This mode of punishment, subjecting children to some self-denial, depriving them at once of some lawful gratification, accompanied by a word, probably will have more effect in curing the faults of children than an ill-tempered chapter on the rules of politeness, or an hour's lecture on the duty and importance of obedience to parents. It is believed that salutary discipline and restraints are more frequently withheld from children to save the feelings of parents than of their children. That was a wise mother who was frequently heard to say, when her children needed reproof, "I had rather see my children smart in time, than that they should burn to all eternity."—*Mother's Magazine.*

SPEAKING WELL OF OTHERS.

If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative Paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora-box, which, when opened, fills every house and neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart-burnings flow from this source. How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed. Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission, like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections, and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults, which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault-finding, to do it privately with the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will be generally taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule on the subject, is to proclaim the failings of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian and shows a despicable heart.

DEATH-BED RETROSPECTIONS.

"Oh, if I were to get well," said a faithful minister on his death-bed, "I would preach the Gospel as I have never preached it. I have taken a look into eternity. I see now the importance of the Gospel as I never saw it before." He had been noted as a very devoted minister of Christ. As he looked back upon his ministerial life, he found it had been very defective. If such were the retrospections of an eminently godly man, what will be the retrospections of many professing Christians? How will their conformity to the world their pursuit of pleasure, their neglect of the souls of men, appear from a death bed?

The Lutheran Observer and the American Lutheran.

For the American Lutheran.

In order that what I have to say may not be misunderstood, I must remark in advance, that for years I have been and am yet a warm friend and advocate of the Observer, and have procured many good paying subscribers to it. The proprietors have therefore no ground to doubt my loyalty to their paper nor my friendship for them. At the same time I am a friend of the American Lutheran and its worthy editor.

Accordingly, when the American Lutheran was established I rejoiced, because I knew the Observer would now have a faithful coadjutor in the defense of American Lutheranism and of revivals, and I expected that the Observer would be equally gratified. When a new paper is issued in the political world, those papers advocating the same set of principles which the new one is pledged to support, never fail to welcome it into their ranks and to recommend it to public patronage. Even those belonging to a different political party and maintaining an opposite system of policy, have the common courtesy to announce the new publication though they may not recommend it. Why should not religious papers observe the same courtesy and exercise like justice and liberality towards each other? Why not rise above the littleness and greed of gain, and emulate the magnanimity of at least ordinary politicians?

When the American Lutheran was started at Selinsgrove I looked for a cordial welcome and recommendation of it in the Observer; but in vain. After considerable delay the Observer at length noticed the existence of the American Lutheran, but in such a way as plainly to show, that it was uphill work and that the fear of losing a few subscribers palsied their hand in writing the notice, more than the hope of an assistant in the good cause stimulated it. Did this not savor more of a jealous and mercenary than of a catholic and generous spirit? Was it not the shabbiest kind of selfishness?

I have been told that one of the editors of the Observer maintains, that the American Lutheran is a schismatic paper, that it ought to be put down and the patronage of the whole American Lutheran church should be concentrated on the Observer. Alas, alas, what a selfish creature man is! The same editor, if I am rightly informed, once started a new paper himself in Springfield, Ohio, advocating the same platform of doctrine with the Observer, and by way of stealing a march on it, reduced the price to \$1.50. Was this also a schismatic paper? If it was, who was the author, the head and front of the schism? Nor is this all. The same individual, I have heard, took an active part in getting up the "Lutheran and Missionary," attending a convention for that purpose, becoming a stockholder and contributing his money to help it into existence, advocating it before synod, drew up and had passed a flattering Resolution in its behalf and recommending it to the public; and when he left Dayton gave notice, that his communications would be found, not in the good old Observer, but in the symbolic sheet, thus compelling the congregation to subscribe for it if they desired to hear from him. The other proprietor also made himself a stockholder and supporter of the new Philadelphia paper. Was there nothing like schism in all this, and if there was, whence did it all emanate? But if not, why should the American Lutheran at Selinsgrove, established not as a rival of the Observer, but as an humble assistant, standing on the same platform, defending the same principles and aiming to disseminate the same evangelic truths—why should it be denounced as schismatic and the public be invoked to put it down? Just here I cannot help remembering the fable about the ox goring the bull, or the bull goring the ox;—circumstances alter cases.

Has not Rev. Mr. Anstadt as good a right to issue a paper as Rev. Mr. Smith, or Rev. Mr. Brown, or Rev. Mr. any body else, and is it becoming in these latter gentlemen not only to neglect and treat it with marked silence, lest they should let the Lutheran public know that there is such a paper in existence, but even to oppose it &c. Will not some people be disposed to regard such procedure as savoring of jealousy, envy and venality?

In making these remarks, I do not wish to be understood as being hostile to the good old Observer or its worthy or excellent proprietors. No, I am, as ever, their devoted and faithful friend, and few if any wish their success and prosperity more truly than I. But I cannot praise their conduct towards the American Lutheran, and have often regretted it, and know that many others of their best friends accord with me in these views. Q.

When the million applaud you seriously ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good!

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven, and hell a table.

THE INFLUENCE OF MAN OVER MAN.

The world is filled with the countless and interlacing filaments of influence, that spread from each individual over the whole surface and frame-work of society. The infant that lies wailing and helpless in the arms of its mother, is already wielding an influence felt through the whole household, by its fretfulness, disturbing, or by its serene smiles gladdening that entire home; and as with added years his faculties are expanded, and the sphere of his activity widens itself, his influence increases; and every man whom he meets, much more whom he moulds and governs, becomes the more happy or the more wretched, the better or the worse, according to the character of his spirit or example. Nor can he strip from himself this influence. If he flee away from the society of his fellows, to dwell alone in the wilderness, he leaves behind him the example of neglected duty, and the memory of disregarded love, to curse the family he has abandoned. Even in the pathless desert he finds his own feet caught in the thorns and entangled web of influence that bound him to society, and his cords remain wherever he was once known, sending home and pain. Nor can the possessor expect it to go down into the grave with him. The sepulchre may have closed in silence over him, and his name may have perished from among men, yet his influence, nameless as it is, is floating over the face of society. As, in the external and visible world, the fall of a pebble agitates, not perceptibly indeed, yet really, the whole mass of the earth; thus in the world of morals, every act of every spirit is telling upon the whole system of moral beings to which God has bound him. No man leaves the world in all things such as he found it. The habits which he was instrumental in forming may go on from century to century an heirloom for good or for evil, doing their work of misery or happiness, blessing or blessing the country that has now lost all records of his memory. In the case of some this influence is most sensible. Every age beholds and owns their power. Such men have lived.

The Church yet feels throughout all lands the influence of the thoughts that passed, perhaps in the solitude of midnight, through the bosom of Paul, as he sat in the shadows of his prison, an old and unbelieved man, thoughts which, lifting his manacled hands, he spread in his epistles before the eyes of men, there to remain for ever. They feel the effect of the pious meditations of David while roaming on the hill side an humble shepherd lad; of the family piety of Abraham, and of the religious nurture that trained up the infancy of Moses. Every nation is affected at this moment by the moral power that emanated from the despised Noah, as that preacher of righteousness sat among his family, perhaps dejected and faint with unsuccessful toil, teaching them to call upon God, when all the families of the earth besides had forgotten him. And if the mind, taking its flight from the narrow precincts of these walls, were to wander abroad along the peopled highways, and to the farthest hamlets of our own land, and, passing the seas, to traverse distant realms and barbarous coasts, every man whom its travels met, nay, every being of human mould that has ever trodden this earth in earlier ages, or that is now to be found among its moving myriads, has felt, or is feeling the influence of the thoughts of a solitary woman, who, centuries since, stood debating the claims of conscience and of sin amid the verdant glories of the yet unforfeited paradise.—Williams.

I Must Praise More.

Dr. Nevins, of Baltimore, Maryland, once wrote an article with this heading, which had a wide circulation, and stirred many Christian hearts to praise. Some parts of it are well worth republishing, as setting forth a Christian duty too often neglected. He says:

"It strikes me that we ought to praise more, as well as pray more. I do not know how it is with others, but I know that I have a great deal for which to be thankful, and to praise God. I feel that it will not do for me to spend all my breath in praying. I should thus, it is true, acknowledge my dependence on God; but where would be the acknowledgment of his benefits conferred on me? I must spend a part of my breath in praise. God has been very good to me. Yes, he has exercised goodness towards me in all its various forms of pity, forbearance, care, bounty, grace, and mercy; or, to express all in one word, 'God is love,' and he has been love to me."

"I do not know why he should have treated me so kindly. I have sought, but can find no reason out of myself. I conclude it is because he 'delighteth in mercy.' I think I shall be able, without weariness, to spend eternity on the topic of Divine love and goodness."

"Shall we not praise God? Shall all our devotions consist in prayer? Shall we be always thinking of our wants, and never of his benefits? always dwelling on what remains to be done, and never thinking of what has already been done for us? always uttering desire, and never expressing gratitude? expending all our voice in supplication, and none of it in song? Is this the way to treat a benefactor? No! it is not just so to treat Him; neither is it wise. It is very bad policy to praise no more than Christians in general do. They would have much more success in prayer, if one half the time they now spend in it were spent in praise. I do not mean that they pray too much, but that they praise too little. I suspect that the reason why the Lord did such great things for the Psalmist was, that while he was not by any means deficient in prayer, he abounded in praise. The Lord heard his Psalms, and while he sung of mercy shown, showed him more. And it would be just so with us, if we abounded more in praise and thanksgiving. It displeases God that we should be always dwelling on our wants, as if he had never supplied one of them."

"How do we know that God is not waiting for us to praise him for a benefit that he has

already conferred, before he will confer on us that other which we may be now so earnestly desiring of him. For one who offers genuine praise, there may be found ten who pray. Ten lepers lifted up their voice together in the prayer, 'Jesus, Master, have mercy on us,' but only one of the ten returned to give glory to God.' The rest were satisfied with the benefit—this one only thought gratefully of the benefactor."

"Praise is altogether the superior exercise of the two. Prayer may be altogether selfish in its origin, but praise is ingenuous. Praise is the employment of heaven. Angels praise. The spirits of the just made perfect praise. We shall not always pray, but we shall ever praise. I charge thee, my soul, to praise him, and he will never let thee want matter for praise. 'While I live I will praise the Lord! I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.'"

A Country Wedding in India.

BY A MISSIONARY.

On our arrival we found the bridegroom, a boy of eight years, had gone, accompanied by his male friends, to the home of his bride. The father of the boy, who followed him after a short time, had many parting injunctions, given with tears by the female members of the family, to do every thing that was necessary and spare no expense. This, I was told, was a part of the routine on such occasions.

We found, that two parties were expected. The one consisted of the little boy, who was to return, bringing his bride to his father's house; and the other, of the betrothed husband of the little daughter of the master of the house, who was to come to claim his bride. Just as the sun had disappeared behind the great mountain, which bounded the western horizon, the sound of the native fife and drum gave notice that the bridegroom was at hand. A company of women started out to meet him with songs of welcome. Soon the party appeared, wending its way along a narrow zig-zag path which entered the valley some distance below us. First came the musicians, and then the bridegroom, a great stalwart man, clothed in scarlet from head to foot, with a sword in his hand, and surrounded by his friends. His red cap was adorned with peculiar tinsel flowers, and before his face was a network of red silk which quite concealed his features. He was conducted to a spot a little distance from the house, where fresh hay had been spread and a heap of wood gathered to give light and heat through the night. A blanket was spread, and on this he took his seat, the friend of the bridegroom being next him, and the other members of his party around.

Soon the sound of distant music was again heard, and this time we turned to watch the home-bringing of the bride, the daughter-in-law of our host. It was some time before I could discover the happy pair, but at last I espied them upon the backs of some of their kind friends. Poor children! I did not wonder their little feet had grown tired of the weary way, and that they had been glad to avail themselves of help. The bride's dowry followed her, consisting of clothing, cooking utensils, and a hill cow, not much larger than a goat, with her calf. This party was also escorted to a place which had been prepared at a considerable distance from the first arrival and from the house. There, too, fresh hay had been spread, and soon the burning logs were throwing out a ruddy blaze, which served to make the scene still more picturesque. A Brahmin was present to perform the wedding ceremonies, and nothing could be done until he prognosticated as to the stars being in a favorable position. The low, plaintive strains of the women beguiled the time as they sung.

"A merchant has come from a land afar, He asks for a gem at our cottage door; He begs not for pearls or diamonds rare, But seeks for our child so fresh and fair. O why wilt thou take our jewel bright, And leave us in sorrow, tears, and night?"

Night had now closed in, and soon the Brahmin, with a number of others, went to the first-arrived party, taking a brass plate on which were arranged several small open lamps. These were lighted, and then the Brahmin, standing before the bridegroom, who remained sitting, waved the vessel containing the lamps about him, the bridegroom sometimes putting his forehead upon the earth. Money was also placed upon the plate, forming a part of the wedding fee. During all this time the bride elect was kept concealed, and the ceremony in which she is to take part will not be performed until to-morrow morning.

And now came the time for the other little bridegroom to bring his almost baby bride to her future home. With drum and fife as well as singing, the two children were escorted to the door where the Brahmin stood ready to receive them. The little lady, enveloped in her scarlet veil, was as coy as any bride need be, while her liege lord was apparently much absorbed in the business of carrying the great sword, which reminded one of David with Goliath's weapon. At the threshold they stopped. The Brahmin muttered over some Sanscrit from the Vedas, waved the lighted lamps about them, and then put two earthen cups, one above the other, upon the bride's head. A friendly hand kept them balanced for her, and then the Brahmin conducted them into the room where the family were assembled to receive them. We saw no more, but I was told that the parents and grandparents of the bridegroom would each drink of this water, thus signifying that as water quenched the thirst, so the arrival of this daughter-in-law satisfied all their desires for happiness.

It is late at night, but the distant music is still to be heard, for the wedding feast is now in progress.—*Foreign Missionary.*

The anger which flashed the face is not so deadly as that which makes it pale. The red heat is less intense than the white.

It is safer to be attacked by some men than to be protected by them.

The American Lutheran.

Selinsgrove, Thursday Aug. 31, 1865.

Church Authority—Individualism.

Under this caption the Lutheran Observer of this week gives us over a column of editorial for the benefit of "one of its contemporaries." As we presume Dr. Diehl means the American Lutheran, we should have preferred if he had written the name in full. We are not ashamed of it, and we do not think that he need be; it has become honorable since the establishment of our paper, although the symbolists try to cover it with odium.

Dr. Diehl labors hard to prove that the Lutheran Observer is not an individual concern, but "a church paper." We are very much surprised to see the Dr. express such crude notions on the subject of church papers and individualism. A church paper, in the strict sense of the term, is one that is owned and controlled entirely by the church. Such, for instance, is the "Christian Advocate and Journal." This paper is owned by the Methodist Church. The conference appoints the editor and other employees of the establishment and fixes their salaries. Now, if the Observer were owned by the General Synod, and its editors and clerks were appointed and salaried by the General Synod, and the profits were devoted to benevolent purposes, then it would be a church paper in the sense in which Dr. Diehl labors to make it appear to be.

But at present, and during the greater part of the time of its existence it has been an individual enterprise. It was so, when the individual, Dr. Morris, first established it.

It was an individual enterprise when Dr. Morris sold it or gave it to the individual Dr. B. Kurtz. The impress of his individual, powerful mind was stamped upon it, and his individual energy and perseverance gave it its wide-spread circulation in the church and its character in the Christian world. When it passed over into the possession of the Book Company it became a company concern.

When it passed into the hands of the Synod of Maryland, it was the organ of the Maryland Synod, and when it was sold by the Synod to the individuals, Diehl, Anspach & T. N. Kurtz, it became an individual concern again. And it is no less an individual concern now, with Dr. Diehl and Dr. Conrad as editors and proprietors.

If it is true that the Synod of Maryland at one time held the Observer "in trust for the church," why did not this Synod pay the money realized out of the sale of the paper, into the treasury of the Gen. Synod? And furthermore, if the proprietors now hold the Observer "in trust for the good of the church," why do they not give a yearly statement of its affairs, and after deducting their salaries, pay the remainder of the profits into the treasury of the Gen. Synod, or if they lose money, as they assert they did last year, why don't they claim remuneration from the church?

The Dr. speaks much of "bowing to the authority of the church," and says; "If the Gen. Synod shall at any time declare that we have not been faithful to our trust, and ought therefore to surrender it to the Synod, we shall hold ourselves bound to obey the voice of the church distinctly uttered."

Now we do not wish to call in question the Dr.'s veracity or sincerity, but we venture to say, that if he were ever put to the test, he would do no such thing as he promises in the above. Suppose at the meeting of the General Synod next Spring, the unanimous conclusion should be that Dr. Diehl is not a competent editor, that another far more efficient could be had and that the Dr. should now "surrender his trust." We can in imagination see the Dr. rising in all his native dignity before that august body and "bowing," (but not to its authority,) whilst he says in his blandest manner: Gentlemen, you forget that the Observer is private property; Dr. Conrad and I purchased it for a large sum of money; we are therefore the sole proprietors and have the exclusive right to say who shall be editors and clerks in our establishment. But we are willing to sell out to the Gen. Synod. If you give us our money back and a reasonable percentage on our investment, you may have the Observer, and appoint as editors whom you please.

O Dr. Diehl! Dr. Diehl!! how can you deny that your paper is an individual concern?

When the Dr. further declares: The Observer has claims on the support of the church, independent of its own merits, which no individual paper can have," then we deny this claim point blank, and maintain, the Observer has no more claim on the church, independent of its own merit than any other individual paper.

We are glad to find, however, that the American Lutheran was started in the way in which the Dr. thinks a new paper should be commenced. There was considerable "consultation" and also some "combination," and "in small colloquiums" the subject was frequently discussed, as "in this case no general convention could be held," some of the "wisest men" and "leading minds" in the General Synod were consulted, and the con-

clusion was at length arrived at, that the American Lutheran should be "launched." Dr. Diehl and Dr. Conrad, also two "leading minds," were not consulted for the reason that they were too deeply interested in the Observer to take any interest in a new enterprise. After this statement of its origin Dr. Diehl will probably maintain with as much force as he does in the case of the Observer, that the American Lutheran is not an individual concern.

"Thinking of Concentration."

"One of our contemporaries" published the article that appeared two weeks ago in the American Lutheran, "Let all read of Cobleskill," and says, "We have always had a high opinion of Hartwick," but does not state whether this opinion has undergone any change by the statements of that article. He thinks, however, that Dr. Ziegler and his ten or twelve students should come to Gettysburg and a Cobleskill professor, with as many more students, should also go to Gettysburg, in order that Gettysburg might rival Princeton and Andover. Now, we wish Gettysburg all the success in the world, and hope it may some day not only equal, but exceed Princeton and Andover; but it would be in the highest degree unjust to exalt Gettysburg by the destruction of other equally useful institutions.

There is one delusion which the writer, and no doubt many others, seem to labor under, which it would perhaps be useful to dispel. His idea appears to be, that the permanency of the Missionary Institute depends entirely on Dr. Ziegler's connection with it. But if Dr. Ziegler would go to Gettysburg to-day, then the board of directors would elect, if possible, an equally efficient man in his place to-morrow, and we doubt whether a single one of his theological students would follow him to Gettysburg.

The Missionary Institute is a fixed fact, established in the Providence of God, with strong faith and earnest prayer, and it has been blessed of God in accomplishing already a vast amount of good, and by the grace of God, it is destined in the future to do a still more vast amount. The work is of God, and all the opposition to it can not stop it till he please. All that we ask of our friends at Gettysburg is, that they let us alone, and do not hinder us in this our good work. We will strive to perform the duties which God in his all-wise Providence has assigned us to do, and let them do the work which is given them to do. In other words, they should mind their business, and we mind ours. We have no quarrel at all with those brethren; we love them; they are engaged in a great and good work, and we wish them abundant success. We shall be able to co-operate most gloriously with them, agreeing, as we do, with them in doctrine and practice, and therefore, we hope they will throw no stumbling blocks in our way, for we think we also are doing the work of the Lord.

That German Paper.

Dr. Diehl, in writing on this subject in this weeks Observer, loses his usual equanimity and his customary propriety. Such phrases as "attempt at a resurrection," "petty individualism," "pitiful reason," "wishes to call his paper up from the grave," &c., &c., indicate that the Dr. was out of humor, and wrote the article in a state of excitement. We would advise the Dr. to keep cool, it will be better for his health, especially as we are still in the dog days.

After having edited the Luth. Kirchenbote for fourteen years, we were last Fall induced to suspend its publication for the following reasons: Four of our German printers left us in rapid succession, either having been drafted or volunteered into the army. We were in correspondence with a fifth one. He demanded an exorbitant salary. We agreed even to give him all he asked, but have heard nothing more of him since. At the same time paper had risen to fabulous prices and we lost nearly one fourth of our best subscribers by the closing of the mails in the South. Under these circumstances, we found that the continuance of the Kirchenbote would involve us in a loss, which we were then unable to bear. We therefore resolved to suspend its publication. At the same time we made the proposal in the last number of the Kirchenbote, that we would dispose of our subscription list to any one who should be able and willing to carry it on. We also entered into correspondence with a number of brethren on the subject. We had at one time almost concluded an arrangement with Rev. R. Neuman, of Pittsburg, who thought he had peculiar facilities in Pittsburg for having it printed and who agreed, conjointly with us, to publish the paper on the basis of the Gen. Synod. But this project failed by the appointment of Mr. Neuman as missionary among the immigrants in New York.

At the restoration of peace we were earnestly entreated both by German ministers and laymen to resume the publication of the Kirchenbote, and circumstances all conspiring favorably to the undertaking, we regarded it as an indication of Providence, and in reliance on His help resolved to undertake the work. This announcement was received with joy by all the true friends of the Gen. Synod. But it seems at the recent commencement at Gettysburg, a "consultation" was held among our leading minds," and it was resolved to "launch" a new German paper, entirely devoted to the interest of that one institution. Does it not seem strange that during the whole year that our liberal proposition was be-

fore the church, these "leading minds" did not say one word in public about a German paper, till they see the notice that we intend to resume the publication of the Kirchenbote, and then the announcement is made to the world, that a new paper is to be "launched" under the sanction of these "leading minds."

Dr. Diehl now urges us to defer our German enterprise and unite our efforts with those brethren who intend to publish a German paper. But we have deferred it long enough. If they wish to combine with us they can consult with us at any time, and they will find us a very reasonable man to deal with.

If they publish a new paper we will not imitate the example of the Lutheran Observer towards the American Lutheran; but we will welcome it as a fellow-laborer in our great and good cause.

So far as the place of publication is concerned it makes very little difference in a church paper, where it is published; all we need is facilities for cheap and good printing, and daily mail communications. In these respects Selinsgrove is preferable to Gettysburg, besides having a larger German population, consequently a greater local patronage.

We do not agree with the Dr. that two German papers would be a calamity, and involve the proprietors in pecuniary loss. The projected paper will no doubt have powerful friends. Those "leading minds" will contribute liberally to its support and keep it from languishing. As for the Kirchenbote, we have no fears. It yielded us eight hundred dollars a year, clear profit, before the war, and we shall take good care to make it pay also in the good time coming.

When the Dr. announced the re-publication of the Kirchenbote and spoke favorably of it, he did an act of christian kindness and editorial etiquette, for which we felt grateful to him, but when in the very next number he advised the Germans not to subscribe for our paper, he more than spoiled what he had done before, and made himself an intermeddler in other men's business.

As regards battling with symbolism, we have battled with it these fifteen years, and the sharpest darts of the symbolic press, both German and English, are aimed at us yet. We must also here publicly state for the honor of Dr. Kurtz that while he was editor of the observer he neglected no opportunity of commending the Kirchenbote to the favorable notice of the Germans. We can not say this of the present proprietors of the Observer. For a long time scarcely a number of the Observer appeared which did not contain some commendatory notice of that "excellent German paper, bro. Brobst's Zeitschrift," but very seldom anything in favor of the Kirchenbote. And even since the suspension of the Kirchenbote the Observer has repeatedly published cards and communications from the editor of the "Zeitschrift," in which he stated that his was a revival paper, without one word of contradiction from the editors of the Observer, although they knew that it was a deception and a falsehood, merely to gain subscribers among revival people for his symbolic paper. Now we would turn the language of Dr. Diehl, which he so unkindly applies to us in this weeks Observer, back upon himself: "The question would arise, whether an editor who could give up the columns of his paper to the use of the symbolists, for such a purpose, has any right conception of the vocation of an editor of an American Lutheran paper."

A SISTER'S AFFECTION.

There is no holier, purer feeling on earth than the love of a sister for her brother. And how much of the formation of the character of a brother, and his estimate of female excellence, depends on a sister. If I hear a man speak slightly of females as a class, I say within myself he had no sister, or, if he had, she was unworthy of that sacred name, or the memory of her gentle virtues would inspire him with respect for the character of woman. A true sister studies the comfort and happiness of a brother, strives to make home attractive, that he may spend his leisure hours there, and not be exposed to the danger of coming in contact with evil and vicious society. She takes an interest in his studies, perhaps engages in the same, that she may bring her mind on a level with his, and they read the same works; for how much more do we enjoy the works of a good author when we have a friend ever near us who has read the same, and to whom we can mention any passage that has struck us as being particularly beautiful. Or if he is restless and unhappy she will sing for him her sweetest songs, thus soothing him and making him forgetful of the cause of his unhappiness. But when we see one whose sole thought is given to dress, and the decorating of her own person, who cannot engage in a rational conversation, nor be prevailed on to let you hear the tones of her voice unless there is a beau or admiring crowd to listen to her, we do not give to such a one the name of sister. And we do not blame the brothers of such if they say woman is a heartless, trifling creature, fit only to gild man's hours of pleasure, but casting a darker shadow upon his life, should sorrow overtake him. Sir Walter Scott hath beautifully said, when Douglas weeps over his daughter, before leaving her to present himself before King James:

"Oh, if there be on earth a tear,
Refined from passion's dross and care,
'Tis those which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head."

And we would say,
"Oh, if there be on earth a sight
To give an angel's heart delight,
It is to see a sister true,
Leading a brother to pursue
The paths of virtue and of truth,
During the days of wayward youth."

And we would say to all young girls who have brothers, particularly in cities, use every exertion to make home pleasant, that they may find there their greatest enjoyment, and not be tempted to roam abroad for amusement, where they may be exposed to the corrupting influence of evil companions. It is in the

domestic circle that woman is most potent, either as mother, sister, wife, or daughter, but particularly as a sister, she has it in her power to give a charm to the household.

An Eccentric Testator.

The Paris world has been dying with laughter over the "will" of an odd fish who died some time since, and which his heirs are trying to set aside. The old gentleman, it would seem, made the document a vehicle of satire aimed at all his friends. To one famous amongst his acquaintances for possessing the most boots, pantaloons, and waist-coats in Paris, he left 500f, two pairs of pantaloons, and two waist-coats; to a skeptic, who was always railing at religion and priests, he left 1,000f, on condition that he went to confession once a fortnight, and took the communion annually for three years; to another, he bequeathed 180f, on condition that he confessed he stole one franc from him ten years ago; to another, who was fond of getting how come you so, and of singing then boisterously, he left a barrel of brandy, twenty bottles of most excellent wine, twelve bottles of Raspail's mixture for hoarseness, and six bottles of absinthe "to clear his throat." He bequeathed to another 300f for having shamefully neglected to write him complimentary letters on his birthday and on New Year's day. Elise got 100f for her general beauty; Gabrielle was left 500f for her delightful conversation at the supper-table; Adeline received 500f for being as plump as an ortolan. He gave positive instructions about his funeral, "which must not be a lugubrious one." He ordered 250 laboring men to be invited to it, and gave instructions that each should receive three francs, a chicken-pie, and a bottle of wine, "on their return from the cemetery; and if there be any sick ladies among those who attend my funeral, my will is that each of them receive two bottles of my best old Bordeaux wine, in order to do them good." He bequeathed to the Commissary of Police, who was charged with distributing all these objects, 50f, four bottles of champagne and two bottles of sherry, upon condition that he took care to see the chickens were of the best quality. The heirs contested the will of their uncle (an old wine merchant of Bercy, who was fond of good living and good wine,) upon the ground of insanity. The court declined to take this view of the jovial will which had made them laugh, and so disarmed them.

A HOLY LIFE.

The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow-creatures, but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright, and well-ordered life. There is an energy of moral suggestion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness, beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and to raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more to regenerate the world and bring in an everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.

PRAYER.

Prayer is a haven to the shipwrecked man, an anchor to them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a healer of diseases and a guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities. O blessed prayer! thou art the unwearied conqueror of human woes, the firm foundation of human happiness, the source of ever-enduring joy, the mother of philosophy. The man who can truly pray, though languishing in extreme indigence, is richer than all beside; whilst the wretch who never bowed the knee, though proudly seated as the monarch of all nations, is of all men the most destitute.

God's LOVE.—The following lines are said to have been written by a person commonly esteemed an absolute idiot. A ray from the sanctuary, revealing the mercies of redemption as well as of creation, must surely have glanced across his mind.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade:
To write the love of God above
It would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky."

OBITUARY.

We have just learned that our esteemed friend and brother Rev. A. Fair formerly pastor of the Yeagertown charge, died at his home in Iowa Aug. 8th. God took him and he is not. Peace be to his ashes.

LIST OF LETTERS.

Letters remaining in the Post Office at Selinsgrove Pa,

George Bright,	I. C. Hill,
Jacob Bower,	C. Hoffman,
A. I. Boyer,	D. B. Haseland,
Wm. J. Brunell,	Mrs. Sarah Kefer,
Miss Catherine Bidding,	Knights & Farry,
D. W. Gross,	Miss C. Knapp, 2,
Daniel Gross,	Miss B. Musser,
Mrs. M. E. Goodlander,	H. F. Moyer,
"Elizabeth "	A. J. S. Weise,
Peter Henninger,	Jacob H. Wolf,

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

N. B. Persons wishing Advertiser's letters forwarded will remit two cents to pay for adv.

E. A. Hassinger P. M.

Selinsgrove, Sept. 1st. '65.

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