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CHRIST OUR ADVOCATE.

"Father, I bring this worthless Child to Thee. To claim Thy pardon once; yet once again Receive him at my hands,—for he is Mine, He is a worthless child; he owns his guilt; Look not on him; he cannot bear Thy glance; Look Thou on Me; his villainess I will hide: He pleads not for himself,—he dares not plead: His cause is Mine,—I am his Advocate. By each pure drop of blood I shed for him, By all the sorrows graven on My soul, By every wound I bear, I claim it due. Father divine! I cannot have him lost; He is a worthless soul, but he is Mine, Sin hath destroy'd him; sin hath died in Me; Death hath pursued him; I have conquer'd death; Satan hath bound him; Satan is My slave. My Father! hear him now; not him, but Me. I would not have him lost for all the worlds Thou for Thy glory hast ordain'd and made, Because he is a poor and contrite child, And all—his every hope—on me reclines, I know my children, and I know him Mine, By all the tears he weeps upon my bosom, By his full heart that beateth against Mine; I know him by his sighing and his prayers, By his deep trusting love which clings to Me. I could not bear to see him cast away, Weak as he is, the weakest of my flock,— The one that grieves me most, that loves me least; I measure not My love by his returns: And though the stripes I send to speed him home Drive him upon the instant from My breast, Still he is Mine, I drew him from the world; He has no right, no home, but in My love. Though earth and hell against his soul conspire, I shield him, keep him, save him—we are one." O sinner! what an advocate hast thou! Methinks I see Him lead the culprit in, Poor, sorrowing, shamed, all tremulous with fear; Prostrate behind His love, weak, self-condemn'd, Clad with his Saviour's spotless righteousness, Himself to hide, and hear the Father's words: "My Son! his cause is Thine, and Thine is Mine; Take up Thy poor lost one; he is forgiven."

Travels.

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

Sistine.—Fresco of the Judgment.—Entrance of Cardinals.—Entrance of the Pope.—His Appearance.—Anecdote of Dr. Miller.—Questions.—Cardinals.—Antonielli.—How to modify our Opinions and Ideas.—How absurd appear the Claims of Popery in the Sistine. The Sistine Chapel is, of course, an object of great curiosity at Rome. It is connected with the palace of the Vatican, which is adjoining St. Peter's, and is the private chapel of the Pope. You ascend the famous staircase of Bernini, which is guarded at the foot by "the Swiss Guards," the most fantastical-looking soldiers imaginable, and enter the Sala Regia, a large audience-chamber adorned with fine frescoes, and, among others, with that commemorating the massacre of St. Bartholomew! Papists would deny any responsibility for that horrible massacre, and yet its blessed memory is perpetuated in the Vatican by a splendid fresco! From this chamber you enter the Sistine, and the fresco of the Judgment, by Angelo, sixty feet high and thirty broad, is before you. This is universally admitted to be the most extraordinary picture in the history of the art of painting. The conception is such as the genius alone of Angelo could embody, and the result is grand and sublime. Although faded by the triple effect of damp, time, and the incense so often burned on the altar beneath it, it is difficult to weary in gazing upon it.

This spot we frequently visited; and it was here, at vespers and matins, on feast-days, we had our views of the Pope and his cardinals. The cardinals enter by the same door as do strangers—walk along the aisle, with a servant untwisting their robes, to the inner of the three apartments into which it is divided—there they kneel and pray toward the altar, their attendants fixing their robes all the while—then they rise, and, after bowing to the altar and to their brethren on the right and left, take their seats, with their servants at their feet.

When all is in preparation, there is a bustle, and soon the Pope enters by the opposite door, bows to the altar, and goes up to his chair. Then one after the other the cardinals leave their seats, their scarlet robes trailing behind them; and after saluting the Pope by kissing his hand covered by his vestments, they return to them. When this ceremony, which fills you with disgust for the actors, is over, the services commence, which are mostly conducted by a choir made up of men and eunuchs. Twice did I witness these ceremonies in the Sistine; on the first occasion there were sixteen, on the second, twenty-three cardinals in attendance. The Pope is a man of fine

proportions, six feet two or three inches high, with a pleasing, pensive aspect, not very Italian in a visage which is more expressive of good nature than of talent or firmness. He might do very well to govern a convent; but he is utterly unqualified for his double position as the head of a church and of a state. Personally he is amiable and well-meaning; in morals he stands higher than his predecessors or cardinals; and that is all. While in his presence I thought of an anecdote told of the good Dr. Miller, of Princeton. When in the Seminary there, I had a fellow-student of far more beauty than brains, and who, like all such, was quite a pretender. An elder from a country church went to the professor to inquire for a pastor, and he named to him several young gentlemen. "I have heard," said the elder, "of Mr. —," naming the pretty student; "what do you think of him, Dr. Miller?" Not willing to say anything against, nor yet willing to commit himself as strongly recommending the student, he hesitated, but finally replied, "He is a confoundingly good-looking fellow." This is about my estimate of Pio Nono. Yet I confess that while gazing upon him, dressed so gorgeously, and receiving so coldly the profound homage of the cardinals, I could not help asking, is that the man who retired under the pretense of going to pray, dressed himself in the livery of a servant, jumped upon the box of a carriage, and was off to Gaeta? Is that the vicar of Jesus Christ in our world—the head of the visible Church—without a belief in whose claims, and an abject submission to them, I can not enter heaven?

And what shall I say of the cardinals? Some of them were very old, bending under the weight of years; some of them were very plethoric, and quite in danger of apoplexy; and some of them quite young for their position, and good-looking. But none of them so impressed me as did Antonielli, the cardinal Secretary of State. Young, say forty-five—thin, tall, with penetrating eye, and a face strongly expressive of intellect, passion, and will, you would single him from the rest as a real spirit. And such, by all accounts, he is. He is the soul of the College of Cardinals; he is the real Pope, while Pio Nono is a mere puppet in his hands, used simply to give validity and legality to his acts. And he is all his looks indicate; shrewd, far-seeing, vindictive, tyrannical, of an iron will, profuse and profligate in his morals. Such is his reputation; such is the portrait of him given me by one who knew him well, and for years. There was a crowd in the Sistine on each of the occasions to which I allude; nor was there a person there of any mark that escaped the notice of Antonielli. When the Pope was reading the missal, this cardinal was reading the audience, and I was striving to read the cardinals.

How a few sights like those witnessed in the Sistine modify many of our feelings and opinions! A bishop or archbishop, singly, is quite a person; a single cardinal in a country, as Wiseman in England, is far more so; but when you see them in crowds, as in Rome or Naples, you soon pass them by without notice. When you learn their true character, you despise them; you regard them as does a good man self-righteousness—the more, the worse. With us a living lizard adds to the attraction of a race-show; but when they surround you every where, as in Italy, they become excessively offensive.

And as you gaze upon the Pope and cardinals in the Sistine, how the idea of infallibility, as taught by the Papists, takes unto itself wings! What, that good-looking, good-natured, but yet not intelligent-looking man, infallible! Believe it who can. What, the Pope, and these cardinals in conclave, infallible! The idea is preposterous. And to feel that it is preposterous, nothing is required but to visit the Sistine, and to witness their gorgeous buffoonery, which, if performed without priestly robes, would subject them to the imputation of lunacy. And are these the men who give laws to the papal world—who make bishops and archbishops in America—who send Wiseman, in red stockings, to England—who decide the question as to colleges in Ireland—who turn their people against the crown in Britain—for the crown in Austria—against liberty in Sardinia and Hungary—and for it, wherever they can remove let or hindrance to the extension of their ghostly domination? Yes, these are the very men, parading

their man-millennery before you, and claiming to exercise by Divine right an irresponsible power, which, when allowed, lays the world at their feet. And will their claims be allowed? Yes, when the light of truth has ceased its shining—when the Gospel-sun has fallen from its orbit—when the sea has ceased its soundings. If there is a city in the world where Popery can be so read as to be detested, it is in Rome: and if there is a spot in Rome where the claims of Popery seem more ridiculous than another, it is where the Pope and cardinals most do congregate. And when I see clever men, in other respects, pleased as a child with a bawble, with the fillets which these priests of the Sistine confer—placing a dagger before their names, which, if needful, I fear, they would plunge into the very heart of our liberties at their bidding, because of their advancing them up a rung or two in the priestly ladder; and with the broad banner of our country floating over them, acting as the tools and the spies of these Italian ghostly despots, it requires all the generous feelings of my nature to maintain for them a particle of respect.

Popery as a system is an enormous falsehood; may God save America from its deceptions and its tools. To wipe out every suspicion from the mind that there may be some truth in the high claims of this Pope and his college of cardinals, nothing is necessary but a visit to the Sistine. The person who dares not be thus cured, is a fit subject for the solemn procession of donkeys which seek the blessing of his holiness on the Feast of St. Antony.

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 to the hearts that twined around him sorrow 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 his 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 unbefriended 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.

The Three Hebrews.

In reading this narrative I have felt my very soul stirred, as I reflected upon the dreadful pause between the proclamation and the strains of the band. The herald publishes aloud the decree of the monarch breathless silence holds all that vast assemblage. What an interval to these Jews! "What thoughts are theirs, what prayers, what calm, stern intensity of purpose? I see them encouraging one another to "play the man for God," and then lifting their eyes to heaven for strength and courage in this time of need. The soft tones of a flute breathe on the ear. All at once peals forth the full burst of that magnificent orchestra pouring floods of music which roll along the plain; and down, down to the earth that whole multitude fall prostrate on their faces, only those three young men are still standing erect,—a flush upon their brows, heaven in their eyes, Christ in their hearts and the whole world under their feet. Nor was this any transient enthusiasm,—one of those sudden impulses which may hurry a generous spirit to make heroic sacrifices, of which it may afterwards repent. For space is given them to reconsider their determination; the king expostulates with them, but they are immovable.

And the secret principle of all this unshaken firmness is faith, simple faith in God. Those haughty nobles tremble before an earthly monarch; these three men "endure as seeing him who is invisible." That lordly crowd acknowledge that neither their bodies nor their souls are their own. These saints of God also confess that these are not their own. Others hear the voice of the king's herald; in their souls is sounding a voice from heaven saying unto them, "Be faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life." In a word, all around them are appalled by a sentence which can only destroy the body; these Hebrews know there is One "who hath power to destroy both soul and body in hell," and they fix their gaze steadfastly upon the fast approaching retributions of eternity.—Richard Fuller.

The Living Church

The life of the Church may be determined by the extent of her missionary effort. If there be a low state of religious feeling at home, but little will be attempted or done on behalf of distant pagan lands. Wherever there is life there is development. The vital principle will reveal itself despite of all obstructions, and the more perfect the life the more complete the manifestation. All life being essentially active, the higher the vitality the wider the activity. It is in the activities of the Church then that we must seek for the proof and demonstration of her life; and in nothing so decisively as in her missionary enterprise. There is in Christianity a catholic largeness which embraces the whole world in its sympathies; and whoever has drunk into the love of Christ cannot but breathe his universal charity. Christianity has done but little for us if it has not overcome the selfishness of our nature and made our hearts expand with the benevolence of incarnate love. It was among the lofty designs of our Redeemer in making His disciples partakers of Divine life that they should be the organs of communicating that life to others. No one liveth unto himself. If missions be the appropriate work of the Church then every individual member of the great catholic community stands pledged by his profession of faith to this sacred work. Not that every man is called to leave father and mother and go as a preacher of the Gospel to the heathen. No; but it is no less his solemn duty from which no power can release him to seek by every means within his reach to effect the salvation of his race. This is an object which is inseparable from the death of the Son of God and enters into that joy which was set before Him and for which He endured the Cross. It is intimately connected with His supremacy and final triumph, and should lie near the heart of all His followers, enkindle their affections, awaken their energies, and give scope to their most untiring activities.

If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is, unquestionably, a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse blunts his sensibilities on the one hand and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is the more peacefully and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

Integrity and Grace.

Only to be an honest man in the highest and genuinely Christian sense, signifies more than most of us ever conceive. We make room for laxity here that we may let in grace and do not hold ourselves to that real integrity that is wanted, to receive or obtain or be in that grace. O how loosely irresponsibly, carnally do many professing Christians live; covetous, sensual, without self-government, eager to be on high terms with the world, praying, as it were, in the smoke of their own vanities and passions, making their obligations. Little do they conceive, meantime how honest a man must be to pray, how heartily simply totally he must mean what he prays for. Perhaps he prays much, prays in public and has it for a continual wonder that he gets on so poorly, and that God for some mysterious reason, does not answer his prayers. Sometimes he will ever be a little heart-broken by his failures and will moisten his face with tears of complaint. He has made great struggles it may be at times to freshen the fire that was burning in him and yet for some reason he is all the while losing ground. His faith becomes a hand as it were without fingers laying hold of nothing. The more he pumps at the well of joys the dryer he grows. It is as if there were some dread fatality against him and he wonders where it is. Commonly it is here that he wants rectitude. He is trying to be piously exercised in his feelings when he is slack in his integrity. He has been so much afraid of being self-righteous it may be that he is not righteous at all. When he is loose in the conscience how can he be clear in his feeling?—Dr. Bushnell.

Importance of Decision.

Sydney Smith says: "A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who if they only had been induced to begin, would in all probability have got great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in doing anything in the world worth doing we must not stand shivering on the banks thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as we can."

"It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances: it did all very well before the flood. When a man could consult his friends upon an extended publication for a hundred and fifty years and live to see its success for seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits and doubts, and consults his brothers and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, so that he has no more time for over-squeamishness at present, that the opportunity slips away. The very period of life at which man chooses to venture if ever, is so confined that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity in such instances of a little violence done to the feelings and efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation."

Mode of Reproof.

Some persons pride themselves on being blunt, or as they call it, "honest;" but very blunt people do little good to others, and get little love to themselves. The Scriptures recommend gentleness and kindness. Reproof should fall like the dew, not like the rushing hail-storm. The oil insinuates itself; the stone wounds and then rebounds. (Psa. cxi. 10) Christians should take heed of getting fond of the work "rebuking." Such "spiritual constables" do a great deal of mischief without intending it. They are in a Church what a very witty and sarcastic person is in a society, or what a tell-tale is in a school; and approximate very closely to that class which the apostle terms "busybodies in other men's matters."

Our manner must be tender and winning. The nail of reproof, says an old writer must be well oiled in kindness before it is driven home. Meddling with the faults of others is like attempting to move a person afflicted with the rheumatic gout—it must be done slowly and tenderly, nor must we be frightened by an outcry or two. The great thing is to show the person that you really love him; and if you manifest this in the sight of God he will bless your efforts and give you favor in the sight of an erring brother.

Christian Treasury.

"It was my custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep, to watch, pray and read the Koran. One night, as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practiced virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumbers, while I alone am awake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"

A FARMER went with his son into the wheat-field to see if it was ready to be harvested. "See! father," exclaimed the boy, "how straight these stems hold up their heads. They must be the best ones. Those that hang their heads down I am sure are not good for much." The father plucked a stalk of each kind and said, "See here, foolish child! This stalk that stood so straight and high is light-headed and almost good for nothing, while this that hung its head so modestly is full of the most beautiful grain. If a man holds his head very high, you may be pretty sure that it is empty!"

The General Synod and the Change in the Doctrinal Basis.

Though too feeble to hold and guide a pen, I occasionally have strength enough to dictate a few thoughts, which my faithful amanuensis commits to paper.

Recently much has appeared in our religious papers respecting the General Synod, a good deal of which I know to be erroneous—and hence I desire to bear my testimony on that subject.

I was present at the Convention in Hagerstown, which organized the General Synod and adopted the Constitution, heard all the debates and took some part in them myself, though not a member of the body. I could tell you who were the chief speakers, (they are all dead now,) and what was the drift of the leading speeches, but this would require more effort than my great debility would permit.

The main object of the Convention seemed to be, to constitute a body which would prove a bond of union, uniting our several Synods and all our churches in harmony and love, with a view to their friendly and more effective co-operation in promoting the glory of Christ, and the interests of evangelic Lutheranism, without, however, assuming any authority over the district Synods or attempting to lord it over a single minister or church.

On this point I thought all were of one mind, and cordially agreed. But how to accomplish this consummation,—how to form such a union without, at the same time, endangering the liberty and independence of the Synods and burdening the consciences of ministers and people; this was the desideratum,—the great problem to be solved. There was one phrase which was employed again and again in the speeches, namely, "the conscience is not to be burdened, it must be preserved inviolate and untouched." On this point also there was but one opinion, and hence the majority were decidedly opposed to investing the General Synod with any other than advisory power. There was a small number of delegates who were in favor of giving it some little authority,—and of making it a court of appeals, &c. But all this was strenuously resisted, except that it might be appealed to by the district Synods, &c., if they thought proper, and it might give its well considered advice, but, there its prerogative must terminate. On one occasion, when a clause in the draught of the constitution under consideration which had the semblance of vesting a small measure of authority in the Synod, was by a large majority stricken out, one of the delegates remarked, that without that clause, the Synod would be nothing more than a rope of sand; to which another replied: "precisely so, and that is all we wish it to be, so far as ecclesiastical power is concerned." As a bond of Christian union and fraternal co-operation in every good word and work, let it be as strong as a ship's cable, but in yielding ecclesiastical power and invading the rights of district synods and of conscience, let it be and forever remain a "rope of sand." It was finally determined very decidedly, that, it should be nothing more than an advisory body.

Those venerable and very considerate fathers (they were nearly all elderly men) were afraid of nothing so much as that the Synod might in process of time, assume power and gradually undertake to trench on the rights of sub-Synods and of Churches, and burden the consciences of the people, and they accordingly took every precaution to guard against so dire a calamity.

But notwithstanding, many ministers and churches, North and South vehemently opposed the new organization. Books and pamphlets were published against it, maintaining that it would become a species of Protestant popedom. The constitution was indeed as yet harmless, but it was only the entering wedge; it would soon be altered; ecclesiastical power would be gradually usurped, and ultimately it would become a despotism, and rule our Churches and sub-Synods with an iron rod. In fine, so violent was the hostility, and so loud and general the clamor, especially in Eastern Pennsylvania, that the old Pennsylvania Synod was constrained to secede and dissolve its connection, just as it again for the second time has recently done. The New York Ministerium also withdrew.

I was not surprised that the suspicions and fears of many should be awakened; for all history teaches that power has been constantly stealing ecclesiastically as well as politically from the many to the few; hence the people cannot be too wakeful in watching over their rights and guarding against encroachments and usurpations, ecclesiastically as well as politically. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." It appears to me that several of our district Synods, (which like the General Synod are no more than voluntary and advisory bodies,) have on divers occasions assumed undue authority over their individual ministers and churches, and need to be carefully restrained lest they transcend their legitimate limits. For instance, if memory serve me rightly, one of our Synods has passed a resolution, that, hereafter, no minister belonging

to it, shall have the right of resigning his charge and accepting another, without the permission of the Synod. In my judgment this is an unwarrantable assumption of power. If ministers submit to this, it will be likely to prepare the way for further usurpations.

Hands have already been laid on the constitution, and that on a very important point, namely, the doctrinal basis. I cannot even imagine a good reason for this change. We had prospered before the change was made, and should have been content to let, at least "well enough" (I should say very good) "alone." The old wording of the basis was simple and perfectly intelligible, and if misconstrued or perverted, it was done wilfully, just as the modified language in the change may with equal ingenuity be misconstrued and perverted. If the change was made to conciliate symbolists, then it was worse than in vain, for it only gave them a partial triumph while it did not draw them a thousandth part of an ell nearer to us. Who does not know that if we wish to satisfy them we must "go the whole figure," i. e. adopt the entire body of symbolic books without exception or reservation; in other words, they imperiously demand of us, to go over to them and not expect them to move one jot or tittle in returning to us. And should we yield, then adieu to the peace, unity and prosperity of evangelic Lutheranism in our country, for Ichabod will be written on all her walls. A still greater objection to the change in the basis, is the fact, that it was a change in the constitution. Organic law which usually comprehends only fundamental principles, should be rarely touched and always with a sparing and cautious hand. This is a well established maxim. The first step in a downward or retrograde movement is the most dangerous that once effected and the precedent established a second, a third, &c., is likely soon to follow, and disaster threatens to be the result.

Many cogent arguments might be adduced against the change in question, some of which were ably presented by Prof. Sternberg; but my strength is again, for the fourth time since I commenced, exhausted.

Would to God, the district Synods might be led to regard it as their duty to reconsider this subject, and vote down this contemplated alarming innovation, this unnecessary violation of the deliberate and well-considered work of their cautious and prayerful fathers.

In stating my recollections of the facts touching the formation of the General Synod, I may have glided into some slight mistakes, but in general I am confident that I am right.

B. K.

Revival Discourses.

Let the pastor recall that class of his discourses which are most peculiarly his own—those born of his own soul—those that most warmed his own heart in preparation and delivery. Those are usually sermons that came to him without present immediate labor.—They sprang up spontaneously, in a few moments, and often not when in the study and when least thinking of preparing a sermon.

This class of sermons will usually be found to contain some fresh view and fresh illustration of some great leading truth in the gospel system. In collecting them together, or remembering them if he failed to write them, the preacher will find an embodiment of his system of theology. He may find it necessary to give completeness to the system to prepare a few sermons on some doctrines which he has neglected. For instance, one may find that he has no well developed sermon on Repentance; another may be lacking on the subject of Intercessory prayer; and still another has not just the sermon he ought to have for a protracted meeting on the evidences of acceptance; a fourth has no sermon on heaven; a fifth has none on the woes of the lost; a sixth has none on the functions of the Holy Spirit in conviction, and conversion and sanctification; a seventh has nothing as he ought to have on the Resurrection, Incarnation, &c.—Now let the preacher in comparing his list of subjects with the main doctrines in the gospel plan, set to and prepare as thoroughly as he can sermons on the subjects he has neglected.—Perhaps this is sufficient to indicate what I mean in this line of thought.

A word upon the mode of delivering this series of discourses. They should be made so completely the possession of the preacher's mind that he can deliver them in substance without taking one scrap of paper, not even a skeleton, to the pulpit. Review during the day as much as one pleases the subject he intends to present in the evening; but present from the heart.

It is not best always to deliver the series in the same order, nor perhaps the same series entirely. By observation and prayer the preacher will be able to judge what is at any given time "the word fitly spoken."

Lastly, by observing the wants of the audience, the preacher may find it duty to prepare occasionally entirely new sermons to meet the peculiar exigency, remove the local prejudices, to combat a peculiar heresy which like Satan hinders the work. Have courage and undertake the work in the name of the Son and you probably will break into an important and new field of thought. I believe it will often occur that the preacher thus directed will prepare his most efficient sermons.

The Pleasures of Devotion.

For the American Lutheran.

The worship of God is productive of the most exalted pleasures. There is pleasure arising from life and activity of the senses.—We see this enjoyment among the inferior creation; in the ox grazing the flowery food, in the beast bounding through the forest, in the bee humming its hymn from flower to flower, in the bird filling the air with its music, in the fish sporting in the liquid wave. In man the scale of being rises higher and the enjoyment arising from life in the senses is greater. There is pleasure in looking at the green fields the bright heavens, the glowing landscape the gorgeous rain-bow, the circling wave. There is pleasure in listening to the manifold voices of nature; in hearing the birds sing their matin songs; the brooks hymn their melodies, and the winds sweep their harps, the cataracts roll their bass in nature's anthem, and the rich thrilling accents of childhood. There is satisfaction in smelling the rich odors from flower, orchard and grove. But the pleasures of worship are far more rich, refined and elevated.

The pleasures of devotion are superior to those that are merely intellectual. We often see pleasure in the kindling eye and the beaming countenance of the student. There is a real pleasure in smiting the rock of knowledge, in seeing the crystal waters flow forth, and in refreshing the soul at these waters. It is delightful to descend the mine and bring up the gold and silver and the precious stones of thought and truth. There is pleasure in the very movement of a well-trained intellect; in the very consciousness of power to handle all ordinary subjects with ease; in the very act of girding up the soul to grapple with subjects worthy of its immortal powers; pleasure in that course of discipline by which the mind is perfected and prepared to exert power over others; pleasure in conscious fidelity to the eternal laws of its progress; pleasure in the conscious possession of inward treasures which the fires cannot consume, which the floods cannot drown, which the robber cannot plunder, and which death cannot annihilate. But in spiritual worship there are joys of a superior order. We are conscious of worshipping and holding communion with a Being who has a supreme right to the highest homage and honors which the soul of man can render. We feel that He is worthy of all praise and adoration; that He is the very standard of perfection and excellence. The noblest powers of the mind are in communion with the greatest and best of Beings. The heart is in fellowship with an Infinite Being, the only Being that can fill the channels of the soul. During these seasons God reveals the sunny side of His character. The sterner attributes of His character are so tempered by the milder that we are not overwhelmed by a sense of His greatness. There is no feeling of servility but there are swelling emotions of reverence and adoration. God reveals himself unto us as He does not unto the world. The light of His reconciled countenance falls upon us. We have a high experience of His friendship and favor. We taste of His love. What pleasures of sense can equal these Divine consolations. What free and rich communications does He make of Himself. Another source of pleasure is the consciousness that spiritual worship is preparing the soul for Heaven. We are cultivating those graces and dispositions which will qualify us for the society and exercises of the heavenly world. The more we worship God the more we become assimilated to His holiness. In Heaven there is the fullest manifestation of His holiness. All the glorious perfections of God are pledged to exclude what is unholy from Heaven. In the worship of, and communion with God we are growing up in His image. We are likewise becoming prepared to engage in those delightful exercises in which the holy angels and the redeemed are employed. We are increasing our capacity for reverence and praise. There is a pleasure in the growing consciousness of assimilation to those who bow before the throne.

A. L. B.

Breakabeen, Aug. 31 1864.

Teaching Children to Pray.

Henry Ward Beecher, in one of his late sermons, speaking of the duty of teaching children to pray, says:

"It is sad to see this tendency die out as children begin to aspire towards manhood. This is the case, I think, in our country more than in foreign lands. The reason is that the education which we give our children is different from the education which children in other countries receive, and here they are thrown upon their own responsibility earlier than they are there. We do not educate upon convention as much as they do in other lands; and long before their children are out of the leading-strings our children are embarked in life. And, ceasing to repeat their little forms of prayer, they do not substitute for them their own spontaneous utterances, and they become prayerless."

There is much truth in this. What will some of our modern reformers say to it? What does the school-law of Pennsylvania say to it? Would it be teaching sectarianism or the Bible with comments, of which the law is so much afraid, in the public schools to teach children to pray as our fathers did?

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NORTHERN CONFERENCE OF THE SYNOD OF CENTRAL PENNA.

For the American Lutheran.

This Conference convened at Pine Grove Mills, Centre County, Pa., in Rev. D. Sell's charge, on the 24th ult.

Ministerial brethren present: Revs. Sell, Porr, Seerist, Studebaker, Kloss, Gheen, and Davidson.

Absent: Revs. J. G. Anspach, Erlennmyer, Shindel, Ziegler, Anstadt, Grothe, J. M. Anspach, Sanders and Burkholder.

Rev. P. Willard, General Agent of the Luth. Publication Society, being present, was received as an advisory member of conference.

On the state of religion some of the brethren gave interesting and gratifying reports.

Aaronsburg, Bellefonte, and Adamsburg charges within the bounds of Conference are still vacant.

The following resolutions were now received and considered:

Resolved, That those members of the Northern Conference, who, without a reasonable excuse, absent themselves from its meetings, fail to manifest that love to the church and their professed Master, and that respect to their brethren which their standing and relations to God and their brethren requires.

Resolved, That such delinquent members of Conference present an injurious and reprehensible example to the laity.

The subject embraced in these resolutions was discussed at some length and with considerable pathos. All the members present participated in the discussion. Could the absent brethren have heard the remarks made on this subject it might have done them good, and perhaps they would have resolved never to be absent again without a good excuse.

After this colloquium the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas there is a criminal indifference among some brethren in regard to Conference meetings, Therefore,

Resolved, That we, as a Conference, heartily deplore the carelessness and indifference of such brethren.

Resolved, That they be admonished to repent of their sins and be, as they vowed to be, examples to their flocks and workmen that need not be ashamed.

Resolved, That those brethren who failed to attend Conference without excuse, are hereby censured by this Conference. (We expect to see a full Conference meeting the next time.)

Some highly interesting remarks were also made by a few of the brethren on the following subject: What is the proper method of pastoral visitation?

Having been invited by Mr. J. E. Thomas, Principal of the Academy at this place, to visit his school, Conference adjourned at 9 o'clock, on Saturday morning and acceded to his invitation. The school is in a very flourishing condition, an honor and a blessing to the village and community. The visit was a pleasant one.

Middleburg, Snyder County, was selected as the place for holding our next meeting which will take place on the last Thursday in November, or first Thursday in December.

Notice had been given, that Rev. D. Sell, who received and accepted a call from the Pinegrove charge, would be installed as their pastor on Sabbath morning. Quite early the people began to assemble. The church edifice though new and tasteful, is not very large.—The audience hall was, accordingly soon crowded to its utmost capacity, and many were standing without, anxious to get in. These were invited into the lecture-room below, and a discourse was delivered to them by bro. Davidson. The charge to the pastor was delivered in German by Rev. D. Kloss, from 2 Cor. 5: 20, and the charge to the people in English by Rev. P. Gheen, from 1 Thess. 5: 12—13. After which the solemn services of installation took place. The attention of the audience, during the entire services, was marked, and the impressions made will, we hope, be lasting and fruitful.

At the close of the exercises a collection was taken for Home Missions, which amounted to \$56.51, a noble contribution for a small congregation. If all the congregations belonging to the Synod of Central Pennsylvania, were to imitate this praiseworthy example of the Pine Grove congregation, I have no doubt that by next Spring the treasury of the Home Mission Society of our Synod would receive twenty times more than during any former year. Therefore there would be no lack of funds to pay our Missionaries, and many new mission-fields might be formed, some within the bounds of Synod, and others in the far west, where the Macedonian cry is heard from many places, "come over and help us. And how easily might this be done!

When will our members begin to give according to their ability, cheerfully, and realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive!

A kinder, more liberal and hospitable people, than the people of Pine Grove, we have hardly ever met. May the Lord bless both pastor and people.

SECRETARY.

New Berlin, Pa., Sept. 9, 1865.

Jewish Veneration.

The veneration of the Jew for the law is displayed by the grossest superstition, a copy of the Torah of Decalogue being carefully soldered into a narrow tin case, and hung over the entrance to their chambers, as old crones with us nail a horse-shoe to a door; it is even believed to avail as an amulet or charm capable of averting evil, or curing the most obstinate disease. "Ah," said a bed-ridden old Hebrew woman to me, as I visited the mission hospital in Jerusalem, "what can the doctors do for me? If I could only touch the Torah I should be made whole." Not exactly comprehending what she meant, I handed her a little tin-cased copy of the Ten commandments; she grasped it in her emaciated hands, which trembled with anxiety, and her eyes were lit up with a transient gleam of joy. "Are you made whole?" I inquired; she made no answer, fell back on her pillow, let drop the Torah, and turned from me with a sigh.

Sitting one evening with an intelligent German Jew, who used often to pay me a visit at my lodgings, the conversation turned on Jewish religious rites and ceremonies. Alluding to the day of atonement, he assured me that on that day the Jews believe that ministers are appointed in heaven for the ensuing year: a minister over angels; one over the stars; one over earth; the winds, trees, plants, birds, beasts, fishes, men, and so forth.

That, on that day also, the good and evil deeds of every son of Abraham are actually summed up, and the balance struck for or against each, individually. Where the evil deeds preponderate, such individuals are brought in as in debt to the law; and ten days after the day of atonement, summonses are issued to call the defaulters before God. When these are served, the party summoned to appear is visited either with sudden death or a rapid and violent disease which must terminate speedily in death. "But cannot the divine wrath be appeased?" said I. "Not appeased," said my informant, "the decree must be evaded." "How so?" "Thus," he replied. "When a Jew is struck with sudden sickness about this time, if he apprehends that his call is come, he sends immediately for twelve elders of his people; they demand his name; he tells them, for example, my name is Isaac; they answer, thy name shall no more be Isaac, but Jacob shall thy name be called. Then kneeling round the sick man they pray for him in these words: O God, thy servant, Isaac, has not good deeds to exceed the evil, and a summons against him has gone forth; but this pious man before thee, is named Jacob, and not Isaac. There is a flaw in the indictment; the name in the angel's summons is not correct, therefore, thy servant Jacob cannot be called on to appear." "After all," said I, "suppose this Jacob dies." "Then," replied my companion, "the Almighty is unjust; the summons was irregular and its execution not according to law."

Does not this appear incredible? Another anecdote, and I have done.

On the same occasion we were speaking about vows, and the obligation of fulfilling them. "As to paying your vow," said my Jewish friend, "we consider it performed, if the vow be observed to the letter." He then gave me the following rather ludicrous illustration as a case in point: There was in his native village a wealthy Jew, who was seized with a dangerous illness. Seeing death approach, despite of his physician's skill, he be-thought him of vowing a vow; so he solemnly promised, that if God would restore him to health, he, on his part, on his recovery, would sell a certain fat beast in his stall, and devote the proceeds to the Lord.

The man recovered, and in due time appeared before the door of the synagogue, driving before him a goodly ox, and carrying under one arm a large, black Spanish cock. The people were coming out of the synagogue, and several Jewish butchers, after artistically examining the fine, fat beast, asked our convalescent what might be the price of the ox. "This ox," replied the owner, "I value at two shillings" (I substitute English money); "but the cock," he added, ostentatiously exhibiting chancier, I estimate at twenty pounds." The butchers laughed at him; they thought he was in joke. "However, as he gravely persisted that he was in earnest, one of them, taking him at his word, put down two shillings for the ox. "Softly, my good friend," rejoined the seller, "I have made a vow not to sell the ox without the cock; you must buy both, or be content with neither." Great was the surprise of the bystanders, who could not perceive what perversity possessed their wealthy neighbor. But the cock being value for two shillings, and the ox for twenty pounds, the bargain was concluded, and the money paid.

Our worthy Jew now walks up to the Rabbi, cash in hand. "This," said he, handing the two shillings, "I devote to the service of the synagogue, being the price of the ox, which I had vowed; and this, placing the twenty pounds in his own bosom, is lawfully mine own, for is it not the price of the cock?" "And what did your neighbors say of the

Children's Department.

THE LIGHT OF OUR HOUSEHOLD.

Did you ever see her,
The little fairy sprite,
Who came glancing thro' our household,
Like a ray of golden light?
Whose little feet kept dancing,
Never weary, until eve
Threw its purple shadows o'er us,
And her good night kiss she gave?

Did you ever see her,
With her floating curls of brown,
As she gladly ran to meet us
Coming from the distant town?
As she greeted us with kisses,
'Twas the sweetest welcome home
To hear her bird-voice piping—
"Oh! I'm so glad you've come!"

Did you ever see her,
With her eyes of azure blue?
They were sometimes filled with teardrops,
Like a violet with dew;
Often they were laughing, dancing,
Shining, twinkling, bright with joy,
As she told some pretty story
Of her kitten or a toy.

And you did not see her
When those pattering feet were still,
When the little hands were folded,
Not by their sweet owner's will:
When the eyes were closed so gently,
And the curls of soft brown hair
By the hands of friends were parted
From the forehead pure and fair.

And you did not see her
When they shut the coffin lid,
And our little fairy darling
From our sight forever hid?
With her going went our sunlight—
From our home 'tis ever gone;
May we say with truth and calmness,
Not my will, but Thine, be done!

Clara's Journal.

"Mamma, will you give me a book in which
I may write what I do and what I think, the
same as pa does?"

"Then you wish to keep a journal," said
mamma.

"Yes, and I will let you read it every
night."

The book was given, and this is what Clara
wrote:

"Sabbath morning. I must be very good
for to-day this is the Lord's day."

"Sabbath noon. I went to Sabbath school
and knew my lesson. The teacher gave me a
nice story-book to read. Papa preached in
church. I found the text in my own little
Bible, learned it, and have just said it to
mamma. I have been very good."

"Sabbath night. Here I am, sent to my
room for being a naughty girl. I was just
ready to read my Sabbath school book when I
saw Lizzie biting one corner of it in her
mouth. I ran to her and said, 'Give me my
book.' She would not let go, but held on to it
with both hands. I was angry, and jerked it
away so rudely that it made Lizzie fall back-
ward on the floor, and hurt her head badly.—
Mamma said, Lizzie is your baby sister.—
She did not know she could not have the
book. You should have coaxed her to give it
up; besides, you were careless to leave it on a
chair in her way.' I said the book was mine,
and I had a right to take it just as I pleas-
ed."

I shall have to stay here till mamma comes.
I can not read the book to-day. I am more
sorry, though, to think I should have let my-
self get angry, and hurt dear Lizzie, and
speak in such a wrong way to mamma."

"How wicked I have been! Will God for-
give me? I will ask him. I wish mamma
would come. I want to have her forgive me,
and let me kiss her and Lizzie. I will try to be
good. I thought this noon I was. I did not
know that I should have to write to-night that
I have been so wicked. I will tear this leaf
out, and then I shall forget about it, and no-
body will know how wicked I have been."

"Mamma has just been here. She asked to
see my journal. How ashamed I felt while
she was reading! I begged her to forgive me.
She did, and I hope that God has also."

"Clara," she said, "you thought if this leaf
were destroyed, and I forgave you, you would
never hear of this again. Did you forget that
God is keeping a 'Book of Remembrance,'" in
which every act, and even every thought,
is written? At the judgment day this book
will be opened, and then all the world will
hear how we have lived. We may forget, yet
God never does. Still, if we are sorry, and
try to do better, he will forgive us for Jesus'
sake."

"I shall never again think that I am good.
I will pray to God to help me, and I will try
to be better, so that I may have a good account
to write in my journal, and that there may be
fewer sins against me in God's book."

Will not all follow Clara's example in trying
to live a holy life?

The Most Beautiful Hand.

Two charming women were discussing one
day what it is which constitutes beauty in the
hand. They differed in opinion as much as the
shape of the beautiful member whose merits
they were discussing. A gentleman friend pre-
sented himself, and by common consent the
question was referred to him. It was a delicate
matter. He thought of Paris and the three god-
desses. Glancing from one to the other of the
beautiful white hands presented for his examina-
tion, he replied at last, "I give it up, the ques-
tion is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and
they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the
world is the hand that gives."

How do you treat your Bible.

"This Bible must not be on the floor," said a
little boy, seven years old, as he carefully took
up the sacred volume which some one had laid
on the carpet. "How could any body put the
Bible there!" he exclaimed with a look of as-
tonishment.

Edward always treated the Bible with rever-
ence; and even when he grew up, and was for
a time a worldly man, he could not bear to see it
abused or handled with disrespect.

I remember, one day after his return from an
absence in far distant lands, as he came into the
room where we were sitting, he saw that the
open window—the spring of which was broken
—was supported by a Bible. I was but a little
girl then; yet I remember, as it were yester-
day, how expressive his fine dark eyes were of
pain and amazement as he went to the window,
and removing the Bible, said, "Allow me to put
another book in place of this Bible. I do not
like to see it used for any common purpose."

As years passed on, Edward learned to love
as well as reverence the Word of God. A small
copy of it, given him by an older sister, was the
companion of his wanderings about the world.
Edward died almost a year ago far from home
and friends. It was a sad day when the trunks
containing his clothing and books were brought
to us. We felt that his Bible would be the
most precious thing of all, and at last we found
it. There it was; worn indeed, but it had been
handled so carefully through the long years,
that not a leaf was loose, not a stain was upon
its sacred pages. In these we found his favorite
verses marked; and they spoke to us of his love
for God and his word, and of his penitent, hum-
ble spirit.

I have seen Bibles with their covers scratched
by pins and cut by pen-knives. I have seen Bi-
bles in which people ciphered, or scribbled non-
sense, to while away idle moments. I have seen
Bibles thrown away into boxes of rubbish, with
their leaves all fallen out; and I have seen them
lying among the crickets on the floors of church
pews. I have seen them upon tables and bu-
reaux, shamefully covered with dust. Is not
this treatment of the Bible displeasing to God?
Is it not almost profanity? How do you treat
your Bible? It is duty. Go right away, and
wipe off the dust from the holy volume! Be-
ware of defacing in any way the holy Word of
God, lest the Lord hold you "not guiltless."—
Child at Home.

A Boy in a Predicament.

A lady reader of the American Agriculturist
relates the following incident which occurred to
her uncle when a boy. His father kept geese,
and for the accommodation of such as wanted to
raise families, he built a low house or coop, into
which a goose could comfortably enter and occupy
her nest. On one occasion a motherly goose had
been sitting several days on a nestful of eggs,
when little Joshua, then about five years old,
wanted very much to know what progress she
was making. Accordingly he lay down before
the entrance, and began to introduce his head
but Madam Goose indignant at this intrusion
into her private room, made a snap at him and
caught him by the nose! Joshua screamed and
struggled but the old goose held on, and the
gander, who was not far off, hearing his voice,
came flying to the rescue, and mounting on
Joshua's back, began giving him an unmerciful
drubbing with both wings. The noise brought
Joshua's mother to the scene of conflict, and she
pulled him away; but the goose held on so tight-
ly that when released, his nose was completely
skinned. After he was grown Joshua used to
relate this story to show that it is safest for one
to keep his nose out of other people's business.

A Model Sabbath School.

The Mission School of the Second English
Lutheran church, Lombard street, Baltimore,
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Singing is the grand means of sustaining its in-
terest, of retaining and gathering both the pa-
rents and children in its locality. It numbers
about 150 scholars, with a well selected library
of 375 volumes. On a recent visit, the superin-
tendent pointed out to me a young man who
came into the school some years ago as a scholar,
and some time ago went out and brought in a
class of twelve boys, that he might teach them
himself. He has since brought into the school
twelve more boys, with a teacher. What an ex-
ample, both to teachers and scholars.

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Pennsylvania Central Rail Road.

Summer Arrangement.

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mencing one hour previous to the time of depart-
ure of each Train, and allow about thirty minutes
for a trip. Their cars are in waiting on the ar-
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Pittsburg and Erie Mail	at 8 30 "
Philadelphia Express	at 11 10 "

ARRIVE.

Pittsburg and Erie Mail	at 6 40 A. M.
Philadelphia Express	at 7 05 "
Paoli Accommodation, No. 1	at 8 20 "
Parkburg	at 9 00 "
Lancaster Accommodation	at 12 30 "
Fast Line	at 12 50 "
Paoli Accommodation, No. 2	at 4 40 "
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They furnish similar and equal security to the
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years. To substantiate my position, those purchas-
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notice, of time and place of trial, to test them by
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they not prove superior, I will refund the money,
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on the outside, and 31 inches high, 21 wide and
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LEAVE BALTIMORE

Parkton accommodation no 1	7 20 a. m.
Fast mail	9 20 "
Harrisburg accommodation	2 50 p. m.
Parkton accommodation no 3	6 00 "
Pittsburg & Elmira Express	10 00 "

TRAINS SOUTHWARD.
ARRIVE IN BALTIMORE

Pittsburg & Elmira Express	7 00 a. m.
Parkton accommodation no 2	8 10 "
Harrisburg	12 20 p. m.
Fast mail	5 30 "
Parkton accommodation no 4	7 20 "

Sunbury accommodation leaves Harrisburg at 4 25
p. m. arrives in Sunbury at 7 05 p. m. Leaves Sunbury
at 7 30 a. m. arrives in Harrisburg at 10 15 a. m.

Pittsburg express through without changing cars.
Express train leaves at 10 00 daily.

Express train at 8 00 daily, except Saturdays,
to Harrisburg, Pittsburg and Erie.

Express at 10 00 p. m. Sundays, for Harrisburg,
Pittsburg and the West only, arrives daily ex-
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They are perfectly simple, operating like an ordi-
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