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Mother's Prayer.

A mother knelt beside her chair,
And taught her little son,
To hush the holy words of prayer
At morn, and set of sun;
And angels tarried there to hear,
As borne upon the air,
These sacred tones fell on the ear,
A mother's prayer.

That boy has grown to manhood's height,
He mingles with the gay;
The path of life looks fair and bright,
He fears no evil day.
But ere the pleasure brings a sting
He sees the fatal snare;
There's born on faithful memory's wing,
That mother's prayer.

When age has bowed his sturdy form,
And dim his grown his eye,
And o'er his head a silver crown
Proclaims he soon must die,
He seems again a child in years,
With soft and flaxen hair,
Again those holy words he hears,
His mother's prayer.

All other scenes may be forgot,
And Nature's powers decay,
Still memory gilds one sacred spot,
Where mother knelt to pray.
And when the angel Death shall come,
Heavenward his soul to bear,
Those sacred words he follows home;
The mother's prayer.

Men & Things as I saw them in Europe.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.
XXIII.

Rome to be studied.—Its numerous Churches.—
Their Riches of Art and Endowment.—
Numerous Priests and Nuns.—Poverty of
the People.—Abounding Beggars.—Way to
shake them off.—Absence of Youth.—The
People in Fear.—Despotism, through the
Confessional.—Its Morals.—No Religion
there.—The Voice of Rome to the Nations.
—Its History not yet ended.

To an American and a Christian visiting Rome, all questions pertaining to its moral and social condition possess deep interest; and they will receive a full examination. Rome is the center of Papal unity—is the seat of the Pope and his court—is the Jerusalem of the Papist in all lands—is the point whence all the authority in the Papal Church proceeds and whither all questions, of whatever character upon which the provinces are divided, return for solution. There is the fountain-head of infallibility, and where you would very naturally expect those model civil and social institutions to exist after which the Pope and his priests would fashion the world. And if the nations could only read in the light of history, and in the light of the present state of Rome and the Romans, the true, the legitimate influence of Popery wherever it gains the ascendant power, they would dread its establishment among them as they would the scourges of war, famine, and pestilence.

Among the first things that impress you in Rome is the number and splendor of its churches. The people are about one hundred and fifty thousand all told, and there are said to be nearly four hundred churches. This would be a church for every four hundred inhabitants. And when we consider that St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, St. Maria Maggiore, would contain many thousand, and that even the smaller churches would contain from one to three thousand, we will readily admit that there is a superabundance of church accommodation.

And these churches are all richly, many of them magnificently embellished. There is a wealth of art in its churches, almost if not quite sufficient to pay the debt of the English nation. And these churches with their cardinals, archbishops, bishops, chapters, and priests, are utterly independent of the people; they are all richly, some of them royally endowed.

Another of the striking peculiarities of Rome is the number of its priests and nuns. There are upward of two thousand nuns, and about three thousand priests; making a due allowance for children, there is a priest for every twenty-five adults! And taken as a class, they the best-looking, best-dressed, best-fed men you meet; and if they are not perfectly satisfied with their condition, their stately tread, their self-complacent air bear false witness against them. The Pope lives in regal style. The cardinals, with their horses, servants, carriages all in scarlet, live and move as princes. They are the princes of the Church and of the Roman state. The bishops live sumptuously; and even the mendicant monks are as fat and greasy as is desirable. And such is the number of these priests that you meet them every where; and when a noted service is to be performed, they

are there in dozens as actors. If priests of every class and character, in numbers entirely satisfactory, and wielding all power, could civilize, enlighten, and Christianize a place, then in every desirable respect, Rome would be an earthly paradise.

But in striking contrast with the sumptuousness of their churches, their riches of art, and the wealth of the priests, is the poverty and wretchedness of the people. Beggars meet you every where—in the streets, at the doors of cafes and shops, at the doors of churches, amid the ruins of the Forum and the Coliseum, and even under the very dome of St. Peter's. While leaning over the "confessional" and admiring the kneeling Pope, by Canova, a mutilated beggar gave me a gentle hint, by politely pulling the tail of my coat, that charity should be exercised under the shadow of the high altar, and in the very presence of the holy relics of Peter and Paul! All point of interest which attract strangers have also peculiar attraction for beggars. They annoy you every where, and are shaken off with difficulty. An English gentleman, the companion of many a ramble, I found, by a stamp of his foot and the utterance of certain sounds, could send them off at once. After witnessing his tact frequently, and after calling him a few times to my aid, I asked him what he said. "I do not know," he said, laughingly; "I but strive to imitate the action and words of a priest before whom I saw the beggars flee, the other day, in the Corso." We appealed to our valet for the interpretation, who said they meant "Go to the d—." No wonder the poor creatures so hastily concluded that the person who could send them so far beyond Purgatory would give them neither a paul nor a penny.

You also miss from the streets and promenades of Rome the joyous youth, ranging from fourteen to twenty-five, which you meet every where in Britain and France; and the people you meet seem dull and joyless. They seem to walk in dread of an omnipresent enemy. And instead of bowing to the priests that are evermore flitting along with shovels and robes indicating their order, they dart on them a furtive glance, and give a meaning shake of the head when they are past. You need only walk the streets, enter the shops, and read the countenances of the people, to know that the Romans feel and dread the rod of the oppressor.

Nor is there any liberty in Rome. Every family is under a priestly spy: through the confessional and the women the priest gets the secrets of the family, its visitors, the opinions of fathers and sons; and often, on the confessions of mothers and daughters, husbands and brothers are immured in prisons, or sentenced to the galleys. A gentleman, for years a resident of the city, informed me that the despotism of the worst emperors was no more severe than that now exercised under the sanction of Pius Nonus. Rome, Naples, Austria par excellence Papal states, and yet the culminating points of despotism!

Nor are there any true morals in Rome. How could there be with such an army of lazy priests, and with such a swarm of French soldiers? The last Pope has left several heirs: the present one has a good public character; but as to the cardinals and priests, it is notorious that they are only forbidden to marry. The noblest of the Romans say that, because of the utter profligacy of the priests and their arts at the confessional, they have no confidence in the virtue of their wives, mothers, sisters, or daughters! If such is the public and general character of the priests, what must be that of the people? Indeed, I could not place before my readers the statements made, and by the very best witnesses, for the purpose of illustrating the low point to which morals have fallen in Rome, and through the profligacy of the clergy, from the Pope down to the miserable mendicant friar, whose character is often more filthy than his feet or his frock.

Nor is there any religion in Rome. There is superstition there as rife as in the days when Jupiter and Venus were worshiped; but as a rule, the religion of Christ is unknown and unpracticed. I spent a Sabbath there; and as there was no Protestant worship save that of the Puseyitish stamp without the walls, and as I prefer the reality to the bungling imitation, I went to St. Peter's, and other churches. The markets and shops were more crowded than usual. The priests were seen every where trading. Peasants from beyond

the walls, in every variety of costume, were in the streets. The Sistine was crowded mostly by strangers to see the Pope at mass amid the glittering swords of the "guard noble;" but St. Peter's was almost deserted, as were the other churches that I visited. There is no Sabbath in Rome—there is no Bible influence in Rome; the common people scarcely know it by name—there is no preaching of the Gospel in Rome—there is no instruction of the young into the principles of Divine truth. Their religious literature is a compilation of lying legends, of which the wonders of Bambino and of the Holy House of Loretto are good samples; and priests and people are living without hope and without God in the world. I have not a doubt but that the priests are mainly infidels; and that the people, who are not like the priests, are mainly idolaters, from whose minds all ideas of God and of Christ are crowded out by fictions concerning Peter, pictures, holy relics and places, fables of the saints, and more than all and above all, by Mary and Bambino.

Some may say this picture is overdrawn; but it is not even one half to the reality. So all will say who have spent a month in Rome truly desirous to know its social and moral state. Your liberty, your property, your life, hang suspended upon the will of priests, who are ignorant, superstitious, rapacious, and profligate, who feel that they have a divine warrant to flay or fleece you as they will, and who yield to no impulse save that which tends to strengthen their claims and to extend their dominion. And these Romish priests form the great central power of the Papal Church. They make, or unmake, bishops and archbishops; and they send out decrees binding upon all their people, and as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes, which give direction and form to the movements and opinions of all their priests to the ends of the earth. And could these priests have their way, they would lay the nations, chained and debased, as lowly at the feet of the Pope and his cardinals as the once imperial city of the Caesars now lies. From its crowded prisons, and its betrayed people, and its banished patriots, and its Christless churches—from its noiseless streets, and the ruins which crowd its ancient hills, and its men afraid to whisper their opinions to their wives or daughters, a voice rises for the warning of the nations, saying, "THE PRICE OF YOUR CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE OF POPERY."

The history of Rome is not ended. It is yet the seat of empire in opposition to the kingdom of God. It is the center of a spiritual power felt for evil to the ends of the earth. Let that power be scattered, and its prestige is gone—let it be rendered subservient to truth, and the world would feel its renovating effects. God has his eye upon Rome, and priests-ridden and down trodden as it is, will make it subservient to some glorious end. For Popery there is nothing in reserve but destruction; like a leprous Jewish house, it must be torn down. But moral conquests may yet be obtained on the banks of the muddy Tiber which will throw those of all the Caesars into the shade.

The Convincing Argument.

Deacon Wells had for a neighbor and infidel lawyer. It grieved the deacon much that any one should doubt the truth of religion, the genuineness of the Bible, and even the existence and providence of God. All these were blessed verities to him—a rock on which his feet were firmly planted—a treasure which heightened all his present enjoyments, and brightened all his future hopes.

Mr. Ward, the neighbor referred to, was a pleasant, social man; and Deacon Wells would have enjoyed his society much, but for the knowledge of his unbelief. This made a wide gulf between them, and caused the Christian many sorrowful thoughts. He was not, and could not be, indifferent to his neighbor's infidelity, and the consequent peril of his soul. So he often labored to convince him of his error, and thus to persuade him to seek eternal life. But the good man's logic was not equal to the task of refuting the sophistries of skepticism; and Mr. Ward still remained unconvinced.

One argument which the deacon often used was the peace and joy of religion. At first this seemed to make a little impression; but

at length the unbeliever asserted his conviction that his neighbor was mistaken as to the real source of his own happiness. "Life goes easy with you," he said; "you have a beautiful home, an ample fortune, and two promising children; and you ascribe to your religious belief the comfort and peace which such circumstances as yours could hardly fail to give. It is a delusion, doubtless, though an amiable one."

"I see that I cannot convince you," replied the Christian sadly; "but I shall never cease to pray that God may open your eyes to the truth; for I can not give you up to certain perdition."

Deacon Wells kept his promise faithfully; and though he held no further argument with his neighbor, he daily prayed for his enlightenment and salvation. God heard and answered those earnest prayers, though in a way which the suppliant surely never expected. A great financial crisis overtook the country; and the ample fortune which the good man had accumulated by patient industry and enterprise, was swept in a day from his possession. The beautiful home which he had planned and adorned, was his no longer; with a feeble wife, and with sons just requiring a large outlay for their education, he was thrown penniless and homeless upon the world.

It was then he found his trust in God was no delusion. "I am no worse off than my Saviour," he said, by way of comfort to his weeping wife. "Jesus had not where to lay his head; and he has declared, 'It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.' Let us thank God that we have still a treasure in heaven, and a mansion there." So he went cheerfully forward to commence anew a life of toil and hardship; and not only felt, but showed a filial submission to the hand that was chastening him.

His neighbor saw it, and wondered; but held his peace, doubting how long this seeming tranquility would last. And soon there came another blow. Those two sons, so amiable and promising, and already walking in the path of wisdom, were seized with a prevailing epidemic, which proved speedily fatal. "This is too bad," said Mr. Ward, in his sympathy with his neighbor's bereavement. "Your boys were so pleasant, and so good, it's too bad to lose them both."

"No, no," exclaimed the bereaved father with streaming eyes, "it is not too bad, not too hard, for the Lord has done it. He gave, and he has taken them away; and I can still say, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' I may weep for my children, as my Master wept at the grave of Lazarus; but I praise him that the language of my heart is, 'The will of the Lord be done.'"

"My dear friend, you have conquered me," rejoined the long obstinate unbeliever; "I cannot longer doubt the reality, the divinity of religion. Your faith and trust are convincing arguments; I cannot gainsay them. God and the Bible are verities; for nothing less than divine grace could so sustain you. Pray that I too may become a Christian."

"I have offered that petition daily ever since our last talk on this subject," was the reply; "and I felt sure that God would answer me, though I dreamed not how. I only saw that no words of mine would move you; and so I carried the case to Him. If He has smitten me that you might be saved, I can now repeat with still deeper meaning, 'The will of the Lord be done.'"

Fellow-Christians, let us all be profited by this true lesson; and realizing how little an ungodly and unbelieving world is moved by our words, let us see to it that they have ever before them the more convincing argument of our faith and trust.—AM. MESSENGER.

Is Your Bible Your Own.

IS YOUR BIBLE YOUR VERY OWN BIBLE? that is, is it a real comfort and advantage to you merely acting the part of a watchman or police officer, who protects property in which he has no interest?

A miser, who had buried his money in his garden, was robbed of his treasure. "Poor fellow!" said one, "he has lost the whole of his property."

"His property!" replied another, "it could hardly be considered his, for he never did make and never would have made use of it; I should call it the property of his heirs."

A man living in England, who had money to spare, purchased land in Australia to the extent of a thousand acres, not that he ever received any benefit from it, or even ever saw it, for these things are quite out of the question. He had bought the land, thinking it would turn out a fine fortune for his children or his grand-children.

"That man has a great deal of property abroad," said a neighbor, speaking to a friend.

"Not half so much," replied his friend, "as I have in the sun, and moon and stars, for I do see them, and they afford me great satisfaction, whereas he never sees his estate, and never derives from it any advantage."

Some years ago I had occasion to send a parcel to an honest, hard-working mason and bricklayer who lived in the country. It contained, besides sundry little presents for his wife and children, a trowel for his own use, made in a superior way, with a mahogany handle, and often did I fancy that I saw him, hard at work with the trowel in his hand. It happened that last summer, being in the neighborhood, I called at the cottage of the honest bricklayer, to my surprise, I saw the trowel that I had sent him exhibited over the chimney-piece as a curiosity. It had been considered too good for use, and consequently had never been of the slightest use to its owner.

Now, if you are using your Bible as the miser used his money, the rich man his Australian estate, and the honest bricklayer his mahogany handled trowel, the less you say about its being your Bible the better.

Rules for Visitors and Travellers.

IF RESIDING IN THE COUNTRY.

1. Never neglect your accustomed private studies of reading, meditation, self-examination and prayer.
2. Never fail to attend, some place of worship on the Lord's day, unless prevented by such circumstances as you are sure will excuse you in the eye of God.
3. Never entertain invited company on the Lord's day, and pay no visits, unless to the sick and needy, as acts of benevolence.
4. Never engage in anything, either on the Lord's or on any secular day, which will compromise your Christian consistency.
5. Seek to do good to the souls of your family and all others within your reach.
6. Always remember that you are to "stand before the judgment seat of Christ."

IF TRAVELING.

1. Never, on any plea whatever, travel on the Lord's day.
2. Make your arrangements to stop, if possible, in some place where you can enjoy suitable religious privileges.
3. If at a public house or watering place on the Lord's day, do not mingle with indiscriminate company; keep in your own room as much as possible and be engaged in such a way as may make the day profitable to your soul, and honorable to your God.
4. Every day find or make time for your private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination, and prayer.
5. Carry tracts and good books with you to read, distribute, or lend, according to circumstances.
6. Seek opportunities to do good to the souls of those into whose society you may fall.
7. Never, by deed or conversation, appear to be ashamed of your religious profession.
8. Remember you are to "stand before the judgment-seat of Christ." Let me entreat you to read these items of advice over and over again, and recur to them in every time of temptation. They are the affectionate warning of one who knows the danger of your situation, and whose heart's desire and prayer to God it is that you may maintain your Christian integrity, honor God, live in obedience to his will, and enjoy the peace which can alone spring from a "conscience void of offense," "because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart."

Other's Faults.

What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.

It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own;
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone.

KINDNESS.

As stars upon the tranquil sea,
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart,
Reflect the source divine.
Oh then be kind, who'er thou art,
That breathe'st mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

From the Educator.

The Moment of Success

In the fair bowers of Paradise, ere the serpent had accomplished his deadly work, or the tree of knowledge yielded its fatal gift, labor and care were unknown. Fruitful nature yielded, unsought, her richest treasures, and the beauties of Heaven, gently as its own dew, descended upon man, demanding no return save gratitude and enjoyment. But, when he had passed the precincts of that happy place, forever closed against him by the flaming sword of the angelic guard, far different were the conditions of his being. In the sweat of his brow was he to eat his bread—with labor, toil and suffering, was he to purchase all earthly good. Stern as was this decree of the Almighty, mercy was enclosed therein—dark as was the cloud of human destiny, the rainbow of peace and joy was painted upon it. Rest was to be doubly sweet after toil—prosperity more bright after adversity—success more glorious after obstacles surmounted and difficulties vanquished. True it was, the soft vales of Paradise were no longer to be his inheritance, and the bright inhabitants of Heaven his familiar guests no more; yet some flow-ers of bliss, lovely as those of Eden, were to gladden his exile with their beauty, and still to be to him and his descendants the sweet teachers in the lessons of happiness. Yes, surely, in this desolate world,

"Some moments are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than Heaven."

Some brief seasons, which fully compensate for years of toil and pain, bringing to the soul an intensity of enjoyment, which makes it conscious of its vast capabilities of happiness, when the fetters of mortality shall be broken. In the arrangements of Infinite wisdom, such feelings have been decreed to man, as the reward of exertion in the attainment of laudable objects—the laurel crown of well-directed effort. No faculty of our being, exercised in its proper sphere, can fail to bring this promised blessing. And, though all experience in kind this happiness, from the child, who triumphantly sees his tiny house stand secure to the sovereign, who beholds successfully carried out his vast plans for a nation's welfare, yet the degree must depend on the greatness of that purpose, and the difficulties that have impeded its accomplishment.

Who can know what a moment was that for Columbus, when, after years of untiring, but ever baffled effort for the attainment of his favorite object—after a thousand dangers of an unknown ocean, and many a sleepless and anxious night, he saw floating near his vessel a green herb—the joyful herald to his troubled spirit, of the long-sought object of his ardent hopes. And when these joyful anticipations were confirmed by the sight of that lovely island, reposing upon the ocean in all its greenness and beauty, inhabited by an unknown race—perhaps the neighbor of a mighty continent, which was by him to be bequeathed to the world, and become the perpetual monument of his fame, what emotions must have filled his soul! A joy so pure, so deep, so concentrated, as to have outweighed whole years of suffering! What though his childhood had been spent in the midst of privations and dangers, and the fountains of a joy peculiar to that happy season, to him almost unknown? What though the bright dreams of his youthful imagination were indulged in the silence of solitude, finding in no sympathizing breast an answering chord; and the deep yearnings of his enthusiastic nature made known, only to be chilled and repressed by the disapprobation of dull mediocrity? What though his more mature years, were marked by disappointment and sorrow, and that agony that a noble mind can so deeply feel, when, conscious of its own greatness, and the loftiness and integrity of its purpose, it finds them unappreciated, or met with indifference or contempt? What though he had left the shores of Spain, amid the jeers and maledictions of the spectators, denounced as a visionary—a mark for the finger of scorn, with a world of dread uncertainty present to his imagination, and none to ask the blessing of Heaven on an enterprise so chimerical, or commend him to that Being, who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand? Was there ever prospect so gloomy—ever circumstances so disheartening? But, in that moment of success—in the realization of all those brilliant hopes of life's fair morning—in the actual possession of the goal, to gain which his whole life had been consecrated to self-denial and suffering, the trials of the past were remembered no more. He was to return to his adopted land in triumph—to see himself an object of applause and admiration, where but late, he had been one of pity and contempt; to be welcomed to the presence of royalty, bearing with him a gift that even majesty would be proud to accept—the gift of a new world.

From Columbus, we turn to another of the sons of genius, one who discovered, not a world, but the secret and invisible chain that binds all worlds—the immortal Newton. We are told by his biographer, that when he perceived that the great law of gravitation—a law whose existence for years he had suspected, and labored to prove, was about to be established beyond a doubt, by his calculations, so deeply was he affected by the grandeur of the discovery, and the astonishing effects resulting from it, that he was obliged to commit to the firmer hand and cooler judgement of a friend, the completion of what was to give his name to immortality. It was a triumph of intellect, that shook the pillars of the frail tenement that obstructed its far-seeing vision, and limited its heavenward aspirations. What had he not accomplished? Truly, he had become the high priest of science, and entered within the veil never before lifted to mortal vision! Before him was spread out the illimitable universe, with its systems of worlds, all revolving in their aerial and unwearied journeys, in allegiance to that same simple but grand and beautiful law that brought the apple to the ground. What though, since touched by the hand of Omnipotence, the complicated machinery of the material world, had moved in "solemn silence," it was, now compelled, at the mandate of genius, to dis-

close its secrets, and reveal to mortal ear its harmonies. In that moment of success, he must have felt that his name henceforth was to be linked with the beautiful order of the universe, and his fame written in the heavens.

On the page of history stands another name, more dear to every American heart than that of the discoverer of this vast continent, or the promulgator of nature's hidden laws—our own beloved Washington. In the glorious success that crowned his noble purposes and indefatigable exertions for his country's good, another bright example is left to the aspirant after those imperishable honors, that encircle the brow of him who becomes the benefactor of his race. Do they not bid him, when he feels within him the upspringing of a lofty sentiment—a consciousness of powers that may contribute to the elevation of man, to press on through difficulties and dangers, with duty for his watchword, and the arm of Omnipotence for his defence, till the object is attained—the victory won? And how boundless is the field of laudable ambition! True, in no far distant ocean, may an unknown world be awaiting the approach of genius to give it a name in the annals of time—no grand universal truth may, at his bidding stand confessed to the admiration of the world; nor, like Washington, may it be his to bring to a successful issue a great political revolution, and to be the founder of a republic, whose name is a distinguished star in the constellation of nations. Along these bright paths his destiny may not lead him; yet, let him remember that the moral and physical world, the cause of truth still calls for champions—that from the great heart of humanity, may still be heard the unceasing groan, ex-erted by suffering, ignorance and guilt; that the field of doing good is every where ripe unto the harvest, and success certain, if the spirit faints not. Nor should he forget, that in this struggle for the supremacy of the nobler principles of our nature, the lowest soldier, if he stands his ground, and fearlessly unsheathes his weapon, contributes to the victory, and will share the reward; that every noble thought sent forth from his own soul, will find like the winged seed, its resting place, and perchance, nerve some arm more vigorous than his now, or, like a wheel within a wheel, set in motion the energies of some spirit, that shall prove to the world a Washington or a Newton. In the noble cause of good to man, surely none should despair, for

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footsteps on the sands of time."

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving—still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

J. S. G.

New Oxford, Pa.

SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS.

SATURDAY.

Snow, rain, wind, mud!

"John, it is a very unpleasant morning; you must wrap up well and take care of yourself."

"Oh, never fear for me, I shall put on water proof and thick boots, and trudge through it; if Saturdays will be wet there is nothing for it but to put up with them."

SUNDAY.

Snow, rain, wind and mud! "John, it is a very unpleasant morning again; I suppose you will not venture out this morning."

"No, I don't think it would be right. It is such catch-cold weather, really one needs to take care of one's self, and it would be wrong to brave such a morning as this."

SATURDAY.

"You look very tired this morning, John."

"Oh no, nothing to speak of. Besides, we must not give way to it; I have a busy day. There will be a good market, and I must make the most of it."

SUNDAY.

"You look very tired this morning, John."

"Yes, I am tired. I shall rest to-day, I think instead of going to church. A nap on the sofa will do me good. It's a special sermon, I remember, but that can't be helped."

SATURDAY.

"O, Mr. Smith, I'm sorry to come so late. But here's a gentleman wants to give you an order. You're tired to night, I dare say, but—"

"Oh, not at all, not at all. I'll be with you in a minute. Oh, no, never felt less tired. Certainly, most happy to come."

SUNDAY.

"O, Mr. Smith, sorry to disturb you, but we are very much in need of a teacher this afternoon. Could you not oblige us? You are tired, no doubt, but it is in a good cause."

"Well, really, no, I can not; I am thoroughly tired out. You must try and find some one who is not so much engaged during the week."

SATURDAY.

"Mr. Smith, there is a meeting of townsmen to night, to talk over some improvements; the mayor hopes you will be there."

"Thank you, yes, I shall be happy to attend though it is my busiest evening."

SUNDAY.

"Mr. Smith, there is a prayer-meeting to night—we are told to meet the Master at the mercy-seat; shall we have the pleasure of seeing you?"

"Thank you, no I shall be unable to attend."

—Christian World.

Shall our Children Dance?

There was a time when the Christian church was compelled to defend the very centres and citadels of her faith against the avowed atheist and the infidel. "Hume, Hobbes, and others of the same class, appealed to the intelligent part of the community, while Paine wrote for 'lewd fellows of the baser sort.'" That contest is over. Satan has changed his strategy. Instead of carrying on open war, he disguises his emissaries and sends them into the Christian camp, where they seek to take part in our counsels, declaring that the Bible is indeed true, but vehemently insisting that its doctrines are misunderstood, and that its morals especially have been suffering long by a too narrow, "fanatical construction." All the skeptics of the land consent that men shall be religious, provided the obligations of the new life are not made too onerous, too trying to fallen human nature.

To this showy, shallow "liberalism," I cannot but attribute the tendency of certain minds to pronounce allowable some things which our pious ancestors held in abhorrence. "Shall our children dance?" "Certainly," answers the superficial thinker, who imagines that poetry and piety are the same; "the leaves dance on the trees, the insects in the sunbeams, the ripples on the river. The gospel is good news. The whole Christian life should accord with joyous sentiment. By all means let the children dance."

At the risk of disturbing sensitive nerves, I am constrained to say that I do not believe that the Christian church will be able to make dancing religiously useful.

I. The motives that underlie it are not religious. Some like dancing for the mere hubbub and excitement of the thing. Others love it because it takes them into company. Some love-smitten youth may highly prize it because its customs entitle him to lay hands on the one he adores in a style which, under other circumstances, would be deemed too familiar to be agreeable. But the chief motive is display—a literal "trotting out" of personal charms. Now I do not condemn dancing merely because the performers fancy that it makes them look graceful and attractive. I state that fact because it is a fact. Do the votaries of the amusement ever dance when alone, except as a rehearsal for public performance? They know that the chief aim is to attract the eyes and win the admiration of others, and thus vanity is cultivated.

2. Dancing, as generally practiced, wars against health. It delights in night, and gas light, crowds and excitement. It reverses all rational habits of life, beginning its salutations at the very hour when people ought to be going to sleep, and ministers an indigestible meal two hours past midnight, when people ought not to eat at all, and sends its votaries home weary and worn out, at the very hour of the morning when they ought to rise refreshed to begin the day. The style of dress deemed proper for the occasion, the sudden transition from the heated atmosphere of the room to the cold air of the street, after violent exercise, make the danger still greater. Instead of being adapted to strengthen feeble constitutions, it requires a frame of iron to endure its hardships.

3. It is an absurd mode of spending time. The fishes playing in the brook, the lambs gamboling in the meadow, do not seem ridiculous, because the brute intellect is not capable of any nobler employment. If any young gentleman pleads for the privilege of dancing, on the same ground, confessing that in powers of conversation he is just equal to a fish, we feel the force of the argument. But for a company of cultivated young people to devote their evenings not to intelligent social converse, but to mere animal motions, would provoke the derision of the very ones that now defend it, if custom did not blind their eyes to the folly. Is it not ridiculous for a large number of people to get together and spend the precious hours in sliding and twirling and prancing and cantering around the room?

4. When we cease to oppose dancing, we make a concession to the spirit of the world.

We do not argue for an exclusiveness which would shut out of the society of Christians all, however moral of life, who do not profess Christ.

Still Christians should never leave their own ground, and go over to the world.

5. Dancing tends to render characters light and frivolous.

It scatters serious thought. It unfits the mind for solemn emotion. The practice does not accord with the spirit of penitence, or faith, or prayer or devotion. They who are determined to work out their salvation "with fear and trembling," will find little time and less inclination to dance.—Rev. J. T. Crane D. D.

FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at the city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

St. John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil at Rome and escaped death! He afterward died a natural death at Ephesus in Asia.

St. James the great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle, or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar, at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Simon Zealot was crucified in Persia.

St. Matthias was first stoned, then beheaded.

Speaking in Meeting.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

I don't believe in "speaking in meeting," that is in women's doing it. Perhaps I wish they were allowed to; but I never could see that they were, except under very extraordinary circumstances. But I spoke in meeting once—and, as I was afterwards assured, to a very good purpose. It chanced on this wise I sat among the children happily telling them stories—we were alone in the house. A knock at the door preluded the entrance of a gentleman who had come to invite me to attend a lecture by a Jesuit priest at the Catholic church, saying that the lecture was to Protestants, and the lecturer a very eloquent and interesting speaker. So urgent and so pleasant was the gentleman, whose wife had sent half a mile in the cold to get me, that I did not feel willing to refuse to go. Reluctantly I started. It was already late when we reached the church, and we were not able to find seats together. The subject was the Host, and before the lecture began there was a great burning of incense and a great singing of praise to the Virgin. Seven times to her and once to her Son was the censor swung, and the song of praise offered. This was repeated till it became very tiresome. The large church was crowded, galleries and all with people, many of them Protestants. Officers from Fort Leavenworth (this was in Leavenworth City) were there, and other Union soldiers.

The orator of the evening began—shade of Cicero! did any educated man think that Jesuit an eloquent speaker? It was never my unhappy fate to listen to a more absolutely disgusting harangue. The man lacked not in garrulity; he could flourish and twaddle and bluster fast enough, and because he was thus airing his astonishing powers in a bad cause, men ran to hear him, and sat silent, if not content, to listen to his vicious and false spouting. Nobony would have endured him had he been a Protestant minister. He had not spoken three minutes ere I became indignant that my escort should have brought me to waste an evening listening to such a rant. Then I thought—no matter what; it is safe to leave this to be imagined—of the judgment of any one who could endure him; but soon all other thoughts became absorbed in astonishing indignation that Protestant gentlemen of education and intelligence should sit listening to such disgraceful lies as the priest was uttering. One falsehood after another fell roundly from his impure lips, until he said, pointing to the Host, "Martin Luther, having had an argument with the devil and been beaten, yielded the worship of the Host and taught this fatal omission to the Protestants.—This is the reason why you are at this day without a sacrifice. This Luther himself owns. You will find this confession of Martin Luther, vol.—page—"

"Who is your author?" I was impelled to ask, but was unheard.

"Yes," cried the Jesuit, boldly, "you have no sacrifice for sin—you are the only people under heaven of whom this can be said. Why the Jews had a sacrifice, even the heathen had a sacrifice. We have this—you Protestants have no sacrifice. What sacrifice have you Protestants?"

O how my ears and my heart longed to hear at last one noble voice cry out in acknowledgment of the real sacrifice; but all was silence. I looked about, up to the galleries, wondered how they could keep silence—how they dared to. To me it seemed as though the earth must presently open and swallow us all up together—blasphemer, and we who consented to the crime. Would no one confess Him, now, when His name was impiously and impudently blasphemed? Yes, He should not be utterly put to shame and denied, let the consequence be what they might.

"What sacrifice have you, Protestants?" was again triumphantly asked, when a voice, that astonished nobody so completely as it did its owner, cried out with strength and clearness such that it was heard in every part of the church, and caused great commotion:

"Jesus Christ, crucified once for all!" The priest attempted to proceed, "Once for all," repeated the voice with resolute and solemn emphasis. At this the priest swayed backwards as if one had struck him, and cried out angrily.

"Put her out! Put her out!"

She fully expected to be "put out." She did not fear at all, at that hour, what man might do unto her. She will always know how the martyrs felt. Why, it never hurt them to kill them. They were raised above the reach of pain. I shall waste no more pity on the Christian martyrs—they were conquering heroes all, to be envied, never pitied. Could not but walk through life, passing among its woes as that woman sat among the swaying mass that hissed and groaned, and glanced around her, one might truly say, "the world is under my feet."

But she was not destitute of friends and protectors even there. There was a great stir and many exclamations in the church, but for reasons unknown to me then, no one attempted to obey the Jesuit. He watched the proceed-

ings narrowly, but did not think it best to repeat his order. Was it because he saw, forcing their way over pews and through the people, into the pew behind her who had broken his discourse, armed men determined to shoot down the first who dared to lay hand upon her? I was told that Colouel Jennison, with a revolver in each hand, came close beside the offender, and that others well known in Kansas as men not to be trifled with were ready at a word. Very little did I then suspect it; but the first movement to put that woman out would have been the signal for the shedding of blood, of terrible confusion, and of a conflagration. It was well for the Jesuit that he did not insist on being obeyed. He now attempted to go on, but the first words he said were, "Yes, crucified once for all," he seemed then so much confused and worried that he scarce knew what he wanted to say. His lecture that evening was not, it is safe to say, even in his own estimation a success.

The next noon at dinner my friend was very merry over the commotions which my "flooring" the priest had caused in the city. He was quite delighted at the turn affairs were taking.

The clergy took it up. I understood that one old minister made quite an eloquent discourse upon the subject of "That one lone voice crying out against the Mystery of Iniquity," which he declared was more powerful, through righteousness, than the whole Romish Church, or something to the effect, and another blessed me publicly and with unction and energy, his "right hand of fellowship" (though he was a Baptist) warmly upon my shoulder, and saying, "God bless you, sister. You have spoken in meeting once to good purpose, if you keep silence all the rest of your life."

Lectures were at once commenced. The papers, too, came out against Samarius, and he soon departed. Leavenworth is strongly Catholic—the city officers and officers of the fort are, I was told, all of that belief. But it was one of the officers belonging to Fort Leavenworth, who said that he was never so much pleased in his life as when a woman from the midst of the congregation, by one clear, true sentence, stopped and ruined the whole discourse of Samarius.

I have to say to that officer only, "Why could not you have said these true words?" And yet all finally agreed that 'twas better as it was. Had a man made that interruption there would most certainly have been a dreadful row and bloodshed. The resistless impulse and the suiting voice were given as God saw good. He does choose the "weak things" of the world to confound the mighty."—N. Y. Evangelist.

FASHION.

And it is astonishing what a powerful and desperate sway it exercises over the minds of those who become its devout votaries.—No tyrannical power of Egyptian Pharaoh, in the gloomy era of Hebrew captivity can furnish a parallel. In these modern times of civilization and enlightenment it presides over every department of life—public and private; ruling with a fickleness and tyranny that would do credit to the barbarism of a Pagan age.

What does fashion demand of the "upper classes" of society? Look into a modern ball-room,—that vestibule of Hell, and a scene presents itself that makes "fiends rejoice and angels weep,"—"airy forms"—in gossamer robes, with arms and neck exposed, whirl in the "mazy dance" more than half the night. Polkas that must have originated in the brain of the sensualist and libertine are danced with those indecorous evolutions,—that speak a language not to be misunderstood and the gay and heedless devotees of fashion dance down the broad road of ruin, nearer, and nearer, to an endless eternity of woe. Money is wasted, health is wasted, time is wasted and more than all—Virtue is wasted.

Late hours, false excitement and vicious associations are acting with fatal effect, upon those who are thus prematurely sapping the foundations of their earthly existence. In the ball-room, all activity, sprightliness, emotion, the young woman on the morrow, reclines on a sofa, with a languid eye and a fictitious bloom upon her cheek; or, moves listlessly around, a burden to herself and to others. The breath of fashion is wearing away her young life, while her mother a hale, hearty matron of fifty years, and who has never experienced the enervating effects of fashionable life, enjoys her "fullness of days" with that relish which is the result of a well-spent youth.

American women of fashion are made up, mostly of dress, and must have wealthy patronage to recommend them to society; when this is the case, no matter how feeble the intellect, they are sought for, and are caressed by the butterflies of "upper-tendom" until inflated vanity, assumes that the heartless flattery bestowed upon them, is but the just tribute to exalted worth.

The modern lady street-promenader, is a moving automaton, with sweeping skirts, hoops of such a size as to occupy the entire pavement, and bonnet of most inconvenient form, and utterly at defiance with the principles of good taste. In extenuation of such absurdities it may be said, that these are fast times,—that we live in a fast age, and among fast people,—too fast for the welfare of society, is the sad comment upon such folly and wickedness. Such an apology as this, is no palliation of public offences that might be so easily remedied; for, they are, simply, faults that lie in the vanity and self-conceit of those who are enslaved by the odious tyranny of custom.—Educator.

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.
Sellingrove, Thursday Oct. 12, 1865.

A Colored Lutheran Church.

During our attendance on the East Pennsylvania Synod in Easton we had the pleasure of visiting the colored Sabbath school on Sunday afternoon in Dr. Greenwald's church. Rev. Wedekind and Dr. Stork made interesting and impressive addresses to the colored people who seemed to be very much interested in the remarks.

Dr. Greenwald confirmed six colored persons a few Sabbaths ago and intends soon to organize them with others into a Lutheran congregation. A benevolent gentleman of Easton, lately deceased, has left them in his will \$500, towards building a church, provided they raise \$1500 more among themselves or from other sources, the greater part of which has been already subscribed. This, so far as we know, is the first colored Lutheran church in Pennsylvania, and Dr. Greenwald deserves great credit for his self-denying and disinterested labors among the colored people of Easton. Whilst the church is putting forth extraordinary efforts to evangelize the freedmen of the south, she should by no means overlook the colored population of the north.

The Lutheran and Missionary

has of late come to us somewhat changed in the tone and character of its editorials. A change seems to have come over the spirit of its dreams. During our visit to the East Pennsylvania Synod we heard some intimations that our "teutonic friend" Dr. C. P. Krauth contemplated retiring from the editorial tripod, and that actual measures had already been taken to secure a successor. In some respects we are sorry to miss the Doctor's editorials, first because we think he did essential service to the cause of American Lutheranism by his blunt and undisguised exhibitions of symbolism, thereby disgusting sensible men, who were halting between two opinions, and causing them to come over decidedly in favor of genuine American Lutheranism; and secondly we had become so accustomed to his abuse, that we looked for it every week and really felt disappointed when it did not come, it seemed to be so hearty and sincere that it was truly refreshing. How much better, too, is an open enemy than a secret foe, who whilst he outwardly expresses friendship toward you avails himself of the first opportunity to give you a stab under the fifth rib.

The last number of the Lutheran and Missionary contains three leading editorials, one on "Christ teaching us how to weep," another on "Old Lutherans," and the third on "The paper of the Church, its ideal, body and soul." The first article we regard as the valedictory of the retiring editor. The paper has been the child of his affections for years and it would be unnatural if he could part from it without a tear. *Hinc illae lacrymae.*

The third article we presume is the salutation of the incoming editor, his maiden effort, in which he foreshadows his future course. He deals largely in the ideal and tells us what the ideal paper should be and what no doubt he now honestly intends to make it, but we predict for him, before many papers are issued, a descent from that lofty poetic ideal to the sober prose of reality.

The second article on "Old Lutherans" we suppose proceeds from the same pen, and is no doubt intended as an exemplification of his ideal church in the third editorial. In this article we find much that is crude and prolix, as we would naturally expect it from a young editor, but also much to which we can most heartily assent. The following sentiment we can, with a slight verbal change, transfer to our columns, and have no doubt that it will meet with the cordial approbation of our readers:

"One test of truth is that it ultimately converts a name of reproach into a name of glory. So has it been with the name Lutheran. So has it been with the adjective which malice originally added to it. It was a reproach to be called an American Lutheran; it is no longer so; it is an honor."

The only alteration that we made in the above extract is that we changed the little word "Old" into the more appropriate one "American," and with this change, how impressively true does it become. The name "American Lutheran" has been a term of reproach, and is still so used by the symbolists, but within the last year, especially since the establishment of our paper, it has become an honored name, which many now are proud to assume who before were afraid to take it upon their lips, and the time is not far distant when it will be regarded as the highest honor for any one to be able to exclaim, I am an American Lutheran!!

The following extract from this editorial of the Lutheran and Missionary meets with our hearty approbation and we give it literatim et punctatim:

"But, immovable in her faith and the life

it generates, our Church, the more heartily and intelligently, on this very account, accepts the great fact that God has established her in this western world under circumstances greatly different from those in which her past life has been nurtured. New forms of duty, new types of thought, new necessities of adaptation, are here to tax all her strength, and to test how far she is able to maintain her vital power under necessary changes of form.

The Lutheranism of this country cannot be a mere feeble echo of any nationalized species of Lutheranism. It cannot, in the national sense, be permanently German or Scandinavian, out of Germany and Scandinavia, but in America must be American. It must be conformed in accordance with its own principles to its new home, bringing hither its priceless experiences in the old world, to apply them to the living present in the new. Our Church must be pervaded by sympathy for this land; she must learn in order that she may teach. She must not be afraid to trust herself on this wild current of the quick life of America. She must not cloister herself, but show in her freedom, and in her wise use of the opportunity of the present, that she knows how robust is her spiritual life, and how secure are her principles however novel or trying the tests to which they are subjected."

We are lost in admiration of the far-seeing sagacity of this new editor when he asserts the very principle that we are laboring to establish and for which we are so bitterly opposed by the symbolists, that the Lutheran church in this country cannot be permanently German or Scandinavian, "but in America must be American." It has been said that extremes often meet, and as there seemed to be a disposition at the East Pennsylvania Synod to put Sellingrove in the same category with Philadelphia, we feel more disposed to give some consideration made unofficially to us, to unite the American Lutheran with the Lutheran and Missionary. If the new editor will consistently carry out the program of his ideal church as delineated in the above extract we wish him God speed and herewith extend to him our heart and hand.

The East Pennsylvania Synod.

We had the pleasure of spending a few days with the East Pa. Synod during its recent session in Easton. This is one of our largest and most influential synods, foremost in every good word and deed. It was a very delightful and harmonious session of synod.

One question occasioned some warm discussion, namely the question of the withdrawal of Dr. Siess from the East Pa. Synod, and his connection with the Old Synod of Pennsylvania, without a regular dismission from the former. Some of the brethren were very severe in their denunciation of the disorderly conduct of the "Mother Synod." We did not hear the address of the delegate of the "Mother Synod" in which he defended the action of his synod, yet we could not help admiring the remarkable equanimity of the delegate. During the whole discussion he sat erect, a silent listener to the proceedings, and although the hardest accusations were made against his Synod, and his own statement pronounced insulting and outrageous, yet he opened not his mouth, and answered never a word. In perfect serenity he appeared to possess his soul, while the war of words raged around his head, as though he had been an editor of a church paper for twenty years. After the storm had subsided and the synod was discussing the subject of Home Missions, we observed him rising in his place, and in the most friendly manner, giving some very well-timed advice, as though nothing had occurred to ruffle the placid flow of his spirits. Such equanimity stands unparalleled in the history of synodical controversy.

The delegate of the Synod of Central Pa., presented the question of a synodical boundary between the respective synods. The Susquehanna river has all along been acknowledged as the boundary between the synod of Central Pa., on the one side, and the East Pa. and the Old Pa., synods on the other side. But practically this rule has been ignored. The East Pa. Synod now holds no less than four pastoral charges on the West side of the river. These are all within the geographical bounds of the Synod of Central Pa., and rightfully belong to it. Until recently, the Berryburg charge on the East side of the river belonged to the Synod of Central Pa., but we have learned, that without ever having applied for, or obtained a dismission, this charge was received into the Synod of East Pa. These irregularities, we trust will no longer be continued or countenanced by the East Pa. Synod, which also manifested its strong repugnance to disorderly conduct and its intense love of order during the discussion of Dr. Siess' withdrawal. A committee was appointed to report on this subject next year and we have strong hopes that the matter will be finally and equitably settled.

On the subject of Home Missions the Synod took an important step forward. The Synod resolved, in conjunction with the Home Missionary Society of the General Synod, to

establish a mission in Denver City. The Missionary for this important field was also appointed, and a young man more suitable for the post could probably not have been found, namely Rev. Kuhns of Pottsville, Pa.

Hope for the Hopeless.—An Autobiography of John Vine Hall, Author of the "Friend of Sinners." Price 50 cents. Postage 12 cents.

Iverson Rectory; or, The Nonconformist in the 17th Century. Price 50 cents. Postage 8 cents.

Evelyn Percival, by the Author of *Iverson Rectory*. Price 50 cents. Postage 8 cents.

The above three excellent volumes we have received from the depository of the American Tract Society of Philadelphia. They are excellent works and we can recommend them most heartily to our readers. We would recommend the first named, the Autobiography of John Vine Hall to the special attention of those who are laboring in the Temperance cause.

We insert the following extract from the preface of the latter:

On the lip of the Mediterranean, in an obscure street, stands a small, gloomy chapel.—In itself uninteresting, it attracts multitudes of pilgrims from all quarters of the world, and of all sects. The secret of its attractiveness is, that it enshrines three pieces of unique and beautiful statuary, each of life size, and of exquisite workmanship. So highly are they esteemed as specimens of art, that their weight in silver coin, it is said, has been offered for their purchase.

The subject represented by one of these is a dead Christ, just taken from the cross.—The anatomy of the figure perfect; the expression in the features of placid and grateful repose, blended strangely with the traces of recent agony, wonderfully impressive; the whole covered with a veil, but figure and veil alike chiselled from the same block of marble.

Another figure, which is specially to the present purpose, and which is also created from an entire block, represents a young man enveloped by a net. Despair and hope are as mysteriously blended in this countenance as are repose and agony in the other. The captive is in the act of struggling for escape.—Every nerve is strained. He has grappled frantically with his toils, and one or two of the meshes have given way. But behing him, away from his line of vision, stands his guardian angel, now acting as his helper. His agency is unsuspected, but real; and every spectator, sympathizing with the captive of vice, exclaims unawares, "He will get free!"

What is thus beautifully symbolized in the sombre chapel of Naples, is shown as a reality in the book here presented.

Middletown, Pa.—Rev. J. C. Ehrhart, having been elected Principal of the Preparatory Department of Pennsylvania College, has resigned his charge of the Lutheran Church in Middletown, and removed to Gettysburg.

Rev. P. Raby, Pastor of the York Springs charge, has been elected successor to Rev. Ehrhart at Middletown, and expects to remove his family there during the second week of November.

His former charge at York Springs has become vacant by his resignation, and it is designed to divide it into two separate charges.

St. Clairsville.—Rev. Jacob Peter, a licentiate of the Synod of Central Pennsylvania, has received and accepted a call to a charge in Bedford county. His address is St. Clairsville, Bedford Co., Pa.

Lewisburg, Pa.—The Lewisburg congregation has become vacant by the resignation of Rev. R. Fink, he having received and accepted a call from the English Lutheran congregation of Johnstown, Pa.

The Mount of Transfiguration.

Mr. Maeduff, in his "Prophet of Fire," republished by the Carters, gives the following opinion in regard to the scene of the Transfiguration:

The traditional locality of the Transfiguration, which, as early as the sixth century was assigned to Tabor, is now abandoned by all modern writers. That it was ever selected seems to have arisen from the one fact, or rather misconception, that this mountain answered apparently better to the description of the evangelist Mark, "a high mountain apart." When, however, the passage in the Gospel comes to be narrowly examined, the word "apart" is found really to refer, not to the position of the mountain but to that of the disciples.

Besides, the objections to Tabor are in other respects insuperable. It is shown by the most learned of Biblical travelers, that a fortified tower must, at this very period of our Lord's life and ministry, have occupied the summit of the hill, the ruins of which are yet remaining.

More than this, the chronological order of the narrative gives to the old reputed site a strong improbability. Harmonizing the evangelistic narrative, it will be found that the Redeemer had just been sojourning with His disciples in the region round Casarea Philippi, the extreme north of Palestine. It is far from probable that during the intervening six days he would take the long journey of fifty miles, to the foot of Mount Tabor, on the confines of Zebulun and Naphtali. It is much

more likely that he would select one of the spurs or ridges of snow-covered Hermon as a meet high altar for this scene of "excellent glory." The expression in the original of St. Luke is, "He went up into the mountain." As he was at this time under the shadow of this great giant, the solitary Alp of northern Palestine, no mountain could so well answer the distinctive epithet applied by the evangelist.

"It is impossible," says Dr. Stanley, "to look up from the plain to the towering peaks of Hermon, almost the only mountain which deserves the name in Palestine, and one of whose ancient titles was derived from this circumstance, and not be struck with its appropriateness to the scene. That magnificent height, mingling with all the views of the north, from Shechem upwards, though often alluded to as the northern barrier of the Holy Land, is connected with no historical event in the Old or New Testament. Yet the fact of its rising high above all the hills of Palestine, and of its setting the last limits to the wanderings of Him who was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, falls in with the supposition which these words inevitably force on us. High up on its many slopes there must be many a point where the disciples could be taken 'apart by themselves.' Even the transient comparison of the celestial splendor with the snow where alone it could be seen in Palestine, should not perhaps be wholly overlooked."

THE EVANGELICAL REVIEW for October has come to hand with the following contents:

I. Church Music, By Rev. M. Valentine, A. M., Reading, Pa.

II. Reminiscences of Deceased Lutheran Ministers.

III. Natural Theology, By Henry Ziegler, D. D., Sellingrove, Pa.

IV. True Greatness, By H. L. Baugher, D. D., President of Pennsylvania College.

V. The Cross, By Rev. E. W. Hutter, A. M., Philadelphia.

VI. Marriage—Translated from Zeller's *Biblisches Worterbuch*, By Prof. Charles F. Schaeffer, D. D., Philadelphia.

VII. Inauguration Addresses—Address By A. H. Lochman, D. D., York, Pa.

" Inauguration Addresses—Address By J. A. Brown, D. D., Gettysburg, Pa.

VIII. Pilate's Question, By Levi Sternberg, D. D., Hartwick Seminary, N. Y.

IX. "The Laborers are Few," By Rev. S. A. Holman, A. M., Altoona, Pa.

X. Notices of New Publications.

From this table of contents the reader will perceive that this number of the Review is one of varied interest. We will endeavor to find room for extracts from some of the articles. For the present we will treat our readers to the conclusion of that excellent and instructive article of Rev. E. W. Hutter on the cross:

"Not less than the primitive Christians, we must undergo moral martyrdom. We, as well as they, must 'crucify the flesh, with the affections and the lusts,' must take up our cross, and deny ourselves, and follow the Master, whithersoever he leadeth. That is, if there be enthroned within us any passion, propensity, appetite, or desire, that militates against the pure precepts of the Gospel,—any constitutional proclivity, or habit of the life—though it be incorporated in our heart of hearts,—though we esteem it necessary, useful and pleasant to us, as a hand or an eye—for Christ's sake, and the Gospel's sake, we are to pluck it out, and cast it from us. Yea, though, by reason of this besetment, our entire body tyrannize over us, with it, and against it, we must wage a warfare, uncompromising and unsparring, to its exactions never making the smallest surrender, until we have vanquished the foe, and brought our every thought, sentiment, and purpose, into happy and harmonious subjection to the law of Christ. No Achan dare be tolerated in the camp. So vigorous, indeed, must be our treatment of the old man, which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts of the flesh, that we must not hesitate, using the Sword of the Spirit, to immolate him, crucify him, slay him, with as little mercy as the executioners of our Lord displayed during the tragic scenes of Calvary. The Master's requirements possess even this severity, that, if our love to our own father and mother, and sister and brother, to consistent and persevering discipleship stands as a barrier in the way, even these most natural and holiest affections of our God-derived humanity, for Christ's sake, are to be swept away, without pity or remorse. All of which is included under the one generic term: The Cross.

And this self-crucifixion, no doubt, we will all admit, differs widely from the child's-play of raising and lowering crucifixes—kissing, bowing, scraping, and performing, before pictures and images! These pantomimic displays, even without the benefit of personal experience in them, we doubt not, to a man of ordinary ease and grace, are of easy acquisition. But the bearing of the true spiritual cross of Christ—that is the voluntary, self-inflicted, crucifixion of all the ignoble passions and desires of the carnal and unregenerate heart—this is a task of Herculean difficulty. So difficult is it, that one of the church-fathers confessed, that he had a besetment, against which he had struggled for forty years, before he had overcome it. Another man of God affirmed, that he had a carnal propensity, a master passion, which, if his body were cut in ten thousand pieces, each separate piece, if it

had life, he verily believed, would have craved for its indulgence. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots! Then, may ye also, do good that are accustomed to do evil." So hard is the task, therefore, that, except for the promised strength and succor afforded by the Almighty, it would have to be classed among life's impossibilities. "With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible." And yet this is the identical moral triumph which the Christian, by God's help, must achieve, if he would be a partaker, with Christ, of the glories of his heavenly kingdom. This is his warfare, often fiercer in its antagonisms, than those that crimsoned Marathon and Waterloo. Having named the holy and excellent name of Jesus, we must "deny ungodliness, and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." And as Jesus, "for the joy that was set before him," endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God," so, our cross-bearing will ultimately bring us, likewise, to yon mansions of Peace, and Joy, and Glory. For, "if we suffer with Christ, we shall also reign with Him."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

I hereby acknowledge the following sums received for the support of the Professor of Theology in the Missionary Institute.

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The meadow-lark whistles his one refrain;
And steadily over and over again
The same song swells from a hundred birds.

Bobolink, chickadee, blackbird and jay,
Thrasher and woodpecker, cuckoo and wren,
Each sings its word, or its phrase, and then
It has nothing further to sing or say.

Into that word, or that sweet little phrase,
All there may be of its life must crowd;
And low and liquid, or hoarse and loud,
It breathes its burden of joy and praise.

A little child sits in its father's door,
Chattering and singing with careless tongue;
A thousand musical words are sung,
And he holds unuttered a thousand more.

Words measure power; and they measure thine;
Greater art thou in thy childish years
Than all the birds of a hundred spheres;
They are birds only, but thou art divine.

Words measure destiny. Power to declare
Infinite ranges of passion and thought,
Holds with the infinite holy its lot—
Is of eternity only the heir.

Word measure life, and they measure its joy;
Thou hast more joy in thy childish years
Than the birds of a hundred tuneful spheres,
So, sing with the beautiful birds, my boy!

—J. G. Holland.

The Little Tailor Bird.

"Well, I never would build my nest on
such a tree as that," said a little Blue-jay,
with an air of great wisdom. "Those great
round limbs will give you no sort of foundation.
Your nest will slip off any way you fix it. I
always choose a tree with plenty of fine twigs
and little branches; I twine grass around, and
make the nest as strong as the tree itself.
The wind would blow you away, little Red
Poll."

"Never fear for me, my dear," said the placid
little builder; "just call when my work is
done, and you shall see how I succeed. I
chose this tree because its leaves just suit
me."

"Well, every one to her own taste," said
the "fop of the forest," flitting away to a
tree-top, and singing the prettiest note she
knew.

But the industrious worker was not ruffled
so much as a feather by the scornful air her
little friend put on. No one expected any
thing else from Blue-jay, who was always a
little coquettish, in consequence of being so
much admired.

The little house-carpenter selected her site
with great deliberation, and what spot do you
think she chose? A cluster of broad sway-
ing leaves which hung quite at the extremity
of a bough, far out of reach of any meddlesome
boy. Then she brought a long thread
of grass, and piercing one hole at a time in
the thick leaves, she drew the thread through
as nicely and evenly as ever a tailor could.—
Up and down her long seams she patiently
wrought until she had made the outer wall of
her hexagon castle as secure as could be wished.
The remaining work was comparatively
light, and, in a few short days, she had a fine,
soft carpet spread, and her little house was
furnished as cosily and luxuriously as a bird's
could be. She had fairly won her title of
"tailor bird," and a wonderful piece of work
she had wrought, considering that she had
never served an apprenticeship.

But there was a Great Teacher who took
notice of all she did, and guided her always
from any mistakes such as human builders
often make. That little bird's nest was His
special care from its commencement to its
end, and He even took care of it after the little
fledglings had flown away. He directed to
the spot a thoughtful, studious lad, who man-
aged to secure it, and bear it away to his little
cabinet, where it hangs now on a mossy
spray, as a monument of the wisdom God gave
to a little bird.—*Chronicle.*

THE MEAN BOY.

When I was a boy, as I was playing in the
streets of a large city; I met another boy rather
younger than myself, whose eyes seemed
swollen by crying, and whose loud sobs first
attracted my attention.

"What is the matter, Eddie?" I inquired.
"Why—why, I've lost my penny, and mother
will whip me," he replied, and then burst
anew into tears.

"Where did you lose it?"
"It dropped out of my hand, and rolled
right there into the gutter."

"Poor fellow!" I thought, as I really sym-
pathized with him, and offered to help him
find the lost treasure.

Eddie brushed the tears away with his arm,
and his countenance brightened with hope as he
saw me roll up my coat sleeve, and thrust my
hand into the gutter. How intently he did
watch each handful of mud, pebbles and pieces
of rusty iron! Perhaps the next would bring
out his penny! At last I found it.

"O, I am so glad!" I hear the little reader
say. "And how glad you must have been
too! Now you could dry up Eddie's tears, and
make his face bright and his heart happy.
Now he could skip and run all the way home
without the fear of his mother's displeasure."

My dear children, listen to the end: and
while I know it will make you sad, and perhaps
bring a tear to your eyes, it may do you good
for a life-time. I kept Eddie's penny.

As soon as I felt it in my hand, all covered
with mud as it was, I forgot all the lessons I
had learned at home and in the Sunday school.
I forgot about God—that His eyes were
looking right down on me. The wicked one
entered into me, as you know he once did into
Judas, when for money, he betrayed the
blessed Saviour. I sold my honor, my good
feelings and my truthfulness, all for a penny.

I searched a little longer after I had wash-
ed it and contrived to hide it, and then putting
on a sad face, I told Eddie that I could not
find it—that there was no use in looking any
longer for it.

O how the big tears swelled in his eyes as,
with a disappointed look, he turned away!
How mean I felt! I felt guilty, as well
I might: I had already broken three of God's
commandments. I had coveted; that led me
to steal; and then came, in regular order, the
lie to cover up all. Alas, what one sin leads
to!

Many years have gone since that wicked
act. Since then I have asked God to pardon
me for that and for many other sins I have
committed; and though I love my Saviour,
and hope in His mercy, the sins of my youth
and of my riper years will not be remembered
against me, yet I can never blot out of my
memory's page the dark spot which that
muddy penny has imprinted upon it.

GOING TO BED.

Is it not good in God to tell people when to stop
work and go to bed? because they might not
think of it, and sleep is necessary for both the
body and the mind. We cannot work all the
time. So God makes the sun set, and draws
a curtain over the bright sky, and 'tis dark.
The cows know what it is for, and they come
home from pasture; the hens know what it is
for, and they go to roost; and the little birds fly
to their nests. The factory wheels stop whirling
the men put up their axes, the horses go to the
stable, and it is still.

"Come, Robbie," said mother, "it is time for
little folks to go to bed." George and Jane were
sitting at the table studying their lessons a little
longer. Robbie did not say, "Capt I wait till
George goes?" but he said, "Yes, mother," and
away he ran up stairs while mother was lighting
her lamp. He liked to look out on the "shady
sky." He loved to see the moon shine and the
stars twinkle; but he liked the stars best. Why
do you think Robbie liked the stars best? Be-
cause, he said, they were God's eyes looking
right on him, and watching him all night.

"But they don't always look, Robbie," said
papa; "sometimes there are clouds in the sky."
"O," said Robbie, "that is when God looks
away: it is awful dark then."

Robbie kneels down by his mother's knees
and thanks his heavenly Father for his goodness
and he prays God to make him an obedient child,
to help him speak the truth, and not get angry
and say naughty words, and to forgive him, for
Christ's sake.

You know it is not saying our prayers that
does any good, it is the feeling what we say in
our hearts. Therefore, when you say your pray-
ers you must not be thinking of something else;
you must think of what you are saying, and
feel it in your heart. It is the feeling of your
hearts that God regards, and not the mere words
that you speak.

Robbie knows that, and he tries to feel all that
he speaks to God; and the little boy often
finds it a great comfort to pray. When we are
in trouble of any kind, or when we are sorry for
anything which we have done, or when we are
afraid, we shall always find a great deal of peace
and comfort in praying to God to forgive us, and
help us, and take care of us. Robbie did, I
know. Then he gets into bed, and his mother
tucks him in, and she gives him a sweet good-
night kiss; after that she goes down stairs. Of-
ten he falls asleep repeating one of his hymns
and thinking of God; for says Robbie.

"Very kind indeed is he
To love a little child like me."

THE WORDS WE USE.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your
speaking and writing. Never use a long word
where a short one will do. Call a spade a
spade, not a well known oblong instrument
of manual industry; let home be a home, not a
residence; a place a place, not a locality, and
so of the rest. Where a short word will do,
you always lose by using a long one. You lose
in clearness, you lose in honest expression of
your meaning; and in the estimation of all men
who are competent to judge, you lose in reputa-
tion for ability.

The only true way to shine even in this false
world, is to be modest and unassuming. False-
hood may be a very thick crust, but in the
course of time truth will find a place to break
through. Elegance of language may not be in
the power of all of us, but simplicity and
straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak; speak as
you think. If with your inferior, speak no
coarser than usual; if your superior, speak no
finer. Be what you say, and within the
rules of prudence, say what you are. Avoid all
oddity of expression. No one ever was a gain-
er by singularity of words, or of pronunciation.
The truly wise men will so speak that no one
will observe how he speaks. A man may show
great knowledge of chemistry by carrying
about bladders of strange gases to breathe, but
he will enjoy better health, and find more time
for business, who lives on common air.

When I hear a person use a queer expression,

or pronounce a name in reading differently from
his neighbor, the habit always goes down, minus
sign before it; it stands on the side of deficit,
not of credit. Avoid, likewise, all slang words.
There is no greater nuisance in society than a
talker of slang. It is only fit (when innocent,
which it seldom is,) for raw school boys and one
term freshmen to astonish their sisters with.
Talk as sensible men talk; use the easiest words
in their commonest meaning. Let the sense
conveyed, not the vehicle in which it is con-
veyed, be your subject of attention.

Once more, avoid in conversation all singu-
larity of accuracy. One of the bores of soci-
ety is the bore who is always setting you right;
who, when you report from the paper that
10,000 men fell in some battle, tells you that
it was 9,999; who when you describe your
walk as two miles out and back, assures you
that it lacked half a furlong of it. Truth does
not consist in minute accuracy of detail, but
in conveying a right impression; and there are
vague ways of speaking that are truer than
strict fact would be. When the Psalmist said
"Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because
men keep not thy law," he did not state the
fact, but he stated a truth deeper than fact,
and also truer.

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against Sewing Machines:

1. Excessive labor to the

operator.

2. Liability to get out of

order.

3. Expense, trouble, and

loss of time in repairing.

4. Incapacity to sew

every description of

material.

5. Disagreeable noise

while in operation.

The Empire Sewing Machine is Exempt

from all these Objections.

It has a straight needle, perpendicular action,

makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH which will

NEITHER RIP nor RAVEL, and is alike on both

sides; performs perfect sewing on every description

of material, from leather to the finest Non-sook

Muslin, with cotton, linen, or silk thread, from the

coarsest to the finest number.

Having neither CAM nor COG-WHEEL, and the

least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass,

and is

Emphatically a Noiseless Machine!

It requires FIFTY PER CENT. less power to

drive it than any other Machine in market. A girl

of twelve years of age can work it steadily, without

fatigue or injury to health.

Its strength and Wonderful Simplicity of con-
struction render it almost impossible to get out of
order, and is Guaranteed by the company to
give entire satisfaction.We respectfully invite all those who may desire
to supply themselves with a superior article, to call
and examine this Unrivaled Machine. But in a more
special manner do we solicit the patronage of
Merchant Tailors, Dress Makers,
Coat Makers, Corset Makers,
Hoop Skirt Manufac- Gaiter Fitters,
turers, Shoe Binders,
Kirt and Bosom Mak- Vest and Pantaloon
ers, Makers.Religious and Charitable Institutions will
be liberally dealt with.

PRICE OF MACHINES, COMPLETE.

No. 1, Family Machine, with Hemmer complete. \$60