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P o e t r y .

The Other Side.

We dwell this side of Jordans' stream,
Yet oft there comes a shining beam
Across from yonder shore;
While visions of a holy throng,
And sound of harp and seraph song,
Seems gently wafted o'er.

The Other Side! ah, there's the place
Where saints in joy past times retrace
And think of trials gone;
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see
That all on earth had need to be,
To bring them safely home.

The Other Side! no sin is there
To stain the robes that blest ones wear,
Made white in Jesus' blood;
No cry of grief, no voice of woe,
To mar the peace their spirits know,
Their constant peace with God.

The Other Side! its shore, so bright,
Is radiant with the golden light
Of Zion's city fair;
And many dear ones gone before
Already tread the happy shore;
I seem to see them there.

The Other Side! O, charming sight!
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,
For me a loved one waits.
Over the stream he calls to me,
"Fear not, I am thy guide to be,
Up to the pearls gate."

The Other Side! his well-known voice
And dear bright face will me rejoice;
We'll meet in fond embrace.
He'll lead me on until we stand,
Each with a palm branch in our hand,
Before the Saviour's face.

The Other Side! The Other Side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care;
To wake one day when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
With all the blest ones there.

Men & Things as I saw them in Europe.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.
XXIV.

In leaving the city for Turin, we had an enchanting view of Genoa and its harbor. On our way out we passed one of those horrible funeral processions, such as we had met in Naples and Rome, in which persons are covered with sheets, with holes only for their eyes! As we passed through the gate of the strong wall that guards the city, we turned back to read the inscription over it, from which we learned that "the most blessed Virgin" is its guardian goddess! Soon we came to a point where we took our last view of the Mediterranean, and turned into a valley of beautiful cultivation, and pursued our way to the foot of the Apennines. The day was hot and the road dusty, and it was quite primitive and refreshing to see men scattering water on the highways with shovels from the little streamlet that flowed on either side of them! No ideas of labor-saving machinery have yet reached Italy, save those which pertain to the doing up of confessions, and forgiving sins, and getting money. In inventions for these purposes, it leads the world.

We ascended the Apennines by a winding road of stupendous workmanship, which is at no point steep, although it winds up a mountain which seems to possess no more inclination from a straight line than does the leaning tower of Pisa. As we looked up we could see nothing but wall above wall, and arch above arch, as high as the eye could reach; and yet drawn by twelve horses driven and ridden by quite a guard of postillions, we ascended full trot to the summit; and as we looked down, we could see carriages and men as pigmies in the profound depths below! On the very summit of the mountain, where nothing but monks and goats can live, we found a monastery whose bell was tolling as we passed it. The sound recalled far distant lands, and a well-remembered house of prayer, and a beloved people accustomed to repair to the sanctuary at the call of the church-going bell! We thought, silently prayed, and passed on. And if we went up the Apennines in a full trot, how can I describe the manner we went down it? A full gallop does not express it as we felt it. And amid clouds of dust, the jabbering of postillions, the baying of dogs at our John Gilpin career, we traveled down, and on to Novi.

They were tunneling the Apennines for a railway from Turin to Genoa, which, when completed, will be an affair for Sardinia. And armies of women were engaged in making these tunnels! With a panner of peculiar construction, made to fit the back, they entered the tunnel at one side, and emerged, laden, on the other side; bent down like beasts of burden, they followed each other in rows to the end of the embankment, where each turned round; there a man drew a pin which let the bottom fall out, and the stone, gravel, or clay fell out of the basket! And hundreds of women were working in this way at this bestial employment! Lime-kilns, in great number, line the road; and the women were quarrying the stones, carrying them to the kilns, and send-

ing away the lime! Whether these women were convicts, or the wives and daughters of the peasants, I know not; but they wore no criminal badge. This was the lowest state of female degradation I ever beheld. Can the world furnish a lower? And in these parts of Sardinia there are no "godless schools" to vex the priests or to pervert the people.

Out of the large cities, the inns of Italy are wretched. We dined at Novi, and spent some hours there waiting the cars. The people looked extremely poor, and the town extremely dirty. All the memorial I find in my journal in reference to this place is, "At Novi we dined at the table d'hôte, and most filthy it was." Here we took the railway, and found it a most pleasant change from the diligence in which we came rushing down the Apennines like an avalanche. We flew over a plain of boundless extent, level as our salt meadows or Western prairies, reaching from the Apennines to the Alps, crowded with villages under magnificent cultivation, and irrigated from both ranges. We were informed that by means of irrigation three crops are annually raised on this plain. In the midst of it stands the city of Alessandria, which has a history. This city is near the junction of the Tanaro and Bormido, and the country around is often overflowed by these rivers, and may be overflowed by them at any time when necessary. It was this fact which led to its selection for a fortress in the days of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. It was called Alessandria after Pope Alexander of blessed memory, who, it is said, placed his foot upon the neck of the Emperor Frederic, appropriating and quoting the text "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder." The Emperor answered, "Not to you, but to Peter," the Pope replied, "To me, and to Peter." But the great interest of this place to the modern traveler is, that the famous battle of Marengo was fought in its vicinity, one of the great battles of Napoleon. On that extended plain, on the 13th of June, 1800, met the Austrians under Melas, forty thousand strong, and the French under Napoleon numbering only twenty thousand. The battle was protracted and desperate. The French ranks broke, and were retreating, when Dessaix appeared in the distance. Riding up to Bonaparte, he said, "I think this a battle lost." "I think it a battle won," was the reply.

Thinking they were masters of the field, the Austrians relaxed their exertions, and gave way to the most clamorous joy; when Napoleon returning upon them unexpectedly, drove all before him. Hundreds were slain—thousands were taken prisoners. The Bormido was bridged with the dead bodies of horses and men, and rolled red with their blood. And there, under our eyes, lay the extended plain, bearing the most luxuriant crops, where this fearful conflict took place; and all, save the massive fortifications of the city, looked as calmly and as quietly as if "the battle of the warrior with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood," had never been there fought. The way in which the Little Corporal gained this battle would almost induce the belief that the stars in their courses fought with him. Never was he so near losing a battle that he did not lose, and rarely did he gain so complete a victory. But it was gained at the expense of the life of the gallant and generous Dessaix to whom even the Egyptians gave the name of the Just Sultan, who fell by a cannon-ball just as the shouts of victory rose from the ranks of the French. His body was embalmed and carried to the hospital on the St. Bernard, where stands a monument erected to his memory. Another was erected to him on the plain of Marengo, which was destroyed by the Austrians in 1814. Will Austria ever do a noble act? It is essentially a nation of savages, and should be so regarded and treated. Its history is a disgrace to the civilization of Europe. I can not otherwise regard the human butcher Haynau than as Austria incarnate. It would seem as if the highest welfare of our race and especially the true social regeneration of Europe, require that it should be broken to pieces as a potter's vessel.

From Alessandria we proceeded onward toward Turin. Soon the Alps, which lay all day in dim outline prepping the sky, became clearly visible. As the intense glare of the sun faded away on the approach of evening, they became clearly defined. As we approached them the oppressive heat of the day gave way to a chilly atmosphere, which rendered an overcoat quite comfortable. As the dusk of the evening fell around us, we crossed the Po, and under the dazzling glare of snow-clad mountains, on which a bright, full, cloudless moon was shining we entered the city of Turin and soon found ourselves comfortably located in the Hotel l'Europe. We were now in the beautiful capital of the kingdom of Sardinia.

At a station between Alessandria and Turin two braveny yet well dressed Italians came, jostling each other, into our car. Soon they commenced an excited conversation, which became an intense scold. There would be an occasional lull, but they would commence again with increased fury. We expected a fight; but it was all words, and the less interesting because we could not understand them. My traveling friend had a severe headache, which was not made better by the noise of our neighbors; and when suffering was no longer a virtue, he jumped convulsively to

his feet, and poured such a torrent of indignation in English upon them as perfectly astounded them. Napoleon at Marengo made no more bold or sudden attack! They looked at my friend, and, after exchanging an indignant glance at one another, the war ceased. Not another word did they utter. Soon one of them left us; the other accompanied us to Turin, and was quite attentive to us when we reached the station there. And when in our subsequent wanderings we met with any thing unpleasant I frequently advised my friend to try the virtue of a bluster in English. Judging by the effect on this occasion, our language must possess great energy to those who do not understand it.

The Door Open—Salvation Easy.

In a glen of the Scotch Highlands lived a poor widow, whose only daughter had been decoyed to a large city, and into a life of profligacy and shame. The mother went after, sought after, and pleaded with her to come home. She relented, and was returning home, when a new temptation assailed her, and she went back to her dark career of sin. The mother cast herself for help on the widow's God.

Late and lonely sat the poor widow one night, watching the flickering embers on the hearth, when suddenly she heard the door creak and the sound of a bare foot on the cabin floor. She turned to see, and lo! her daughter! As soon as the heart-breaking confession was over, the daughter inquired, "How came it, mother, that, at this late hour of the night, I found the latch of the door open?" "That latch," replied the mother, "has never been shut day or night, since you left me. I feared that, if you came and found it fastened, you might go away, and never return again."

Blessed mother! her heart kept its hold on the latch of that ever open door. O, wanderer from God! O, impenitent soul! Christ Jesus has set open a door into heaven for you when he shed his blood for your sins. That latch has never been shut against you, day or night, since you began to wander. The door is not only open, but entrance is easy. Look at these few precious facts for a moment:

I. The plan of salvation through the cross of Christ is the most simple, the most easy, and the most practicable, that heavenly love could devise. It is within the comprehension of a child. The illiterate slave of a Carolina plantation can grasp it as easily, and rest on it as completely, as a President Edwards, or a Dr. Chalmers. It is just as simple as Elisha's command to Naaman, "Go wash and be clean." "If any man thirst," says Jesus, "let him come to me and drink." No physical process can be simpler and easier than drinking. And the soul performs an equally simple process when it drinks in the faithful saying that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Salvation is within the reach of the humblest. It is within the power of every free agent who trusts in Jesus. It is only hard on human pride, and self-righteousness, and sensual lust, and self-will, and the stubbornness of unbelief. The poor Highland girl had no trouble with the door-latch of home, or the mother's heart behind it. The difficulty was to bring her own wayward, guilty heart to consent to the homeward journey.

The prophet Elisha's prescription was simple enough and easy enough, surely, "Go wash and be clean." The trouble was in Naaman's proud heart. He wanted to be healed like a gentleman; he demanded that some extraordinary manipulation should be practiced upon him. So there is a stiff-necked Naaman in your heart, which says, "Give me some great thing to do and I will do it." The Divine Redeemer calmly, lovingly says, "Come to me. Put confidence in me. You loved your mother; love me. You can not atone for your own sins; but I have tasted death that your sins might be forgiven. Your heart is vile and leprous; come to the fountain of my blood; wash and be clean; then take up your cross and follow me."

II. Christ has done his part for your salvation, and done it perfectly. As far as his atoning work is concerned, the exact truth is contained in those sweet and sprightly lines which we sing in our inquiry meetings:

"Nothing either great or small
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died, and paid it all,
All the debt I owe."

O! weary, working, stubborn one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doings; all was done—
Ages, long ago.

Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith;
Your doing is a deadly thing,
Your doing ends in death.

Cast self-righteous doing down!
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Christ—in Christ alone,
Forgiven and complete."

Is this first verse true in every sense? you inquire. Does nothing remain for me to do for my salvation? I reply, No, by no means. This hymn teaches simply that you need not do Christ's work; but you must do your own. And your work is to believe Christ, give your heart to him, and follow him. It was blind Bartimeus' work to arise and go to Jesus; and then Jesus opened his eyes. It was Naaman's work to go to Jordan, and wash seven times; and the waters did their work in sending him home in a clean suit of skin, instead of a hideous leper's scales of scurf.

If you were sweeping down the American rapids at Niagara, in a skiff, and just as you near the Iris Island bridge I should throw you a cable, what would be your duty? Would it be to tug at your bending oars? Would it be to let the cable dangle past your swift-shooting skiff? No; neither of these. It would be to grasp the cable and hold to it, until I landed you on the bridge in safety. It was not yours to provide the cable; it is simply yours to grasp it when provided for you. So it is not required of you to make an atonement for your own sins; your first duty is to accept of Christ's atoning work. It is yours to trust him, and that is faith. It is yours to follow him, and that is practical piety. It is yours to forsake sin in order to please him, and that is true holiness.

How many a man is waiting to "do some great thing" in order to be saved. A great thing has been done—done on the cross of Calvary the sinner need not go to Calvary, and wash, to be clean. How many are waiting for a sudden and brilliant conversion like Saul's at Damascus. Whereas all that God asks of them is to come back like the poor Highland lassie to the widow's door. When they thus come—with that penitent girl's spirit—they are accepted. God draws by his spirit, and when the heart prompts a return, that is repentance. When it enters the door, that is practical faith. When Jesus meets the returning soul with his pardoning kiss of love, then is the great work accomplished, and the forgiven soul has a right to rejoice in new-born hope of heaven.

Good friend! it is easy to understand the Gospel. It is easy to be saved, when you truly want to be saved. But let me tell you, it is no easy work to be damned. A death-bed of impenitence is no easy couch. Nor will it be an easy position to stand up at the Judgment-seat and meet the opened books that record your wicked, wasted life, and to behold on that Judgement-seat a despised, insulted and rejected Savior! To day that Savior opens the latch of mercy for you. But the day may come when the Savior will close the door of heaven against you.—Rev. T. L. CUTLER.

A Single Worm Killed that Tree.

During my sojourn at a place of resort for invalids, I was one day walking through the romantic ground and park, with some friends, when the proprietor of the establishment drew our attention to a large sycamore tree, decayed to the core.

"That fine tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm."

In answer to our inquiries, we found that about two years previously the tree was as healthy as any in the park, when a wood worm about three inches long, was observed to be forcing its way under the bark of the trunk.

It caught the eye of a naturalist, who was staying at the establishment, and he remarked, "Let that worm alone, doctor, and it will kill the tree." This seemed very improbable but it was agreed that the black-headed worm should not be disturbed.

After a time it was found that the worm had tunneled its way a considerable distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves of the tree dropped very early, and in the succeeding year it was a dead, rotten thing, and the hole made by the worm might be seen in the very heart of the once noble trunk.

"Ah," said one who was present, "let us learn a lesson from that dead tree. How many who once promised fair for usefulness in the world and the Church have been ruined by a single sin."

Joppa.

Joppa, or Jaffa, is, according to tradition, the most ancient seaport in the world. It was once a city of the Philistines. They occupied the region along the sea shore, of what is called "the Holy Land." Thus foreign nations were acquainted with them before any of the nations and tribes inhabiting the interior; and gave their name to the whole of the region—a name which we still retain, though it seems strange that the land of Israel should be called Palestine, that is to say, "the land of the Philistines."

Joppa is first mentioned in Scripture as Japho, lying on the border of the tribe of Dan. Joshua xix. 6. As it was the only port possessed by the Israelites, it was here that the cedar trees and fir trees which Grand Master Uriam, King of Tyre, furnished for building the temple, were landed. Here Jonah embarked for Tarshish when attempting to escape from going to Nineveh with the message of God against their great wickedness.

Joppa is memorable by a visit of the Apostle Peter. A goodly woman, named Tabitha, or Dorcas, had endeared herself to all the saints by her love and good works. To their great grief, she took sick and died; and in their sorrow, it was not unnatural they should send for Peter, who was then at the neighboring city of Lodda. When Peter came, in the name of the Lord, he was enabled to say, "Tabitha, arise!" and had the happiness of presenting her alive to the saints and widows who bewailed her death.

At Joppa the Lord taught the Jews that there is no difference between Jew and Gentile, by a remarkable vision, which is recorded in Acts x. 9-16. This lesson, like all God's lessons, was most timely; for just when the vision was over, messengers arrived from Cornelius, a Gentile, asking the Apostle to go to Caesarea, and preach the Gospel. By the command of God, Peter accompanied them and in the conversion of Cornelius and his household, God was pleased to show that He had "to the Gentiles also granted repentance unto life." We, who are by nature Gentiles, may well remember Joppa and Peter's vision there.

Joppa still enjoys a considerable trade, and is the point at which pilgrims and travelers on their way to Jerusalem very commonly land. There are no remains of antiquity about it, but it well deserves its name, "Beautiful," not so much as a city perhaps, as from its site. It is picturesquely placed on a promontory, which is crowned by a castle. On the land side, it is approached through gardens and orchards of extreme beauty and profusion, glowing with the scarlet blossoms of the pomegranates, and remarkable for the large oranges which gild the green foliage of their famous groves, and fill the air with fragrance.

JOHN BUNYAN.

It being well known to some of his persecutors of London, that Bunyan was often out of prison, they sent an officer to talk with the jailor on the subject; and, in order to find him out, he was to get there in the middle of the night. Bunyan was at home with his family, but so restless that he could not sleep; he therefore acquainted his wife that though the jailor had given him liberty to stay till the morning, yet from his uneasiness he must immediately return. He did so, and the jailor blamed him for coming in at so unreasonable an hour. Early in the morning the messenger came and, interrogating the jailor, said,

"Are all the prisoners safe?"
"Yes."
"Is John Bunyan safe?"
"Yes."
"Let me see him."

He was called, and appeared, and all was well. After the messenger was gone the jailor, addressing Bunyan, said,

"Well you may go out again just when you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."

A Happy Married Life.

When Robert Newton, the Wesleyan pulpit orator, married, he and his bride began the married life by retiring twice each day to pray with and for each other. This practice they kept up, when opportunity served, to the end of life. Mark the result! When an old man, Mr. Newton remarked: "In the course of a short time, my wife and I shall celebrate the jubilee of our marriage; and I know not that, during the fifty years of our union, an unkind look or an unkind word has ever passed between us."

The Bible as Viewed by the Great.

The uniform and unvarying testimony of the learned and truly great of every age with reference to the incomparable value of the Scriptures can be the result of no artifice or preconcerted collusion. Many of these testimonies have been borne at times when their utterance has involved or threatened the loss of life or liberty; and yet their avowal has been none the less sincere or courageous.

We propose to reproduce the testimony of some of these distinguished philosophers, poets, and statesmen, trusting that, in the array of such ample and disinterested evidence, our readers, especially the young, will discover the folly of rejecting the fountain of living truth for the shallow and corrupted streams of current literature. Beginning with Sir Francis Bacon, whom Pope pronounces the "wisest and brightest" of mankind, the greatness and usefulness of whose thoughts have won him an imperishable glory, we hear him confessing as to the source of his wisdom and philosophy in language as follows: "Thy creatures have been my books; but thy Scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens, but I have found thee in thy temples."

Sir Matthew Hale said: "There is no book like the Bible for excellent learning, wisdom, and use;" and his contemporary, the celebrated John Milton, in addition to embodying his conceptions of its worth in immortal verse, in speaking of the plainness of revelation, remarks: "Let others, therefore, dread and shun the Scriptures for their darkness; I shall wish I may deserve to be reckoned among those who admire and dwell upon them for their clearness."

John Locke, in speaking of the Holy Scriptures, says: "In them the Lord hath displayed that counsel of his will that is of infinite concernment to us to understand, in order to our present being accepted of him here, and at last brought to the fullest enjoyment of himself in glory;" and Sir Isaac Newton assures us that he accounted "the Scriptures of God the most sublime philosophy." The confident language of Addison, whose character and writing have instructed and charmed wherever the English language is read, is that "the frequent reading of the Bible will make the way to a happy eternity so agreeable and pleasant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties which he before suffered in shunning the allurements of vice absorbed in the pleasure he will take in the pursuit of virtue."

Sir William Jones, the eminent orientalist, himself acquainted with the grandest masterpieces of human literature, says of the Scriptures, as the result of a lifetime of study, that they contain, "independently of a divine origin, more true sublimity, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books that were ever composed in any age or in any idiom." In his farewell address to the people of the United States, September 17, 1795, George Washington says: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." Similar testimony declaring the Bible the foundation of political and moral excellence, has been given by those illustrious statesmen, John Day, DeWitt Clinton, and Lord Erskine.

William Wilberforce, the man who, with all gentleness, and sweetness, and meekness, and forbearance, and Christian love, rebuked the most gigantic evil of his nation, uttered these earnest words in his dying moments; "Read the Bible—read the Bible! Let no religious book take its place. Through all my distress and perplexities I never read any other book, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintance with the experience and realities of religion, have been derived from the Bible only." The Hon. John Cotton Smith, in pleading for the restoration of the Bible to the schools, speaks of it as "a book whose origin, if there were no other proof, is demonstrated by its perfect adaptation to every capacity, the humblest and the highest; to the condition of man through every stage and vicissitude of his earthly existence as well as his immortal destiny. Who can withhold such a book from the children of our country, and be blameless?" Baron De Stael and Admiral Count Ver Buell, distinguished Frenchmen, have indicated similar sentiments.

The Hon. S. L. Southard, in an address before a literary society in Nassau Hall, says: "Of all men, American scholars ought not to be ignorant of anything which the Bible contains;" and Chancellor Kent has eloquently averred that "the general diffusion of the Bible is the most effectual way to civilize and humanize mankind; to purify and exalt the general system of public morals; to give efficacy to the just precepts of international and municipal law; to enforce the observance of prudence, temperance, justice, and fortitude, and to improve all the relations of social and domestic life." John Quincy Adams says of the Bible that "its march has been uniform in purifying and ennobling the moral, intellectual, and physical condition and character of man;" and Sir Robert Peel speaks of its circulation, in regard to public education, as "absolutely necessary." George Griffin, Esq., said in an address before the American Bible society, "A despotic government may subsist, and perhaps prosperously too, without the Bible; a republic cannot. There is no political Eden for fallen man save what the Bible protects." Well might Coleridge say that the fairest flower he ever saw climbing round a poor man's window was not so beautiful in his eyes as the Bible which he saw lying within.

In an eloquent address on this subject, John Thompson, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, uses this language: "We can be liberty propagandists only by becoming Bible propagandists. Carlyle may write his latter day pamphlets to try to stay the progress of democracy, but here is the great latter day pamphlet which will survive that great day for which all other days were made." "I trust that the struggles of benevolence will never subside," says Frelinghuysen, "while a single tribe or family or soul of all earth's population, shall need a Bible." "In respect to the connection of the Bible

with the concerns of political and public life," wrote the Hon. Edward Everett, from Washington, in 1852, "I am convinced that very inadequate ideas of its value are entertained by many persons, who otherwise regard it with veneration."

The following is the emphatic language of Judge McLean: "The morality of the Bible must continue to be the basis of our government. There is no other foundation for free institutions. I say this emphatically, and from the deepest conviction of its truth." Nor is the testimony of Secretary Seward less positive. He says: "I do not believe human society, including not merely a few persons in any state, but whole masses of men, ever has attained, or ever can attain, a high state of intelligence, virtue, security; liberty or happiness, without the Scriptures; and that the whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever growing influence of the Bible." "It is," says Prof. Silliman, "the grand character of a man's political and civil equality, liberty, and order. It is the guardian and the only adequate protector of his social happiness."

Such is the language and testimony of some of the brightest intellects of earth. Can such a book be the offspring of the human intellect? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God? And can we with impunity refuse or neglect to search its holy pages with diligence and prayer?—CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Dr. Stilling—Trust in God.

Henry Young Stilling was an eminent physician in the service of the Grand Duke of Baden. He died in the year 1812, and consequently was well known to many persons now living. His career was an extraordinary one.

In youth, Stilling was extremely poor—destitute of the common comforts and necessities of life. After a long season of anxiety and prayer, he felt satisfied that it was the will of God that he should go to a University and prepare himself for the medical profession. He did not, at first, make choice of a University, but waited for an intimation from his Heavenly Father; for as he had intended to study simply from faith, he would not follow his own will in anything. Three weeks after he had come to this determination, a friend asked him where he intended to go. He replied he did not know.

"O," said she, "our neighbor, Mr. T., is going to Strasburg to spend the winter there; go with him."

"This touched Stilling's heart; he felt that this was an intimation he had waited for. Meanwhile Mr. T. himself entered the room and was heartily pleased with the proposition. The whole of his welfare now depended on his becoming a physician, and for this a thousand dollars at least were requisite, of which he could not tell in the whole world how to raise a hundred. He nevertheless fixed his confidence firmly on God, and reasoned as follows: "God begins nothing without terminating it gloriously; now it is most certainly true that he alone has ordered my present circumstances entirely without my co-operation. Consequently, it is also most certainly true that he will accomplish everything regarding me in a manner worthy of himself." He smilingly said to his friends, who were as poor as himself, "I wonder from what quarter my Heavenly Father will provide me with money?" When they expressed anxiety, he said, "Believe assuredly that He who was able to feed a thousand people with a little bread lives still, and to him I commit myself. He will certainly find out means. Do not be anxious—the Lord will provide."

Forty-six dollars was all that he could raise for his journey. He met unavoidable delay on the way, and while in Frankfurt, three days' ride from Strasburg, he had but a single dollar left. He said nothing of it to any one, but waited for the assistance of his Heavenly Father. As he walked the street, and prayed inwardly to God, he met Mr. L., a merchant from his place of residence, who said to him:

"Stilling, what brought you here?"

"I am going to Strasburg to study medicine."

"Where do you get your money to study with?"

"I have a rich Father in heaven."

Mr. L. looked at him steadily, and inquired, "How much money have you on hand?"

"One dollar," said Stilling.

"So," said Mr. L., "Well, I am one of your Father's stewards," and handed him thirty-three dollars.

Stilling felt warm tears in his eyes; said he, "I am now rich enough. I want no more."

This first trial made him so courageous that he no longer doubted that God would help him through everything.

He had been but a short time in Strasburg when his thirty-three dollars had again been reduced to one, on which account he began to pray earnestly. Just at this time, one morning his room-mate, Mr. T., said to him, "Stilling, I believe you did not bring much money with you," and offered him thirty dollars in gold, which he accepted as in answer to his prayers. In a few months after this, the time arrived when he was to pay the lecturer's fee, or have his name stricken from the list of students. The money was to be paid by six o'clock on Thursday evening. Thursday morning came, and he had no money and no means of getting any. Five o'clock in the evening came, and yet there was no money. His faith began almost to fail; he broke out into a perspiration; his face was wet with tears. Some one knocked at the door. "Come in," said he. It was Mr. R., the gentleman of whom he rented the room.

"I called," said Mr. R., "to see how you liked your room."

"Thank you," said Stilling, "I like it very much."

Said Mr. R., "I thought I would ask you one other question: Have you brought any money with you?"

Stilling, much overcome, answered, "No I have no money."

Mr. R. then looked at him with surprise, and at length said, "I see how it is; God has sent me to help you." He immediately left the room, and soon returned with forty dollars in gold.

Stilling threw himself on the floor, and thanked God with tears. He then went to the college and paid his fee as well as the best. His whole college life was one series of just such circumstances. He was often in want of money, but he never asked man for it; for he had no man to ask, and it always came when he needed it. Was he authorized to enter a course of study with such prospects and such expectations? The leadings of Providence were such that he had not a shadow of doubt that it was his duty to enter on this course of study, he prayed fervently for Divine guidance, and felt that he had it; he availed himself of all the lawful means in his power for the supply of his own wants, and when he had no means of his own, he asked help of God, and never failed to receive what he asked. He became one of the greatest benefactors of the poor that the world had ever seen. He restored sight, during his life, to nearly five thousand blind people, most of whom were very poor, and unable to render him any pecuniary reward.—Autobiography of Henry Y. Stilling.

A STORY OF OLDEN TIMES, WHICH HAS A MORAL FOR OUR TIMES.

A young gentleman fresh from college, who had more knowledge of books than of men, was wending his way to the Rev. Dr. C., of Connecticut. The Dr. was extensively known and respected for his energy of character, his learning and piety, and moral worth. But, like the great Apostle, he did not disdain to "labor with his own hands."

With a letter of introduction to the aged divine, whom he had known only by reputation, our genteel young friend was seeking the privilege of an acquaintance with him.

"Old daddy," said he to an aged laborer in the field by the way-side, whose flapped hat and coarse looking overcoat, (it was a lowering day,) and his dark complexion and features contrasted strongly with his own broadcloth and kid gloves, and fair person. "Old daddy, tell me where the Rev. Dr. C. lives?"

"In the house you see yonder," the old man modestly replied.

Without condescending to thank him for the information, the young man rode on, and soon found himself seated in the parlor of Dr. C.'s hospitable residence, at the invitation of the lady of the house, awaiting the expected arrival of the doctor.

In due time the host appeared, having returned from the field, laid aside his wet garment, and adjusted his person. But to the surprise and confusion of the young guest, whom should he meet in the Rev. Dr. but the same "Old daddy" he had so uncerimoniously accosted on his way.

"It was very respectful in you," said the venerable divine, with an arch look, and in a pleasant tone—for the aged person was not wanting in wit and humor—"it was very respectful in you to call me 'old daddy'; I always love to see young men show respect to old age."

The confusion and mortification of the young man were indescribable. He could have sunk through the floor, and buried himself in the darkness of the cellar beneath him. With a countenance crimsoned with blushes, he began to stammer out an apology for his incivility.

"No apology," said the Doctor, very pleasantly, "no apology; I always love to see respect shown to old age." But the kindness and assiduity of the family could not relieve the unpleasantness of his situation: a sense of the mortifying blunder which he had committed, marred all his anticipated pleasure from the interview, and he was glad to take his leave as soon as he could do it with decency.

This item of his experience was, no doubt a valuable lesson to him. And if our young readers will learn from this story not to judge of a man's worth by the dress he has on, it will be a good lesson to them, and save them from many mistakes.

Frank in Church.

A little boy whom I knew went to church for the first time. He sat very still, and looked the minister directly in the face while he was speaking. When he got home, his mother asked, "What have you learned at church this morning, Frank?"

He said, "Mother, I learned that Daniel prayed three times a day, and we must. I must, mother. Shall I kneel down at your side, just as I do when I go to bed? I want to mind what the minister says."

Little Frank knelt by his mother's side and prayed. He was a very little boy, and it was the first sermon he ever heard. How soon he tried to practice the good things the minister said! Be as heedful as little Frank. If you improve and hallow every Sabbath here below, you will be fitted to enjoy the society of holy angels and meet the Lord of the Sabbath in the beautiful land beyond the grave.

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, Thursday Nov. 9, 1865.

Endowment of the Miss. Institute.

Endowment is now the order of the day. In this respect astonishing things have been done in the last year. A degree of liberality has been manifested in the endowment of our literary and theological institutions that stands unparalleled in the history of our church.—Gettysburg has received princely donations; Springfield, O., does not lag far behind it; for Springfield, Ills., and Hartwick, N. Y., efforts have been put forth, which though not as successful as those in behalf of the two first mentioned, have nevertheless been encouraging to their friends; last, though not least, comes the Missionary Institute at Selinsgrove, Pa.

On Tuesday evening the 24th inst., the friends of the Institute, including some of the alumni, members of the Board, and others, met in the Chapel of the Institute building, where after some interesting explanations and enthusiastic speeches, it was unanimously resolved to raise an endowment of twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000) for the Theological Department of the Missionary Institute. Several donations of \$1,000 each, were announced for this noble enterprise, but in order to awaken a more general interest in the Cause, and give all the friends of our Institute an opportunity of participating in this important undertaking, it was unanimously resolved to hold an

ENDOWMENT CONVENTION

in the Lutheran Church at Sunbury on the last Tuesday in November. To this convention all the friends of the Institute are cordially invited. They will be heartily welcomed by Rev. M. Rhodes and hospitably entertained by his people. Let all who intend to come inform Mr. Rhodes by letter of their intention, and also how long they intend to remain. There will be a preliminary meeting at two o'clock in the afternoon, but the grand Convention is to take place in the evening.

And now in the name of the Institute, in the cause of theological education, in the cause of our church which is calling for ministers to supply the waste places in Zion, we extend a cordial invitation to the friends of this Institution to come to the Convention. Come one! come all!! Those who cannot possibly come, should write to the convention, and state what they can do for the cause. We would also suggest to ministers and others who intend to come, to speak to some of their members, and get such liberal subscriptions as they can, to announce to the convention in Sunbury. It would also be a good idea for ministers to lay the plan before their people on one of the intervening Sabbaths, and see how much their respective congregations are willing to contribute to the endowment fund, they paying the interest semi-annually until the principal is paid.

Once more we say come! and bring your subscriptions along with you. We expect to have a lively and interesting time of it.

THE MISSIONARY INSTITUTE AND THE EAST PA. SYNOD.

The East Pennsylvania Synod is more largely indebted to the Missionary Institute than any other Synod in the Lutheran Church. It has received more ministers into its connection from the Institute, and has more directors in the board than any other Synod, not even excepting the Synod of Central Pennsylvania, which does most for it in the way of support. Eight ordained ministers who have received their education in the Missionary Institute are members of the East Pennsylvania Synod; it has four clerical and nine lay directors in the board; the principal of the Classical Department is a member of the East Pa. Synod, and the church in which the students and professors worship, together with its pastor, has hitherto belonged to the East Pa. Synod. The Synod of Central Pa., on the other hand has only six ministers from the Institute now in its connection, and only seven directors both lay and clerical all told.

The East Pa. Synod is therefore under great obligations to the Missionary Institute for those eight efficient ministers, and for scores more of the same sort which may be expected from this institution, and for the powerful influence which it exerts in the Board of Directors. And yet there is a portion of the Synod that appears to turn the cold shoulder to this institution, as was very apparent at the last meeting in Easton. We hope the Synod, as a body, will not in future pursue a policy that would be so suicidal to its own interest and the welfare of the Church.

The Lutheran and Missionary

dies hard. Its death has for some time been confidently predicted, and expected soon to take place. But the last No. announces its determination to live on a while yet, and says that its financial basis, was never better than at present. We have had an intimation that this financial basis rests on somebody's coal-bed, and will therefore hold out very strongly as long as it can draw its nourishment from that vein.

There is also quite an array of editorial force displayed in the last No. of said paper. It would seem that there are no less than six (!) editors employed upon the Lutheran and Missionary, and if each one of these gets a salary of \$1,000, or \$1,500 a year it must indeed have a very strong financial basis. From an expression in a late editorial, namely, that the "Lutheran Church in America must be American," we were led to indulge the pleasing hope, that the Lutheran and Missionary was wheeling into the right track, but we now fear the old adage will be verified, "Too many cooks will spoil the broth." For we observe with sorrow, that when one editor comes out with good American Lutheran principles, another one comes out the next week with his exploded old symbolism and spoils all. Thus we fear the paper will present a mixture compositum and a bundle of contradictions.

"THE PHILOSOPHIAN."

This is the title of a neat monthly, published by the students of the Missionary Institute. — A great part of its contents is made up of original contributions by the students and young ladies of Susquehanna Female College.

For neatness of external appearance and literary merit, it is superior to anything of the kind that we have ever seen put forth by the students of any of our literary institutions, and reflects great credit on the Society under whose auspices it is published. It deserves to be extensively patronized. The following extract we take from on editorial of the November number,

Four years ago, there was in the cabinet of our society, an officer, called—the Editor. It was his duty to read before society all matters handed to him after having presented them to the president for inspection and sanction. But this opportunity for writing not being properly improved, a certain one of our fraternity thought, that if an interest could be excited, much good might result. So he introduced (through the editor) a small written sheet, called "The Philo," which, secured the approbation of society, and in consequence was continued with profit, until the spring of 1865, when the society determined to publish a monthly, to be called "The Philosopher." We have long since felt the need of such a paper, and that it has been the means of benefiting many in various ways, none can deny. As lovers of wisdom, we feel it our duty, to do with our might, what we can do to accomplish the great end for which we were created. We have resolved to try at least, to develop our resources. Our members love the paper, and have done all they could to sustain it. Most of those who are able to write, have written for it, and perhaps our readers will be astonished, and doubt, when we tell them, that this little Philo Society of the Missionary Institute has issued the 7th number of her paper with less than a hundred subscribers, at the pitance of seventy-five cents per year. And we intend to issue the twelfth number, and if Providence permits, we shall make it a semi-monthly, and we look forward to the time when it will be an honor to us, to our institution, yes! and we trust, to every man who contributes to its support. There is "backbone" in the Philo Society. There is "go-ahead-iveness" there.

Our paper is designed for the youth abroad, as well as for the students at Selinsgrove, and hence we expect you, my friends, not only to become subscribers, but occasional contributors. See that all your friends take it, and thus give us your assistance. We don't profess to be independent, but we will be energetic, and hence have determined to spare no effort to sustain our paper. We re-offer the following inducements:

To clubs of 10	60 cts.
" " 20	50 cts.

To any one sending us the names of 10 new subscribers, with the sum of \$6.00, we will send the Philosopher for one year.

An agent wanted—salary \$50. per month. For particulars address the Editor at Selins Grove.

HARRISBURG.—The following notice we find in the Harrisburg Telegraph of Wednesday last:

ELECTION OF PASTOR.—At a congregational meeting held last evening, Rev. Mr. Stelling of Canton, Ohio, was unanimously elected pastor of the First Lutheran Church of this city. Mr. S. is one of the most eloquent orators among the Lutheran clergymen of America, and a hard working pastor, whose success has been rarely equaled in the West.

CANTON.—The Rev. C. W. Sanders late of Selinsgrove, Pa., having accepted a call to Lutheran congregation in Canton, Fulton Co., Ills., desires his correspondents to address him accordingly.

Children's Department.

(From Bradbury's "Golden Censor.")

"NEVER BE AFRAID."

Never be afraid to speak for Jesus,
Think how much a word can do;
Never be afraid to own your Savior,
He who loves and cares for you.

CHORUS—Never be afraid, never be afraid,
Never, never, never;
Jesus is your loving Savior,
Therefore never be afraid.

Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In his vineyard day by day;
Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil repay.

Never be afraid to bear for Jesus
Keen reproaches when they fall;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all.

Never be afraid to live for Jesus;
If you on his care depend,
Safely shall you pass through every trial,
He will bring you to the end.

Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
He, the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in his arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.

The Poor Deaf Boy

WHO BECAME A WISE AND GOOD MAN.

Some years ago, a little boy, named John Kitto, was taken to a workhouse. Poor child, life had begun in a dark and sad way for him. His father was a mason, and John used to help him in such ways as he was able. One day, as he went up a ladder with a heavy load of tiles on his head, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground.—There he lay by the side of the road for some time quite stunned. When he was taken up, his eyes were shut, and he did not speak; so that the people said he was dead.

After about two weeks had gone away he was better, though he still looked about the room in a wild and strange manner. At last he was heard to speak, but not in plain words or in a clear way, for his power of speech was hurt.

When his lips moved, they tried to make out what he meant, and one found it was this: "Give me my book." It was a book he had begun to read before his sad fall.—Poor John loved books; and though he had to work during many long hours very hard, yet he had found time to read all he could buy or borrow. Those who were in the room looked at each other and then at him. They spoke, but he did not hear.

"Why do you not speak to me?" said John as best he could, "Oh, let me have my book!"

Still no sounds came to his ear. A friend then took a slate, and wrote on it that the book had been sent back to its owner.

"But why do you not speak to me? Speak! speak! speak!"

They then wrote on the slate these words,—"You are deaf." Yes, it was so: the boy had lost the sense of hearing, never more to have it again. And also, never after this time could he speak in a plain way. He became almost a dumb man, and was quite deaf to the end of his life.

As his father was very poor, John was now sent to the workhouse, where he was set to make list shoes. After a time he was placed out to learn to be a shoemaker, but was treated by his master so badly that he was glad to go back to the work-house again.

While in this house, the poor deaf lad kept a book, in which he wrote many things that he felt or thought about. He also wrote some lectures on paper, which were found to be so clever and good that the boys in the workhouse used to be called into a large room, and a gentleman read the lectures to them. At this time also he was often seen going into a quiet corner, there to pray, and to read the Bible.

A few kind persons soon began to help John in many ways, and they got for him a new and better home. He was now to learn the trade of a printer. He now put types or letters together, to make words, and pages of words, from which books were printed. And then, after two years had passed, he was sent to take charge of the mission press, at a place called Malta. Here he was very busy in learning all he could, about things both new and old.

We next find him a servant to a gentleman, who went on a long journey in far-off lands. As John Kitto had learned to notice men and objects, and think about them, he was very careful to study the ways of life of the people whom he met with, and the state of the lands over which he passed. In this way he grew to be a very wise man.

On his return home he began to write books, and went on with his labors till he had written more than fifty, and some of them very large ones. Most of them were written to explain what we read in the Bible about nations which were once upon the earth. He knew that the Bible was the book of God—the best book. He loved it himself, and wished others to know and love it too.

Soon much honor was shown to him; some of the wisest and best men became his friends. The poor deaf boy had now become Doctor John Kitto. Queen Victoria was so pleased with his books that she gave him one hundred

pounds a year. But the hard trials of his early days, and the hard study of his after life, at last laid him on a sick bed; and then he died. Now notice, first, the kind care of God on behalf of the poor work-house boy. The Lord turned his deafness into a blessing. That which was so sad to him became a great benefit to the world. He trusted in God, and God was his friend and helper. If we, too, trust in God, we shall find that He will take care of us, as our Father and friend.

John Kitto also loved the Lord Jesus Christ. He gave his heart to him in the days of his youth, and lived to serve him many years on the earth. Will you not love and serve Jesus too?

Wit and Humor.

As a razor is best whetted in oil so wit is best sharpened by politeness. The lack of edge in both is discoverable from the offence or pain they give.

MANY persons complain that they cannot find words for their thoughts, when the real trouble is they cannot find thoughts for their words.

A CHINESE BOY, who was learning English, coming across the passage in his Testament, "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced," rendered it thus: "We have toot, toot to you, what's the matter you no jump."

HAD HIM THERE.—A friend of ours who is clerk in a New York merchantile establishment, relates a colloquy in which a sprightly youth in that store came out second best. A poor boy came along with a machine, inquiring:

"Any knives or scissors to grind?"

"Don't think we have," replied the young gentleman, facetiously: "but can't you sharpen wits?"

"Yes, if you've got any," was the prompt retort, leaving his interrogator rather at a loss to produce the article.

BAD men are never completely happy, although possessed of everything that this world can bestow; and good men are never completely miserable, although deprived of everything that the world can take away.

TALLEYRAND once took the conceit out of a young coxcomb at some table in Paris, where he chanced to be dining. "My mother," said the dandy, "was renowned" for her beauty. She was certainly the handsomest woman I ever saw," "Ah!", taking his measure at once, "it was your father, then, who was not good-looking?"

HE FORGOT SOMETHING.—"What did your mother say, my little man? Did you give her my card?" asked an inexperienced young gentleman of a little boy whose mother had given him an invitation to call upon her, and her street door was accordingly opened to his untimely summons by the urchin aforesaid. "Yes, I gave it to her," was the innocent reply, "and she said if you wasn't a natural fool, you wouldn't come Monday morning, when everybody was washing."

At this juncture, mamma, with a sweet smile of welcome, made her appearance at the end of the hall, when to her surprise, Mr. Verisoplat, the visitor, bolted.

"What does the man mean?" inquired mamma.

"I dunno," replied Cub, "guess he's forgot sumthin'!"

"I am sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously diseased," said a sympathizing spectator.

"Ah, well, it is a great pity," replied the former, "but there's some comfort—Jack Thompson's is not a bit better."

A MOTHER, admonishing her son, told him he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little fellow replied, "Then mother let's eat the remainder of the plum pudding to-night."

RAILROAD WAGGERY.—Waggs went to the depot of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the best car full, said in a loud tone:—

"Why, this car isn't going?"

Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat.

The cars soon moved off. In the midst of indignation, Waggs was questioned:—

"You said this car wasn't going?"

"Well, it wasn't then; it is now."

The "sold" laughed a little; but Waggs came near a good thrashing.

THE DESIRED EFFECT.—A young girl from the country being on a visit to a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to meeting. It happened to be a silent one, none of the brethren being moved by the spirit to utter a syllable. When the Quaker left the meeting-house with his young friend, he asked "How didt thou like the meeting?" to which she pettishly replied, "Like it? why I cant see no sense in it—to go and sit for whole hours together without speaking a word; it is enough to kill the devil." "Yes, my dear," rejoined the Quaker, "that is just what we want."

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Another objection to this method of blowing was, that both feet being occupied, no opportunity was offered for the management of the swell. Within the past two years, instruments constructed on this European plan of "double bellows," have been manufactured in this country, and to counteract this difficulty (want of a swell) a lever has been projected from the centre of the instrument, to act upon the swell, and operated by the knee. The inconvenience and contortion necessary to effect this object, are disagreeable enough to a gentleman, but to a lady the use of such an appendage is nearly impossible.

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Directions for cultivating and making Wine will accompany the delivery of Plants. The best time for planting for Fall is from September till November. The shipping commences from the 10th of September, by Express.

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12 do do do do do 3.37
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Send your orders early, to secure plants in time. I also offer a very fine stock of Grape Roots at very low rates, for Fall delivery.

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No. 6 is 40 inches high, 31 wide and 27 deep on the outside, and 31 inches high, 21 wide and 15 deep on the inside. No. 1 is 24 inches high, 19 wide and 20 deep. The intermediate numbers between 7 and 1 are also of proportionate intermediate sizes.

Samples of the Fire-Proof Safes at the Office of the Amer. Ad. agency, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

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BANK, FIRE AND BURGLAR SAFES.

Folding Doors, D Lock.

No. 1, 66 inches high, 50 wide, 29 deep on the outside, and 54 1/2 high, 30 wide on the inside. —

Price \$950. No. 14 59 inches high, 50 wide, 26

deep on the outside, and 48 inches high 39 wide

15 deep on the inside. Price \$800. No. 2, 53

inches high, 44 wide, 27 deep on the outside,

and 42 inches high, 33 wide, 15 deep. Price \$600

MERCANTILE AND B SAFES.

Folding Doors and Monitor Locks.

Prices from \$350 to \$600.

Single door and Monitor Lock, from \$100,

to \$250.

NATIONAL BANK SAFES,

with 2 inside Burglars & 1 D & 2 M Locks.

Price from \$900 to \$1,100.

BANK VAULT AND BURGLAR SAFES,

with folding Doors D Lock.

Price from \$600 to \$1,000.

BANK VAULT BURGLAR SAFES,

Single Doors and D Lock.

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Monitor Safe do.....50

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The Empire Sewing Machine is Exempt from all these Objections.

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