

Rev. Thuley

The American Lutheran.

VOL. 1 NO. XXIV.

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

PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

REV. P. ANSTADT, EDITOR.

SELINGSGROVE, PA. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1865.

PUBLISHED EVERY TWO WEEK

Something for Jesus.

SAVIOUR! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me;
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee.
My heart would humbly bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some sinful wanderer won,
Something for thee.

All that I am and have,
Dear Lord, for thee;
In joy, in pain, in life,
In death, for thee.
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for thee.

Men & Things as I saw them in Europe

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

XXV.

We took our departure from Turin with the most pleasant impressions as to the city, the government, and the people. The priests were fewer than we had met in any Italian city, which may partly account for the fact that we saw no beggars there. But there is no Sabbath there. The people are in form papists; some go to mass in the morning—all ride or stroll about in the afternoon—and all places of amusement are open in the evening, which are usually thronged. Such is the effect of Popery every where. In a fine coach we were soon beyond the city lines, and on the magnificent road to Chambéry, along which on either side flowed a little streamlet for the purpose of irrigation. The city was behind us—the Superga, a church crowning the highest point of the Collina, and in which the royal family is buried, was on one side of us; and the Alps, with their snow-clad summits, formed a crescent before us. The air was hot—the valley was laden with a rich harvest; the hay and the grain was every where in the process of collection, and yet the snows of winter glittered upon all the mountains! As we entered the gorges of the Alps, the scenery became bold and grand beyond description; the air became cool, then cold, then colder, and by twelve at night we breathed the air of December, and were in the region of eternal snows! What a transition in the brief space of about six hours! We ascended the steep mountains, over which, when viewed from below, it would seem impossible for a bird to fly, by a cork-screw road of astonishing formation, up which the horses trotted all the way! We passed from a mid-summer to a mid-winter climate, witnessing the corresponding changes of vegetation all the way. On the plains of the Po they were collecting a rich harvest. Soon we saw the grain in the green ear—soon in the blade, and higher up the farmer was planting. Soon the grape gave way to the pine of stunted growth, and soon every thing gave way to the barren rock and to eternal snow. The moon was full and cloudless, and so brilliant was its shining, that through all the watches of the night we could see

"Hills o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps arise."

As we turned a certain curve in the road there towered a hill, at least a thousand feet above us, and from its very summit there came dashing a stream of water, which floated in the air like a ribbon for a little space, then was lost to the eye in mist or spray, then, touching a projecting part of the rock, it condensed again into a stream, and came foaming across our way! My friend was sleeping by my side. When this sight suddenly opened on us, I gave him a rouser with my elbow. He seemed not to relish the interruption of his repose; but when I pointed him to the cause of my sudden assault upon his ribs, with a most emphatic exclamation, "see there!" he was satisfied. I can assure my readers that I slept not a moment on the night we crossed Mount Cenis.

As the day began to dawn, which must have been about three o'clock, we passed the

summit level, and commenced descending from our eagle height. As there was a strong opposition on the road, the driving was furious; and we thundered down the Alps with astonishing rapidity. Soon we reached the culture of April—soon the verdure of May and June; soon we saw the vine covering all the hills—soon we came to harvest-fields, such as we had left on the Po; and when we drove into the streets of Chambéry amid branches of Green trees scattered over the streets, and adorning all the houses, marking a fête-day of Popery, the thermometer was again at 85°.

In this ride across the Alps, we had as our companions a Prussian countess and her maid of honor, both remarkably intelligent, and on their return from quite a sojourn in Rome. They were frank and communicative, and told us many things to illustrate the piety and purity of Romish priests. A few days after they entered Rome they were visited by a priest, who begged from them five scudi to assist a very afflicted family! He was a padre notorious for thus sustaining himself and his indolent brethren by collecting money under false pretenses. And yet he was unfrocked! They also told of the daughter of a most tyrannical father, who wrote a letter to one of the cardinals that she could not endure longer the conduct of her parent, and stating her strong desire to enter a nunnery. In a few days the father died by poison. The daughter and a brother were arrested on suspicion; the letter was given in testimony against them and they were found guilty of patricide; and the vast property of the father reverted to the priests! And it was the current belief that the priests poisoned the father! They also narrated a long story of a widow lady with whom they were on familiar intercourse. On the death of her husband, she repaired to Rome to enjoy the opportunities of devotion and seclusion which, she thought, it presented; but was soon compelled to retire from it because of the shameful conduct of her father confessor. Unless all testimony of natives and sojourners is utterly false, the priests of Rome are sinners above all men that live on the earth.

Chambéry is the capital of Savoy, and although pleasant for situation, is a town of mean appearance. It has one good street, but the rest are dark, dirty, narrow, and sombre. Near this place, and on a pleasant hill commanding a fine view, is the country house of "Les Charmettes," once the residence of Madame de Warens and Rousseau. But as the day was hot, and as my dislike for the man almost borders on detestation, I declined a pilgrimage to his residence. Although containing but about ten thousand inhabitants, Chambéry has fourteen convents, a Jesuit college, and priests and nuns out of all proportion to the number of the people. Hence the dilapidated appearance of the place and the beggarly appearance of the people. Why is it that priests and beggars go together? On an eminence near the town is a building containing a dead Christ, and on the pleasant way ascending to it are several little shrines, each containing a picture of some scene in the suffering of Christ; and to all praying at these shrines and worshipping the picture in the building which surmounts the hill, the same indulgences are promised which are granted to those who visit the holy shrines at Jerusalem! And poor people in dozens are seen daily piously ascending the hill to earn indulgences, and going cheerfully down it to revelry and indulgence! I stood for some time before one of the convents to gaze upon the padres as they passed in and out. The day was warm, and the windows were up. I was especially struck with the appearance of a good-looking man wearing a priest's cap and robe, who with quick step walked up and down an entry, reading his missal with railway speed. I could hear his voice, and when he came to the window, could see his lips move. I never saw a man in such a hurry to get through his vespers. As it was about six in the evening, it was these he must have been repeating. And although in such a pressing hurry to end the formulary, he would stop and measure us with his black eye, but ceased not the utterance of his pater noster. He seemed in as much hurry as if he had earned an indulgence, and desired to be away to practice it. Unless his eye and Burgundy face bore false witness against him, he could sin and pray with equal rapidity.

We spent a night in Chambéry, and were

off for Geneva in the morning, accompanied by our Prussian countess, between whom and one of our party there sprung up quite a social and agreeable intercourse. We passed a finely cultivated valley to Aix-la-Bains, a celebrated bathing establishment. Thence we proceeded through Annecy, where lie the holy relics of St. Francis de Sales, to Geneva. The whole ride is a very fine one, through a very highly cultivated country, and rich in historical reminiscences. From Chambéry to Geneva you are at no time out of sight of the snowy Alps. About four P. M. we reached the summit of the hill, whence we had the first view of the lake, and of the city of Geneva. The sun shone brightly, the air was clear, and they lay in loveliness beneath us. Soon we passed the line which separates the kingdom of Savoy and the canton of Geneva—a Papal and Protestant state—and were in Switzerland proper. The change in the appearance of the people was instantaneous. The moment you pass the gate you feel that you are in a Protestant country. You leave the beggars on one side of it; you meet a well-clad, industrious, and self-sustaining people on the other. Villas, increasing in sumptuousness and beauty, multiplied as we approached the city. Soon we entered its walls—for even Geneva is strongly fortified—and were rolled through clean streets filled with an active, industrious people, to the Hotel de la Couronne, which is upon the lake, and overlooks its beautiful waters. We were now out of Italy, where reigns the very midnight of Popery, and in a free Protestant city, for centuries the bulwark of civil and religious liberty, and sacred to multitudes in all the earth, because of its association with the great Calvin, who was to the Reformers what Paul was to the Apostles, the most intellectual, and best educated of them all. Here we soon were in the embraces of dear Christian friends and acquaintances, from some of whom we separated in London, from others in Paris, and some of whom, on their return from the East, we first met here, making a most intelligent and agreeable American party. And it was pleasant to talk and laugh again in English, and in our own mother tongue to tell of our travels and adventures. We began again to enjoy the luxury of a home feeling.

For the American Lutheran.

Angel Visits.

No. 2.

ANGELS PRESENT AT TIME OF PRAYER.

We are persuaded that the good angels are, during the exercise of prayer, more especially present than on ordinary occasions. Such an opinion has been found to exist among some heathen nations. How these nations first came to entertain such a belief is a subject of uncertainty. Their ideas must evidently have been derived from one of three sources.

Their supposed yet indistinct and confused knowledge upon this point must have been handed down to them either in the channel of tradition, collected incidentally from the Jews, or else, which is hardly probable, it must have been acquired by the exercise of reason and the suggestions of conscience. i. e. They must have been taught from the light of nature that such a ministry of angels is probable. But inasmuch as it is difficult to conceive that even the existence, to say nothing of the ministry, of angels, could be a subject of natural religion, it is therefore reasonable to conclude that the second supposition must be the correct one, and that whatever impressions existed in the minds of heathen philosophers upon the subject must in some manner have been received from the Jewish people. Certain it is that from a very early period the Jews confidently believed in the personal and immediate, yet invisible and mysterious presence of angels whenever engaged in prayer. Their historians tell us of an angel appointed by God for this express purpose, called the "angel of prayer." His duty was supposed to be the observance of the supplicants' vows or religious promises, as well as to notice whether these vows were afterward broken or kept inviolate. Their views, which we are inclined to regard as in the main correct, we are aware are not very distinctly revealed in the Scriptures. But to sustain the theory we argue on this wise.—The existence of good angels, and that they have been divinely commissioned to execute God's judgments upon the wicked, as well as to minister to the comfort, safety, happiness and general weal of the

saints, is one of the plainest revealed doctrines of the eternal Oracles of Truth. Hence as seasons of prayer are highly important and interesting scenes in the life of the true christian, we should naturally be led to expect these holy beings to be around us at these times, since they are distinctly revealed or clearly known to be our attendants on occasions perhaps of equal, but certainly of no more vital moment, and this, in the absence or meagreness of scriptural testimony, was undoubtedly the course of reasoning pursued by the Jews. There is however one passage in the inspired Word, and only one to our knowledge which seems to inculcate this interesting and delightful truth. The Wise Man, as some theologians maintain, estimates such an oversight of angelic spirits in the following words: "When thou vowest a vow unto God defer not to pay it, for he hath no pleasure in fools. Pay that which thou hast vowed. Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin, neither say thou before the angel that it was an error." Eccl. 5: 4, 6. The most plausible interpretation of this passage in our opinion is as follows, viz.—When engaged in a form of prayer, weigh well your utterances, let nothing escape you inconsiderately, do not in your language solemnly covenant with God or verbally commit yourself when kneeling in his presence to pursue a certain course of conduct, till you have fully determined and are most seriously resolved that by Divine Grace assisting, you will faithfully fulfill the obligations assumed; and when once you have fully, and deliberately bound yourself to lift up and bear a certain cross, or discharge certain duties, hold fast to your engagement. "Better is it that thou shouldst not vow, than that thou shouldst vow and not pay." Be cautious therefore not to make a vow precipitately, without premeditation and thus become uncomfortably involved before you are aware. Do not so presume or rely upon your own inherent power of obedience of execution, as to utter a promise or employ language at devotion's shrine that the weakness, infirmity and depraved inclinations of human nature will cause you to break or retract, and thereby in the immediate presence of the holy angel who comes by the fiat of Jehovah from far off celestial realms to attend upon you, suggest your duty, cheer, encourage, support and point you to the bliss of heaven, and who attentively listens to your petitions and bears homeward an account of them to the Great King who sits upon his throne; do not in the presence of a being so august and pure as this angel thus betray yourself, evince such folly and rashness, be guilty of such a grievous error, such a glaring inconsistency, and be caught in openly practicing downright perjury. Such—although somewhat lengthy—we regard as a reasonable exposition of this passage. If we be correct in this explanation then it follows that the good angels do, according to Scriptural authority, stand by the believer while in the attitude and exercise of prayer. To us this is a comforting doctrine.—We love to be assured that morning and evening as we gather our dear ones about us, take down the family Bible and bow reverentially around the family altar, or when we seek the closest retirement of the closet, we say we love to believe that the good angels are there; that while we agonize and plead on spirit-whirling pinions they hover over us; with countenances bathed in celestial glories press around us and stand close by our side; that they flit unseen to and fro to minister to us kindness; that they help "turn the golden key that unlocks the wicket of mercy," reveals to us the beauties of the upper world, and gives us a sweet foretaste of its endless joys; that they, "touch the slender nerve that moves the muscles of Omnipotence," and brings down a blessing from the skies; that they fan the torch that kindles the fires of true and fervid devotion upon the altar of a contrite heart; that they constantly add new fuel to the sacrificial flame; make it to burn continually before God; lead us out, into elysian fields, and cause us to breathe all conscious of the realities of our joys the pure native atmosphere of heaven; enchain us with half-unfolded visions of distant worlds, transport us by their melodious notes of seraphic and unearthly music, eagerly catch "the incense of our prayers," and with joy and emulation unbounded waft it homeward as an acceptable offering to the throne of God and the Lamb, while ten thousand times ten thousand voices from within the holy of holies greet their triumphant return with shouts of welcome spontaneous and prolonged.

Massachusetts.

OUR FIRST SCHOOLMASTER.

The first master who taught in the school house which we have described, was also our first teacher. Though many, many years have since then rolled around,—though many scenes of those early years of life have been forgotten, and though hundreds whom we have since met, are but faintly remembered, yet our first teacher has not thus been consigned to oblivion. The image of his tall, manly form stands still, at times yet, before us. The peculiar accent and intonation of his voice, as we sat around the stove in the old home, and the more stentorian tones of the

same voice resounding in the school-room, are still heard in imagination. The call, "books;" the loud and lively tones of approbation, and the more sullen and deep tones of reprimand, oh, how, as though we heard them but yesterday, do they repeat themselves on the wind harp of memory. Under him we read in the Testament, and afterwards in the Reader, and ciphered as far as the Rule of Three in Pike's Arithmetic. It was he, who, by a pre-concerted arrangement with some one, who knew we did not love school, and who sometimes had a difficulty to get us started in the morning, had a number of pennies furnished him, one of which he placed in our dinner basket every evening, for several weeks in succession. It was he, who by his friendly intercourse, by praises, perhaps illy deserved, and by various encouragements, tried to make us love school. In these days when object lessons and other exercises, calculated to vary the dull, monotonous routine of school were unknown, at least in that neighborhood, it was a difficult task to interest beginners, and induce them to love going to school. O, the long wearisome hours, to sit from eight to twelve, and from one to four o'clock, quietly on a bench, much too high for children. How we longed for dinner hour, and then again for the dismissal. The trees of the woods and that old school-house are silent witnesses how we went out, sometimes, to shed tears, and prayed for the weary hours to hasten along. Yet we must accord to that teacher the faculty of interesting his school, in those times of barrenness of school furniture and the other necessities of successful teaching, far beyond what might be supposed, in these days, when we wonder how the teachers of yore could possibly succeed. We loved our first teacher. We invited him often to our house. When the winter was over we pressed him to stay several days at our house, before leaving the neighborhood. We invited him most cordially to visit us during the summer, and to come again as teacher next winter. He, however, did not come, and we saw him but once more afterward. That was on a cold blustery day of autumn, almost a year after we met him for the first time. On a visit to his patrons of last winter, he also called at our house. But he was not well, his face was pale, his voice had a deep sepulchral sound, his eyes were sunken, and he had a troublesome cough. We pressed him to stay till next morning, but he had an opportunity to return home, and hence declined to stay. He bade us farewell, and we saw his face no more. Early the following spring, consumption laid him low in the grave. At the resurrection of the just, we hope to meet him, and in that great gathering of dear ones, we shall long to see again the face of our first teacher. And, as the years of eternal bliss roll sweetly on, we shall sit down together in our father's house to recount the sad, as well as the joyful hours of the first winter spent in the old school-house.

OUR SECOND SCHOOLMASTER.

Schoolmaster No. 2 was, in many respects, the antipodes of No. 1. No. 1 was grave and sedate; No. 2 silly and trifling. No. 1, dignified and commanding respect; No. 2, foppish and foolish. No. 1, calm and temperate; No. 2, excitable and passionate. No. 1, was tall and light complexioned; No. 2 was small and red. The first morning he already brought a "hickory" as he termed it. At the beginning of his term, he was seen coming toward the school house, with at least a dozen of these specimens of the forest on his shoulders. As he entered the house, in order to show the flexibility of them, he swung them in the air around his head, and then placed them carefully across the nails, driven in the rough joist above his head. He kept a fiddle in his desk. Fiddling seemed to be his study, his work, his recreation. He fiddled in the morning before school hours, he fiddled at recess, he fiddled during school hours. As a specimen of his proficiency in other branches, we mention merely his mathematical lore. He always got the answers. In those days it was customary "to book the sums." Whenever "he could not get the answers" he took his Key from the desk, and transferred "the sums" from it to the slate, and when he had no time for doing this, he just handed us the Key, so that we might copy from it into our book—the great object of course, was to get the answer, and to have the "sum" appear on the book.—Educator.

CURES.

Instead of all the fools being dead, we verily believe they are on the increase, in spite of our ten years' labor in the endeavor to wedge a little commonsense in the craniums of Tom, Dick, and Harry. When in England, some years ago, we thought patent medicines had quite as great a run as in America, although England had had nearly two thousand years longer schooling than we. This would seem to prove that the more intelligent a community becomes, the more gullible it grows.

In looking over exchanges, religious and otherwise, it is perfectly clear, according to the affidavits and testimonials of clergymen, divinity doctors and doctors of law, of men and women, old grannies and maids, that every thing can be cured, from a finger scratch to amaurosis, malignant tubercle and death-rattles, in little or no time; and that if any body dies, it is their own fault entirely.

Recently a sub-editor went to an eye-doctor. "What's the matter with my eye?"

"Amaurosis."

"Can you cure it?"

"Oh! yes."

"How long?"

"Two weeks."

"How much?"

"You can pay five dollars now, on account, and further, according to circumstances."

The quill man declined; went to Chicago, took a few warm baths, and after paying some attention to the general health, returned to New York, apparently well of—"amaurosis!" one of the most certainly fatal of all diseases.

While all this is going on in New York, in the way of trade, the unprofessional put in an ear, every now and then, free gratis for nothing. The latest thing of the kind appeared in the columns of that staid and sterling paper, the New York Observer.

Some writer, itching to deliver himself of an idea as clear as mud, literally writes to say that he is a firm believer in the mud cure of hydrophobia, as he knew a man who was bitten by a mad dog; a lump of mud was plastered over the wound for half a day, and at the end of thirty years, the man was living in good health. The utter folly of putting forth such miserable stuff as this, in reference to so serious, so terrible a thing as hydrophobia, may be seen at once, in the facts that John Hunter; than whom there has never lived a greater surgeon, says he knew twenty-one persons who had been bitten by mad dogs, and but one of the whole number became hydrophobic. Each of the twenty might have claimed that his was a cure. It is the fashion now to call every sore throat a child has, diphtheria, and every child that gets well was cured by the thing which was done for it; but the next person that tries it, loses his child, which might have been saved by promptly calling in medical advice.

No doubt the virtues of the mad stone have grown out of the fact, that now and then persons that have been bitten by mad-dogs, or dogs supposed to be rabid, have remained unharmed after the application of the stone; not because of any virtue it possessed of antagonizing the poison, but simply because the system of the bitten individual was not at the time susceptible to the influence of the virus. A child said to have diphtheria, gets well after smoking tar, poured on a live coal in the bowl of a common pipe, or by stretching a bag of ashes and salt, or mush and molasses, from ear to ear under the jaw; but to say that these are cures of the terrible complaint, is the laziest of all conclusions.

No business man would risk five dollars on that kind of reasoning. And yet, it is upon such ground that the papers are filled with "cures," certain, infallible, of every malady under the sun. By all that is sacred in a holy human life, we urge the reader when he or any of his are ailing, either do nothing and let nature take care of herself, or consult your family physician, who, if educated to his profession, will take an interest in you beyond any stranger; or, if he sees the case is beyond his skill, will frankly acknowledge it, and will take pains to turn you over to some man of eminence and acknowledged ability.—*Hall's Jour. of Health.*

Excuses for not Going to Church.

Overslept myself; could not dress in time; too windy; too dusty; too wet; too damp; too sunny; too cloudy; don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; look over my drawers; put my papers to rights; letters to write to friends; mean to take a ride; tied to business six days in the week, no fresh air but on Sunday; Can't breathe in church—always so full; feel a little feverish; feel a little chilly; feel a little lazy; expect company to dinner; got a headache; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; tore my muslin dress going down stairs; got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning; wasn't shaved in time; don't like the liturgy, always praying for the same thing; don't like extemporary prayers; don't like an organ, 'tis too noisy; don't like singing without music, it makes me nervous; the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak; dislike an extemporary sermon, it is too frothy; can't bear written sermons, too prosy; nobody to-day but our own

minister—can't always listen to the same preacher; don't like strangers; can't keep awake when I am at church, fell asleep last time I was there, don't mean to risk it again; mean to inquire of sensible persons about the propriety of going to such a place as church, and shall publish the result.—*S. S. Times.*

THE WANDERING JEW.

The legend of the Jew ever wandering and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to the present day, spread over many European countries. The accounts, however, as in all fables, do not agree. One version is this:

When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, he wished to rest himself near the gate at the house of Ahasuerus. This man, however, sprang forth and thrust him away. Jesus turned toward him, saying—"I shall rest, but thou shalt move on till I return."

And from that time he has had no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about.

Another version is that given by Mathias Parisiensis, a monk of the thirteenth century.

When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilantius to death the doorkeeper, named Caraffilius, pushed him from behind with his foot, saying—

"Walk on, Jesus, quickly; why dost thou tarry?"

Jesus looked at him gravely, and said—

"I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come."

And this man, still alive, wanders from place to place in constant dread of the wrath to come.

Still a third legend adds that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers, and renews his strength; hence it is, even after so many centuries, he does not look much older than a septuagenarian. Thus much for the legends. Not one of the ancient authors makes even mention of such an account. The first who reports such a thing is a monk of the thirteenth century, when, as is known, the world was filled with pious fiction, even to disgust. However, the story spread far and wide, so that it has become a proverb, "He runs about like a wandering Jew."

Lange's Commentary.

The character of this great work demands that we should depart from our customary routine, and speak of it in our leading column, instead of the usual place among the ordinary book notices. The work, in fact, is one of no ordinary kind. It ranks among the very first in importance, to all who as students, teachers, or preachers, are called to the duty of instructing others in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

It is no disparagement to Scott, Henry, Clarke, and other commentators of that kind to say that they do not meet the wants of the biblical student of the present day. Not only have questions and issues been raised since their time, which must be met, and which those works furnish no means of meeting, but the whole subject of biblical criticism and comment has undergone a complete revision, and has been placed on new and firmer foundations. In no country of the world has biblical interpretation been studied so thoroughly and exhaustively as in Germany. Unfortunately, most of this study has been conducted in a spirit of irreverent innovation, and with a desire apparently of unsettling the foundations of Christian faith. A large part of the German commentaries which have found their way to this country have been imbued with this skeptical spirit, and the mischief which has resulted cannot easily be calculated. But the remedy for this evil is not to sit still, or to fall back upon the old, exploded methods.—Happily, Germany, which sent the poison, now sends the antidote. This new commentary, while it is as critical and scientific as the most vaunted of theological and infidel interpreters, while it is in fact the most complete, comprehensive, and exhaustive that even German scholarship and industry have produced, is at the same time thoroughly, unflinchingly orthodox.

The work, before its completion, will fill many volumes. But it is executed in such a way that each portion is entirely complete in itself. The only portion now ready is the commentary on Matthew. Although it is a work of such magnitude, 568 closely printed pages, double column, large 8vo., yet in the few months that it has been before the public it has already gone through four editions, and the publishers are now preparing to issue a fifth.

Every portion of the sacred text is treated of successively under three distinct aspects.—First, it is considered critically, that is, with a view to ascertain exactly what the original words of the evangelist were and what they mean. Everything of importance, relating to ancient manuscripts and versions, various readings, and the canons of textual and exegetical criticism, is here brought in and disposed of, briefly, clearly, and with a masterly knowledge of the subject. Secondly, the same passage is then treated doctrinally and ethically, that is, with a view to derive from it the doctrines which are deducible from it by a fair and log-

ical use of the words. This portion of the comment lays of course the foundations of theology. Thirdly, the passage is considered homiletically and practically, that is, the author shows how it may be used as a foundation for sermons, lectures, and hortatory addresses.

There is a beautiful symmetry and completeness about the whole that commends it most strongly to the reader's regards. No pastor, no theological student, no Sabbath-school teacher, can well afford to be without this rich storehouse of divine truth. For the Sabbath-school teacher especially it is, to the extent that it goes, the Gospel of Matthew, a complete encyclopædia of what he wants. No twenty other commentaries could give him all he gets here; he gets this, too, not thrown together confusedly, but carefully digested and assorted, and put up into shapes and forms ready for immediate use.—*S. S. Times.*

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

By Rev. Chas. A. Stoddard, New York.

A Hindoo and a New Zealander met upon the deck of a missionary ship. They had been converted from their heathenism, and were brothers in Christ, but they could not speak to each other. They pointed to their Bibles, shook hands, smiled in one another's faces, but that was all. At last a happy thought occurred to the Hindoo.

With sudden joy he exclaimed, "Hallelujah." The New Zealander in delight, cried out "Amen." Those two words not found in their own heathen tongues, were to them the beginning of "one language and one speech."

The spirit of heaven was in these two souls, and praise to God was the natural expression of their hearts. In no other book than that which speaks the language not of earth, but of heaven, could these new-born souls from unconnected lands, have found words which would express their common feeling. But God's people are one people, and the Bible is their own book.

The words of Our Lord, found in this pleasing incident, a most beautiful expression, "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." Delightful thought, all who bear Christ's image are bound to me by ties of a heavenly relationship! I may not know their faces or be able to speak their language, but I know the blessed Redeemer, and they know him; and therefore we are friends and brothers; therefore I have a claim upon their hearts, an interest in their prayers, and a place in their household. The feelings which bind them to Christ, are so many links to unite our souls.

There is a deeper sympathy between us, than that which flows from common names, or kindred blood, or similar pursuits, for our names stand side by side in the Book of Life, our souls are sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, our hopes, our joys, and aims are one; and eternity will introduce us to that fellowship where all shall be one as Christ and the Father are one, where we shall speak one language, breathe one atmosphere, be occupied forever in one holy work, and sing one song of praise to the Lamb that was slain, and in that song, these glorious words will have their fitting place, "Hallelujah," "Amen."

Preaching and Praying.

"Where do you attend church, Mr. Gage?" I asked of a friend, not of my own denomination, who had recently removed to the city. "Not where you expected, I'll venture to say," was the reply.

"Ah! how is that?"

"I'll tell you. You have so often spoken of the Rev. Mr. Smith as the ablest man in the orthodox line here, that I am sure you counted me as a hearer at Bateman street; and so I fully intended to be."

"And are you not?"

"No; I go to Hews' chapel. Mr. Brown is my minister."

"Does James Brown suit you better than Mr. Smith? Why, he can't hold a candle to him in preaching."

"He has not Mr. Smith's fine, classical education, I know; he is inferior to him in oratory; he lacks the finished grace of manner which distinguishes your favorite; but he preaches the Gospel as clearly and forcibly; and then I can pray with him so much better than the other."

"What do you mean by your last remark?"

"Just this, my friend: Mr. Smith's prayers are too eloquent—and, I may add, too elegant for me. His thoughts are so sublime, his arrangement of them so artistic, and his periods so beautifully rounded, that he attracts my attention to himself, instead of bearing my desires to heaven. Mr. Brown is the reverse of all this. In language as plain and unstudied as a child's, he lays bare the heart of a guilty, helpless, needy sinner before the pitying eyes of a compassionate Father and loving Saviour."

"I feel the condition which he expresses so simply; I see the listening ear and the beckoning hand of mercy,—and my desires spring up to the Almighty Helper so warmly and so earnestly, that I can scarcely realize that another's words have borne my petition for me. It is a great thing to me to have my

heart go up in the prayers of the sanctuary, as well as in those of the closet."

"You are right, friend Gage,—though I never thought of it before."—*Vermont Chronicle.*

The World's Week of Prayer.

The Evangelical Alliance, through its British and foreign organizations, have again invited the people of God the world over to bow the knee in prayer for the decent of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh, and the speedy conversion of the world to Jesus. In pursuance of the plan now for several years heartily entered into by Christians of every name, the first week of the new year, January 7-14, 1866, has been set apart for this common observance. Special topics have been assigned for each day, as follows:

Sunday, Jan. 7.—Sermons on the duties of Christians to each other, as members of the body of Christ.

Monday, Jan. 8.—Acknowledgments of Divine mercies and confession of sin.

Tuesday, Jan. 9.—The Christian church: That its testimony may be clearer, its faith stronger, and its devotedness, liberality and zeal enlarged.

Wednesday, Jan. 10.—Nations: For their temporal and spiritual welfare; for kings, and all in authority for the maintenance of peace; and for the increase of "righteousness, which exalteth a nation."

Thursday, Jan. 11.—For Christian families for servants, and for schools and colleges.

Friday, Jan. 12.—Christian missions and ministers, and for all engaged in Christian work.

Saturday, Jan. 13.—For Christians in sorrow, in sickness, and in persecution; for the widow and the orphan.

Sunday, Jan. 14.—Sermons: The blessing to be expected from the manifested union of believers in all countries.

That the need is great for such united prayer and worship, will be acknowledged. In the call issued by the Alliance we find the argument thus earnestly stated, "Error is abounding; masses are ignorant of the gospel; the children of God are still far from manifesting the unity of the body of Christ—and either as nations, or families, or individuals, we have urgent dangers. Meanwhile, our heavenly Father is ready to supply all our need according to the riches of his grace, and not only to keep us secure from all harm, but is able and willing to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. May we not confidently expect that suitable blessings will be bestowed in proportion as prayer is offered with 'one accord' by those who are united by a common faith, and who share in the blessings of a common salvation?"

Oh, that the people of God would "bring all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove him now herewith if he will not pour them out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it!"—*S. S. Times.*

A Highwayman Vanquished by a Parson.

The Titusville (Pa.) Herald, of last Saturday tells the following good story:

Hamlet tells us: "That guilty creatures, sitting at a play, Have, by the very cunning of the scene, Been struck so to the soul, that presently They have proclaimed their malefactions." Here is a case in point:

We have felt somewhat reluctant to present any additional narrative of "hair-breadth escapes" of belated travelers in the jungles of the Oldorado, but the following incident is vouched for upon such good authority that we have no hesitation in laying it before our readers.

On Tuesday last the Rev. Mr. —, of the Baltimore conference, was riding on horseback from Pithole to Titusville. He had nearly reached Pleasantville, and was trotting quietly along humming a psalm tune, when a man stepped into his path, and seizing his horse's bridle, presented a revolver at the parson and demanded his money.

Nothing disconcerted, the traveler calmly remarked that he was only a poor Methodist preacher, and had but little money, but would give up all he had.

The robber made no reply, but maintained his threatening position and patiently waited for the conference man to disgorge.

The dominie eyed the freebooter pretty earnestly, and remarked with great solemnity, "You can have my money, friend, but for Christ's sake and your own soul's sake, give up the business of highway robbery."

The freebooter dropped his pistol by his side and in a voice trembling with deep emotion, exclaimed, "You can pass on!"

The reader may discredit this story, but it is true notwithstanding. The ministerial hero arrived safely in Titusville, and related his story to the Rev. T. H. Stubbs, who repeated it at the prayer and conference meeting in his own church on Thursday evening.—*Ev. Mess.*

CHURCH DEDICATION.

The new Evangelical-Lutheran church of Poestenkill, Rensselaer county, N. Y. will be dedicated (D. V.) on Thursday, the 21st inst. Rev. N. Van Alstine is expected to preach. J. A. ROSENBERG, Pastor.

POWER OF A GODLY LIFE.

Counsel is of little value, unless it is enforced by example: and words of exhortation to unconverted persons do little good, unless they derive power from a Christian life. A daily life of godliness always impresses worldly people, and often leads them to repentance. The following example as in point:

"She never spoke to me on the subject of religion, but her life was always speaking, and I could never put it away from my thoughts till I came to the cross of Christ." Such was the declaration of a young man with regard to an older sister, whose life of consistent spirituality was the means of leading him to the Saviour, a minister of whose Gospel he has now been for years.

In times of revival and at all times when Christians are urged to renewed faithfulness, do they not often think that such faithfulness is to be put forth chiefly in talking to others? It is true indeed that we should "speak often to one another," and that we should at proper times say to the impenitent, "Come with us and we will do thee good"; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." But it is not at all times we must speak, and some have not the judgment always to speak wisely and profitably, we speak only from a sense of duty, and when the heart does not feel what the lips express, it is generally in vain to speak. If our life is inconsistent, it will counteract the most eloquent speaking, and we had better be silent.

HARDEN NOT YOUR HEART.

The metal of the human soul, so to speak is like some material substance. If the force which you lay upon it do not break or dissolve it, will beat it into hardness. If the moral argument by which it is piled now, do not so soften the mind as to carry and overpower its purposes, then on another day the argument may be put forth, in terms as impressive, but it falls on a harder heart and therefore with a more slender efficiency. You have resisted to-day, and by that resistance you have acquired a firmer metal of resistance against the power of every future warning that may be brought to bear upon you. You have stood your ground against the urgency of the most earnest admonition, and against the dreadfulness of the most terrifying menaces. On that ground you have fixed yourself more immovably than before; and though on some future day the same spiritual thunder be made to play around you, it will not shake you out of the obstinacy of your determined rebellion.

Chalmers.

Un-Religious Literature.

A positively irreligious literature would not be endured in the present day. But there is very much, that without being irreligious, in the sense of profane or skeptical, is unreligious by the absence of all religious influence or recognition from its pages. Many of our popular writers discard it upon principle. It is chiefly men who have addicted themselves to science, and to inquires into martial things, that lean in this direction; though many of our writers on light literature have the same tendency. Hence there is an increasing number of books published from which religion is altogether eliminated, name and thing. Even its antiseptic influence fails to pervade them. This spirit aims to create a world of its own, in which there shall be literally no God. If it alludes to religion at all, it is only under the form of a sly sneer, an insinuated doubt, or a contemptuous depreciation of its professors, as if they alone were the men that are wanting in common sense. The reading of works in which this is the spirit, we need hardly observe, is highly dangerous, especially to the young.

This is a reading age. There is a prodigious number of light works now issued from the press. The periodical literature of our day, in particular, is pouring out a perfect torrent of continuous publication. It is in this class of works especially the evils lurk to which we allude. Let any one recall to his mind, if he can, the periodicals, not one of which has any religious character. Such works, with the newspapers, are threatening to supersede all other kinds of reading. The least evil is, that they must create a superficial, unthinking generation. It is true these do not wholly repudiate religion; on the contrary, they profess a certain kind of respect for it. But it is not the respect that springs from affection, or that produces reverence. There is a flippancy about them, when religion is spoken of, that little consists with true love.

People in general are not aware of the dangers they expose their minds to by the constant perusal of such publications. Or if they know it, they have not principle enough to forego the mental gratification of their exciting, medley pages. They persuade themselves that there can be no harm in them, because they find Christian feelings now and then spoken of and commended. It never strikes them that it is religion with the bloom of life off and the chill of infidelity on.

Evil communications corrupt good morals. Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good.

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove Thursday, Dec. 14, 1865.

THEY ARE AFRAID OF THUNDER.

The Baltimore Correspondent of the Lutheran and Missionary (Dr. J. G. M.) gives an account of the re-opening of St. James Lutheran church in Reading, Pa., under the pastoral care of Rev. Lampe. He speaks in glowing terms of the "ornamentation" of this church, "But the most striking embellishment," he says, "is a finely executed copy in fresco of Raphael's transfiguration which occupies the whole of the panel behind the pulpit. It is 35 feet high and 12 wide." "I am in favor of such church ornamentation," he continues, "and so are more of our ministers and people, than would deem it precisely safe to say; they fear being 'observed,' or hearing thunder from the namesake of the chief Apostle away up the river (not the Jordan)."

In this extract the Dr. evidently alludes to the editor of the American Lutheran. His surname is Peter, and he lives "away up the river (not the Jordan)," but the Susquehanna.

That the Apostle Peter is the chief Apostle, we leave him and the Papists to prove. That the Dr. is in favor of such "church ornamentation," we knew long ago, although he never expressed it so publicly as on this occasion; that there are other ministers in favor of them too, but who are afraid to express their preference publicly, is also very probable; but that there are many laymen in favor of them we do not believe. There is far less of a romanizing tendency among the laity than among the ministry of our times. — This is clear from the fact that they are "afraid of thunder" from "up the river," and do not wish the laity to discover their true sentiments, lest they should be lowered in their estimation, suffer in their pockets, and probably be dismissed from their congregations. It shows, moreover, that the spirit of symbolism is a man-fearing spirit, exhibiting more of the fear of man than of the fear of God.

We confess ourselves great admirers of pictures, paintings, and statuary as works of art in their appropriate place. We have been much interested in visiting picture galleries where the master pieces of the greatest painters were on exhibition; and we have stood for hours in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, studying and admiring those exquisite historical paintings which adorn the walls of that noble structure. But we do not think churches appropriate places for the exhibition of paintings or statuary; we regard their use in connection with the worship of God as altogether inappropriate, unchristian, and idolatrous.

In the Old Testament God forbade the use of images in connection with his worship in the most positive and unequivocal terms. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them." And in the New Testament the Saviour assures us that God is a spirit, and those who would worship him acceptably must worship him in spirit and in truth. The Apostle Paul says, we Christians walk by faith and not by sight.

The early Christians up to the third and fourth centuries condemned the use of images in churches in the most emphatic terms. The heathen used the same arguments in favor of images in connection with their worship that the Romanists and Symbolists employ at the present day. They said, "we do not worship the images themselves, but those whom they represent." To which Lactantius replied: "You worship them, because you believe that they are in heaven: why do you look upon the wood and stone, and not thither where you believe they now are?" The Synod of Alvara in the year 305 decreed: "Placuit, picturas in ecclesiis esse non debere, ne quod colitur aut adoratur, in parietibus depingatur."

From the fourth to the ninth century a fierce controversy agitated the Christian world in reference to the use of images in the churches, and in the year 842 they obtained that universal sanction which they still maintain in the Roman Catholic and Greek churches. The introduction of images in the fourth and fifth centuries was the result of the influx of a large mass of ignorant and uncultivated people into the churches. These people could not read and the pictures in the churches were called the "Bible of the laity" by means of which they should be instructed and stimulated to emulate the virtues of the saints. But in addition they were also to be used as aids to devotion, wherein the images themselves were not to be worshipped, but the beings whom they represented. The people, however, did not make that distinction in practice, and worshipped the pictures themselves, as they do to this day in the Romish and Greek churches. Some of the writers in the Romish church even favored this idolatrous practice. Thomas Aquinas, for instance, says: "If an image is regarded simply as a work of art, then no adoration should be bestowed upon it, but if it is looked upon as an image of Christ, then no internal difference can be established between the image and its object, and adoration is due to it just as well as to Christ himself."

Bonaventura argued: "Because the honor paid to the image of Christ, is in reality paid to Christ himself, therefore the image of Christ should be adored." And much of the same sort might be quoted from Roman Catholic writers.

Now, we ask Dr. M., on what ground he is in favor of the introduction of the images of Christ and saints into the Lutheran churches of this country? Is it that they may serve as a "Bible for the laity," to instruct them in the truths of the Gospel? Then he insults the church by casting an imputation upon its intelligence. Thank God, our people can all read their Bibles for themselves and have no need of such questionable kind of instruction. Or does he advocate their use as aids to devotion? Then we pronounce this use of them as forbidden by the Word of God, unchristian and idolatrous. Or does he advocate their introduction

into the churches merely as works of art, to cultivate a taste for the beautiful among our people? Then we object to the use of Christian churches for such purposes. The churches are consecrated to the service and worship of God, and it is a desecration of them to use them as picture galleries for the exhibition of the works of human skill and art.

These are our honest views and convictions on this subject, and we are sorry that Dr. M. should use his pen and influence to bring the church back to the usages of the dark ages.

That German Paper.

A few days ago we received a letter from a minister in the West with nine new subscribers for our German paper, the Kirchenbote, and the pay in advance. He remarked that he had the money in hand for these subscribers several months ago, but seeing a notice in the Observer that another German paper was in contemplation with the advice to wait till it appeared before sending in any subscribers to the Kirchenbote, he thought he would wait till the proposed paper made its appearance and then decide which of the two papers he should patronize. But after waiting patiently several months and hearing nothing more of the projected German paper, he thought he had waited long enough, and sent on his money and subscribers to the good old Kirchenbote. At the same time he would like to know what has become of that enterprise, which was heralded forth with such a flourish of trumpets.

We will give him what light we have on the subject.

Some time ago we started forth on an exploring expedition in search of some of the "leading minds." We visited respectively the West- and the East-Pennsylvania Synods, at Carlisle and Easton. We made it our special business also to inquire about the projected "German paper" with a view if possible, of effecting a union between it and the Kirchenbote. As the paper was to be published at Gettysburg, and as Dr. Hay, the newly elected professor of Theology, had once studied at a German University and had drunk deep at that fountain of German lore, we supposed he might possibly be the contemplated editor. But he assured us that this was not the case, and he could give us no information on the subject. We next consulted Dr. Diehl, the senior editor of the Luth. Observer, but he also assured us that he knew no more of the project, than what Dr. Conrad had written for the Observer. We then inquired of Dr. Conrad, and he told us, that the plan was to elect a German professor at Gettysburg, "launch" a German paper of the true stamp, and make him editor of it. Who this professor is to be, when he is to be appointed, what arrangements have or can be made for printing a German paper at Gettysburg, and where the subscribers are to come from, all these are trifles light as air, and are left undetermined in the dim uncertain future. Now the whole secret is out! Dr. Conrad heard that we intended to resume the publication of the Kirchenbote, he immediately conceived the grand idea of "launching" a German paper himself, and "went off half cocked." The result was a flash in the pan. "Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

If there are any more ministers in the East or the West, who have names of subscribers and money in hand for a German church paper, on the basis of the General Synod, but are halting between two opinions, whether they shall wait for "that paper," or send it to the Kirchenbote, they need not halt any longer. Those "leading minds" have never paid a dollar in subscription to any German church paper, and we doubt whether they ever will. If any one wishes to circulate an Evangelical German paper among his people, a paper that stands unequivocally on the basis of the General Synod and has stood so for twenty-three years, let him send for the Luth. Kirchenbote, Selinsgrove, Pa. Subscription price \$1.00 a year.

North Carolina again.

The following communication from North Carolina we commend to the prayerful perusal of our readers. The church in N. C. is in a deplorable condition. A great number of her young men have been slain or maimed in war, the people have become impoverished for the time being, the great majority of the people were loyal through the rebellion, and therefore lost confidence in their ministers, the greater part of whom, alas, were secessionists. In consequence, many of the churches are vacant and will go to ruin, if they are not soon supplied with faithful, loyal ministers. We hope that something will be done in this matter soon. There is great interest felt in the North in behalf of the evangelization of the freedmen, and our own church is also interesting herself in this noble cause. But here is a cause that ought to lie still nearer to our hearts. Here are brethren of our own household in the faith famishing for the bread of life. Will we make no effort to supply them? He that careth not for his own

household is worse than an infidel and has denied the faith. A more promising missionary field could not possibly be presented to our acceptance. Here are churches already built, congregations of our own faith already organized and calling upon us to come and occupy the ground. Who among our young ministers will say, Lord here am I, send me? Perhaps there are some of the sons of the South in the North now, who were driven from their homes by rebel persecutions, who would be willing to return and help to build up the broken walls of Jerusalem. We have no doubt that the Executive committee of the Home Missionary Society would give assistance to any number of suitable persons who would enter this promising field. Those wishing to assist in this work should address Rev. J. S. Heilig, Mill Hill, Cabarrus Co., N. C.

Mill Hill, N. C. Dec. 6th 1865.

DEAR BRO. ANSTADT.

I thank you for the interest you manifest in behalf of the pressing wants of the church in North Carolina. You suggest a reference of the subject to the Home Missionary Society of the Gen. Synod and advise me, or any one interested, to make application to the Executive Committee of that Society, "giving a statement of the different vacant congregations that desire a minister from the North, and the amount of salary necessary in addition to what the respective congregations can give." As I do not know who constitute the Ex. Committee of the Home Missionary Society of the Gen. Synod, I cannot make the proposed application. I will give you a statement of the vacancies in North Carolina, assured you will so use it as best to promote the object contemplated. The vacancies are as follows—Wilmington in New Hanover County. The Guilford charge, Guilford County. The Alamance charge, Alamance County. The Forsyth Mission in Forsyth and Davidson Counties. The Davie Mission, in Davie County. The Iredell charge, in Iredell County. Union church, in Rowan County. These, to the best of my knowledge are now vacant, and at the close of the present year, Organ church, in Rowan County, and the Mount Pleasant charge in Cabarrus County will also become vacant. As I have been absent in the North during the summer, and owing to the want of mail facilities here, this statement may not be strictly correct in every particular, but it is substantially so, and even if any bro. has made a change, of which I have not been apprised, it would still make no difference in the number of vacancies. I cannot say positively that all these churches "desire ministers from the North," but I feel perfectly secure in saying that they desire good, pious, loyal men, and as such, in all respects, cannot be had in the southern states, they must, if obtained at all, come from the North. It would be next to impossible, at present, to ascertain the views and feelings of all the congregations on this subject, but as hundreds of northern men have recently, at a risk, come down South and are doing a very acceptable and profitable business as merchants, the presumption is that good loyal ministers, coming in the same way, would be equally acceptable and successful. Neither is it possible precisely to say "what amount of salary is necessary in addition to what the respective congregations can give." Some would require a good deal, others not so much. The church in Wilmington, which ought to have a minister able to preach in both languages, would require perhaps, for the first year, some four hundred dollars. The other charges not so much, and some of them comparatively little. Will the Executive Committee of the Home Missionary Society have the great kindness to make an effort to secure the requisite number of suitable men, furnish them with means to pay travelling expenses and a few months board, and send them speedily to the relief of the sinking, bleeding church in North Carolina. I know this is asking a great deal, when indeed we deserve nothing at all, but a great people ever delight to do a great work, and in my humble opinion, there is, at this day, no greater before the church. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

Yours fraternally,
J. S. Heilig.

Another Noble Charity.

From the Philadelphia newspapers we learn, that through the influence of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. HUTTER, whose success in all good and noble undertakings is proverbial, a most noble charity is about to be inaugurated—one that will be a credit to the state and to all parties interested. DR. A. G. ECKBERT has set apart a splendid farm of 200 acres, near the town of Mercer, (Pa.) valued at \$20,000, on which he intends at his own expense to erect buildings, to cost not less than \$100,000, capable of accommodating from 4 to 500 children, which is to serve as a great Western Home for the orphan children of our brave soldiers and sailors, who have fallen in the recent life-struggle of the nation, as also for all other classes of friendless children, from all sections of the state. A MR. WATSON, also of Mercer, has donated an additional \$50,000. Here are \$170,000, consecrated, at once, by two individuals, to purposes of benevolence! Truly, we live in wonderful times! The new Eckbert Home is to be conducted jointly by the officers of the Philadelphia Northern Home for Friendless Children, (of which Mrs. Hutter is the President), and by a board, to be chosen from Western Pennsylvania. Dr. Eckbert, we learn, takes the ground, that it is his duty to do all the good he possibly can with his money during his life-time. This is right. Present philanthropy is vastly more efficient than posthumous.

A Swedish Lutheran Church in NEW YORK.

The following circular has been sent us with the request to notice in our paper, and solicit collections in behalf of the above named congregation. The circular will explain itself, and the case will commend itself to every benevolent and Lutheran heart. Where collections are not taken up in the church, private Christians can send on their contributions to Mr. F. Wallroth 29 Cliff St. New York.

"There are in New York and its suburbs a large number of Protestant Swedes, whose emigration late in life has prevented their acquisition of our language sufficiently well to enable them to enjoy the benefits of religious services in English, while no satisfactory opportunity has been afforded them for conducting such in their own tongue, as Germans, French and others do.

An earnest effort is now being made in their behalf, and a religious society has been constituted, according to law, under the above title, and the proper officers have been elected.

By the kind permission of the congregation of St. James' Evangelical Lutheran Church, in East Fifteenth Street, Divine service in the Swedish language is held there on each Sabbath afternoon: the attendance being most encouraging.

Apart, however, from the inconvenience and make-shift character of such an arrangement as this, the Swede, emphatically and historically pious, desires above all things to worship in a temple he can call his own: a temple dedicated exclusively to the service of the Most High, and not desecrated on week-days by the holding of political meetings, balls, fairs and miscellaneous exhibitions.

To this end, the members of the congregation have contributed according to their means, which are limited: hence this application for help towards the accomplishment of a design as deserving of a hearty and open-handed support as any which has ever appealed to the sympathies of benevolent Christians.

That the Swedes make good, nay valuable citizens, is generally admitted; and that the descendants of the men who, under the great Gustavus Adolphus, shed their blood to secure the blessings of religious freedom and the free use of the Bible, have fought equally gallantly in defence of their adopted country, the records of our late war honorable prove.

The Trustees of the Gustavus Adolphus Church request that all pecuniary aid which good Christians and friends desire to contribute, may be sent in an envelope to the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, the Swedish and Norwegian Consul, Mr. Habicht, 127 Pearl St.; or to the Treasurer, Mr. Fredrick Wallroth, 39 Cliff Street, New York.

A suitable place of worship can now be purchased for the sum of \$16,000, and it is necessary that \$9,000 of the above should be collected by or before the 15th December next."

C. EDWARD HABICHT,
JOHN ERICSON,
FRED'K WALLROTH,
S. HANBURY SMITH,
CARL L. BERGGREN,
D. W. WEISS,
ERNEST BELLANDER,
ADOLF F. SEASTEDT,
NIC. LINDBERBERG,

Trustees.

THE ENDOWMENT CONVENTION,

For the permanent endowment of the theological department of the Missionary Institute was held according to the announcement on the last Thursday evening in November, in the Lutheran church of Saubury, under the pastorate of Rev. M. Rhodes. Quite a number of the friends of the Institute were present, some few also, who had started for the convention in the cars of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad were prevented from attending by reason of an accident somewhere on the road which prevented the cars from arriving in time. Some very encouraging letters were also read from persons at a distance, who could not be present at the convention. A number of addresses were delivered, and subscriptions to the amount of \$13,000 announced. This is more than half the amount originally proposed to be raised, namely \$25,000. With this beginning the friends of the cause feel sanguine that with the proper efforts the remaining \$12,000 can easily be secured. Contributions to this cause are also still coming in from unexpected and frequently from unknown sources. The Lord incline the hearts of others also to give.

THE MINUTES OF THE EAST PA.

Synod have been received. They were printed by Mr. H. G. Leisenring in Philadelphia, and are done up in most excellent style. The letterpress could scarcely be surpassed and reflects great credit on the taste and skill of the printer. We presume, however, that some of the credit is also due to the Secretary, Rev. E. W. Hutter, who understands the art practically himself, and knows exactly how to get up a document of this kind.

In looking over these minutes casually, we notice a few mistakes: On page 19 the name of the delegate from the Synod of Cen-

tral Pa., is not spelled correctly; on page 5 Rev. D. Shindler is reported as having been received from the West Pa. Synod; he came from the Allegheny Synod. On page 6 Rev. Isaac M. Fry is credited to the Synod of Central Pa. To our certain knowledge he is not a member of that Synod, he was licensed by it, but his license has run out long ago. Since then he has been preaching in Iowa and in Baltimore, and studied one year in the new Theological Seminary at Philadelphia. If he stands in any ecclesiastical relation at all, it must be with the Synod of Pennsylvania, who sustained him as a beneficiary at her Seminary.

MARRIED.—On Tuesday the 28th of November, Mr. Geo. M. Slear to Miss Sarah Jane Beaver, by the editor of the American Lutheran.

On Thursday the 30th of November, Mr. John Scholler to Miss Mary Emig, by the same.

On December 7th 1865 at the residence of the brides parents, by Rev. A. W. Lentz, Mr. M. L. Wagenseller of Selinsgrove, Pa., to Miss Carrie Kistner of Hugheville, Pa.

DIED in Selinsgrove, December 1st 1865, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of H. E. Miller, aged 27 years 7 months and 25 days.

Thus mortally reigns! So the loved and precious pass away—while the bereft, weep in solitude, and whisper their story of sorrow into the ear of God!

Mrs. Miller died of Typhoid Fever. She was confined to her bed of sickness for about nine weeks—and how patiently and uncomplainingly she endured affliction. In her case the power of Divine grace was strikingly exemplified in enabling her to bear her affliction with so much resignation, patience and fortitude. And when the prospect of death presented itself, she "feared no evil" as she moved toward the "valley of the shadow of death." She felt that Jesus was with her, and hence that all was well. She departed in perfect peace. Her death was but a calm, peaceful sinking to rest. This is the comfort which the bereaved Husband and Friends have; the assurance that her days of sorrow are forever past, and that she has joined her angel-daughter, who preceded her into the better land about two years before. "The links are broken below, but united above."

She leaves a little son and daughter, too young yet to realize a mother's loss, in orphanage to the world. A fond Husband, and a large circle of friends mourn her early death. May they be ready, at last, to meet the dear departed in heaven. S. D.

THE
ENGLISH LUTHERAN
FAMILY
PRAYER BOOK.

WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON FAMILY PRAYER.

Together with a selection of
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SIX
HYMNS.WITH MUSIC OR TUNES ADAPTED TO THEM,
By Benjamin Kurts, D. D., LL. D.
EIGHT THOUSAND!
REVISED, ENLARGED, AND MUCH IMPROVED.

The rapid sale of this work, and the marked favor with which it has been received by the church generally, has induced the publisher to have it thoroughly revised, enlarged, and greatly improved, and it is now believed to be equal, and in some respects superior, to any similar work now published in the English language.

"This Prayer Book has been prepared mainly for the English portion of the Lutheran church, yet it is believed nothing will be found in it to prevent its free use in any Protestant Christian family. In the German language we are abundantly supplied with such helps, but in English, a general and complete Prayer Book, adapted to daily devotion, to special occasions, and to every emergency, has thus far remained a desideratum, which it has been our aim to supply. It is therefore hoped that the Lutheran church especially will encourage this enterprise."—Extract from author's preface.

The following is a synopsis of the contents:
A VALUABLE TABLE for the regular perusal of the Holy Scriptures.

A LIST OF REFERENCES to select portions of the Holy Scriptures, prepared with much care.

INTRODUCTION.—Prayer in all its forms.

MORNING AND EVENING PRAYERS, with Scripture (reading) Lessons for every day for eight weeks.

Prayers for Particular Days and Seasons.

Occasional and Special Prayers and Thanksgiving.

Prayers before and after Meals.

Prayers for children.

Prayers for Little Children, in prose and verse.

FORM for opening SUNDAY SCHOOLS, with prayers annexed.

A Selection of 176 HYMNS, with sixty-one popular Tunes adapted to them.

It is a large duodecimo volume of 563 pages, printed on large clear type, and bound in various styles, and is offered at the following prices:

Full cloth or sheep,	\$ 1 25
Full morocco—embossed,	1 50
Full morocco—embossed—gilt edges,	1 75
Full cloth, extra gilt,	2 00
Full imitation Turkey morocco, extra gilt,	2 50
Full real Turkey morocco, extra gilt,	3 00
Full real Turkey morocco super extra gilt,	3 50

A copy of either of the above styles will be sent per mail, postage paid, upon receipt of the price annexed.

A liberal discount will be made from the above prices to those buying by the dozen or large quantity. Address orders to

T. NEWTON KURTZ, Publisher,
151 Pratt Street, Baltimore, Md.

LUTH. SUNDAY SCHOOL HERALD.

This beautiful pictorial monthly paper, issued by the Lutheran Board of Publication, Philadelphia, will begin its Seventh volume with January, 1866. It has thus far been largely taken in all parts of our Church. Not only English schools and families support it, but also many using the German, Swedish and Norwegian Languages. The circulation is now upwards of thirty thousand; and an effort is now to be made, in which all are earnestly asked to help, to raise it to fifty thousand for 1866. Let all act early and promptly.

The Terms are:—One copy, per year, 25 cents; 6 copies \$1.25; 10 copies, \$4.00; 25 copies \$3.75; 100 copies \$12.00. Address orders to the business agent, Mr. T. L. Schrack, Lutheran Publication House, Philadelphia, Pa.

M. SHEELEIGH, Editor,
Stewartsville, N. J., Nov. 14, 1865.

