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

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P o e t r y .

Waiting For Christ.

We wait for Thee, all-glorious One!
We look for Thine appearing;
We hear Thy name, and on the throne
We see Thy presence cheering.
Faith even now
Uplifts its brow,
And sees the Lord descending,
And with Him bliss unending.

We wait for Thee through days forlorn,
In patient self-denial;
We know that Thou our guilt hast borne
Upon Thy cross of trial,
And well may we
Submit to Thee
To bear the cross and love it,
Until Thy hand remove it.

We wait for Thee; already Thou
Hast all our hearts' submission;
And though the spirit sees Thee now,
We long for open vision,
When ours shall be
Sweet rest with Thee,
And pure, unending pleasure,
And life in endless measure.

We wait for Thee with certain hope,—
The time will soon be over;
With childlike longing we look up
Thy glory to discover.
O bliss! to share
Thy triumph there,
When home, with joy and singing,
The Lord His saints is bringing.
—From the German of Hiller.

Men & Things as I saw them in Europe.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

XXV.

GENEVA has been many times described by travelers. Its great history and enchanting locality are sufficient to inspire dullness itself to try its hand at painting. It is on the southwest extremity of the Lake of Geneva, where the Rhone shoots out from the lake, dividing the city into two parts. These parts are united by bridges, so constructed as to add greatly to the beauty of the scene. The town is chiefly built on the left bank of the river, and rises gradually from the banks of the lake and river, so as to present a most beautiful appearance from the water. The streets are mostly narrow, and often very steep, and in the more elevated parts of the city there are many very fine residences. But the great attractions of the place lie in its history, and in its extended and beautiful environs.

Our first day in the city of Calvin was a very busy one, and was spent in a very miscellaneous way. A model of Mount Blanc was placarded all over the city for exhibition! We went to see it—like fools. We might as well have gone to see a cup of salt water as a specimen of the ocean! This Mount Blanc lay upon a table, and we could have secured a cabinet edition to carry to America! Thence we went to the Oratoire, the Oratoire is the church where the theological professors D'Aubigne, Gaussen, La Harpe, and others worship, to attend the anniversary of the Society for Missions. We saw there most of the evangelical pastors of the city and vicinity. Every thing was simple—ministers without gowns—extempore prayer—singing without instrumental music—pews like the seats in our lecture-rooms—and a pulpit with a small sounding-board. The church is on one of the highest points of the city—difficult of access to strangers who crowd the hotels on the lake, and in a position which would not attract a New York audience, which considers a fine church, on a fine street, and easy of access, as absolutely necessary to acceptable worship. At about six in the afternoon we crossed the bridge under which the "arrow Rhone," here of indigo color, shoots from the lake, and drove up its bank in the direction of Ferney. Ever since the pursuit of Macaulay's review of Frederick the Great, I have held Voltaire in the most sovereign contempt, and would not go a rod to visit his residence, which I saw in the distance. I gave my reasons to my companions, which were deemed satisfactory. We ascended a hill to witness the effect of the setting sun upon the surrounding scenery. The Jura range was on the west, over which a bright and cloudless sun hung suspended. Lake Lehman lay in beauty beneath us; on its opposite banks were villas and vineyards rising one above another in beautiful perspective; and skirting the distant horizon rose the fleecy white clouds, piercing the heavens with

its sharp and broken points. Although fifty miles in the distance, it seemed as just on the opposite side of the lake! As the sun declined, a blush appeared upon its pale, cold visage—that blush deepened every moment; and when the sun fell behind the Jura, the whole snowy range of Mount Blanc seemed in a blaze of fire. As the twilight came along, bringing night in its train, those distant fires died away as gradually as they were kindled, and "the monarch of mountains," looked down upon us as coldly as ever. No such magnificent view do I ever expect to take again. Our guide informed us that there are not ten days in the year on which the sight is seen to such perfection as we saw it. The effect upon us all was enchanting. We would say to every traveler, if necessary, wait a month at Geneva to see this sight.

We returned from this scene to one of a very different character, but yet equally gratifying to our feelings and tastes—a soiree, got up by the Missionary Society whose anniversary we attended in the afternoon. It was held in a hall provided for the purpose, and was fully attended. There was Dr. Malan, thin, of medium height, brisk in appearance, frank, and social, with hair white as Alpine snows flowing over his shoulders. And there was Dr. Merle d'Aubigne, large and full in stature, with heavy countenance, reserved, rather patronizing in his air; more English than French in his whole appearance, and seemingly impressed with the idea that he is rather a lion than otherwise. And there was Professor Gaussen, of middle stature, full habit, pleasant manners, silver gray, with a round French face. And there was Professor Na Harpe, youthful, manly in all his developments, with a plump red and white cheek, more suggestive of "the sweetest isle of the ocean" than of the loveliest lake in the world. And there was Count de Saint George, tall, thin, youthful in appearance, bland in his manners, with rather a wealthy and aristocratic air, but by no means up to the offensive point. These were among the notables present. Ladies were there, ministering spirits, in large numbers. After the process of serving tea was ended, a psalm was sung with great spirit, the Scriptures were read, and prayer was offered, during which all stood. The plan was to have a brief address from some one from each of the countries there represented; and when the Americans were called on, they were so kind, or unkind, as to send me forth as their representative. I made a talk for about ten minutes, and was interpreted by a gentleman of the company—the first time I ever spoke to an assembly through an interpreter, nor shall I be sorry, should it be my last. Although I knew not what I had said when I sat down, I was soon brought to my feet again by an address from the chair, thanking me in behalf of the meeting for my interesting and eloquent address on the occasion. Half suspecting that it might be a bit of French politeness, which sometimes induces to put more abundant honor on the part that lacketh, I utterly declined to accept of their thanks on the ground on which they were offered, stating that if any thing eloquent, or worthy their attention was uttered, it was interlarded by my interpreter, and that I would therefore hand over the thanks to him. If making fun at my expense, I determined that they should not have it all to themselves.

Soon after this passage at small arms the assembly dissolved itself into a committee of the Whole, when we were introduced to gentlemen and ladies from the different cantons of Switzerland, from Germany, France, Italy, and Britain. Captain Peckenham, the true-hearted Christian, exiled from Rome, where he was once a banker, for the circulation of the Scriptures, was there, and gave a most interesting account of the good work of reformation in progress in Florence. On the whole, I was greatly gratified with this evening's entertainment. It was pleasant, social, cheerful, and yet pervaded by a truly religious spirit. They have a way of doing things in this manner in Britain, and here and there on the Continent, which might be introduced into our own country with happy effect. Their "breakfasts" in London, Edinburgh, Belfast, and Dublin accomplish much good. Meeting at a tea-table for an hour before a religious anniversary, where the speakers are introduced, compare notes, imbibe each other's spirit, so as to go out on the platform with a com-

mon feeling, and an acquaintance formed at a social repast, would relieve the dullness of many a May meeting in New York, and would greatly tend to cement Christians of various names together. These are "lovefeasts" that might be safely and profitably introduced among us. The tea-drinking in a room in Exeter Hall, which preceded the meeting of the London Tract Society, where noble men representing the different branches of the Church spent an hour in pleasant social intercourse, I will never forget—as I can never forget the soiree in Geneva.

We returned to our lodgings at about eleven o'clock in the evening, greatly gratified with our first day spent in Geneva. We all regretted that D'Aubigne did not sustain the impressions made on us by his noble History of the Reformation. If we act toward him, when he visits America, as he did toward the company of American clergy at the soiree, he will write us down as bores. He is getting up some fame for his iniquities, especially toward Americans. His History of the Reformation has given him a wide reputation, and, to save himself from the annoyances which are the tax of fame, he should not turn clown.

Questioning the Dying.

"An Invalid," writing for the N. Y. Observer, makes the following suggestions:

A delicate subject for criticism, since the experiences of the departing are very diversified, and admit of diversified treatment. But is not a practice so prevalent, as obituary sketches show this to be, worthy of consideration? For myself, in reading these interrogatories, sometimes their number, sometimes their character, and sometimes the motive which seems to prompt them, impress me unpleasantly.

Consider what an effort it may cost the patient, in acute distress, or deathly prostration, even to listen, to the question.

Consider that, for many reasons, it may task him to find a fitting answer, and to utter it when found.

Consider the disquietude he feels when conscious that his reply has been imperfect or inaccurate and he has no strength to amend it.

Consider how irksome to repeat utterances already made in pain, and how a feeling dies out by being repeatedly expressed.

Consider how lethargic and vacant the mind sometimes is in extreme sickness, and how evanescent its notions; how it needs to be soothed, and sustained by gentle words from others, rather than tasked to give forth its own.

Consider how often in sickness the soul craves retirement, repose, and silence.

"In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God I find."

Of the young lady whose last days are described in the New York Observer, March 3rd, 1865, we have this record: On the afternoon preceding her decease, she, with effort, passed through an extended interview with her pastor and other friends, delivering messages, hearing and reciting Scriptures, hymns, &c., and then "she was evidently exhausted. We aroused her several times, but finally, about sunset, a friend coming in asked her if she knew him, and she replied, 'Yes, but don't ask me.' She made the same reply to several questions, and then added, 'I am so tired, I am so tired.'"

"She was evidently exhausted," yet we aroused her several times, and put several questions. Was this right?

The late Dr. Cutler, in his last illness, (1863), made one deliberate and extended expression of his mind, and, subsequently, as one seemed expecting some renewed testimony to the praise of Divine grace, he only uttered these words, "I have said my say—I have no wish to change it."

The Rev. Samuel Whelpley, on his death-bed. New York, July 14, 1817, replied to a question from Dr. Spring in a way that indicated that his mind was at peace, and then added, "My dear brother, let that be the last question."

The Rev. James L. Sloss, Florence, Alabama, August 5, 1841, when a few moments before he expired, one of his physicians began to converse with him, suddenly exclaimed, "Be silent, my brother, I wish to commune with my Saviour."

"I shall say no more," "I shall say no more," are the memorable words with which

Mrs. Dr. Abel Stevens entered her last sleep. Please good friends, be considerate in questioning the dying.

Habits of Great Students.

Magliabecchi, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, never stirred abroad, but lived amid books. They were his bed, board, and washing. He passed eight and forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the wall of Florence; once to go two leagues, by order of the Grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread and water, in great moderation.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet, a dog he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond.

An ivory crucifix stood at the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck around with caricatures of the Pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate, took his guitar with him into the porch, and there executed some musical fantasia, (for he was a skillful musician,) when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after a summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say, that after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers.—That great gaunt man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning at five or six o'clock he had books, manuscripts and papers carried to him there; and had he occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his latter years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing, and went about his out-door duties for days, weeks, and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again he went to bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

Aristotle was a tremendous worker. He took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it.—He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to commence work.

Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the sea-side, laboring to overcome the defects in his voice. There he read, studied and declaimed.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage at mid-day; Byron at midnight. Hardouin rose at four in the morning, and wrote till late at night.

Rabelais composed his life of Gargantua at Bailli in the company of Roman cardinals, and under the eyes of the Bishop of Paris. La Fontaine wrote his fables chiefly under the shade of a tree, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau.

Pascal wrote most of his thoughts on little scraps of paper at his by-moments. Fenelon wrote his Telemachus in the Palace at Versailles, at the Court of the Grand Monarque, when discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin.—That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and be written by a priest, may seem strange.

De Quincy first promulgated his notion of universal freedom of persons and trade, and of throwing all taxes on the land—the germ, perhaps, of the French Revolution—in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour.

Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light and inspiration from Heaven. Pope could never compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

The life of Leibnitz was one of reading, writing and meditation. That was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of the gout he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair, and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented his walking about, even had he wished to do so.

In Japan, boys become men at about fifteen years of age. They then receive a new name and have their heads shaved. For every advance in rank, the name is changed for a new one. This change of name is carried to such an extent, that no subordinate is allowed to retain the name of his chief, and when an individual is appointed to a high station, every one under him who chances to be his name sake must immediately change his name.

A German preacher said of preaching, "Your arrow should be shot from a tight bow-string of a perfect inward confidence and certainty; then it becomes the arrow of the Lord's deliverance."

The Old Testament and the New.

They who belonged to the former were like men living in a valley, above whose heads rolled a sea of vapor, hiding from them the mountain peaks which rose near, and the light resting on their summits. Now and then, through a sudden rift in the vapor, there stole a ray of light and lingered for a moment on some favored spot in the valley beneath. Now and then some one dwelling in that favored spot, and endowed with a keener insight than the rest, followed that ray of light till his eye rested on the mountain summit. It was but for a moment that he was permitted to see such things, yet it was long enough to make him rejoice in hope; long enough to make him a preacher to others of what he had been privileged to see. We on the other hand, stand on the mountain-top, on which the sun has risen; on which the full light now shineth. The vapors which once hid the valley are rolled away. To us the whole landscape is disclosed. We see, therefore, not the mountain only, but the valley. We see both mountain and valley radiant with a Divine glory, bright with the everlasting sunshine of God.—J. J. Stewart Perowne, D. D.

SECESSION OF THE COLORED ELEMENT FROM A VIRGINIA CHURCH.

At a recent session of the Methodist conference in this city, Bishop Simpson sent a colored preacher, the Rev. Mr. Lawson, to Staunton, Va., to preach to the blacks there. He preached one-half day in the Methodist Church Vestry to a black audience. The next day the white clergymen of Staunton met, and voted that hereafter no colored man should preach at that place, but that once in four weeks one of their number should preach exclusively to the blacks. The black members of the Methodist Church, 300 in number, and paying nearly all the parish expenses, thereupon seceded, leaving that church to its 18 white members, and organized a flourishing church of their own in the spacious room of a carriage-manufactory. The Baptist clergymen, seeing the ruin of the Methodist Church, and conscious of the inability of his own white flock to sustain him, immediately sent an offer of his vestry, to a colored Baptist clergyman. The offer was accepted, and ever since that day the two most flourishing churches in Staunton are the Black Methodist and the White and Black Baptist.

Making A Needle.

Needles are made of steel wire. The wire is first cut out by shears, from coils, into the length of the needles to be made. After a batch of such bits of wire have been cut off, they are placed in a hot furnace, then taken out and rolled backward and forward until they are straight. They are now ready to be ground. The needle pointer takes up two dozen of the wires and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grindstone, first on one end and then on the other. Next is a machine which flattens and gutters the heads of ten thousand needles in an hour. Next comes the punching of the eyes, done by a boy so fast that the eye can hardly keep pace with him. The splitting follows, which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these twin needles. A woman with a little anvil before her, files between the heads and separates them. They are now complete needles, but they are rough and rusty and easily bend. The hardening comes next. They are heated in batches in a furnace, and when red hot are thrown into a pan of cold water. Next, they must be tempered and this is done by rolling them backward and forward on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewn over them, oil is sprinkled and soft soap daubed over the cloth; the cloth is rolled up hard and with several others of the same sort, thrown in a sort of wash-pot to roll to and fro twelve hours or more. They come out dirty enough; but after rinsing in clean hot water and a tossing in sawdust, they become bright, and are ready to be sorted and to be put up for sale.

BEAUTIFUL!

At a Sabbath school anniversary in London two little girls presented themselves to receive the prize, one of whom had recited one verse more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of Scripture. The gentleman who presided inquired, "And could you not have learned one verse more, and thus have kept up with Martha?"

"Yes, sir," the blushing child replied; "but I loved Martha, and kept back on purpose." "And was there any one of all the verses you have learned," again inquired the president, "that taught you this lesson?" "There was, sir," she answered, blushing still more deeply: "In honor preferring one another."

For the American Lutheran:

Angel Visits.

No. 3.

ANGELS AT THE COUCH OF THE DYING BELIEVER.

Good angels minister to the righteous in the hour of death. We gather this from the parable of the rich man and Lazarus where it is said, "Lazarus died and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom." Go with me to that chamber of suffering. Look upon that emaciated form. See those trembling hands. Behold that palsied tongue. Note the painful laboring of the breath. Feel the languid beating of the pulse. Observe the sinking of the system, the rapid ebbing of the life-tide. Oppressive stillness reigns in that hall. Friends with saddened countenance are congregated. They vent their grief in bitter, scalding tears.

Stranger! intrude not! "Keep silence!" Startle not the "strangely solemn peace" with echoing foot-step!

The death-angel is there! His visage is fierce, dark and relentless. To oppose him is madness! You cannot thwart his power! You are impotent to baffle his designs. The curse has gone forth on its errand; of slaughter and cannot be recalled, "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Cease then your futile attempts to save the victim! The monster Death will do his will! He is keeping faithful sentinel at that bedside! He mockingly challenges the utmost skill of the physician! He is intently watching over that marble face! He is spreading over it the palor of the grave!

He has well-nigh fixed the eye! Nearly ceased the throbbing of the heart! He is to move in directly as a tenant of that tabernacle! O death! "rigid lord!" He has come to seize his "bonded debtor!" To take possession of "his heritage!" To wreak "petty vengeance on the flesh!"

To gloat over the dissolving body! To open the tomb! To weave the shroud! To fashion the coffin? To dissect the spirit from every nerve of the flesh! To claim "the heriot clay!" In a moment he will have entered and pervaded all that fabric! "He is waiting at the head, standing at the feet and hiding within the caverns of the breast!" Ah! well! Let the cruel despot do his worst!

That "hovel" he is now demolishing will one day grow into a mansion, be rebuilt in celestial beauty, refashioned into the imitable elegance of the risen and glorified temple of the Lord Jesus Christ! That bud he is now blighting, one day will be shaped anew and burst into a flower, be transplanted into the congenial soil of a new life and bloom forever in the Paradise of God! That body the dark tyrant is now despoiling is the body of a Christian. The angels of God stand by him. Ah! I saw them as they came! Sweeping along the air! Rushing like the sound of many waters! Clothed in the transcendent glories of celestial splendor and singing in the sublime strains of triumphal joy! They surround the dying couch! They contend for the mastery! The evil spirits of hell are vanquished! The good angels put to flight the angels of darkness! they comfort the dying hero! They cheer and assist him in this needful and dismal hour! They aid him in the last great conflict of frail mortality with the King of Terrors! But look! Now the last struggle is over! These heaven-sent messengers receive in charge the disenthralled spirit and conduct it safely to the realms of the blessed. They go upward with a shout! They ride upon the heavens! They ascend on high! Their music is sweet and enchanting, and as the golden portals of Paradise close and conceal them from view, methinks I catch the last line of their song. "O! clap your hands all ye people of the earth, shout for triumph ye hosts of heaven!"

Let the dark tyrant have the leprous clay, the corrupted matter! Let it "be wafted by the waves!" Let him scatter it to the winds. Let its atoms drift to the most distant climes! Let them mingle with the palm trees of Egypt or the cedars of Lebanon, let them nourish the oaks and cattle of Bashan, let them hang from the tea-plants of China and the fruit trees of India! It matters not whether these particles are blown. Over them death and putrefaction have but a temporary power. The eye of Omnipotence is upon those morsels! God will guide them by his care! He will watch all their wanderings! By and by the archangel will sound! Instantly these fragments of humanity shall converge! They shall team with life! The soul now at rest shall come and claim the resurrected clay! The leprosy shall be forever healed, corruption shall put on incorruption, mortality be arrayed in immortality and the body henceforth be "at peace with the spirit!"

Oh how great is the goodness and compassion of God, in appointing his holy angels, the noblest of all his creatures, the great and glorious inhabitants of the invisible world, to guard us, to guide and assist us in all our ways, to encompass our path, to be a safeguard to our persons, to support the sinking soul in the trying hour of death, to promote its eternal safety and happiness, and on dove-like wings bear it home to glory!

Let us joyfully look forward to that blessed hour, when the galling fetters of sin shall be broken, sorrow assuaged, tears wiped away, and pains removed: when we shall sweetly and delightfully repose upon the bosom of Jesus, perform God's will without weariness, serve him without interruption, drink in a plenitude of endless joys, and shall go to dwell "forever with the Lord, amidst an innumerable company of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect."

Massachusetts.

The author of Angel Visits, No. 2, desires to correct the following typographical errors made in that article—viz—estimates, should be intimates—of execution, or execution—emulation should be exultation.

For the American Lutheran.

DO YOU ATTEND CHURCH?

I do not ask whether you are a Catholic or a Protestant; whether you are a Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Lutheran, or an Episcopalian; or whether you have thrown off all religious restraint, in order that you may pursue your business or pleasure untrammelled. But I ask you the simple question—as one who is accountable to God for your actions—do you attend Church? Remember, each returning Sabbath brings you nearer the grave. Does it find you in the Sanctuary of God, preparing for heaven, or in the pursuit of your business or pleasure—or what is worse, nursing your indolence, and whirling you on the road to ruin?

Reflect, you are accountable, not only for what you do know, but also for what you might know. And it will be an unavailing plea in the Great Day of Final Accounts, that you did not attend Church, and therefore did not know so much of your duty as you might have known; nay, such a plea will rather increase your condemnation. In the parable of the wedding supper, one of the invited guests excused himself upon the ground that he had purchased a farm, and must needs go and see it; another, that he had bought five yoke of oxen, and must needs prove them; and a third, that he had married a wife, and therefore could not come; but these excuses only aggravated their sin, and added to their condemnation. I ask you, fellow-traveller to the Bar of God—as one who must meet you there—do you attend upon the services of the Sanctuary on the Lord's day; and if not, why?

J. R. SIXES.

How to Cripple a Church.

In contests with the enemy, we always rejoice when we have crippled him, for then the prospect of an ultimate triumph in his complete overthrow is brightened.

Satan seeks the ruin of the church, and that, too, by first crippling her. Happily for him, and as a means wisely adapted to the end, he enlists sometimes a part, and sometimes the whole, of the church itself with him in the work of destruction; and the danger of her final overthrow from her doings or her neglects, is none the less real, because, perhaps, she unwittingly does as she ought not to do, or neglects doing what she ought to do. The following considerations may throw some light on the way the church is sometimes crippled and ruined. We address church members:

1. Disregard of the duty of family prayer. This will bring a blight on you and through you on the church; and if your conscience should reprove you for your neglect, you can quiet it by referring to the press of business, or the misconduct of others.

2. Let your absence at covenant meeting be the general rule, and your presence the exception; and gradually the church will be shorn of her strength and lie down in pitiable weakness.

3. Discard the obligation to influence your children to attend public worship, and they will not be likely to be converted, nor the church built up by their becoming members of it.

4. In conversation with men whose discourse abounds with profanity, not only never rebuke them, but occasionally give your approbation by smiling.

5. Allow yourself the free use of low vulgar words, and your unconverted, intelligent associates will admit that possibly your religion may have salvation in it, but it certainly has not refinement.

6. Adopt the prevalent notion that religion is important only as it secures happiness here and hereafter, and that you are to pay no regard to the cultivation and enlargement of those faculties which distinguish man from the brute. Then many of the attractions and much of the power so necessary to the rebuilding of the church will be wanting, and she will of course be crippled.

7. Give but little attention to order and system in keeping the house of worship clean and warin. Whatever may be necessary to be done in these respects, leave to whoever may chance to do it, or leave it undone.

8. Let your listlessness indicate that you have but little confidence in wholeheartedness in efforts to convert your fellow men. Your indifference will be readily seen by the unconverted, and regarded as a true index of your feelings in respect to the nature and necessity of religion, and they will be likely to act accordingly.

9. If your pastor should suggest the importance of more enterprise, tell him your Bible teaches, Job 23: 10, "Remove not the old landmarks."

It is thought that by attention to these rules, "Ichabod" may be written on the church.—*Morning Star.*

Individualism.

REV. S. H. PLATT.

God calls for a more strict individualism. Generalization is the tendency of the times. Man's ideas are getting too large to dwell long on personal responsibility. We merge our own responsibility in the duty of the mass of the society of the Church, forgetful that what is the duty of the whole, is, in part, a duty of each component part of that whole.

The means within our reach must be used, or we will fail; and by one failure the whole fails. We want to be more deeply imbued with the sentiment, that the design of the Christian life is to save the world, not to secure social position, wealth, &c.; and that all the responsibility arising from the fact that we exist, and may be useful, rests upon us in our personal identical character.

Again: as a consequence of this individualism, God calls for believing Christians. Faith is the grand moving force, and the promises are the fundamental law of the kingdom of God on earth. All that force might do within the limits of its law we do not know; but one thing we do know; it might raise the dull, inert mass of mere profession to the level of possible attainment, and then grapple with all the facts of existence with the power of a determined conqueror. It might infuse into the praying heart the consciousness of its strength, and inspire it to seek a sphere of action worthy of its responsibilities and its destiny. It might clothe our responsibilities with such a fixedness of identity as would extort from every prostrate soul the anxious inquiry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" and then send forth a flaming messenger of salvation to the world around.

God calls for an aggressive Christianity in the lives of his people. The first religious impulses felt by the child of God are aggressive. Like the first physical effort of the newborn child for the air, they indicate a necessity of the being! And as, when great exertion is required, an increased action of the physical organs is demanded, so earnest, straight-forward, zealous aggression feeds the spiritual powers, and tunes them up to greater efforts and more lasting triumphs. The most holy Christians are those that fight the most. Oh, how much is needed a generation of daring warriors for God, who shall court danger, and esteem peril as a privilege, and sacrifice an honor!

THE CATTAWISSA RAILROAD.

This road has been leased to the Atlantic and Great Western R. R. Co., for a period of nine hundred and ninety nine years, commencing on the 12th of December next. Those who have any knowledge of the A. & G. W. R. R. will know that this company intends to connect New York with the Pacific Ocean, by means of this great thoroughfare. The route is now open from New York to St. Louis Mo. A few more years will witness the completion of the R. R. across the great Western plains. Passengers by the through train to San Francisco will then leave New York on Monday morning, take dinner at the Herdier House, Williamsport, and supper at Corry, Pa. Here New York passengers going to the oil regions will alight, and San Francisco and China passengers, returning home from the oil regions take the train. By Tuesday morning the train will have arrived in central Ohio. During Tuesday the cars will traverse western Ohio, and the state of Indiana. On Tuesday night the prairies of Illinois will be crossed. On Wednesday morning about sun-rise the train will cross the Mississippi River and passengers will breakfast at St. Louis. During Wednesday the train will cross the state of Missouri, passing along the banks of the Missouri River. Dining at Jefferson City, and taking supper somewhere on the borders of Kansas, the train will hereafter have to draw on its own resources, as there will scarcely be any accommodations for feeding passengers at the stopping places. During Wednesday night about one third of Kansas will be traversed. The train will cross Smoky Hill Fork on Thursday morning. During the whole of Thursday the train will pass through Kansas and will reach Colorado about Thursday evening. On Thursday night the train will cross the Rocky Mountains. About 2 o'clock on Friday afternoon the train will reach Salt Lake City. Here the Saints will pass through the cars offering cakes, pies and peanuts to the passengers. By Friday evening the Humboldt Mountains will be crossed and the passengers will get a glimpse of Nevada yet before night sets in. Carson City will be reached by early breakfast time on Saturday morning, and soon after the train will reach the Golden State. Sacramento City is reached by dinner-time and by evening the passengers will alight in San Francisco, having come through from New York without change of cars in just one week, they will attend church in San Francisco on the morrow.

Object Lessons.

IMPROVEMENTS in teaching, which have been adopted in the common schools sometimes find their way slowly into the Sabbath-School. Among the latest movements of this kind is that familiarly known as "Object teaching." The system is not so new as some suppose it to be, having been in use in Europe for nearly a century, though only recently introduced into this country. The primary idea, which lies at the bottom of the system, is to cultivate in childhood the senses and the perceptive faculties. For this purpose, real objects are brought into the school-room to be described. The children are directed to look at the object and tell its color, size, shape, and so forth; to feel it, smell it, sometimes to taste it, and so on, that their senses may be practiced in making observations of whatever objects are brought before them. Exercises of this kind, if conducted with skill and discretion, are very pleasing and even exciting to the children, converting study into pastime, and are certainly very useful. It is wonderful to notice how much people differ in their power of observation. Of two men travelling together, and enjoying the same opportunities, one will see three times as much as the other, simply because one knows how to use his eyes, and the other does not. This education of the senses is effected sometimes by stern necessity, as in the case of the North American Indian and the Arab of the desert, sometimes by the teachings of a wise mother in the nursery, and sometimes (far too seldom) at school. Sports, particularly those of boys, have a most important use in training the senses.

The familiar story of the "Lost Camel," an old Arab tradition, will show how valuable this training of the observing faculties is, and to what an extent it may be carried.

A Dervise, while journeying alone in the desert, was met by two merchants. "You have lost a camel," said he to them. "We have," they replied. "Was the camel blind in his right eye, and lame in one of his legs?" said the Dervise. "He was," answered the merchants. "Had he lost a front tooth?" said the Dervise. "He had," was their reply. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly," was the answer; "and as you have seen him so lately, you can doubtless tell us where he may be found." "My friends," said the Dervise, "I have neither seen your camel, nor even heard of him, except from you." "A strange assertion, indeed!" said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed part of his burden?" "I have neither seen your camel, or your jewels," replied the Dervise.

He was now seized by them, and hurried before the Cadi. On the strictest examination, however, no evidence was found against him, either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the Dervise, with perfect composure, thus addressed the court:

"I have been greatly amused with your proceedings, and I confess there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have passed many years in this desert, and even here I find ample scope for observation. I saw the track of a camel, and I knew it had strayed from its owner; because there was no mark of any human footstep to be seen on the same route. I perceived the animal was blind in one eye, as it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path. I knew that it was lame, from the faint impressions that one of its feet had made in the sand. I concluded that the camel had lost one tooth; because wherever it grazed, the herbage was left uncropped in the centre of the bite. As to what composed the burden of the beast, I had only to look at the ants, carrying away the wheat on one side, and at the clustering flies that were devouring the honey on the other."

Stories equally marvellous are told of the American Indians, who have been noted beyond any other race for their power of observation and the keenness of their perceptions. Their modes of warfare, and their bodily wants, in living mainly by the chase, seem to have made them almost preternaturally quick in their use of the bodily senses.

Object lessons, judiciously pursued in the nursery and the school-room, though they may not produce results such as these, yet undoubtedly quicken the perceptive faculties, and prepare the way for other and higher modes of intellectual activity. The mistake which some educators have made, who have taken up the subject as a hobby, is that of attempting to carry the system beyond the age of childhood and through the high departments of study. In their zeal for the cultivation of the senses and the perceptive faculties, they seem to forget that these faculties, though important, as indeed every faculty of an immortal and rational being must be important, yet stand at the bottom of the scale of human excellencies. The child has other far higher and nobler faculties, which need cultivation and development. The reason, the judgment, the imagination, the conscience, the faculty of abstraction, the reflective powers—these are the qualities which chiefly ennoble human nature. No people have cultivated the senses and the observing powers to the same degree of perfection as the American Indians. Yet the Indian was only a savage, and never accomplished anything great or noble. The races that have done most to ennoble their kind, whose works and thoughts, more than those of any others, have influenced human affairs, have been those who, like the ancient Greeks, cultivated the imagination and the reflective powers.—S. S. Times.

Analogy of Scientific and Moral Truths.

Physical science has a claim to be included in any complete course of education, on account of its striking analogies with moral and religious truth. These belong to different spheres, but they were wrought by the same Divine hand and upon a similar model. Ideas gained in the one tend to enlarge and clear our apprehensions of the other. The language, which we constantly employ respecting the higher forms of truth, is largely based on imagery drawn from the lower. Light is the natural emblem of truth and holiness and joy; and the knowledge of the physical properties of the former opens a fresh insight into the moral relations of the latter. The grand simplicity of the law of attraction which pervades

the universe, controlling equally what is vast and what is minute, the near and the remote, constraining all to orderly and harmonious movement, exalts our conception of the sublime control of God's great law of love, by which the universe of moral being is controlled and harmonized, and made to circle around himself. In "the permanent and stable course of nature, resulting from the balance and neutralization of contrary tendencies,"—centripetal struggling with centrifugal forces, —winds battling with waves, heat with cold, acid, with alkali, pole set over against pole, free play allowed to mutually conflicting affinities, and opposing properties, yet all so adjusted as to form a perfect equilibrium which the roll of ages cannot disturb, there is presented an impressive counterpart to God's providential agency, in which all things work together for good, in which evil agencies and sinful passions and wicked men are made to thwart and check each other, and to promote instead of disturbing the wise and holy and beneficent purposes of the great Creator.—*Professor Green's Address at the Lafayette College.*

NO TIME TO READ.

How often do we hear men excuse themselves from subscribing to a paper or periodical by saying that they have "no time to read." When we hear a man thus excuse himself, we conclude he has never found time to confer any substantial advantage, either upon his family, his country, or himself. To hear a freeman thus express himself, is truly humiliating; and we can form no other opinion, than that such a man is of little importance to society. Such men generally have time to attend public barbecues, meetings, sales, and the like, but they have "no time to read."

They frequently spend whole days in gossiping, tipping, and swapping horses, but they have "no time to read." They sometimes lose a day in asking advice of their neighbors—sometimes a day in picking up news, the prices current and the exchange—but these men never have "any time to read." They have time to hunt, to fish, to fiddle, to drink, to "do nothing;" but "no time to read;" such men generally have uneducated children, unimproved farms and unhappy firesides. They have no energy, no spirit of improvement, no love of knowledge; they live "unknown and unknown," and often die unwept for and unregretted.

Young people often say they have no time to read, although they seem to have plenty of time to attend balls, dances, parties, &c., and squander much of their precious time in many ways that might be employed in storing their minds with useful knowledge, making them an ornament to society and a blessing to the world.

CHURCH VENTILATION.

Many persons have gone to church, taken cold, gone home, and died in a few days, from sitting in an ill-warmed or ill-ventilated church arising from the inattention or ignorance of sextons or indifference of church-officers; hence tens of thousands are interested to the extent of life and death in the perusal of these few lines. Perhaps three persons out of four who attend divine service on the Sabbath-day are conscious, within two minutes after taking their seats, that they have been in a hurry; that both mind and body have been more or less in a turmoil; they have been hurried in getting to church in time; the result is, they are overheated, that is, the body is in a state of warmth considerably above what is natural, and if in this condition they sit still, even for ten minutes in an atmosphere cooler than that of out-doors in summer or below sixty degrees at any time, a cold is the result, slight or more severe, according to the vigor and age of the individual. What would give but a trifling cold to a person in robust health, would induce inflammation of the lungs called by physicians pneumonia in an old person, or any one of infirm health. Many a person has taken cold and died of pneumonia in three or four days, although in perfect health previously, by sitting a few minutes in a fireless room in winter-time. The danger is still greater if the room has been closed for several days; this is specially applicable to houses of worship. Within a few minutes after the benediction, at the close of the Sabbath services, the house is shut up, doors, windows, and all; the atmosphere of the building has been saturated with the breath of the worshippers; as it becomes gradually cooler, this dampness condenses and falls toward the floor, so does the carbonic acid gas, which is what becomes so unpleasantly perceptible on entering a sleeping-chamber after a morning walk, and there is experienced a sepulchral dampness and closeness enough to chill any one on first entering the church, after having been closed several days. We once knew a gentleman, who was something of an invalid to take a chill and die in a short time, from entering a warehouse in December, which had been closed for a week or two.

The practical conclusion is, that every church ought to have the windows and doors open for several hours, including the middle of the day, before it is opened for service. In cold weather, preparatory to the Sabbath service, this ventilation should be secured on Friday, and early on Saturday mornings fires should be built and steadily kept up, day and night, until the Sabbath services are concluded. A thermometer should be kept hanging about five feet from the floor, near the center of the building and the mercury should be kept at about sixty-five or seventy degrees in fire-time of year—better seventy than under sixty-five.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

BIBLE QUESTIONS.—What did Adam first plant in the Garden of Eden? Whose daughter was Noah?

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, December 28, 1865.

We have just heard the announcement of Dr. B. Kurtz's death; a great and good man has gone to receive his crown.

CLOSE OF VOLUME FIRST.

This number closes the first volume of the American Lutheran. Here we raise our Ebenezer. Hitherto the Lord has helped us.—Blessed be His holy name! We have had great and trying obstacles to overcome, and determined opponents to contend with, but we have also had faithful friends, to whom, under God, we are indebted for the establishment of our paper, so far as the securing of subscribers is concerned. We hereby extend our sincere thanks to those brethren; they have done a good work, the Lord reward and bless them for it. May others emulate them in these their labors of love.

From the experience of the past, we look forward to the future with a cheerful hope. We confidently believe that the friends of the American Lutheran will exert themselves in the coming year even more than they did in the year that is just closing, to extend its circulation. Let every friend of the good cause constitute himself an agent to renew all the present subscriptions, and get as many new ones as possible. If all would do this, our list would be doubled in less than six months, and as soon as that is accomplished we intend to publish the American Lutheran every week. We especially solicit pastors of congregations to put forth efforts to obtain subscribers; this is a very appropriate time at the beginning of a new volume. The simplest and easiest way for the pastors, is to announce to their congregations from the pulpit that they are authorized to act as agents for the American Lutheran, and such of their members who desire a religious paper, will immediately come forward and subscribe. We look for a large increase to our subscription list during the coming year.

THE PHILADELPHIA PROFESSORS AND FREEMASONS.

The "Lehre und Wehre," organ of the Missouri Symbolists, complains that the "so-called protestant preachers" do not raise their voices against the Freemasons. "Even such Lutheran preachers," says the Lehre und Wehre, "who profess to be true Lutherans, are mostly silent, which unfaithfulness and manfeaning spirit will receive a severe retribution at the Judgment day. We have those in our eye, belonging to the General Synod (for example those in Philadelphia,) of whom better things should be expected."

Why does the faculty of the new Seminary at Philadelphia keep silent on the subject of Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, and secret societies in general? Why do they not, like the Missouri brethren, hurl their anathemas against these secret associations? Simply because, we suppose, they do not regard them in the same light as the Missourians do. It is altogether likely that some of the professors belong to one or more of these secret fraternities themselves, and how could they, therefore, consistently raise their united voice against the Freemasons?

Our Philadelphia brethren may soon expect to "hear thunder from away up the river (not the Jordan)," but the Missouri. They have committed three mortal sins, which the Missourians will never forgive, unless repented of in sackcloth and ashes:

1. They tolerate the Chiliasts, having lately elected two of them into their faculty.
2. They import students from that unchristian Missionary Institute, Chrisehona, near Basel;
3. They do not condemn the Freemasons, it being altogether likely that some of the Professors belong to them themselves.

These crying sins the Missourians have condemned in denunciations long and loud, and have given broad hints to their Philadelphia brethren on this subject, but thus far the warning has been unheeded. So, look out for the "thunder" from Missouri.

We can see but two ways of escape for the Philadelphia symbolists from this dilemma:

1. They must cry PECCAVI! we have sinned: dear Missourians, forgive us; we will do so no more, and we will put the evil far from us; we will excommunicate our Chiliasts; we will import no more students from Chrisehona; we will forsake the Freemasons and denounce them; or as they will probably be to proud or stubborn to do this,

2. They will have to stand upon their dignity, and rebuke this impertinent and officious intermeddling of the Missourians in matters that don't concern them. Something like this: What right have you "foreigners," you "dutchmen," away out in Missouri, to intermeddle in our affairs? What is it your business that we tolerate the chiliasts, or where we get our students, or that we fraternize with the Freemasons? Do you attend to your own business in Missouri and we will attend to ours in Philadelphia. This may lead to a new and deplorable controversy, and postpone indefinitely

that symbolic General Synod which has been talked of among the enemies of our General Synod, but as it is a matter altogether among the symbolists, we American Lutherans may look on the contest with placid indifference.

THE NORTHERN CONFERENCE.

The Northern Conference of the Synod of Central Pennsylvania convened at Middleburg, Rev. Breininger's charge Dec. 7th 1865.—The opening sermon was preached from I. Thes. 5. 18.

The following brethren were absent without excuse: Rev's Erlenneyer, Studebaker, Grothe, Burkholder, and J. M. Anspach.

The following brethren were elected officers for the ensuing year: Pres. D. Kloss, Sec. L. K. Secrist, Treas. D. Sell.

The reports on the state of religion in the charges belonging to our Conference showed that the cause of God is flourishing. A number of the brethren have enjoyed revivals. May these continue till all are converted and to God be the glory.

Bellefonte, Salona, and Aaronburg charges were reported vacant.

On motion it was resolved to supply these charges with preaching—as follows viz: Salona to be supplied by Dr. Ziegler and his students; Bellefonte, D. Sell on Christmas, J. H. Davidson January 21st, L. K. Secrist Feb. 25th, and P. Gheen March 18.

With regard to Salona charge it was Resolved, That Conference recommend the proposed division, allowing Ziegler's church to unite with Bellefonte. The following Preamble and Resolution with regard to the professorship in the Missionary Institute at Selins Grove were passed: Whereas we regard the Missionary Institute and especially its theological department as an instrumentality of great good in our Lutheran Zion; and whereas efforts are now in progress for the endowment of the said Theological Department; Therefore Resolved that our churches shall be open for any agent who may be appointed to solicit contributions for this object.

Conference will convene in Salona, Feb.—22nd 1866. L. K. Secrist.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR BRO. ANSTADT,

Your paper has arrived and its contents have been closely scanned. I am pleased

1. With its title. We greatly need a paper in our church, and especially here in the West, which is strictly not only evangelical, but also American in its character.
2. With its motto. We must agree to disagree on matters of minor importance.
3. With its contents and plan.

For the last few years my mind has been greatly occupied with the idea of getting up a small paper on a similar plan here in the West, but hitherto the way has been hedged up for want of means. Our church here in the West is in a deplorable condition; every thing seems to tend to symbolism, or to what is even worse, an elastic conservatism. I say "elastic," because you can stretch and squeeze it into almost any shape you wish and when you relax the pressure it will fly back to its original form.

Ashland, Donations.

DEAR BRO. ANSTADT:

Permit me to inform the public through the columns of your excellent paper, of the kindness and liberality of my devoted little congregation in Ashland. For several months past we have been the recipients of many substantial tokens of the kindness of our people, in the form of presents of greater or less value, all of which were very timely, and duly appreciated. But the crowning act was performed on the 7th of Dec. by the following named young men, who presented their Pastor with a neat and excellent overcoat. The following are the names of the young men who performed this noble, and highly appreciated act.

Benj. Driesbach, J. C. Logan, M. Rich, J. W. Weimer, C. Rich, Wm. Burkman, Gustav Horn.

Thus these young men memorialized the great National day of thanksgiving. May the great author of all good long continue to prosper them.

Ashland, Pa. Dec. 15th. 1865.

Ashland, Pa. Dec. 21st 1865.

DEAR BRO. ANSTADT:

I sent you, a few days since, an account of the generosity and kindness of some of the young men of my congregation. I now have an equally interesting and pleasing account to give of the ladies. Last evening, a number of ladies connected with my congregation, called on us to spend a social hour. They remained until 10 o'clock, during which time, I think all parties enjoyed themselves very much. They then retired, leaving us much better off than when they came, for when the packages which they left, were opened, we found a number of valuable articles in the way of clothing, provisions &c. &c.

Long may their fair faces glow with the flush of health and happiness! Long may their kind hearts continue to throb with pious impulses! May heaven continue to bless them while on earth, and when life's pilgrimage is ended, may it receive them to its unwasting pleasures!

J. R. Stiles, Pastor Eng. Ev. Luth. Chr. Ashland, Pa.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST is one of the very best exchanges on our list. It is a universal favorite in the household both among the children and the old folks. Every farmer ought to have it, and every owner of a kitchen or flower garden will be benefitted by it. We can also recommend it to our readers for the moral tone that pervades its pages; the publisher, Mr. Judd, has for many years been a very efficient and successful Sabbath school teacher.

REASONS WHY the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST is taken by more than a hundred thousand subscribers: It is for the whole family—for the Farm, the Garden, the Orchard, and also for the Household, including the Children and Youth; indeed, tens of thousands of copies are taken in our cities and villages for the Household and Youth's Department alone, while its other departments are valuable to every one cultivating a foot of land. It is most beautifully printed and illustrated with Hundreds of Fine Engravings every year. These are both pleasing and instructive; the Agriculturist may well be styled a Rural and Household Illustrated Magazine. It is an ornament to the table of any family.—In short, the American Agriculturist is full of good, reliable, interesting, and instructive articles and items, and is adapted to all parts of the country, and to every man, woman and child in the land. We advise every family to subscribe at the present time, and receive the 25th Annual Volume, now beginning.

TERMS.—\$1.50 a year; Four copies for \$5; Ten for \$12; Twenty or more copies, \$1 each. An extra copy to the one making up a club of Ten or Twenty. Volume XXV. begins with the next number. Published by ORANGE JUDD & CO., 41 Park Row, New York.

Physical Science in the Work of Education.

Such is the title of an address delivered on the 25th of July last at Easton, Pa., by the Rev. W. Henry Green, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., upon the laying of the corner-stone of the Jenks' Chemical Hall at Lafayette College. We have read it with interest, and we trust, not without profit. It is a very lucid exposition of the subject discussed. The intimate and important relations of physical science to the work of education are not generally felt or understood. Hence the comparatively little stress laid by many upon the study of this science as essential to a thorough education. The address of Professor Green is calculated to impart light on this subject, and hence its general circulation will be of good service.

"Physical studies," he tells us, and that very correctly, "are well adapted to cultivate qualities or habits of mind essential to a well-balanced character, or to a properly educated man.—They teach humility, that prime quality in a philosopher, and indispensable element of true greatness, by showing the narrow limits within which our knowledge is confined, and the ages required to evolve truths which now appear self-evident.—They teach patience with difficulties, unbiased love of truth for its own sake, habits of intelligent observation, the ability to extract gratification and profit from whatever is around us; and in the combination of men of various nations and of different creeds in the pursuit of a common end they give promise of universal union and fellowship, a dim foreshadowing of that glorious future which God has promised in his word."

The general truth thus enunciated, is very clearly set forth and fully established in the progress of the address. It would be interesting to present extracts bearing us out in this assertion. Our present limits, however, will not admit of this. We can only advise those who may have access to the address, to give it a careful perusal.—G. R. Mess.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The publishers of this beautiful magazine have issued a magnificent number for January. The leading steel engraving, "The Forest Gleaner," is a perfect gem of beauty. We do not know where the publishers of the Lady's Friend get such beautiful designs for their engravings. Then we have a gorgeous colored plate, "The Hand Banner Screen in Cheniele in Velvet," which the ladies say is magnificent. The large double colored Steel Fashion Plate is as usual superb—we had almost said unequalled. Another engraving, called "Stephen Wharton's Will," which illustrates a fine story, is very suggestive. Then we have a beautiful plate of Children skating, intended to illustrate the winter styles of children's clothing; with numerous other plates illustrating Hair Nets Winter Dresses, Borders for Jackets, various new styles of Bonnets, Winter Casques, Paletots—Jackets Embroidery, Chemises Night Dress, Ancient Head-Dresses, Patchwork, &c. &c.

The Prospectus of this Magazine for next year embodies a splendid list of contributors. Address Deacon & Peterson, 316 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

AN ABLE CORPS OF WRITERS.—That admirable family paper the Sunday-School Times, of Philadelphia, has secured the services of TWENTY of the best writers in the country as contributors to its columns for 1866. The pub-

lishers announce an attractive list of PREMIUMS to be given to those who get up clubs of new subscribers. It is one of the cheapest weekly papers published, considering the amount, originality, freshness and variety of matter it contains. Send for sample copies and a list of the PREMIUMS, which will be furnished FREE, on application to the publishers, J. C. Garrigues & Co., 148 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

INTERESTING REVIVAL IN EAST TENNESSEE.—A correspondent of the Presbyterian forwards an account of a revival in Rev. Vance's congregation, (O. S.) at Baker's Creek, in East Tennessee. The revival commenced with a round of prayer-meetings, held by young men returned from the army. A protracted meeting followed, the church was crowded, and the Spirit of God was present with power, and at the last accounts the interest was increasing. This account is the more pleasant from the fact that Dr. Vance is the only minister of Knoxville Presbytery who remained to continue his labors during the past four years of war. And he is the only minister of that Presbytery, who, from the beginning, maintained unhesitating and unconditional loyalty to the Church and to the country. Since September, 1861, he has been almost entirely alone. Living two hundred and fifty miles from any Presbytery, he has continued abundant in labors amid the greatest trials and the most perplexing anxieties. His field of labor has been the theatre of war. It has formed the ground for the advancing and receding forces of the contending armies.—His people have become familiar with the highway robber and the blood-thirsty guerrilla.—And now, when the dark day of their calamity is over, and the young men of the Church, graciously preserved, have returned to their homes, it is with no ordinary joy that the aged pastor and his people repair to the sanctuary, not only to recount mercies that have passed but to behold such displays of God's glorious grace as lead the father of the Church to exclaim: "We have never witnessed such scenes before."

MARRIED LIFE.—The following beautiful and true sentiments are from the pen of that charming writer, Frederika Bremer, whose observations might well become rules of life, so appropriate are they to many of its phases: "Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One single little lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life; a small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together and sit idle. Do not run much from home. One's own hearth is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage my friends begin like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow breath. And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always, my children, to please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Layish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. Spare, as and may say, fuel for the winter. Consider, my daughters, what the worn wife expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to confide house and family; be able to entrust to her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honor and his home are under her keeping—his well being in her hand. Think of this! And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families."

Separating the Sexes in Railway Coaches.

A correspondent of one of our exchanges thus bewails the custom introduced on some of the railroads of separating the male from the female passengers:

"That sorting out of the flock—putting the ribbons in one car and the whiskers in another—while it fails to benefit the ribbons, is a positive damage to the whiskers, when it is not a positive slander. Pen men up together, and if they do not behave like cattle, it will be in spite of the pen. Ladies sprinkled through the car keep the entire train upon its honor, give it a human, home-like look, refine travel, and elevate the car from a common carrier to an educator. To have known a fine woman is a liberal education," is an old English utterance good enough for a proverb.—But this segregating fashion is barbarous, and worthy of the Turks."

A RELIC OF COLONIAL HISTORY.—There is on exhibition on Boston Common the remains of a ship of from sixty to seventy tons burden, which sailed from England to Virginia in 1626, and after a six week's voyage, was wrecked upon Cape Cod. It was soon covered with sand, and a salt meadow formed over it, from which the grass has been mowed for a century or two, until May, 1863, when a storm washed away the beach and exposed it to view. The oak planking, ten inches wide, and the timbers, are as sound as ever, but the nails and bolts and the iron work have rusted away. The remains, which give a perfect idea of what she was, have been put together by Boston shipbuilders, thus reproducing the style of ships in which the first settlers of this country braved the perils of the ocean in search of their western home.

The Germans in Missouri are inviting their friends in the Fatherland to come over and take up the unoccupied lands in that State, which yet belong to the government. It is said there are over six millions of acres

of these lands yet to be had at an one dollar acre, and much of it is very good. Some of the Germans are already on their way, and it is expected that a large increase of the population of Missouri will result from this movement.

THE LADIES FRIEND.

The Best of the Monthlies—devoted to Fashion and Pure Literature. \$2.50 a year; Two copies \$4; Eight (and one gratis) \$16. WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES given as Premiums. Send 15 cents for a sample copy to DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

Single numbers for sale by the news dealers.

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS DAILY NEWS PAPER.

The Philadelphia Inquirer contains eight pages and forty-eight columns of matter. It is printed with new copper-faced type. The Editorial Department of the paper has been entirely re-organized, and new correspondents engaged. The Inquirer is independent in its discussion on all topics of public interest.

The great aim of the INQUIRER is to become a Reliable Newspaper—reporting promptly and fairly every thing of public interest concerning all parties and all public men—neither distorting nor exaggerating facts. It will be the first duty of the Inquirer, on all occasions, to advocate the protection of our domestic manufactures and of the great IRON and COAL interests of Pennsylvania.

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

Children's Department.

Das Kristkindle.

We take the following from the *Guardian* for December. It is from the pen of the editor, Dr. Harbough.

O du lieber Kindheit's Christag!
Lebst noch wackrig in mein Hertz;
Denk ich an dich, was ein Pulschschlag
Fuehl ich—was ein Heumweh-Schmerz!
Dunkle Wolke sehn ich henka
Zwischen mir und s'eller Zeit;
Du scheinst awer in mein denka,
Besches Licht der Kindheit's Freud.

Ya, ich sehn der Christbaam funkla—
Schmünz an der Stuba Wand;
Was ein Licht war sell im dunkla—
Himmel sehn im Erdelnd!
Wer kann zehla die Geschenka—
Nuss und Zucker allerlei;
Mus m'r stauna, was m'r denka,
Wer schaff all die Sacha bei!

Des war sure der gut Kristkindle,
Er hot alles des gemacht;
Horst du net sie Bella klinge!
In der stillen Christennacht?
Ueber Berga, Hwiel, Fensa,
Yagt er mit seim Schlitta bei;
Stoppet am Haus, un kriecht ganz sacht
Mit seim Sack am Scharnsta nei.

'S is alles still!—die Kinner stecka
Snug im Bett un Trauma schoe;
Sancta Claus werd sie net wecka,
Er thut all sei Sach alleh;
Hantet der Baam mit schena Sacha;
Scheleicht herum im ganz Haus;
Legt sei Gaba raus mit Lacha,
Uud dann—Whew!—zum Scharnsta naus!

Moecht den Wandermann mol sehn,
Doch er is zu schell und schlaue!
Schmoked un licht er wie Leut mehna?
Is sei Bart sehr lang un grau?
Jot er Backa roth wie Appelp?
Is sei G'sicht so braud und fett?
Hangt sei lang Haar im Zepfel?
Is er so gar kreischlich nett?

Un sei Renntier,—acht im Schlitta!
Ach! ich'moecht ihn sehn geh;
Das is g'fahra, das is gritta—
Ueber Frost, un Eis, un Schnee!
Er thut bei sich selwer lacha;
Net weil's fahra geht so gut,
Awer weil er so viel Sacha,
Uf der Kinner Christbaam thut.

Deel Leut mehna des wer Fabel,
Es wer ken Kristkindle so;
Vogel pfeifen nach dem Schnabel,
Slove Christa glaaba selwer.
Ich hab ihn noch nie gescha,
In der heil'gen Christennacht;
Doch, sehn ich der Christbaam funkla,
Sag ich er hot des gemacht.

Sei gegruet du schoenes Meennle,
Biehe immer frisch un yung;
Deine Gute, deine Wunder,
Singt ein yede Kinder Zung!
Komme wieder, komme ewig,
Komme freudig, saunt un sacht;
Zier den Christbaam fuer die Kinner,
In der heil'gen Christennacht.

Rules For Home Education.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous position in every household!

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never promise them any thing unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a child to do a thing, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be repeated.
9. Never give your children any thing because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals the perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.
14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of obtaining happiness.

HOW TO TREAT CHILDREN.

Pity and love the little children. Tolerate their pets. Comfort Nellie over her dead bird, and don't call Molly's "little white kitty" a cat. It is enough to break a juvenile heart to have one's darling snubbed. How would you like to have your own Frederick Augustus called a "dirty young one"? The little ones have their tragedies and comedies, and laugh and weep more sincerely than you do at Falstaff or Lear. They love, marry, keep house, have children, have weddings and funerals, and dig little graves for dead mice in the garden, and mourn in small white handkerchiefs, and get brother Jim to write an appropriate inscription for its tiny head-board. Is not this human nature in little, and in its small ways, as deserving of certain respect? You do not despise your own reflections in a concave mirror, you know.

Cherish the children; mend the frocks; don't scold if they break their toys—for man is not more inevitably mortal than playthings. Don't strip their fat shoulders in winter, nor m in flannels in dog days, because

somebody told you so. Don't drug them; don't yarb them; don't stuff them with pastry nor starve them on chippy bread; don't send them to infant school at three, or fancy balls at ten. Let them have Christmas and Fairy stories; granpa's horse-came rather than Mr. Birch's ferule; Little Bo-peep, not English reader; Mary Howitt, not Jameson's Rhetoric. Give them Wilson's readers when they want them, not before.—Atlantic Monthly.

Kind Words.

"Sister Winnie, wont you fix my doll's dress for me? See here! It is all torn from the waist!"

"Oh, Alice, do go away! you annoy me so; don't you see that I am reading? Why can't you be quiet?"

And without heeding the tearful, pleading face, which turned away in disappointment, I was soon buried in the contents of my book; I tried hard to get interested in it as before, but it was no use, and throwing the book on the sofa in disgust, I went into the other room to perform some household duty.

Toward evening, Alice was nowhere to be found! We hunted the house from garret to cellar, without success; then the garden and meadow, but on going to the orchard, we found her under the old apple tree fast asleep, with her doll clasped tight in her arms.—Without waking her, father took her up, and laid her on her own little bed.

Not long after midnight, I was awakened, by hearing mother say, in a subdued voice:—"Come Winnie, Alice is very sick, come quickly." As I started up, an undefined terror took hold of me, and I trembled so that I could hardly stand; groping my way into mother's room, I saw our dear little household pet, suffering from that dreadful scourge of children—the croup. After two hours of the most intense agony, she died in my mother's arms! Oh! how my heart smote me, as I looked upon her chubby face—still in the repose of death—and thought the last words which I spoke to her were those of harshness! What would I not have given to have her clasp her dimpled arms around my neck, and give me one forgiving kiss?

Dear children, never use unkind words; no matter how cross you may feel—stop!—close your mouth, don't let them out, for they may cause you many bitter thoughts in after years.

"Speak gentle—it is better far
To rule by love, than fear;
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here."

Wit and Humor.

HEAD WORK.—In Germany the farmers faster the yoke to the heads of the oxen instead of the neck as is the custom in this country. A German farmer had brought his pastor a load of wood; and charged a gulden for his trouble. The pastor thought this was too much. But the farmer said that it was cheap, for the pastor received a gulden for preaching a funeral sermon which was no trouble at all to him. "Ah, my dear friend," said the pastor, "that is headwork."—"Why," replied the farmer, "does your reverence suppose that my oxen drew your wood by their tails? No, indeed, they did it with their heads also, and very hard work they had of it."

MAKING FRIENDS.—An old lady went to the Catholic church on St. Michael's day taking with her two wax candles as offerings to the saint. As she drew near the altar above which hung the picture of the angel Michael contending with Satan, she hesitated a moment, but soon came to a decision and placed one lighted candle before the angel and the other before the devil. The priest observing this, exclaimed, "Madam, you probably do not know what you are doing, you are offering sacrifice to the devil."—"O yes, I know very well what I am doing," replied the old lady, "but as it is uncertain where we will come to, you cannot think hard of it, if one tries to secure friends every where."

A SHARP RETORT.—In a certain mixed company a certain sprig of nobility spoke thus contemptuously of the Gospel Ministry: "If I had a stupid son, he would have to become a preacher." To which a clergyman who was present replied: "Your noble father, sir, must have been of a different opinion."

A CERTAIN LIBRARIAN was engaged in making a catalogue of the books. Among others a Hebrew Bible fell into his hands which he did not understand, and could not find a name to put into his catalogue. At last he wrote: "A Book with the beginning at the end."

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Volume Eleventh.

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