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HED EVERY TWOWEEKS.

P o e t r y .

The River Path.

No bird-song floated down the hill :
The tangled bank below was still ;
No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem,
No ripple from the water's hem,
The dusk of twilight round us grew ;
We felt the falling of the dew :
Far from us, ere the day was done,
The wood-d hills shunt out the sun.
But, on the river's farther side,
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—
A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day, without its glare ;
With us the damp, the chill, the gloom,
With them, the sunset's ruddy bloom ;
While dark, through willow-ways as seen,
The river rolled in shade between.
From out the darkness where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,
Whose light seemed not of moon or sun,
We spoke not, but our thoughts were one.
We paused, as if from that bright star,
Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;
And stilled our beating hearts to hear,
The voices lost to mortal ear.
Sudden our pathway turned from night,
The hills, sun-lit, open to the light ;
Through the green gates the sunshine showed
A long slant-sloped downward bowed.
Down glads, and glen, and bank, it rolled ;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold ;
And borne on piers of mist, allied
The shady with the sunlit side.

"So," prayed we, "when our feet drew near
The river, dark with mortal fear—
And the night comes, chill with dew—
O, Father! let thy light break through—
So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide ;
So let the eyes that fail on earth,
On thy eternal hills look forth ;
And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below."
—Waltier.

Men & Things as I saw them in Europe

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

XXVI.

We returned from Mont Blanc for the purpose of spending a Sabbath in the city of Calvin, and of seeing more of its sights. Small as is the town, and secluded as it is between the Jura and the Alps, its political influence upon the world, have been vast. Right or wrong, John Calvin, who found here a home, and a grave, was a great man. In proof of this we present its Institutes, which, considering he was educated a Papist, and for the bar, and that they were published while he was yet under thirty years of age, form an enduring monument to his memory. In profound thought, in scriptural knowledge, in acute discrimination, in severe analysis, in close logical processes, where or by whom have they been surpassed? We are no advocates for the religious or political errors of Calvin; he himself taught strongly the doctrine of human fallibility—those called by his name can afford to confess that in some things he erred; but his most bitter opponents must grant to him a most powerful and far-reaching intellect.

You are shown the house in which he lived, and in which he died; but the spot of his burial, like that of Moses, is unknown. The severity he exercised towards others he practiced toward himself, and carried out as to his own memory. Wishing no pilgrimages to his grave by future generations, he forbade the Genevans to mark his grave in any way. His monument is the system of truth which he unfolded. To him, more perhaps than to any other man, are we indebted for those most important and glorious institutions, "a Church without a bishop, and a state without a king." The services he rendered in these directions to the world make a great atonement for his severity and errors.

Here too it was, and under the teachings of Calvin, that John Knox, an exile for the truth, lit his lamp—the lamp which illumined Scotland, which in a religious point of view, is the glory of all lands.

The Sabbath sun rose beautifully over the Alps, and shone warmly and without a cloud upon the lake, the city, and the Jura Mountains. We went at ten o'clock to the Oratoire, but the services were just ending as we reached it, having commenced at the early hour of eight o'clock. In our way we passed through the great market-place, which was thronged with peasants from the country, in a rustic and peculiar garb, every one bearing a stick laced to his back, and extending about a foot above his head. They stood in rows like soldiers, and neither moved nor conversed. After some inquiry, I learned that they were mowers from the surrounding country, who came there to be hired, as it was now the sea-

son for cutting hay; and they stood in the market-place ready to be hired. On our return from church we passed through the same market-place, and found but few of them left. The stick laced to their back was the handle of their scythes.

We repaired to the Cathedral of St. Peter's one of the most conspicuous objects of the city. It is simple in its architecture, very capacious, and contains few objects worthy of interest. It was here Calvin preached with such power and effect, that profligacy was compelled to hide its head. It is now in the possession of the Church of the Canton, and its preachers are Unitarian. The place was chilly, although the day was hot; benches for pews, but few in attendance; not a person occupied the fine seats prepared for the city authorities, opposite the pulpit; there was an organ at one end of the building, and a chorister under the pulpit. The preacher seemed remarkably animated and fluent, and used no notes. The people seemed uninterested. There was nothing to interest us in the service, nor in the people, save that Calvin and his companions uttered truths within these walls which made, and still make, Rome tremble, and which will live forever. Thence we returned to the Oratoire, and spent a most interesting hour in hearing Dr. Gausson instructing a very large congregation of young people in the Bible by the way of question and answer. To us it was gratifying to see so few in the Cathedral listening to the errors of Socinianism, and to see the Oratoire so crowded, and with the young, where the simple truth as it is in Jesus is so faithfully proclaimed.

I know not why nor how it is, but Cathedral worship is substantially the same every where. Whether performed at St. Peter's or St. John Lateran, at Rome; or at St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, in London; or at St. Peter's, in Geneva; or in the old Cathedral in Glasgow, it is the same cold, formal, drawing service, which neither stimulates the mind nor warms the heart. And they seem every where alike deserted, by Papists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, save when some novelty attracts a crowd. We learn that even at old Trinity, at New York, the audience at matins and vespers is often not more than twice as large, deducting officials, as was that of Dean Swift's, when reduced to "dearly beloved Roger." The world will not be much the loser when drawing Cathedral services of every kind shall come to a perpetual end. They were instituted in days of darkness by indolent priests, for an ignorant people. We know not a solitary benefit they confer on the race, while they do much to sustain priestly arrogance and to perpetuate superstition.

At five P. M. we went, in company with two friends, to the Chapel of the Rev. Dr. Malan. It is a small building within the enclosure of his own premises, and of the very plainest construction. And small as it is, it was not crowded. Over its door is this inscription, in French, "Jesus said unto those that loved him, My peace I leave unto you, my peace I give unto you." The service was in French, and in form like unto that which obtains in all Presbyterian churches. The manner of the doctor was solemn, but stiff; and his utterance was fluent and vivacious. On his kind invitation, we spent the evening with his family, and a charming family it is, all of them speaking English most fluently. In an interview with him under his magnificent elms, I learned from him that he held connection neither with the state nor the evangelical party. The state party he considers corrupt to the core, and the evangelical party as far too lax in doctrine and discipline. "I am," said he, "a Princeton man, and I can not unite with the evangelical party in many things."

After tea was served, the family was collected for worship. One played upon the piano, and all sung. He himself led in prayer, in French, until he came to invoke God's blessings upon his guests, and their country, and friends, when he at once used the English. When supplication on our behalf was concluded, he resumed the French. The whole service was unique and altogether delightful. When prayers were ended we all drew round a centre-table, on which was placed a basket with slips of paper, on which were written texts of Scripture as mottoes. Each person, in their turn, drew a slip from the basket, and the text it contained was explained with some reference to the person drawing it. This

was, for at least an hour, a source of amusement, interest, and instruction. And the whole was ended by each person around the table making some contribution to the cause of missions. A more sweet, Christian, simple, cultivated family we have never met. As we retired from the lovely circle never more, probably, to see the venerable patriarch who presides over it, we could forgive the sentence painted over his door, and which first offended, because seemingly too ostentatious: "Mais pour moi et ma maison nous servons l'Eternel," as for me and my house we will serve the Lord.

Because of the large infusion of a Popish population, and of the proverbially lax views of the Continental reformers as to the Lord's day, the Sabbath is sadly desecrated in Geneva. They were erecting, vis-a-vis to our hotel on the right bank of the Rhone, a very large building, to accommodate the throngs brought together by their periodical shooting-match, where the cantons are all represented by their best marksmen. And from the dawn of the Sabbath's sun to its setting, they were working on the building, and in every direction they were practicing on the rifle. We have already described the scene witnessed in the market-place. The shops were every where open, and people were buying and selling. My friend took a walk through some of the fashionable promenades, and outside the walls of the city, during the evening, and he testifies that he witnessed no Sabbath desecration in Paris to surpass that of Geneva, especially beyond the walls. Mortified with Parisian laxness where we expected Scotch or New England strictness in the observance of the Lord's day, we made inquiry as to its cause, and we were informed that Calvin himself, for the purpose of bearing testimony against Judaizing views of the Sabbath would often go through the markets and stores of the city, making purchases as on any other day of the week! Having heard this, and learning that the evangelical clergy of the city entertained the lax views of Calvin, we could account for the Sabbath desecration on all sides visible around us.

While there is a narrow and ceremonial view of the Sabbath, which makes it a day of gloom instead of the "pearl of days," there is also a lax view of it, which tends to make it more a day of pleasure than of devotion. And it is very remarkable to what a degree the maintenance, and the transmission from one generation to another, of pure, and simple, and spiritual Christianity, are connected with the true sanctification of the Sabbath day.

REVIVALS.

Why do we not have such revivals now as they had in former times? Read the Life of Whitefield! Peruse the history of the Church in the days of Tennant and Edwards. The Spirit was poured down in great and copious showers. Whole congregations were smitten at once, and the cries of anguish would sometimes drown the voice of the preacher. Those were happy days for the Church. In the space of a few years, the thirty-three thousand Presbyterian and Congregational church members of our land were increased to seventy-five thousand communicants. Is God less willing to bless now than then? No. Has He forgotten to be gracious? Is His mercy clean gone forever? No. But Christians now are not what Christians were then. Now, there is worldliness, folly and extravagance. Then, there was heavenly mindedness, sobriety and frugality. Then, men prayed in earnest.—They prayed as if they believed in what they were praying for. But now, how weak, how studied, how formal are our prayers! And ministers preached in those days as if their souls were on fire. There were no fine-spun disquisitions on this or that metaphysical topic. There were no beautifully written essays with every period cut and wrought and polished, and every word studied, as if immortal souls were converted by periods and well-set words! But ministers preached, standing between heaven and hell. And they felt what they preached. Their words came from their hearts like bolts of iron from the flaming furnace. The fire was kindled at home in their own studies, on their knees before God in private; and when they came to the pulpit, the glow was there still. Their faces shone as the face of Moses, when he came down from the mount. Do we hear such praying now? Do we have such preaching now? And yet unless we do have it, we can never expect again such visitations of grace.

"Giving" According to the Principles of the Word of God.

"Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as GOD has prospered him, that there be no gathering when I come."—1 Cor. xvi: 2.

HERE OBSERVE:—

I.—The thing to be done—"Lay by him in store."

That is, lay up, in a sacred store, money to promote the cause of Christ,—to have a purse sacred to this object.

II.—The persons to do it—"Every one of you."

It is addressed to Christians. Every believer, who has any means, is to lay up as in the Lord's bank;—David, his princely offering, —the poor her "two mites."

III.—Its rule and measure—"As God has prospered him."

The Lord is not an "austere master." He will not seek to "gather" where he has not sowed; but where He sows, He looks for a proportionate return.

IV.—The best time for doing it—"The first day of the week."

It will secure weekly offerings. It will help to make our offerings of principle, and not of mere impulse;—"a matter of bounty," and not as extorted, or grudgingly conferred. (2 Cor. ix. 5.)

V.—The reason assigned for this instruction—"That there be no gathering when I come."

That there be no undue excitement, hurry, bustle, accompanying your giving; that the giving in no way interfere with higher and holier exercises.

Reader! How much dost thou give weekly to the cause of God and to the poor especially the Lord's poor?

"God loveth the cheerful giver."—2 Cor. ix: 7.

DEAR FRIEND,—If you are "redeemed from the curse of the law," and are "reconciled to God by the death of his Son," are you not bound by the most solemn and tender of all considerations, during the few short years you are here below, to seek, by all means in your power, to glorify him who, in his grace, will glorify you with himself for ever?

As a redeemed one, you are not your own—and "are bought with a price." Therefore, all that you are, and all that you have, is the Lord's. Remember, as a Christian you are not the proprietor of a penny. You are only the steward of what is intrusted to you, and you are bound to spend it as your Lord and Master pleases, and only as he pleases. Count it your greatest privilege to lay all at His feet.

If your purse be not converted at all, deal faithfully with yourself. Give yourself truly and heartily to the Lord. Be wholly His.—Let Christ be your trust for salvation, your hope of glory, the object of your earnest self-sacrificing love. Don't be content to live at the rate of common-place Christianity. You have privileges of serving Christ here, which you will not have in heaven. Don't lose them.

Oh, the luxury of drying the widow's tears, of gladdening desolate homes, of comforting orphan hearts, of instructing the ignorant, and of pouring the glad tidings of salvation into the cheerless souls of the benighted heathen! Truly, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."—Tract, published in Dublin.

CORRECT TRANSCRIPT OF THE SENTENCE OF DEATH AGAINST JESUS CHRIST.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—namely, that of death against the Saviour, with the remarks which the journal Le Droit has collected, and the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. Until now we are not aware that it has ever been published in the German papers. It is word for word as follows:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the Lower Province of Gallilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

In the 17th year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 24th day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas.

Pontius Pilate, intendant of the Province of Lower Gallilee, sitting to judgment in the presidential seat of the Pretor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross, between robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove:

1. Jesus is a misleader.
2. He has excited the people to sedition.

3. He is an enemy to the laws.
4. He calls himself the Son of God.
5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel.

6. He went into the temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands. Orders from the first centurion, Quirillus Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution.

Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution of Jesus are—

1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee.
2. John Zorababel.
3. Raphael Robani.
4. Capet.

Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournes.

This sentence is engraved on a plate of brass, in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words: "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." It was discovered in the year 1280 in the city of Aquila, in the Kingdom of Naples, by a search made for the Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the commission of Arts in the French army of Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained permission, by their petitions, that the plate might be kept by them which was an acknowledgement of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the commission of Arts. Denon had a fac simile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard, on the sale of his cabinet, for 5890 francs. There seem to be no historical doubts as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those in the Gospel.—Translated from the *Hollische Zeitung*

COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

An earnest young minister who is just entering upon his life-work inquires, "How can I have a working church?"

Our first counsel is—work yourself. Paul wrote an epistle once to a young minister, in which he said: "Neglect not the gift that is in thee. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them." A lazy minister commonly makes a lazy church. If you shirk your duties; if you are inviting other clergymen into your pulpit, constantly to rob you of the joy of preaching Christ; if you are seen oftener in bookstores and picture galleries, or on pleasure drives, than among the households of your flock—then your people will hold you cheap, and their own Christian duties also.

Go to your own pulpit as often as possible, even if you go with an aching head. Take Monday for rest, and for miscellaneous, easy occupations. Lay the keel of your sermon on Tuesday morning; one Tuesday is worth two Saturdays for sermon preparation. Keep the sermon upon your mind, and get hints and helps for it every-where; and when the inspiration is on, then write as fast as the mind coins thought. Take your mornings for study and your afternoons for pastoral visits, and sleep as much of the night as you can, if you want to keep the congregation awake on the next Sunday. Sleep is the minister's best medicine; for the hardest strain he encounters is on his nervous sensibilities.

Visit every family (especially the poor, the unbaptized, and the most irreligious); and when with them, talk them into an interest in the church and its great work. Get as much money and as much labor out of non-professors as you can; it is often a means of grace to them. If your last sermon has kindled a flame in their hearts, blow it up into a flame, by prompt appeal and by prayer. If they are in trouble, sympathize with them; you can't do your people any good, if you can't make them love you.

Don't make the houses of your prominent men and best men a running place or a loitering place; such people do not need much looking after; give more time to looking up stragglers. You will often find your best workers in the most unpromising quarters. Napoleon said that he "made his marshals out of mud." Do not push into prominence any man merely on account of his wealth or social rank. Christ's church should be a model republic. Those only should be prominent who earn their place by praying the most and living the best and working the hardest. Several of the leading men in my own congregation stand higher in the prayer meeting and in the Sunday-school than they do on Uncle Sam's tax lists.—T. L. Cuyler, in the *Ind.*

REMORSE OF DYING INFIDELS.

John Wilmet, Lord Rochester, was an accomplished nobleman and a friend of Charles II. He became dissolute, a votary to the wine cup and to sensual pleasure, and a defender of infidelity. He confessed to Dr. Burnet, that, for five years, his dissipation was so excessive that he was at no time master of himself. The age of thirty-one found him with his physical powers ruined, and his prospects of life precarious. His infidel principles forsook him and trembling in view of future punishment, he turned penitently to God. During his protracted illness, he published a confession of his errors, declaring that "he left to the world this last declaration, which he delivered in the presence of the great God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and before whom he was preparing to be judged, that, from the bottom of his soul, he detested and abhorred the whole course of his former wicked life." "O remember," he said to a friend who visited him on his death bed, "that you condemn God no more. He is an avenging God, and will visit you for your sins, and will, I hope, touch your conscience sooner or later, as he has done mine. You and I have been friends and sinners together a great while, and, therefore, I am the more free with you. We have all been mistaken in our conceits and opinions; our persuasions have been false and groundless.—Therefore God grant you repentance."

"I am abandoned by God and man," exclaimed Voltaire in his sickness. After a long exile he had returned to Paris in triumph. His name was the signal for enthusiasm. He had even feared that he should expire amid the acclamation which his presence called forth at the theatre. But neither the shout of the populace, nor the assurance of his atheistical friends, could stay his faith on his own philosophy in the prospect of the coming judgment. He renounced his opinions, but died in the expectation of future retribution.

"Guepard has said it! Guepard has said it!" mournfully said Cardinal Mazarin, alluding to the declaration of his physician that he must die. He was heard to exclaim, "Oh, my poor soul! what will become of thee? Whither wilt thou go? To the queen dowager of France he said, "Madame, your favors have undone me. Were I to live again, I would be a monk rather than a courtier." Such were the sober reflections of an ecclesiastic whose boundless ambition had overruled his sense of moral obligations, and whose adroit policy had virtually placed in his hands the sceptre of France. But Mazarin, though awakened to his situation, he was too much joined to his politics and pleasures to turn manfully to religion. Cards were one of his last amusements; and when dying, he ordered himself to be roughed and dressed, that he might receive the flattery of his courtiers on his apparent recovery.

There are hours of sober thought, and times of imminent peril, when the soul seems to forecast the dying hour—when it starts at the view of its conscious errors, and utters, as from dying lips, its settled convictions. Hobbs was subject to the most gloomy reflections, and was thrown into a state of terror if left alone in the dark. He declared, on one occasion, that, had he the whole world to dispose of, he would give it for a single day to live.—He died with the declaration that he was taking a leap in the dark. Paine, in his last sickness, would cry out with affright if left alone at night or day.

Volney, after deriding religion, while sailing on Lake Ontario, was thrown into a state of consternation very inconsistent with his philosophy, as a sudden storm exposed him to imminent peril. Shelley, during a storm at sea, was stupefied with terror; and when the danger was past, declared to Lord Byron that he tasted so much of the bitterness of death that, in the future, he should entertain doubts of his own creed.

Heaven.

A living divine says: "When I was a boy I thought of heaven as a great shining city with vast walls, and domes, and spires, and with nobody in it except white tenuous angels who were strangers to me. By and by my little brother died, and I thought of a great city with walls, and domes, and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and one little fellow that I was acquainted with. He was the only one I knew in heaven at that time. Then another brother died, and there were two that I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die, and the flock continually grew. But it was not till I had sent one of my little children to his grand parent—God—that I began to think that I had got a little in myself. A second went, a third went, a fourth went, and by that time I had so many acquaintances in heaven that I did not see any more walls, and domes and spires. I began to think of the residents of the celestial city. And now there have so many of my acquaintances gone there, that it sometimes seems to me that I know more that are in heaven, than I do that are on earth."

The Shortest Sermon.

Rev. Dr. Mahlenberg's sermon at the funeral of the late Robert B. Minturn, Esq., is the shortest on record, though several are recorded with as few words. He read the words of the Prophet Micah: "He hath shown thee O man, what is good: and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" And then added: "So did he."

One sermon having the same number of words, but more letters, was once preached by the Irish Dean Kirwan. He was pressed, while suffering from a severe cold, to preach a charity sermon in St. Peter's church, Dublin, for the benefit of the orphan children of the parish school. The church was crowded to suffocation, and the good Dean, on mounting the pulpit, and announcing his text, pointed with his hand to the children in the aisle, and simply said: "There they are!" The collection on the occasion exceeded all belief.

It was Dean Swift who was to preach a charity sermon; and giving out as his text, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord," then added: "If you like the security, down with the dust."

Why Delay?

The late Rev. Hermon Norton records the following affecting instance. Often have I listened to its recital from his own lips:

An aged procrastinator, taking the servant of God by the hand, said: "Sir do you think there is any mercy in heaven for a man who has sinned more than eighty years?"

"There is mercy," I replied, "for those who repent of sin and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Still pressing my hand, while tears were flowing down his wrinkled cheeks, and his frame trembling, he more earnestly renewed his inquiry: "My dear sir, do you believe, that God will forgive a man who has rebelled against him eighty-one years in this world?" Before a word was uttered in reply he, cried out in agony: "I know I shall not be forgiven! I shall die in my sins!"

This caused me to ask how he knew, or what induced him to believe, that God would never have mercy on him.

He replied: "I will tell you, and disclose what I have never uttered to any human being. When I was twenty-one, I was awakened to feel that I was a sinner. I was then intimate with a number of young men, and was ashamed to have them know that I was anxious for my soul. For five or six weeks I read my Bible, and prayed every day in secret. Then I said in my heart, one day, I will put this off until I am married and settled in life, and then I will attend to my soul's salvation. But I knew that I was doing wrong."

"After I was settled in the world, I thought of the resolution I had made, and of my solemn promise to God then to make my peace with Him. But as I had no disposition to do so, I again said in my heart, I will put off this subject ten years, and then prepare to die."

"The time came, and I remembered my promise; but I had no special anxiety about my salvation. Then I again postponed and resolved that if God would spare me through another term of years, I would certainly attend to the concerns of my soul. God spared me, but I lived on in my sins; and now my awful situation. I am lost."

"I believe that I sinned against the Holy Ghost when I was twenty-one, and that I lived sixty years since my day of grace was past. I know that I shall not be forgiven."

When asked if we should pray for him, he replied: "Yes; but it will do no good." So fearfully certain was he of destruction! He continued in this state for weeks and months. All attempts to urge him to accept of salvation were in vain; this blighting sentiment was ever first in his thoughts: "It will do no good." His feelings were not contrition or repentance for sin, but the anticipation of wrath to come. And in this state he died.—*J. H. Helfenstein D. D.*

WILL THERE BE INFANTS IN HEAVEN?

Not many days ago death visited a family connected with my church, and bore thence to the arms of the Good Shepherd a little infant of four months. I went to see the young parents thus suddenly bereaved of their first born, and at the close of the interview was invited to look at the remains. The mother stood on the opposite side of a little table, gazing through her tears upon the body of her infant as it lay there prepared for the grave. How diminutive seemed the wan and wasted face, how feeble the tiny hands, how small and frail the little form. Many hopes had perished with the going out of this brief life; yet many blessed hopes remain. This little body must decay, yet live again. These very eyes will open upon the light of heaven, these very feet shall press the soil of the better land, these pale hands strike lofty notes upon the harp of the redeemed. As we stood gazing in silence upon the inanimate features, the mother's thoughts drifted onward to that unseen world. She was saying to herself, "Will this little one rise from the dust a helpless infant? How can such weakness consist with a worthy idea of heaven? But if it be changed, how shall I know it again?" And so she uttered the thought that was uppermost in her sorrowing mind. "Do infants grow in heaven?"

In reply I could do little more than utter one denial and one affirmative. We cannot imagine any infirmity among the inhabitants of the city above. Extreme age, with its furrowed brow and bowed form, and treacherous memory would be out of place among the hosts of God. It would contradict all our hopes of "the rest that remaineth." Yet the feebleness of extreme age is more at variance with the promise than is the helpless imbecility of infancy. A bud that is doomed never to bloom is as true a witness of a blighted world as is a faded flower. The declaration of the apostle in reference to the resurrection body is that "it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power." No infant souls in the world above will be "as the angels of God."

But we will know those whom we have known here. Perhaps we shall recognize them by a divine intuition which will be surer and quicker than the memory of face, or form or voice. When Christ "on the mountain apart," was transfigured before the eyes of two of his disciples, and "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light," and Moses and Elias appeared unto them, and talked with Jesus, how did they know it was Moses and Elias? That the disciples did know the celestial visitants is proved by the fact that Peter names them.

Yes, it shall be so. They that go hence in the favor of God, will not enter heaven as strangers. We know not how the celestial body will differ from its former self, but one thing we need not doubt, it will retain its individuality as well as its identity. However exalted, it will be the same. We will surely recognize our loved ones. The withered flower will be restored; the bud will bloom in that garden of the Lord; but we will surely know them as our own, to remain ours, world without end.—*S. S. Times.*

Could Not Say it.

In the middle ages, when the great lords and knights were always at war with each other, one of them resolved to revenge himself upon a neighbor who had offended him. It chanced that on the very evening when he had made this resolution, he heard that his enemy was to pass near his castle with only a few men with him. It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he determined not to let it pass. He spoke of his plan in the presence of his chaplain, who tried in vain to persuade him to give it up. At length, seeing that all his words had no effect, he said, "My Lord, since I cannot persuade you to give up this plan of yours, will you at least consent to come with me to the chapel, that we may pray together before you go?" The Duke consented, and the chaplain and he knelt together in prayer. The mercy-loving Christian said to the revengeful warrior, "Will you repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer which our Lord Jesus Christ taught to His disciples?"

"I will do it," replied the duke. He did it accordingly. The chaplain said a sentence, and the duke repeated it, till he came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasss, as we forgive those who trespass against us." There the duke was silent.

"My lord, duke, you are silent," said the chaplain. "Will you be so good as to continue to repeat the words after me, if you dare say so?" "Forgive us our trespasss, as we forgive them that trespass against us," said the duke.

"I cannot," replied the duke. "Well, God cannot forgive you, for he has said so. He himself has given this prayer.—Therefore you must either give up your revenge, or give up saying this prayer; for to ask God to pardon you as you pardon others, is to ask Him to take vengeance on you for all your sins. Go now, my lord, and meet your victim. God will meet you at the great day of judgment."

The iron will of the duke was broken. "No," said he, "I will finish my prayer:—My God, my Father pardon me. Forgive me as I desire to forgive him who has offended me.—Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil."

"Amen," said the chaplain. "Amen," repeated the duke, who now understood the Lord's prayer better than he had ever done before, since he had learned to apply it to himself.—*Biblical Treasury.*

"SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN."

The hope of a country is its youth. The Church is nourished and strengthened from the ranks of the young. Should they not be cared for with special anxiety? Why, then, is it that the clergy sympathize so feebly with youth and excite so little interest among the juvenile classes? Why is it that levity so often is seen in the churches among them, and the sensitive hearts of young people frequently are cold and insensible to religious instructions? Is it not mainly because there is not pulpit adaptation to their wants, tastes, and comprehensions? Many a clergyman wonders why so small a harvest is gathered from his well-tilled field. He sows seed constantly, but no fruit comes. He labors diligently and strives after God's blessing, but he does not receive it. He does not adapt the seed to the soil. He is not a skilled spiritual husbandman, and, consequently, his labors are not rewarded.

And why? Here is a parish embracing large numbers of young people of both sexes. They are diligent listeners and are always prompt in their attendance upon the services of the Sabbath. But they show weariness. They complain of not being interested. They think their clergyman has no sympathy with the young; that his heart is cold and his preaching dry and dull. He can talk dogmatic theology by the hour, and enlarge upon the doctrines of grace with learning and skill, but he rarely, if ever, speaks, as Christ did, to little children. He never comes down from his "doctrinal points" to reason tenderly with young men. Why will not the clergy heed the indications they so often see in different audiences, of watchfulness, interest and sympathy of some, with the preacher, contrasted with the listlessness and utter indifference of others. Why will not clergymen who have large numbers of youth in their parishes strive specially to interest them, and not put their spiritual food so high as to be beyond the reach of the lambs of their flocks?

How beautifully, and with what tenderness, did our blessed Saviour counsel one of this class, who was perplexed about his duty and manifested such an earnest wish to discharge it. In every congregation there are young people eager to know exactly what are the requirements of the Gospel. They cannot understand abstruse theology, but they can comprehend what is necessary for them to do to secure "the pearl of great price." There is a vast deal more susceptibility in their hearts than profound thought in their heads; it is the former that needs to be reached and warmed into tenderness and vigorous activity.

The Christian Comforter.

It is a blessed thing to cheer any one sorrowing heart, to soothe one pain, to dry one tear; but thrice blessed is he whose lot it is to comfort and to be "a sower of many." Who would not rather, like Mary, have loved the weary feet of Jesus than have offered wine from a golden chalice to the proud Herod on his throne? Who would not rather have sheltered his homeless head in that lonely cot of Bethany than have entertained an earthly prince? Who would not crave the place of those meek women who pressed with tearful eyes and throbbing hearts around the cross in preference to those who nailed him there. Next to placing the cup of cold water to his parched lips is the honor of giving it to those of his children who, like him, are bearing the burdens of others.

THE UNSEEN WITNESS.

There is a little machine made something like a clock, which is fastened upon a carriage, and in some way connected with the motion of the wheels. It is so arranged that it marks off correctly the number of miles that the carriage runs. A stable keeper once had one upon a carriage that he kept for letting, and by this means he could tell just how many miles any one went who hired it of him.

Two young men once hired it to go to a town some ten miles distant. Instead of going and returning as they promised to do, they rode to another town some five miles further, thus making the distance they passed over, going and coming, some thirty miles.

When they returned, the owner of the establishment, without being noticed by the young men, glanced upon the face of the measuring instrument, and discovered how many miles they had traveled.

"Where have you been?" he then asked them.

"Where we said we were going," was the answer.

"Have you been no farther than that?"

"O, no," they answered.

"How many miles have you been in all?"

"Twenty."

He touched the spring, the cover opened and there, on the face of the instrument, the thirty miles were recorded.

The young men were astonished at this unerring testimony of an unseen witness, that they had carried with them all the way.

Thus has God placed a recording witness in our hearts. Wherever we go we carry it with us. He keeps it wound up and in order. Without our thinking of it, it records all our acts, all our words and all our thoughts.

We sometimes think to deceive our friends, but the truth is recorded in our hearts. By and by, God will touch the spring, and all that is written there will then be seen. Many things that we do we should not do, if we knew that the eye of another person was looking upon us. We always carry a witness with us.

A little boy was urged by an older person to do an act that was wrong. He was told that no one would know of it. "Yes, somebody will," said the little fellow, "myself will know it."

We cannot dismiss the witness. God has fastened it to our minds. It is our conscience, and whatever our lips may deny, it will always tell the truth. If we should attempt, in the great day when God judges the world, to deny our actions, there upon our hearts they will appear written down, when we did not know it, by the unseen witness that God has made to accompany us every step in our life.

Think daily, little readers, of the instrument which we carry with us, out of sight, on which is written every thing we do and say.

Think how you will feel when God opens it, that its records may be seen by all the world.

The present age is one of intense action. Everything is moving. All the mental, and moral, and physical, activities are at work. The elements are agitated, and all life is galvanized into motion. Progress is the great idea; this is in every heart and on every lip, and in all the walk of the people. They go as if they were in a great hurry. But all progress is not improvement, and all improvement is not equally elevated and useful. The present age must be characterized, as possessing an abundance of animal activities. The rush is in this direction. These are fast times. Railroads, and locomotives, and steamships, and steamboats are running all over the plains and mountains, and through all the seas and oceans, and up and down all the rivers and bays. The lightning express flies from Philadelphia to Chicago in a few hours, and the steamship sweeps across the wide, blue Atlantic in a few days. Everything is in haste. Once we got along very well on horseback, and when it came to the stage-coach everybody was delighted. But soon it mounted the locomotive, and swept on; and now it is driving down its poles, and stretching its wires over all the lands, and laying them down under all the seas, and still the people are no better satisfied, but are awaiting as impatiently as ever, for the tick, tick, and click, click of a battle in Missouri, or a duel in Washington.

INFINITY OF INTELLECT.

The intellectual faculties in their creation and capacity, are projected on a scale commensurate with the range of the universe, fitted for the fellowship of angels, and for the friendship of God! Faculties, which, with a glance that leaves the winged lightning behind, can dart backward to the infancy of time, and sound the dateless depths that spread in solemn silence beyond;—or forward, through time's course and consummation; and on, and still on, among the awful cycles of eternal futurity;—faculties, which, in their excursions through the wide dominions of authoritative history, as well as in their imaginative rambles through "the long-drawn aisles of the past" can pause where they list—can hold glad converse with adoring shepherds and angel-watchers around "the rustic couch of the Babe of Bethlehem"—can confer with prophet, priest, and patriarch; or mingle in gladness, with the "Sons of God," while shouting for joy around the new-laid pillars of an unfinished world!

At Sidney, in Australia, among other advertisements on the first floor of the printing office, is a tablet, informing visitors that the editor cannot be spoken to, unless paid for his valuable time. Accordingly, every body without exception, is invited to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room. One hour costs ten shillings; half an hour, six shillings, fifteen minutes, three shillings.

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Selingsgrove, January 25, 1866.

The Baltimore Correspondent Again.

We are not yet done with the Baltimore correspondent of the Lutheran and Missionary. In that paper of the 14th December, he praises the "Old Lutherans" of Baltimore at the expense of the American Lutherans of that city. He says, speaking of the "Old Lutherans":

"These people in Baltimore have purchased a lot in the West End, and will soon commence erecting another church. They will probably get enough on Holliday street to enable them to build two new houses of worship. Federal Hill is the place selected for the other, but it is not likely they will stop there, but go on from year to year, setting a good example of Church Extension to all German and English Lutherans who do not believe in the Symbolical Books, nor clerical vestments, nor crucifixes, but who are satisfied with their 'vital piety' associated with a strong mixture of dull, lifeless conservatism."

Here then we have the reason, in the Dr.'s opinion, why the "Old Lutherans" in Baltimore are progressing so much faster than the other German and English Lutherans, namely, they, the Old Lutherans, believe in the Symbolical Books, clerical vestments, crucifixes, &c., and have a supreme contempt for "vital piety," while the others have made the fatal mistake of placing very little importance on the symbolical books, clerical vestments and crucifixes, and putting the more stress on "vital piety," with which they have unfortunately, also a strong mixture of dull, lifeless conservatism. Now, Oh, ye Lutherans of Baltimore, if you would prosper and keep pace with the "Old Lutherans" in church extension, the way is very plain. You must believe in the Symbolical Books, you must put on the gown and bibbs, you must erect crucifixes in your churches, you must cast your "vital piety" and your conservatism to the dogs and become radical, ranting, intolerant symbolists. Then, the Dr.'s word for it, you will even outstrip the Old Lutherans and soon have a church in every ward of the city of Baltimore.

But how does this theory hold out in practice in the case of the English Lutheran congregation of the Old Lutherans in Baltimore? They also believed in the Symbolical Books, clerical vestments and crucifixes, and yet they appear to make no progress in church extension. Since the death of Clement Miller, they have not been able to obtain a pastor, although two men alone, we have been told, agreed to pay half the salary. Perhaps by this time this concern has become extinct.

Might there not be some other reason why Old Lutherans increase, besides Symbolical Books, clerical vestments, and crucifixes? The German Methodist are increasing in this country, and even in Germany still faster than the Old Lutherans, and yet they certainly do not believe in the Symbolical Books, &c. We believe the German Lutherans belonging to the General Synod are increasing as fast as the Old Lutherans.

There is one grand cause which contributes above all others to the increase of the German churches, and that is the immigration from Germany. If that should cease, the German churches would soon begin to decrease. Then the Missourians and some other German Synods have an arrangement with several societies in Germany, who supply them with as many preachers as they can find work for. From these sources of increase, the English Lutheran churches are entirely cut off; they have no benefit from immigration, and they must educate all their ministers in this country.—We firmly believe that the Symbolical Books, clerical vestments and crucifixes would not help them, but make the matter much worse. Our advice is, that instead of sneering at "vital piety," we should strive with all our might to increase it among our ministers and people, there is no danger that they will ever get too much of the genuine article.—Then we should cry mightily to God in prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the churches, that we might have a glorious revival of religion wherein believers are built up in their most holy faith, and sinners by thousands, as on the day of Pentecost, are converted from the error of their ways.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DETECTIVE FACULTY.

The Rev. A. R. Horne, editor of the "Educator," seems to possess an extraordinary faculty in detecting Lutheran preachers, no matter where he may meet them, and if they are the most perfect strangers to him. He says:

A LUTHERAN CLERGYMAN. We have, by habit, we suppose, cultivated our powers of observation, or what phrenologists would term, "form," to such a degree that we fancy ourselves able to select from a crowd our Lutheran clerical brethren, though we have never seen them or heard of them.—Let us illustrate. Last winter we had a correspondence with Rev. M., then of New York. We expected to meet him on the rail road on

a certain day. We had occasion to go down the road some distance, and on our return, took the train, in which we expected to meet him. We passed through all the cars of a long train, until we came to the last one, and we walked through it without any success in finding him. We were almost ready to give up in despair, for we had no clue, as to what his appearance might be, except his hand writing in his letters. But as we came to the rear of the car, there, we judged, is the man. We were right. Are you the Rev. M., we asked? That is my name, answered the interrogated, quite surprised to find any one asking for him in a crowd of strangers, so far from home.—Case 2d. During last summer, Rev. G., of Lock Haven, called to see us. We were absent from home at the time, but on our return were informed that he expected to take the train south in the afternoon. We went to the depot with the determination to find him.—There was a large crowd of strangers in and around the depot. We looked at them all, and concluded that he was not among them. Going out on the platform, we saw a gentleman walking backward and forward. That is the man, we said, and true enough it was. Now, after this digression, we desire to say, that on this train there was a gentleman, whom we took for a Lutheran minister. We determined to ascertain the fact before reaching Elmira. We were correct, he was Rev. H., and was moving with his family from Frostburg, Md., to take charge of a German Lutheran church at Rochester, N. Y.

How this is done, he does not see proper at present to inform us, for fear, he says, that the government might impress him into the service as a detective. In the case of the Rev. M. it appears to have been the peculiar motions of the Reverend gentleman that gave the astute editor a clue to his character and calling. He saw him "walking backward and forward" on the rail road platform, and concluded at once, "that is the man." To see a man walking forward is nothing uncommon, but to see him walking backward, and that too on a rail road platform, is certainly a very singular manœuvre, and, we should think, a very dangerous one too. That such movements should be thought characteristic of a Lutheran clergyman, is however altogether unaccountable to us.

It will not be long before our symbolic brethren can be easily distinguished by their dress. We expect to see them out soon in gowns and bibbs, while the American Lutherans will continue to wear their garments very much like ordinary civilized people. Several years ago we heard of a well known, somewhat symbolically inclined, Lutheran divine, who, by reason of his peculiar dress, was mistaken by an Irishman on the street for a catholic priest. The Irishman, as the story goes, knelt before the venerable symbolist and begged for "Y'er blessing, Father!" The next time our divine appeared on the street his coat was six inches shorter. Verbum sat.

REV. GRABAU AND REV. HORNE.

Rev. A. R. Horne has been on a journey and gives us the result of his experience and observation in the last number of the "Educator." Among other places he also visited Buffalo, N. Y. As it would be considered a disgrace for a traveller to have been in Rome without seeing the Pope, so bro. Horne could not consistently visit Buffalo without seeing Grabau. In the following extract he gives us an account of his interview with that distinguished symbolist:

This distinguished German divine, of whom we had often heard and read, resides in this city, and we had a desire to form his acquaintance. We called on him and found him a kind, pleasant and hospitable gentleman.—Every thing about his house wears the air of the old country, and at the moment while there, you feel as though you were in Germany.

He is the pastor of a Lutheran colony, which immigrated in 1842 from Prussia. The church is built on, and the services conducted in the old Lutheran style. The cross, paintings, waxtapers and a private confessional are prominent objects in it. It was just twelve o'clock when we came there, and the bell in the steeple of the church was tolling. On inquiring whether there was a funeral, we were informed that this was a daily custom at this hour, as well as in the morning and evening, by which the families were called to worship in their houses—a most beautiful and appropriate custom. During the regular services, too, whenever the pastor repeats the Lord's Prayer, the bell is tolled, so that the sick and others remaining at home may join with the congregation in repeating this prayer. How solemn and impressive! One circumstance proved to us that this people are, after all, imbibing a little of the American spirit. Formerly, as in the old country, they worshipped in winter without stoves. Of late years, however, they have introduced stoves, and by means of these the room is partly warmed on the coldest days. There are seven large parochial schools, in the different rooms of the church, where the youth are educated on the Prussian system. We were highly pleased with our visit to this learned, excellent, pious, though on account of his peculiar customs, (which, however, we have no doubt, are all the result of a deep, honest conscientious conviction,) often by uncharitable persons, much abused divine. As we parted from him, with an interchange of "the Lord be with thee," "and with thy spirit," and looking upon this man, grown gray in the service of the Lord and now far advanced on his journey to the eternal world, we implored upon him the Old

Testament benediction, "the Lord bless thee and keep thee; and the Lord make his face to shine upon thee."

OBSERVATIONS BY THE EDITOR OF THE A. LUTHERAN.—It will be observed from the above that "the cross, paintings, wax tapers, and a private confessional are prominent objects" in a genuine symbolic church. Our symbolic brethren in Philadelphia are still very far behind the times in the introduction of these indispensable concomitants of genuine old Lutheran worship. They have indeed ventured so far as to erect a cross on the steeple of one of their churches, and still later a painting in another church, but they have not yet had the courage to place a crucifix on the altar, or light wax tapers during the celebration of the Lord's supper, or construct a private confessional inside of their churches. But they are making considerable progress in that direction, and in a few years more we may also see crucifixes, paintings, wax tapers, and private confessionals as prominent in their churches as they now are in those of the old Lutheran, or the Roman Catholic.

The custom of ringing the church-bells morning, noon, and evening, in order to call the families to devotion at regular and stated hours of the day, we cannot but regard as very practicable and proper, and should be glad to see this custom introduced into our American Lutheran congregations where they have bells on their churches and the people live near enough to hear them. The same custom also prevails among the Turks in order to call the faithful Musselman to their prayers three times a day, and it shows that something good may occasionally be learned even from Turks or Symbolists.

The other practice of tolling the bell whenever the preacher repeats the Lord's Prayer, we should, however, have some hesitation in recommending to our American Lutheran brethren. It struck Mr. H., indeed as very "solemn and impressive" but it seems to us that it must disturb the congregation in their devotions, if the sexton should begin to ring the church bell right in the midst of the prayer. Besides, this custom, which was intended to be so very "solemn and impressive" in its effects has been abused in the most carnal and vulgar manner. This prayer is usually offered up in those old Lutheran German churches at the close of the service, and we have been credibly informed that the women take advantage of this signal to dish up their "speck and sauerkraut," knowing that the congregation will now be dismissed and their husbands come home to dinner.

As regards the abuse which uncharitable persons are said so often to have heaped on this "learned, excellent and pious divine," we must remark, that Rev. Grabau has done the most of the abusing himself. For many years a most fierce and vulgar controversy has raged between the Buffalo and Missouri Synods, confessedly the two most ultra symbolic bodies in the country or the world. They use language and heap epithets upon each other which would be thought disgraceful among gentlemen and perfectly abominable among Christian ministers. But Mr. Grabau did not confine his abuse to the Missourians, he also bestowed a liberal portion on the American Lutherans. To give but one instance. Some years ago he had a Lutheran almanac sent to him containing a list of the Lutheran ministers in this country. Grabau remarked in his synodical paper, "That it was well we had a list of all those *hiredlings* who call themselves Lutheran preachers in this country." Fortunately his paper, the "Informatorium," is very little read by any except the members of his own synod, and hence his abuse was never noticed by American Lutherans, but like a s. in the wilderness it wasted its fragrance on the desert air.

This infatuated man, some years ago proposed the utopian scheme of a "Lutheran church court" in this country. The plan, as proposed in his "Informatorium," was the following: Each Lutheran synod should choose two men; they should sit at a designated place; all disputes on doctrine or discipline should be brought for decision, before them; from their decision there should be no appeal: the civil government should be requested to enforce the decisions of this spiritual court by its power. A regular inquisition from which may God in mercy save the world.

The parting scene between bro. Horne and Mr. Grabau must have been affecting in the extreme. Truly the extremes do meet sometimes. Here we have a symbolist of the very strictest sort interchanging congratulations and blessings with a new measure man so ultra that our good old "Mother Synod" could not tolerate him in her borders!—Surely the millennium is coming when the lion and the lamb shall lie down in peace together.

The NORTHERN CONFERENCE of the Synod of Central Pennsylvania, will convene at Salona, Clinton county, Pa., on Thursday, February the 22d, 1866.

All the members of Conference are cordially invited to be present, as business of importance claims our attention. The brethren on arriving will call on J. C. Sigmund, Esq., L. K. SEACREST, Sec.

Some Hints to the Friends of the American Lutheran.

I. SEASONABLE WORDS.—One of our religious exchanges closes and earnest appeal for his paper with the following paragraph, which we commend to our excellent agents: "Will our friends of the ministry who have so patiently and successfully toiled, try the experiment of commending the paper, at the close of their next Sunday morning's sermon? We do not ask it for our own sake, though we delight in a large subscription list, but we ask it for your sake, and for the sake of the membership of the Church, and for the Church itself. Please, brethren, try and see if success will not follow."

II. A GOOD WORK.—Very many devoted servants of Christ, some of them toiling on the missionary field, wish to subscribe for our paper, for the sake of themselves and families, but find their limited means will not justify them in going beyond what is actually necessary for the support of those intrusted to their care. Who would not send such a one a copy of a religious paper?

III. THE BOYS AND GIRLS WORKING.—Let all the boys and girls, as well as parents, in all our churches, make a little effort to increase our subscription list.

IV. RESOLVED, That I will begin at once, and not cease my effort during the present year, unless I obtain ten new subscribers for the AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

We trust that every minister and member of our Church will subscribe to the foregoing resolution. Ten subscribers will be less than one for each month in the year, and continued effort will surely be crowned with that measure of success. Who will be the first to subscribe to the resolution and fulfil its obligation?

Our readers will find an interesting and instructive Dialogue on the 4th page of this paper, well worthy of perusal.

We commend to the special attention of our readers, that very valuable journal for the Household, the Children, the Garden, the Orchard, and the Farm, viz: the *American Agriculturist*, published by ORANGE JUDD & Co., 41 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY, at only \$1.50 a year. It is full of good things, useful to every person, no matter where his residence, or what his occupation. We learn that the present volume (25th.) opens with an increase of more than twenty thousand subscribers. The paper itself, good as it has hitherto been, is greatly increased in size, appearance, and intrinsic value. A dollar and a half can scarcely be better invested. Send on your subscriptions to the Publishers as above. The first number of this volume contains 40 pages, and can be obtained, as a specimen, on remitting 15 cents to the publishers.

The *Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature*. N. H. Bidwell, editor and proprietor, No. 5 Beekman st., New York. Terms \$5 00 per year.

As the title implies this Magazine is a selection of the best matter from other Magazines. These selections are carefully made from the entire range of foreign Quarterlies, Monthlies, &c. The reader receives through its columns the cream of all the foreign Magazines. Only the very best articles are given. This is a great advantage, as well as a great saving to the reader and buyer. The foreign Magazines, while they contain some excellent articles, also have much that is indifferent and bad. In the "Eclectic," we are treated to the good only. While it is large enough to afford room for the best articles, there is no room for indifferent, much less for poor ones. The proprietor's taste for selecting is highly approved by the reading public, so much so that this Magazine has, during the past twenty years, been constantly gaining in favor, and its circulation gradually increasing.

The *Scientific American*.—This is the best, largest, and most widely circulated paper for mechanics, inventors and manufacturers, has frequently been recommended to our readers. It is published weekly, each number containing sixteen pages, with numerous illustrations. It also contains many illustrated articles in tools, machinery, workshops, manufactures, steam and mechanical engineering, fire-arms, railway machinery, apparatus, wood and lumber machinery, &c., &c. Terms: \$3 00 per year. Ten copies for \$25 00. Mann & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

Every Saturday.—A Journal of choice reading, selected from foreign current literature. The first No. of this paper was issued by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, on the 6th of January. It is intended for town and country, for the fireside, the seaside, the railway, and the steamboat. Its plan embraces incidents of travel and adventure, essays critical and descriptive, serial tales, stories, poems, biographies, literary intelligence, etc. It promises to become a most valuable accession to the literature of the country, and a most welcome weekly visitor. Terms: single numbers 10 cents, \$5 00 a year.

Frank Leslie's *Chimney Corner* New York, price 10 cents per number, \$1 00 a year.—This is a large pictorial weekly, containing very choice and interesting reading matter.—It is one of the cheapest papers we have ever met with. There is not so much good reading to be found in any weekly or monthly for the same price. There is now being published a series of articles on "Self Made Men," which every young man should read. We consider them alone worth the price of the paper.

At the Church Door.

The true man is known, not less by the company that he keeps than by his behavior in the lecture-room or church, particularly in

the latter place. It needs but little discrimination on the part of an observer, on seeing a man or woman in church, to know that they are gentleman and lady. Here can they be better known than any where else. They enter the door with a reverent air, walk quietly and noiselessly up the aisle, and take their seats gently and unassumingly. As the minister pronounces the prayers, they assume positions of respectful attention. During the delivery of the sermon, they listen quietly, without fidget or restlessness, and, at the close

of the service, they leave the edifice as quietly as they enter it. Should a friend come near, they stop, perhaps, and exchange a few words of encouragement, and then quietly go to their homes. There is no loitering of such people about the church door, to view the female part of the congregation, and pass, to say the least, unpleasant and impertinent remarks concerning them. Whatever the dress of such people may be—whether they are clothed in purple and fine linen, or whether a poor threadbare suit scarcely protects them from the rain of summer or the blast of winter, their unassuming actions stamp them as of the noblest of God's creatures, true gentlemen and ladies. A man may be clothed in the finest broadcloth, and yet be no gentleman. More than ever, here do the actions of a man stamp his character. Truly it is said that it is not dress that makes the man, but his actions and his deportment toward others.

So, too, at the church door, can the rowdy and those who desire to show off be designated among the rest, the vain and silly who come to the church and hang around the place of exit with no other aim than to be seen and admired in their own estimation. The correct thinker will hold such people at their true worth. The difference between those who never know how to conduct themselves any where, and the polite, sensible, and refined, will easily be apparent to the observant mind. It is another exemplification of an old adage, that "actions speak louder than words."

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a beautiful cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some eighty feet from the floor.

One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backward slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the very edge of the plank upon which he stood.

At this critical moment, his companion turned suddenly, and almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him it was certain death—if he held his peace death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, splattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked suddenly over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

So, said a preacher, we sometimes get absorbed in looking upon the pictures of this world, and in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril; when the Almighty dashes out the beautiful images, and we spring forward to lament their destruction—into the outstretched arms of mercy, and are saved!

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

With a few plain plates of zinc and copper the student decomposes water, and finds its constituent elements to be oxygen and hydrogen. It may surprise some to learn that in thus forming water, nature, as though sporting with antagonisms and paradoxes, has employed the essential elements of the atmosphere, and the sole supporter of combustion. Next, he is astonished to find that these elements, of which all the rivers and oceans of earth are made, when united in their gaseous forms produce a mixture dangerously explosive; and he further learns, with wonder and almost fear, that, by the application of flame at the junction of their mutual currents, these constituents of water will ignite, and burn with a heat as intense as almost instantly to dissolve and consume the finest metals; but, finally, he is overwhelmed with amusement on discovering that the residuum of these gases thus passing through this intense flame,—this consuming fire, is again—not ashes, nor cinder,—but is again water!

SUFFERED FOR US.

Seventy or eighty years ago a fierce war raged in India between the English and a native monarch named Tippoo Saib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners, and among them one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded and was suffering from pain and weakness. A gray haired officer said to the native official, "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded young man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me; I will wear his as well as my own." The end of the story is that Baird lived to re-

gain his freedom,—lived to take that very city; but the generous friend died in prison.

He wore two pairs of fetters! But what if he had both the fetters of all in the prison? what if, instead of being a captive himself, he had been free and great, and had quitted a glorious palace to live in their loathsome dungeon, to wear their chains, to bear their stripes to suffer and die in their stead that they might go free! Such a thing has been done. For all who receive the grace of God's Son, the chains are struck off, and the prison is thrown wide open.

MARRIED.—on the 22nd of Nov. at the Lutheran parsonage, in Lena, by the Rev. W. H. Schoch, Mr. Benjamin Brant, to Miss Henrietta Zellers, both of Stephenson Co. Ill.

On the 26th of Nov., at the Lutheran parsonage in Lena, by the same, Mr. Ira Lowery, to Miss Sarah Hieter both of Stephenson Co. Ill.

On Christmas day, at the residence of the bride's father, by the same, Mr. A. C. Martin to Miss H. F. Garman, both of Stephenson Co., Ill.

On the 21st of January, at the Lutheran parsonage in Lena, by the same, Mr. Alfred Daws to Miss Fauny Keplinger.

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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.

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Religious and Domestic.

A Child's Evening Hymn.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
Noddy covered in my bed;
God alone can safely keep
Harm and danger from my head.
Oh how gracious He must be,
Thus to mind a child like me!

Soon my weary eyelids close,
Soon my little limbs, undressed,
Quietly enjoy repose
Till I rise again from rest.
God is my preserver; He
Cares for little ones like me.

By-and-by, in sleep of death,
I must be down in the grave;
But the Lord who gave me breath,
Then my helpless soul can save,
Helpless, sinful, though I be,
Jesus died for such as me.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY CORA MAY.

I thought I loved thee, dear mother,
When life was sunny and gay,
And the sunshine of joy and gladness
Beamed brightly upon our way,
With never a shadow of sorrow,
With never a thorn 'mid the flowers,
That blossomed along the pathway
We tread in this life of ours.

I thought I loved thee, sweet mother,
I thought that I prized thy worth;
I knew that wert one of the angels
That sometimes walk the earth:
I was proud to be thy child, mother,
And I longed to be like thee;
But a crown like that you will wear, mother,
Will never be given to me.

But there came a night of anguish,
And a dark and fearful day,
When we thought the angels were waiting
To bear thy spirit away.
And I never knew till then, mother,
The height, and depth, and power
Of the love I bore to thee, mother,
Till that dark and fearful hour.

Thou art lying pale and still, mother,
And the tears start as I trace
The lines of pain and anguish
Stamped deeply upon thy face;
But God in his love hath heard us,
In pity hath stayed the hand
Stretched forth to bear thee away, mother,
From us to the better land.

BE POLITE.

It is said that George McDuffie, of South Carolina, was very polite even when a little boy. One evening he was holding a little calf by the ears while his mother milked the cow; and a gentleman passing by said, "Good evening, my little son."

George returned, "Good evening, sir," with such a polite bow, that the gentleman noticed him and said, "Why didn't you pull off your hat, my little man?"

George answered, "If you will get down and hold my calf for me, I will pull off my hat to you."

George's politeness and shrewd remark were the making of him. That gentleman said to his mother, "Your son is a smart boy, and if properly trained, will make a great man some day. If you will permit me, I will give George a good education, and give him a start in the world."

The mother thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and let him take charge of her son. George rose from taking care of a calf to be a clever and successful lawyer; afterwards he became a member of Congress, and then was made Governor of South Carolina.

I wish all my little nephews and cousins to be polite. A polite bow and a "Good evening, sir," cost nothing, but are sometimes worth a good deal. One courteous bow was worth a fortune to little George McDuffie. Everybody likes polite children.

When I used to go to school my teachers made it a rule that every boy should make a bow and every girl a curtsy as we entered the door every morning, and do the same as we left at evening. And our instructor would invariably notice us with a polite bow, unless he happened not to see us. I like every rule that helps to refine our manners and improve our hearts.

My little readers—scholars—salute your teacher every morning with a graceful bow and a "Good morning, Mr. —;" and at evening, if convenient, part with him in the same way; and be polite to everybody, especially to old persons.

Anecdote of Choate.

Rufus Choate, the great Boston lawyer, in an important assault and battery case, at sea, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship "Challenge," on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour that Dick got his salt-water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of his testimony Dick said that the night was as "dark as pitch, and raining like seven bells."

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him: "Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes! a moon—"

"Yes, a full moon."

"Did you see it?"

"Not a mite."

"Then how do you know that there was a moon?"

"The Nautical Almanac said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in this world."

"What was the principal luminary that night, sir?"

"Binnacle lamp aboard the Challenge."

"Ah, you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What the blazes have you been grinding me this hour for—to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me in what

latitude and longitude you crossed the equator?"

"Sho'—you're joking."

"No, sir! I'm in earnest, and I desire you to answer me."

"I sha'n't."

"Ah, you refuse, do you?"

"Yes—I can't."

"Indeed! You are chief mate of a clipper ship, and unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes, tis the simplest question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew that there aint no latitude at the equator."

That shot floored Rufus.

AGRICULTURAL.

INTERESTING DIALOGUE.

Wheat—Meat—Cabbage—Potatoes—Apples—Grapes—Beets—Tomatoes—Bread—Cake—And Some Other Things—And the Boys and Girls Besides.

SCENE—John Smith's Country Store—Time Evening—Speakers, Sundry Villagers, and Farmers who have "happened in as usual."

Mr. Smith.—Trade is very dull now days, I don't sell half as much as I did five years ago.

Mr. Jones—Good reason. Things are so high, we can't afford to buy. You charge such awful prices, Smith.

Mr. Smith.—Can't help it. I have to pay so much more. When I sold sugar at 10 cents a pound, I made a cent a pound, and I only make a cent now on 20 cents, and this cent profit don't go so far to keep my family.

Mr. Brown—I buy just as much as ever. I don't see as there is much change. I used to sell my 600 bushels of wheat at 75 cents a bushel, or \$450. Of this, \$250 went for my family store bill and \$200 to pay off my farm debt. Now, when I sell for \$1.50 per bushel, or \$900, it takes about five hundred dollars for store bills, and leaves four hundred dollars to pay off the debt. In fact, these high prices suit me. I wish Mr. McCulloch had kept out of the Treasury, for he threatens to make Greenbacks par, and knock down prices.

Mr. Price—I don't see as it makes much difference. If there is twice as much money going, and everybody gets twice as much for everything he raises, and pays twice as much for everything he buys, it all comes out square at the end; and there is this gain in the operation: those who save money, or make a profit, make double, as neighbor Brown explains about paying his farm debt.

Mr. Butler—That's so.

Mr. Greene—So I think. Mr. Moore—So do I.

Mr. Baker—There is a little drawback. I keep the accounts of Widow Roberts, who has the mortgage on Mr. Brown's farm, and the \$400 he pays don't go only half so far in supporting her, and supporting her children.

Mr. Travis (the School Teacher)—Yes, it does, for I only get \$30 a month for teaching Mrs. Roberts' and others' children, and I used to get \$25, with wheat at 75 cents.

Rev. Mr. Corey—And I only get \$600 a year, while I always had \$500 with wheat at 75 cents and sugar at 10 cents.

Several Voices—That ain't quite square.

Mr. Knox (Editor)—And you only pay me \$2 a year for my newspaper, which you thought cheap at \$1.50, five years ago, though I now have to pay three times as much for every thing I use in making a newspaper.

Mr. Greene—Why don't you raise your prices, too?

Mr. Knox—People won't stand it. I must keep along with no profit, or even at a loss, hoping for better times, or else lose my subscribers, and let the paper go down. Why when I raised the price from \$1.50 to \$2 a year, a good many stopped the paper—among them Mr. Brown himself, though I paid him double for his wheat.

Taylor—Let me help Editor Knox's argument. Wife read an item to me he published about a humbug, which he copied from the *American Agriculturist*, of New York City. Next day one of these humbugs came round with his article, and was so plausible that he almost persuaded her into paying him \$3, for his swindling recipe; but the editor's caution kept her back.

Knox—Yes; and do you know that the fellow sold more than fifty of the humbug recipes hereabout at \$3 a piece? but not to any one of my subscribers.

Potts—Put me down as a subscriber, Mr. Knox, here is your two dollars.

Shaw—And me too.

Knox—Thank you, gentlemen. I'll try to make a better paper than ever. Every dollar helps; a new subscriber only adds to my expense the cost of paper. If everybody took the paper, and thus divided the cost of getting news setting type, office rent, etc., I should double the value of the paper to each. Please talk the matter over with other neighbors and see if it cannot be done.

Several Voices—We will.

Smith—And now while you are about it, I want to make up a club for a good New York paper.

Brown—We can't afford to take so many papers.

Smith—You have just seen that you cannot afford to stop your home paper; let us see if it will not pay to join our club. Mr. Rich, you have taken the *American Agriculturist* for several years. Does it pay?

Rich—Pay? Yes, fifty times over. Why, I got two ten-acre fields ready to sow in wheat, and put in one of them. That night my *Agriculturist* came and I read a simple recommendation about preparing seed wheat. I called John and we put 15 bushels in soak for the next day. It cost 50 cents for the materials. Well, that second field yielded 5 bushels an acre more than the other—or 50 bushels extra, and better wheat too. Pretty good pay for \$1.50 expended for a paper. And I have got lots of other hints almost as profitable. You know I get better profits on my beef, pork, and mutton, than any other man in the place. Now does this not come from any direct hints, like the wheat, but from a good many suggestions that I have picked up in reading the *Agriculturist*, and from the source of reasoning that I have been led into, by reading in it what others do, and think, and say.

Smith—You are another subscriber to the *Agriculturist*, Mr. West? does it pay?

West—Pay? Yes. You know what good cabbages and potatoes I had last season. Why, the cabbages were worth double any others in town, for market or for home use. I had 400 heads, worth 5 cents a piece, extra; and they only cost twenty cents extra for seed. My 250 bushels of potatoes are all engaged for seed at \$1.50 a bushel, when other kinds bring only 50 cents. That's \$250 clear gain, for the \$14 extra I paid for seed, and the \$1.50 I paid for the *Agriculturist*. It was through this paper that I learned about both the cabbages and potatoes. Its editors are careful, intelligent men, on the constant lookout for anything new that is really good, while the paper abounds in cautions against the poor and unprofitable.

Smith—What say you, Mr. Taylor? Does it pay to invest \$1.50 in the *Agriculturist*?

Taylor—Most certainly. A hint in the paper led me to look after certain insects at the proper time, and the result was, I had 160 barrels of splendid apples, which brought me a clean \$5 per barrel, and this you know was better by \$1 than the average prices here, or \$160. Then I have read so much about good and bad grapes, the method of treating them, etc., that I can beat the town raising grapes profitably. My son William, got a kink in his head about Tomatoes, from something the editor said, and sent for some seed. He made more money on the crop raised in his spare hours, than was cleared by half the farmers in this town.

Smith—Let's hear from Mr. Crane.

Crane—Only read in the paper what was said about hogs—what kind paid best, how to feed them, and the like; but if you will call around and see my porkers, and my expense account, I'll bet a pipkin I can show fifty dollars more of pork for the money, than any other man here. And this comes from what other men think and do. But Wife ought to be here to speak. She and the girls read the *Agriculturist* next to the Bible. They think the household department is worth more than all the fashion magazines in the world. They say, it is so full of good hints about all kinds of house work. All I can say is, that we do have better bread and cake; and wife says, the cake don't cost so much as it used to. She has learned from the paper how a huddled other house keeps do their work.

Rev. Corey—Let me say, also, that Mrs. Crane and her daughters have added a good many beautiful but cheap home made fixtures to their parlor and sitting rooms, which certainly make their home more attractive. They told me, the other day, they got these up from pictures and descriptions in the *Agriculturist*.

Travis—My salary has not allowed me to take the paper; though I must squeeze out enough to do so this year. My school boys have brought me some copies to look at, the past year or two, and I find the Boys' and Girls' department of the *Agriculturist* the best thing I ever saw. It is full of items, etc., that amuse and at the same time instruct the children. Why, I could pick out the boys and girls in my school whose parents take the *Agriculturist*, just by hearing them talk—they are so full of new and good things they have learned from the paper. The paper has many beautiful engravings.

Rev. Corey—As small as is my salary I would have the paper if it cost \$5 a year, instead of \$1.50. The fact is, it helps out my salary. My little garden plot at the parsonage has yielded us almost all our table vegetables, besides many beautiful flowers. The *Agriculturist* has been my constant guide. I know but little of gardening, but this paper is so full of information about the best things to plant and sow, when to plant, and how to cultivate—all told in so plain and practical a way, by men who seem to talk from their own experience, that I know just what to do, and how to do it well. The high moral tone of the paper, its common sense, the care it takes of all parts of the farm, the Garden, the Orchard—the Household work, and the Children as well, with its hundreds of beautiful and instructive engravings—make it the most valuable periodical I have ever seen. I heartily wish every one of my parishioners would take it for himself and family. It would awaken thought and enterprise, give interest to the town and neighborhood talk, stimulate improvement, introduce new and profitable crops, animals and implements, and add to our wealth. Take my advice, and all of you try the paper a week. The \$1.50 it costs, is only three cents a week, and it is worth that any way. Why, the large and beautiful engravings are worth many times that.

Davis—I took the *Genesee Farmer* last year, and as that has stopped, I thought I would take a new paper.

Smith—The *Genesee Farmer* was not really stopped. The Publishers of the *Agriculturist* invited Mr. Harris to join the farmer to the *Agriculturist*, and put his whole force into the latter paper. They paid him a large price for his office, and moved it with everything connected with it to their office. So the *Agriculturist* is really two papers joined into one, and of course better. I think we had better get with Mr. Harris to the *Agriculturist*, that has been published for 25 years, and has a hundred thousand circulation, whereas Mr. Knox has told us, supplies the means and facilities for giving us a great deal more for the same money. Mr. Harris carries on his large farm, and in his "Walks and Talks on the Farm," and other things he writes for the *Agriculturist*, he tells us a great deal about all kinds of farm work.

Davis—Put me down for the *Agriculturist*, Smith—I shall be glad to do so. I know you will like it. The January number, which has just come to hand, is alone worth the cost of a year. See here, (showing it), there are 40 pages twice as large as the magazine pages, and there are thirty-five engravings in it, two of them full page size, and see how beautiful! Why, I'll give any man who takes the paper a year, \$1.50 in goods, out of my store, if he says at the end of a year he has not got many times his money's worth.

Butler—Put me in your club.

Green—And me too.—Brown—And me.

Smith—I have no interest in the matter, except to do a good thing for the place. You can join our club, or any one who desires can get the *Agriculturist* for all of 1866 (Volume 25), by simply enclosing \$1.50, with his name and post office address, and sending it to ORANGE JENNISON & CO., 41 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY. The paper always comes prompt and regularly, and what is a good thing, it stops when your time is up, without your having to write about it. I predict that there will be plenty of others next winter, to talk as Mr. Rich, Mr. West, Mr. Crane and Parson Corey have done to-night.

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WINTER TIME TABLE.

Eight Trains (Daily) to and from Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and two trains Daily to and from Erie, (Sundays Excepted.)

On and After MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1865,

The Passenger Trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will depart from Harrisburg, and leave at Philadelphia and Pittsburg as follows:

EASTWARD.