

The American Lutheran.

VOL. II NO. V.

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

PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REV. P. ANSTADT, Editor.

SELINGSGROVE, PA. THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1866.

PUBLISHED EVERY TWO WEEKS.

The Laborer's Rest.

Rest, laborer, rest! Sweet is thy sleep
On eyes that seldom wake to weep.
Thy cottage roof is o'er a head,
That rests more calmly on its bed,
Than many heirs of lands or wealth,
Which bring not peace, or rest, or health.
Rest, laborer, rest;
Thy sleep is blest!

Rest, laborer, rest! Thy duty's done,
One day's more guerdon thou hast won.
Duty performed hath brought thee peace;
And, with the sun, thy work must cease.
Thy wife and children, in thy home,
Wait for the hour when thou shalt come.
Rest, laborer, rest;
Thy sleep is blest!

Rest, laborer, rest! Soon thou'lt arise,
To greet the sun in eastern skies,
And brush the dew with steady feet,
And forward press thy work to meet.
Each day's hard work hard strength demands.
With manly heart and willing hands.
Rest, laborer, rest;
Thy sleep is blest!

Rest, laborer, rest! When work is o'er,
And thou shalt need to toil no more,
When faith in Christ hath brought thee rest,
Than any earthly sleep more blest,
Duty is done; and thy reward
Is the blest smile of Christ thy Lord.
Rest, laborer, rest;
Thy cause is blest!

Men & Things as I saw them in Europe.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.
XXIX.

After locating ourselves in the Hotel d'Angleterre, we went forth in the cool of the evening to see Baden Baden. Hill and vale, palace and cottage, splendor and poverty are mixed up together. So steep are some of the streets as to render them difficult of ascent on foot. A dense forest skirts the town, netted by beautiful walks, which adds greatly to the attractions of the place. Opposite to our hotel, and in the background of a large green, rose the Conversation House, devoted to the various purposes of balls, card parties, eating, drinking, smoking, and gambling. And we saw men and women engaged in these pursuits even to the smoking and gambling!! Very large trees throw a dense shade over the part of the green in front of the house, and hundreds were sitting beneath them, of all ages and sexes, sipping wine, coffee, and ices, in great glee, and apparently very happy.

But the place which most attracted our attention here was the famous gambling-room, of which we had heard much, and which we resolved to see for ourselves.

This room is connected with the Conversation House, and is finely frescoed and furnished. There are no green blinds or curtains to conceal persons from view. It is on the first floor, beautifully lighted, and exposed to public view. It is open to all—all may enter it, but all save those who venture are forbidden to take seats. We stood at least an hour to witness the operation, and to study human nature. Piles of gold and silver lay on the table, and by the elbows of a man called "the banker." A machine was there, which was turned rapidly round, out of which a small ball soon dropped upon a board below, which was squared; these squares were variously colored and numbered. And it would seem that whether the player won or lost was determined by the square and the number in which the ball rested. As I did not understand the game, I commenced reading the gamblers. The "banker" uttered not one syllable during the time I stood there. He watched the ball, and, as he won or lost, threw out or raked in the gold or silver. There was no conversation above a whisper around the table. There was no appeal—no scolding. One man threw down a Napoleon: he lost it—then two—then three—then five: he lost them all and retired obviously disappointed; but not a word did he utter. An old man threw down five gold pieces: he lost them, and retired. A man in mid life with jaunty air threw down three pieces; the banker paid over: three more he won again and again. He retired with cheerful countenance; and, as he retired, the leaden eye of the banker fell upon him; but not a word was uttered. Some women were seated at the table, with all the soul they had, both as to quality and quantity, in the game; but they did not play during our stay there. That they do play is notorious, and some of them even stake their virtue when their money is gone! But such must have lost their virtue before their money. The winner of such virtue gains a very doubtful prize.

This was such a sight as I had never previously witnessed. That cold-blooded banker, schooled in crime and in the art of deception, watching for victims as a spider for flies—passion rising and falling in his face as he won or lost, and as quietly as mercury in the thermometer; those victims throwing down their money in hope, losing it, and going away in despair; those women, with fingers sparkling with jewels, witnessing and abetting the whole. O, if I have ever seen fiends in human form, I believe it was round that swindling machine in Baden-Baden! And this gambling-house belongs to the Duke of Baden, who claims a monopoly in gambling,

and who farms his monopoly to a company in Paris at an enormous yearly rent! How humiliating, that such robbers and blacklegs should rank among princes! This is a town beautiful for situation, but its moral atmosphere is contaminating.

The hot springs of Baden form its great attraction and curiosity. The main spring issues from the side of the mountain, which rises over the town, and which is surmounted by the palace of the reigning duke. Over this spring is erected a large building, in which is a large basin for the reception of the water, whose heat as it issues from the rock is 154 degrees. The steam that rises from it is conveyed into apartments for steam baths. The water is conveyed into others for hot baths where it is cooled to the required point. From this reservoir it is conveyed in pipes over the whole town, and at every corner you see the people drawing hot water. Indeed, it is conveyed across the river that flows through the town to a fine building called the Brink-hall, where people resort for the waters in the morning, as they do in Saratoga to the Congress Spring, and where it retains undiminished its heat and its virtues. The use of these waters is regulated by law, and none are permitted to bathe in them without an order from a physician. Unless the system is in a state to require them, bathing in them is greatly injurious. A single bath gave to a traveling friend a pair of black eyes, from which he did not recover for weeks. One cup at the Brink-hall fully satisfied us. The water smells like poor broth, and has a salty, alkalish taste.

We made a morning call at the new castle of the duke, which surmounts the hill, and were shown through all its apartments. As if for our accommodation, he had just retired from his breakfast-room, that we might see the table at which a reigning prince sipped coffee. We have seen the breakfast room and table of many in America more richly furnished. The upper apartments were quite an air of poverty, after having seen those of Versailles, the Quirinal, and Turin. But the underground apartments possess a fearful interest. With lighted torches we went down into the cellar of the palace; thence, by a spiral inclined plane, we went down, down, until, by a door formed of one huge flag, and fitted to its place with remarkable exactness, we entered a small, oval room, perhaps ten feet in diameter, and hewn out of the solid rock. The door was shut behind us, and we were buried alive under the mountain! A ray of light came from above, and we could look up as through a narrow chimney; a stone was removed beneath our feet, and we could look down perhaps two or three hundred feet, and could see a little glimmer of light upon a dashing current of water, whose murmurings came up to us from beneath. And all around the room were seats cut out of the rock. And what was the object and history of this awful room?

Its history, as given us by our guide, and within its walls, is briefly as follows: In the days of feudal clemency and inquisitorial piety, those suspected of political or religious heresy were suddenly seized and confined in some of the adjacent cells. The little room above described was the room of judgment, and the judges were let down by machinery through the opening above. The accused were then introduced, and that heavy stone door was shut! And there, shut out from every eye save that of God and their judges, they were tried and condemned. If not guilty, the accused were hated or feared which made condemnation even more certain than guilt. When condemned, they were commanded to kiss an image of the Virgin in the apartment; in the movement they touched springs, which caused her to embrace them, and in the embrace to pierce them through and through with daggers. Then a trap was sprung beneath their feet, which let their bodies fall upon a wheel armed with knives, which was kept in constant revolution by a stream of water; by those knives they were cut in pieces, and the mutilated fragments fell into the stream below!

And there we were, receiving this awful narrative in the very apartment where these atrocities were committed in the name of justice and religion, with the tunnel above us through which the holy inquisitors descended, and with the tunnel beneath us through which the bodies of their victims were let down for mutilation, so as to be beyond the reach of recognition! For a moment our blood ran cold, and we were filled with horror! Oh! if those stone seats, and those walls of solid rock could speak—if the injunction of perpetual secrecy were removed by Him who upheaved the mountain, what awful narratives they would give of the scenes of treachery, hatred, and blood there perpetrated in the name of God and religion! What wailings were there uttered under the tortures enjoined by priests! The stone door swung open, and we groped our way through a labyrinth of chambers and passages, dark as midnight, into the open air. We all breathed easier, and a feeling of fear gave way to one of security. We were soon after on the railway for Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, deeply impressed with the beauty and wickedness of Baden-Baden, and thankful that its days of feudal and papal tyranny were at an end.

God condescends to us, that we may rise together with him.—August.

THE MINISTER'S SON.

Charlie—was the son of a minister. His mother died when he was in childhood, and he grew up without the softening influences of a mother's love. He entered college when quite young; but being of an active temperament, he found its rules an irksome restraint, and having violated them, ran away, rather than have his father disgraced by his expulsion.

He went to the city of New York, expecting to find employment, but wandered through those streets in vain. At length he met a sea-captain, who told him a fine story of the pleasures of a whaling voyage, and induced him to ship on board his vessel.

It was when he had reached the port from which he was to sail that I met him, spoke a few words to him, and invited him to call on me for books and papers to take to sea with him; and the result was that, through the influence of Christian friends who gathered around him, he was hopefully led to Christ.

On the evening before his departure he wrote to his father, who had been seeking in vain for tidings from him after he heard that he had left college.

The son expressed his sorrow for his past misconduct, and his determination to lead a new life, and requested me to finish his letter and send it to his father after he had sailed. I did so, and received in return an answer full of anguish at the course his son had taken. I wrote again, telling him more particularly concerning his religious experience, and assuring him that I thought he exaggerated the dangers which lay in the pathway of his son.

An interval of nearly three years elapsed when I again received a letter from the afflicted father, wishing me to let him know as near as possible the time when the vessel in which his son had sailed was expected, as he wished to meet him, so as not to have him exposed to the temptations of a large city without friends, and probably without money. I answered this letter also, telling him that it was impossible to know the precise time of the arrival of a whaling vessel; that it would probably arrive some time during the autumn and I assured him that his son should not be without friends, for as soon as the vessel came he should have a home with me until his father could come to him.

A few days after, the ship came, and before I had learned of its arrival the young man called on me, and I at once communicated the intelligence to his father.

A few evenings later I saw a noble-looking man crossing the street in front of the house. I met him at the door. His face betrayed strong emotion as he inquired, "Are you Mrs. S—?"

"I am; are you Charlie's father?" He bowed his assent, and said in a choked voice, "Is he here?"

"He is below stairs eating supper," was the reply. He grasped my hand, unable to speak his gratitude. I went down to the dining-room, and said, "Charlie, there is a gentleman in the parlor who would like to see you."

"O yes, it is the captain; he promised to call on me," said he.

He went up stairs. His father was standing in the parlor door, and as his son approached, he threw his arms around him, and the son embraced the father.

Not a word was spoken, but the tears rolled over their faces. At length the father said, "Charlie, is it you?"

"Father, is it you?" responded the son; and then, in language broken with sobs, he told his father of the change which had taken place in his purposes for life, and his wish to devote himself to the service of Him who had so kindly watched over him during all his wanderings.

PREACHING AT A GAMING TABLE.

With Mr. Dunbar the ministry of the gospel was not viewed as a mere "profession." It was in his heart to serve Christ and his fellow-creatures not only on the Sabbath, or in the pulpit, but during the week, whether among his own people or among strangers. By the wayside, at a casual visit, in the cars, or on shipboard, he was ever the minister of Christ; careless of the set conventionalities of office, and ready to do a kind deed, to speak a sympathizing, instructive, or warning word, as the occasion suggested; and especially solicitous, in all his intercourse with his fellow-men, to lead them to the Saviour.

He had a rare and happy way of giving a religious turn to conversation. The recital of some striking incident in his own life would often lead the minds of his listeners to themes far different from what they had anticipated at the outset, and which were calculated to make deep religious impressions.

Once, when going up the North river, a sudden shower, about sunset, drove all the passengers from the deck into the cabin. Here they surprised a party of gamblers around a center table, whither they had drawn two or three unwary youths. After a little pause

at this interruption, they went on shuffling their cards, "when," says one who was present, "a gentleman rose and went up to them. He looked on as if with interest in the game; and soon one of the number offered him a seat saying:

"Will you try a hand with us, sir?" "No," replied the gentleman, who I then learned was Mr. Dunbar; "I do not know the name of a card. When I was young, I had a great many games which I enjoyed as much as you do yours, and I now love to see all young men happy."

He then told them of his early life in the Highlands of Scotland, with its wild sports, and its hairbreadth escapes, until quite a group, beside the card players, had gathered round him. The young men ceased playing and gave him all their attention. Soon he spoke of a time when he grew sick of these pleasures, and was dissatisfied with himself; when he felt that he was at enmity with God, and that unless converted and reconciled to him, he must eternally lost. He told them the despair into which he fell, and of his fearful looking for of judgment, and then the manner in which Christ revealed himself as the Way of Life, and of the change this made in all his prospects and pursuits for this world.

By this time the cards had all been slipped into the pockets of the owners, while the man of God having gained their ear preached Christ to them. Even those who under other circumstances would have scoffed, now listened with interest and attention, and all treated him with the greatest respect.

The stand he thus firmly and decidedly took commended itself to the Christians present there. They all gathered round him, like a family, to talk of home and common interests. And while the storm raged without, they enjoyed a blessed season, speaking of the glories of Him they loved, and singing songs of praise to his name.

Memoir of Rev. Duncan Dunbar.

PITHY SAYINGS.

Though Christ were born a thousand times in Bethlehem, and not in thee, thou remainest, nevertheless eternally lost.

If the cross of Golgotha is not erected in thy heart, it cannot deliver thee from the evil one. Mark, that it is to thee of no avail that Christ has risen, if thou continuest lying in sin and the bonds of death.

Christ's enemies did not know what to reproach Him with upon the cross, except His piety, His benevolence, His trust in God. "He saved others;" "He trusted in God."

The vow of Herod! Sinful vows must be repented of. God would rather have us break our word than His word.

Herodias' daughter dancing—A sedate and devout Christian leaves dancing to goats, calves and children, and orders his steps according to the word of God, and not the directions of the dancing master.

Christ multiplying the loaves—Perhaps the idea that a ban of misanthropy and of barrenness rests upon our earthly bread, which Christ removed by this miracle, showing the positive fullness which it contains when His blessing descends upon it, may, in some measure, help us to understand the grand mystery which awaits us at the final transformation of this world—the transformation of what is mortal, the renovation of the earth, the setting free of its fullness, and the restoration of the tree of life.

The Bible, so little in bulk, like the five barley loaves and the two fishes, what thousands upon thousands has it fed, and will it feed, in every age in every land of Christendom to the world's end.—Lange's Commentary on Matthew.

JESUS THE SAVIOUR

He was called Jesus because he should save his people from their sins. There have been many saviours and deliverers. Washington was called the saviour of his country, but Jesus is the Saviour of the world. All who obtained salvation under the old dispensation equally with those under the gospel, owe their redemption to him. Other schemes have signally failed. Forms and ceremonies cannot save the sinner, nor penance, nor morality, nor any works or merits of our own. But none ever truly came to Jesus and were lost.

How does Jesus save us? 1. By his revelation. Not merely by the doctrine he preached, either personally or through his disciples. He was the sun and center of all previous revelation. The old prophets saw by faith, believed and proclaimed the coming Deliverer. Many, though discerning him afar off and dimly, yet following the light they had, were accepted. He enlightens every man coming into the world.

2. By his example. Religion is not a mere theory. The world needs to have it exemplified; and Jesus set us a perfect example, being without sin, and fulfilling all righteousness.

No fallible man is a safe model in all respects; but he is, and beholding him we become changed into his image and imitate his spirit.

3. He saves by his death, resurrection, and intercession. Through him is preached the forgiveness of sins. How many under the burden of sin have groped long for deliverance in vain. So with Luther and others in his day. How joyfully did they hail the doctrine of forgiveness as taught in the inspired word. He offered himself for us, in our stead, bore our sins, and through his merits, by faith in him, we obtain pardon, which otherwise we could never receive. Here is an all-sufficient Saviour, to whom all may look and live.—Morning Star.

The Number of Languages.

The actual number of languages in the world is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer Balbi enumerated eight hundred and sixty distinct languages, and five thousand dialects. Adelung, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up three thousand and sixty-four languages and dialects existing, and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages, we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities, for almost every province has a tongue more or less peculiar; and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large. It is said that there are little islands, lying close together in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand each other. Of the eight hundred and sixty distinct languages enumerated by Balbi, fifty-three belong to Europe, one hundred and fourteen to Africa, one hundred & twenty-three to Asia, four hundred and seventeen to America, one hundred and seventeen to Oceania—by which term he distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindostan and South America.

RECOGNITION OF CHRISTIANITY IN HIGH PLACES.

In a speech of President Johnson, delivered on the 22d of February, which has occasioned so much excitement in political circles, the following sentences occur:

"How different would this have been from the example set by the Holy Founder of our religion, the extremities of whose divine arch rest upon the horizon, and whose span embraces the universe! He who founded this great scheme, came into the world and found man condemned under the Law, and its sentence was death. What was his example?—Instead of putting the world or even a nation to death, He died upon the cross, attesting by His wounds and His blood, that He died that mankind might live."

Of the merits of the political issues discussed in that speech, we do not deem it proper to speak in a religious journal; but language like that quoted is unusual in such quarters. Whether the President be a believer or not we cannot say. Such language, however, seems to indicate that he is not only acquainted with the cardinal doctrine of the atoning death of Christ, but that he is not ashamed to confess Him before men. It is to be hoped, that his heart believes what his lips expressed.

Whether he has, on any other occasion, in official documents and acts, confessed Christ and the divine origin of Christianity, we do not recollect, but would rejoice, with millions of Christian citizens of the United States, if the Name which is above every name, were more highly honored and unceasingly confessed those in authority over us.—Ger. Ref. Mess.

Beginning the day with God.

There are many toiling ones whose time is not at their own command, but there is no one who cannot hold converse with God. His ear can hear amid the clang and roar of machinery, or the hum of hundreds of voices. The heart can go up to him no matter what the surroundings. Wherever Abraham pitched his tent, there he raised up an altar to the Lord. So, wherever the Christian heart is, there is also an acceptable altar from which the incense of prayer and praise may ascend.

Yet there are few who may not, if they will, find time and place for private communion with God before entering on the morning's duties.

Gen. Havelock would rise at four, if the hour for marching was at six, rather than lose the precious privilege of communion with God before setting out.

Luther, in his busiest seasons, felt that praying time was never lost. When remarkably pressed with labors he would say, "I have so much to do that I cannot get on without three hours a day of praying."

Sir Matthew Hale also bears testimony: "If I omit praying and reading God's word in the morning, nothing goes well all day." How many of us may find here the cause of many of our failures, and consequent discontent and unhappiness.

Evils in the Home Circle and in Society.

No. 7.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

In the midst of national calamity,—in time of a fearful contest for the maintenance of freedom, extravagance in dress, in manners, in eating,—in everything stood forth more conspicuously than ever before in American history. Bishop Doane in speaking of this evil, says, "The times are out of joint. Corruption stalks in high places. Licentiousness has well nigh lost its shame. Infidelity is bold and brazen-faced. The wave of barbarism is rolling back upon us. For these things the female sex is greatly answerable. Women are not true to themselves. They wink at vice. They make a compromise with worldliness. The stronger sex look up for best things to the weaker; and if women were but true to God, true to themselves, they would have strength from Him to hold the world in check. There is no man that has not passed into a brute, to do as tigers do, that can resist the matchless majesty of a resolved woman. And stronger than all law, stronger than anything but God, when it is strong in His strength, would be the power of woman to put down rudeness, and lay the bridle of license. But the age is self-indulgent."

Women are occupied by fashion. Women are willing to be flattered. Women are careless in their companionship. Women are unscrupulous in their amusements. Young women set up for themselves. They look upon their parents as old-fashioned. They are impatient of domestic restraints. They are averse to domestic occupations. They vote their homes a bore. They congregate away from its control, at unreasonable hours. They permit the approaches to familiarity, more than is consistent with prudence. They forget their Bibles. They are women of fashion. They are women of the world. What else they are, is rather shaped by opportunity than by themselves. In this way home is stripped of its sanctity. And in this way the female atmosphere loses its freshness and its fragrance. She is no longer what God designed her.

Rev. Dr. Alexander, in a recent volume of sermons, says:

"In fashionable circles—dare I name the Christian?—the years where girlhood merges into maturity are frequently sold to the devil! The young American woman is taught to deem herself a goddess. If there be wealth, if there be accomplishments, if there be beauty, almost a miracle seems to be necessary to prevent the loss of the soul. Behold her pass from the pedestal to the altar. The charming victim is decked for sacrifice. Every breath that comes to her is incense. Her very studies are to fit her for admiration. Day and night the gay, but wretched maiden is taught to think of self and selfish pleasures, until some funeral solemnity interrupts the whirl and the season is found to be too short for the engagements. Grave parents shake their heads at magnificent apparel, costly gems, night turned into day, dances at which the Romans would have blushed, pale cheeks, bending frames, threatened decay; and yet they allow and submit. And thus that sex, which ought to show the sweet, unselfish innocence of a holy youth, is carried to the over-heated temples of fashion."

In the humbler walks of life, no young woman ought to feel herself qualified to become a wife, until she has thoroughly learned the science of economy. The management of a household is not a thing to be properly entrusted to hirling hands. There are a thousand little ways in which money must be expended, in which real shrewdness and enterprise are requisite in order to use it to the best advantage; and there are a thousand ways of saving money, open only to those who have studied aright the art of economy. A Turkish proverb says that "a prudent woman is a mine of jewels," and like many other Oriental sayings, this is beautiful for the truth it embodies. A wasteful housekeeper not only actually despoils those for whom she undertakes to manage, of the comforts it is her duty to provide for them, but keeps her husband over head and ears in debt, and makes the domestic life of a poor man a continued series of experiments in skinning it from one day to the next;—in keeping the stomach full though the purse be empty.

The comfort of a household depends, more immediately, upon the trifles under her jurisdiction—the mutual love and confidence being granted. She can create or destroy her husband's respectability and credit by the management of small sums. No fortunes can stand the constant leakages of extravagance and mismanagement; and more is spent in trifles than woman would easily believe. It is pennies imperceptibly sliding away that do the mischief. There is often an unsuspected trifle to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone, that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those niceties which make a well regulated house. In regard to this subject an experienced writer says:

"An unfurnished armet-stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled table-cloth, a mustard-pot with its old contents sticking hard and brown about it, are severally nothings; but each can raise an angry word or cause discomfort. Depend on it, there's a great deal of domestic happiness in a well-dressed nut-chop or a tidy breakfast-table. Men grow satiated of beauty, tired of music, are often too wearied for conversation, (however intellectual); but they can always appreciate a well-swept hearth and smiling comfort. A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho the enchanted beauties of an Armida; but, melancholy fact—if with these she fail to make his home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections that without love their existence is a void. Better submit, then, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Women of a high order of mind will not run this risk; they know that their feminine, their domestic, are their first duties."

For the American Lutheran, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR BROTHER ANSTADT:—Will you give me space in your paper to notice briefly a communication published by you over the signature of Rev. S. Scherer. I abhor controversy, but feel it to be incumbent on me to make good my former statements. Bro. Scherer says, "As to church I cannot agree with bro. Heilig and Welker. It is true that Lutheran ministers in this state are wanted now. But the charges generally that are supplied are feeding and clothing their ministers about as well as in former times." If the church is supporting her ministers about as well as formerly, why have two of them left the state since the close of the war to seek a living in other states. Two others have ceased to preach altogether and are trying to maintain their families in other occupations. Another has but recently resigned because his charge either would not or could not support him. If the church is disposed and able to feed and clothe the ministers now here, why are five of them without charges, while at the same time, there are six charges, and three missions vacant in the state? One of our ministers who left the state in January told me he had received only twelve dollars for his last years services. A leading councilman in another brother's church informed me a few days ago that he had made very strenuous efforts to collect his pastor's salary for the last year, but had not yet succeeded in getting a single cent. Another church officer rode two and a half days with precisely the same result. These are a few of the stubborn facts that have come under my own observation, and yet brother Scherer says, "Missionaries from the North is just what we do not want now." Why not? Have we ministers enough? Is the church able and willing to sustain them? The above facts, and many others of a similar character that might be stated, prove the contrary. Missionaries from the North now. Ah, herein lies the mystery and misery. Northern loyal influence is dreaded by Southern secession sympathisers, their ostensible protestations of amity and friendship to the contrary notwithstanding. This is the true reason, I apprehend, why "Missionaries from the North is just what we do not want now." Having once firmly established a Southern General Synod, and church paper, then if Northern ministers will migrate this way and become thoroughly Southernized they may perhaps be welcome. Before that time fully comes however, I for one, will seek shelter beneath the shadow of the old Mother, and among spirits more congenial with my own.

Bro. S. says, "We are coming home fully as fast as we can travel." Rather, I should say, as President Johnson can drag us, with all imaginable impediments thrown in the way by Southern ex-rebels. Remove from this state at present, all military authority, then you will see, in a very short time, what sort of a spirit these people are of—then you will perceive how fast we can travel toward home. Let any one, if he can, point to a single law passed without constraint, by the Legislature of this state, looking to a speedy and friendly restoration of the Union. They do, in that respect, what the demands of the general government and the pressure of circumstances, drive them to, nothing more.—Bro. S. thinks, "that a union of hearts alone can make us a people," but at the same time, prefers that those with whom he proposes to unite in heart shall remain at a very respectable distance from him. He hopes that the radical party in Congress will be overruled. Alas! that would be a sad misfortune indeed, and I pray God that the present controlling party in Congress will not be overruled until they shall have thrown around our venerable Constitution such safeguards as will forever prevent a repetition of the bloody scenes and horrid conflicts through which we have just passed.

Provisions, including wheat, corn, bacon, pork, beef, butter, &c., are about double their usual price before the war. Wheat sold in my neighborhood a few weeks ago, at three dollars per bushel, Corn one dollar and seventy cents.—Considering, not the worthlessness of the currency which all loyal men here regard as good as gold, but its extreme scarcity, I submit if these prices indicate a plentiful supply in the country. Bro. S. probably has "enough to eat and to wear," but he has advantages that thousands of others do not enjoy. He is trying to serve two charges, besides cultivating a farm with his own hands. In this way I suppose he keeps himself above want, but there are few except himself that would be willing to undertake, or able to perform the labor of three men.

Mr. Editor, I have not been as brief as I wished to be; have the kindness to excuse me, and permit me in conclusion to express my profound regret that the last hope of a bleeding church should have been so soon blasted by the unwise and untimely declaration of a prejudiced minister. The facts in the case, as I stated them before, remain unchanged. We do need, and the church here, in my humble opinion, does want Missionaries from the North now, the assertions of doubtful loyalists to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mill Hill, N. C.

Yours Truly,
J. S. HEILIG.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.—We think that br. Heilig takes too desponding a view of the subject, when he expresses his "profound regret that the last hope of a bleeding church should have been so soon blasted by the unwise and untimely declaration of a prejudiced minister." We think there is nothing lost by a free discussion of a good cause. The discussion of this subject has had this good effect that it has brought out the facts prominently in detail. Br. Heilig had previously given us general statements in regard to the condition and wants of the church in the South, but in this communication, occasioned by the article of br. Scherer, he has given us somewhat detailed statistics and facts, just what we want, on this subject. All that the Home Missionary Society requires is definite and regular applications from congregations and charges in the South, and we believe the missionaries and the money for their support can be obtained. Let some of those charges mentioned in br. Heilig's communication make the application in due form and we feel sure they will meet with a favorable response. We have also heard it intimated that Rev. M.

Officer, the general agent of the Home Missionary Society, contemplated making a tour to North Carolina in order to ascertain by personal observation the condition of the churches and make arrangements to afford relief wherever it is necessary or desired.

THE LAST MINISTER.

Every minister who has been a successor can bear witness to the inflictions which must be borne, for some months at least, from the oft repeated and tedious and unprofitable descriptions of his predecessor. It is a staple of conversation until the subject is worn threadbare. When the weather is "done up," and other topics fail and conversation drags, then the minister and his wife (if he has one) are brought forward and shown up, according to the likes or dislikes of the parish. What he did and what he omitted to do; what he said, and what he didn't say; how he preached and how he prayed; how he visited here; and how he didn't visit there; how he attracted, and how he repelled; what time he got up, and what time he went to bed; these, and a hundred other things are described and discussed and retailed, until the very name falls upon the ear, and the successor wishes that the predecessor had never been born! Now it is kindly and pleasant for the parish to remember its minister, and to speak well of him, if they can, and ill of him as little as they can; but well or ill, praising or blaming, for or against, let it be done, we pray you, with moderation, and let there be an end of the matter as quickly as possible. To all whom it may concern then, we say, spare the successor from an over and over repeated dose of the predecessor.—*Christian Register*!

Luck and Labor.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six o'clock, and, with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labor, on character.

Luck slips down to indigence.

Labor strides upward and to independence. —*Life of Golden*.

[For the American Lutheran]

FROM IOWA.

Davenport Iowa, Feb. 26th, 1866. I am just returning from a tour into the interior of the state, and will now give you a few items which I hope may prove sufficiently interesting to insure publication. My object in making this tour was a two-fold one. First to assist br. Ebert at Marysville in a protracted meeting; Secondly to operate in behalf of our college enterprise at Albion. As the result of my mission I will say that during this time I preached fifteen sermons and took up the following subscriptions for college.

Marysville, Iowa,
Matthias Ulsch \$100. M. J. Ulsch \$25. Jacob Metz \$30. J. M. Dietrich \$2. M. U. Gortner \$5. D. G. Ulsch \$5. F. C. Dietrich \$5. John Wesner \$5. John Wesner Jr. \$3. John Stroup \$3. D. C. Etz \$30. John Yeuze \$2. R. D. High \$2. Rev. J. W. Ebert \$10. G. Henry \$50 ets. W. H. Brobst \$50. Thaddeus Godfrey \$5. Jonathan Hake \$2. Isaac Neiffert \$3. At Knoxville I took the following subscriptions: James G. Young \$20, Margaret Reizer \$20, George Monzer \$10, Mr. Savage \$1. Besides the above amounts the following unkeepers gave me free lodging and are entitled to be credited with the following amounts, J. Post, Pella \$1.50, E. H. Weaver, Fairfield \$1, Mr. Swan, Brazilton House, Mt. Pleasant, \$1.50. Total \$329.50. Of the above amount \$42.50 was paid in cash, for which due credit is given on the book.

My trip upon the whole was a very pleasant one. I met, with very few exceptions, with a kind and cordial sympathy from all classes, and I am sorry to say that one of these few exceptions was an old Lutheran who is evidently more devoted to the lager beer saloon than the interests of the church. And the other a minister who claims to belong to the Simon Pures—one who voted at the last meeting of the General Synod to keep us poor Frankens out in the cold. He even told me in his own official capacity that we were not Lutherans. Wonder how he will reconcile such talk with the resolutions passed at the last General Synod. I wonder too by what rule he makes out his verdict. But be it so. I hope the good God will correct him in this particular, and show him how inconsistently he is acting. The resolution referred to is found on page 40 of the minutes of General Synod and reads as follows:

"RESOLVED, That this General Synod most unqualifiedly reprobates and condemns the courses so frequently pursued, of denouncing each other as cold formalists on the one hand, and on the other as traitors to the Lutheran church." Wonder if he voted for that resolution. Observer and Missionary please copy. E. Fair.

Northern Conference of the Synod of Central Pa.

The Northern Conference of the Synod of Central Pennsylvania convened at Salona, Pa., Feb. 22, 1866. The members of Conference were either present or sent in their reasons for absence, with the exception of Revs. J. P. Shindel and J. C. Burkholder.

The new Constitution of Conference, more complete and more stringent than the old, was unanimously adopted.

The Salona, Aaronsburg and Bellefonte charges, within the bounds of Conference, are vacant, and by resignation of br. P. Gheen, the English mission in Lock Haven will become vacant by the 1st of April. These charges should all be speedily supplied.

The reports on the state of piety in the different charges were mostly encouraging.

Precious seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord have been enjoyed by some of the charges during the winter—the churches revived and members added.

The division of the Salona charge was discussed, and the following resolution passed: Resolved, That we, as a Conference, advise the Salona and Snyder's congregation, to separate themselves from Zion and form themselves into a separate charge.

We trust this resolution will be carried into effect, thus permitting the Zion congregation to unite with Bellefonte, making that a self-sustaining charge.

The following question will be discussed at the next meeting of Conference:—"What do we understand by regeneration?"

Our Conference will meet in the Penn's Creek church, of the Aaronsburg charge, in September.

Preaching during Conference in day time and evening. Communion on Sabbath. Collection for the Home Missions, \$15.40.

May the meeting result in good to the kind people among whom it was held.

L. K. SECRIST, Sec.

Bouldsburg, March 1, 1866.

For the American Lutheran.

CHURCH NEWS.

DEDICATION.—The new Evangelical Lutheran church of Nippenose mountain in the Sugar Valley Mission was solemnly dedicated to the service of God on the 17th of Dec.—65. The consecration sermon was preached, and the liturgical services performed by the writer. The dimensions of the church are 28 by 36 feet, costing about \$1200. There was still a small debt resting on the congregation, which was, however, nearly cancelled on the day of consecration. This little band of Christians, with their present and former pastor, deserve great credit for their zeal and liberality. May God bless and prosper them.

RE-OPENING.—The Ev. Lutheran and Ger. Reformed church in the Bellefonte Mission, having been repaired, was re-opened for public worship on the 28th of January last. This house of God has been very tastefully re-fitted. The audience chamber has been papered in fresco style, gas introduced and a beautiful chandelier with twelve burners secured, a furnace placed in the basement, and an excellent sofa and cane bottom chairs adorn the pulpit and altar. This temple of God will now compare favorably with any others in Bellefonte. The cost of refitting was near \$1,000, about \$400 of which was still lacking on the morning of dedication. Before the house was re-dedicated the whole debt was cancelled and near one hundred dollars over. The consecration sermons were preached by Rev. W. H. Groh, of the Ger. Reformed church in German, and by the writer of the Lutheran church. I trust that with the remodeling and beautifying of their church, their hearts may also be re-opened and renovated and dedicated anew to the service and and praise of God. These people desire and should have a pastor to break to them the bread of life.

REVIVALS.—While writing I may as well record the doings of the Lord in this section. I held two series of meetings during the fall and winter, which by the help and grace of God resulted in the hopeful conversion of about 45 souls. Some have already united with the church and others are in a course of preparation in the catechetical class. Praise the Lord.

My next neighbor, bro. Secrist has also been favored with a precious season of grace, during which some 25 or 30 embraced Christ by faith. These people have manifested their appreciation of their pastor's services by increasing his salary fifty per cent. May others do likewise.

Bro. Porr has been equally favored in one of his congregations. Many, both old and young have sought and found the Saviour precious. For weeks the altar has been crowded with anxious inquirers. May the Lord continue his glorious and stately steppings in our midst.

In addition to this, our Presbyterian and Methodist brethren have also enjoyed a feast of good things, in the hopeful conversion of fifty or sixty souls in both congregations. One beautiful feature in these awakenings was that no extraordinary efforts were made, except the simple preaching of God's truth. There seemed to be unity of effort among all Christians. Party lines were for the time set aside, and all labored for one great object, the glory of God and the salvation of men. May God speed the day when one universal refreshing may come from the presence of the Lord, and sweep formalism, symbolism and every other unchristianism from the face of the earth, and the church arise and put on her beautiful garments, and go forth conquering and to conquer. May the Lord break every fetter, and make the Lutheran church what she was in her origin, a revival church.

D. S.

Pine Grove Mills, March 5th 1866.

See that each hour's feelings and thoughts and actions are pure and true; then will your life be such. The wide pasture is but separate spears of grass; the sheeted bloom of the prairies but isolated flowers.

Charity is the regulation overcoat of the Christian soldier.

Clerical Support.

MR. EDITOR:—Some regard clergymen, with respect to support, as beggars; some, as objects of charity. But others admit that they should be regarded and treated as "laborers worthy of their reward," but suppose that the amount of that reward ought to be measured by the minister's necessities, or by the average income of his parishioners. The above views all seem to me to be defective. Paul says, "The laborer is worthy of his reward."—1 Tim. v, 18. "Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the gospel shall live of the gospel."—1 Cor. ix, 14.

1st. Here, then, the ground is taken that the preacher is a laborer—not a beggar—not an object of charity, but one who is engaged at honest labor—working. And is he not properly, as justly, to be regarded as a laborer as is a physician, a lawyer, or a teacher? Does he not perform work of a certain class as well as they? Is not the labor he performs as exhausting as any other professional labor? If so, why not regard the clergyman as a laborer? Paul says he is a laborer. Christ does the same.

2d. Paul says, "The laborer should have his reward." By reward, he doubtless means compensation; for he speaks in other places of "hire," and also, that he "took wages." And this compensation the laborer is not to receive as a charity, or bounty in any sense, but as a reward of which he is "worthy"—worthy, because he gave its equivalent in hard toil. It is due to him, and no man, or set of men, can therefore withhold it from him without inflicting upon him a most flagrant moral wrong and injustice, as great a moral wrong as if he, or they, failed to pay for any other kind of labor faithfully done. It is fraud, and we may as well call things by their right names.

3d. By what rule may we determine what the amount of compensation for a minister ought to be? One says, "Enough to supply his necessities." We answer, most assuredly, not less. For, "They which preach the gospel should live of the gospel." Hence to expect a minister to preach (giving all his time to his calling) for less than a livelihood, is to expect him to do what is not required. A good living is the very least a preacher should have for his labors.

But does Paul, or any other sacred writer, say that a minister should not have more than a mere living for his labor? He does not. And he should have more, because he has his children to educate. He may become disabled from active labor, or from other causes his income may fail, and how now is he to live? Upon public charity? A Pauper? That must be the result, if his present necessities are to be the measure of his salary. Is it just, reasonable, right?

Another says, "The average income of his parishioners ought to constitute the rule." But where is the law for that? The physician, lawyer, school teacher do us service, or labor. Do we determine what their salaries shall be by the average income of our own? Not we. We employ the common day's laborer, who gets perhaps, one dollar per day. Is that compensating him according to the average income of those for whom he labors? Nothing of the sort. The principle is utterly erroneous.

It may, I think, be justly assumed that if clerical labor requires as much time, talent, preparation and expense; if it is as exhausting to the laborer, and is, withal, as necessary to the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind as other professional kinds of labor; these should be the considerations by which to determine the amount of a minister's salary. What his talents would be worth in some other profession, or at some other business, that they are worth in the ministry. And until this fact is fully seen, felt, and acted upon, the clerical profession will not get justice done, nor will the pulpit be supplied with the best talent.

And now, men and brethren, if the above principles will be carried out, I do not think there will be any difficulty to get preachers to suit you on the one hand, nor wrongs committed on the preachers on the other. Preachers will do their duty, and feel good, and the church will prosper.—REL. TEL.

Frozen Kindness.

The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel of the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying among rocks on the hill, where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of all these trees, if you had no means of getting the wood and making a fire with it. Just so in a family, love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters, happy; but if they take care never to say a word about it; if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the home will seem cold even in summer, and if you live there you will envy the dog when any one calls him "poor fellow."

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN

Selinsgrove, March 15, 1866.

A Trip to Baltimore.

We have just returned from an interesting visit to the Monumental City, a place where we spent four of the most interesting years of our early ministry, and where we are always glad to meet some of our warmest personal friends. This time we did not travel in search of the "leading minds." Indeed we had not time to call upon a single person who might possibly presume that he belonged to that honorable class. In conversation with christian friends, however, we gathered up the following church news:

Rev. J. Magee, the new pastor of the Lombard street church, is a young man of extraordinary talents and eloquence, and strong hopes are indulged that the church will be built up under his efficient and faithful labors.

Rev. Charles Stork has taken lessons in elocution, thrown aside his manuscript and is becoming a very popular speaker. His church is in a very flourishing condition, and his members very much attached to him.

Rev. Dr. J. McCron is still having crowded audiences. His congregation speak of selling their church edifice and building a larger one farther "up town."

Rev. H. Bishop is getting along comfortably in the Third Lutheran church in "Old Town," over which the editor of the "American Lutheran" once held the office of bishop, when it bore the humble name of "Luther Chapel," a name still dear to us and to a few of those who yet worship in what is now called the "Third Lutheran Church." Bro. B. has just returned from a visit to his son in Missouri. During his absence the congregation was served by Rev. Dr. J. G. Morris, who appears to be a favorite with the "Chapel people."

Rev. Dr. C. Martin has been serving a mission enterprise on Federal Hill and acting as "Local Editor" of the Lutheran Observer. He has been chosen as the principal of the Hagerstown Female Seminary and expects to go there about the first of April. In consequence the Observer will have to look out for another local editor and the mission for another pastor. We would suggest for the latter post, the Rev. C. Lepley. He is already on the spot, and willing to labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

The German churches are also generally in a prosperous condition.

Rev. D. Maier's church is said to be crowded and the congregation speak seriously of building a new church for about \$40,000, reserving the old one for a school house.

Rev. G. Brandau's congregation are about building a new parish school house.

Rev. F. Hennighausen's congregation has suffered considerably from a division, a part of the congregation having gone off with their former pastor, Rev. Zimmerman, who are building another German Lutheran church on Federal Hill. The result was a tedious lawsuit for the church property, in which, however, the party that remained and called Rev. Hennighausen were finally successful, and are now in peaceable possession of St. Steven's church on Federal Hill. The congregation is now in a prosperous condition under the faithful labors of its present pastor.

Rev. C. Schloeyel is serving a small German congregation on Bond street. He has been laboring faithfully in the midst of many discouragements, having had much trouble with some turbulent spirits in his congregation.

Rev. Kratt, a young man who serves as pastor to old Trinity church, has broken loose from all Synodical relations, and, as we were told, has turned rationalist, something like Scheib. What a pity that the church, that was planted by our venerated Father Heyer, watered by the sainted Weyl and Weinmann, should now have become a nursery of infidelity!

One of the most pleasing features of the state of the Lutheran church in Baltimore at this time, is the spirit of fraternal harmony that exists between the German and English pastors and churches. They have established a city missionary association in which they meet monthly, and devise means for the up-building of the Redeemer's cause in the city of Baltimore. This is as it should be; thus it should be in all our large cities. If this had been done from the beginning the Lutheran might be the largest and most influential denomination in the land.

The Missourians are also bestirring themselves in Baltimore. They are building a magnificent church in East Baltimore at a cost of \$30 to \$40,000, the greater part of which, however, we were told, was collected from abroad. Then, it is said, they are about selling their small church in Saratoga street and from he proceeds they hope to build two other churches, one on Federal Hill and the other in the west end of the city. Their English enterprise appears to have collapsed entirely; a number of the members of that organization have recently connected themselves with Rev. Charles Stork's congregation. Why has not the "Baltimore correspondent" informed us of this fact? Is it not strange that these old

Lutherans should leave their symbolical books, private confessions, crucifixes, pictures and wax candles and connect themselves with a church where "vital piety" is considered the most important matter! Old pastor Keyl is about half right. He is of opinion that pure Lutheranism can be propagated only in the German language. Now, genuine, Biblical Lutheranism can be propagated in any language, if it could not, it would lack one essential quality of Christianity, which is destined to become the religion of the whole world; but we doubt, whether synobolic Lutheranism can ever be extensively or permanently established except in the German language. These Missourians do not co-operate or fraternize with the other German or English Lutherans of Baltimore, but a relation exists between them somewhat similar to that which existed between the Jews and Samaritans. The Missourians are the Ishmaelites of the Lutheran church; their hand is against every one, and of course every one's hand is against them.—When shall we have a united Lutheran church in America? When all shall be willing to adopt the motto at the head of this paper: "In Fundamentals Unity; in Non-essentials Liberty; in all things Charity." This is substantially the basis of the General Synod.—On no other basis will there ever be union in the Lutheran church of this country. This is abundantly proved by all the symbolical Synods in the land, who are united only on one point, namely, a fanatical opposition to the General Synod.

The spirit of the Lutheran and Missionary is becoming cruelly bitter in its tone of late. Formerly it mingled a little of the suaviter in modo into its controversies, but now its controversial articles appear to be written with a pen that has been dipped in unmingled gall. Whilst the paper was under the exclusive editorial control of Prof. C. P. Krauth, Jr., it was bad enough in this respect, but since the editorship has been divided among the faculty of the new seminary, it has become much worse.

We know not which of the editors prepared the article on "Franken Synodism," but presume it was Dr. Schaffer, of Germantown, because to him was assigned the duty of making selections from exchange papers and making observations upon them. The article speaks sarcastically of the "holy guile" of the Frankens and of "their ideas of decency and order," and tells the members of the Frankan Synod "out-laws"! It ill becomes the president of the Synod of Pennsylvania "and adjacent States," that has members in quite a number of the United States of America," to stigmatize the members of another Synod as "out-laws" because they have organized a separate Conference in the West with the view of forming a new Synod.

He also informs his readers that the "American Lutheran" is the organ of these "out-laws." Now, this is news to us, for we do not know that the Frankan Synod or any other Synod has ever adopted the "American Lutheran" as its organ. Subscribers and friends it has among the members of the Frankan Synod, as it has also even more among other Synods, but it does not pretend or claim to be the "organ" of any one of them.

News from the Churches.

Revival in Gettysburg.—We have just heard by a private letter that there is quite an extensive revival in progress among the students in Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, Pa. Will some of the brethren there have the kindness to give us a more extended account of it for the "American Lutheran."

Milton, Pa.—We have been informed by a member of the Lutheran church at Milton, that the labors of Rev. Parsons have been blessed with an extensive revival, and large accessions will be made to the church by confirmation, including several heads of families. The necessity of building a larger church is greatly felt, to accommodate the increasing number of worshippers that throng to the sanctuary.

Sharon Springs, N. Y.—Rev. S. W. Hemperly, of Cicero, N. Y., has accepted a call from the Lutheran church at Sharon Springs, Schoharie county, N. Y., and wishes all his papers and correspondents to direct accordingly.

Lewisburg, Pa.—Rev. Joshua Evans, of Hagerstown, Md., has accepted a call to the Lutheran church in Lewisburg, Pa. He expects to take charge of the congregation about the first of April.

Bro. Evans will leave his congregation in Hagerstown in a better condition than he found it before the war. He has now a class of catechumens under instruction numbering not less than forty. Within the last six months the church at Hagerstown has enjoyed an encouraging degree of success. We hope that his labors at Lewisburg will be still more abundantly blessed.

Pasternkill, N. Y.—A new Lutheran church under the pastoral care of Rev. J. A. Rosenberg, was dedicated in December last. It is a beautiful structure, 40 by 60, beautifully frescoed and surmounted by a tower, and a bell weighing 1,200 pounds. The dedication was

followed by a series of meetings, in which much good was done. Quite a number were added to the church and vital piety was increased among the membership.

Muncy, Pa.—Rev. E. A. Sharretts of Danville, Pa., has received a call to the Muncy charge, embracing the towns of Muncy and Hughesville, formerly and for many years under the care of Rev. G. Parsons. We have not yet learned when bro. Sharretts intends to remove to Muncy.

James Creek.—The address of Rev. J. H. Bratten, is still James Creek, Huntingdon county, Pa., and not Mattoon, Coles co., Ill., as erroneously printed in the almanac. He writes: "We have just closed a meeting at Markelsburg, in which over seventy-five souls were converted to God. Fathers, mothers and children were all pleading for mercy. Many of them had been church members for years without a change of heart. Several members of the German Reformed church, as well as of the Lutheran, were converted at this meeting. A number of soldiers that fought their country's battles, are now soldiers for Jesus. We added to the Lutheran Church about fifty members. Pray that the Lord may keep them faithful. I intend to urge them to take the church paper that advocates revivals."

GENERAL SYNOD—DR. SPRECHER'S LETTER.

Permit me, in answer to all requests and all protests, in regard to a change in the time of the meeting of the General Synod, to say, that I do not feel that I have a right to make any such change. It would be proper for the President to assume such authority, only in the case of an occurrence which could not be anticipated by the Synod at the time, when according to the constitution, it "determined the time of the next meeting by ballot," and which was of such a nature as to make a change necessary. Whit-Sunday is not an event of this character. It comes every year, and could, consequently, be foreseen; and there is nothing in its occurrence during the convention of the General Synod calculated to make a change necessary.

On the other hand, may there not be a peculiar propriety in the General Synod's holding its convention at that time? If our churches expect special blessings upon the confirmations and communions connected with that day, may we not expect similar Divine favor to attend the meeting and communion of the General Synod at the same time? If the choice of the time was an oversight on the part of man, may it not have been designedly permitted on the part of God? "Der Mensch denkt, Gott lenkt." Let all who wish to attend the General Synod, change the time of their communion, &c., and let them, and all our people every where, pray that God may make Whit-Sunday—a real Pentecost to the General Synod—a blessing, a greater than which we could hardly seek.

S. SPRECHER.

EXPENSES OF THE DELEGATES TO THE GENERAL SYNOD.

On this subject Dr. Conrad says, in the *Observer*:

"We had the pleasure of meeting A. F. Ockershausen, Esq., a few days ago, in New York, and learned from him the following facts, in reference to the state of the treasury of the General Synod, to which we call immediate attention.

"The expenses of the delegates to the last General Synod, were about \$2,500. Other claims for printing minutes, liturgy, &c., amounted to about \$500, making an aggregate of \$3,000. To meet the demands on the treasury at York, the treasurer advanced \$1,150. To pay this deficiency, and to provide for the payment of the expenses of the next meeting, annual collections were to be taken up on the first Sabbath of April, in all the Churches of the District Synods belonging to the General Synod, due notice of which was to be given by the Secretary at least one month beforehand. The first Sabbath of April, 1865, has passed; five churches took up collections, and \$69 have been contributed. The first Sabbath of April, 1866, is at hand. There is hardly time for the Secretary to give the month's notice, and upon the collection then taken will depend the question, whether the delegates to the next General Synod shall pay their own expenses; or not? At the last meeting, held at York, the treasurer had \$1,319 in hand, from the sales of the General Synod's publications, but from this source, it is not probable that he will have a dollar in his hands, to meet the expenses of the next meeting. The amount advanced by the treasurer, has not even been liquidated, and about \$200 are still due him. If, when the General Synod met in the heart of Pennsylvania, where two-thirds of its delegates had comparatively a short distance to travel, and one-third a comparatively long one, the expenses were \$3,000, then, when it meets in Fort Wayne, Indiana, these proportions will be reversed, two-thirds of the delegates coming long distances, and one-third of them, short ones, and the expenses will be increased to, at least, \$4,000.

"If now, the proceeds of the collections of the coming April Sabbath shall equal those of that of the past year, the General Synod will still be in debt to the treasurer about \$50, and no provision whatever will have been made to meet any of the expenses it may incur in its meeting in May next."

Prayer is more powerful than preaching. It is prayer that gives preaching all its power.

The Red-Lettered Umbrellas.

I saw such a funny procession a day or two ago in New York City! Walking down Broadway, slowly and solemnly, in a line, one after the other, were six men. It was a bright, clear, sunshiny morning in the spring, no rain nor snow. But there marched the slow line of six men, each one with a large umbrella over his head—a large white umbrella, with red letters painted on it. What could it mean? I laughed at the odd procession. And I wondered at the queer white umbrellas, till they came so near me that I could read the red letters. And on every umbrella I read the name of a great show.

The showman had hired these six men to march down Broadway, each with an umbrella over his head in the clear day, just to make people look, and laugh, and wonder, and read the red letters just as I did. And this is one way by which he advertises.

Can we not learn a lesson from this strange procession? I saw a man one day with a coat painted all over with some one else's advertisement. He could not go anywhere in that coat without advertising this man's business. O what a blessing it would be, not if we carried a queer umbrella with the gospel printed on it in red letters, but if we were careful so to speak, so to act, above all so to be, that no one could meet us, nor see us, nor hear us, and not read in our lives that dear gospel as plainly as I could read the letters on the umbrellas.

"As ye go, preach," the Saviour said. And says it to all—to you and to me. Preach by kind words, by good deeds, by patience, by love, by gentleness, by pureness; preach in this way at home, at school, in the street, at play even. Try always so to act and speak as to teach others how to live for God and for heaven.—*Mission Advocate.*

HOSPITALITY TO MINISTERS.

In Rev. Henry Boem's "Reminiscences," the following incident is related:

"John Scott's was one of our preaching places. He lived near Poplartown, Worcester county, Maryland. He was an active and liberal man. He was also very shrewd, and knew how to answer a fool according to his folly. As he entertained the preachers and their horses, some of his neighbors predicted that he would be 'eaten out of house and home.' It was a very dry season, and things were parched up. He was a farmer, and had planned one hundred acres of corn. The crop was likely to be cut off. On a certain day a cloud came up from the west, and the refreshing rains fell on his fields, but extended no further. His fields were fresh and green, while those of his neighbors were dry. In the fall, when they were gathering the crops, his neighbors expressed astonishment that his corn should be so much more valuable than theirs. They did not know how to account for it. He replied that he had fed the preachers' horses. He left his neighbors to infer that this was one cause of his prosperity. I have often noticed those families who were not given to hospitality, and those who welcomed the messengers of God to their houses, and the latter have prospered far more than the former. A noble man was brother John Scott."

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH.—The Church of Christ was destined to represent him on earth, and to minister to all the moral needs of the human race. Her work, then, is not done when she sends out preachers and teachers; when she exhibits sacraments and liturgies; when she puts up churches at home and mission stations abroad. She must group her way into alleys and courts and purlieus of the city, and up the broken staircase, and into the bar-room, and beside the loathsome sufferer. She must go down into the pit with the miner, into the forecastle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the field with the farmer, into the counting-room with the merchant. Like the air, the Church must press equally on all the surfaces of society; like the sea, flow into every nook of the shore-line of humanity; and like the sun shine, on things foul and low as well as fair and high—for she was organized, commissioned and equipped for the moral renovation of the world.—*Bishop Simpson.*

The Infidel's Child.

"Father, why don't you talk to me about God and Jesus, as mother does?" said a sweet childish voice of four years. The father was dumb, and left the room quietly. A day or two after his father left to join his regiment, Harry plucked from the garden a beautiful flower, and holding it to his father asked, "Pa, who made this pretty flower?" No answer was given, but deep thoughts were stirred in this infidel's heart.

In one of the battles in Virginia the father was taken prisoner, and thrust into Libby prison. While there the childish voice often sounded in his heart. He became a praying man, sought mercy, and believed in Jesus.—His spiritual birth-place was that loathsome bastille. His darling boy died while he was there, and was carried by angels to Paradise. The father returned to his home a true Christian.

Nearly three thousand years ago the Psalmist wrote "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."—*Sunday School Times.*

Let go that Stern Line.

I once stood on the wharf, watching a brig get ready for sea: the topsails and courses were loosed, the jib hung from the boom, and the halyards stretched out ready to run it up. Just at that moment, the pilot sprang from the wharf to the quarter deck, inquiring, as he did so, of the mate in command, "Are you all ready?" "All ready, sir," said the officer.

Then the command, "Stand by to run up that jib! Hands by the head braces! Cast off your head-fast, and stand by aft there to let go that stern line! Let go! Man the topsail halyards! Run 'em up, boys, run 'em up! Does the jib take? Haul over that starboard sheet! She pays off fine! There she goes, and—hilloa! hilloa! What's the matter? What's fast there? Starboard the helm—starboard!" shouted the pilot. "What holds her? Is there anything foul aft, there? Why, look at that stern line! Heave it off the timber head; heave off that turn!" "It's foul ashore, sir," said one of the crew. "Then cut it! Dye, hear? Never mind the hawser. Cut it before she loses her way." By this time there was a taut strain on the hawser: a seaman drew his sheathknife across the strands, which soon parted, the brig forced ahead, the sails were run up and trimmed to the breeze, and the "Billow" filled away.

Young man! you use *profane language*.—You take the name of God in vain." You must let go that line. God declares that "he will not hold them guiltless that take his name in vain." Christ commands, "Swear not at all." Do you say, "I know it is a bad habit?" Then let it go! Cut it! Better cut the hawser than lose the craft.

One is held by *lust*; another by *pride*; another by *love of money*, which is the "root of all evil;" another is careless; but these are all strands in the hawser of *unbelief*. Let them all go!—*Life Boat.*

GIVING.

I have been young; and now I am old and as I stand before God to-night, I declare that nothing I have ever given in charity is regretted. O no! it is the riches we keep that perish; that which is given away abides with us forever; it impresses itself on our character, and calls on our eternal destiny; for the habit of charity for this life will accompany us to the next. The bud which begins to open here will blossom in full expansion hereafter, to delight the eye of angels and beautify the paradise of God. Let us, then, now and on every occasion hereafter, practise that liberality which in death we shall approve, and reprobate the parsimony which we shall then condemn.

BORROWING TROUBLES.—"The worst evils" (says the proverb) "are those that never arrive." By way of practical counsel to all borrowers of trouble, I would say—Face the real difficulties and troubles of life, and you won't have time for practising the art of self-tormenting. The most contented people in the world are those who are most occupied in alleviating with Christian heart and hand, the sorrows that flesh is heir to. Visit the homes of ignorance and poverty, and in the face of the terrible realities you will there witness, your own petty cares will seem as nothing. The anxieties of the fancy will vanish altogether, while you will be far more able to bear those burdens which though real will seem light by comparison.—*Our own Fire side.*

MARRIED.—On the 7th of Jan. 1866, by the Rev. E. Grothe, Mr. MARTIN ZINDEL, to Miss CHARLOTTE FRANK, both of Lock Haven, Pa.

On the 15th of March 1866, by Rev. P. Anstadt, Mr. GEO. C. GUTELIUS of Millburg to Miss AMELIA M. BEAVER, of Croftersville, Pa.

On the same day by the same, Mr. Orvil Schuyler of Wilna, N. Y. to Miss Mary Alice Reimstone of Selinsgrove, Pa.

Confirmation & Marriage Certificates

We have printed a number of Confirmation and Marriage Certificates. They are neat, plain, and cheap. Confirmation Certificates 4 cts. a piece; Marriage Certificates 2 cts. a piece, free of postage.

Carmina Ecclesiae,
OR
LUTHERAN TUNE BOOK.

Fourth Edition—Revised and Improved.

As the cost of paper and binding materials has somewhat declined, (not much however,) the Publisher of the CARMINA ECCLESIAE has concluded to reduce the price from \$2.00 to \$1.75 per copy, from which a liberal discount will be made when a dozen or more are ordered.

The demand for this popular TUNE BOOK is constantly increasing; already the Fourth Edition is nearly exhausted. It has been carefully revised and considerably improved, so that it is now believed to be as perfect as human skill and experience can make it.

We desire again to call attention to the fact, that the General Synod of our Church has APPROVED, and is interested in the sale of the "CARMINA ECCLESIAE;" it is therefore the duty, as it should be the pleasure, of all who love our Lutheran Zion, to exert themselves to introduce this work into our Church Choirs, and Singing Associations generally.

It is printed on fine white paper, and well bound (not in the shabby manner music books are generally put up,) and is, in all respects, one of the most superior works of the kind published; this is fully shown from the numerous testimonials already received, and also from the fact, that it is used extensively by other denominations, as well as our own.

A specimen copy, for examination, will be sent per mail, post paid, upon receipt of the price.

Address orders to

T. NEWTON KURTZ, Publisher,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Outside the Alehouse.

O, don't go in to-night, John—
Now, husband, don't go in!
To spend our only shilling, John,
Would be a cruel sin.
There's not a loaf at home, John—
There's not a coal, you know—
Though with hunger I am faint, John,
And cold comes down the snow,
Then don't go in to-night!

Ah, John, you must remember—
And John, I can't forget—
When never foot of yours, John,
Was in the alehouse set.
Ah, those were happy times, John,
No quarrels then we knew,
And none were happier in our lane
Than I, dear John, and you;
Then don't go in to-night!

You will not go!—John, John, I mind,
When we were courting, few
Had arm as strong, or step as firm,
Or cheek as red as you;
But drink has stolen your strength, John,
And paled your cheek to white,
Has tottering made your young firm tread,
And bowed your manly height;
You'll not go in to-night!

You'll not go in? Think on the day
That made me, John, your wife,
What pleasant talk that day we had
Of all our future life!
Of how your steady earnings, John,
No wasting should consume,
But weekly some new comfort bring
To deck our happy room;
Then don't go in to-night!

To see us, John, as then we dressed,
So tidy, clean, and neat,
Brought out all eyes to follow us
As we went down the street.
Ah, little thought our neighbors then,
And we as little thought,
That ever, John, to rags like these
By drink we should be brought;
You won't go in to-night!

And will you go? If not for me,
Yet for your baby stay—
You know, John, not a taste of food
Has passed my lips to-day;
And tell your father, little one,
'Tis mine your life hangs on,
You will not spend the shilling, John?
You'll give it him? Come John,
Come home with us to-night!

Children's Department.

A Story for the Children.

It was a cold dreary room in which Charley Livingston sat that beautiful Christmas morning, but the heart of the little boy was more cold and dreary than the room.

He knew that it was Christmas morning because he had heard the children say so, and he had seen the brightly lighted windows in the shops and the beautiful toys which would gladden the hearts of other children on the coming festival. And little Charley could remember the time when he, too, had a share in the good things of this world—when he also was surrounded with loving parents and friends, and a bright joyful little sister played about the nursery floor with him. Of all this he had a distinct remembrance.—He could also remember when his mamma looked very sad, and told Charley he must keep very still, as the dear baby was ill.—And she grew worse, notwithstanding their efforts to save her, and finally she died, and was laid away in a little grave among the flowers in their own beautiful grounds. And Charley could remember how the holy man of God committed her body to the ground, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" and how lonely they all felt as they turned and left her in her lowly bed and entered the house which would no more be lighted by her presence. After this his mamma seemed so sad, and although she taught little Charley that the baby had gone to her home in heaven, where God and the holy angels were, and they would all meet her again if they were very good; yet she seemed unable to rise above the weight of sorrow which was pressing upon her heart. And soon her health began to fail, and she concluded to take Charley and his nurse and come away over the waters to her childhood's home.

His father staid behind to attend to some business, and promised that he would follow her soon. But as the vessel reached the port, a violent storm arose, and the ship was sunk. Some of the passengers were saved, but little Charley was alone. His mamma was no more. She had gone to meet the baby in her heavenly home. Nobody among the saved knew who Charley was, and he was taken home by a poor sailor, and kept by his family in one of the poorest of all poor places in the busy city of New York. Anxiously did his father look and wait for news from his wife and child, and finally, instead of a letter, came the dreadful news of the wreck. He supposed that both Charley and his mother were lost, and so he remained in France almost broken-hearted. Years passed away and Charley still lived in the old house with the sailor's people. He was very ragged and dirty now, and looked very differently from the little boy that used to climb upon his father's knee and play with the baby sister in his far off home in France. Finally his father started on a pleasure tour to New York.

And now on this beautiful Christmas morning, the father and child were both in the same city, but each unknown to the other.

As little Charley sat there in that cold dreary room, he little thought that his kind father was so near. And Mr. Charles Livingston did not dream, as he sat in his comfortable room at the hotel, that his only child was

shivering with the cold in a poor sailor's house in the lower part of the city. But what was it, that put them both in mind of their duty that morning, and guided them both to the place of worship? May we not suppose it was that Saviour whose birth they were to celebrate, and who, we are told, watches over the least of these little ones?

Charley had been well taught his duty, and although he had a long time been away from all good teaching and example, yet he did not forget altogether his duties to his God.—He knew that he had been given to God in Holy Baptism, and that it was his duty to try and live as a member of Christ's flock should live. So that Christmas morning when he heard the bells for the gathering together of the saints, his feet were involuntarily turned toward the Holy Temple. It was a long time since he had been there before, for he had nothing to wear, and nobody to encourage him. Indeed, when he did go, it was wholly unknown to any save himself and his Father above.

This morning, when he entered the church it was quite early. The bells had just finished ringing the Christmas carols, and the deep tones of the organ were rolling forth and resounding among the arches of the old church. Charley entered unobserved, and stole to the first place that was empty in the row of strangers' seats. A feeling of awe crept over him as the long row of surpliced priests and choral singers met his view, together with the decorations of Christmas greens in which the sunbeams were playing, as if rejoicing with the worshippers, in the New-born king. Charley felt as if indeed the "Lord was in his holy temple," and he fell upon his knees and offered his childish prayer; and he felt comforted, and arose trusting that if his earthly friends were all lost, he had a friend above. But what was it that caused that fine gentleman to start as his eyes rested on that poorly clad child kneeling before his Maker?

The gentleman was Mr. Charles Livingston, and his eyes rested upon his child. He knew it must be his own lost boy, for the very look played about his sweet mouth, and the eyes were the same languid blue as when he last saw him. Where could the child have been? Poor he certainly must be, his looks showed it too plainly. The strong man was overcome; he left his seat and went to the child, and oh! how glad was little Charley when he found that his own dear papa was again by him. His father took him with him into his seat and knelt with him, and thanked God that he had so wonderfully guided them both, and at last they had met. There they stayed through the service, the father and his little ragged boy. People looked and wondered, but there were not two happier hearts that morning than those of the father and his son which had been lost, but was now found.

Charley went with his father that noon to the hotel, and after being fed and clothed in a manner suitable to one in his station in life, they paid a visit to the poor sailor's family and bountifully rewarded them for their kindness to the little homeless boy. His neglected mind was then placed under the training of competent teachers, and he proved to be a child of a ready understanding and a remarkably conscientious disposition. His education was carried on in New York city, and in his fourteenth year, on Christmas day, he received the rite of Confirmation in the very church which seven years before he had entered friendless and alone, and found not only that dearest of all earthly friends, his father, but also the preciousness of a Saviour's love. He went to Europe to finish his education, and after his return he spent his time in the city of New York and its surroundings, in looking up little friendless children and providing for their wants both bodily and spiritual.

Thus we see the kindness of our Heavenly Father in providing for the children of men. Not one of them falls without his notice; and those who have no earthly protectors, he gives into the charge of his angel legions, who keep their constant watch and ward over them that no evil befall them on their rough and toilsome way. And if they place their affections firmly on their God, He will protect them with the wings of his mercy and love. In all their troubles they can call on him, and he will hearken to their cry and save them—reward them here, and, beyond the grave, crown them with life immortal.

The Child's Pocket Etiquette.

IN TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Although not appertaining to the Laws of Health, the following hints on Education, Etiquette and Morals, from the pen of *George Francis Train*, are worth publishing.—*Pubs.*

I. Always say Yes, sir. Yes, papa. No, papa. Thank you. No, thank you. Good night.—Good morning. Never say How, or Which, for What. Use no slang terms. Remember that good spelling, reading, writing, and grammar are the base of all true education.

II. Clean faces, clothes, clean shoes and clean finger nails indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.

III. Rap before entering a room, and never

leave it with your back to the company.—Never enter a private room or public place with your cap on.

IV. Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman. Let your companions enter the carriage or room first.

V. At the table eat with your fork; sit up straight; never use your toothpick (although Europeans do), and when leaving ask to be excused.

VI. Never put your feet on cushions, chairs or table.

VII. Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk or read aloud while others are reading. When conversing listen attentively, and do not interrupt or reply till the other is finished.

VIII. Never talk or whisper aloud in the church or public places, and especially in a private room where any one is singing or playing the piano.

IX. Loud coughing, hawking, yawning, sneezing and blowing are ill-mannered. In every case cover your mouth with your handkerchief (*which never examine—nothing is more vulgar, except spitting on the floor.*)

X. Treat all with respect, especially the poor. Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds or animals.

Wit and Humor.

It should be remembered that a bare assertion is not necessarily the naked truth.

The practice of a quack doctor is the most objectionable of all sciences.

What is the difference between a Catholic priest and a Baptist? One uses wax candles and the other dips.

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be "settled" when she arrives at maturity.

Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit? Because they did not want him in the Family Circle.

Why is electricity like the police when they are wanted? Because it is an invisible force.

Miss Thompson says that every unmarried lady of sixty may consider that she has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze but a moment of misery seems an age of pain.

Milton was once asked why he did not teach his daughters foreign languages. "Surely one tongue is enough for a woman," was his reply.

An Englishman paying an Irish shoe-black with rudeness, the dirty urchin said, "My honey all the polish you have is upon you boots, and I gave you that."

If you have gone half crazy at not having won your sweetheart as a wife remember you might have gone the other half if you had succeeded.

A man advertises for competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds that it will be profitable to the undertaker. No doubt of it.

A locomotive on a Western railroad has been adorned with the title, "I still live." That is more than many of the passengers can say at the end of the journey.

Under the head of "Accident" the Boston Transcript chronicles the prompt arrival of a railroad train. It was an unusual event, unexpected by hackmen, porters and hotel keepers.

What is the difference between me and a new novel? Inquired a highly rounded dame of her beau. It is said, he replied, a novel is read because it is interesting, you are interesting because you are read.

It is in vain to stick your fingers in the water and pulling it out, look for a hole; and equally vain to suppose, that however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

A contemporary opens a grave article on explosives with the following words: "We have had a committee sitting for several years on Gun Cotton. Well, all we can say is that, considering the material, we wonder they haven't long ago furnished a report."

Why is a horse like the letter O? Because G make it go. And what is the difference between this conundrum and my aunt who squints? One is a query with an answer, the other is an aunt, sir, with a queer eye.

Woman is like ivy—the more you are ruined the closer she clings to you. A vile bachelor adds: Ivy is like a woman—the more she clings to you the more you are ruined. Poor rule that won't work both ways.

Musical Catechism.—What is a rest? Going out of the choir for refreshments during sermon time.

What is called singing with an understanding? Making time on the floor with your foot.

What is a staccato movement? Leaving the choir in a huff because one is dissatisfied with the leader.

What is a swell? A professor of music who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance.

They say.—"They" will say anything and everything. "They" have said everything mean and despicable. "They" say things that break up families, crush hearts, blight hopes and smother worthy aspirations. Whenever a man circulates a slander and gives "they" as authority, turn your back upon him, he is no good.

A wife in San Francisco lately put a petition for divorce in the court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool." The judge, who was an old bachelor, wouldn't admit the plea, because every man would be liable to the same imputation who gets married.

The new president of the Royal Astronomical Society (the Rev. Charles Pritchard, A. M.) was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1830, being fourth wrangler.—He was formerly head master of the Clapham Grammar School. The Record rejoices in the fact that "he is a clergyman who has come forward and will come forward, in support of the faith as it is in Jesus whenever it is attacked or gainsayed by neologists, or worse."

GREAT IMPROVEMENT
IN
SEWING MACHINES.EMPIRE
Shuttle Machine.

PATENTED FEBRUARY 14TH, 1860.

Salesroom, 536 Broadway, New York.

This Machine is constructed on an entirely new principle of mechanism, possessing many valuable improvements, having been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be SIMPLICITY and PERFECTION COMBINED.

The following are the principal objections urged against Sewing Machines:

1. Excessive labor to the operator.
2. Liability to get out of order.
3. Expense, trouble, and loss of time in repairing.
4. Incapacity to sew every description of material.
5. Disagreeable noise while in operation.

The Empire Sewing Machine is Exempt from all these Objections.

It has a straight needle, perpendicular action, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH which will NEITHER RIP nor RAVEL, and is alike on both sides; performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from leather to the finest Nansook Muslin, with cotton, linen, or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

Having neither CAM nor COG-WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass and is

Emphatically a Noiseless Machine.

It requires FIFTY PER CENT. less power to drive it than any other Machine in market. A girl of twelve years of age can work it steadily, without fatigue or injury to health.

Its strength and Wonderful Simplicity of construction render it almost impossible to get out of order, and is guaranteed by the company to give entire satisfaction.

We respectfully invite all those who may desire to supply themselves with a superior article, to call and examine this Unrivaled Machine. But in a more especial manner do we solicit the patronage of

Merchant Tailors, Dress Makers, Coach Makers, Corset Makers, Hoop Skirt Manufacturers, Gaiter Fitters, Shoe Binders, Kirt and Bosom Makers, Vest and Pantaloon Makers, Religious and Charitable Institutions will be liberally dealt with.

PRICE OF MACHINES, COMPLETE.

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

No. 2, small Manufacturing, with Extension Table. 75

No. 3, Large " " " 85

No. 4, Large, for Leather " " 100

CABINETS IN EVERY VARIETY.

We want Agents for all towns in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, where Agencies are not already established, to whom a liberal discount will be given, but we make no consignments.

Orders may be sent through the American Advertising Agency, 839 Broadway New York.

T. J. McARTHUR & CO.,

536 Broadway, New York.

GEO. A. RINCE & CO.'S

PATENT

AUTOMATIC ORGANS!

\$52 to \$552 Each.

9 Varieties, with Patent Bass Tenor or Sub Bass.

SCHOOL ORGANS AND MELODEONS

Finished in elegant Rosewood, Walnut, or Oak cases.

Every Instrument Warranted for FIVE YEARS.

No Charge for Boxing or Shipping.

\$5,000 Now in Use.

An Illustrated Catalogue containing full description of style, and testimonials of the most eminent musicians, as to the superior excellence of our instruments,—will be sent free to any address.

THE AUTOMATIC ORGAN.

In presenting the Automatic Organ, we boldly announce the greatest triumph in musical instruments of the age. During the past half century, the French and Germans have manufactured reed instruments with double bellows, and two pedals for the feet to operate, but the want of the reversed or Exhaustion Bellows, (which is the only bellows used in our instruments,) made it impossible for them to produce the mellow, rich and musical tone for which our instruments are celebrated.

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

Our Automatic device obviates this difficulty entirely, the simple act of blowing with more or less force giving the desired increase or decrease in the volume of the tone.

EA MELODEON AND SCHOOL ORGANS.

For seven years the superior excellence of our Melodeons has not been questioned, and for years past the enormous demand has made it impossible for us to meet our orders promptly. With our increased facilities, we feel warranted in assuring our patrons that their orders will be promptly met, and solicit a continuance of their patronage.

CHAS. E. BACON.

543 Broadway, New York.

Caution to Purchasers.

All of our instruments have upon the name board, a full "GEO. A. PRINCE & CO." When a dealer represents any other instrument as "the same as ours," it is usually a mere attempt to sell an inferior instrument on which he can make a larger profit.

S. Liberal discount to Churches, Clergymen and Schools. Address

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.,

Buff. N. Y.

Or GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.,

Chicago, Ill.

PELOUBET
ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

The subscribers respectfully call the attention of DEALERS, TEACHERS, CHURCHES, SCHOOLS;

And the public generally, to the above instruments, which is manufacturing in every variety of sizes and style.

PEDAL ORGANS, from \$225 to \$600

SCHOOL " " 100 to 180

PIANO STYLE MELODEONS 150 to 210

PORTABLE " " 65 to 110

Send for Descriptive Catalogue, with terms, to the manufacturer.

C. PELOUBET, Bloomfield, N. J.

Different Lines of Travel

Pennsylvania Central Rail Road.
WINTER TIME TABLE.

Eight Trains (Daily) to and from Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, 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 as follows: leave at Philadelphia and Pittsburgh as above

EASTWARD.

Philadelphia Express leaves Harrisburg daily at 2.5 a. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 7.0 a. m.

Fast Line leaves Harrisburg daily (except Mondays) at 8.45 a. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 1 p. m. Breakfasts at Harrisburg.

Day Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 1.30 p. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 5.35 a. m.

Cincinnati Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 8.50 p. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 1.20 a. m. Supper at Harrisburg.

Erie Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Mondays) at 6.40 a. m., and arrives at Lancaster at 11.10 a. m. Breakfasts at Lancaster.

Mail Express leaves Harrisburg at 11.50 a. m., and arrives at Harrisburg at 12.35 a. m.; and consolidating with Philadelphia Express east, leaves Harrisburg at 2.45 a. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 7.00 a. m.

Harrisburg Accommodation leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sunday) at 3.00 p. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 8.30 p. m. This train has no connection from the West.

Mount Joy Accommodation leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 7 a. m., and arrives at Lancaster at 8.40 a. m., connecting (except on Mondays) with the Fast Line and daily with Lancaster Train east (except Sundays).

WESTWARD.

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 12.35 a. m., Altoona 7.00 a. m. takes breakfast, and arrives at Pittsburg at 12.4 p. m.

Erie Mail west, for Erie, leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 12.30 a. m., and arrives at Erie at 6.20 p. m.

Erie Express west, for Erie, leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 12 (noon), arriving at Erie 3.37 a. m.

Monticore Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Mondays) at 3.10 a. m.; Altoona 8.50 a. m. takes breakfast, and arrives at Pittsburg at 1.30 p. m. Philadelphia Express leaves Harrisburg daily at 3.10 a. m.; Altoona at 9.10 a. m. takes breakfast and arrives at Pittsburg at 2.15 p. m.

Fast Line leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 4.30 p. m.; Altoona at 9.50 p. m. takes supper and arrives at Pittsburg at 2.50 a. m.

Mail Train leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 1.40 p. m.; Altoona at 8.15 p. m. takes Supper and arrives at Pittsburg at 2.00 a. m.

Mount Joy Accommodation, west, leaves Lancaster daily (except Sundays) at 11.20 a. m., connecting there with Mail west; leaves Mount Joy at 11.51 a. m., and arrives at Harrisburg at 1.00 p. m.

SAMUEL D. YOUNG,

Supt. Middle Division Penn'a R. R.

Harrisburg, Nov 18, '65

1865.

1865.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. ROAD

THIS great line traverses the Northern and Northwest corners of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

It has been leased by the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, and is operated by them.

Time of Passenger trains at Williamsport.

LEAVE EASTWARD.

Erie Mail Train. 8 47, p. m.
Erie Express Train. 1 50, a. m.
Erie Express Train. 9 50, p. m.
Erie Mail Train. 8 45, a. m.

LEAVE WESTWARD.

Erie Mail Train. 5 30, a. m.
Erie Express Train. 4 22, p. m.
Erie Express Train. 7 20, a. m.
Erie Mail Train. 6 31, p. m.

Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express Trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.

NEW YORK CONNECTION.

Leave New York at 6.00 p. m., arrive at Erie 3.37 p. m.

Leave Erie at 1.55 p. m., arrive at N. Y. 1.15, p. m.

No change of cars between Erie and New York.

ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS on all Night trains.

For information respecting Passenger business apply at the S. E. Cor. 30th and Market Sts. Phila.

And for Freight business of the Company's Agents:

S. B. Kingston, Jr., Cor. 13th and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

J. W. Reynolds, Erie.

William Brown, Agent N. C. R. R. Baltimore.

H. H. Horvath, General Freight Agt. Phil'a.

H. W. GWINNER, General Ticket Agt. Phil'a.

A. L. TYLER, General Manager, Wm'spt.

Oct. '65.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

WINTER SCHEDULE.

On and after Monday November 20, 1865.

TRAINS NORTHWARD.

Leave Baltimore as follows:

York Accommodation, No. 1 7 20 a. m.

Mail