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## There is No Death.

There is no death! The stars go down,  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright, in heaven's jeweled crown,  
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite-rocks disorganize,  
To feed the hungry moss they bear;  
The forest leaves drink daily life  
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away—  
They only wait through wintry hours,  
The coming of the May.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones  
Make glad this scene of sin and strife,  
Sings now in everlasting song,  
Amid the tree of life.

And where He sees a smile too bright,  
Or hearts too pure for taint or vice,  
He bears it to the world of light,  
To dwell in Paradise.

## Men & Things as I saw them in Europe.

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.

XXX.

Railway sketches must be either second-hand or very imperfect. I will therefore say nothing about our ride from Baden through Heidelberg, famed for its charming situation, its university, its Catechism, its great services at the Reformation; nor of Darmstadt, a royal residence, whose drill-house for the soldiers was said by a wag to be larger than the duchy; nor of the many pretty places and vine-clad hills through which we passed, and which we saw on our way to Frankfurt. The day was clear and the ride was pleasant. We reached the city of Goethe late in the afternoon, and took up our quarters at the Hotel Russie. I find, as to this hotel, the following entry in my note-book: "Weary with the labors of the day, I lay down in a bed, which to be comfortable, should be a foot longer or a foot shorter. I will avoid this hotel the next time." It stands in an open, noble street, and has a reputation, like many other persons and things, wonderfully beyond its merits. I would warn all against it, save those who have the power of folding themselves up at night, and to whom such an operation is agreeable.

Frankfurt has much to interest for a day or two. It is surrounded by a fertile and fine country. It is famous as a free city, and for its ancient love of republicanism, when that form of government was at a great discount in Europe. It early embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and most of its people are now Lutherans. The new part of the city is very fine; the houses of the many rich bankers are really palaces. The old Cathedral is a very peculiar and unarchitectural building, and would seem to be the joint product of different architects greatly differing in taste and judgment, and neither yielding to the other. It was in this massive and ungainly building that the emperors of Germany were crowned for many years. We went to the Jew's quarters, where for many years they were shut up after a certain hour in the evening, and feared for a time that we were lost beyond hope, but finally got out of the narrow labyrinth, and got back in safety to our hotel. The sons of Abraham, wearing that mark on their visage which designates them equally under tropical suns and polar snows, were there in hundreds. It was in these narrow alleys the father of the Rothschilds laid the foundation of their great fortune. Nor would his widow desert her humble abode among old clothes and the poor of her people for the splendid palaces of her some; preferring an abode among her own downtrodden and despised people to all the trappings and attentions which their more than regal wealth could purchase. A fitting mother for such sons. All honor upon such unwavering affection, even when fastidious and ill-directed.

The history of this wonderful family has its lessons. Mayer Anselm was born in this city, in 1743, and died in 1812. Left an orphan at eleven years, he was educated for a teacher. Not liking this employment, he commenced business in a small way. He was subsequently employed in a banking-house in Hanover. By industry and frugality he saved some money, and returning to Frankfurt, he established a banking-house of his own, which is still in existence. Before he was fifty years of age, he loaned the Danish government four

millions of dollars! After the manner of his people, he called his sons around his dying bed, and his last words to them were respecting honesty, frugality, punctuality, and industry. And in twelve years these sons raised for different governments in Europe five hundred millions of dollars—proving them to be the most wealthy and extended banking firm in the world. Their great success they attribute to two causes—to adopt no project until examined and sanctioned by them all, and then unitedly to execute it; and to aim less at great profits than at entire security. Simple in their plans, reasonable in their terms, true to their contracts, and punctual to every engagement, they enjoy the entire confidence of the civilized world as bankers. Their letter of credit will carry a traveler, without question, round the globe. And their manners are as simple as their credit is extended. Are not principles involved and lessons taught by this brief narrative worthy the attention of all men of business? Is not honesty the best policy?

Rising early in the morning from that very short bed in that Hotel Russie, and regaining as I could my usual dimensions, we were away for Cassel, opposite Mayence, on the Rhine. The boat was in readiness, and soon we were steaming it at a rapid rate for Cologne. From Mayence to Bonn the scenery of the river is very fine, and is constantly changing. Ruins dating back to the Middle Ages crown every hill. As the river was the great channel of communication between the countries extending from the Alps to the North Sea, there were land pirates who erected toll-gates upon its waters, and who plundered all who would not acknowledge their authority and pay the required toll. The castles, whose ruins are every where visible, were built by these robbers. When their insolence and robberies were beyond endurance, the trading towns formed a league, raised a sufficient force and routed these robbers, and demolished their castles. Such is the brief history of those ruins, in which alone the Rhine can claim any superiority to the Hudson. If old dilapidated walls crowned all the mountains and beetling cliffs between New York and Albany—if at every bend of the river, and on every head-land, there was something to suggest legends of robbers, stories of battles fought and won, and associations running back a thousand years—in every point in which they could be compared the North River would be superior to the Rhine. People forget to what a degree their wonder and exclamations are the effects of association. Bating associations, the Rhine nowhere surpasses in wild grandeur the Highlands about West Point; nor, after you get out of sight of the Alps, has it any view to be compared to the Catskill Mountains. A few hours in a rapid boat down a rapid current brought us to our point of destination, Cologne, where, in the Hotel Hollande, we found very pleasant accommodations, the windows overlooking the river and the country beyond.

This city, famous in all the earth for its "eau de Cologne," is pleasantly located, and very strongly fortified. It is of ancient date, has a varied history, and nothing but its Dom to attract the least notice. Less than ten of its eighty thousand inhabitants are Protestants; and hence, as we might expect, the churches abound in miracle-working relics. We issued out to see the Dom, as the Cathedral is called, and soon learned its direction by the old crane which yet surmounts the not half-finished tower. As far as it goes, it is the richest specimen extant of the old German architecture. Although six centuries have passed away since its foundations were laid, it is not yet one half completed; and while the stones in some part of it are new, and recently carved and laid; in other portions of it even the stones are crumbling away. In this it is a type of the Papal Church to which it belongs.

On a warm pleasant day, we wandered around its cold, vacant, but spacious interior. Nothing impresses but its vastness and the finely stained windows. We saw there a case containing Mary and Bambino, and other precious relics. The case is hung over with legs and arms, heads and hearts, made of some kind of composition, as votive offerings for cures performed by the image and the relics! And before that box there were three persons praying most earnestly; they were an old man, and a woman that would

not be injured by a good washing, and a girl with sore eyes; while some women were scrubbing the stone floor and screaming at the top of their voices, and some dirty boys were playing hide-and-go-seek among the pillars.

Behind the high altar, to which none are admitted without "a compensation," there is a box which contains the relics of the Three Kings, or wise men, that worshipped the Saviour. A shaven-pated man carried the keys and he drives a hard bargain for the good of the Church. He offered to admit us to a sight of the sacred relics for six francs a head. But as there were several of us, we strove to lump a bargain with him; but he declined, thinking we would pay the sum required. But as he was stiff, we declined, obviously to his mortification, to go in at any price. Finding that neither our superstition nor our curiosity were as intense as he suspected, he proposed terms; but we declined, telling him we believed the whole a hoax at any rate. This gave the jolly man not the least offense, as he believed the same as firmly as we did. Popery is the same unchanging nonsense every where. We asked the jolly beadle what they did with the money collected from travelers and others by these relics: "We use it for the finishing of the Dom," was his reply. Judging from the dilapidation and leanness of the house, and the dress and sleek fitness of the priests, we inferred that some of it, at least, took a different direction; nor would any one say, that saw their stall-fed reverences tripping in and out, that this was a violent inference.

Here also is the church of St. Ursula, a female saint, who, with eleven thousand virgins sailed from Britain to convert or populate Armorica. They were driven by storm up the Rhine to Cologne, where they were murdered by the barbarians, because of their unyielding virtue. And this church was hung round with their bones! Think of eleven thousand skeletons hung round one church! Where did Ursula get boats enough for such a fleet of girls? Why, in a terrific storm, did they not land before reaching Cologne? How often must these bones have been renewed from the 5th to the 19th century? And even the wonderful legend-monger, Butler, tells us that there is a doubt whether the virgins of Ursula were eleven or eleven thousand. But the eleven thousand, because the most absurd, has the benefit of the doubt. My appetite for relics was so gorged that I declined a visit to this horrid sepulchre.

By a bridge of boats Cologne is connected with a small town on the opposite bank of the Rhine. In the cool of the evening, that bridge was crowded with persons promenading back and forth, fanned by the cool breeze from the water. There we saw some of the high, and much of the low life of the city of St. Ursula. Cologne is a Papal city, and abounds with relics, priests, and beggars; and, although cleaner than we expected to find it, there are spots where the water of the Parina's, for which it is so famed, would not be unacceptable.

## Dear, Dirty, Damaging.

Sitting in the parlor of a good brother not long since, we were surprised at his remarks on the use of tobacco. After raising a cloud of smoke, he leaned back in his chair, held out his cigar between his thumb and little finger in the most approved style, and said:

"I commenced the use of tobacco many years ago, and it has now got to be a costly habit. I use three cigars a day, and they cost five cents a piece. But the habit is formed, and I cannot quit it."

Here was food for reflection. Fifteen cents a day—fifty-four dollars and seventy-five cents a year for cigars; and I observed that he chewed the weed between times, which would cost him at a low calculation, twenty dollars more, making the tobacco bill seventy-five dollars per year. In twenty years he will have spent *Fifteen Hundred Dollars for Tobacco!* Rather costly indeed. We doubt if he pays the half of this sum to the Lord's cause.

But this is not all. He—and he is no worse than nine-tenths of the consumers of the filthy stuff—was not very careful as to where he smoked or spit! It deadens the senses, weakens the body, debases the mind, whets the appetite for other and stronger stimulants, and cultivates the habits and manners of underground saloons. A tobacco consumer does not think it a breach of manners to smoke and spit in a coach filled with ladies and gentlemen, in a car even though the conductor has a printed card right under his nose forbidding it, in church, though the clean carpets are put there for a different purpose than that of being flooded with tobacco juice. It is his tobacco! He paid for it! Can he not do as he pleases with his own?

It injures the system. The best physicians agree that it is a great nourisher, and in many instances the producer of disease. Superintendents of lunatic asylums, who seek to ascertain the causes of insanity, proclaim that the injuries to the mind, caused by tobacco, are neither few nor trifling. But what of all this? They have contracted the habit, and it would be a hard matter to give it up. The habit is formed, is the reason given in nine

cases out of ten for continuing the practice, even when men admit it to be useless and injurious. The same reason is given by the drunkard, the thief, the gambler, and the common neglecter of religion. The habit is formed! Indeed! And does that justify any one in continuing the habit? Then why preach repentance to the sinner? Why tell the drunkard he must give up his cups to save his soul, if habit formed, though hard to break up, is a justifiable apology for continuing a vile practice.

A few use it as a medicine; a medicine that must be taken before you get sick, and after you get well as long as you live! What a sovereign remedy! It reminds us of a freemason who was proclaiming the virtues and honors of the "ancient institution" to a large assembly. This done, he descended on the evils, vices, and wretchedness of human society.—He then asked in triumph, "If society is so debased and wicked with all the restraining, elevating and purifying influences of Masonry, what would it be if the institution were swept out of existence?" So our invalids who prolong their wretched existence, for a few years by the ever increasing use of the precious medicine, might ask, if mankind are suffering so much from the thousand and one diseases that prey upon them, even when they are permitted to use this all powerful remedy, what would become of them if they were deprived of their medicine?—*Rel. Tel.*

## An Experiment in Extemporizing.

Dr. Spring, in his Reminiscences, advocates extemporaneous preaching, as do most of the older ministers who have followed a different method, when they give counsel to their younger brethren. He gives a pleasant account of one of his attempts at extemporizing:

In returning from New York, from an annual visit to my parents at Newburyport, I passed the Sabbath at the town of Ashford, in Conn. It was the habit of New England to observe the Sabbath "from evening to evening." I had not much the appearance of a clergyman, and as I dismounted, inquired if I could have accommodations for myself and for my horse, on the Lord's day. After supper, the landlord said to me,

"Pray, sir, are you not a clergyman?"  
"I am a clergyman."

"Because if you are a minister, I think our parson would be glad to have you preach for him. He will be over to see you to-night."

Soon the settled pastor came, and was introduced to me. He is one of the best of men, the Rev. Mr. Judson, though we were then perfect strangers.

"I understand, sir, that you are a minister of the gospel, and propose to pass the Sabbath with us?"

"That is my character, and such is my purpose."

"I should be happy to ask you to preach for me, if I knew who and what you are."

"As to what I am, I am no Methodist, no Baptist, no Unitarian; as to who I am, you will allow me to say, you will remain ignorant I came here a stranger, and such mean to remain."

"But, will you not favor me with your name?"

"Excuse me, I have reasons for desiring to remain unknown."

Mr. Judson was embarrassed, but eventually requested me to occupy the pulpit, which I consented to do, on condition that he would not ask my name. He gave his assent, and I preached for him. My sole object in wishing to remain unknown, was to ascertain whether I could not preach without notes, with unembarrassed freedom, before an unknown audience. And the experiment was full of encouragement. I preached in the morning, from the text, "The law was our schoolmaster, to bring us unto Christ;" in the afternoon, from the words, "Unto you, therefore, who believe, he is precious." I never preached better, nor to a more attentive and affected audience. I left town at the going down of the sun, unknown by a single individual. Mr. Judson, though I took tea with him, did not ask my name.

Some years after he was present at an evening service in the Old Brick Church, and taking me by the hand, said, "Do you remember the Sabbath at Ashford? It was a memorable day for us. That day, God made bare his arm, it was the beginning of a work of grace among my people."

## THE WAY TO THE CROWN.

We must taste the gall, if we are to taste the glory. If justified by faith, we must suffer tribulation. When God saves a soul, he tries it. Some believers are much surprised when they are called to suffer. They thought they would do some great thing for God, but all he permits us to do is to suffer for his sake. Go round to every one in glory; each has a different story to tell, yet every one a tale of suffering. But mark, all were brought out of them. It was a dark cloud, but it passed away. The water was deep, but they reached the other side. No one there blames God for the way he led them thither. "Salvation" is their only cry. Child of God, murmur not at your lot. You must have a plain as well as a white robe. Learn to glory in tribulation also.

## BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME.

There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those he loves best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. Is it not a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times to his wife or sister, than he would to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family circle, than the restraints of society and that a woman is usually indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. These things ought never so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearth-stone, is a small coward, and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in by those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

LAMP CHIMNEYS.—In the making of glass, there is a process known as annealing, by which it is rendered strong; it is done by heating in an oven, and then cooling gradually. If this is not performed properly, the glass is brittle. Lamp chimneys may be made stronger by placing them in cold water and heating to the boiling point; then the more slowly they are allowed to cool the better.

The wick of the lamp should always be turned down before carrying it from one room to another, as the draught of air changes the temperature suddenly, and often unequally. A drop of cold water, too, will sometimes break a heated chimney. Glass ware may be heated or cooled to almost any degree, if it be done evenly and gradually.

A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.—The liquid of the blood is colorless, and its red appearance is due to the presence of innumerable little bodies floating in it, which are so small that three millions of them are contained in a drop which may be suspended on the point of a needle. These corpuscles are sacs filled with a compound substance, and it has been ascertained what both the film of the sacs and its contents are composed of. Each one of these little bodies has its own life.—They are formed and grow, and die; and it is calculated that nearly twenty millions perish at every pulsation of the heart.

## GENTLENESS OF SPIRIT.

A celebrated teacher in Paris was in the habit of relating to his pupils, as they stood in a half circle before him, anecdotes of illustrious men, and obtaining their opinions respecting them, rewarding those who answered well with tickets of merit. On one of these occasions he mentioned an anecdote of Marshal Turenne.

On a fine summer's day, said he, while the marshal was leaning out of his window, the skirts of his coat hanging from him, his valet entered the room, and approaching his master with a soft step, gave him a violent blow with his hand. The pain occasioned by it brought the marshal instantly round, when he beheld the valet on his knees, imploring his forgiveness, saying that he thought it was George his fellow-servant.

The question was then put to each of the scholars, "What would you have done to the servant had you been in the marshal's situation?" A haughty French boy, who stood first, said, "Done! I would have run him through with my sword." This reply filled the whole school with surprise; and the master sentenced the boy to the forfeiture of his tickets for his cruel disposition.

After putting the question to other children, and receiving different answers, he came at length to a little English girl about eight years of age. "Well, my dear," asked he, and what would you have done, supposing you had been Marshal Turenne?" She seriously replied "I should have said, 'Suppose it had been George, why strike so hard?'" The simplicity and sweetness of this reply excited smiles of approbation from the whole school, and the master awarded the prize and all the forfeitures to this little girl.

Knowledge, says Lord Bacon, is not a couch whereon to rest a searching and restless spirit, or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk upon and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon, or a sort of commanding ground for strife and contention, or a shop for profit or sale, but a rich store-house for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate.

A TEAR.—How much is expressed by a single tear! When dropped over sorrow and distress it is more eloquent than words. It tells of sympathizing feelings and a kind heart. It is a living sentence, springing from the affections, without guile or dissimulation, reaching to the soul of the sad and afflicted.



For the American Lutheran.

POESTENKILL, N. Y.  
March, 22d, 1866.

EDITOR AMERICAN LUTHERAN.—I herewith send you a copy of the report, brought before the Frankean Synod at its last session on the Amendment to the Constitution of the General Synod. The manuscript was given to the printer, but by some unaccountable oversight, was not printed where it should have been, in the Journal of said Synod. The report will explain itself. I think it ought to be published and more especially since the christian (?) attacks of the Lutheran and Missionary, on the character and action of the Frankean Synod.

Yours truly,  
J. A. ROSENBERG, Sec.AMENDMENT OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE  
GENERAL SYNOD.

The following amendments to the Constitution of the General Synod, have been sent to the District Synods for ratification or rejection as they in their judgment shall decide.

It will be well for this Synod to take action on this subject at this time, and in order to do so intelligently, it will be necessary to scan the whole ground and all the premises in the case. Every change in the organic laws of a deliberative body is of importance, and may be vital to its effective existence for good or evil.

1. Amendment to Art. II., in relation to the ratio of representation. Strike out the second paragraph of said Article and insert the following: Each Evangelical Lutheran Synod containing eight ministers may send one; if it contains sixteen, two; if twenty-four, three; if thirty-two, four; if forty, five; if fifty-five, six; if seventy, seven; if eighty-five, eight; and if it contains one hundred and upwards, nine delegates of the rank of ordained ministers, and an equal number of lay delegates.

Each Synod at present connected with this body, shall be entitled to at least one clerical and one lay representative.

Amendment to Art. III., Sec. 3, in relation to the admission of Synods, strike out said section and insert the following: All regularly constituted Lutheran Synods, not now in connection with the General Synod, and receiving and holding with the Evangelical Lutheran Church of our fathers, the Word of God, as contained in the Canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as the only infallible rule of faith and practice, and the Augsburg Confession, as a correct exhibition of the fundamental doctrines of the Divine Word, and of the faith of our church founded upon that Word, may at any time become associated with the General Synod by complying with the requisitions of this Constitution and sending delegates to its Conventions, according to the ratio specified in Art. II.

We wish merely to say, that in reference to the number of delegates apportioned to the District Synods is a question of expediency. It is doubtful whether it was necessary to reduce the number of delegates to the General Synod, for it seems to us that it was nothing more than respectable in number to be influential in its deliberations.

But if thought best in order to secure a greater equality, lessen expenses, and to meet a prospective enlargement of that body, then it may be advisable for this Synod to ratify this proposed amendment.

The second amendment proposed is one of grave importance, and whether it will secure greater harmony and union of feeling in our denomination, is a problem to be solved in the future. It is not a little surprising, that the General Synod, in its organic laws, had no doctrinal standard or rule of faith. A deficiency sad and deplorable, in any ecclesiastical body whether church or synod. There was a sort of test, designedly indefinite and capable of latitudinarian interpretation in District Synods and appears to have been accidentally recognized by the General Synod as an outside test. Here certainly was a sad deficiency in the Constitution of the General Synod and needs to be amended.

It however, is a question with some, whether the amendment proposed, is the desired one. We think it is better than none, and far better than the indefinite one gratuitously recognized by the General Synod. We all hold and believe, that the Bible is inspired and of Divine authority in the faith of the church; but there is room for doubt whether the Augsburg Confession contains "a correct exhibition of the fundamental doctrines of the Divine Word." We think that we give a correct statement that the views and feelings of very many, in the last General Synod were against the adoption of this amendment, and were only reconciled to it by the following resolutions being adopted in connection with it. These resolutions seem to constitute rules for the interpretation of the amendment:

Whereas, The General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, in the United States, has recognized the Augsburg Confession, both in the Constitution of the Theological Seminary, and in the Constitution recommended to District Synods, as well as in the liturgy, and

Whereas, Our churches have been agitated by the imputation of grave and dangerous errors in this confession, so that amid conflicting

statements, many who are sincerely desirous of knowing the truth, are distracted, knowing not what to believe and the danger of internal conflict and schism, is greatly increased and

Whereas, The General Synod, according to its Constitution "shall apply all their powers, their prayers and their means towards the prevention of schism among us," we therefore, in Synod assembled, in the presence of the Seacher of hearts, declare to our churches, and before the world, in regard to the imputation of these errors, and the alienation of brethren which may arise from them;

Resolved, That while this Synod, resting on the Word of God, as the sole authority in matters of faith on its infallible warrant, rejects the Romish doctrine of the real presence or Transubstantiation, and with it the doctrine of Consubstantiation, rejects the Romish Mass, and all the ceremonies distinctive of the Mass, denies any power in the sacraments as an *opus operatum* or that the blessings of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, can be received without faith, rejects oracular confession and absolution, holds that there is no priesthood on earth but that of all believers, and that God only can forgive sin, and maintains the divine authority of the Sabbath, and while we would with our whole heart reject any part of any Confession which taught doctrines in conflict with this our testimony; nevertheless, before God and his church, we declare, that in our judgment, the Augsburg Confession properly interpreted, is in perfect consistency with this our testimony and with the Holy Scriptures as regards the errors specified.

The following additional preamble and resolution were also adopted as expressive of the feelings of Synod:

Whereas, The General Synod, in order to set forth more fully its doctrinal basis and with a view of checking the tendency to disintegration amongst us, and of uniting us more firmly in our fraternal union, has proposed to District Synods an Amendment to its Constitution, and

Whereas, We are anxiously desirous of giving the fullest assurance to all our churches of our sincerity in this matter, therefore

Resolved, That this General Synod most unqualifiedly reprobates and condemns the course, so frequently pursued, as denouncing each other as cold formalists on the one hand, and on the other as traitors to the Lutheran Church.

Resolved, That this Synod most earnestly recommends to the District Synods, and urges to call to account any of its members who may be guilty of denouncing their brethren on account of their differences of views on the non essential features in the Augsburg Confession.

To understand the full and proper force of the amendment, it is necessary to take into consideration the following statements:

1. That some doctrines are clearly, solemnly and fully repudiated, which some have declared are taught in the Augsburg Confession, so that whether they are taught there or not the General Synod disavows them—they form no part of the faith of the church.

2. That all brethren and Synods are advised to tolerate and no longer denounce each other for views entertained, which are non essential though taught by the Augsburg Confession, and instead, cherish enlarged feelings of fraternal kindness.

3. That the Augsburg Confession, when "properly interpreted, is in perfect consistency with this testimony and the Holy Scriptures as regards the errors specified." What rules of interpretation have been applied or shall be? None dare deny the fact that different opinions have been formed for centuries. Did these differences originate in the rules or in the Confession? Must we understand by this action that we must reject all rules of interpretation which shall deduce such doctrines from the Confession, or that we must at any rate, reject all such doctrines? If so, then the subject is understood, and the amendment admissible.

## Saving a Soul from Death.

"O if one soul from Anworth,  
Meet me at God's right hand;  
My heaven will be two heavens,  
In Immanuel's land!"

Thus exclaims the sainted Rutherford; and thus may every one, with the hope of redoubled joy at meeting them in heaven.

Next to the joy of meeting our dear Redeemer, will be the unspeakable delight of meeting some shining one at the pearly gate awaiting our arrival, who shall take us by the hand and say: "By God's blessing, you saved my soul from death. Next to Jesus, I owe this blessed state to you. I will be an everlasting remembrance of your kind Christian faithfulness while on earth."

Christian friends, would not such a meeting and such a greeting make your heaven.

"Two Heavens,  
In Immanuel's land."

Have you any reason to expect such a greeting? How will you feel to behold others thus welcomed, and yourself passed by,—not a single soul amid the hosts of heaven to thank you for friendly interest and efforts for its salvation? Ponder this while you have opportunity to "save a soul from death."—N. Y. Obs.

College Students and Public  
Worship.

A College President, long known and honored, writes to us as follows:

In your remarks last week, you spoke of the importance of praying for the outpouring of the Spirit upon the young men in our Colleges, "and it is also well," you say, "to see that these young men are met with the truth in such a form as is calculated to win, to impress and to save." As a college officer I thank you for that suggestion, and for the whole article. It shows very clearly that you have been to college, and that you understand the wants and characteristics of students. Your article is well timed, and I hope it will arrest the attention of the guardians of our colleges, and lead them to inquire if some improvement should not be made in this important department of college instruction.

The churches have recently observed a day of prayer for colleges: many Christians regard it as one of the most important days of the year. Why is it not? We pray that these young men, soon to be our physicians, lawyers, ministers, teachers and statesmen, may be brought under the power of the Gospel, may receive its truth, imbibe its spirit, and go forth to their work with minds and hearts sanctified by the grace of God. The importance of such a result cannot well be over-estimated.

The Spirit descends in answer to prayer; but there are other agencies and favoring circumstances that must not be overlooked. The sword of the Spirit is truth. The preaching of the Gospel is the appointed instrument for the salvation of men. It is not, however, every kind of preaching that "is calculated to win, to impress and to save" students. What did Paul mean when he said, "I became all things to all men that I might by all means save some." Simply this: I suppose he studied the character of his hearers, then he adapted his instruction to their necessities, to their mental and moral condition. This was eminently wise; it was then, it is now, the only sure method of success. In addressing students, I am obliged to say, that preachers do not always remember this cardinal principle of Paul, adaptation.

College students form an independent community; they are a class by themselves, having peculiar tastes, habits of thinking, and modes of reasoning on some moral questions. To benefit such hearers, the preacher must study and ever keep in mind their characteristics. Is this always done? We fear not.—Preachers, where students worship, are not always selected with reference to the wants of this class of their hearers, though in many instances it may be done. In many of our colleges, officers and students worship by themselves, or form the main part of the congregation. In such cases the college authorities will, of course, select a proper teacher fitted for his peculiar work; and if the discourses are not adapted to the audience, it must be the fault of the preacher. But where the college worshippers are a mere appendage to a large congregation, students fare but poorly. Their home is in the gallery, their seats are unchosen, and they are expected to listen to discourses of abstract theology, or duties of the domestic relations, or something that has a little reference to their present condition. The preacher, too, may fail to secure the good will of the students, without which he can neither "attract" nor "impress." He takes no interest in them; they do not know him except in the pulpit. The rules of college require them to attend worship; they reluctantly obey, but determine to make reprisals upon the minister and the college law by inattention, restlessness, or by furtive glances at some modern romance, scarcely concealed from public view. Now good people will say all this is very wicked.—Certainly it is, very; but how are we to avoid it? Not by lectures, or fines, or discipline, but by furnishing young men preaching that will "win, impress and save."

My long experience as a college officer has proved to me the truth and value of the old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." I fear that the present practice, in some of our colleges, has a direct tendency to drive a class of young men into indifference, error or skepticism. Much of this evil may be prevented by the judicious selection of a preacher and pastor for these young men. What are the qualities that will fit a man for this responsible work? I will mention three, viz: Decided Piety, Thorough Education, and Good Common Sense. Students expect that a man who teaches religion; will be a religious man. If he is ardent and earnest in his piety, they do not object, provided he is sincere and consistent in the pulpit and out of the pulpit. He must command their respect by his attainments. They do not ask him to dive into the depth of misty metaphysics, or to soar among the clouds in flights of fancy; they desire strong, wholesome, practical truth, well seasoned, well expressed and well delivered. Good Common Sense will guide the preacher in the selection of his topics and in the manner of presenting them; in his treatment of students in his social relations with them; in so adapting his manner, and his conversation, his prayers and his public discourses, as "to win, impress and save." Let the churches continue to pray earnestly for the outpouring of the Spirit upon our colleges, and let the guardians of these colleges see that the preaching there is adapted to the highest spiritual good of the students.—N. Y. Obs.

## An Illustration.

The following is a beautiful illustration of Christian fraternity:

In India the great rice fields are marked off by low mud walls. Standing on a little eminence one sees nothing but mud walls dividing the lands of different owners. But after the seed is planted, slowly, greenly, beautifully rises the harvest. Then, standing on the same eminence, one sees no mud walls, but a great, broad field of golden grain. So with Christians. Laboring in the separate fields of effort, sowing the seed, the denominational lines and borders are often seen, but lifted up into a higher ground of union efforts for Christ, and looking around upon the results of such efforts, one sees nothing but the great, broad, golden harvest of universal Christian brotherhood.

For the American Lutheran.

The Last Words of Napoleon and  
Cromwell.

We link these two great historic names not for the sake of any sympathy existing between them in life, but simply to contrast them in death. The fact that they were not cotemporaries, or espousers of the same principles, neither in the same republic, matters not for our purpose.

All hold that while one of these, so great, personages, pushed his way to immortal glory over the heaps of slain France, prompted mainly by a vaulting ambition; the other arrived at that enviable pinnacle more through necessity. Cromwell was a creature of circumstances and was carried to every measure by the clamorings of duty and principle. Napoleon Bonaparte, on the contrary, by watching those eventful hours in which the destinies of a nation ebb and flow, launched in favorable moments his bark of enterprise and experiment. "I make circumstances," he says; and so he did to a large extent. But why that unfortunate Helena then? But without instituting further comparison in the lives, let us look at the deaths, of Cromwell and Napoleon. If it be true that death reveals so much of life, then we may learn something thus.

Napoleon died far from the scene of his former conflicts. It was a wild and stormy night without; but a fiercer struggle than of the elements was going on within. No God, nor thought of good accomplished in life, to comfort and solace now? Suddenly, as if fancying himself once more at the "head of the army," urging on his warriors to victory, he shouts, "tete de arme." They were his last words; and so died an exile, the undisputed Warrior-king of ancient or modern times. It is remarkable how nature struggled and warred both at Napoleon's and Cromwell's death. The last hour of the latter came amid wind and storm. Strong hearts were crying and agonizing that the Lord Protector of England be spared. The contrast between without and within was here as great, as was the similarity in Napoleon's death. "I would be willing to live, and to be further servicable to God and my country; but the hour of my departure is at hand," issued from those pious lips, and calm as a summer day they closed forever. If honest in death, as we think he was, then certainly he was honest in life and battled only that he and his invincible Ironsides might be "servicable to God and their country." E.

For the American Lutheran.

## Last Words of Goethe and Hobbes.

Where is the man who can ever forget the time when he stood beside the bedside of a pious mother, and from her dying lips received her parting counsels? Though he may travel the world over, plunge into every vortex of sin, and whirlpool of iniquity, still they will ring through every chamber of his soul, in tones solemn and awful as a voice from eternity, amid the pauses of his mad career. No depth of crime can ever stifle that solemn memento. What a beautiful trait of poor human nature! One of the few remaining traces of a lost perfection.

Parallel with this is the propensity in us to preserve some tangible memento of our nearest friends. This would be impracticable—impossible if extended beyond the circle of our dearest ones. As a next result we treasure their last words. We accept them as indices of life-scenes—character &c. In order to gratify this desire, biographies almost invariably give us the last utterances of their subjects. Hence I consider that biography or memoir incomplete which does not contain them. Here are the dying words of Goethe the celebrated German Philosopher and Poet; and Hobbes—the less celebrated, but more notorious—infidel.

The first after theorizing and philosophizing for years, at last calls for more light, in these most sublime yet simple words—"Let there be light." The other—Hobbes—after spending a life-time in endeavoring to reason himself into easiness as to death and eternity, gives up his fruitless efforts only in death, exclaiming: "I made this leap in the dark." May he not be taken as a just index of the end of every infidel? What is a theory worth that gives no assistance when we most need it? E.

For the American Lutheran.

## Southern Sympathy.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Just before the commencement of the terrible war, we erected a church in a new and very promising field. We were moving on prosperously and rejoicing in the hope that ere long we would be permitted to worship the God of our fathers in a church free from all incumbrance. But alas! while cherishing these fond anticipations a wicked rebellion gave rise to a most cruel war, and our hopes and happiness were suddenly blasted. The close of the war found us involved to the amount of two hundred dollars. Three of the members of the Council, who had obligated themselves for the payment of the debt, died during the war, leaving but one, and he penniless. The creditor pressed his claims, but owing to the extreme scarcity of money it was impossible to raise the funds. While in this perplexing and most unpleasant condition, I conceived the idea of addressing Rev. E. W. Hutter, Corresponding Secretary of the Church Extension Society, on the sub-

ject. I asked that good brother, if possible, a helping hand.

Imagine my delight when, at the end of one week, I received a favorable reply.—Through the benevolent exertions of bro. Hutter and the already renowned liberality of M. Buchler, Esq., who made himself personally liable for the amount, the two hundred dollars were awarded us. The money is now here in the hands of my agent. In a few days the debt will be paid, the church redeemed, the road to prosperity re-opened, and the hearts of the people made to rejoice. In the name of my struggling little congregation, I heartily tender to bro. Hutter and Buchler my sincere thanks, and pray the God of heaven to bless them abundantly and give them a rich reward. Such tangible proofs of sympathy, on the part of our Northern brethren, do more to wipe out existing animosities, to conciliate esteem, and to restore former fraternal relations, than it is in the power of any measure of mere verbal professions of friendship ever to accomplish. Most truly,  
Mill Hill, N. C. J. S. HEILIG.

## The Candle as a Beacon.

Jean Ingelow's new book, "Stories told to a child," published by Roberts Brothers, has an account of the faithful perseverance of a poor woman in one of the Orkney Islands, (whose father was lost in a storm,) in setting a beacon in her window. There is on this island a huge rock, called the "Lonely Rock," dangerous to navigators. She says:

The long time ago of which I mean to tell, was a wild night in March, during which, in a fisherman's hut ashore, sat a young girl at her spinning-wheel, and looked out on the dark, driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the wind and sea.

The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the waves was missing—her father's boat! and half a mile from his cottage her father's body was washed up on the shore.

This happened fifty years ago, and fifty years is a long time in the life of a human being; fifty years is a long time to go on in such a course as the woman did of whom I am speaking. She watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she lay down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; then when the day dawned she went to bed, and slept in the sunshine.

So many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow-storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbour has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, or how many a meal she won by it for the starving families of the boat-men, it is impossible to say; how many a dark night the fishermen, depending on it, went fearlessly forth cannot now be told. There it stood, regular, as a light house—steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, they had only to keep it constantly in view, and they were safe; there was but one thing that could intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have stretched out to sea, they had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance into the harbour.

Fifty years of life and labor—fifty years of sleeping in the sunshine—fifty years of watching and self-denial, and all to feed the wick and trim the flame of that one candle! But if we look upon the recorded lives of great men, and just men, and wise men, few of them can show fifty years of worthier, certainly not of more successful labor. Little indeed, of the "midnight oil" consumed during the last half century so worthily deserved the trimming. Happy woman—and but for that dreaded rock her great charity might have never been called into exercise.

But what do the boatmen and the boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman?

No, they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that.

Do they thank her?

No. Perhaps they feel that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their obligations; or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they look upon it as a matter of course.

Sometimes the fishermen lay fish on her threshold, and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now she is getting old, and spin a hank or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass her hut quietly, and not to sing and shout before her door, lest they should disturb her. That is all. Their thanks are not looked for—scarcely supposed to be due. Their grateful deeds are more than she expects, and as much as she desires.

How often, in the far distance of my English home, I have awaked in a wild winter night, and while the wind and storm were rising, have thought of that northern bay, with



the waves dashing against the rock, and have pictured to myself the casement, and the candle nursed by that bending aged figure. How delightful to know that through her untiring charity the rock has long lost more than half its terrors, and to consider that, curse though it may be to all besides, it has most surely proved a blessing to her.

Few persons, like this woman, "let their light shine" so brightly for good.

## THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, March 29, 1866.

### INFLUENCE OF A GOOD CHURCH PAPER.

The last number of the "Moravian" contains an editorial article on this subject that gives some very important hints. We will insert an extract from this article only changing the names to adapt it to our church and paper:

"Every family in the church ought to read the American Lutheran. It is, we suppose fair to assume that where a religious paper is taken at all in Lutheran families, it is the church paper. This ought at least to be the case. Now, regarded simply as a religious paper, we think no thoughtful parent will be willing to dispense with it or refuse to take it, if he has not heretofore been doing so. The annual expense is a mere trifle, and even where that is felt to be a burden, the benefit it confers ought to be considered more than equivalent for the economy which will have to be exercised to make up a year's subscription. It is certainly, no inconsiderable influence for good, which must come into a family that is brought into weekly contact with a religious paper, that is read by father and mother and children. It imparts information and instruction, stimulates thought and feeling, widens the range of sympathy and interest and in the things that belong to the kingdom of Christ and is a silent but most powerful teacher for old and young. If this be so, how great is the assistance which the religious newspaper renders to the pastor in the work of informing, awakening, comforting his people. The weekly visits of the religious journal will be doing a good work in every family where it is read, helping him to make his parishioners more intelligent and warm-hearted Christians. The minister that sees to it that every family in his charge keeps and reads a religious newspaper is doing much towards increasing his own influence for good amongst them. He is putting in their hands a collaborer with him and will find his ministrations all the more successful and his appeals the more readily heard because of it.

Let every reader constitute himself an agent for the paper. Very much can be done by a little earnest trying. Several of our ministers have sent us very considerable additions to our list of subscribers in their respective congregations, and we have no doubt many more might be obtained in all our churches."

### MORE IMAGE-WORSHIP.

The "Lutheran and Missionary" informs its readers that another picture has recently been painted in the old Lutheran church at Lebanon under the pastoral care of Rev. B. Schmauk. A correspondent of that paper writes:

"The church was embellished with a large fresco painting, representing, in truly artistic style, the resurrection of Christ. The considerable expenses of this fine and tasteful work of decidedly artistic merit, were paid by a number of liberal friends, who, in honoring their house of worship, did honor to themselves."

Our old Lutheran friends in the Synod of Pennsylvania are making rapid strides towards Rome, both in doctrine and in practice. With crosses on their church steeples and paintings covering the walls on the inside, it will be difficult to distinguish the Symbolical Lutheran churches from Roman Catholic churches.

### The synod of Pennsylvania and the General synod.

Bro. Brobst is waxing indignant at Rev. Dr. Sprecher, President of the General Synod, for refusing to change the time of the meeting of the General Synod. He thinks that probably the time for the next meeting was fixed without knowing that it would come upon Whitsuntide, but now, when it is known, and the President refuses to change the time, it indicates something internally wrong. No doubt he can see deeper into a millstone than ordinary mortals. He thinks also that if the time were postponed the Wisconsin Synod would send delegates. We never heard that the Wisconsin Synod had any desire or intention to unite with the General Synod. If there is any such intention, it must have been formed since the adoption of the doctrinal amendment by the majority of the District Synods, which opens the door to the most ultra symbolists of which this Wisconsin Synod is one, having adopted the whole of the Symbolical Books as their confession of faith.

A DARK SUSPICION takes possession of his mind. He suspects the American Lutherans refuse to change the time on purpose, in order that the symbolists may not be able to attend, and they (the American Lutherans) may have every thing their own way. This may serve as a good suggestion, and one that should be acted on by the American Lutherans. They have now an overwhelming majority in the General Synod, and they would do well to maintain that majority by keeping the symbolists out and not letting them get the control of our affairs.—In his last issue he proposes a

### POSTPONEMENT

of the meeting of the Synod of Pennsylvania, to the 10th of June, so that their delegates may be able to attend the meeting of their own Synod and also that of the General Synod. Now, as brother Brobst is one of the leading minds in the "Old Mother Synod," that reverend body will no doubt bow to his proposition with respectful deference. It seems from this proposition that after all Whitsuntide does not offer an insuperable obstacle to the attendance of a symbolist upon the sessions of the General Synod.

### A CRISIS.

He urges the postponement very vehemently on the ground that a crisis is impending over the General Synod. He tells us the great question of a doctrinal basis will and must be decided at the next meeting, and therefore the old mother Synod must by no means stay away. Before nearly every meeting of the General Synod that we can remember, its enemies have prophesied either a crisis or its speedy dissolution. But they have proven themselves to be lying prophets. The editor of the American Lutheran professes neither to be a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, yet he predicts that the General Synod will also survive this threatened impending crisis.

### Another Ultra Symbolical Synod.

We have received a circular of a new German Lutheran Synod, to be styled "The German Lutheran Synod of New York and other states." We are urged in this circular to connect ourselves "conscientiously" with this new Synod, but we most respectfully decline the invitation, and for the following reasons:

1. Its confession of Faith is a little too comprehensive for us, embracing the whole of the Symbolical Books, while our ordination vow embraces only the Augsburg Confession in a qualified sense, to which we have ever since conscientiously adhered, and have never seen any sufficient reason to abandon our ordination vow.

2. This new old Lutheran Synod intends to adopt the order of Church Government and discipline in vogue in the year 1539, which is a little too ancient for us and we beg leave to suggest that the church discipline recommended by the Gen. Synod is better adapted to our times than one that was in vogue so soon after the church emerged from Romanism.

3. This newly projected Synod requires its members to renounce all fellowship with every synod, tract, missionary and other societies that do not adopt the whole of the Symbolical Books as their standard of faith and practice. Now we have such a high regard for the Bible Society, the Tract Society, Missionary and Education Societies, and we are under such a deep impression that the Lord has most signally blessed those societies by making them instruments of incalculable good in the church, that we should regard ourselves as fighting against God by opposing them.

We beg leave therefore "conscientiously" to decline the invitation to membership in this new old Lutheran Synod.

For the information of such, however, as wish to join, we remark that Rev. W. Steinly is president, and that distinguished antiquarian and astrologer Dr. Seyfarth is secretary. We have not learned that any others besides those two self-constituted officers belong to this synod, but have no doubt some will join from "New York and other states."

### MEMORIAL CHURCH IN WASHINGTON CITY.

By God's blessing our English Lutheran Church in Washington City has grown rapidly under the pastoral care of Rev. Butler. While there are three German Lutheran churches there, we have but one English one in the District of Columbia. All other denominations have many and are still adding more. One individual alone, it is said, has given \$100,000 towards building a magnificent church for a sister denomination. The Lutherans need another English church in Washington, and they appeal to Lutherans all over the country to assist them in erecting a building adequate to the necessities of the case. But we will let them speak for themselves in the following extract from their printed circular:

Our present place of worship has become too strait for us, and yet the floating character of a large part of our population is such as to make it impracticable to build, except by help from abroad. This city is pre-eminently one of strangers and Government employees, whose limited salaries, at present rates of living, make it barely possible for them to subsist. Washington City is a great mission-field, and is white to the harvest.

How important that we leaven with the Gospel—by the preaching of an earnest, living Christianity—this heart of the nation, when we consider our relation to the civil and religious freedom of the world. The perpetuity of our own institutions depends largely upon keeping this fountain pure. There are probably one-third of our entire population wholly unprovided with church accommodations. It is proposed, in this edifice, to reserve probably one-third of the pews as free.

Impelled by these considerations, and relying upon the Great Head of the church and the liberality of the good people of the land, we have selected for this Memorial a fine central location, and in a neighborhood needing churches. It is a triangle, bounded by Fourteenth street, Vermont Avenue, and N street. The purchase price is \$8,000, for the payment of which we have already provided. It will require probably \$75,000 to complete this work.

As representatives of all parts of our country and of almost every Protestant nationality—the

friends of our Blessed Redeemer—we now most earnestly and hopefully appeal to you for your prayerful and liberal aid in accomplishing this great work. May we not ask that some of your noble munificence, hitherto dispensed through the agencies of the great Commissions, in relieving the wants and binding up the wounds of the suffering soldier, may now flow into the Memorial of peace in the National Metropolis. "With such sacrifice God will be well pleased."

We propose to accomplish this work on the most economical plan, dispensing, if possible, with all paid agencies, asking a cheerful thank-offering to God, and therefore with the greater confidence appeal to you—not forgetting the noble women of our Lord—ready for every good work.

Contributions forwarded to Messrs. JAY COOK & Co., who have already contributed liberally to this work, and have kindly consented to act as our Treasurers; to our pastor, Rev. J. G. BUTLER, or to either of the undersigned, will be thankfully acknowledged.

A. S. PRATT,  
N. ACKER,  
M. M. ROHRER,  
J. F. LOGAN,  
J. F. KELLEY.  
Financial Committee.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8, 1866.

### A REPLY TO THE LUTH. OBSERVER.

An article has been received in reply to the strictures of the Lutheran Observer on the Charter of the Western Conference of the Franconian Synod, but it came too late for insertion in this number. It will appear in our next.

ANNVILLE, PA.—On the 14th of January our beloved Pastor J. M. Ditzler, commenced a meeting in the Bellevue congregation of the Annullville charge, which continued for five weeks and resulted in the hopeful conversion of some 60 souls, most all heads of families, old gray-headed and trembling men and women—it was a glorious revival. Bro. D. has organized a class of 28 or 30 catechumens, and is imparting religious instruction preparatory to their admission to the church communion.

On the 14th of Feb. bro. D. commenced another meeting at Annullville, continuing 4 weeks and resulting in the hopeful conversion of 40 persons, most all married persons. We expect to add some new members to our church here also at our next communion. Br. D. is doing a good work among us and building up our much scattered congregations. He is just the man we ought to have had long ago, he knows how to take care of his own, and nobly to defend his position. He has already shut down the gates against proselyting and is about undoing some of the unrighteous proselyting that has been practiced upon our churches here for the last ten or fifteen years. Success to him. He has preached since Jan. 1st. 94 sermons and yet he appears to be as well and strong to day as when he began the meetings. We have reason to be very thankful to God for sending us bro. D. and for what the Lord is doing for us. To him be all the glory—for ever and ever.

J. Leply.

JUNCTION, N. Y.—Rev. V. F. Bolton writes: We have a precious work in my congregation. Between sixty and seventy have come out on the Lord's side. Indeed the work has been so general that but few are left to follow after sin. But of this work of God I may tell you another time.

MORRISTOWN, ILLS.—Rev. A. H. Tanner has removed from Kingston City, Iowa, to Morristown, Henry Co. Ills. His correspondents will please notice this change.

PLANK ROAD.—Rev. W. Ottoman's address will hereafter be, Plank Road, Onondaga Co. N. Y.

### Holy Dancing.

One church, in a beautiful town in Western Missouri, has had a ball for the benefit of its pastor. Another church attempted to secure money to build a meeting-house in a certain town by getting up a ball. The thing, we are glad to say failed.

One of the lady teachers in one of our public schools recently went to a public ball and danced all night, and appeared in a most interesting condition in her school next day. Of course she believes that dancing polkas and waltzes in a promiscuous crowd all night is a very healthful, intellectual and profitable occupation. As the lady is a member of the church, we presume she lets her light shine, but a light that can shine all night in a ballroom is too dazzling for little children.

Why I says some sportive saint of modern days, you do not think dancing in one's own parlor for exercise wicked, do you? No, but we think it a humbug. Everybody knows that dancing means a brilliant assembly of men and half-dressed women, gas lights, violent exercise, injurious luxuries, and often intoxicating drinks, dissipation and folly all night, including loss of sleep, injury to health and no benefit to character.

Is dancing in itself wrong? Suppose we say no. But for ladies to dance all night is both indecent and wicked. We ask any gentleman if he would wish his daughter, sister or wife to indulge in such pastime? If he says yes, we cannot admire his taste. But do not the Scriptures approve of dancing? Not of such dancing. But our preacher is learned and pious, and he knows—and he says that there is no harm in dancing, etc. Your minister is some sacred donkey, who has not courage enough to tell the truth.—Central Advocate.

### THE CHURCH'S GREATEST NEED.

More than ministers, more than missionaries, more than money, does the Church need members thoroughly pervaded by the spirit of Jesus Christ; men who prove by their lives the power of those truths which ministers proclaim and missionaries teach; whose religion is so essentially part and parcel of the man, that it not only keeps him out of much temptation, but enables him to overcome more, and to gain the victory over the world while living in it. The Church has some notable examples of such piety. Its possessors are honored in all spheres of life, and honored always as Christians. Whether they are engaged in trade or professional duty, in political or in social life, they are recognized always and everywhere as Christians. But we need more than these comparatively few and isolated examples in the Church. Every Christian ought to be such a man, making use of all his powers, and opportunities, and resources, in the interest of his Master. A writer in the North British Review says:

"He is a most worthy disciple of Christ who, like Palissy, or Buxton, or Budgett, or Perthes, exhibits religion as the right use of a man's whole self—as the one thing which gives dignity and nobility to what is in itself sordid and earthly—as the main-spring of earnest and successful strivings after loftier ends and a purer life—as the power, outside and within man, which, lifting up conduct in the individual, raises the community—and not as a state of mind mystical, and in active life unattainable, high up among things intangible, separated from contact with work a day life appropriate to Sabbath days and special hours, to leisure, old age, and deathbeds. Every man who is diligent in business, serving the Lord, is a sermon brimful of the energies of life and truth, a witness to the comprehensiveness and adaptability of Christ's religion, a preacher of righteousness in scenes where none can preach so effectively or so well."

This is the kind of preaching which we need in our churches, a religion that is not only proclaimed from the pulpit, but from the pews; that goes with a man into his counting-house, and prevents him from driving sharp bargains, and overlooking petty acts of dishonesty; which goes into court and stays the lawyer from defending injustice and fraud for the sake of fame or fee; which is generous and also just; which heeds the example of Christ in social life, and sacrifices selfishness, and is a living witness to that practical portion of Christianity respecting which there is perhaps more skepticism in these days, than in relation to doctrines.

When the Church proves to the world that Christianity is so genuine and far-reaching a power that it will uproot selfishness, and change not only the belief, but the habits of all its adherents, and proves it by the lives and conduct of Christians, the millennium will be at hand.

Such proof is needed to overthrow infidelity and rebuke superstition, and every one that bears the name of Christ may contribute their quota.—N. Y. Observer.

### THE JOY OF GIVING.

The joy of giving is a full and heavenly joy. It is high and pure. Earth has none to be compared with it.

The happiness begotten of self-indulgence contains always some element of sorrow. The mere sensual desire may be satisfied while the soul's deep want is more painfully felt. Conscience, that better angel of our natures, always protests against the selfish word or deed. Inward dissatisfaction, and unrest of soul, are the just rewards of a selfish life.

It is a law of our being, that the effort to promote another's happiness, increases our own. An opposite effort must secure a corresponding result. Doubtless the law extends to higher spheres than earth. A selfish angel is an anomaly. Indeed a selfish angel must be a fallen angel. The real angel is the "ministering angel," greatly happy because greatly useful.

Take selfishness from the world, and we have an Eden restored. Men are unhappy because so intensely selfish. Sin is but another name for selfishness. Sin is disobedience to God—and disobedience is to choose our pleasure rather than his glory.

Let us despise all meanness of spirit, and purify ourselves from self-worship. Let us give God our hearts, our will, our life. Let us give men first what exact justice requires—then all that pity, mercy and love require. Noble is that life, which a holy self sacrifice lays upon the altar of a world's service. From the low standpoint of avarice, such a life may seem a needless and foolish expenditure of muscle, brains, and heart, without its appropriate reward; but from the high standpoint of eternity, it appears what it really is, an investment secured by all the wealth of heaven.

"Give and it shall be given unto you." Let us take God at his word. Let us trust him for our future need, when that need is made either possible or probable, by our present yielding of the claims of self to supply the more pressing wants of another. Let us make the glory of God, and the good of men, the end of a consecrated life.—S. S. Times.

### ECONOMY.

We have but a faint notion of economy in this country, and there are few persons who seem able to exercise its spirit in their mode of living. As a general thing, young people, clerks, and the like, calculate to live fully up to the amount of their income, if indeed they do not out-run its limits and become involved in debt. So with married men, of humble means; they calculate to spend about as much as they get, and often find themselves involved in debt they cannot liquidate. Now there is a simple rule which, if adopted, would make people quite independent.

In the first place, let a man's income be ever so small, he should calculate to save a little, and to lay it by, if only five or ten dollars a year. This will be sure to keep him from running in debt, and as soon as he finds that he has a sum of money saved, there is a

natural incentive to add to that amount, and thus unwittingly, as it were, he begins to accumulate. This operation once commenced, he will be surprised to see how fast his means improve; and then the sure increase of principal by the accumulation of interest is a matter of clear gain. In this relation our own style of savings banks, and new five cent savings banks, are accomplishing a work of great good, being practical suggestions to the people that cannot fail of their influence.

Never purchase any article of dress or luxury until you can pay cash for it; this is a most important rule to observe, and the credit system, in fact, has done quite as much to ruin debtors as creditors. A vast number of little expenses (but large in the aggregate) would be saved if one always paid the money for the same at the time of purchase; in place of having it charged. Pay as you go, is a golden rule, and it is true economy.

Many a poor man could build a house over his head and own it, with the price of the cigars and tobacco he has used, to say nothing of the worse than useless "drinks" of beer and bad spirits, in which, from time to time, he has allowed himself to indulge. Avoid any habit, however simple it may be at the outset, which involves unnecessary expense; one leads to another, and all together will empty your purse, and sap the marrow of your physical strength. It is not so much what a man's income may be, as it is what he spends, that graduates his means. Strive then to adopt the true principle of economy, and you have the secret of independence.

MARRIED.—On the morning of the 22d of Feb., at the residence of the bride's mother, near Selins Grove, by Rev. A. H. Sherts, Mr. JOHN SCHOCH to Miss MARY BROBST all of Selins Grove, Pa.

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## Children's Department.

## A CHILD'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

And now the day is ending,  
With all its toil and care,  
My heart to heaven ascending,  
Shall offer praise and prayer.  
The Lord is ever mindful  
Of those who seek His face;  
And children weak and sinful  
May feel His saving grace.

For all my sin and folly,  
This day from morn to even,  
I pray the Lord most holy,  
That I may be forgiven.  
His bleeding love most precious  
I now recall to mind;  
The Lord is ever gracious,  
And pitiful and kind.

While I, my sins confessing,  
Implore His pardoning love,  
I'll praise Him for each blessing  
Decending from above.  
Ingratitude is hateful;  
Oh keep me from that sin;  
Lord, make me very grateful,  
And cleanse my soul within.

Far north, far north, there is a bay,  
They say,  
When cold so great is found,  
Our gold words get bound,  
And flit, as flits in air a bird;  
Ne'er heard,  
Till comes a thaw to loose each frozen word.

This tale, this tale finds sober truth  
In youth,  
Where much that's good and wise,  
Frost-bound, unheeded lies,  
And leaves no trace on memory's page,  
Till age  
Calls into light the germs of pupillage.  
Nor less, nor less God's sacred Word  
Is heard,  
Heard, yet not heard at all;  
Spilt, as spilt waters fall;  
Till the warm power of quickening grace  
Take place,  
And shows of long-lost truth the living trace.

## Industry Gives Pleasure.

'Why, my boy, what are you doing here alone, sitting idle, while all around are so busy?'

'O! I don't like to work. I feel lazy; and the sun is hot.'

'You wouldn't notice it so much if you were at work.'

'Yes, sir, I think I would. The shade of this tree is very pleasant, and I like to watch the reapers at work.'

'Depend upon it, Isaac, if you once tried helping them, you would like it better than watching. Such work is fine fun for boys, when they have not too much of it.'

'I don't think so.'

'No, I see you like to be idle, but it is a dangerous habit to indulge, and unless you break yourself of it, it will be your ruin. Our blessed Saviour, in ever going about doing good, sets us an example of industry which we should try and imitate, especially as we have constant and strong evidence that

'Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.'

Besides, idleness is clearly forbidden in the Bible, and is displeasing to God. How is your father?'

'He is better than he was in the spring, but he is not strong yet.'

'Not strong, and yet he has to work hard to support you, your brothers and your sisters! Did you ever think how much you could help him? This is a duty which God requires of you, and you should ever prefer duty to your own ease or pleasure.'

'No, sir, I did not think of it.'

'Then suppose you try. There are many ways in which you may help these men, and I will pay you good wages. To-day is Monday, and if you persevere I can warrant that you will be happier by Saturday night.'

'Well, I will.'

And Isaac Barnes sprang up with much alacrity, while Farmer May looked on with an approving smile.

A new train of thought had been awakened in Isaac's mind by the farmer's words. He remembered how weak his father was at times, and how often at night he would come home wearied and almost sick from his labor, while his low spirits, arising from an overtasked frame, cast a gloom over the household. He himself was young and strong, able to earn a little, at least, towards relieving his father, and yet most of his time had been spent in idleness. This was a poor return for all his father's care and kindness, and it should be so no longer. There was a novelty in his work the first day, and though tired at night, he determined to persevere. The days that followed were not so easy. To one so unaccustomed to work it was hard to keep at it, but the thought of his father and the encouragement which Farmer May held out to him kept him from giving up.

Saturday night came at last, and when Farmer May put some bright silver pieces into his hand, his joy was great. He hastened towards home with rapid steps, and entered the house a few minutes after his father had returned.

'Isaac,' said his mother when she saw him, 'I have not seen you much at home this week, I hope you have not been in any mischief.'

'No, Mother,' he replied quietly.

'That is right. I hope you will always be able to give the same answer. It is a blessed thing to have a conscience void of offence towards God and man. Father, did you bring home that tea?'

'No, I did not.'

'Forget it, eh? Well, I do not wonder, you have so much to think about; but it does not matter. There is enough to last till Monday, and it will do as well then.'

'We cannot have it then, either, that is the worst of it. I am not so strong as I was, and cannot do so much work, so, of course, my wages are less.'

'Oh! well, it will not hurt us to go without it awhile, as you will soon be stronger,' she said cheerily.

'Alice will have to do without her shoes, too. I could not bring them to her.'

Isaac looked quickly up and saw his little sister glancing mournfully at her shoes, from the worn-out toes of which her little foot was peeping, but she did not complain.

'Never mind, papa, these will do a little longer. I can do without my new ones.'

'You are a good little girl not to worry papa about it, Alice.'

'That she is, and she shall have the shoes, and you can have the tea, too, father, can't you,' exclaimed Isaac, holding out his money to his astonished father.

'There is enough there for both, surely, Isaac; but where did it come from?'

'I earned it,' he said, proudly, and he related the incidents of the week.

'You have done well, my son.'

Isaac felt well paid for his effort. He had done right by obeying that law of God which says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' and this will always make us happy. Boys, would not you, too, have felt that industry was better than idleness, had you been with Isaac when he saw little Alice dancing about with her new shoes, and his father and mother enjoying a nice cup of tea? Isaac had learned a good lesson, and the fruit of it was seen in after days. He was henceforth known by all the neighbors as an honest, industrious lad, and his parents were justly proud of him.—S. S. Visitor.

## Joe and his Brother.

Joe was sent to his room for a fault. His brother crept up stairs and said, 'Joe, you know you've been a naughty boy; don't you feel sorry?'

'Yes.'

'Well, Joe, shall I pray for you?'

'Yes.'

They knelt. The boy prayed, and on rising he said, 'There Joe, don't you feel better now?'

'No I don't.'

'Then I had better pray again, hadn't I?'

'I think you had.'

They knelt, and the boy prayed again.—'There, Joe, don't you feel better now?'

'Yes, I think I do.'

'Then let us go down and tell mother.'

That boy understood the text which tells us to pray for one another.

## INTERCUSSION.

In one of our infant classes, writes a visitor I found forty-five children in excellent order, and the visit to this class rewarded me for all my toil. The text on the card was, 'Christ is risen from the dead,' and, joining in the lesson, I asked many questions about the life of Christ, and referring to the passage, 'He ever liveth to make intercession for us,' I asked, without expecting an answer, 'And what is meant by intercession?'

After a few moments pause, a bright-eyed little fellow about six years old, replied, 'Speaking a word to God, for us, Sir?'

## The Lord's Prayer.

Did you think—short though it is—how much there is in it? O, it is beautiful! Like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us, every one of us, to look to God as our parent—'Our Father.'

It prompts us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth—'Who art in heaven.'

It tells us we must reverence our heavenly Father—'Hallowed be thy name.'

It breathes a missionary spirit—'Thy kingdom come.'

And a submissive, obedient spirit—'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'

And a dependant, trusting spirit—'Give us this day our daily bread.'

And a forgiving spirit—'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'

And a cautious spirit—'Deliver us from evil.'

And, last of all, an adoring spirit—'For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.'

Now, is it not both a wonderful and a beautiful prayer? Jesus, our dear Saviour, taught it; and who could better tell us how to pray to his father and our father to his God and our God?

## THEY WON'T TROUBLE YOU LONG.

Children grow up—nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with a top, a buoyant boy. He is a man and gone now! There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made, thus like a raving stocking, stretch by stretch gives way till all are gone. The house has not a child in it. There is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing pell-mell; it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, balls or strings, left scattered about. Things are neat enough now.

There is no delay of breakfast for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task before you before dawn of looking after anybody, and tucking up the bed clothes. There are no disputes to settle, no body to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged. There was never such a peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down the front stairs! O for some children's noise!

What used to all us that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors?

We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A house without children! It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no grapes; a brook and no water gurgling and rushing in its channel. We want to be tried to be vexed, to be run over, to hear child life at work with all its varieties.

During the secular days, this is enough marked. But it is Sunday that puts our homes to the proof. That is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hands on their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and lesser love—to God and friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a

low and melodious thrill of children in it. But Sunday comes too still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure and too little care.

Alas! what mean those things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?—Henry Ward Beecher.

**RULES TO PROMOTE HARMONY IN THE FAMILY.**—1. We may be sure that our will is likely to be crossed during the day, so prepare for it.

2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

3. To learn the different temper of each individual.

4. To look upon each member of the family as one for whose soul we are bound to watch, as those that must give account.

5. When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.

6. When inclined to give an angry answer, to lift up the heart in prayer.

7. If, from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, to keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

8. To observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness or sympathy suited to them.

9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.

10. To take a cheerful view of every thing, and to encourage hope.

11. To speak kindly to the servants, and praise them for little things when you can.

12. In all little pleasures which may occur, to put self last.

13. To try for the "soft answer that turneth away wrath."

14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed to ask ourselves, 'Have I not done the same, and been forgiven?'

15. In conversation, not to exalt ourselves but to bring others forward.

16. To be very gentle with the younger ones, and treat them with respect.

17. Never to judge one another, but attribute a good motive when you can.—CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

## Peanuts.

Every boy in America likes peanuts, and yet very few of them know where they come from. They can be grown in almost everybody's yard, but they flourish in North Carolina. Upon the sandy lands in the neighborhood of Cape Fear, they raise from fifteen to seventy-five bushels to the acre. At the price of one dollar per bushel, it proves a profitable crop. The cultivation of it is easy; first the plough, then the sweep and weeding-hoe. The vine makes an excellent forage for cattle equal to the best Northern hay. From the nut is pressed a valuable oil which has a peculiar value from the fact that it does not gum. It is used in the preparation of medicines, for burning purposes, and is largely introduced as a condiment in salads. Such and so varied and important are the uses to which this simple product is devoted.

## MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.

Persevere against discouragement.—Keep your temper.—Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand.—Be punctual and methodical in business and never procrastinate.—Never be in a hurry.—Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction.—Rise early, and be an economist of time.—Maintain dignity, without the appearance of pride; manner is something with every body, and every thing with some.—Be guarded in discourse; attentive and slow to speak.—Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.—Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.—Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent.—Rather set, than follow example.—Practice strict temperance; and in all your transactions, Remember the final account.

The new enterprise begun on the first Sabbath in January, in the hall on the corner of Arch and Broad streets, Philadelphia, has assumed the form of a church, with the name of 'St. Andrew's Lutheran church,' under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. Stork. The capacious hall is filled morning and evening. The attendance and interest have been such as to hasten the trustees in their efforts to procure a lot, with the hope of beginning their chapel next summer.—One gentleman, to accomplish this, has subscribed thirty thousand dollars, and if necessary to the final completion of the work, will do as much more.

## Wit and Humor.

'Sir,' said a Western orator who was a candidate for office, 'my opponent boasts that he has saved his country in the tented field.' In 1812, when the cohorts of British tyranny threatened our northern frontier with bloodshed and devastation—when the war whoop of the savage struck upon the hearing of our people, I was drafted to go as a soldier to defend the frontier.—'Sir, I procured a substitute, and gentleman, the bones of that representative of my courage and patriotism are now resting at the River Raisin—he was slain there by the British and their savage allies. Through that man I claim to have fought, bled and died for my country, and I follow citizens, I glory in it. Now, let me ask my opponent if he can show where he did for his country. It can't be done.

—A California editor received a long document, which he was requested to 'put under the editorial head, gratis.' He complied by placing it under his pillow. Since that time he has but to look at his pillow and he will become drowsy immediately.

—We saw a letter the other day in which the word weather was spelled *weather*. That struck us as being about the worst spell of weather we have known during the present season.

A "Flight of Fancy"—scattering of "roughs."

—They are fools who persist in being quite miserable because they are not quite happy.

—An Irishman fell in love with a lady, but she, instead of reciprocating his affections, fell in love with another man and married him, which caused him to exclaim in the fullness of his heart: 'Och, would that ye had been twins so that I could have had half of you.'

—Thackeray tells of an Irish woman begging alms from him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried, 'May the blessing of God follow you all your life,' but when he only pulled out his snuff box, immediately added, 'and never overtake ye.'

—A distinguished philosopher holds that mankind may be divided into two great classes, to wit: 1. Those who are wise. 2. Those who are otherwise.

—An Emerald, on admiring a beautiful cemetery, observed that he considered it a healthy place to be buried in.

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Philadelphia Express	" 7,10 "
Paoli Accom. No. 1	" 8,20 "
Parkersburg	" 9,00 "
Lancaster Train	" 12,30 P. M.
Fast Line	" 1,10 "
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FRANCIS FUNK,  
No. 137 Dock Street.

## 1866. PHILADELPHIA &amp; ERIE R. ROAD.

THIS great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties 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.