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

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MY HOME IS IN HEAVEN.

My home is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials appear?
Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.

CHORUS.

Then the angels will come, with their music will come,
With music, sweet music, to welcome me home;
In the bright gates of crystal the shining ones will stand,
And sing me a welcome to their own native-land.

It is not for thee to be seeking thy bliss,
And building thy hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

CHORUS.

Then the angels will come, &c.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever on Jesus' own breast.

CHORUS.

Then the angels will come, with their music will come,
With music, sweet music, to welcome me home;
In the bright gates of crystal the shining ones will stand,
And sing me a welcome to their own native-land.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE UNION OF THE TWO CONTINENTS!!

A BAND OF FIRE UNITES THE OLD AND THE NEW WORLDS!!!

The great deed is achieved. Europe and America talk together in streams of electric fire. The glory of ages has culminated in this great event. From mountain, plain, and valley, from the rocky shores of New England, from the boundless prairies of the distant West, from the flowery plains of the Sunny South, and from the borders of that ocean where freedom has planted her banners, has been heard in echoing thunders, in the deep-toned voice of cannon, the commemoration of as sublime an achievement as ever adorned the annals of human discovery.

The universal rejoicing at this glorious triumph of Science, was manifested through other, and still grander avenues of universal joy:—it was seen in the lurid glare of soaring rockets—in the dazzling brilliance of vast illuminations, that reflected their startling magnificence upon the evening skies—in vast bon-fires of radiant splendor, that reflected their blazing effulgence upon the Ebon brow of night. It was heard in the classic orations of gifted minds, eulogizing in the sublimest flights of eloquence, the peaceful subjugation of the sea—it was heard in the melodious strains of the poet, as he invoked the divine inspiration of the muses. What a burst of triumphant, celestial melody! Imagination might will conceive it to be the harmonious music of the spheres, to charm enraptured hosts from realms of endless day.

Through the PRINTING PRESS, the glowing enthusiasm of the popular mind found still another mode of expression, and bright, shining, resplendent thoughts sparkled from its portals, illuminating in characters of living fire the names and actions of FRANKLIN, MORSE, and FIELD; while encircling them like bright and beauteous stars, are the lesser lights, who have aided in making this the grand Electrical age of the world. It is in the historian's volume, that imperishable museum of thought, that their fame shall live forever; and from age to age, their brows shall be decked with the most brilliant intellectual gems of the Orator, and the Poet, and no rust of ages shall tarnish their lustre, for the very lightnings of heaven will guard them, as an invincible host of warriors for all eternity.

It was the guiding-finger of Omnipotence that traced the wondrous pathway that led to this magnificent consummation. He committed to human guidance those fiery couriers of the sky—the flashing lightnings of his Imperial Realm; and it was He who 3000 years ago, sarcastically asked Job, if he "could send them, that they might go, and say to them, here we are." Revolving cycles rolled into oblivion, and yet that great question, on the leaves of the book of time, remained unanswered, until that grand epoch of intellect and Christianity in which we live. The path has been traced and the veil has been lifted. Although Job, of the land of Canaan, was one of God's chosen, yet it was reserved for

Cyrus W. Field—Job of modern time to be the humble instrument to "send them, so that they might go," through the depths of the briny deep—across the bed of the stormy Atlantic. This peaceful subjugation of the fierce electrical fires of the upper world, and their victorious application to the telegraphic conquest of the sea, is the brightest jewel in the crown of science.

A stranger landing upon our shores for the first time, just at the period, when the electrical enthusiasm, swayed the nation to and fro, like the storm beaten waves of the ocean, and beholding the effect, without apprehending the cause, would doubtless inquire, in the utmost amazement:—"What does all this mean? What have these men done to elicit such tokens of popular applause? Why have the nations of Christendom, arisen as with one heart to do them reverence?"

"Was that resounding shout, the signal of a bloody victory won?"—"Of triumphant exultation over the mortal remains of thousands of slain on some ensanguined plain?" "Was it the thunderous applause of millions rejoicing in the conflagration of conquered cities,—in the slaughter of men, women and children,—in the tears of the widow and the orphan,—and are these men the heroes of these desolating deeds of dark renown?" "Was this the joyful anthem of praise for the bloody triumph of the conquerors?"

In answer to these fearful inquiries, the latent fires of the airy firmament thunder an emphatic NO! The harnessed lightnings flash along old ocean's pavement, and bear on their glittering wings in bold bright characters, of living flame, the simple, stern reply of NO! NO! While all over the land from every electric wire, from countless throngs of freemen, and from the misty caverns of the great Deep, comes the strong, earnest, thrilling response of—NO! NO!! NO!!!

"Then what has been achieved by these laurel-crowned champions of victory, to produce this out-pouring of joy and gladness?" They have, indeed, fought battles, but they were the bloodless battles of science;—on well-contested fields of conflict were won the glorious triumphs of the allied armies of Education and Religion, against the united forces of Ignorance, and Vice, and Superstition. At the bidding of these men, the conflagration of no cities illumined the skies,—the soil was reddened with the blood of no human beings,—and the groans of no tortured captives rent the air, in vain appeals for mercy.

These humble instruments in the hands of Providence, that acquired those splendid crowns of glory from their fellow-men, for long dreary years of obscurity and neglect strove unceasingly for their reward. Few indeed, were their assurances of sympathy and success, but obloquy and ridicule were heaped upon them without stint. Never wavering from their fixed purpose they toiled steadily onward to the realization of their grand conceptions, with that tireless energy which is the sole prerogative of master-minds. Urging steadily their way through the great labyrinthine mazes of human investigation and discovery, they laid open to mankind, new and radiant worlds of thought and wisdom. In the glowing words of the Poet, Duganne the fiery steed of the cloud has borne messages of peace and good will—from continent to continent, down among the coral caves, and along the hidden highways of the Ocean,—all written by lightning's awful pen.

"Scrolled beneath the sundered ocean;
Scored by lightning's awful pen—
"Glory unto God, the Highest!
Peace on Earth! Good will to men!"
Land to land, in mingling currents,
Sways and thrills with loving ear;
Where art thou? the Old World whispers:
And the New World murmurs "HERE!"

"HERE the electric heart of nations—
HERE the eternal core of Right;
Radiant from their burning centre,
Flash the veins of Freedom's light!
Girt with all the world's great waters,—
Circled far by every land—
Marked by Sacred Line and Plummet,—
May God our destinies command!"

Thine the chart the Chaldean pondered,
Midst his orient skies unfurled—
THINE, the tortured Galileo poised,
Above his moving world!
THINE, Capernicus, enraptured
Magnified with dying praise;
And the adoring Newton saw thee—
Ancient of Creation's Days!

Behold in reverent admiration the varied

scenes of primeval solitude, impressive silence and eternal gloom that reign supreme in the deep dark grottoes of the mighty sea. What an immensity of life, and of untold wonders in every form, have been enshrouded in the World's great Watery Coffin, since the sweeping tides were taught their endless round. In the deepest foundations of the surging abyss of waters, are magnificent coral structures of Palace, and Temple, and Tower, erected by Nature's Great Architect,—among the ruins of the submerged continents, that existed before the Dawn of Creation,—fit abodes for the imagination of the ancients, to people with mermaids, sea-gods, and their hosts of admiring satellites!

But, what is this startling apparition? What is this slender thread of wire, illumined with fiery splendor, and casting a lurid effulgence around its pathway? It is the great Atlantic Cable, that lies deep down among the buried visions of a nether world; and it unites in harmonious symphonies, the flowing cadences of kindred hearts, in one instantaneous thrill of blending intelligences, in lands divided by the flowing immensity of the seas. The lightnings have been invoked from their native amphitheatre, and have sent the flashing messengers of burning thought on the wiry veins of Freedom's Promise through the gorgeous realms of the mighty ocean.

Trace for a moment, the course of this thought-transmitting miracle of modern ages, a greater than which was never seen in the courts of Pharaoh—the Egyptian King, when the Hebrews were led out of the land of bondage.—Far down in the dark depths of waters inaccessible, that no plummet has ever sounded, it stretches for six hundred leagues; along the silent, shadowy, mystic bed of the sea; across soaring mountains, whose summits are swept with ever-changing tides; laying its slender folds in the black craters of extinct volcanoes, filled with surging waters; across wide plains or sudden precipices, in the darkened scenery of whose yawning jaws, innumerable denizens of the sea abide. Over rock and boulder, and soft sand; Over solitary relics of a primeval globe, preserved intact from decay or change, in the calm still depths, down beyond the sway of tempests; over vestiges of the tropics and the poles, strewn there by the currents of the sea; over fair sea-shells and the debris of long forgotten races of fish, and bird, and beast: over the gold of luckless mariners laid away in the murky gloom of eternal oblivion; over the ribs of shattered vessels, laid up among the gathering sands, in a mausoleum, befitting a gallant barque; over the skeletons of ill-starred mariners wrapped in their winding sheet of waters.

It was laid where nameless monsters of the Deep, might float slowly past, and the levithans might sport around it; laid where no ray of light may ever reach, among the fleshless bones of the dead of every generation, where above the great steamships of the living world sweep onward in majesty and might unconscious of the ocean secrets beneath them; laid where the bright sun touches into untold splendors of infinite hue and shape, the sea-spray of the surface; or where the moon clothes with a silvery mantle the midnight waves; laid in the eternal night of changeless darkness—darkness as old as when God divided sea from land, into whose sunless, hueless depths no human eye may ever see; laid in the hushed quiet of tideless waters, beneath the hurricane sweep of fierce storms, in halls of deathless silence, where no sound of rushing waters, or wintry winds can reach; laid in the unseen, untroubled, unchanged, mysterious sea.

Go tell the Hindoo, in the midst of his idolatrous worship on the banks of the Ganges; tell it to the red Indian as he roams through the solitudes of the dim old forests of our Western land;—tell it where the Amazon swells its majestic flood from a thousand flowing streams; tell it in the frozen wilds of Siberia, where the sun sheds his feeblest rays, tell it to the dusky Arab as he fleetly bounds over the scorching sands of the desert, beneath the fiery rays of an equatorial sun; tell it to the dark Ethiop as he wanders among his native mountains, in regions of mystery where the feet of civilized man hath rarely or never trod; tell them all, and sound it to earth's remotest bounds, that the war-horses of the sky have been caught and tamed; tell them that the electric fires of Heavens artillery, have been guided for thousands of miles

through the depths of the sea, on delicate wires of human mechanism.

Imagine their profound amazement! What surprise and incredulity would be stamped upon the countenances of these uncouth children of the forest and the desert. If they believed in the reality of this miracle of modern science, what strange, weird superstitious thoughts of fear or of reverence would be awakened in every recess of their darkened intellects.

Another page has been added to the volume of immortal science. Nature has released from her grasp another of the secrets, and one more grand step has been taken; one more starry height has been ascended,—humanity has been raised into dominion over the universe of matter, and has visibly drawn nearer to its God.—Educator.

For the American Lutheran.

The Missionary.

The ministry of reconciliation is conceded to be the most important and responsible profession that can engage the talent and attention of man. It is worthy the talent, intelligence, and zeal of an angel. If any class of men deserve the sympathy and prayers of God's people, more than another, it is the heralds of salvation, and especially the devoted missionary of the cross. If any part of the ministerial work requires more intelligence, zeal, and holy ardor than another, it is the mission work, both at home and in heathen lands.

The devoted man of God looks abroad upon the world and beholds "the fields already white for the harvest." He sees thousands of precious souls, for whom Jesus died, "scattered as sheep without a shepherd," and in danger of being lost forever. He hears their plaintive cries for help, their moving appeals for the bread of life to save them from spiritual starvation. His heart is moved within him, his spirit is stirred, his sympathy is enlisted, and his whole soul is inflamed with love to Jesus and the souls of his perishing fellow men. He carries the case before his God in prayer and asks counsel at his hands in regard to the course it is his duty to pursue. He meditates on the difficulties, the dangers, the responsibilities; he reflects upon the self-denials, sacrifices, labors and inconveniences necessarily involved in the life and labors of a missionary. But he not only looks on the dark side of the work; he also reflects on the value of the soul; the sacrifice and suffering of Jesus to redeem it; the horror and misery that awaits it if unsaved, and the glory and happiness if saved. The hope that he may be instrumental in saving some of these precious souls from death, decides his choice. Behold now that devoted man of God on bended knees and with uplifted eye, consecrate himself to the glorious work of missions. It is a scene upon which, I doubt not, angels delight to look. There in that secret closet where God and angels are witnesses to his vows, the missionary resolves to suffer all the self-denials and sacrifices, and to incur all the dangers and trials incident to a missionary life. He is willing to sever every tie, however tender; to forsake his native land, his friends and kindred, and go forth in the name and cause of Jesus Christ, "to endure hardships as a faithful servant of the Lord." He does this not from stoical indifference to the love and tender ties of cherished friendship, but simply because he loves Jesus and the souls of men more than all else the world contains.

What grandeur, what sublimity, what nobleness of mind, what a glorious spirit of self-devotion for the eternal good of others is displayed in this unselfish consecration. Surrounded by friends and kindred, by all the comforts and conveniences of life, yet the love of God constrains him to forsake all these, and to endure privations, sufferings, trials, and, in all probability, death itself, for the purpose of winning souls for Jesus. Thus he goes forth in the "spirit, strength, and name of his Master, to preach the ennobling, soul-saving doctrines of the cross of Jesus Christ. O, for more of this self-sacrificing spirit, this devotion to the cause of missions. More anon.

SIGMA.

By laying a piece of charcoal on a burn, the pain subsides immediately. — By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple and deserves a trial.

UTAH AND ITS PROPHET.

Much interest generally attaches to every fact relating to that strange and incongruous system of religion, called Mormonism. A book has lately been published at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, which professes to be an authentic account of the life led by the dupes of the Mormon prophet. In a chapter on "Brigham as the lord of the Harem," the inner life of this man is minutely described.

"Brigham's Block," occupies about twenty acres, and is situated in the northern part of Great Salt Lake City. The grounds are surrounded by a wall from eight to ten feet high. The main entrance is from the South, by a gateway which is mounted by a huge eagle, carved in stone. Every thing within bears the mark of utility. There is a large number of fruit trees, but no expensive flower garden or green house is to be seen. The largest building is that containing the 'tithing store' and office, and the Deseret printing office. Close by, there is a long row of buildings for various mechanical purposes, and a number of small tenements are scattered over the premises for the use of some of the employers. The next building, east of the Deseret store and printing office, is the "Lion House," where the prophet's family lives.

The daily life of Brigham Young is after the following manner:

"He rises early, calls the whole family together; they sing a hymn; he prays fervently and they separate for the duties of the day. In past times, he ate at the Harem. His fare is very simple, usually consisting of a bowl of milk covered with cream, and dry toast or bread.

"His next duty used to be, to see the women folks, to whom he was friendly and kind, but no more. He is not Brigham the husband, but Brigham the Prophet or Seer. The women fear and reverence him as their God, watch his countenance as he gives the counsel and look upon every word he utters as the key to some great mystery. He pays much less attention to them now than formerly, but is kind and considerate in his conduct toward them.

"This duty done, he next proceeds to his office to receive his visitors, and to transact any business that may be there awaiting his attention. His counsel is sought upon all subjects, even in the minutest domestic affairs of the people. So numerous are these applications for advice and assistance, that many are turned away with very brief answers, while some are denied access entirely.

'Years ago, Brigham was kind and fatherly to his followers. If he met one of them in the street, he gave him a cordial greeting and a hearty shake of the hand, with an inquiry concerning his family and prospects. But of late, the Prophet, having become rich, has grown haughty and proud, and as he rides along in his fine carriage, surrounded by his courtiers and sycophants, the toiling, hard-handed brethren, who receive no friendly recognition, sometimes shake their heads and mutter sentiments strangely discordant with those generally expressed in conversation."

SPEAKING AND HEARING.

The Construction of Church Buildings.

Sir Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's London, says:—"A moderate voice may be heard fifty feet distant before the preacher, thirty feet on each side, and twenty behind the pulpit; and not this unless the pronunciation be distinct and equal, without lowering the voice at the last word of the sentence, which is commonly emphatical."

That which makes hell so full of horror, is that it is below all hopes; that which makes heaven so full of splendor, is that it is above all fears. The one is a night without the return of day, the other is a day free from the approach of night.

"I NEVER go to church," said a country tradesman to his parish clergyman; "I always spend Sunday in settling accounts." The clergyman immediately replied, "You will find the day of judgment will be spent in the same manner."

An Apt Rejoinder.

An American minister, who was earnestly exhorted to take a decided stand on a great moral question, excused himself by saying, "You know ministers must live!" "No," said his friend, "I was not aware of that: I thought they might die for the truth's sake!"

Evil Tendencies of the Age No. 9.

By J. W. W.

VICIOUS LITERATURE AND THE PUBLIC PRESS.

In the dark catalogue of evils that afflict our fallen humanity, there is no evidence of the degeneracy of the times, more striking, than the rapidly growing taste for vitiated literature. The productions of the sensation novelist at the present rate of speed will soon constitute four-fifths of all the reading matter placed before the public.

The intellectual palate of the rising generation, has been seared and corrupted by repeated doses of love-sick romances, of the sentimental class, until the demand is for something more pungent—stimulating,—for an article with a much greater infusion of red pepper. Hence, hot and fiery potions are served up to the public to allay the morbid cravings of a corrupted and poisoned mind. A social entertainment—i. e. a drunken revel;—a considerable amount of genteel profanity;—a number of hair-breadth escapes, mixed with a few seductions, and culminating in one or two atrocious murders, constitute the principle staple of popular modern novels. So much then, for the advancing civilization of the age:—truly a beautiful commentary upon national morals at this age of the world.

A late English writer, draws the picture rather faint in alluding to this subject, when he says:—that "Out of the four library companies (limited) which have been started in London, two have already found it necessary to wind up. It would seem that their projectors miscalculated the wants and tastes of the reading public. They believed that their subscribers would have wholesome appetites for beef and mutton; the experience of the past two years has taught them that the vitiated palates of the present generation relish little save the brandy-balls and ginger-pop of literature. The demand for sensational and adulterine fiction is enormous, while that for sober and substantial food for the mind is extremely small."

The amusements of the populace are in keeping with this corrupted taste for sensational literature. Prize fighting is openly espoused, — Dog-fighting, — gambling, — and horse-racing defy the law and its ministers. In cities "Jack Sheppard," and "Dick Turpin" nightly fill the circus and theatres. "The Highwayman's Own Book" lies on the publisher's counter; and the "Bold Outlaw" and the "Pirate Chief" sell in editions of thousands, while the "Constitution of Man," "Youth's Counselor," and works of a similar description go begging for customers. What a tale all this tells of the profligacy and degeneracy of the age! Oh! for the purity of mind and the nobility of heart of our ancestors.

Novel reading is a delusive draught that sinks the soul into the deepest, foulest iniquity.—Christianity enters its solemn protest against this delusive and soul-ruining practice; all the Christian virtues turn from it with disgust and horror; even common morality and good taste proclaim against it, as one of the blackest sins that pollutes the national mind. It is subversive of every principle of morality. Fiction is just as certain to poison the heart and intellect as the asp to poison the blood. It is just as sure to create impure thoughts as the rivers are to flow into the sea. Depravity seeks that which best suits its taste, and on every hand it finds indulgence in the vast flood of fictitious literature poured out from a venal and prostituted press in ever-increasing streams. The prisons of our country are filled with the victims who commenced their downward career by reading this poisonous fiction. The youth of both sexes, waste their time and prostitute their talents by dabbling daily in this filthy stuff, to the exclusion of better things. It destroys the relish for solid literature, and, forever pollutes the memory. It gnaws into the heart like a hideous worm, and renders it a moral desolation. It debases the affections and finally curses the soul.

Never before in the history of mankind has there been such an enormous prevalence of fictitious literature. What a sad commentary is this upon the boasted intelligence—the civilization of the age. It requires no extended or elaborate demonstration to prove that morally and spiritually, as a people we are sinking!—Sinking!! Sinking!!! Overwhelmed and strangled by the murky spirits evoked from the sanctums of the editor and the author.

In close alliance with the evil effects of novel reading is

FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

The unbounded extravagance of woman is an omen full of dread to the nation, and to the world. A writer in the "Round Table" makes the following rather pointed remarks.

"Their reckless desire for prodigal display is both shameful and astounding. They riot in wanton waste, seeming without a thought for either propriety or decency. It is a disgrace to the taste of the country, a dishonor to the men who have so recently died on battle-fields, and a reproach to every woman in the land who in any way countenances the wicked contagion. The vilest and the purest appear side by side on the street, in the social assemblage, and at public gatherings, tinselled alike in gilt and garish. There is no mark to distinguish between the true and the false. There seems to be but one idol, at which all bow down, and before which good sense and good character are alike being sacrificed.

Among the looked for results of the war, it was hoped that the country would be purged of slavish obedience to the mandates of the Parisian "mode", and its attendant extravagance. Twice every year the followers of the so called fashion were wont to attend at special displays of the milliner and "modistes", and learn there what they were to wear the ensuing season. Many of the most refined in the land thought it no disgrace to seek in

struction in the arts of French courtesans, who are in reality makers of the fashions that are so lavishly adopted in this country. With scarcely a thought they yielded subservience to a land wholly alien to us in morals, religion, political and social life, and not the least of all in climate. But it did not seem that so much of imitation, reckless waste, and useless display could possibly survive the sad discipline of a great war."

At the breaking up of the war, it did not seem possible that the sorrow and desolation of four years of conflict could be so entirely ignored as to permit a season of unexampled extravagance. With half a million men either dead or maimed for life, and with mourning at the inner and outer door of every house in the land, there was a reason to expect that motives of propriety, if no other, would stay for a time the reviving and useless scenes of lavish and reckless expenditure. While the procession of death was yet filling past—with cripples and bereaved homes—and sights and sounds of pain on every hand—the servility of borrowed fashion and the shamelessness of giddy, fashionable life began their round anew. It is shameful that the women of the land should manifest so little regard for the lessons of the hour, and it is to be sincerely regretted that they did not set a nobler example of economy and good taste. But all this is simply in accordance with the inevitable decay of morality and public virtue that follows in the train of a high civilization.

The same writer again says, with much truth:—

"The tide has turned toward the metropolis again, with its fashion and thoughtlessness, hungering, it would seem, for a new carnival of yet wilder pleasure. There is no indication anywhere of the dreadful scenes from which we have just emerged. At the time of the Crimean war the English Government forbade the wearing of mourning, lest it should create a feeling of general gloom. No such edict is needed in our land, for already our streets are aglow with the finery and flummery of French extravagance. It matters little to the lovers of dress that the country is weighed down with a vast debt, and that every motive calls for economy and prudence. In and out they go, the women that should bear a faithful hand in bringing the nation back to its former position, decked out in jewels and silks and all the useless ornaments that are copied from the Parisian "demi monde." Surely it is a disgrace that these things are so, and the organs of public opinion should not fear to lift the veil and deery the fictitious display."

Do the women of this country understand upon what rock their foolish extravagance will wreck them? It will lead to nothing short of the breaking up of the social laws of life. Marriage will be out of the question, and French life will be upon us with all its excesses. The men will be their own destroyers if this thing continues. All along the streets of our great cities the dissipated and shameless appear side by side with the pure and respectable. There is no sign to distinguish the one from the other, for both worship the French Moloch. In all our great emporiums of trade and commerce we are nursing the terrible plague of French life, until the good old simplicity and modesty of American women are rapidly passing away.

France,—be it remembered, by common consent leads the van guard of civilization; and she is, morally plunging down the highway of ruin faster than any other nation in the world; we,—the American people are following closely in the rear, and at our present rate of speed will soon be engulfed in the whirlpool of national decay and death,—a moral and a spiritual death, for which the trumpet of eternity will sound no resurrection. —*Educator.*

For the American Lutheran.

Lisbon, Iowa Aug. 4th 1866.

Prof. Conrad in the Observer of the 20th and 27th of July in defending the Gen. Synod against the Pa. Synod proceeds upon the premises that an endorsement of the Augsburg Confession is essential to Lutheranism. If so, I want to ask him a few questions, which I hope he will please solve for the benefit of his readers.

1. In using the term Augsburg Confession, does he mean in part or in whole?

2. If only a part, what part of the Confession does he mean?

3. If he means the whole of the Augsburg Confession, what will he do with those who disavow some of its plainest teachings?

4. Does the Professor believe it himself, as it was believed by Luther in the days of the Reformation, and as expounded by Melancthon in the apology and the authors of the form of concord, and if so, had he not better fuse at once with his Philadelphia neighbors?

5. Why keep up all this bickering and strife simply to support two newspapers which can claim no difference of sentiment, but whose sole rivalry must arise from the pecuniary gain arising to their proprietors?

6. Is it honest for an Editor to publish such sophistry as he has published in the articles referred to and then exclude his constituents from replying?

7. Who made Prof. Conrad a judge, or inquisitor general over his brethren?

8. Is it in keeping with moral honesty that said Prof. should try to fix the stigma of church-schism on the Franckean Synod during its history previous to its union with the Gen. Synod.

In conclusion allow me to say, that the Prof's. attempt to cast out of the Lutheran church all except those who believe the whole of the Augsburg Confession, reminds me of the following anecdote. There once lived a Scotch Divine whose parishioners became addicted pretty strongly to the use of Paddy's eye-water. On a certain occasion the old Dominie told his hearers from the pulpit that

if they persisted in their course, he would put them all out of the church. Upon which a ruling elder replied, "An what al ye do wi the Manse." (house.)

I believe it to be a duty for ministers and Christians to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, but for men of the same professional proclivities, men, both of whom advocate an unconditional subscription to the Augsburg Confession to annoy the church with their unholy bickerings, is really intolerable, and if it is true that "a fool is known by his folly," I cannot see how such men can be any thing else than fools in this particular, though they be learned men. But there is such a thing as learned folly, and hence the German adage "Je gelehrter, je verkehrter."

When Paul shook the ancient superstitions by the simple preaching of Christ and him crucified, the Jews cried "the temple of the Lord, and Abraham our father." The Ephesians, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." So these Augsburgians, "Great is the Augsburg Confession."

So long as the brazen serpent was preserved simply as a memorial of the remarkable interposition of God for the salvation of his penitent and stricken people, it was all right, but as soon as they made more of it than they did of God and his cause, i. e. idolized it, it was pronounced "a piece of brass," and was destroyed. I think the same course ought to be pursued with the Augsburg Confession. If it is to be regarded as an instrument commemorative of one of the most thrilling events in the history of the church, let it as such be duly honored, but if it is to become the Idol Chief of a fanatical party in our church, then let it be known that it is simply a little paper and ink containing some wholesome truth, and some poisonous error, and so far as its error is concerned let it go where all error must finally go, namely, to its own native hell.

But I object to writers using the term, *The Augsburg Confession* as being the confession of our church.

When I say of a goblet containing a mixture of pure wine and arsenic, that it is a goblet of wine, I assert an absolute falsehood, and if I say this with the intention to deceive another and induce him to drink it, I not only assert what is false, but an absolute lie, and that too a lie on which the life of my neighbor may depend. So too, when I speak of a confession as true, which contains dangerous and soul-destroying error, I assert a falsehood. If I do it with the intention to deceive, I utter a lie, and that too a lie which may destroy the soul of my neighbor and lead him to endless perdition.

The Prophet doubtless alludes to conduct like this when he says of the teachers of Israel "They hatch cockatrice eggs" and the result was "he that eateth them dieth," and that which is crushed breaketh forth into a viper."

Why is it that Christ so earnestly and so frequently cautions his disciples against the leaven of the Scribes and Pharisees? Was it because they were corrupt in every particular? Certainly not, but because of the dangerous error mixed with the truth.

But one point more and I close. The Prof. speaks of the Confession as the rule by which heresy is to be tried. Well, now, I will submit to him and all his school a test question: I know of a Mr. Paperman, a Lutheran minister by common consent, who publicly teaches that the "Christian Sabbath is not a Divine institution and is not of Divine obligation." Now, I want the learned Professor to convict him of heresy by the Augsburg Confession, and then if after a fair trial under the provisions of the Augsburg Confession said Paperman should come off as clear as the three men in the fiery furnace, we will try what we can do with him under the provisions of the Articles of Faith and Discipline adopted by the Franckean Synod. E. F. P. S. Will the Luth. Observer please copy.

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

Never be worried by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if troubles come upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

"Troubles never stop forever.

The darkest day will pass away."

If the sun is going down, look at the stars if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's promise a man or child may be cheerful.

"Never despair when a fog is in the air, A sunny morning will come without warning."

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

"Something sterling that will stay

When gold and silver fly away."

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give

you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

"He that revengeth knows no rest, The meek possesseth a peaceful breast."

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your end. By little, great things are completed.

"Water falling day by day Wears the hardest rock away."

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat and strips up his sleeves in earnest, and while he works, is the man for me.

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick: A grumbler in the mud will stick."

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full of good thoughts, bad thoughts find no room to enter.

"Be on your guard, and strive and pray To drive all evil thought away."

Boundlessness of Creation.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led us to see a system in every star; the other leads us to see a world in every atom. The one taught us that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches us that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told us of the insignificance of the world we tread upon; the other redeems it from all insignificance; for it tells us, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested the thought, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe. The other suggests, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles—and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded—a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope; but nevertheless, where the wonder working God finds room for the exercise of all His attributes—where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of his glory.

THE BEAUTY OF THE LEAVES.—Within a few days past the trees have put forth their leaves with great rapidity, and they now form the most prominent and pleasing feature of advancing vegetation. At this stage of their development there is a purity and delicacy in their forms and colors which give them a charm scarcely excelled by the beauty of their more expanded luxuriance. Even the flowers have hardly a greater claim upon the attention of the lover of the beautiful in nature.

What marvellous variety in their hues!—The graceful leaves of the birch have a yellowish tinge, approaching lemon color; the maples are gay with their red blossoms intermingled with their brownish leaves; the poplars have a subdued grey tint, contrasting finely with the rich green of the banner-like leaves of the horse-chestnut. The poplar, by the way, with its ringlets of catkins, has a girlish style of beauty quite captivating in some of the more symmetrical species.

Then there are the thousand forms and matchless motions of the leaves, their unfolding and expansion, and above all their wondrous and varied industry, elaborating as they do all vegetable forms and substances, and supplying man with food, clothing, light and warmth. In few things is the beneficence of the Creator more wonderfully displayed than in the ever busy leaves, which delight us with their beauty, supply our wants by their industry, and teach us a profitable lesson by their decay and fall.

BEAUTY OF GLASS.—Rightly considered, glass is far more precious than gold. Its services to the physical sciences are inestimable, since without it we could have neither the telescope nor the microscope; and what marvels they reveal needs be said. Gold is of the earth, earthly—Mammon, born, and seemingly, like Mammon, cursed. The fatal lusts of gold arms nation against nation, and whets the murderer's steel. Glass, on the contrary, acts only beneficially. Glass remedies infirmities of vision, and prolongs to the aged the blessing of distinct eyesight. Glass gives us the mirror, the mirror and the lens produce the camera, and it is to the camera that we are indebted for photography and its magical operations. All honor, then, to glass! Glass enables us to rear the plants of the tropics beneath our sky—to shed warm mi-

nie sunshine o'er our chilly walls—to suspend from our ceilings showers of iridescent crystals that more than realize the fabled splendor of Aladdin's palace. All honor be to glass!—Glass enables us to produce interminable vistas and perspectives in different directions, until the eye is so delightfully bewildered as to be incapable of discerning where the bright "regular confusion ends."

TRUTH ILLUSTRATED.

Some preachers have a delightful faculty of illustrating truth, whether in the pulpit or in pastoral labor, by means of happy and appropriate suppositions, employed by way of simile or comparison. The late eloquent and heavenly minded Doctor Payson possessed this faculty in an eminent degree, and often used it with the most delightful results in his faithful affectionate ministrations. Those who are familiar with the history and writings of this holy man will immediately call to mind a variety of instances. One or two specimens will suffice for our present purpose.

"Suppose," says Dr. Payson, "you wished to separate a quantity of brass and steel filings, mixed together in one vessel, how would you effect this separation? Apply a loadstone, and immediately every particle of iron will attach itself to it, while the brass filings remain behind. Thus, if we see a company of true and false professors of religion, we may not be able to distinguish between them; but let Christ come among them, and all his sincere followers will be attracted toward him, as the steel is drawn to the magnet, while those who have none of his spirit will remain at a distance."

Is it possible, I ask, to conceive of any other form or figure of speech by which the exact idea in the mind of the speaker could have been more accurately or more forcibly conveyed to the mind of the hearer? If the object of true eloquence be, as has sometimes been said, the imparting to others the emotions with which we ourselves are agitated, then certainly comparisons like the above must be a powerful aid to the orator in the performance of his task.

Nor was Doctor Payson less happy in the chamber of sickness or the dwellings of sorrow, in the employment of these illustrations for the solace of the disconsolate or the bereaved.

"Suppose," said he, on one occasion, to a Christian sufferer, who was almost in despair because the influence of her bodily agonies so distracted her mind as to prevent her concentrating her thoughts on the Saviour as she wished—"suppose you were to see a little sick child lying in its mother's lap, with its faculties impaired by its sufferings, so that it was generally in a troubled sleep; but now and then it just opens its eyes a little, and gets a glimpse of its mother's face, so as to be recalled to the recollection that it is in its mother's arms; and suppose that always, at such a time, it should smile faintly, with evident pleasure to find where it was,—should you doubt whether that child loved its mother or not?"

The application of the comparison, though not expressed, was easily made by the afflicted sufferer, and we are not surprised to hear that her doubts and despondency were gone in a moment.

Equally happy was he on another occasion, so painfully familiar to every sympathizing pastor—a visit to a weeping Rachel, refusing to be comforted for the loss of a beloved child.

"Suppose now," said he, "some one was making a beautiful crown for you to wear, and that you knew it was for you, and that you were to receive it and wear it as soon as it should be done. Now if the maker of it were to come, and in order to make the crown more beautiful and splendid, were to take some of your jewels to put into it, should you be sorrowful and unhappy because they were taken for a little while, when you know they were gone to make up your crown?"

The mother smiled through her tears at the thought that her jewel was taken from her but for a season, and said, in meek submission "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

Rev. J. Doering D. D.

SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR HEARERS.

Would you, my friend, retain your place in the pulpit? Would you compete successfully with the press? Well, it is easy to do so, only this is necessary,—take care that your hearers, take care that the public in general, have not a more perfect sympathizer in the book than in the preacher. Yes! take care of that—take care that there is not more real life in dead paper, and printed letters, than real flesh and blood. For, look—a man goes to the preacher, he finds him passionless and cold; idealess and dull; unread and uninteresting; he turns hastily away. He goes to a book, he finds it full of passion and warmth, and full of ideas and excitement, full of knowledge and instruction; he finds the book to be a sympathizing friend, and the preacher a tedious, tiresome talker. Is it wonderful that he should turn with interest again and again to the one, and turn with some indignation away from the other?

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, Pa., Aug. 16, 1866.

We begin this week to inclose bills to all our subscribers who are in arrears for the current year or over. A true man will never feel insulted by a polite dun, but rather thank the editor for reminding him of his duty, and remit his subscription without delay. We sincerely hope that this gentle hint will be met with such a disposition on the part of all our subscribers whom it may concern.

The Prospects of the Symbolical Gen. Synod.

Ever since the secession of the Pa. Synod from the Gen. Synod all parties have been looking with anxious solicitude to the developments transpiring among the symbolists in reference to the projected new Gen. Synod. At its late meeting in Lancaster, the Pa. Synod dissolved for the second time, by a formal vote, its connection with the Gen. Synod; sent out a call for the formation of another Gen. Synod to be held during the current year, and elected 20 delegates, 10 clerical and 10 lay, to represent it in the proposed convention. We have not yet received a call to this convention, and are beginning to think we shall not receive an invitation, but may nevertheless go, if the time, place and circumstances shall allow.

There have, however, been some kind of responses from two three synods to this call. The first is from the Synod of Wisconsin, a German Synod in the state of Wis. This synod has been assisted by the synod of Pa. in its home missionary operations, and if it failed to go in with the "Mother Synod" would in all probability lose her fostering support. They therefore go in for the new Gen. Synod and have already elected two delegates. This synod, although symbolical up to the hilt, is nevertheless accused of receiving its supply of ministers from some of the unionistic missionary societies of Germany, and has not scrupled to receive aid from the "Church Extension Society" of the Gen. Synod. We question the propriety of the Gen. Synod granting aid through any of her societies to Synods not in connection with her. How can we tell, but what we are warning vipers in our own bosoms, who will sting us soon as they are warm. We would advise this synod to refund the money lent it by the Church Extension Society as soon as possible, and by no means undertake to repudiate the debt, because she now regards us as heretics, for it would certainly be very unpleasant to compel by law a symbolical synod to pay its honest debts.

The next synod in order that has responded to the call of the "Mother" is the "Joint Synod of Ohio" in her organ, the "Lutheran Standard." The editor, after a great flourish of trumpets, in rejoicing over the secession of the Pa. Synod, at last turns the cold shoulder to her in the following language:

"For ourselves we must confess that we are not very sanguine in our expectation of immediate great results. We would not cast a gloom over any bright prospects that may lie before the vision of any reader, and we would not damp the ardor of any in the pursuit of an end so much to be desired. But to see the difficulties which must and can be overcome, is prerequisite to undaunted perseverance. As the synods in this country are now constituted we could not hope for the co-operations of a very large number in the formation of a truly Lutheran General Synod.—It is useless to endeavor to conceal the fact from our own eyes, that there are discordant elements in the one and the other, which must first be removed before harmonious co-operation could be expected. This is the obstacle."

The next synod that has thus far responded to the call, is the Synod of Missouri. It is upon this large and influential synod that the "Mother" built her fondest hopes; and she had great reason to expect that these hopes would not be disappointed. Was not the senior editor of her church organ kissed for preaching a symbolic sermon at the dedication of a Missouri church? Were not the delegates of the "Mother Synod" feasted and lionized by the Missourians at Fort Wayne, and even permitted to receive the sacrament from the hands of Dr. Sihler without having been previously confessed and absolved? These Missourians, one would think, would now stand by their Pennsylvania friends through thick and thin, and go into the new synod without hesitation. The editor of the "Lutheran," their organ, does indeed go almost into ecstasies of joy on account of the secession of the Pennsylvanians, and in the belief that their withdrawal was the deathblow to the Gen. Synod. But he thinks the time for the ecclesiastical union of all the synods who subscribe to the symbolical books has not yet come. For, he argues, the true doctrinal unity does not consist in merely subscribing the Augsburg confession, or indeed the whole of the symbolical books, but in the manner in which those books are understood and explained. For, says he, there are many in our day, who entertain false doctrines; for instance on the Church, the ministerial office, church government, Eschatology, &c., and yet subscribe without reservation the unaltered Augsburg confession. Now, if such should be admitted into the proposed Gen. Synod she would

take into herself the germs of discord, and her inevitable speedy dissolution. A mere formal acknowledgement of the Symbols, he thinks, is null and void, if this acknowledgement is not based upon the same interpretation of them. "The first thing then necessary," says the "Lutheran," is not an immediate union of all those who subscribe unconditionally the Symbolical Books, but much more oft repeated conferences for the mutual interchange of views on the Book of Concord."

From the above it will be seen that a more utopian scheme has never been devised by mortal man than that which the synod of Pennsylvania proposes to accomplish; namely, the union of those discordant Lutheran Synods of this country outside of the General Synod.

The response of the Missourians is positively humiliating and insulting. They say in effect, "We are glad that you Pennsylvanians have seceded from the Gen. Synod and are doing all in your power to break it up, but we are not yet prepared to enter into ecclesiastical union with you; we love your treason, but we do not trust the traitor. Before we can receive you into our arms, you must come into our school, be examined, catechised and instructed in the true doctrine. We understand that you are not clear on the church question; that your views on the ministerial office are befuddled and do not correspond with the Smalkald Articles, and that you have Freemasons, Odd-Fellows, Good Templars, Chilliasts, and Abolitionists in your communion. All these you must excommunicate—all your false doctrines you must renounce, before we can enter into ecclesiastical relations with you."

A Palpable Falsehood.

We saw it stated in the daily reports of the proceedings of the Gen. Synod at Ft. Wayne, that the Synod of Pennsylvania in contradiction to the Gen. Synod, had "always held to the Augsburg Confession." When we first read this statement in the daily paper at Ft. Wayne it only excited a smile. We could excuse the innocent reporter, for we knew that he had been imposed upon by some unscrupulous friend of the "Mother Synod." But when we afterwards observed this same statement copied into different church papers and among others also into the Luth. and Missionary, without a word of comment or correction, the editors of which were certainly better informed; and when, in addition, we observe that the symbolical papers, ashamed of the real grounds on which the Penna. Synod seceded from the Gen. Synod, namely, because they could not have things their own way and domineer over their brethren, are now laboring to create the impression, that they left on doctrinal grounds, we feel constrained in the interest of truth and honesty to declare the assertion, that the Pa. Synod has "always held to the Augsburg Confession," a palpable historical falsehood.

The simple and unvarnished facts in the case are as follows:

"At the time of the organization of the Gen. Synod, the Synod of Pennsylvania and the New York Ministerium, were the least symbolical of all our Synods, and it was their influence which prevented even a qualified acknowledgement of the Augsburg Confession in the original Constitution of the General Synod. For twenty years before, and twenty years after that time, neither of those Synods was in the habit of requiring at licensure, or ordination, a pledge to any creed, not even to the Augsburg Confession. But not longer than two years after they left us, namely, in 1825, the remaining Synods constituting the General Synod, avowed the Augsburg Confession, in the Statutes of their Theological Seminary, as to the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, and have continued to do so until this day. For nearly twenty years, therefore, the General Synod pledged to the Augsburg Confession before the Pennsylvania Synod did so. How different this from the oft repeated assertions of some of her members, who are ignorant of her own history."

GAS!!

One of the Pennsylvania delegation, who forsook the communion-table of the General Synod at Fort Wayne, and went to that of the Missourians, makes a clean breast of it and gives a minute account of the whole proceeding in the Luth. & Miss. The account does not vary materially from those given in other papers, except in one particular. Where the altar is described by other writers as being decorated with the crucifix, images of saints, and wax-candles, instead of wax-candles, he says, they have two silver candelabras about three feet high, one on each side of the crucifix, with gas burners, and just at the beginning of the communion the sexton lights the gas.

This is certainly an improvement on the old, antiquated wax candles, and shows a commendable spirit of progress among the Missourians. The change was no doubt made from motives of economy and also on account of the superior brilliancy of gas over wax. We hope the Missourians, having once entered on the march of improvement, will continue to go forward. We would suggest, that as their communion is usually held near noon, on a clear day they

might dispense with artificial lights altogether. This would be still greater economy, and the glorious sun, which God has suspended in the firmament of heaven to give light to the children of men on earth, far exceeds in brilliancy any gas that sexton ever lit.

Finally the delegate signs himself with a black cross.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We hope the readers of the American Lutheran will pardon the publication of the following compliment from a lady, the wife of a distinguished Lutheran minister in the state of New York. The readers may take a part of this compliment to themselves, for it is a commendation of their good taste and judgment in subscribing for and reading the American Lutheran. We omit name and place, as the letter was not intended for publication:

"I enclose \$1.00 to pay one year's subscription to the American Lutheran. I read it with a good deal of satisfaction. My wife, who is considered a good judge, says, she prefers it to any of the other church papers, and we take them all. Praying God's blessing on you in your efforts to spread a sound evangelical piety amongst our pastors and people," &c.

The following is from a very worthy and intelligent Lutheran minister in the state of New York; after giving us the names of a number of new subscribers, he closes with the following remarks:

1. I have a small congregation (about 50 or 60 communicants) and that will account in part for the small number of subscribers. Some take the _____ and do not feel able to take both papers; some are too sordid and unspiritual to take any interest in religious papers. They know more about the state of political parties, the price of grain and hops, the state of the market, than about the state of the church. But I will do for your paper what I can.

2. I like the American Lutheran very much. There is a very excellent selection of articles, and about the right length. The editorials are first rate; pungent, but show an excellent spirit. I am glad to learn that your list of subscribers is increasing, and that there is some prospect that you will be able to issue it weekly. I regret though that your subscribers are not more punctual in paying for their paper.

3. I am much obliged to you for sending my paper free. God bless you and yours.

4. If money does not reach you who will lose it. Please let us know.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.—1. Although this brother has but a small congregation, yet he has sent us 11 subscribers within the last 18 months. He did this not by one spasmodic effort, but by constantly recommending the American Lutheran to his people in his intercourse with them, whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself. We would commend his example particularly to our friends. The reading of the American Lutheran will do your people good, it will help to make them intelligent and liberal, and at the end of the year, you will not find a diminution of your salary in consequence of it.

2.—We almost blush to give this compliment to the printer's hands, but as in the compliment from our lady reader, we pass it all over to our subscribers for their refined taste and good judgment in selecting the American Lutheran as their church paper. Our subscribers who are in arrears, we hope will take the hint from the suggestion of our correspondent, and send in their subscriptions without delay. We hope, God willing, to be able to issue the American Lutheran every week with the beginning of the third volume.

3.—We will send the American Lutheran gratis to any Lutheran minister who will act as agent in his own congregation. But he must be an active, persevering, successful agent.

4.—We will bear all the risk in the sending of money, if the writers are careful in closing up and directing their letters. We would also suggest that where the sum is considerable, it would be better to send a draft or check payable to our order; or better still, as the Post office money order system is now becoming generally introduced, it would be best to transmit in that way, as that involves no risk of loss whatever.

Rev. Dr. Sanders writes to us from Canton Ills.:

"I was glad to hear of the prosperity of your schools, how your endowment enterprise will be a success. I am still making progress in building those three churches I spoke of some time ago. The one in Canton was dedicated on the 27th of May. Dr. Harkey officiated. He came from Ft. Wayne here where he was attending Gen. Synod.—He delivered a very good discourse. We raised on that occasion \$459 towards paying the church debt, which leaves but \$600 of an encumbrance, \$500 of which we borrowed from the Church Extension Society, one half payable in three years, the other in five years.

We expect to dedicate our new church in the German settlement some time next month, and the other new one four miles north of that, some time in October. These two churches will be dedicated free of debt. In size, they are 30 ft. by 40, and 14 ft. from floor to ceiling. The one in Canton is 56 ft. by 40, and 20 ft. from floor to ceiling.

There is a troublesome element in my German congregation, viz. four or five symbolists.

They watch me very closely and with a good deal of jealousy, but I always use the Quaker's club (kindness) toward them, and they seem to think that I am not such a very bad fellow after all.

I will still try and get you subscribers whenever I can. May the Lord bless you and yours.

EULGY ON DR. KURTZ.

We have received copies of the Eulogy on Dr. Kurtz by Rev. E. W. Hutter. The mechanical part of the work is done up in elegant style. It contains an engraving of Dr. Kurtz which alone is worth the price of the book. Of its literary merits it is sufficient to say that it is prepared in the author's best style. Every Lutheran family should have a copy of this Eulogy. The price is fifty cents and for this sum with three cents to pay postage we will send it to any designated post office in the U.S.

THE WELCH PULPIT.

May it not be adduced as a proof of the superiority of the mind of Wales, that only within our own times the voices have been hushed of three preachers: great among the greatest of all ages.—Williams, of Wern; John Elias, and Christmas Evans:—in the measure of their pulpit power and usefulness; in the vast impression produced upon the minds of their countrymen by their labors; it is not at all too much to say that our pulpits in England have produced lately no preachers like these. We have had preachers of more classic taste and polish,—preachers of more correct and disciplined fancy; but the writer believes we have not had preachers of such imperial power. Our most popular preaching, like William Dawson's, has descended to coarseness. Our highest preaching, like M'All's, or Melville's, has passed into gaudiness and obscurity; but these men retained in the pulpit their self-respect while stooping to the lowest apprehension, girding themselves round with power in public, from the life of deep communion with their own hearts and with the Father of Light.

Of these three men it is almost impossible to call either greatest. Williams was preeminently a philosopher; he thought; he beat out great principles upon the anvil of his own heart and understanding. His sermons most abound in thoughts; they stand before us even reading them in all the severity of mental independence. Christmas Evans was poet; he was the Bunyan of the pulpit. He used similitudes,—he spoke in allegories which we have heard people in all parts of Wales date from, as naturally as from their life, birth or marriage. Of Christmas Evan's sermons on many a theme, with many, are the chronological data. He was a dramatist in the pulpit. It was not merely a poem, it was an acted poem, too, which you heard; and that without the slightest impropriety of manner or gesture; all solemn and impressive, and all descending down and fusing into the memory of the hearers. John Elias was an orator, accomplished and imperial. His power was derived from books, by all accounts, rather than from thought. He had not the creative force of either of his contemporaries; but in the pulpit he is said to have equalled Evans; and some say to have surpassed him. He is said to have possessed all the constituents of a perfect pulpit orator—a commanding figure, and most solemn demeanor, complete self-possession, and a thrilling and tremendous verbal propriety—a power of rousing all emotions—dignity investing the most simple and apprehensible common sense. These were the three great Welch preachers. It would only mislead to point to any of our pulpits in England for their counterparts; they, especially Evans and Elias do emphatically stand alone.—*Western Pulpit.*

A PRETTY EXPERIMENT.

Fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it from your thumb and finger, and the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail, and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary.

Egotism is more like an offence than a crime though 'tis allowable to speak of yourself, provided nothing is advanced in favor; but I cannot help suspecting that those who abuse themselves are, in reality, angling for approbation.

REV. R. WEISER, of Foreston, Illinois, has received a call from the Ev. Lutheran charge of Manchester, Carroll Co., Md., and we understand, has accepted it, and will enter upon the labors of his new field early in September.

THE NORTHERN CONFERENCE

of the Synod of Central Penn'a. will meet in the Pennsereek Church of the Aaronsburg charge, on Thursday evening, September 13th, 1866.

L. K. SECRIST, Sec'y.

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REV. S. DOMER,

June 21st, 1866.

Principal.

MARRIED, July 1st, 1866, by the bride's father, Miss Annie E. Eichholtz, of Sybertsville, Luzerne Co., Pa., to Mr. Wm. T. Wayne, of Berville, Pa.

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A sermon, delivered at the opening of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States, at Fort Wayne, Indiana, May 17th, 1866, by Rev. Samuel Sprecher, D. D. President of Wittenburg College, Springfield, Ohio.

We desire to call the attention of our Ministers and Laymen to the above admirable discourse, and solicit for it a careful perusal and wide circulation. As only a limited number has been published, it will be necessary to send in orders early to have them filled.

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THE KURTZ PROFESSORSHIP.

The Board of Directors of the Missionary Institute, determined to give greater efficiency to its theological department, desire to procure at as early a day as possible, the entire time and services of two regular theological professors, resolved, at their late annual meeting in June, to endow two professorships in order to accomplish this necessary object. This was also the original design of our Institution, viz: to have, at least, two theological professors, mainly by one, manual labor has been performed to the present professor, to our students, and to our churches, we must, if possible, at once carry out this original design. The endowment of the first professorship will be completed in a few months. The endowment of the second is not to be initiated—it is to be designated "The Kurtz Professorship."

The plan is, that the friends of the Institute, but especially those of the late worthy and lamented Dr. Kurtz, contribute the sum of \$20,000, as a last and perpetual testimonial of their high appreciation of his worth as a Christian, and of his many and valuable services in the Church.

This plan has been frequently discussed in private circles since the death of Dr. Kurtz, and always unanimously approved. The Board of Directors resolved that the plan should be initiated without delay and vigorously prosecuted to a successful conclusion. At the late session of the Synod of Central Penn'a the plan was approved and warmly recommended.

Thus encouraged the committee appointed by the Board on this subject now send forth this circular, in order to make known our plan and solicit donations. We invite alike the rich and the poor, to take part in this good work—contributions from one dollar to one thousand will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged. The names of donors can be sent to Newton Kurtz, Baltimore, Md., Rev. E. W. Hutter, Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. R. Weiser, Foreston, Ogle Co., Ill., or to our treasurer, J. G. L. Shindler, Selinsgrove, Snyder Co., Pa.

Pastors and others to whom this circular is sent, will please act as our agents, and send us at their earliest convenience, the result of their efforts.—In sending donations, please state for which professorship they are intended.

REV. E. W. HUTTER,
G. PARSONS,
P. ASNTADT.

Children's Department.

BEAUTIES OF THE WORLD TO COME.

Beautiful Zion built above;
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful temple, God its light;
Beautiful trees forever there;
Beautiful fruits they always bear;
Beautiful rivers gliding by;
Beautiful fountains never dry;
Beautiful heaven where all is light;
Beautiful crowns on every brow;
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;
Beautiful all who enter there.

A STORY OF A PICTURE.

A painter once wanted a picture of Innocence, and drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The little suppliant was kneeling beside his mother; the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together; his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his mild blue eye was upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter, who hung it up on his study wall, and called it "Innocence." Years passed away, and the artist became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He had often thought of painting a counterpart, — the picture of guilt, — but had not found the opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring gaol. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit, named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body, and hollow his eye; vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably, and the portrait of young Rupert and Randall were hung side by side, for "Innocence" and "Guilt." But who was young Rupert and who was Randall? Alas the two were one. Old Randall was young Rupert led astray by bad companions, and ending his life in the damp and shameful dungeon.

THE CONTENTED YOUNG SHEPHERD.

Have you read that wise and pleasant book, the "Pilgrim's Progress?" If so, you will remember good Christian and his wife Christiana, with Evangelist, Faithful, Hopeful, and others they met on their journey. It was when Christian came to the Valley of Humiliation, under the guidance of bold Mr. Great-heart, they saw a boy feeding his father's sheep. — Though poorly dressed, he was of a ruddy face and very happy. As he sat by himself he was heard to sing very sweetly.

"Hark," said Mr. Great-heart, "to what the shepherd's boy saith." So they harkened, and he said

He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much —
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

Then said the guide, "Do you hear him? I will dare say that this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet."

DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.—There are few persons but what, at certain times and in regard to certain things, have had the consciousness that exactly what is passing now with them, has happened at some time before. — They know not where, but of the fact they are certain. Either in sleep they dreamed it, or in youth they experienced it for the words you spoke to them are just what they heard before; and the words they speak in reply, as they utter them, seem exactly the same responses which they made at that time.

The old philosophers used to build much upon this strange consciousness, as an unequivocal proof of a former existence. Some of them even thus sought to demonstrate a future state from the past. Socrates seems to have thus regarded the matter at least. In Plato's Phædon, he is represented as arguing at great length before his cup of hemlock, to prove that all our present acquired information is but the recollection, or recovery of knowledge acquired in a former state. Though he does not bring out the idea of this sort of double consciousness so clearly and directly as some other writers have done, it would seem nearly certain that he must have himself at times experienced it, and that much of his ingenious reasoning is founded upon the feelings thus acquired.

It will be observed, however, that while all agree to the fact, every one also admits that he cannot distinctly recover at what time, or how long ago it was since his former experience of the circumstances in question. It if seems it might have been a recent dream, or an occurrence years ago, or in something that transpired in a former state of existence, with about equal probability and propriety. — This total oblivion as to time is, perhaps, the

best key to the discovery of the illusion practiced upon us.

Professor Draper, in his highly instructive work on Animal Physiology, among other things new to most of the uninitiated, and perhaps, not a few men of the highest scientific attainments, thinks he has brought to light the true solution of this whole matter, in supposing it to arise from the lobes of the brain. If we admit that one lobe is sufficient to give us a distinct consciousness of facts, just as one eye or one ear is sufficient for seeing or hearing, then if by any means the action of the two lobes should not be precisely simultaneous, we should be conscious of two impressions resulting from the same circumstance. We have, then, simply to suppose that there be no power of estimating the difference of time between the two impressions; and the whole matter is fully accounted for. But in seeing and hearing, we are conscious that there is an illusion; and of the cause of the illusion. If one ear is deaf, we hear the rumbling and confusion of sounds, and know the reason. The most which can be said for this theory is, that it affords a possible clue to the true solution of one of the most singular matters and mysteries of not unfrequent experience with many. No theory more plausible has yet been suggested. But this is no more than a brilliant conception, not an ascertained fact; and, perhaps, about as near the actual truth for our day, as the speculations of Socrates were for his.

SMALL BED CHAMBERS.

There is reason to believe that more cases of dangerous and fatal diseases are gradually engendered annually by the habit of sleeping in small, unventilated rooms, than have occurred from a cholera atmosphere during any year since it made its appearance in this country. Very many persons sleep in eight-by-ten rooms—that is, rooms the length and breadth of which, multiplied together, and this multiplied again by ten, would make just eight hundred cubic feet, while the cubic space to each bed, according to the English apportionment for hospitals, is twenty-one hundred feet. But more in order "to give the air to a room the highest degree of freshness," the French hospitals contract for a complete renewal of the air of a room every hour, while the English assert that double the amount, or four thousand feet an hour is required.

Four thousand feet of air an hour! and yet there are multitudes in the city of New York who sleep with closed doors and window, in rooms which do not contain a thousand feet of space, and that thousand feet of space is to last all night—at least, eight hours—except such scanty supplies as may be obtained of any fresh air that may insinuate itself through little crevices by door or window, not an eighth of an inch in thickness. But when it is known that, in many cases a man and wife and infant sleep habitually in thousand rooms, it is no marvel that multitudes perish prematurely in cities; no wonder that infant children wilt away like flowers without water, and that five thousand of them are to die in the city of New York alone, during the hundred days which include the 15th of July, 1866! Another fact is suggestive; that among the fifty thousand persons who sleep nightly in the lodging house of London, expressly arranged on the improved principles of space and ventilation already referred to, it has been proven that not one single case of fever has been engendered in two years. Let every intelligent reader improve the teachings of this article without an hours delay.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A New Project.

An Address, by the "Citizen's Association of Pennsylvania," to the people, with Act of Incorporation, setting forth the outlines of a very worthy effort. The design of the institution is to check pauperism, vagrancy, and crime, especially the crime of intemperance, to inquire into the history and effects of this and other social evils, and attempt the recovery of their victims. The idea is to purchase a farm, and to erect a series of cottages, which shall be homes in name and character, around which and in which the introduction of human sympathies, and the direct influences and teachings of Christianity, with the appliances of medical science, and the allurements of art and innocent pleasures, shall be diffused. The reformation of inebriates and others, in ways not prejudicial to their self-respect and independence, is the great object. Some of the wealthiest and most prominent Christian and philanthropic men of Philadelphia are at the head of this important movement. Send for a copy of the Address, to the Treasurer, Provident Life and Trust Co., 111 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.

LUCK AND LABOR.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up.
Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, turns up something.
Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of legacy.
Labor turns out at six o'clock, and, with busypen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.
Luck whines.
Labor whistles.
Luck relies on chance;
Labor, on character.
Luck slips downward to indulgence.
Labor strides upward, and to independence.

Wit and Humor.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only true bacina to wigh a friend.

He who is indifferent to praise is generally dead to shame.
Richest is he who wants least.

A part of the perfection of this life is to believe ourselves far from perfection.

It is with the disease of the mind as with those of the body; we are half dead before we understand our disorder, and half cured when we do.

A French writer, in describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee, said: "If he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next morning and go around selling maps to the inhabitants."

Thackeray tells us of an Irish woman begging alms from him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessings of God follow you all your life?" but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added, "and neves overtake ye."

A baker in the country stole a tombstone for the hearth of his oven. One of his customers, finding a death's-head on the bottom of his loaf of bread, ran in dismay to his deacon, fearing the end of the world was approaching. The latter was in equal trepidation, when, on examining his own loaf, he found the marrow bones. In their alarm, they had recourse to the parson, who could afford them no consolation, inasmuch as "Resurgam" was legibly set forth in bold relief upon his own loaf.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.

The Live Yankee.

The genuine live Yankee is one of the greatest curiosities to be found anywhere in Christendom. He is a philosopher, too, though not of that school or class whose members seek to build up individual reputations by the enunciation of fine-spun theories which none but the profoundest metaphysicians can comprehend. He utilizes everything he touches that is susceptible of being made a tangible, practical reality; that which is not, he gives to the winds. He scorns empty display, and is ever on the lookout for masked humbuggery. He is an adept in the art of money-making, and if possible even better skilled in the art of saving it. He will thrive and grow rich amid surroundings that would impoverish any other person on earth, but a Yankee. Take him to view the wonderful falls of Niagara, and very likely he will coolly observe that "it would be a tarnation nice place for a water-mill!" He never grieves long over a sudden misfortune. Sweep off what he has to-day, and to-morrow you may find him whistling and wittling out a plan for retrieving his losses. He knows no such word as discouragement, but the more formidable the obstacles lying in his path the greater amount of "pluck" does he bring into requisition. He comes near being ubiquitous than any other being in human shape. In every niche and corner of creation where it is possible for mortal man to penetrate, there the live Yankee is found, with his restless nerves, his iron powers of endurance and his inevitable jack-knife. He is perpetually in quest of something new and novel, but never hesitates to subsidize, so far as lies in his power, the most sublime objects in nature to the demands of his all-prevailing utilitarianism. He cares little for poetry, or for anything of an ideal character, but grasps only at that which is susceptible of being brought into subjection to the stern decrees of Yankee ingenuity. He permits nothing as large as a pinhead to escape his observation, and when he sleeps, the operation is performed with one eye open, lest he should miss an opportunity to make a bargain or ask a question. His love of music is limited to a tender regard for the creaking of a hand-saw or the echo of a woodman's axe as he stubbornly refuses to "spare that tree." He loves his native land, the live Yankee does, for he believes it affords the people more potatoes, more bread, more moonshine and more stars than any other "patch" of ground in the great garden of the world. In a word, he is a Yankee, in all particulars, in every sense of the term, on all occasions, amid all surroundings, and without reservation or discount—a conglomerate mixture of sublimities, absurdities, and undefinable realities.

M. B. FRANK PALMER, the inventor and manufacturer of the artificial limb which bears his name, has recently tendered to the Government his service, with the free use of his time and abilities, for the assistance of the halt and mutilated of our armies. Congress, it will be remembered, passed an appropriation of \$15,000 for the purchase of artificial limbs for such; and Mr. Palmer has generously offered to take the sum specified, and to apply it, without profit to himself, to the construction of as many of his artificial limbs as the amount will pay for.

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Summer Time Table.

EIGHT TRAINS (DAILY) TO AND FROM
PHILADELPHIA AND PITTSBURG,
AND TWO TRAINS DAILY TO
AND FROM ERIE (SUNDAYS
EXCEPTED.)

ON AND AFTER

STNDAY, JULY 1st 1866.

The passenger-trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will depart from Harrisburg, and arrive at Philadelphia and Pittsburg as follows:

EASTWARD.

PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS leaves Harrisburg daily at 2.45 a. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 7.00 a. m.

FAST LINE leaves Harrisburg daily (except Mondays) at 8.50 a. m. and arrives at West Philadelphia at 1.00 p. m. Breakfasts at Harrisburg.

Erie Express east from Erie arrives at Harrisburg daily (except Mondays), and connects with Fast Line leaving Harrisburg at 8.50 a. m.

Day Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays), at 1.40 p. m. and arrives at West Philadelphia at 5.40 p. m. Dinner at Harrisburg.

Cincinnati Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays), at 8.30 p. m. and arrives at West Philadelphia at 12.30 a. m. Supper at Harrisburg.

Harrisburg Accommodation leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays), at 4.10 p. m. and arrives at West Philadelphia at 9.40 p. m. This train has no connection with the West.

Lancaster Train, via Columbia, leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 7.00 a. m. and arrives at West Philadelphia at 12.30 p. m.

Dillerville Accommodation, via Mt. Joy, leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays), at 6.30 a. m. and arrives at Lancaster at 9.10 a. m. connecting with Lancaster train east.

Way passenger Train leaves Altoona daily (except Sundays), at 6.00 a. m. and arrives at Harrisburg at 12.40 p. m.

WESTWARD.

Erie Mail west for Erie, leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 2.05 a. m. and arrives at Erie at 6.55 p. m.

Erie Express west for Erie, leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 4.10 p. m. arriving at Erie at 9.30 a. m.

Baltimore Express leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 2.05 a. m. arrives at Altoona 7.20 takes Breakfast, and arrives at Pittsburg at 1.10 p. m.

Philadelphia Express leaves Harrisburg daily at 3.20 a. m. arrives at Altoona at 8.20 a. m. takes breakfast, and arrives at Pittsburg at 1.40 p. m.

Day Express West leaves Harrisburg at 2.00 p. m. daily (except Sundays), and arrives at Altoona at 6.25 p. m. takes Supper, and arrives at Pittsburg at 11 p. m.

New York Express leaves Harrisburg daily at 4.00 a. m. arrives at Altoona at 8.50 a. m. takes breakfast and arrives at Pittsburg at 2.00 p. m.

Fast Line leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 4.05 p. m. arrives at Altoona at 8.50 p. m. takes supper and arrives at Pittsburg at 2.10 a. m.

Mail Train leaves Harrisburg daily (except Sundays) at 2.10 p. m. arrives at Altoona at 8.30 p. m. takes supper, and arrives at Pittsburg at 2.10 a. m.

Emigrant Train West, to which a first class passenger car is attached for the accommodation of local travel, leaves Harrisburg daily except Mondays) at 7.00 a. m. arrives at Altoona at 2.40 p. m. takes dinner, and arrives at Pittsburg at 10.25 p. m.

Dillerville Accommodation, west, leaves Lancaster daily (except Sundays), at 3.00 p. m. leaves Mt. Joy at 3.50 p. m. and arrives at Harrisburg at 5.30 p. m.

SAMUEL A. BLACK,

Sup't. Middle Div. Penna. R. R.

1866. 1866.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. ROAD

THIS great line traverses the Northern and Northwestern 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.

Time of Passenger trains at Williamsport.

LEAVE EASTWARD.

Erie Mail Train, 9.55 p. m.
Erie Express Train, 1.50 a. m.
Elmira Mail Train, 8.45 a. m.

LEAVE WESTWARD.

Erie Mail Train, 7.20 a. m.
Erie Express Train, 9.00 p. m.
Elmira Mail Train, 6.50 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 9.00 p. m., arrive at Erie 9.15 a. m.
Leave Erie at 1.55 p. m., arrive at N. Y. 3.40 p. m.

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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, 9.00 "
Fast Line, 12.10 p. m.
Parkton Accommodation, No. 1 12.30 "
York Accommodation, No. 3 3.30 "
Parkton Accommodation, No. 3 5.30 "
Pittsburg and Erie Express 7.20 "
Pittsburg and Elmira Express 10.00 "

Trains Southward, arrive at

Pittsburg and Elmira Express 7.00 a. m.
Parkton Accommodation, No. 2 8.30 "
York Accommodation, No. 2 10.15 "
Fast Line 12.30 p. m.
Parkton Accommodation, No. 4, at Dolt., 4.30 "
Mail, 5.30 "
York Accommodation, No. 4 9.40 "

Mail, Fast Line, and Pittsburg and Elmira Express will not stop between Baltimore and Parkton.

Fast Line, Mail, and Accommodation Trains leave daily, except Sundays.

Pittsburg and Erie Express leaves daily, except Saturdays.

Pittsburg and Elmira Express leaves daily.

Mail and Accommodation Trains arrive daily, except on Sundays.

Elmira Express arrives daily, except Mondays.

Fast Line arrives daily.

Mail, Fast Line, Pittsburg and Erie Express, and Pittsburg and Elmira Express make close connection with the Pennsylvania Central Railroad at Harrisburg for Pittsburg, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Fort Wayne, Louisville, Cairo, and all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest. Mail and Express Trains connect at Elmira with the New York and Erie Railroad for all points in Northern Central and Western New York. For further information at Calvert