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LINES WRITTEN BY A LADY.

As an excuse for her zeal in the cause of Temperance, and addressed to a friend who told her that she was almost a monomaniac on the subject of alcoholic drinks.

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne,
Sink beneath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold proud world's scorn—
Thy struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.
Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall,
Hope's faded bowers strew'd all the way
That led me up to woman's day.
Go, kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay,
Be cast, with bitter curse, aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.
Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With knashing teeth, lips bath'd in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirror'd his soul's misery.
Go, hear what I have heard,
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory feeling's fount hath stirr'd,
And its revealing there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.
Go, to thy mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer,
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheeks the tear,
Mark her dimm'd eye, her furrow'd brow.
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
Her toilworn frame, her trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chain'd her there 'mid want and strife;
That lowly thing—A Drunkard's Wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, A Drunkard's Child.
Go, hear, see, feel and know
All that my soul hath felt or known,
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its brightness can atone,
Think its flavor you would try,
If all proclaimed—'Tis drink and die?
Tell me I hate the bowl!
Hate is a feeble word—
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
With strong disgust is stirr'd
When'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell!

Three Great Temples.

I have worshipped God in the three great temples of the world. Perhaps I should say of the Christian world. But St. Sophia, of Constantinople, though built by Christians, is in the hands of the Mohammedans. Yet they profess to worship God, and to regard Jesus as a prophet sent from God. And Him, whom they ignorantly worship a true believer with his heart in harmony with the Word and will of his Maker, may truly worship and adore, as well in St. Sophia as in St. Peter's in Rome, or in Westminster Abbey here in London, where on Sunday last I attended divine service.

I speak of these as the three temples of the world. The first has been standing more than thirteen hundred years. All the earth was made to pay tribute to its glory, when Justinian, the Roman emperor, built it five hundred years after Christ died, and dedicated it to the Divine Wisdom. Columns of porphyry that once stood in the temple of the Sun, at Rome, columns of serpentine marble, some that once adorned the fane of Diana of the Ephesians, and Minerva, at Athens, and Phoebeus at Delos, the splendor and glory of pagan rites, blaze in this house of prayer. And there among followers of the false prophet whose religion is now the great barrier in the march of Christian civilization eastward, and by the side of the richly curtained and carpeted platform on which the Sultan of Turkey prays, I have lifted up a grateful and yearning heart to God in prayer that all His creatures might be one in Him and His Son Christ Jesus, whom to know aright, by whatever name we are called, is life eternal.

Fifty thousand persons may stand side by side on the floor of St. Peter's church in Rome, the most magnificent of all the temples that the Christian religion has produced.—Three hundred marble columns adorn the colonnade in front, the marvelously beautiful conception of Bernini; and the dome that seems to float in the air above it is the master work of Michael Angelo; within, what a blaze of light burst upon me at mid-day, from two thousand candles in forms of crosses and crowns, yet each of these lights and clusters

was so far away as to look like stars. And here on the Sabbath day, I came, with one who had been President of the United States, and a host of armed men, and a procession of cardinals gorgeously clad, attended by servants bearing scarlet cushions for them to kneel upon, and in the midst of the train, followed by tens of thousands of admirers, perhaps adoring subjects, came the Pope of Rome, the Head of his Church, the Vicar of Christ, as he absurdly claims, in a scarlet robe, and near him I knelt and worshipped the only living and true God.

The first was in the midst of Mohammedans, the second among the Romanists. It is of small moment who or what are the people or circumstances surrounding, if the heart pants after the living God, it will find him, in any of the earth or sky. It is not unusual to hear good people complaining that they do not enjoy the services in a church which is not to their taste, and perhaps of an order or faith unlike that in which they have been trained. Such persons forget the great end of divine service. It is to worship God. We must, or we should, meet to offer in His sight the incense of pure hearts fervently, and if the forms which those around us use, are not those in which our spirits find their free expression, we may send our prayers and our praise in words of our own or without words. He who dwelleth in heaven is in constant intercourse with the hearts of his people, and needeth not that we worship him with fitly framed sentences, if so be that our souls are in unison with the Infinite Soul of the Universe.

With such convictions and desires, I sought the venerable Abbey last Sabbath day. To me, it is the most venerable. I love its name. It is hallowed by the lessons learned in earliest childhood from the Catechism conceived and born in the hall by the same name, that stands hard by this old house of prayer. It is hallowed by the dust of more good men, and great men, and monumental inscriptions to those who have attained honor for well doing in Church and State, than any other church in the world. Again and again, in other years, I have loved to walk through its long drawn aisles, beneath its majestic pointed arches, so poetically beautiful in their proportions and effect, that they inspire me with a sense of perfection, and therefore of fitness to uphold, and adorn, and illustrate, while around me the statues of dead kings and queens, and statesmen, divines and poets 'silently speak' of the vanity of life, "the shadows we are" as Burke said, whose statue is now in the Hall, itself the proof of the truth of his words.

The living come here, into the midst of the dead, to worship Him who ever lives. We entered by the little door at the Poet's corner, and without pausing to look at their names, we hastened on to get seats within the choir. We were just too late, for it was full, and my friend and I sat down on a bench without where we could hear, but could not see. Perhaps it would have been, in some respects, better if we could have seen also. But the officiating ministers, three in number, were in sight, in desks raised high above the people and standing in distantly separated parts of the temple. The service of the Church of England was intoned, and very disagreeably done, by a priest who had no apparent sense of the majesty and beauty of the great and holy words he was set to use. Uttered with feeling and appropriate accent, they ought to melt or move the hearts of a congregation, and waft their emotions upward on the wings of faith and penitence to the throne of heavenly grace. The sermon was upon the sin of David in numbering the people, and the preacher made a good application of the subject to the nation that is in danger of self-reliance and forgetfulness of its dependence on Almighty God. Such presumption was shown by King David, and the divine judgements will overtake the kingdom, that, like him, trusts in its numbers or strength. The sermon had none of the attributes of eloquence to command attention, and, indeed, it is not probable that the sermon here was regarded as one of the principal features of the occasion.

For when the sermon was concluded, it was observable that the people came clustering near the choir from obscure and distant parts of the house, as if the real object of their assembling was now to be obtained.—Printed slips of the hymn to be sung had been distributed on the seats. The organ

tone, soft as the summer night winds, stole along the choir and gradually spread over the vast area of the temple, and rising on the ear, caught and rapt the spirit with its majestic voice. The singing was by a large choir of boys clad in white raiment, but the principal parts were sustained by the voices of powerful and cultivated singers, who rendered some of the passages with exquisite effect, such as I have rarely, if ever, heard in church music. I send with this a copy of the hymn as it was sung:

Sun of my Soul, Thou Savior dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from Thy servant's eyes!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die!

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin:

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store!
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast!

AMEN.

It was worship, prayer and praise combined, which is the height of divine worship, to sing such a hymn, and to be lifted up in singing it by the majestic tones of the organ, and subdued and comforted by the soothing ministries of the same instrument, so wonderfully constituted for the aid of a congregation in public praise. David, under the inspiration of the Divine Spirit, praised God with many instruments, and called upon all that he knew to join him in worshipping the King of glory in his temple. But David had not the help of such an instrument as this. It would have been a joy and crown to his public worship. As we listened and drank in the melodies of this prayer:

"Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die!"

we bowed our heads and prayed that when we should lay our heads to rest. "It might be on our Savior's breast."

It was a good service: it was good to be there, and it is good to be anywhere with God and his worshippers. As I looked around me I saw just at hand the tombs of Dr. Busby and Dr. South, and near by was Dryden, and in sight was Milton, and more than I can now recall of the illustrious dead, and I could only hope that while I was worshipping here amid their tombs, they were praising God in a temple not made with hands.—IRENEUS, in *New York Observer*.

How Paul Gerhard Wrote one of His Hymns.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF THE REV. JNO. CROWEN.

When we were at Schwallbach, I heard of one of the greatest hymn-writers of Germany, named Paul Gerhard, and I mean to close my letter by telling you about him.

Paul Gerhard was, many years ago, a great preacher in Brandenburg; and he loved to preach from his heart, what he saw and believed in the Word of God. But the "Great Elector" of Brandenburg did not like his preaching, and sent to say to him, "Paul Gerhard, if you cannot preach differently from that, you must leave this country." Paul Gerhard sent back a message that it would be very hard to leave his home, his people, his country, and his livelihood; but he could only preach what he found in God's word, and as long as he lived, he would preach that. So he had to go into banishment, his wife and his little children.

At the end of their first day's journey, they came into a wood, and rested at night at a little inn they found there. The little children were crying and clinging to their mother; and she, too, who had kept up all day, began now to weep. This made Paul Gerhard have a heavy heart. So he went alone into the dark wood to think and pray. While he was in the wood, this text came to his mind and

comforted him: "Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass." "Yes," he thought, "though I am banished from house and home, and don't know where to take my wife and children for shelter to-morrow, yet God, my God, sees in this dark wood. Now is the time to trust Him. He will show me the way through. He will bring it to pass." He was so happy that he had remembered that text, and so thankful to God, that he tried to make the text into a hymn, as he paced up and down beneath the trees. Every verse begins with a word or two from the text, so that if you read the first words of each verse you just read the text.—When he went into the house, he told his wife about the text, and began to repeat his hymn. She soon dried her tears (the children had already gone to sleep,) and became as hopeful and trustful as Paul Gerhard himself.

They had scarcely retired to rest when they heard a great noise at the door; it seemed as though some important person was knocking there. When the landlord opened the door, a man on horseback said, aloud, "I am a messenger. I come from Duke Christian of Merseburg, and I am in search of Paul Gerhard. Do you know whether he has passed this way?" "Paul Gerhard," said the landlord. "Yes, he is in this house." "Then let me see him instantly," said the Duke's messenger. And the messenger handed to the good man a large sealed letter. It came from the good Christian, and it said, "Come into my country, Paul Gerhard, and you shall have church, and people, and house, and home, and livelihood, and liberty to preach the Gospel to your heart's content."

"Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass."

PAUL GERHARD'S HYMN.

Commit thy way! O weeper,
The cares that fret thy soul,
To thine Almighty Keeper,
Who makes the world to roll;
Unto the Lord, who guideth
The wind, and cloud, and sea;
Oh, doubt not he provideth,
A pathway, too, for thee.

Trust also, for 'tis bootless
To murmur and forbode;
The Almighty's arm is doubtless
Full strong to bear the load.
In Him hide all thy sorrow,
And bid thy fears good night;
He'll make a glorious morrow
To crown thy head with light.

And He shall bring it nigh thee,
The goal thou long hast sought;
Though now it seem to fly thee,
Thou shalt ere long be brought,—
To pass from grief to gladness.
From night to clearest day;
Where doubt, and fear, and sadness,
Shall all have passed away.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

One of Frederick the Great's best generals was Hans Joachim Von Zieten, commonly known in Prussia as "Father Zieten," or the "Hussar King."

Zieten was never ashamed of his faith. On every occasion he professed it,—before high and low. Once he declined an invitation to come to his royal master's table, because on that day he wished to present himself at the table of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ. It was Sacrament-day. The next time he appeared at the palace, the King, whose infidel tendencies were well known, made use of some profane expressions about the Holy Communion of the Lord's Supper, and the other guests laughed.

Zieten shook his gray head solemnly, stood up, saluted the king, and then said, with a firm voice,—

"Your Majesty knows well, that in war I have never feared any danger, and everywhere have boldly risked my life for you and my country. I am still animated by the same spirit, and to-day, if it were necessary, and your majesty commanded it, would lay my gray head at your feet. But there is One above us who is greater than you and I,—greater than all men. He is the Saviour and Redeemer, who has died also for our Majesty, and has dearly bought us all with his own blood. This Holy One I can never allow to be mocked or insulted; for on Him repose my faith, my comfort, and my hope, in life and in death. In the power of this faith your brave army has courageously fought and conquered. If your Majesty undermines this

faith, you undermine, at the same time, the welfare of the State. This is undoubtedly true. I salute your Majesty."

The noble old soldier having thus concluded his bold testimony for his Divine Master, of whom he was not ashamed, sat down.

This open confession of his Saviour immediately silenced the scoffers, and evidently made a powerful impression on the King. He felt he had been wrong in his attack on the faith of his general, and he was not ashamed to acknowledge it. He gave his hand to Zieten,—his right hand, placing the left on the old man's shoulder,—and said, with emotion, "O, happy Zieten, how I wish I could also believe it! I have the greatest respect for your religion; hold it fast. This shall never happen again."

The King then rose from the table, dismissed his other guests, but said to Zieten,— "Come with me into my cabinet."

What passed in that conference, with closed doors, between the great king and his greater general, no one has ever learnt. But this we know, that the Lord's own words are now verified to Zieten,—"Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess before My Father which is in Heaven."

What Will You Have.

The following vivid sketch was introduced by the late Dr. Alexander into his "Letters to Workmen." He writes in the character of a workman:

After a day's work of copying, I was under the mortifying necessity of waiting an hour in the tap room of a low tavern to secure the services of a mail guard, who was to carry a parcel for my employer. Amidst the smoke, the spitting, and the clatter of a crowd of innkeepers, I could not but find some subjects for reflection. The presiding genius at the bar was a bloated, whiskered young man, whom I had long known as the abandoned son of a deceased friend. I sighed, and was silent. Ever and anon, as squads of two or three approached his shrine, to receive and empty their glasses, and deposit their sixpence, I heard the short formula of the bacchannal minister: "What will you have? brandy? gin? punch?"

"What will you have?" And the victims severally made their bids for a "smaller," a cocktail, a sling, or a julep, as the case might be.

"Methinks I can answer the question," said I, to myself, as I cast a glance around the murky apartment. And first, to the young shoemaker with a newly finished pair of boots, who is asking for grog—"what will you have?" Young man, you will soon have an empty pocket.

There comes my neighbor, the book-binder. His hand shakes as he raises his full glass. Ah! Shannon! I dread to say it, but you will have the palsy.

The glasses are washed out, but not cleansed, in the slop-tub under the shelf. Now a fresh bevy comes up, cigars in hand. "Gentlemen, what will you have?" I choose to supply the answer for myself, thus: The baker there will have an apoplexy, or sudden fall in the shop; the tailor in green glasses will have, or rather has already, a consumption; and I fear that the three idlers in their train will have the next epidemic that shall sweep off our refuse drunkards.

Sorry am I to see in this den Mr. Scantling the cooper. Not to speak of himself, I have reason to believe that both his grown sons are beginning to drink. He looks about him suspiciously. Now he has plucked up courage; he takes whiskey. You will have a pair of drunken sons.

The young fellow in green frock-coat and colored neck-cloth is a musician, a man of reading, and the husband of a lovely English woman. He takes his glass with an air of a Greek drinking hemlock. You will have a heart broken wife.

What! is that lad of fifteen going to the bar? He is, and he tosses off his glass of cognac with an air. You will have an early death.

The old man that totters out of the door has doubtless come hither to drown his grief. His last son has died in prison from the effects of a brawl in the theatre. The father has looked unutterable anguish every sober moment for two years. Wretched old man! You will have the halter of a suicide.

I must take the rest in mass, for it is Saturday night, and the crowd increases. The bar-keeper has an assistant, in the person of a pale, sorrowing girl. Two voices now reiterate the challenge, "What will you have? What will you have?"

Misguided friends, I am greatly afraid you will have a death-bed without hope! As I walked home across the common, I thought thus: "And what will he have, who day after day, and year after year, does out the Devil's bounty to his recruits, and receives the sixpence, as it were, over the coffins of his victims?" You, to say the least, hardened tempter, will have the recollection of your deeds, and the vision of their eternal results.

COLLEGE HONORS.

The following article on College Honors, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Carry, editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, contains interesting information, and some suggestive hints. It will be seen that the Doctor is not favorably impressed with the present loose use of the degree of D.D. His remarks on that part of the subject are discriminating and just. The article will be read with interest, both by those who have these gifts to bestow, and by those who are seeking for them.

As to the history and significance of these degrees, the books give us the needed facts.—The degrees in the "arts," bachelors and masters, are probably of Italian and French origin, dating from the eleventh or twelfth century. Previous to their institution, no other distinctions were recognized in the schools than those of master and pupil. The "arts" taught in the colleges of the middle ages consisted of grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, and proficiency in the first three was recognized as an honorable standard of scholarship, while he who had mastered the whole seven was accounted a prodigy of learning. The degree of "Bachelor of Arts" was instituted by Pope Gregory IX., (1227 to 1241,) though the significance of the name is not determined, and both the degrees in the arts were conferred at Oxford as early as the middle of the thirteenth century, in much the same manner still in use in the English universities and among American colleges. Generally a four year's course of study in actual attendance, or its equivalent, ascertained by examinations, is exacted as the condition of the first degree, after which the second one is given without examinations, at the end of three years longer. Entering upon the first degree was called commencement, though as they usually occur at the end rather than the beginning of the collegiate year, to the uninitiated the name sounds paradoxical.

The degree of doctor originated nearly at the same time with the degrees in the arts.—The title indicated that its subject had gone over all the studies indicated by the specific title, and was authorized to teach them. From the Cyclopaedia we learn that "the first ceremonious installation of a doctor was at the University of Bologna, when Bulgarian was promoted to the doctorate of the civil and canon law"—Legum Doctor, or LL.D. Soon after the same degree was conferred by the University of Paris on Peter Lombard and Gilbert de la Porree, two of the most eminent theologians of the period. In England the degree of doctor was in use in the reign of King John. In Germany during this period a doctor of law enjoyed the same privileges as knights and prelates. The first doctors were of law or theology, (Divinitatis Doctor—D.D.), that of (Medicine Doctor—M.D.) was added during the next century, and the whole system of degrees as now in use, was soon after arranged as it now exists. The German universities have instituted the degree of doctor of philosophy, and in England that of doctor of music is sometimes given. "In the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge," says the authority just referred to, "and in most European universities, a student who is to receive the degree of doctor has to prepare one or more theses, which in Germany are called the inaugural theses. In the United States the title is conferred upon those of eminent learning or ability in their professions, without demanding from them any learned exercise in return." The only question likely to arise as to this statement is, whether the condition of "eminent learning or ability" is uniformly insisted upon.

In these utilitarian times, when reverence for the old and established is not the ruling influence, the question is sometimes raised as to the utility of the whole system, and whether it would not be wise to discard the whole as worthless. Some good people, too, have called in question the propriety of Christian people, and especially ministers of the Gospel, receiving and wearing such honors. Others, and among them some in high positions of learning, have characterized the whole system as puerile and valueless. With these sweeping criticisms we do not agree. Every experienced educator knows that efficiency of instruction requires a definite aim and a goal to be reached. This is afforded by the undergraduate's course, and the bachelor's degree at its termination, and its practical value has been at once unquestionable and incalculable. Its abandonment would greatly demoralize our college courses of study, and by permitting a free choice of studies to each student, would detract from those studies which tend chiefly to culture, in favor of those termed "practical" and useful. Even the modern, extemporized and some would term it, *bogus* degree of "Bachelor of Science," is found useful to some extent in the studies required for it; but as real scholarship must be based in the classics and pure mathematics—the "arts" represented in a true bachelor's degree—that degree and no other is the proper index of an educated youth. With all its conditions rendered in good faith, the degree of Bachelor of Arts is a fairly earned title to early and broadly laid

initial scholarship; and therefore it is on the whole the most valuable, and because it is never diluted with outside reputation, the most certain of our college honors. As such it is an object altogether worthy the ambition of noble and generous youth.

The degree of Master of Arts is given "in course" to all worthy bachelors of three or more years' standing. This forms a bond of union among the alumni of particular colleges, and a confraternity among those of all the colleges of the country. Though less effective in its influences than the bachelor's degree, it is still highly valuable both to the individuals and their colleges and collegiate associations. This degree is also given as an honorary, *causa honoris*, to those who not having received the bachelor's degree, have nevertheless pursued other studies that are deemed an equivalent for those required for that degree, and also attained such eminence in general scholarship as may seem to qualify them for the companionship of learned men. When worthily bestowed the honorary mastership is among the most valuable in the whole system of honorary degrees, and therefore it should neither be disused nor used carelessly. Probably, too, of all the honorary degrees it is the one least abused, though it has sometimes been said that an honorary mastership could be obtained with less learning than would be required for the baccalaureate. Our colleges owe it to themselves, as well as to the interests of education and society generally, to observe carefully that they do not, by cheapening this degree, take from the value of their regular ones, and so weaken the influences exerted by them in favor of thorough and systematic education.

The degree of doctor is intended to indicate an advanced stage of proficiency in the speciality indicated, attained by its recipient.—Only two forms of that degree are much used by our colleges, those of law and divinity.—Of these the former is given to indicate, not especially legal learning, but rather general scholarship; the latter has by use become rather a clerical than a collegiate degree. By a very recent usage, and one of doubtful authority, the degree in laws has been placed above that of divinity, as an object of further ambition for, or a means for a reduplicated compliment to, those who have received the theological degree, and accordingly our colleges have taken in addition the LL.D., to the D.D., won by some of our *literati*. This is putting rather a fine point upon it, a reaching after effect, and yet the recipients submit to the exaction.

As a clerical degree, the doctorate of divinity implies that its subject is recognized as a minister of more than ordinary ability. If one should inquire inductively what kind of abilities are taken into account in making the estimate, his generalization would not probably be very exact. He would, indeed, ascertain that no kind of learning is indispensable; that the hopeful aspirant need have but "small Latin and no Greek," but little learning and less culture; that his school acquisitions may be the least possible, and his later reading neither extensive nor thorough, if only these defects are compensated for by the power to draw multitudes to his ministry, or persuade and direct in council, or by any means to become a leading spirit among his associates. Such cases are no doubt exceptions; still they are painfully frequent, and call for reform; and short of these extremes are not a few cases to which these censures apply with more or less force and pertinency. As simply a clerical degree, it may be questioned whether the doctorate is either useful or, on grounds of scriptural morality, lawful. To us it seems obnoxious to the Savior's denunciation against the pride and self-seeking of the Scribes and Pharisees, though as a college degree it may be both lawful and useful. Whether or not it is now possible to rescue it from the consequences of its misuse, is doubtful; if not it may be hoped that its present course of deterioration may be hastened, till its use will no longer be significant of superiority, when it will be abandoned.

A curious, though perhaps not a specially edifying chapter might be written on the method of seeking and receiving, and of declining these honors. College faculties and boards of control have abundant cause to know that their generous distributions have not destroyed the demand, and that the letting down of the terms on which such favors are granted has operated to largely increase the number of applicants. Sometimes, though not usually, the degree is given spontaneously by the learned brotherhood; most generally, however, it comes as a concession to outside solicitations, or is bestowed in hope of pecuniary or other favors. All this is a sorry business for all parties. Occasionally, though very seldom, the honor is declined, sometimes from genuine humility, but most frequently from pride of self, as some may think their individual names more distinguishing than the titles of honor sought and won by others. It is a question, however, over which the subject can have but little control. To refuse it peremptorily, and advertise the great public not to apply it to his name, might seem less modest than to silently submit to wear it. So many

have done and will continue to do, though they may secretly wish that it were otherwise. Nevertheless, the title has become so common that even the least pretentious may wear it without experiencing any severe shock to his modesty.

For the American Lutheran.
SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IN GERMANY.

The American system of Sunday-Schools is being introduced in Germany, as will be seen from the following extract of a letter of Rev. G. H. M. Stukenberg to Dr. Schaff, of New York:

"The Sabbath-school cause is progressing finely. Its friends are being more and more encouraged, and others are constantly being added to their number. I think that the cause may be regarded as triumphant in Berlin.—How I wish you could have been present at the celebration at the Ev. Verein-Haus during the holidays! All the teachers of the different Sabbath-schools were there, and sat down to supper together, for which we were indebted to Mr. Neuhaus. The speeches were most excellent, and gave me more confidence in the success of the cause than I had before.—The determination, especially on the part of the pastors of the different churches, was just as you may expect from Germans, when they undertake a thing with all their heart.

When I go to Stuttgart, I shall interest myself in the cause there, and will use my influence to promote it. I understand that it is firmly established and progressing there and in some other cities of Southern Germany. I intend to speak about the system to the professors here in B. Prof. Berk, whom I like most, told me that you had conversed with him on the subject, on your brief visit. He favors it, but urged some objections."

A few incidents occur, to deepen the conviction in the minds of the reflective, that the time has fully come to lay the axe at the root of the tree of unbelief, if a spiritual religion is to be restored to Germany.

In one of our meetings a gentleman arose and said, that a few days ago, beneath an open window, near which he was sitting, he overheard a girl of twelve or fourteen years giving a religious lesson to a group of her companions. She taught them that the Bible was an Eastern story-book, that all the miracles could be explained, and that there could not be any resurrection of the dead. Curious to know whence her wisdom and zeal, he interrupted the teacher by asking her of whom she had obtained such views of the Bible. Her reply was, from her school teacher.

It was not long previous that in a convention of the school-teachers of—, a general disturbance took place, in consequence of an attempt to ask a blessing at the dinner-table. Still, religion is taught per force of law, in all the public schools of Germany. So may the letter kill, while it is the spirit only that maketh alive.

A few of the children-loving young ministers of Berlin, had established a children's service, "Kinder Gottesdienst," in which they preached a short sermon which they sought to adapt to the capacities of the young. One at least, who said that he had not been able to discover any fruit from this preaching, upon hearing of our Sunday-school system, said to us, "Here I am, with fifty children, and so many of the congregation as we can induce to co-operate as teachers: take us, and mould us into a Sunday-school." The offer was gladly accepted. The most moral and intelligent of the congregation, to the number of seventeen, were organized into a teacher's meeting, which was held twice a week for some time, before the organization of the school, in order that they might theoretically learn what could be known of the system, and study a lesson before going into the school-room. At length, the day came for organizing the school.—The teachers were first seated in order in the school-room, and the children both male and female, who had been assembled and detained in an outer room, were then assorted and led in to take their places before their teacher. The Rev. Mr. K., the Superintendent, with Mr. Broekelmann to guide a little the first movements of the school. The singing, the alternate reading, the prayer, the teaching, the public questioning, and the closing exercises of that first session, were as regular and orderly as those of the best regulated schools of this or any other country. Rev. Mr. K., the pastor of the church, was in ecstasy, as he seized the idea that the method was capable of indefinite expansion, and every man and woman in Germany disposed by inclination and grace, could work upon it as well for his own good, as for that of the children, or of his fellow-men generally. Other schools, by this time, had been commenced, and were now more numerous; but this, from the start, was a model school, and to it the evangelical clergymen were invited, as a practical exhibition of the institution. The numbers in attendance were soon doubled, and the zealous and talented pastor not only became a co-worker in Berlin, but went with us to neighboring cities to advocate the system. He could not speak in English, but where he went, translation was hardly necessary, for he comprehended the

whole subject, and made it interesting to his audience.

When returning from a public meeting in the kingly city of Brandenburg, the writer inquired of a young English-speaking German, who had accompanied us thither, what it was that Mr. K. said, which so delighted his audience as to convulse them with laughter. He replied, "by repeating the following anecdote."

Contrary to our advice, he had begun with the Old Testament, instead of the New, having determined to go through the Bible with his teachers. True to his theory, at the close of each session, he questioned the school publicly, to see if the teacher had deposited in the heads and hearts of his pupils, the thoughts and feelings which had been elicited in the teacher's meeting. Having proceeded to the creation of Adam and Eve, his question was, where they were placed when they were created. The answer was, "In the Garden of Eden." "And what did they do there?" "They tilled it," "Why were they turned out?" After a significant silence, a little fellow whines out, "Sir, they could not pay the rent." The novelty of the answer induced the teacher to inquire of his pupil why he had given it, when he was told, that his father and mother had been turned out of house because they could not pay the rent, and he thought it must have been so with Adam and Eve.

The teacher's made up a purse for the boy's father, and this was adduced as one of the good fruits of the Sunday-school.

For the American Lutheran.

The Missionary.

Having devoted himself to the cause of missions, he takes his life in his hands and goes forth to dare, to suffer, and die in the cause of his Master. The dangers, trials, and privations of the future are mercifully concealed from him, yet whatever they may be, he feels strong enough in his God and the power of his might, to face and endure them all. Imbued with the spirit of Christ, and furnished with a heavenly armor, he goes forth in the full assurance of victory through Jesus who loved him, and washed him in his own precious blood.

His work, he knows, is of the most arduous, responsible, and difficult kind, and yet he knows too, that it is the most honorable and glorious in which any man can engage. It is the work of saving souls. The Gospel, which he is commissioned to preach, is the medium through which man must be saved. This exhibits to men their lost condition by nature, and unfolds the great plan of salvation through Christ. The preaching of the Gospel, then, is his great work. To this he applies himself with all the energy and zeal both of soul and body. All his time and talent are given to this work. He labors by day and by night, in season and out of season, and sows beside all waters. He reproves, rebukes, and exhorts with all long-suffering and patience. He intercedes and entreats, he weeps and prays. In the retirement of his closet we might often see him alone with his God on bended knees, and with uplifted eye, wrestling in prayer with strong cries and tears for the salvation of his dear people.

In addition to preaching the Gospel, he has many difficulties and trials of various kinds. He is not sent to large, rich, and established congregations, (yet this would often be necessary,) but where there are either no congregations at all, or very weak and poor ones. Here, like the pioneer of our western wilds, he settles down and begins his operations. He surveys the moral desolation and difficulties that surround him; he lays his plans, draws off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, grasps the implements of his office, and in the name of his God commences aggressive operations. No house of worship, no congregation, and probably no members. The people, in all probability, rough, ignorant, suspicious, and filled with prejudice. They may be sunk in vice and immorality, and every species of wickedness. How is he to go to work in this unpromising field, so as to counteract and improve this state of things? Preaching alone, will not suffice. They will not come to hear. He visits them from house to house, talks to them of Jesus and salvation, and invites and encourages them to attend the preaching of God's word. He feels that their prejudices and suspicions must be removed, their affection and confidence secured, before he can even hope to labor successfully among them. To accomplish this is no easy, but often a very laborious and difficult task.

Another question now presents itself to the mind of the missionary. "How shall I present divine truth to this people so as to accomplish the most good?" If he begins by inveighing against their vices, and denouncing their evil practices, and thus seek to take the citadel by storm, he will offend and repel them, and accomplish nothing. But if on the contrary he begins on temporizing principles and servile conformity to their errors and sins, or connives at, or fails to reprove them, he will be unfaithful to their souls and his God. Here is a dilemma. His heart is set on doing

the best he can, and hence the question "what shall I do?" is often a perplexing one, and requires much anxious thought, and earnest, faithful prayer. The most successful plan in the writer's experience, is to hold up the example of the crucified Saviour in all his beauty, loveliness, and holiness, for imitation. This will lead men to institute a comparison between their own character and that of Christ, which will, in many cases, bring out the defects of their own hearts, and lead to reflection and reformation. Every missionary will find that preaching Christ crucified in love, will sooner cure men of their vices, than all the denunciations and anathemas he can heap upon them. But it may be asked, "shall we then not reprove sin at all?" Certainly. But how can this be done more effectually than by presenting the example of Jesus Christ and comparing it with the character of your hearers?

Yet with all the wisdom and zeal the missionary can command, the work may not prosper as he may desire. This weighs heavily on his heart and mind, and causes deep searching of heart and self-examination. He lays the matter before God in believing prayer. He spends many weary, sleepless nights in anxious thought, in tears and supplications for his dear people. His heart often bleeds, and in his distress he often cries in tender solicitude, "Arise, O Lord, and plead thine own cause among this people." But these are not the only difficulties that beset his way. He has no house of worship, and he and his little band are pushed from one locality to another, till, like Noah's dove, they have no place for the soles of their feet. While in this migrating condition they are often despised and unnoticed by established congregations and mocked, jeered and taunted by the populace. Wind and tide are against them. Members of the church, men of wealth and influence, often stand aloof, waiting till the mission is established or fails for want of their aid and influence. Others again, not only stand aloof, but turn their backs to their struggling brethren, and unite with another established and influential denomination. Now this is all wrong, and strikes a deep and painful wound into the heart of the missionary, discouraging both him and his little flock. Have such members any true church love? What are their motives for acting thus? They are either ashamed of the church of their choice as represented in the mission, or are afraid of the labor, self-denial and expense necessarily involved in building up a mission church, or may be, they are ambitious to belong to some influential and fashionable church to gratify their vanity or advance their worldly interests. Now none of these motives is right, but is such as no Christian can advance or indulge without crimsoning his face with shame.

As my communication is already too long, I will reserve what I have yet to say of the missionary's trials for a future occasion.

SIGMA.

For the American Lutheran.

Our Mission in Denver City.

We are glad to learn that the Lutheran Mission in Denver City, Colorado Territory, is prospering under the indefatigable labors of Rev. L. M. Koons. Under date of August 8th he writes:

"Thank God, the First Lutheran Church in Colorado is established in Denver City, and was organized last Sabbath. I have fitted up a building at my own expense, and we now have regular services morning and evening. I have secured this property, namely three lots, on which this house is situated, for the church."

"We have now two churches in the Territory, the one is up the Platte River 7 miles from here. We shall build there this fall. Thus the good work progresses by the help of God. To be sure I have paid out of my own pocket over six hundred dollars to effect this, but God has blessed me and to him it must be returned. We organized a Sunday-school last Sabbath. The library I purchased with my own money. It cost one hundred dollars in the East. also the hymn books we have I purchased with my own money. The committee have done nothing more than pay my stipulated salary (\$1500) \$1000 of which it required to bring myself and family out to this place. I am supporting myself, building churches, paying taxes on church property, and interest on money to secure church property,—preaching three times every other Sunday and twice every Sunday."

"We should have a Sunday-school missionary, to travel the length and breadth of this mighty empire and labor for our cause. This should be done immediately."

"I wish that some of you brethren would come out here and see for yourselves. Indeed it would be a very good thing for the whole Lutheran Church to come and spend a month in this empire of possibilities. This wonderful land God has reserved with all its hidden wealth, the beauty and sublimity of its scenery, and the genialness of its climate for the last great acts in the drama of Redemption on this continent."

The church certainly owes a debt of gratitude to a missionary who like bro. Koons, supports himself, buys Sabbath school libraries and hymn books, and builds churches out of his own money. This is certainly something unparalleled in the history of Lutheran missions.

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, Pa., Aug. 30, 1866.

DEPOSITION OF PASTOR GRABAU FROM THE MINISTRY.

One of the favorite projects of Rev. A. Grabau, Senior of the Ministerium of Buffalo, and at which he has labored for many years, was a "General Lutheran Church Court" for America, by which all cases of heresy should be tried and all difficulties between opposing synods should be adjusted. Happily, Pastor Grabau has never been able to extend the jurisdiction of his "Church Court" farther than his own synod.

We have somewhere read that the inventor of the guillotine, was the first man who was decapitated by that fatal instrument that caused such streams of blood to flow during the French Revolution. Pastor Grabau shared a similar fate theologically. So far as we know he is the first man that was deposed from the ministry on accusation of heresy before the "Church Court" which he himself has labored so many years to establish.

On the 26th of January, 1866, Pastor Grabau preached a sermon on the conversion of St. Paul, in which he is accused, among other things, of having taught "a false and pietistic doctrine of repentance and conversion." This "false and pietistic doctrine" consisted in this, "That he had placed Faith, Consolation, Evidence and Certainty of Grace and the Forgiveness of Sins after Conversion." This is declared by the "Church Court" to be contrary to the 12th Article of the Augsburg Confession. Two whole numbers of their paper, "Informatorium," are taken up with an account of the proceedings and the discussion of the question in dispute. Grabau at one time made a partial confession of his heresy, but afterwards retracted, defied the authority of the "Church Court," and closed his church against their sessions. They therefore proceeded to pronounce sentence of excommunication against him. He, however, still continues to preach, and four or five of the ministers of the Buffalo Synod still cleave to him and intend to form a new synod. The great majority of his congregation disregard the sentence of excommunication against their pastor. However, about one hundred members regard the excommunication as valid, and have withdrawn to form themselves into a separate congregation. There will probably be a law suit for the possession of the church property in the city of Buffalo.

It appears indeed pitiful that this poor old fanatical symbolist, who has suffered persecution and imprisonment in Germany on account of his symbolism, and who has ever since he is in this country been denouncing the Gen. Synod and all others who do not belong to the Buffalo Synod as heretics, should now in turn be deposed as a heretic by his own synod.

This shows the fanatical intolerance of the symbolists. The Missourians deposed two of their ministers some years ago, because they professed a belief in the Millennium, and now the Buffalo Synod has deposed their aged senior minister, on a mere theological technicality, because, forsooth, he preached pietistic doctrine on the subjects of repentance and conversion.

Our friend, Dr. M. in B., who has recently declared that in proportion as men become symbolic, they become pious, had better be careful how he gives expression to his piety, when he arrives among the symbolists, or he might get under a symbolic guillotine.

SELINGROVE AS A LITERARY CENTRE.

There is perhaps no place of its size in the state or the country that surpasses Selinsgrove in a literary point of view. Besides the literary and theological institutions, the Missionary Institute and the Susquehanna Female College, there are no less than six papers published in the town, namely three political papers, the American Lutheran, the Lutherischer Kirchenbote (German paper) and the Templar's Banner, a Temperance paper, published once a month at 50 cents a year.

The town and community is reaping the benefits of the institutions of learning located here by having the means of educating the rising generation, both male and female made easily accessible. In nothing is the improvement so observable as in the department of music. On the main street for the distance of two squares, almost every house contains a piano or a melodeon. A music store was established last spring by Messrs. Salem & Kerlin in which sheet music, tune books, and musical instruments of various kinds are constantly kept on hand for sale.

Selinsgrove also contains five churches, two Lutheran, one German Reformed, one Methodist, and one Baptist. In addition to these we have a Freemasons Lodge, an Odd Fellows Lodge, and a Good Templars Lodge in this place. The latter now numbers 113 active members, is still increasing in the number of its membership, and is, we trust, doing much good in the cause of Temperance.

FOG!!

One of our subscribers in the vicinity of Philadelphia excuses his tardiness in sending his subscription by assuring us, that the church in his neighborhood is so much befogged, "that one cannot remember—any better than he can see—to pay his debts." But he imagines that when the Gen. Synod of our Teutonic friend C. P. K. & Co. gets into full blast, this fog will clear away. He says: "Then we shall have unity, for I think few will join except those who want to. Then, too, we shall have church authority that shall pale the jurisdiction of the Pope. Their 'Head Centre' will be chosen for life, and they will style him (for prudential reasons) President, not Pope. Now, if this office could be filled by C. P. K. or his brother Jonathan of P., the idea would be complete. But numbers will be an object, as well as unity, therefore they must distribute. I imagine the mantle will fall upon the Chilastic Prof. in their seminary, co-editor of their paper and pastor of St. J. Now I have heard it said that as this enthusiastic millenarian is growing feeble and his powers fail him he becomes impatient of the second advent. What more natural, then, than that one of these days or nights their Gen. Synod with their head centre shall 'pass away.' And what more could the General Editor do, but announce to the public, that it is gone, but where, none can tell, and few will care."

REMARK BY THE EDITOR.—The best advice we can give our befogged friends in and around Philadelphia is this: If the fog becomes too dense they must do as the Missourians do in Ft. Wayne, let the sexton light the gas!

The Institutions in Selinsgrove

have just commenced their fall sessions under very favorable auspices. The Missionary Institute has more students in the Classical Department than it had last year at the beginning of the session. The Susquehanna Female College is full to its utmost capacity. All the rooms are engaged, and we have heard Rev. S. Dömer, the Principal, say, that he could have had a hundred boarders, if he had room to accommodate them all. Additional buildings are imperatively needed both for the Missionary Institute and the Female College, and the church in conjunction with the citizens of Selinsgrove and vicinity should put them up as soon as possible.

E. J. GERMAN'S BOOK STORE.

At a recent visit to Harrisburg we called at Mr. German's Book Store, No. 27, S. 2d St., and found it to be a kind of headquarters for Lutheran ministers visiting Harrisburg. We advise our friends who may visit Harrisburg to call and examine his stock of books. He keeps all kinds of theological books, also school books and stationery, and the publications of the Tract Society, and Sunday School Union. Bro. German is also agent for the American Lutheran.

A VERY IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The "Rosetta Stone," a marble found at the Ft. St. Julian, by Bouhard, in 1799, is the principal authority for the translation of the Hieroglyphic and Demotic characters which have been made by Egyptologists. It contains the same inscription in three shapes, one being in Greek, a knowledge of which latter language gives the key to the rest—a key only used after much painful suggestion and many failures by the learned men who interested themselves in the subject. The Rosetta Stone has been considered the most important of all discoveries connected with the ancient Egyptian language, and its inscriptions have been studied and speculated upon since its discovery by a host of learned men, including Champollion, Young, and others. This marble, so valuable to science and history, has been reinforced, if we may properly use that word in this connection, by a very late discovery made at San, in Egypt, by the eminent Egyptian scholar Lepsius. He has discovered another monumental stone, containing bilingual inscriptions, the Greek containing no less than seventy-six lines, of considerable length and in small letters. The inscription states that it was made in the reign of Energetes I. It relates the good deeds of that monarch, describes some of his military expeditions, and mentions the institution of two feasts in consequence. The most important matter established by this stone, in addition to the number of hieroglyphs which it contains, is the fact that there were two years in use in Egypt, one reckoning for the common people, the other as established and computed by the priests. This was previously suspected by M. Lepsius, and stated in his chronology. The discovery at San renders the matter beyond all question. This very interesting stone was closely copied, and the inscriptions will soon be laid before the scientific world, the most interesting and valuable contribution to Egyptian studies that has been made for many years.

CORRECTING ERRORS.—On this subject the "Western Christian Advocate" says: "We never permit ourselves to correct errors in the types except in very extreme cases. When what we write comes out all wrong, or when others make complaint that it is so with them, our course is to 'blow up' the proof-reader. He sometimes shows us that the copy was wrong, not he; but what of that, we 'give it' to him. Somebody must catch it, and editors must divide with their neighbors these little luxuries."

Pure Wine?

Addison, in one of his periodical essays, No. 131, says, that in his time (1710) there was a certain fraternity of chemical operators, who wrought underground, in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind: "These subterraneous philosophers are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors, and, by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raise, under the streets of London, the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France; they squeeze Bordeaux out of the sloe, and draw Champagne from an apple. Virgil, in that remarkable line, 'The ripening grape shall hand on every thorn,' seems to have hinted at this art, which turns a plantation of modern hedges into a vineyard. These adepts are known among one another by the name of wine-brewers, and I am afraid do great injury to the bodies of many of her Majesty's good subjects."

It would appear that the race of wine-brewers is not extinct. From the Report of the Commission on the Internal Revenue System, we learn that four firms in the city of New York reported to the Commission a consumption of two hundred and twenty-five thousand gallons of pure spirits for the manufacture of imitation wines. As about twenty per cent is the proportion of spirits used, we have from four firms alone nearly two millions of gallons of this death-dealing mixture, palmed off for consumption. Conceive, if you can, the whole amount manufactured in these United States, when there are probably not less than three hundred firms engaged in this debasing traffic!

To the millions of people who believe that they are drinking wine, Scripture-sanctioned and Scripture-recommended wine, we recommend the examination of M. P. Orfila's Poisons, and Accun on Culinary Poisons, that they may be informed as to the ingredients that enter into the composition of these fabrications called wines, so obligingly prepared in those garrets and cellars of our large cities, where fraud undisguised finds protection, and wholesale deeds of darkness are securely and systematically performed, and no less obligingly supplied from the brew-houses of foreign lands.

By consulting these works they will find that alum, Brazil wood, gypsum, oak sawdust, husks of filberts, and lead, are used to brighten, color, clear, and make astringent wines; that bitter almonds, cherry, laurel water, etc., are used for the purpose of communicating particular flavors to insipid wines. To those who pride themselves on having purchased from honest merchants the genuine port, champagne, or Madeira, we would recommend an analysis of the contents of their wine casks. Others have done so, and found that what purported to be port wine, or choice Madeira, was only a compound of the extract of logwood sugar of lead, New England rum, Western whiskey, sour beer, and Jersey cider. Also the remark of a recent writer, no ways favorable to total abstinence, but one who ought to know, who says, in an article on adulterated wine: "We know very well that the Spaniard would not touch the wine he manufactures for us, and the Portuguese would spit out our port like so much poison."

What a humiliating thought, that Americans should greedily swallow what the Portuguese would spit out as poison!

Yet, in view of these facts, which could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, when we mention total abstinence from even the adulterated liquors now in use, we are met—and alas! that it should be—sometimes by good men, with the authority of the Bible; as if the Bible had ever had anything to say in favor of this modern drunkard's drink, in any of its forms, in use in these ends of the earth. As if, because Christ changed water into wine in Cana of Galilee, Christians may not abjure the use, not of the fruit of the vineyards of Palestine, not of the fruit of the vine at all, but the product of the still and the brew-house in America! If any Christian shall claim the liberty of countenancing the use of brandied, drugged, or brewed wines, on festive occasions, and at weddings, let him do so as a man, not as a Christian; nor let him lay to his soul the flattering unction, that in doing so he is borne out by the Bible, and sheltered behind the example of his Saviour.

SPURGEON'S OPINION OF STUDENTS.—Mr. Spurgeon at a late anniversary said, that you could get about one good preacher out of every eight students, and nothing could change the proportion. Theological students, we suppose, were meant.

A CARD.

IS HE CLEAR OF ALL BLAME &c.

In the above paper, of the 2nd of August, the committee in their report to the Missionary Synod, on Rev. J. G. Schaeffer's report state that they have strictly examined his report and find it correct, and clear him from all blame &c.

Do they mean by this that he is blameless, for forestalling Dr. Sternberg in collecting tuition to the amount of \$10, without any authority whatever, and then charging the body with it instead of giving them credit, and for buying fixtures for the college of Prof. Wilson, as agent for the body, for \$15, and then charging the body almost double that amount, and is this financially correct. Will the committee be so kind as to show the correctness and blamelessness of the foregoing statements.—These are only a few that might be given, but if explained will doubtless satisfy all parties.

WISDOM.

NOTICE.

There will be a meeting of the Western Missionary Synod at Morristown, Henry Co., Ills., in the pastoral charge of Rev. A. M. Tanner, commencing on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock P. M. The officers and brethren thereof with their delegates are respectfully invited to attend.

Christian Sans, Secy.

REMARK.—We publish the above notice verbatim as it was sent in to us. The Secretary evidently forgot to insert the date of the meeting and we have no means of supplying it.

Rev. J. S. Heilig late of Mill Hill N. C. having accepted a call to Martinsburg, Berkeley County, West Virginia, desires correspondents to address him accordingly.

Rev. J. F. Dietrich having changed his residence to another part of his charge, namely to Millroy, Milfin Co. Pa., wishes to have his correspondents address him accordingly.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

FOR SEPTEMBER.

A charming Steel Engraving of a Mother bending over her sleeping Child, adorns the September number of this favorite monthly. The large sized colored Fashion Plate is as choice and refined as ever. The other embellishments are a Summer in Calcutta, and engravings of Bonnets, Veils, Promenade Suit, Collars, Cuffs, Gored Dress with Peplum Besque, &c. The music of this number, is the Valley Farm Schottisch. Among the literary matter we may mention, How Mary Jane came Home, by Louise Chandler Moulton; Out in the Rain, by Florence Percy; A Premature Proposal, by Sophie May; The Disputed Patrimony; The Mermaid's Home, one of the Fairy Tales of Science; The Maltese Cross, by Mrs. M. E. Kendall; Prue's Day, by Tracy Towne; with Notices of Books, Receipts, Descriptions of Fashion, &c. &c.

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EULOGY 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 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.

SUSQUEHANNA FEMALE COLLEGE SELINGROVE, PENNSYLVANIA.

The next session of this Institution will begin on TUESDAY, the 21st day of August next.

EXPENSES.

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Missionary Institute.

SELINGROVE, SNYDER CO. PENN'A.

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Board per week will be furnished at the lowest possible rate, not exceeding \$3.50.

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EULOGY

ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF

REV. BENJ. KURTZ, D. D., L. L. D.

Delivered before the Professors and Student of the *Missionary Institute*, and a large concourse of citizens and visitors, at Selinsgrove, Pa., May 28, 1866, by

REV. E. W. HUTTER, A. M., OF PHILADELPHIA.

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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. Hitherto this labor has been performed mainly by one man.

In order to do justice 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 now 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. Donations can be sent T. Newton Kurtz, Baltimore, Md., Rev. E. W. Hutter, Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. R. Weiser, Foreston, Ogle Co., Ill., or to our treasurer, J. G. L. Shindel, 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.

ONE OF GOD'S BIRDS.

You would love little May Warren, if you knew her, I am sure. She is such a sweet little thing, that I believe I speak the truth in saying that everybody loves her who has had the pleasure of looking into her bright face.

"Please, mother, let me go to school with cousin Willie this morning," said she, one day, running into the room where her mother sat with her baby brother; "please do, mother, I will be real good."

"Let you go to school, dear?" answered her mother, kissing the rosy lips held up to her; "and where is Willie?"

"Here, auntie," said he, coming in at the open door, with his satchel of books on his arm, his black eyes sparkling with mischief, as usual, and his cheeks glowing like the roses that peeped in at the open window.

"Yes, little May may go to school this morning, if she will be very good, and cousin Willie will promise to take care of her."

"Oh! you are so good," said May, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, and giving a half dozen kisses; then she danced off for her sun-bonnet, and soon she and Willie were racing down the broad gravelled path to the gate.

Just as the children came to the bridge over the little brook that went dancing merrily along in the golden sunlight, Willie's bright eyes caught a glimpse of a robin, hopping along by the roadside, with a bit of dried grass in his bill—probably building-material for his nest.

"Keep still, May," whispered Willie quickly. "Don't say a word," and he stooped to pick up a stone that lay at his feet. But May caught hold of his arm just as he raised it to throw.

"Don't, Willie!" she cried; "it's one of God's birds. Don't hurt it, please."

Willie stopped, and looked at her a moment in astonishment, then said:—

"What a queer girl you are, May! Well, I won't hit him now, just to please you; and I couldn't any way, for see! he has flown away!" and the children hurried on to school.

A day or two after, Willie was going on an errand for his mother, when he saw a little kitten running along the road, and his first thought was to look for a stone to throw; but his next one was:—

"I suppose May would say that was one of God's kittens. What a funny girl she is!" and the kitten was not hurt that time.

Willie is a big boy now, but when he is tempted to hurt any innocent animal, he always thinks of little May's words, "one of God's creatures," and they are never harmed by him.

NO GOOD FROM PASSION.

"Will putting one's self in a passion mend the matter?" said an old man to a boy, who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog only barked at him in play.

"Yes, it will mend the matter," said the passionate boy, and quickly dashed the stone at the dog.

The animal, thus enraged, sprang at the boy and bit his leg, while the stone bounded against a shop window and broke a pane of glass.

Out ran the shopkeeper, and seized the boy and made him pay for the broken pane.

He had mended the matter finely indeed!

Take my word for it, it never did, and it never will mend the matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger.

If you have met with a loss, you will only increase it by losing your temper.

There is something very little-minded and silly in giving way to sudden passion. Do set yourself against it with all your heart.

Try, then, to be calm, especially in trifling troubles; and when greater ones come, try to bear them bravely.

BEAUTIFUL DEATHS.

A girl thirteen years old was dying. Lifting her eyes towards the ceiling, she said softly, "Lift me higher, lift me higher!" Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said, "No, not that; but there!" again looking earnestly toward Heaven, whither her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her grave-stone these words are carved:

"Jane B., aged 13, lifted higher." A beautiful idea of dying, was it not? Lifted higher!

Another little girl, gasping for her last mortal breath, said, "Father, take me." Her father, who sat dissolved in tears by her bedside, lifted her into his lap. She smiled, thanked him, and said, "I spoke to my Heavenly Father," and died.

CURIOUS HORSES.

We have now, following the hairless horse, other equine wonders on exhibition in London. At 191 Piccadilly, are being shown four "African Horses," of which we read in the handbill that they are of perfect symmetry, well matched, and all of a dark brown color, the tallest being thirty-two inches high. The owner had the honor of exhibiting them to her most gracious majesty, who expressed herself much pleased with them. The horses, or rather ponies, are now stalled in the same room where the talking fish was formerly exhibited. They are pretty little creatures, of a sort of mouse color. Their heads are not like those of ordinary English horses or

ponies, but have a peculiar foreign look about them. They have very long tails, and their tiny hoofs have not as yet been shod. The weight of the smallest is about nine stone. It requires some one more experienced than myself to say for certain of what breed they really are; but they are, I think, not Shetland ponies, for this animal is for the most part short and thick, with a broad back and stout legs. The present specimens are, on the contrary, narrow in the back, and remarkably fine about the legs. They may be said to be well-bred creatures. The hair, too, is more like wool than the ordinary hair of a horse. The proprietor has just clipped them so that their well made proportions are shown off to good advantage. I should feel obliged if any correspondent would kindly tell us if he has seen such ponies in Africa, and if so, in what part?—F. T. BUCKLAND, IN THE FIELD.

Odd Conceits and Fancies.

Children often conceive very curious impressions of things, before their "teens" have rough-hewn their ideas of visible objects, into the routine and modes of reasoning usual in those of more advanced years. These ideas are often quaint and brimful of wisdom, and they are free from that self-consciousness of saying something "smart" so common to those who have passed their second climacteric. They are the promptings of the young spirit, not yet stereotyped into the ways of the world and are often expressed in language, that while it betrays the limited range of words, that the child has yet acquired, yet leaves in unobstructed view the grandeur of the idea arrayed in the most simple, unobtrusive garb, that frequently surpasses, in effect, the splendid word-painting of a Webster or a Clay, in whose orations, the sublime beauty of a great thought was frequently absorbed in the magnificence of the raiment in which it was attired; so that men in admiring the beautiful array of words in which it was expressed, forgot to pay due homage to the nobility of the idea, which the speaker designed to impress upon their minds.

A fine illustration of the freshness of conception—incidental to freshness of life, by which young children, not unfrequently arrive at novel and startling, though often amusing conclusions, without resorting to the logic of gray-headed sages, was well exemplified in the remark of a small boy, who believed, that—"The stars were the little round openings in the sky through which the angels looked."

The belief that the stars are the eyes of the angels, surpasses in no respect the exclamation of the little girl, who, after watching great clouds of dust, which were stirred up and driven before a high wind, said to her mother, in a very regretful manner:—

"See, there is dust enough wasted to make several people."

She had evidently learned that our first parents were made out of dust. It was a very philosophical and practical observation of a little urchin of six summers, who one night, upon hearing his father read the parable of the sower, and when he came to that passage which tells how the birds ate the grain before it had taken root, exclaimed with much amazement in his face:—

"They might have known they would,—why didn't they harrow it under?"

Such instances of juvenile wisdom, might be multiplied to an almost infinite extent, but what has been advanced must suffice at present. At another time more will be afforded our readers, of the original modes of thinking peculiar to youth of tender years.

Wit and Humor.

A Yankee doctor has recently got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hour's hard labor, well worked in.

A dandy in Broadway, wishing to be witty, accosted an old rag-man as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes: jump in, jump in."

An English judge stated that it had always been his opinion that calling many witnesses to prove one fact was like adding a large quantity of water to a small quantity of brandy—it made it weak.

In the late campaign in Louisiana, a party of Confederates marching through a swamp were ordered to form two deep. A corporal immediately exclaimed, "I'm too deep already; I am up to the middle!"

An exchange says that in a public office in a Western city the following notice may be seen:—"Lost—A valuable new silk umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved ivory head!"

The editor of a country exchange says: "A correspondent writes that if we desired it he will send us something to fill up with. That's just what we want. Suppose that you commence now with a good roasting piece of beef and a barrel of flour."

An old woman was advised to try the effect of kindness on her husband. Being told that it would heap coals of fire on his head, she replied that she had tried "bilin' water," and it did not do a bit of good. She had but little faith in the efficacy of coals.

Daniel Webster once gave the following characteristic letter of introduction:

"Dear Sir—I present you my friend, Hon. George E. Badger, your equal, and the superior of Yours, very respectfully
D. WEBSTER."

An Irishman who had left his native country, and sought an asylum in America because it was a land of liberty, was attacked on his first arrival, in December, by a furious

mastiff. He stooped to pick up a stone to defend himself, but the stone was frozen fast.—"By my soul," says Pat, "what a swate country, where the dogs are all let loose and the stones tied fast."

A clergyman was once endeavoring to instruct one of his Sunday school scholars, a plowboy, on the nature of a miracle. Thinking he had made it plain—"Now, my boy, suppose you should see the sun rise in the middle of the night, what would you call that?" "The moon sir." "No; but suppose you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and you actually saw it rise in the middle of the night, what would you think?" "I should think it was time to get up, sir."

NONE LIVETH TO HIMSELF.—God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower upon its stem, upon the rain-drops that swell the mighty river, upon the dew-drop that refreshed the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its channel, upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in his light—upon all has he written, "None of us liveth to himself."

WAR-ADVENTURE OF A CHILD.—The *Charleston Courier* has the following: "When Sherman's army stopped at Smithfield, N. C. about fifteen months since, there was found with it a little girl, five or six years of age, of bright countenance and pleasant ways, evidently well bred thus war, who, the soldiers said, followed them from South Carolina, Georgia or Tennessee. The corps to which this little girl seemed attached camped near the house of a lady who had a little girl nearly the same age, and the two little ones became so fondly attached that the lady induced the soldiers to give the child to her, and she has been with her ever since. The child has dark eyes, and is quite pretty. She had been so long with the army that she could give no intelligible account of her home. The lady who has possession of this little wanderer is very much attached to her, and treats her in every way as her own daughter."

A TEACHER'S CONFESSION.—Rather wise than otherwise!

The following little waif, (in illustration of the above sentiment) found floating on the sea of Educational literature, is too good to be lost.

I look for my money when my work is done: I call it my due for I do not shun

Any task, however hard it may be, But I wish it distinctly understood That while I labor for other's good, I look to no shadowy latitude

Nor my pay, which is bread and meat to me.

But beware of the hypocritical teacher, who with self-assumed disinterestedness and purity of motive comes before you with much seeming humility and says:—

I teach for love, and not for money;

It makes my path in life all sunny

To think of the good I am doing;

I pour out instruction with liberal hand;

I mingle much love in my sternest command,

And look for my pay to the heavenly land,

Whose favor I now am wooing.

MODERN EXPLORATIONS.

It seems a little singular that any portion of the earth's surface should yet be unknown to the scientific world. But the unexplored territory is every year growing smaller and smaller, and soon the most enterprising traveller can only follow predecessors over well-known routes. The following paragraph from an exchange shows the rapid progress made in our age:

Never was there a greater activity in the geographical world than at the present. There are three parties, one Scandinavian, and two American, in the arctic regions, and a third is preparing to leave England in the spring. In Africa, Duveyrier, Legean, Speke, Livingstone, Anderson, and a score of other well-known travellers, are rapidly opening up all the unexplored regions of the continent. In the table-lands of Central Asia, the mountainous district of the Caucasus, and the broad plains of Siberia, Russia sends annually a half dozen scientific expeditions. Colonization, and with it geographical knowledge, is rapidly spreading over, and embracing the islands of the Pacific, and of the Indian archipelago. The increasing commerce with Japan and the Amoor country on the one hand, and the settlement of Washington Territory and British Columbia, and the active prosecution of the whale fishery on the other, are largely adding to the maritime geography of the North Pacific. The hidden recesses of Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, are being mapped. Almost every nation in Europe, and some in America, have established topographical surveys, which are yearly producing hundreds of accurate charts. In fine, there is scarcely any portion of the earth's surface which is not undergoing investigation at the hands of geographers, topographers, geologists, meteorologists, and naturalists, earnest in their devotion to science, and to enlarge our knowledge of the planet which we inhabit. Humboldt and Ritter pointed out new methods for the study of nature, and have been followed by a crowd of disciples. And the progress made in the arts of design, engraving and topography, enables the investigator to report each new discovery with accuracy, and to circulate it with rapidity.

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ON AND AFTER

STNDAY, JULY 1st 1866.

The passenger trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will depart from Harrisburg, and arrive at Philadelphia and Pittsburgh 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 8.50 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. and arrives 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 Pittsburgh at 1.10 p. m.

Philadelphia Express leaves Harrisburg daily at 3.20 a. m. arrives at Altoona at 8.30 a. m., takes breakfast, and arrives at Pittsburgh 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 Pittsburgh 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 Pittsburgh 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 Pittsburgh 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 Pittsburgh 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 Pittsburgh 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.

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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 a. m.

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