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## THE COST OF SERVING CHRIST.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUTLER.

All the most valuable things are dearly won. Scientific discoveries lie at the summit of a hill which no man reaches without hard climbing. A nation's liberty costs treasure, toil, and blood; it is paid in widow's tears and consecrated graves. What so precious as a soul's redemption? Yet by one price only could it be secured—the "blood of the Lamb without blemish or spot."

When Christ offered the rewards, and enforced the duty of discipleship, he put in the careful injunction to "count the cost." The man who would not bear a cross for him and follow him "is not worthy to be my disciple." Let me remind you, my friend, what you must reckon upon if you attain that pearl above price, a Christian character. Count the cost; what is it?

1. Count on a fearful stubbornness in your own heart. It is by nature at enmity with God. There is a rebel Richmond in every unconverted man, that nothing but God's grace can conquer. Paul had to give battle without quarter to the "old man" of sin unto the last; so must you. Every sin-insurrection must be met with vigilance and prayer.

2. There are many unwelcome truths in the Word of God for you to swallow. The Bible is sent to save you; not to please you. It has no mercy on a sinner's sins; but it has unbounded mercy for a sinner's soul. When an ungodly man takes the vivid lamp of Bible-truths down into the dark vaults of a depraved heart, it makes terrible exposures. But the sooner they come the better. Sooner find out your sin by that light than by the lightning-flash of God's wrath at the judgment seat. God will not compromise with you.—Count the cost of submission. He demands the whole heart; but he offers in return a whole heaven.

3. If you expect to follow Christ, you must deny your selfishness, and take up every cross that Christ appoints. Count the cost! The simple, inexorable rule is, give up nothing that is innocent and right; but give up every thing that is wrong. You now love to have your own way; you must consent gladly to let God have his way. You have favorite pleasures that are sinful; find a higher pleasure in abandoning them. Count the cost of loving God more than you love money. Count the cost of offending some of your friends.—Christ is a better friend than they. Count the cost of quitting "profitable" sins. Count the cost of some sneers, of a great many hard knocks, and still more hard work. Count the cost of a noble, prayerful, unselfish, godly life. It will cost dearly; but thank God, it pays!

When you get to be a Christian you will find that the clearer and stronger you are the happier will be your conscience. But the better you are the more dearly you will pay for it. Study in your Bible what it cost Paul to become all he was. Does he begrudge now one single self-mortification, one crushing of his selfish lusts, one stripe of persecution's lash? Not he! He gloried in every tribulation that furnished his piety; and brought honor to his Redeemer's name. The best part of a Christian's character is that which costs the heaviest price. Patience (for example) is a beautiful trait; but it is not oftenest worn by those who walk life's sunny side in silver slippers. It is the product of dark nights of adversity and of many a cross-bearing up the mount of suffering. The "trial of your faith worketh patience." The bruised flower emits most fragrance. And a bruised Christian puts forth the sweetest odors of humility and heavenly-mindedness.

4. Let me offer you four brief encouragements. I drop them as diamonds in your pathway to the cross. Here they are. The service of Christ pays a magnificent percentage of usefulness. A working Christian never can be wretched. He gathers his sheaves as he goes.

Secondly, a man is always happy when he is right. He is happy in doing right—happy in feeling that he has done right, and happy in the approval of his Master's heavenly smile. Impenitent friend! you have never felt this!

Thirdly, God will sustain you, if you try to serve him. His grace is sufficient for you. Finally, there is a heaven at the end of every faithful Christian's journey.

Our knowledge of that life is small, The eye of faith is dim; But 'tis enough that Christ is there, And we shall be like him.

My friend are you ready to follow Jesus? Count the cost. But I warn you tenderly that, if it cost much to be a Christian, it will cost infinitely more to live and die a sinner! Religion costs self-denial; sin costs self-destruction!

To be a temperate man costs self-restraint. To be a tripper costs a ruined purse, a ruined character, a ruined soul. The sensualist pays for going to perdition by living in a sty.—The swearer must pay for his oaths; and the Sabbath breaker for his guilty contempt of God's law.

To lead a life of impenitence casts a dying bed of remorse. Count the cost. To go up to the judgment-seat without Christ will cost you an eternity of despair. Count the cost. Sit down, and make an honest reckoning.—Put into one scale life; into the other, death. Put into one scale life; into the other, hell! Weigh them well! Weigh for eternity! And, while you sit weighing anxiously, Christ whispers in

to your ear the thrilling question, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

## The Mystic Number 7.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.

There is a strong bias in the mind in favor of the figure seven. The ancients spoke of it as the "Sacred Number." In the Bible we are told that in six days God created the heavens and the earth, and all that they contain, and that he rested on the 7th day, blesses it, and commanded us to keep it holy. When Noah had built the ark, although of unclean beasts he chose only two of each kind, of the clean, he took in 7 of each kind. On the eve of the Deluge, 7 days were given Noah, his family and all beasts to repair into the ark. It was also in the 7th month of the year that the ark rested on Mt. Ararat; the intervals between the sending forth of the dove from the ark were 7 days.

Jacob served Laban 7 years for Rachel, but after the fraud practiced upon him, he agreed to serve even yet 7 years more for her. The years of plenty in Egypt, and the years of famine, were seven each. Joseph and his brethren, mourned 7 days for Jacob, after their arrival in Canaan. The walls of Jericho fell at the blast of 7 trumpets, blown by 7 priests, after it had been passed around for 7 successive days, and seven times upon the 7th day. There were 7 plagues in Egypt, and before the last great one, the Israelites were to abstain from unleavened bread for the 7 days preceding. There were 7 lamps in the tabernacle built in the wilderness. There were 7 churches in Asia, especially mentioned in the Apocalypse, and the 7 stars, and 7 golden candlesticks are also mentioned in Revelations.

The generations of the chosen people to the coming of Christ, are divided in St. Matthew into multiples of 7—see seventeenth verse. Again, in the Apocalypse of St. John, the history of our race is divided into 7 periods, typified by the book with "7 seals." The seal of the 7th book is the seal of eternity, and the voice of the 7th angel shall proclaim: "there shall be time no longer;" then shall the last of the 7 vials of wrath be poured over all the land. Indeed, throughout the whole Bible this number so often occurs, as to render it peculiarly strange and inexplicable.

On the 7th of the Seventh month, a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted 7 days, and remained 7 days in tents; the 7th year was directed to be a sabbath of rest for all things, and at the end of 7 times 7 commenced the grand jubilee; every 7th year the land lay fallow, every 7th year there was a grand release from all debts, and bondsmen were set free. From this law might have originated the custom of binding young men to seven years apprenticeship, and of punishing incorrigible offenders by transportation for 7, twice 7, or three times 7 years. Anciently a child was not named before 7 days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical day.

This number is formed in every branch of science. Geology teaches us that there have been six great periods in the world's history, and that we are now living in the 7th, or Sabbatical period. In Astronomy this number frequently occurs. The earth is surrounded by 7 sister planets, all differing from each other in 7 important particulars, velocity, density, distance from the sun, period of revolution around it, magnitude, and inclination of the axis to the plane of the orbit. Orion—the most beautiful constellation of the heavens, is composed of 7 prominent stars;—it is situated on both sides of the equinoctial, and is visible over the whole habitable globe. The most remarkable constellation of the Northern hemisphere—the Ursa Major, is also composed of 7 prominent stars. In Scripture, that remarkable cluster in the heavens, the—"Seven stars" is frequently mentioned, around these the whole starry hosts, and planetary worlds and systems revolve.

Our physical constitution is changed every 7 years. The limits of life—the allotted "three score and ten" is ten times 7; and there are 7 climacterics in the life of man. In common law there are 7 divisions. 7 years for the period of infancy; 7 more for presumptive discretion, and an additional 7 to bring the human being to the age of manhood when the faculties are fully developed. Many eminent physicians hold that four times 7, or twenty-eight is the proper age for marriage, it is then that man is in full possession of his strength. Five times 7, is the period when he absorbs most carbon; six times 7 is the prime of life when he becomes grave and wise or never; at seven times 7, the period when old age begins, he is in his apogee; and at ten times seven, or three score and ten was by the royal prophet pronounced the period of human life. Shakespeare in his 7 ages, divided life into 7 great divisions. The week is divided into 7 days; and the poet has rendered memorable that figure by a production never to be forgotten, namely—"We are 7." Light is composed of 7 colors, as shown in the rainbow, and every particle of matter in our whole body is changed or renewed by substitution, every 7 years.

## The Number Three.

When the world was created we find land, water, and sky; sun, moon, and stars. Noah had but three sons; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly; our savior passed three days in the tomb. Peter denied his Savior thrice. There were three patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times.—"Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were rescued from the flames of the oven. The ten commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope, and charity, these three. Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days; and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength.

The sacred letters on the cross are I. H. S.; so also the Roman motto was composed of three words, "In Hoc Signo." There are three conditions for man: the earth, heaven, and hell; there is also a holy Trinity. In Mythology three Graces; Cerberus, with his three heads; Neptune, holding his three-toothed staff; the Oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod; and the nine muses sprang from three. In nature we have male, female, and offspring: morning, noon, and night. Trees group their leaves in threes; there is the three-leaved clover. Every ninth wave is a ground swell. We have fish, flesh, and fowl. The majority of mankind die at thirty. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle? witness the power of the wedge; and logic three premises are indispensable. The history of this number dates from the beginning of the world, and extends in a lengthened chain to the present time.—KNICKERBOCKER.

## TRIPLE DUTIES.

Some philosophising genius, makes the following addition to the above list which is both trite and ingenious. Triple obligations, which if faithfully observed, would make this a vastly happier world.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness, affectionateness.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity, gracefulness.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.

Three things to reverence—religion, justice, self-denial.

Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness, freedom.

Three things to wish for—faith, peace, purity of heart.

Three things to like—cordiality, good humor, mirthfulness.

Three things to suspect—flattery, puritanism, sudden affection.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, flippant jesting.

Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends, good humor.

Three things to contend for—honor, country, friends.

Three things to govern—temper, impulse, the tongue.

## PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

How often do we find parents weeping over the dissolute habits of a beloved son, and wondering how their child could ever have fallen into such evil habits. Yet, if they go back and examine their actions and conduct in the presence of, and towards that son, too many a parent will find, with bitter agony, that he himself has furnished a ruinous example to his own child. Has he not himself, from time to time, at the invitation of a friend, or on some convivial occasion, been induced to take his social glass? Has he not lent the aid of his name and character to enable that tavern-keeper to procure a license to sell liquor? Has he not offered wine, or other liquors, to his guests, at his own house, on the occasion of some social entertainment, or New Year's day anniversary? Has he not withheld his name and influence from the great temperance reformation, and by thus standing aloof, been in fact opposing this benign element of regeneration to drunken humanity? If so, he may

be assured that he has furnished a terrible example, to lure his own child on to its destruction. That son will not think it wrong to take his social glass with a friend, after seeing his father do so; and that very tavern, for which the influence of the father has procured a license, may become a "gate of hell" to his ruined son. At the social board, in his own home, that mother may pour out for her own son his first glass, and may kindle, perhaps in his bosom that terrible passion, whose devouring flames will blast and destroy the happiness of herself and son forever. An awful responsibility does indeed rest upon that parent who, either by example or otherwise, countenances habits in his child which will probably end in intemperance.

We often too, hear fathers mourning over the dissipation of their sons, and averring that they would be ready to lay down their lives if it would effect the reclamation of their children. They no doubt pray anxiously that their sons may become members of some temperance society; and yet, do they belong to any such society themselves?—have they ever done anything to advance the interests of the temperance cause? Have they not rather by declining to become connected with such associations, furnished an example to their own children and others to decline also? To them then, we would say, join first yourselves. Your names and influence may not only be the means of saving your own sons, but may help to give freedom and happiness to thousands of others who groan under the thralldom of intemperance. Do not hope and expect that others will labor amid contumely and reproach, for the benefit of your sons, while you yourselves are virtually opposing their efforts, and lending your countenance to those who are sneering at the benevolent enterprise of temperance men.

J. S. G.

New Oxford, Pa.

## GERMAN PROVERBS.

Bacchus has drowned more than Neptune. Temperance is the best physic.

The ass that carries wine drinks water. When the wine is in, the wit is out.

Wine and youth are fire upon fire. There is no truth in wine.

Ever drunk, ever dry. Where drink enters, wisdom departs.

Temperance is honorable. Temperance is a feast.

By a timely resistance the greatest evil may be overcome.

Combat vice in its first attacks and you will come off conqueror.

Charity is friendship in common, and friendship is charity enclosed.

Drunkenness reduces a man below the standard of a brute.

Drunkenness is an egg, from which all vices may be hatched.

Every delay of repentance, is a cheat upon ourselves.

He who spends all the money he gets for drinking, is on the highroad to beggary.

In the current of life, beware of the gulf of intemperance.

Intemperance is the greatest abuse of the gifts of Providence.

Intemperance produces disease, stupefies the senses, and brutifies the mind.

In youth, be temperate; in manhood, just; in old age, prudent.

Learn to subdue your passions, and improve yourself in temperance.

Temptation cannot enter where the heart is well guarded.

Drunkenness is a pair of spectacles, to see the devil and all his works.

Wine is a turn-coat; first a friend and then an enemy.

An irritated and passionate man is a downright drunkard.

A coward is a bad friend, and a drunkard a poor privy counsellor.

Temperance is the strength of the soul.

Drunkenness destroys beauty, and shortens your life.

## November and December.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

But almost all, of every degree of sensibility, are conscious of some influence at two periods of the year—autumn and spring.—The shortening of the days is the first token that sets seriously upon the mind. The early morning hour, that used to be full of sun, at

length comes; but no sun is in it: he is not yet risen. The cars that brought you from the city to the distant station, left you yet a full half-hour of evening sunshine, in June; but now, at the same hour, the sun has gone down, in September, and the very twilight is fading out. The days are going; and every day, oftener and oftener, with a gentle sigh, we say, "the days are shortening; the year is closing!" The days lose at both ends; they are clipped in the morning, and sheared in the evening. Something of exhilaration goes with them. The full and overflowing day, that was like a wine-cup put to the lips, is gone and smaller ones are coming. If days are goblets sent to us with the water of life, with the wine of light and warmth, then they are no longer those great festal breakers, but less of rim, of depth, of contents, till that which in July filled the double hand, in November is like a tapering glass held with two fingers. And this sense of departure is so indissolubly associated with the decrease of human life, the passing away of our years, the shortening of our days, the ending of pleasures and ambitions, that no one can help feeling a certain sadness, though it be a sweet sadness; a certain solemnity, though it be a solemn gladness.

Then, too, along with these changes in the heavens, are others equally worked upon the earth. The first color of red in the maples upon some single branch, set like a lamp in the whole topful of green leaves, is the earliest hint of autumn; and we always parry the thought. We say, "Ah, it is only a sickly limb, prematurely ripe: it is not autumn yet." So, in consumption, men find reasons for the hectic blush; but death is under it. Soon come the crimsons and scarlets of the forest edges—the sumachs, the vines. We find no more flowers where never a day refused us one all summer long. The asters flourish—the asters, that are fitly called star-flowers, not only from their rayed disk, but because when the day is done stars redeem the night from utter darkness; and asters are the latest flowers of autumn, and are bright though the golden rod is dim, and trees are sear, and russet leaves are rustling around their stems. They blossom bravely on till the very frost comes.

And so, as fires go out, the blaze growing less, the great sticks turning to coals, the coals to ashes and embers, and these little by little, dying silently away, until only sparks are left, which one by one fly up or become extinguished, so is it with the summer, that blazes in August, that turns to coals all ruddy in September and October, which pale and hide themselves in November, and whose last sparks are quenched in December.

The spirit goes with seasons. Our thoughts may not be expressly busy with all these signs in the heaven and on the earth. But we sigh oftener; we sit silent more frequently; our walks are shortened; we remember the absent; we muse upon the worth of life, upon its course and issues. We are sombre, exactly, but we are sweetly sad.

There is something even more touching than this. It is the flight of birds. All summer they have filled the woods. They sing from the trees. They rise from thickets and weed-muffled fences, as in our wonderings we scale them. They sing in the air. They wake us with their matins. They chant vespers with glorious discordance of sweet melody.—They flit across the lawn, rise and fall on the swinging twig, or rock to the wind on their aerial perch.

But after August they become mute; and in October days they begin to recede from the dwelling. No more twittering wrens; no more circling swallows; no more grotesque bobolinks; no more larks, singing as if they were heart-broken. They begin now to come in troops in the distant fields: At sunset the pasture is full of flocks of hundreds and thousands. At morning they are gone. And every day brings its feathery caravan. Every day they pass on. Long flocks of fowl silently move far up against the sky, and always going away from the North. At evening the weary string of water-fowls, flying low, and wistful of some pond for rest and food, fill the air with hoarse trumpeting and clangor. They are gone: the last are before them. Winter is behind them; summer is going; and we are left. The season is bereft. Light is short; darkness is long. Flowers are sunken to rest. The birds have flown away. Winter, winter, winter is upon the earth!

From the Templar's Banner.

The Company of Tobacco Victims  
A DREAM.

If anything were needed to show how completely abandoned to the lowest sensuality the habitual uses of tobacco may become, an attentive observer who travels extensively on rail-road cars or stages may obtain all the facts requisite to establish this conclusion. On all such occasions the filthy puddles of the tobacco-chewers, if the steam-cars, or the vile effluvia polluting the atmosphere about our stages and public houses—are sufficiently annoying to the decent traveler, to deprive him of much of the enjoyment which would otherwise accompany excursions, undertaken for purposes of business or pleasure. And to the lady-traveler, these annoyances often present obstacles sufficient to deter from the undertaking.

After one of these excursions through one of our longest rail-road routes the observations were followed by such sickening impressions that I could not divest my mind of them for months—and I well remember, that after one of them, some of the degrading scenes that passed successively in review, and became so indelibly engraved on the retina of my mind that one evening after retiring to rest my sleeping fancy had presented to it some grotesque images that evidently bore some resemblance to scenes lately witnessed.

Methought I had met a company of the male sex, who had convened exclusively, in the first instance, for religious worship, but before they had remained long together the meeting presented the elements of a great variety of conventions. Fortunately I enjoyed on this occasion the privilege conferred on a certain personage of the Arabian Nights. I could go from place to place, all over the assembly, like an aerial being, quietly making observations, without being either seen or heard.—The peculiar advantages of this privilege on the present occasion will be appreciated when I inform, that without any exception, all the persons in attendance were addicted to the use of tobacco in all its variety of applications.—There was the large German Pipe, with a bowl of sufficient size to contain a half pint of the weed with all intermediate patterns. Cigars of all dimensions and variously flavored—from the Long Tom, to that finely spiced and suited to the mouth of any dandy. The Snufftakers were fully represented, from those who could scarcely use a delicate pinch without sneezing, to such as carried the snuff by the pound, loose in the pocket. But those who dealt chiefly in the *Cud* (that nastiest of all practices) formed the great majority of the company!—And here my privilege of invisibility was of great value—and at this period the character of the devotional assemblage enabled me to witness with undisturbed survey, all the outpouring of filth to which the sacrifices at the shrine of this *Nicotian Divinity* gave rise. In glancing between the rows of seats—it was appalling to view the puddles of the juice, which extended from end to end, like a chain of miniature lakes. But I have hinted that the ostensible object of the meeting was devotion of a higher order.—The meeting, for some time, having been rather restive, a venerable looking person arose from a seat on the platform, and, deliberately taking a cud from his mouth, laid it on the desk!—when having selected a text from the Bible—he commenced reading. There was nothing in the text or the following sermon to attract particular attention. But the idea of a large tobacco quid, lying beside a minister while engaged in such service struck me as extraordinary, though I had witnessed a similar scene before. When the discourse was finished the nauseous morsel was again restored to his mouth, and he took his seat.

A very few other observations struck me at the time, as contrasting strangely with the avowed purpose of the meeting—and they really seemed to give it more the character of a Heathen sacrifice—than a place and congregation convened for worship in a Christian land. There were indeed such clouds of incense—and such sulphurous fumes, blended with the sickening smell of the weed, that any place, (even the realm of Pluto) appeared a more appropriate designation than a Christian sanctuary.

A gentleman who had traveled extensively in the East, and had become habitually familiar with the sacrifices offered to the *Nicotian Divinity*—was accustomed to having servants attending him in his devotions. I noticed that he was seated in a stately position, and with a very costly pipe whose handle or stem extended to the distance of several yards. There were two servants—one at each end of the pipe. The first who was nearest the smoker (the most honored position) had the care of adjusting the mouth-piece, which was nicely ornamented with a silver casing. It was also a part of his duty to wipe the mouth of his master, and, when required, to restore the pipe to its destined place. The other servant had the special charge of filling the bowl of the pipe with a portion of the weed, that had undergone very material preparation. It con-

tained a seasoning of opium, and was besides scented with a variety of aromatic substances. The gentleman referred to, sat with all the composed dignity of a Turkish Cadi, and added much to the interest of the scene!

There was, however, one movement, so unique in its character that it should receive special notice.—I remarked several sleepers in this assembly who seemed entirely absorbed in their dreamland vagaries. They assumed a great variety of postures—some leaning on the railing before them, with handkerchief under forehead—with tobacco juice streaming from the mouth—some sat erect, with mouth wide open, in which something might be seen beside either the eating or speaking organs! But there was one of these dreamers whose position was so singular that he drew attention at the distance of several seats. I can never forget the ludicrous posture of the man, as he leaned his head back on the railing with his mouth wide open. It chanced that a mischievous wag who sat in the gallery immediately above the sleeper, had for some time been watching him with the aim of making a philosophical experiment. The head of the sleeper moved to and fro, along the back of his seat—snoring at every vibration, as if some agitating thoughts might give motion to the *human pendulum*. Our philosopher provided himself with a good large quid, which he thought adapted to the size of the *orifice below*—and, as he held it between his thumb and finger—he kept adjusting its position to the contemplated cavity. At the right moment—just at the critical point—down went the cud with unerring precision, plump into the mouth of the sleeper. However “vain might have been his sleeping fancies”—his feelings at this moment were evidently “real,” and with a noise which no ventriloquist ever imitated, he sprang to his feet—not only becoming fairly aroused himself—but producing such an excitement in the congregation that for one moment the current of thought in this unique assembly was directed to an informal adjournment.

Tobacco Counter Blast.  
Newtown, Oct. 15th. 1866TEMPERANCE.  
TWENTY GROG-SHOPS TO ONE CHURCH.

The Rock Island Conference, (Methodist,) at their late session, took strong ground on the temperance question. We give an extract from the Report of the Committee on that subject. One statement will arrest attention—twenty grog shops to one Church! A pertinent question would be, which secures the greater number of converts? Does the Church, (instrumentally) save more than the grog shops damn?

“As nearly as we can determine there are at the present time, throughout the country, about twenty grog shops for every Christian Church. The number of those who are prepared, through the influence of these fearful agencies for the regions of the lost, far outnumber all of those who are prepared, through the influence of the Church for the Land of the Blessed. Our labors are largely neutralized, and our ministry rendered powerless for good through this device of Satan to ruin souls.

We view with alarm the increasing use of what are termed the milder alcoholic drinks, such as the various beers and wines. We regard the use of these as a violation of the discipline of the Church; and, further, such use has already produced a marked effect upon society, and is the immediate cause of drawing into the dark abyss of dissipation many thousands of our young men.

We are convinced that a more direct and earnest effort on the part of the ministry of the Church would save multitudes of these, and remove many of the temptations into which they are led. It is not enough for us to wish the cause well, and then leave the work to mere accident, or at least to the management of those persons whose ability and education are quite too limited to secure for their efforts the confidence and respect of the public.

The Temperance cause should be a part of the economy of the Church, and enter into all her great plans for the salvation of the world. She should make her warning voice heard whether men will hear or forbear. The Church cannot afford to allow those who will not willingly come within her influence quietly to work their own destruction. She must go out after them, and by her pleadings, and her authority, compel them to be saved.

As a means of promoting this reform we would recommend our people to co-operate with existing temperance organizations, and be known as temperance men.

CHURCH SINGING.—The editor of an exchange, whose temper has been sorely tried, says:

Quartette performances in the church are suitable only when used to fill up a programme in a literary or Sunday-school exhibition. When substituted for congregational singing and thrust upon a worshipping congregation, it is profanation, and is enough to make an undevout man mad.

## The Clergy and Physicians.

I could fill a volume of distressing and heart-rending incidents which have come to my personal knowledge, where the example of the use—even the moderate use—of intoxicating drinks, by ministers of God, had caused the downfall of their hearers.

Said a physician to a clergyman one day: “Sir, I have recently brought two of your congregation out of the delirium tremens, and they have both acknowledged to me, that it was through your preaching, and your example, that they were brought down to their dreadful condition.”

“My God! said the clergyman, “is this truth?”

“Yes, sir, it is the truth, I do assure you,” the physician replied:

“I will never drink intoxicating liquor again,” he replied.

I know of a case of a man once a drunkard, but who for two years had abstained from all that intoxicates; seeing a clergyman of high standing step up to a bar and call for a glass of strong beer, he said to himself: “If a clergyman is safe in taking a glass of beer, why not I?” So he too stepped up to the bar and called for a glass, then another, and kept on until he became a drunkard again, and died a raving maniac. I could fill another volume, where from the prescriptions of physicians, of alcohol as a medicine, an established and undying appetite has been created, which has resulted in death by delirium. God grant that those having charge of our soul's salvation, as well as those having care of our bodies' health, will take this subject into immediate and serious consideration.—*National Temperance Advocate*.

The Sad and the Beautiful  
Commingled.

As I was passing down Broadway, one Sabbath evening, en route to old John Street Church, I witnessed one of the saddest, and at the same time one of the most beautifully touching scenes that occur in a lifetime. On a certain corner, surrounded by a group of miscellaneous observers, a young, beautiful, and well-dressed wife, was waiting upon and seeking to arouse from his stupor, her inebriated husband, who had sunk down upon the pavement, “dead drunk.” With his hand in hers, she said little, but the tears which trickled down her cheeks indicated how deeply sad were the thoughts of the moment. He tried to speak kindly to her, as with thick tongue and incoherent words, he said: “Don't stay any more with me, Lizzie, I'm drunk.” When some of the crowd near by laughed, she turned toward them and administered a most severe, yet silent rebuke. Faithfully she tarried. Once her husband tried to rise and walk, but in vain. He had swallowed the poisonous draught too often; he sunk again on the soiled pavement. Two of the Metropolitan police stood near, and their eyes filled with tears as they looked upon the scene. As I passed away, they stepped forward, seated the rude part of the crowd, and seemed to speak very tenderly to the young wife. I do not believe they carried the husband to the lock-up.—*N. Y. COR. NORTHERN ADVOCATE*.

## ONE GLASS OF WINE.

The Duke of Orleans, the oldest son of King Louis Philippe, was the inheritor of whatever rights the royal family could transmit. He was a noble young man; physically and intellectually noble. One morning he invited a few companions with him as he was about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank too much wine. He did not become intoxicated; he was not in any respect a dissipated man. His character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he drank a glass too much. He lost the balance of his body and his mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered the carriage.

But for that extra glass he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage. But for that extra glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head struck the pavement. Senseless, bleeding, he was taken into a beer shop and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars, and sent the whole family into exile.—*HARPER'S MAGAZINE*.

## A YEAR'S WORK OF DRAM-SELLING.

Carefully compiled statistics show that sixty thousand lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States.

One hundred thousand men and women are yearly sent to prison in consequence of strong drink.

Twenty thousand children yearly sent to the poor-house for the same reason.

Three hundred murders are another of the yearly fruits of intemperance.

Four hundred suicides follow these fearful catalogues of miseries.

Two hundred thousand orphans are bequeathed each year to private and public charity.

Two hundred million dollars are yearly expended to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and as much more is lost, from the same cause.—*YOUNG REAPER*.

## A LIQUOR SELLER IN TROUBLE.

JAIL AT MARION, Linn county Iowa }  
August 10, 1866. }

MR. EDITOR:—I take the liberty to address a few lines to you from my prison cell. On the 10th of July all the liquor-dealers of Cedar Rapids and vicinity were summoned to appear before the holy tribunal of the temperance fanatics in Marion county. One after another were called and condemned to various high fines. The fines, in the aggregate, amounted to \$3,000, of which my share, besides costs, was \$800. All the accused had beforehand entered into an agreement not to pay any fine in money, but that we would prefer to go to jail; to many of us was no other choice left, some of the fines being so high as to drive us from home and field. Several however, broke their word, and paid their fines under the malicious sneers of the fanatics; yes, their malicious sneers, which showed plainly the hatred, malignity and depravity of this set of reprobate misanthropists.

I had to go to jail for fifty-five days, refusing to deprive my children of my hard earned money. I and several other fellow-sufferers were conducted to jail together, because we had carried on a business for which we had paid and received a license from the United States.

Here we are treated in the most infamous manner. We are confined together with horse thieves, who, compared with us, are treated like gentlemen. We can not get beer for our money, and candies we are not allowed. Very seldom friends are permitted to see us. If my family comes to see me, they have to remain outside the iron railing, and the liberty to take my little ones to my heart is refused me. I can not even give them my hand through the railing, but if visitors call to see the horse-thief, admittance is never refused; the horse-thief, on such occasions, is taken to the sheriff's parlor, and takes his dinner on such a day at the sheriff's table; the horse-thief and his family, you must know, belong to the temperance fanatics.

It is very deplorable that these crazy fanatics have got into power in our state. If we Germans all would stand together, we could very easily beat them at the next election. But among the Germans there are so many ignorant, indifferent and selfish individuals, who work intentionally for the fanatics and against the Germans. If we do not beat the temperance fanatics at the next election, we will have to look out for some other remedies.

JOSEPH WANZEL.

## AFECDOTE OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

When Admiral Farragut was ten years of age, his father, then an officer of rank in the United States Navy, and high in the estimation of the Government, said in his son's hearing, that when he (the boy) was old enough to make a compact and keep it, he had a bargain to offer him. The son rose up and asked his father to state the terms of the compact. The Admiral said: “The proposal that I intend to make is this: If you will not smoke nor chew tobacco, drink intoxicating drinks nor strong wines, till you are twenty-one years of age, I will then give you one thousand dollars.” “I am old enough to make that bargain now,” said young Farragut; “I will accept the offer.” The bargain was closed and on the attainment of young Farragut's majority, the cash was handed over.

## AN EXAMPLE.

Hon. William E. Dodge, President of the National Temperance Society, was the guest on a certain occasion, of General Wool and other officers, at Fortress Monroe. The General said to his brother officers at the commencement of the dinner: “Gentlemen, our guest whom we have with us to day is a teetotaler. I propose that we dispense with our wine to-day and join with him in his own beverage.” It was unanimously agreed to “taboo” the liquor. This was the influence of one consistent temperance man in a social circle. If every advocate of our cause would stand as firm as Mr. Dodge, he might be a “standing rebuke” to the wine drinkers and punch brewers. We fear that sometimes the surrender is on the other side, and from false delicacy or timidity the pledged teetotaler yields the point and takes a sip because “the circumstances are so peculiar.” No possible circumstances warrant a good man's violation of conscience.

CAN YOU TELL WHAT IT COSTS?—At a temperance meeting, held lately, in London, it was stated, on good authority, that the consumption of intoxicating liquors in England, costs \$400, 000 000 annually. What an immense sum of money! and all worse than wasted. In eight years this sum would pay the debt of the United States. But it is of little moment in comparison with the actual cost. Who can compute the loss in health, morals, hopes—yes, and the loss in souls, for it is written—No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.” Remember, too, that every soul thus lost is of more value than the entire world, and say can you tell what it costs?

## POSTAL LAW.

Applicable to the American Lutheran: “Sec. 36. Religious, educational, and agricultural newspapers of small size, issued less frequently than once a week, may be sent in packages to one address, at the rate of one cent for each package, not exceeding four ounces in weight, and an additional charge of one cent is made for each additional four ounces or fraction, thereof, and postage to be paid quarterly or yearly in advance.”

## The Philosophy of Long Life.

But few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental, or of bodily toil, or of accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, *choked with passion*, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves; the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like a candle to *run*; the weak burn out. The inferior in animals, which live in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives about twenty-five years; the ox, fifteen or twenty; the dog, ten or twelve; the rabbit, eight. The duration of life in all these bears a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes to his average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to his physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches, on the average four times his growing period; the cat, six times, and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement.

The reason for all this is obvious. Man is not only the most irregular but the most laborious and hard-working of all animals. He is also the most irritable of animals; and there is no reason to believe (though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels) that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself within the fire of his own secret reflections. Besides this, man is the only animal that makes a departure from these laws of nature which control life. He takes on unnatural and health destroying habits, carrying them to the verge of the grave, and clinging to them with a tenacity which yields not even to his better judgment. The lower order of animals never do this. Instinct is their guide, and the superior duration of life they enjoy is the proof of the folly of man.

“GO ON, SIR; GO ON.”

Arago says, in his “Autobiography,” that his master in mathematics was a word or two of advice, which he found in the binding of his text books. Puzzled and discouraged by the difficulties he met with in his early studies, he was almost ready to give over the pursuit. Some words which he found on the waste leaf used to stiffen the cover of his paper-bound text-book caught his eye and interested him.

“Impelled,” he says, “by an insupportable curiosity, I damped the cover of the book, and carefully unrolled the leaf, to see what was on the other side. It proved to be a short letter from D'Alembert to a young person disheartened, like myself, by the difficulties of mathematical study, and who had written to him for counsel.

“Go on, sir; go on,” was the counsel which D'Alembert gave him. “The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn and shine with increased clearness on your path.”

“That maxim,” says Arago, “was my greatest master in mathematics.” Following out these simple words, “Go on, sir; go on,” made him the first astronomical mathematician of his age. What Christians it would make of us! What heroes of faith, what sages in holy wisdom, should we become, just by acting out that maxim, “Go on, go on!”

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS IN RHYME.

“He shall give His angels charge over thee.” (Psalm xcii. 11.)

Destruction hover'd o'er the place where dwelt a righteous one;  
Two angels seized him by the hand, and forced him from the town.

An angry sea prepared to drown a prisoner of the Lord;

“Fear not,” said one above the storm; an angel spake that word.

A great Apostle in a goal was most securely chain'd;

An angel struck his fetters off, so he his freedom gain'd.

A persecuted prophet lay beneath a shady tree;

“Arise and eat,” an angel said: “the walk's too long for thee.”

A prophet spake out of a den, wherein he had been put:

“My God hath sent His angel, and the lions' mouths hath shut.”

With proofs that angels help the good the Bible doth abound;

A few have been selected, and I ask you where they're found.

CANNING'S DESCRIPTION OF THE STEAMSHIP.—Canning, during a visit to Liverpool, previous to his departure for India, gave the following eloquent description of the steamship. What would he have said, had he lived to witness the success of the Atlantic telegraph? We quote his words on the steamship:—“Which walks the water like a giant rejoicing in his course, steaming alike the tempest and tide, accelerating intercourse, shortening distances, creating, as it were, unexpected neighborhoods and new combinations of social and commercial relations; giving to the fickleness of winds and the faithlessness of waves the certainty and steadiness of a highway upon the land.” How applicable in many respects are the above to the new communication between the old and mother countries?

## THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Selinsgrove, Pa., November 8, 1866.

## THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN WEEKLY AND ENLARGED!!

It seems to be the almost unanimous desire of our subscribers to have the American Lutheran every week. We have yielded to this desire and can now communicate to our friends and readers, that we hope, God willing, to issue the paper once a week and in an enlarged form with the beginning of the next volume, which will be the first of January, 1867. We intend also to relinquish the publication of our German paper, or, if possible, to give it over into other hands, and devote our whole time and attention to the American Lutheran. We intend to make it a *first class paper* in every respect, worthy the support of the American Lutheran Church.

The tendency of the paper will be the same in the future as it has been in the past. The recent events in the church have convinced us most impressively that we were right in our course, and we intend to "fight it through on that line."

We have just ordered a large, new printing press, such as are used in New York and Philadelphia for the best and finest kinds of printing. This will necessarily involve the outlay of a large amount of money, and we hope our friends and readers will sustain us in this undertaking by sending in new subscribers with the money and also paying up promptly all backstanding dues for subscription. There are quite a number of our subscribers, who have not yet sent in their subscription for the last year, and a few who have not paid anything from the beginning. We hope they will see the propriety of "paying up" without delay. We need every dollar that is owing to us to meet this large expenditure, and we need it NOW!!

The paper is to be enlarged to nearly the present size of the Lutheran Observer, and published weekly at \$2.00 in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid within six months. All new subscribers will receive the paper gratis till the first of January, when their year will begin. We hope in the mean time the friends of the paper will exert themselves to increase the subscription list. Let every one constitute himself and herself an agent and go from house to house with the paper in hand to solicit subscriptions. Some have done this with the happiest results. Every one who sends in 4 new subscribers with the pay in advance will receive the fifth copy free, either for himself, or some poor widow to whom he may choose to give it.

## A Trip to the Cities.

Last week we had occasion to go to Philadelphia and New York. We took the night train, so as to reach Philadelphia by morning and have the whole day before us.

CROSSING THE RIVER.—We crossed the river at midnight to meet the cars on the other side. The night was dark and dreary, the waters high, the current swift. It was but a frail boat that conveyed us across the angry stream, but two strong hands took hold of the oars, and with a flickering light in the bow, and the strains of soft music, supplied by a wandering musician, we were carried gently and sweetly to the opposite shore. Thus to the christian pilgrim the night of death may seem dark and dreary, and Jordan's waters deep and angry, but God will send his holy angels who will illumine the grave with celestial light and convey him with songs of deliverance to Canaan's happy shore. "Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou God art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

GOING BACKWARDS.—On the other side we were received into a beautiful car, cheerful with light and warmth, that carried us swiftly through the dark and starless night. But at Harrisburg they reversed our car, and sent us on our way to Philadelphia hind end foremost. We arrived there about sunrise, but the whole city seemed to be reversed; north was south, and south was north, east was west, and west was east. Houses that were familiar seemed to be on the wrong side of the street, and we always walked the wrong way to find them; even old familiar friends seemed to be out of place, though we met them at their homes. If the reader would have a realizing sense of our feelings, he must ride into a great city backwards. Whilst in this state of mind, we thought of our poor symbolic brethren in Philadelphia and pitied them. They are striving to get to heaven, and we have charity enough to believe and hope that even they will get there. But they will get there backwards. They have their faces directed not onward and upward with the forward march of the sacramental host of God, but backward and downward toward the dark ages. They are now laboring most zealously to turn the church back to doctrine, usage, discipline and government to what she was three hundred years ago in the sixteenth century. We apprehend that many things

will seem very strange and unnatural to them when they get to heaven.

A HAPPY MEETING.—How pleasant it is to meet familiar friends in a strange place! We had scarcely got within sight of the Union Hotel when brother E. from Selinsgrove espied us; he hastened across the street and welcomed us with a warm grasp of the hand; next we found br. W. also from Selinsgrove who gave us an equally warm reception. These brethren had started but a day before us. We met and pass each other at home almost daily, and exchange merely the usual formal salutations, but when we met unexpectedly in the city of "Brotherly Love," a sympathetic cord was struck in each heart, the tones of whose vibrations were deep and long. There too we met br. A. of Milton, and br. A. L. Koons, our Missionary to Denver City; all good American Lutherans, and for a short time we enjoyed a little Jubilee together. Thus it will also be in heaven, when friends and kindred meet in the City of the New Jerusalem, in the mansions of our heavenly Father's house.

A FRIENDLY CHAT We called upon a number of friends and acquaintances in Philadelphia and New York and would have called on more if time had allowed. We found Dr. Hutter and his estimable lady at home. They are actively engaged in building up the Redeemer's kingdom. Their labors are indeed incessant, both in the congregation and in the various charitable and religious institutions. Prominent among these is the "Northern Home for Friendless Children." We hope soon to receive the annual report of this noble institution, when we shall be able to give a more extended report of its salutary operations. We at one time entertained strong hopes that we should have the benefit of Mr. & Mrs. H's labors in Selinsgrove, but it seems they cannot well be spared from Philadelphia.

We also had a pleasant interview with Rev. Graeff. This brother, having become incapacitated by reason of ill health, from preaching the Gospel, entered into secular business, and has been blessed by God with abundant success. But unlike so many of our rich men, he amasses wealth, not for the purpose of hoarding it up, and using it for selfish objects, but for the glory of God. The praise of his benevolence is in all the churches, and he is still devising liberal things for Zion. He had just returned from a meeting of the stockholders of the "Lutheran Observer," at Harrisburg. He feels deeply interested in the regeneration of the Observer, and hopes this will be accomplished by its removal to Philadelphia and the changes which they have in contemplation. We wish them abundant success in this undertaking. They have taken hold of this thing with a commendable degree of energy; they pay \$10,000 for the subscription-list of the Observer, and propose to raise \$5000 more, for a working capital. Well, money is a great power in these days; they call it "They Almighty Dollar." But something more still is wanting to make a good church paper. They will need in the first place, *brain*, to make it intellectually attractive; secondly, *backbone*, that will not quail before a symbolist, and thirdly, *heart*, filled with an uncompromising love for the American Lutheran church. If they add these qualities to the \$15,000 stock, they will undoubtedly succeed, but if they lack one or all of them—if they are ashamed to be called American Lutherans, whilst they vainly strive to carry out what the name imports; if they temporize and compromise with the symbolists, recommending symbolic almanacs to our people, for instance, as was done a few weeks ago, then we predict for it an inglorious failure.

We must not omit a delightful evening which we spent with br. Wedekind, Metropolitan Bishop of New York. This brother is a warm and steadfast friend of our General Synod, and a staunch supporter of her institutions. The most absorbing topic of conversation was the German paper. Br. W. thinks we must by all means have a German church paper on the basis of the Gen. Synod. We think so too, but we are unwilling to carry it on any longer alone, for we will have our hands more than full in carrying on our enlarged weekly American Lutheran. We finally agreed upon a young man, intellectually and morally qualified for the post, being a man of extensive education, and a good writer both in German and English, and true to our Gen. Synod as the needle to the pole. This is the man for the post, we both exclaimed, and if his services can be obtained, the church should make some sacrifices, if necessary, to carry on the enterprise. Bro. W. promised to write to him on the subject, and in that event, we shall probably soon hear of the result.

OUR BUSINESS.—But we imagine the reader is growing impatient, and with a laudable curiosity beginning to inquire: What could have been the editor's business in Philadelphia and New York? Have a little patience, gentle reader, and "I will tell thee all." You see, we received letters from different directions, with the request that the American Lutheran should come every week, and that it ought to be enlarged, to enable us to give more church news. This we cannot do on the

press we have now; it is too small, and it won't print fast enough. We must therefore have a new and a larger press. We corresponded with the manufacturers, and traders in these machines, but could elicit nothing satisfactory. At length we resolved to go and see for ourselves. Like "the merchantman seeking for goodly pearls," we searched for a suitable press during three days; passing through the crowded streets and through filthy alleys, up stairs add down stairs, down into cellars, and up into garrets five stories high, until at length we found a goodly press, and resolved to buy it at a "great price." We have now come home, and will be obliged to sell all our 5-20's to buy that press,—and even they won't reach—we will need more assistance. You, dear reader, who know yourself to be in arrears, make haste to send in the money, and all of you, renew your subscription to the enlarged weekly American Lutheran for the year 1867.

## The Intolerance of Symbolism.

One of our Lutheran ministers, who has served the church faithfully for more than twenty years, writes to us as follows:

"I have just returned from a visit to C— where I formerly labored, and I thought I would try to do something for your paper and had some success. The congregation, since I left, have been under the influence of the Symbolists, and I was refused the use of the church. But the Wesleyan Methodists kindly gave us the use of their Chapel. A strong minority remain true to spiritual religion and would like to be served by a minister after their own heart."

The brother who writes this does not wish to have his name brought out before the public in this connection. We would, however, remark that the symbolist alluded to above, studied theology with the venerable Dr. Krauth, of Gettysburg. In consequence of a theological sumersault, in which Dr. Krauth, jr., no doubt assisted him very materially, this symbolic neophyte would now probably close his church doors against his aged and venerable preceptor!

This is, however, the spirit of symbolism wherever it is found. It goes upon the Romanizing principle that they alone are infallibly right, but everybody else is fundamentally wrong. It is the spirit of pharisaical pride and self-complacency, which affects to look down with supercilious contempt upon all, who do not utter the Shibboleth of their sect.

## The Eng. Luth. Almanac for 1867.

We have received a copy of the English Lutheran Almanac for 1867, published by T. N. Kurtz, of Baltimore, Md. It is very neatly gotten up and contains much valuable, and statistical information in reference to our church. Every Lutheran family should have one. Let pastors of churches supply their members with this almanac, before the customary trash in this line is imposed upon them. Besides the usual astronomical, or *Almanac matter proper*, it contains:

A Statistical View of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States, showing the number of Synods, Ministers, Churches, and Communicants, prepared with much care, from the latest official documents.

Lists of Periodical Publications, Literary and Theological Institutions, Colleges, Academies, Female Seminaries,—with the names of the Professors, Teachers, &c.;

The Benevolent Institutions of the Church, with the names of officers, &c.;

Officers of the General Synod, from its organization to the present time;

Deaths in the Lutheran Ministry during the past year;

A Complete list of the Religious Denominations in the United States, with the number of Churches, Ministers, and Members;

Ecclesiastical Statistics of Europe and America;

The usual amount of excellent *reading matter*; and last, though by no means the least, A Clerical Register, or list of names, with the P. O. address of all Lutheran Ministers in the United States, carefully corrected up to the 15th of October, 1866. This alone is worth the price of the Almanac, which is—

10 cents per copy, or  
90 cents per dozen, or  
\$1.00 per dozen, including postage, or  
\$10.00 per gross.

We respectfully, but earnestly, urge all our ministers and active laymen to aid in circulating this Church Almanac.

Send in your orders at once, brethren, and they shall be promptly attended to.

T. NEWTON KURTZ, Publisher,  
Baltimore, Md.

POWERFUL SUPPORT.—According to a telegraphic dispatch from Europe, Spain has announced its intention of upholding the temporal power of the Pope after the French forces leave Rome. This is important news, and must be very re-assuring to poor Pio Nono, dreading every moment the arrival of the Italian officers with a writ of ejection. Deserted by France and existing only at the mercy of the now powerful kingdom of Italy, which has the formidable force of Protestant Prussia at its back, the tottering temporality of the Papacy requires some more sturdy supporter than the decrepit fourth rate monarchy of Spain, itself threatened with internal dissension, and secure from foreign interference only on account of its uselessness to any other power.

There was a Spain once, whose uplifted arm could shake all Europe with apprehension, and on whose assistance the Papacy could rely with confident security, but it is not the Spain nominally ruled over by Isabella II., and actually governed by a handful of ambitious military men and priests.

Ev. Mess.

CLERICAL CHANGES.—Rev. A. R. Height of Tyrone, Pa., has accepted a call from the Luth. Church of Van Wert, Van Wert Co., Ohio, and requests all his correspondents to address him accordingly.

Rev. J. H. Rosenberg of Poestenkill, N. Y., has received and accepted a call from the Churchtown congregation; His address from this date will be: Claverack, Columbia County New York.

## REVENGE.

Two men in the south of Africa swore eternal hatred to each other. One of them found, one day, the little daughter of his enemy in the wood. He ran quickly to the young girl, cut off two of her fingers, and sent her home bleeding, whilst he, with brutal joy, shouted, "I have had my revenge!"

Years passed, and the little girl was grown up to a woman when, one day, poor grey-headed beggar came to her door, earnestly begging for food. The young woman recognized him immediately as being the same horrible man who had cut off her fingers when she was a child. She went into the cottage instantly, and desired her servant to bring him some bread and milk, as much as he wanted. She sat down near him, and watched him while he ate. When he had finished, and was ready to go, she pointed to her hand and said to him,—

"I, too, have had my revenge!"

The poor man was quite perplexed and confounded at this; for he did not know that that little girl had become a Christian, and had learnt the meaning of that sweet verse, the last in the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

Which revenge was the sweetest?

NEVER OUT OF GOD'S SIGHT.

If we should go into the deepest and darkest mine or cavern there is, away down in the earth, and shut ourselves up there, we should not be out of His sight. If we could glide down with the great fishes to the very bottom of the ocean and lie there, we should be as plainly in His sight as if we were in the open field or on the top of a mountain. In the darkest room of the house, and in the darkest hour of the night, He sees us as clearly as it were noon-day, and the sun were shining all about us. There is no place where He is not. He never sleeps. He is never absent, and He can never be diverted or deceived!

How wonderful! How dreadful! And yet if we love Him and try to please Him, how safe we must feel, and how happy it must make us to feel that He is never "far from each one of us"; for it is in Him we live and move and have our being."

INSANITY OF THE EMPRESS CHARLOTTA.—The report of the insanity of the Arch Duchess Carlotta, of Mexico, seems to be confirmed by the latest news from Europe. She is at Miranora. A correspondent writes that during her frequent interviews with the Pope she has given evidence of an exalted mysticism, and a feverish piety. She has repeatedly thrown herself at the feet of Pius the IXth and implored his protection against the snares with which she believed herself surrounded.

In short, the character of her insanity is to believe herself continually surrounded by enemies and traitors. She scarcely dares to touch any food which is offered her, as she imagines that even the persons of her suite desire to poison her. Her medical attendants still hope that repose and care will restore her reason.

THE NORTH POLE.—Two French gentlemen recently explored the Island of Spitzbergen in a manner never before done. They have measured the mountains, mapped the whole coast, examined the vegetable products the geological composition, &c., of the island. They found that the long day, extending over several months, during which the sun never sets, became intensely hot after a month or two by the unceasing heat from the sun. In this period vegetation springs up in great luxuriance. The North Pole is only a matter of 600 miles from the island, and it is thought by the two explorers, as by many others, that the Pole itself, and the sea which is supposed to surround it, could be reached from Spitzbergen without any great difficulties being encountered. A singular fact noticed by the explorers in connection with this island is the enormous quantities of floating timber which literally cover the waters of the bays and creeks. A careful examination of the character condition and kind of those floating logs would no doubt lead to a conclusion as to whence and how they came, and probably suggest new theories for the solution of geographical problems connected with the Arctic Sea.

## OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR.—ENLARGEMENT.—

That very popular young people's Magazine, "Clark's School Visitor," will be enlarged to double its present size, and otherwise materially improved with the beginning of the next volume in January. Its name then will also be changed to "Our Schoolday Visitor," a title, we think, more unique and beautiful. The Visitor is now about entering upon the eleventh year of its publication, and has richly merited the very liberal patronage it has everywhere received. Its contents are varied and interesting, containing just what our young people desire and demand—original first-class Stories, Sketches of Travel, Spicy Dialogues, excellent Music, Biographies of Great Men, Letters, Problems, Riddles, Puzzles, &c. Among its contributors for the coming year are some of the most eminent American writers and educators; and its pages will be embellished each month with original designs by our most cultivated artists. In short, we can expect a Journal as elevating in tone and elegant in appearance, as American talent and skill can produce. A department is especially set apart for the "Little Folks," and will be devoted and adapted to their years and interests. We bespeak for the new volume a glorious career, working and winning its way into the hearts of our young people everywhere. Now is the time to form clubs. Terms \$1.25 a year. To clubs, \$1.00 with handsome premiums. Specimen number, ten cents. Every new subscriber for 1867 whose name is sent in before the first of next December, will get the November and December numbers of this year free. Address J. W. DAUGHADAY, Publisher, 1308 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## AMERICAN ARTIST'S UNION!

AMERICAN ARTIST'S UNION!  
AMERICAN ARTIST'S UNION!

The AMERICAN ARTIST'S UNION [established 1854] announce that in order to extend the sale of the following well known and highly popular

## Steel Plate Engravings.

Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers for Am. 27 x 36 in  
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, 27 x 36  
Falstaff Mustering his Recruits, 25 x 30  
Shakespeare and his Friends, 27 x 31  
Cotton's Saturday Night, 23 x 28  
Village Blacksmith, 27 x 32  
Manifest Destiny, (Fortune Telling) 21 x 28  
The Massacre at Wyoming in 1776, 28 x 36  
Mount Vernon in the old time, or, Washington at 30 years of age 26 x 34  
The escape of Alastair MacDonald from the Massacre of Glencoe, 26 x 34  
The Madonna, 26 x 34

They have deemed expedient to offer them to their friends and the public at one dollar and fifty cents each, the price heretofore having been two dollars each, and for the purpose of stimulating the getting up of clubs, they have determined to award premiums to the getters up of the clubs, and in addition thereto to distribute amongst the subscribers the sum of \$50,000 in money and paintings as soon as the sale shall have reached 100,000 engravings. As it is our intention to advertise very extensively, and as the engravings are well known throughout the whole country, we have no doubt that with the low price we charge for them, and with the exertion which will be put forth by our numerous friends, the number will be reached in a short time. As soon as it is reached, the subscribers, through their Club Agents, will be notified by a circular letter from us, naming the time and method of distribution.

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For \$15 we will send 13 Eng. & 2 to the club agent.  
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" 30 " 25 " 6 " "  
" 35 " 30 " 7 " "  
" 50 " 50 " 10 " " Silver Watch.  
" 75 " 80 " 12 " " Silver Lever.  
" 100 " 100 " 15 " " Hunting Lever.

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" 5,000 " 5,000  
Five of 1,000 " 5,000  
Ten of 500 " 5,000  
Fifty of 100 " 5,000

One hundred elegant Oil Paintings, richly framed Landscapes, at \$100 each, 10,000  
Two hundred elegant Oil Paintings richly framed, Interior Views, at \$50 each, 10,000

\$50,000

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HYMNS.

WITH MUSIC OR TUNES ADAPTED TO THEM.

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A LIST OF REFERENCES to select portions of the Holy Scriptures, prepared with much care.

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Occasional and Special Prayers and Thanksgiving.

Prayers before and after Meals.

Prayers for Children.

Prayers for Little Children, in prose and verse.

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## Children's Department.

## ALPHABET PRAYER.

A mighty God, to thee I pray,  
Because thou'rt Lord of all;  
Consider kindly what I say,  
Direct me, lest I fall.

Enlarge my views of holy truth,  
For I am blind through sin;  
Guide me, my God, in early youth,  
Heaven's journey to begin.

I incline my heart to do thy will,  
I ehovah, Jesus, Lord;  
Keep me beneath thy spirit still,  
Lead me by thy own word.

Make me to love what's true and right,  
Nor wisdom's ways to shun;  
O, guard me e'er in faith's good fight,  
Preserve me till it's won.

Quicken me, Lord, when dangers lower,  
Rejoice my earnest cry;  
Support me in temptation's hour,  
Teach me, Lord, how to die.

Unlike the wicked, I would thy  
Vast mercies still implore;  
Where'er thy wishes they defy,  
X tend thy pardon more.

Youth, manhood, age, to thee we owe;  
Zeal, wisdom, love, on us bestow.

## "Nobody Taught Me to Pray."

A Clergyman called at one of our hospitals one morning, and, as was his custom, he stood in the doorway and prayed for the poor sufferers within. When he had finished, he saw a thin hand and arm in the far corner waving, and beckoning him to come there. So he went along and found a poor boy lying on a cot, very sick indeed. He spoke to him very tenderly, and asked him if he was a Christian.

"No," said the lad, "I am not a Christian."

"Can you read the Bible?"

"No, I can't read the Bible. Nobody ever taught me to read."

"Can you pray, my poor boy?"

"Nobody ever taught me to pray," said he, with great emotion.

"I will teach you a prayer," said the minister, and he repeated for him the Lord's prayer.

"Now," said he, "I want you to say that all over again." So the minister repeated it again.

"O dear," he said, as he lay back with a despairing sigh, "I never can remember all that."

"I will teach you a little prayer you can remember," said the minister: "Lord have mercy upon me, a sinner, for Jesus Christ's sake."

And then he went on to make the way of salvation as plain as he could to the mind of the poor untaught boy, and he seemed to lay hold of it with the eagerness of a drowning man.

He said to the clergyman as he was about leaving:

"O! I'd give five hundred million dollars, if I had them, if I could only read the Bible!"

Four days passed before the minister could come again, and then the little bed in the corner was vacant. Down in the room below lay all that was left of the poor soldier boy, waiting for his fellow soldiers to bear him to his grave.—*Young Reaper.*

## The Light House.

A light-house looks like a tall pillar rising out of the sea or built upon some high bluff. The top is a large lantern, where a bright light is kept burning all night, which is seen far out at sea; and it says to all ships and sailors sailing by, "Take care, take care!"—One is built on a ledge of rocks; its warning light says, "Give a wide berth to these sunken rocks." Another says, "Steer clear of this dangerous reef." Another, "Keep clear of this dangerous headland. If you come here you are lost."

There are many light-houses on the coast; how does a sailor know which is which? He sees a light glimmering through the darkness and the storm but where is it? Does it warn him off Cape Cod, or Cohasset rocks, or Boon island? He has a chart in the ship and that tells. A chart is a map of the coast with all its rocks and sand banks and light-houses put down, and every thing that a sailor ought to know in order to steer his ship safely across the ocean.

These are some of the helps which sailors have to keep them from being cast away and lost at sea; and if they faithfully consult them, and keep a good look-out, they are likely to ride out the storm and come safely into port.

Now you, my children, are out at sea. You are beginning a long voyage. You each have a little ship to steer. The sea is the great sea of life, and your ship is the little body which God has put your soul in, that by his help you may bring it by-and-by to him in safety and peace. God has given you a chart. It is the Bible. That tells you where you are, and how to go. All along are light houses, saying, "Take care, take care!" They all have names.

Here is one. What is it? *Swearing*.—What does the light say? "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Keep clear of that.

Inside here is another. What is it? *Lying*.—What does the light say? "Put away lying."—Speak ye every man truth with his neighbor. Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." Keep clear of that.

Another. What is it? *Anger*.—What does it say? "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry. Be angry and sin not. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Keep a good look-out?

There is another. What is it? *Intemperance*.—How many have been lost on this dangerous rock! In the pleasantest weather there is often most danger. What course does your chart tell you to take here? "Look not upon the wine when it is red." Do that, and you are safe.

Here is another. What is it? *Pride*. Let not your little ship ride on this dangerous swell; for what does the chart tell us? "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

You see my children, how rocks and ledges and whirlpools and dangers there are for you to avoid. I have told you about a few.

You need not be afraid. Only keep a good look-out, and steer your vessel by the chart which God has given you. Consult it often; become familiar with its instructions. Be sure that you are in the right channel—on the clear, open sea of truth. Watch the first appearance of danger. Go not too near a dangerous shore, or there may not be room to tack ship, and you are cast away before you know it. Read what your chart says: "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away.—*Child's Paper.*"

Water isn't a fashionable beverage for drinking your friend's health; but it's a capital one for drinking your own.

A man advertised for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that it will be profitable for the undertaker.

A colored cook, expecting company of her own color, had nothing that she thought good enough to set before them. Her mistress said, "Chloe, you must make an apology." "La! missus, how can I make it? I got no apples no eggs, no butter, no nuffin to make it with."

All the little vexations of life have their use as a part of our moral discipline. They afford the best trial of character. Many a man who could bow with resignation, if told that he was to die, is thrown off his guard and out of temper by the slightest opposition to his opinions or his projects.

MILITARY NOT CIVIL.—During the reign of the first Napoleon, when the arrogant soldiery affected to despise all civilians, whom they, in their barrack-room slang, termed "Pekins," Talleyrand, one day, asked a general officer, "What is the meaning of the word, Pekin?" "Oh," replied the general, "we call all those Pekins who are not military." "Exactly," said Talleyrand, "just as we call all people military who are not civil."

M. About, in a recent publication, says of an avaricious man that "it had been proved that, after having kindled his fire, he stuck a cork in the end of the bellows, to save the little wind that was left in them."

IDLENESS.—The Proverb tells us that idle persons can never find time for anything; and the reason is that they have always a huge bundle of arrears to engross their attention. They can do little or nothing because they are always intending to do a vast deal, or, more strictly speaking, because they have always a vast deal waiting to be done.

SHAKING HANDS?—It is a very old fashioned way of indicating friendship. We read in the Book of books that Jehu said to Jehonadab, "Is thy heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand." And it is not merely an old-fashioned custom. It is a natural one as well. It is the contact of sensitive and magnetic surfaces through which there is, in something more than merely a figurative sense, an interchange of feeling.

WHAT AGE TO MARRY.—"People about to marry," who wish to know the proper age, are referred to the following precedents: Adam and Eve, 0; Shakspeare, 18; Ben Johnson, 21; Franklin, 24; Mozart, 25; Dante, Kepler, Fuller, Johnson, Burke, Scott, 26; Tycho Brahe, Byron, Washington, Bonaparte, 27; Penn and Sterne, 28; Linnaeus and Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth, and Peel, 32; Wordsworth and Davy, 33; Sir William Jones and Wellington, 36; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; Old Parr, last time, 120. Bachelors and spinsters may find shelter under great names for either early or late marriages.

## TO THE BRETHREN OF THE SYNOD OF CENTRAL PENN'A.

BRETHREN:—As by vote of the "Junata Conference," of the Synod of Central Pennsylvania, it has been made my duty to call a "special meeting" of our Synod, to convene in Newport, Perry county, Pa., to transact important missionary business; and as by vote of the "Northern Conference" of our Synod it has also been made my duty to call a "special meeting" to investigate the case of br. D. W. Kinsel; now, therefore, I appoint the second Wednesday (14th) of November, as the time, and Newport, Perry county, as the place for said meeting.

As business of vital importance is to be transacted, we hope that all the brethren will be present.

First session to open at 2 P. M. Wednesday. A discourse on *Missions* on Wednesday evening, by Missionary President.

W. H. DIVEN,  
President of Synod.

Oct. 15th, 1866.

## AGENTS WANTED!

The undersigned wish to employ energetic Agents for a Book entitled "Worship for the Family and School-Room," in the following counties: Lycoming, Union, Northumberland, Juniata, Perry and Schuylkill. Agents can make from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per day. Write for circulars and terms.

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

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LEAVE WESTWARD.

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

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

Oct. '65.

## NORTHERN Central RAILWAY

WINTER SCHEDULE.

On and after Monday November 20, 1865, TRAINS NORTHWARD.

Leave Baltimore as follows:

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