

Silent Forces the Mightiest.

THE INVISIBLE GREATER THAN THE VISIBLE.

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES,
BY W. W. JAMES.

The most powerful of unseen forces are altogether silent in the natural exercise of their undisturbed power. We see no power in the silent putting forth of the bud and blossom, the still progress of the growing forest, the calm affinities and forces which make the world teem with life, usefulness, and beauty in the quiet and faithful shining of the bright old sun, and the noiseless travel of the worlds through the fields of ether. But let a meteor fly wildly through the skies, let a volcano increase its caldron of fire to burn the earth and paint the heavens, let the cloud send out its white-hot bolts, and seething flames, and we are startled and awe-struck in the presence of such powers. This is a false estimate. These are really only freaks of nature—disturbances in her forces—weaknesses which she exhibits sometimes in moments of disorder.

What is a flash of lightning compared to that silent operation of the electric agency, which clothes the whole earth with vegetation, and fills it with the teeming myriads of human beings with which every continent, island, and element swarms. There is more power in developing a flower than a flash of lightning. Man can produce the lightning but he cannot the flower. An eloquent writer says:—

"The prairies waving with wheat, and the forests studded with oaks, make no noise; and the electricity which roars in the thunder-pail is not a tithe so powerful as that which sleeps in the light, and holds the cups of a drop of water in their liquid poise. The world's estimate of power gives greater prominence to that which upheaves and causes disorder. The eruption of a volcano, to almost all minds, symbolizes more strength and grandeur than the silent swing and radiance of a planet. If there could be some splendid confusion produced amid the serenity of the present universal order: if some broad constellation should begin to play off from its lamps, volleys of Bengal lights, that should fall in many-colored sparks, and fiery serpents, down the spaces of the heavens; or if some blazing and piratical comet should butt and jostle the whole outworks of a system, and rush like a celestial fire-ship destroying order, and kindling the calm fleets that sail upon the infinite azure into a flame, how many thousands there are that would look up to the skies for the first time, with wonder and awe, and exclaim inwardly, 'Surely there is the finger of God!'"

They do not see anything surprising or subduing in the punctual rise and steady setting of the sun, and its imperial and boundless bounty; and yet there is fire enough in the sun to spout any quantity of flaming and fantastic jets. It could fill the whole space between Mercury and Neptune with brilliant pyrotechnics. But the great old sun is not selfish, and has no ambition for such tawdry glories. It reserves its fires, keeps them stored in its breast, spills over no sheets of flame from its huge caldron, but shoots still and steadily its clean white beams into the ether, that evoke powers from the bosom of every globe, and paint the far-off satellites of Uranus with silver beauty."

Thus silently sleep the unseen forces about us. So it is with the mental powers. That which is showy and noisy is weak and childish, and expends its power in exploding. Noise has no power; the thunder never kills. The spiritual force of mind is serenely calm and silently grand. The silent contemplations of a Newton, are a mightier symbol of power, than the brawlings of a thousand noisy politicians, or thundering religionists. There is more strength of friendship in the silent clasp of the hand and the noiseless pressure of the lip than in the most burning words the tongue can utter. And there is often more religion in the voiceless prayer of the heart, and the deed of charity unseen by the world, than countless prayers and psalms that shake the sanctuary, and alms that cause praises to flow from the tongues of men.

Durability and power everywhere belong to the realms of the Unseen; and there is reason to believe, that in every instance, unseen things are more real, enduring and powerful than the things which we behold: though calm and silent in the exercise of their natural missions. There is back of all this alluring, perishing sight-world, a realm of beauty and harmony, infinite and eternal, in which our invisible powers of love and thought, of memory and faith, are to live forever. The men we look upon are but the masked beings which are to be real and present to us in other spheres. The living men we do not see. The wheat of the human harvest is unseen; and so is the hidden germ that produces the flower of human beauty. Not for the *Seen*, but for the *Unseen*, should we labor, think and hope; one should augment the glory of the other.

The meaning of things is always behind them and invisible. A word and its meaning are two things. The word we see; its meaning we do not. A figure and its number are the substance and its representative. This rudimentary life we now live is a grand system of Algebra. We work by signs, and the *Seen* intimates the *Unseen*; so in Algebra the known represents the unknown. In life we seldom work out the problem. We see the sign, the representative, and ask not for the represented. Everything seen is equivalent to something unseen. The deep waters of everlasting truth are below us; their signs and symbols are flashing in the sky above us. We see the signs, but do not read the truths they represent. We walk by sight, and not by faith.

Things seen pass away; the visible man, his body dies; and hence, the unseen is the real man. It is the unseen that thinks, wills, loves, enjoys. It is the unseen that has strewed the world with the monuments of human power and written human history in blood and flame. The *Seen* is but the type of unseen realities in everything. The germ, the flower, and the bow, are passing beauties which flash on our sight; but they are but three bright words—hieroglyphics, written by in-

visible powers. They are short-lived, but not so the laws that made them; these laws are unseen, and doubtless eternal; we know that they exist for their visible productions tell us so. Other visible things are temporal also. The rock is an emblem of durability in our minds. Its mountain shaft strikes us like a petrified eternity. But it will pass away; the elements with their busy fingers, are carrying away its particles. The little rain-drops pick up and run away with its flinty atoms. The lightnings with their red banners, cleave off its masses. The winds gather up its powdered cement, and steal away unseen with its granitic burden. In a few hundred centuries the mountain is gone, but the everlasting laws of wind and water, and chemical action remain. Their unseen powers are fresh as in the morning of youth.

Back of the visible, lies in endless activity and permanency, the moving forces of creation. The magnificent pageantry of visible things, from microscopic to telescopic wonders, splendid and powerful as it is, after all, is in abeyance to the sacred, hidden force of the unseen world. There is power in the unseen. It is not the arm, but the will, that is strong. It is not the body, but the mind that performs great deeds. Authority is not in the great frame, but in the great soul. The command that millions obey comes not from the Sun, but the unseen man. The ambient unseen air, cognizable only by the sense of touch, is almost wholly removed from the senses, yet it holds in its invisible grasp, the storm god's desolating weapons. How it plows the earth, rends the forest, rolls the ocean up-tumbling hills, and shakes the mountain's solid base.

In this age of steam, we know something of its force. The million engines it is driving are thundering in the ears of the world the strong evidences of its power. Steam is invisible; the eye cannot detect it. In its unseen state it is mightier than ten thousand giants. Ribs of rock cannot hold it; hands of steel it snaps like gossamer. It is a giant unchained and unchainable. But in using its power it becomes visible, and the moment it is visible it is powerless. It wastes its power in making itself seen. Then comes *caloric*, more powerful than all below, holding material things subject to its mysterious but unseen agency. Etherial and nondescript, mathematical science stands aghast in attempting to compute its power. Even steam is the result of this principle.

In nature's unseen and invisible laboratory are coiled up from sight the undefinable powers of *Chemical affinity*; whose greatness and might are truly amazing. The shock of the earthquake, the belching fire and thunder of the volcano, and many of the most astounding phenomena in the vast workshop of nature, are the results of this unseen power. From the particle to the world lies the realm of its active agencies. The soda you drink, the soap you use, the medicine you take, the bread you eat, the lime and much of the material of which your bones are built; many of the most useful products, and beautiful and wonderful provisions of nature, we enjoy at the hands of this viewless power. Then, there is attraction, which holds the drop of water and the swinging world in its balance.

In the awful and mysterious power of electricity, we behold the realms of matter and spirit nearly approach each other,—if they do not meet. Its extent and mightiness seems to be almost limitless. It is no doubt the secret spring of animal and vegetable life, the balance-wheel of creation, the hidden wand by which mind, both finite and infinite, rules over the realms of matter. Electricity we cannot see, feel, or taste. In its ordinary movements, it is all beyond the region of sense, silent, still, and grand. At times, it is true, it becomes visible, but the moment it does, it loses its power. The moment we see the lightning's flash its force is wasted,—its visible appearance is but the flash of its eye in death.

The mind, is altogether and always invisible. Eye hath never beheld it; ear hath never heard it; hand hath never touched it; and it is back of and above all the senses; but oh, how powerful; materiality is its servant. Mineral, water, air, steam, caloric, chemical affinity, attraction, electricity, all do its bidding, perform its labor, obey its will. These servants of the mind make the busy earth tremble and hum with the din of their wheels and engines. These facts prove, conclusively, that power increases as we ascend from the material toward the spiritual, and that all power resides in the Invisible and the Silent.

An eminent writer, in regard to "The Silent Conflict of Life," says:

"A triumph in the field is a theme for poetry, for painting, for history, for all the best and aggrandizing agencies whose united tribute constitutes Fame; but there are victories won by men over themselves, more truly honorable to the conquerors than any that can be achieved in war. Of these silent successes we never hear. The battles in which they are obtained are fought in solitude and without help, save from above. The conflict is sometimes waged in the still watches of the night, and the struggle is often fearful. Honor to the man or woman who fights temptation, hatred, revenge, envy, selfishness, back to its last covert in the heart, and thence expels it forever. Although no outward show of honor accrues to the victors in these good fights, they have their reward—a higher one than fame can bestow. They come out of the combat self-ennobled."

We cannot better close this article on the Invisible and Silent agencies of the Universe, than by quoting the following beautiful language uttered by one of America's ablest orators.

"SILENCE IN NATURE.—It is remarkable that many of the most important changes and operations of nature are carried on in an unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods it with glory, as one bright wave after another falls from the fountain, millions of miles away. There is no heavy creaking of axles or groaning of cumbersome machinery, as the solid old earth every system performs its ceaseless revolutions. The great trees send forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flowers; but the whole transaction is unheeded. The change from snow and winter wind to the blossoms and fruits and sunshine of summer is observed in its slow develop-

ment, but there is no sound to tell of the mighty transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and unceasing voice, the roar of the hurricane and the soft notes of the breeze, and rushing of the mountain river, and the thunder of the black-browed storm: all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in upon the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest work of the universe is the most unobtrusive."

The Pulpit.

Negative Influence of the Pulpit.

There is a negative influence which the pulpit exerts, which is not always appreciated.—The importance of suppressing the vicious habits of men can be estimated only by the intrinsic turpitude of their vices, and the devastation and ruin which they spread over the world. It were no easy matter to calculate the vast sum of wretchedness suppressed, and misery prevented by the influence of the gospel. It is a thought of some interest, that the well springs of overt and public iniquity are broken up just in the measure in which the pulpit has power over minds of men. So absolutely is it at war with immorality and vice, that the vicious and immoral almost uniformly shun its instruction. Such persons are rarely found in the house of God. The atmosphere is one they cannot live in; and the honest, faithful preacher of the gospel, to his honor be it spoken, one whose presence and influence they cannot abide. Plant a pulpit in the hot-bed of crime, and the atmosphere becomes gradually more pure; the fearful activity of wickedness is restrained, and low vices and black crime skulk away and seek a shade under some deadly Upas, rather than regale themselves beneath the Tree of Life. Men are not found worshipping a golden image, or a block of marble, or a crawling reptile, in lands where the Christian pulpit has a place. Those depraved passions and stupid and degraded vices, everywhere the attendants on the debasing systems of idolatry, prevail only in lands where this divine institution is not known, or where it is just beginning to be recognized. If the land in which we dwell is not as debased as ancient Egypt, or Phoenicia, or Babylon, or modern India, and if our sacred rights are not such as to shock every mind that is touched with the least sense of decency and virtue, it is because the pulpit guards it by purer influences.

Who can tell the amount of wickedness which would be found in the various relations of human life, if the strong bonds of social organization were not interwoven with the uttered truths of God, and watched over and fortified by his ministers? Where would be the subordination of subjects to rulers, of children to their parents?—and what would become of those ties of affection and delicacy which now bind so many thousand hearts, and which keep Christian lands from presenting the most dreadful scenes of anarchy and confusion, of contention and hatred? How many terrible convulsions has the warning voice of the pulpit suppressed or restrained? Men would be well nigh fiends without it; spectacles of horror would be spread around them; their hand would be against every man, and every man's hand against them; the sword would be bathed in blood, and their history would be read in "mourning, lamentation and woe." And has the pulpit checked no licentiousness, imposed no restriction upon dissoluteness and profligacy, of manners, prevented no libertinism, and kept no unhappy female, and no reckless man, from going down to the chambers of death? Has it set no bounds to idleness and profligacy, to iniquity, dishonesty and fraud, to plunder and pillage? Has it not done more to keep men from this whole class of crimes than all the circumspection and vigilance of the civil law, and the strong arm of physical power? Has it made no liar tremble, no slanderer silent, no revengeful man peaceable, no deceiver ashamed, no compact sacred, no oath binding, no tribunal of justice more sure? Has it done nothing to repress that unhalloved spirit of covetousness which would gratify its unsatiable cravings by wrong doing: which would corrupt magistrates and legislators, and enrich itself by trading in the souls of men? Has ambition never covered before it?—and has it effected no diminution in the struggles and contests, the sufferings and sorrows, of mankind.—Dr. Spring.

Temperance.

Don't Buy the Bitters.

Before us is a Religious Journal having a "Bitters" advertised flamboyantly in a whole column, and the editor endorses and commends it, because the manufacturer asserts that it contains no alcohol. Yet, from a bottle of that same "Bitters" bought of one of its agents, we readily extracted 14 per cent of pure alcohol, without a close analysis. Common whiskey, by a similar incomplete analysis, yielded only 29 per cent. of pure alcohol. A bottle of material sold under the name of "Temperance Bitters," yielded 13 per cent of alcohol by the same treatment. A few years ago we gathered bottles of every kind of bitters we could find advertised and sold, and they every one yielded alcohol, the lowest 9 per cent., and the highest 27 per cent. The truth is, all these various "Bitters" so extensively advertised (to the amount of a million dollars a year) are cheap whiskey or gin, diluted with water and adulterated with a little bitter extract, some of them having a small quantity of Rhuibarb and other drugs added. The bitter principle extracted from Gentian root, Peruvian bark, etc., is sometimes useful in cases of weak digestion, or a debilitated state of the system, if properly taken under medical advice, and only used temporarily.—But the general use of these advertised bitters is doing an immense, and incalculable injury, not only by being wrongly taken and begetting a necessity for regular stimulants, but they are creating and extending an appetite for other alcoholic liquors, which promises to make us a nation of drunkards. A person buys a bottle, takes a little, is stimulated by the alcohol, and what of bitters they contain, and temporarily "feels better." He continues the use,

increases the dose when the reaction occurs, and usually falls into drinking habits.

A gentleman recently informed us that he counted 127 bottles in his attic which had been emptied of one kind of bitters by his now invalid wife, and other members of the family, during four years past. For a while they seemed to help her, but later she had experienced unpleasant effects from the large doses required to keep her up, and she was now depending upon Bourbon Whiskey.—The stimulating effect of the alcoholic bitters when first used, led her to dismiss her physician. She is now looking forward to the grave near at hand; her physician, called back too late, gives no hope of life. "Do," said our friend, "do expose these worse than humming birds. My children, accustomed to the daily use of some of 'mother's bitters,' are now always sick, if not given some frequent stimulants." That friend is a wealthy merchant of this city, and the bitters were first introduced into his household by a glaring advertisement in his favorite religious journal.

We assert positively that all the "Bitters" advertised contain a considerable percentage of alcohol; they would not "keep" without it. Their constant use is always detrimental and dangerous; their use at all is of doubtful utility; they are cheaply made and sold at an enormous profit; and no one should countenance their sale, or assist their manufacturers in humbugging the ignorant, by ever purchasing a single bottle. If a temporary tonic is needed, and it should only be temporary, get a reliable physician to prescribe it, and the extent of its use. His bill, and that of the druggist, will be far cheaper and more effective, and infinitely safer than the trial of anything of secret composition, put up in bottles, and sold by specious advertisements.—Am. Agriculturist.

A Segar House.

A few weeks since we were spending a day at one of the many beautiful homes that stud the shores of the East River, and after admiring its location—commanding a magnificent view of the waters of the Long Island Sound—its immediate surroundings and the air of neatness and comfort as well as beauty that pervaded the house and grounds, our host made some remark which led us to ask him for the history of the place. The house is a three-story double mansion, having a wide lawn in front well shaded with trees, some of them rare in this country, with four or five acres of good land in the rear well stocked with fruit trees of various kinds. It would bring in the market to-day about three times the amount named in the following account of its purchase, which was handed to us by the writer, Mr. L. P. Hubbard, Financial Agent of the American Seaman's Friend Society, and the happy possessor of the home referred to. It was first published in the Sailor's Magazine.

SMOKING AGAIN.

I noticed your problem on "Segar Smoking" in the *Life Boat* for June, but as I am an "old boy," I will not undertake to solve it, but will give you a little of my experience. I began to chew at the age of twelve. It made me very sick, but I was determined to "fight it out on that line," and soon got so that I enjoyed my quid. A few years later I commenced smoking. The habit grew upon me till I was smoking a large portion of the time except when at school. At length I united with the Church under the ministry of Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D. D. Very soon the question arose whether it was right for a professor of religion to indulge in such a filthy and disgusting habit as chewing tobacco, and I was not long in deciding that it was not, and abandoned it, though it cost me a severe struggle; for weeks after I would involuntarily feel in the corners of my vest pocket for any little crumbs that might have lodged there, but I at last conquered, I still, however, enjoyed the segar.

Just at this time I met a friend who was studying for the ministry. I was puffing away at the segar as usual, when he looked up with a countenance that I shall never forget, and said, "Brother H., I don't look well to see a member of the Church smoking." You are right, said I, and taking the segar from my mouth, I threw it into the gutter. A third of a century has rolled away but that was the last segar I ever smoked. I was emancipated from a slavery worse than Egyptian bondage.

I then commenced saving the money that I had been so long squandering for tobacco, and I will close by telling the boys what I did with it, and I think they will see that it is neither wise nor expedient to commence the expensive, demoralizing habit of smoking or chewing tobacco. I deposited my money in that excellent institution, the Seamen's Bank for Savings, and it was astonishing to see how the interest increased the amount.

We had long lived in the city; but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life, from their annual visits to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. There were over two acres of garden, with shade and fruit trees, and a view of the Long Island Sound.—The segar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to \$6,500, a sufficient sum to purchase the place and it is mine.

I wish the boys, who read the *Life Boat*, could see how the children enjoy their home, as they watch the great steamers, and the vessels with their white sails, as they course along the Sound. It was a special wonder when they saw the Great Eastern pass on her way to Europe. Just before or after a storm we hear very distinctly the roar of old ocean. There is wonderful power and majesty in that distant sound. It is then that we think of the perils of the sea, and lift up our hearts to God for his protecting care of the sailors. Nor are the children less interested in the cow and colts, chickens, pigeons, rabbits, &c. They enjoy their plays and sports on the green grass, which gives them health and happiness. Here the battle field, after years of absence, crowned with victory.

Now, boys, you must take your choice, smoking without a home—or a home without smoking.

THE EMPEROR OF THOUGHT.—It is a glorious consolation, through the space of our earthly existence, that *thought*—the sublime emanation of the soul—*never dies!* Through its right hand servitor—that mental reservoir of futurity, (the Printing Press)—it sends its ever increasing—ever renewing, electrical life-currents to throbb in the great human mechanism of the living world.

In foreign lands, on Africa's plain
O'er Asian mountains borne;
The vigor of the *Thinker's* brain,
Shall nerve the world around.

Miscellaneous.

For the American Lutheran.
"LUTHERAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL"
HERALD.

As the last number of the *Seventh* Volume of this pictorial monthly publication for the young of the Church is now mailed, we remind all our dear patrons and friends throughout the Church that this is the time to subscribe for the *Eighth* Volume. Will all please act immediately? Let old subscriptions be at once renewed, and new ones be sent in without delay. It is also hoped that former subscribers will increase their orders. Almost any one could, by taking some pains, add to the number formerly taken. Even the children, as well as their parents, teachers, superintendents and pastors, will work.

The *HERALD* has had a large and steadily growing circulation from its commencement. It has gone into all parts of the Church. It has been hailed, far and wide, with a most hearty welcome. Multiplied assurances have come to hand that it was doing much good. With these facts before us, we advance to the work of another year. Every effort of the past, to make the paper attractive and instructive to the dear children of our Church, shall be continued; and we hope, by the advantage of a seven-years' experience, to give increasing interest and value to this publication.

1 copy, one year, in advance,	25 cts.
6 copies,	\$1.25
10 "	2.00
25 "	3.75
50 "	7.50
75 "	11.25
100 "	12.00

All orders, remittances, and inquiries connected with the business department, must be addressed to Mr. T. L. SCHMACK, Lutheran Publication House, No. 42 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. All letters relating to the Editorship must be addressed to

M. Sheeleigh,
Stewartsville,
Warren Co., N. J.

REPORT OF THE IOWA LUTHERAN COLLEGE, UP TO NOV. 14TH, 1866.

Whole amount Subscribed from 1st April to middle of Nov.	\$ 2632.50.
Cash receipts—Whole amount	" 842.75.
Travelling and Stationary	" 209.03.
Salary of Agent at \$75.00 per month, 7 1/2 months	" 562.50.
Total cost of Agency	" 771.53.
Leaving a balance in favor of the Institution arising from Agency of	\$ 1857.97.
Besides the foregoing we have real estate in Albion to the amount of	275.00.
This, added to the amount due the Institution by subscription	\$2142.97.
This report includes the Albion subscription of class & stock.	281.00.
This has already been applied, and is therefore to be deducted from the \$2142.97, to ascertain the amount of remaining funds still available, which amounts to	\$ 1861.97.
Thus far the report is a statement of facts for which the undersigned can vouch.	
The following is an approximate estimate of the present state of the funds of the Institution.	
The entire indebtedness of the Inst.	\$ 2700.00.
I think will not exceed	
Deducting our available funds will leave a balance against the Inst. of	" 838.03.
The incidental expenses of the present year have necessarily been larger than they will be for years to come.	
Such as the travelling and moving expenses of Dr. L. Stenberg & family.	\$500.00.
Repairs and improvements of the College property	" 900.00.
Travelling expenses in time and money of the Executive Committee	" 200.00.
Total	" 1600.00.
It was understood on the part of the Executive Committee, that the congregation at Albion, should pay a part of the Dr.'s moving expenses, and it is but just that they pay at least of the five hundred	\$ 200.00.
This would leave the actual indebtedness of the Institution about	" 638.03.
It may be of some importance to the friends of the Institution, to have an estimate of its probable income and working under careful and economical supervision.	
From all the facts I have been able to gather I will venture the following statement:	
Average attendance of pupils	60.
Average amount of tuition each pupil per year	\$ 28.00.
Yielding an income of	\$ 1680.00.
There are 5 rooms to let in the building each can accommodate 4 persons at the rate of \$4.00 per month each room	" 200.00.
Total	\$ 1880.00.
With a little effort the music department can be made to yield	100.00.
which makes a total income of	\$ 1980.00.
This building has ample room besides for the residence of the President and family. Allowing then two teachers for 60 scholars	
Giving the Principal	\$ 1000.00.
" " Assistant	" 600.00.
For teaching force	\$ 1600.00.
Incidentals	300.00.
Total	\$ 1900.00.
Leaving a balance in favor of the Institution of	\$ 80.00.
Again, if the congregations at Albion & Marshalltown will co-operate with the Institution, and receive their pastoral supplies from the Teachers they can easily raise a support of which added to the College income viz. \$1980.00 would make	\$ 2680.00.
This would employ two good men at a salary of one thousand each and retain to the Institution a balance of	\$ 680.00.

It is confidently believed by the Agent, that if he had not been called upon by the force of circumstances, over which he had no control, to make several trips to Albion, on business connected with, and involving the interests of the Institution, that at least three hundred dollars would have been secured &c. at this time.

Owing to the distressed state of things connected with the church in this western country, and the loss of confidence, to a great extent, in the public mind, previous to our taking charge of the College all of which had to be restored, before an Agent could be efficient; it is obvious that the Agency has done remarkably well. E. Fair, Agent.

For the American Lutheran.
"LUTHERAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL"
HERALD.

As the last number of the *Seventh* Volume of this pictorial monthly publication for the young of the Church is now mailed, we remind all our dear patrons and friends throughout the Church that this is the time to subscribe for the *Eighth* Volume. Will all please act immediately? Let old subscriptions be at once renewed, and new ones be sent in without delay. It is also hoped that former subscribers will increase their orders. Almost any one could, by taking some pains, add to the number formerly taken. Even the children, as well as their parents, teachers, superintendents and pastors, will work.

The *HERALD* has had a large and steadily growing circulation from its commencement. It has gone into all parts of the Church. It has been hailed, far and wide, with a most hearty welcome. Multiplied assurances have come to hand that it was doing much good. With these facts before us, we advance to the work of another year. Every effort of the past, to make the paper attractive and instructive to the dear children of our Church, shall be continued; and we hope, by the advantage of a seven-years' experience, to give increasing interest and value to this publication.

1 copy, one year, in advance, 25 cts.
6 copies, \$1.25
10 " 2.00
25 " 3.75
50 " 7.50
75 " 11.25
100 " 12.00

All orders, remittances, and inquiries connected with the business department, must be addressed to Mr. T. L. SCHMACK, Lutheran Publication House, No. 42 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. All letters relating to the Editorship must be addressed to

For the American Lutheran.

QUESTIONS FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The Sunday School at Millington, Pa., have adopted a system of proposing questions in order to promote the study of the scriptures, which we think is very good, and which could no doubt be imitated with great advantage by other schools. The following communication from the secretary of the school will sufficiently explain the plan. We should be glad to hear from brother Weidman again:—

Millin, Dec. 5th, 1866.

Bro. ANSTADT—The teachers of our Sabbath school have assigned to them lessons from the Bible, which they are expected to have prepared at the close of each quarter. The object of these lessons is to awaken an interest in the study of the sacred Scriptures.

The lesson for the last quarter was to find the number of occurrences which required the space of forty days. With result as follows:—

Mrs. E. Kingsley, 18 Times. Mrs. M. Kirk 19 Times. Mrs. R. Copeland 21 Times. Miss K. Mingle 21 Times. Miss S. Houck 7 Times. Miss S. Littlefield 9 Times. Mr. J. Kirk 21 Times. Mr. S. Batesholtz 21 Times.

The whole number of times found is as follows: Gen. 7, 4, 7, 12, 7, 17, 8, 6, 50, 3. Exodus 24, 18, 34, 28. Numbers 43, 25, 14, 34. Deut. 9, 9, 11, 9, 18, 9, 25, 10, 10, 1st Sam. 17, 16, 1st Kings 19, 8. Ezekiel 4, 6. Jonah 3, 4. Math. 4, 2. Mark 1, 13. Luke 4, 2. Acts 1, 3. Being in all 22 times.

On examining these events many of them have occurred by direct interposition of Divine Power. Is it not remarkable that so many should occur, covering the exact space of forty days? Is there not a significance connected with it, more than the occurrence simply? Who can tell?

A. H. Weidman, Secy.

AMERICAN PUSEYISM.

American Puseyism is getting bold. In July Bishop Potter with clergy from three dioceses took part in the reception, in St. Luke's Church New York, of a young lady (Sister Agnes) into "the sisterhood of St. Mary the Virgin." The ceremonies were quite Romish; they "robed," they "chanted," they stood, and knelt; they formed the perfect arch; they shut out the world and fancied in the sister; they joined hands, and they shook hands." The New York World says:—

"A tumult arose in the Church. That tumult ended in a general denunciation which had St. Mary for its patron. The clergy who had prayed at St. Luke's altar that 'Sister Agnes' the seventh and last member of the society, might be able to fulfill the Christian obligations she had voluntarily imposed upon herself were met by members of the congregations, who demanded from them an explanation of the novel services which, they believed, were introduced to consecrate an Episcopal woman to a life of Catholic celibacy. In vain did the ministers allude to the veneration of the apostles, the temporary character of the vows made by the Sisterhood of St. Mary. Their arguments were repudiated as the offspring of the theology of the Vatican, and they were left by the disappointed inquirers to meditate on the affrontary displayed by the laity when they suppose their clergy have introduced an innovation in their church. It is a significant fact that some of the young lady members of St. Luke's Church were the first to question the orthodoxy of the services which introduced temporary celibacy among their sex. At a recent picnic of an Episcopal Sunday School, one of the young ladies who witnessed the ceremonies denounced them and the new sisterhood before a minister whom she knew had taken the hand of Sister Agnes to cheer her in her isolated work."

RIPE BREAD.—Bread made of wheat flour when taken out of the oven, is unprepared for the stomach. It should go through a change, or ripen, before it is eaten. Young persons in the enjoyment of vigorous health, may eat bread immediately after being baked without any sensible injury from it; but weakly and aged persons can not; and none can eat such without doing harm to their digestive organs. Bread, after being baked, goes through a change similar to the change in newly brewed beer, or newly churned butter milk, neither being healthy until after the change. During the change in bread it sends off a large portion of carbon or unhealthy gas, and imbibes a large portion of oxygen or healthy gas. Bread has, according to the computation of physicians, one fifth more nutriment in it when ripe than when just out of the oven. It not only has more nutriment, but imparts a much greater degree of cheerfulness. He that eats old, ripe bread, will have a much greater flow of animal spirits than he would were he to eat unripe bread. Bread, as before observed, discharges carbon and imbibes oxygen. One thing in connection with this thought should be particularly noticed by all housewives. It is, to let the bread ripen where it can inhale the oxygen in a pure state. Bread will always taste of the air that surrounds it while ripening, hence it should ripen where the air is pure. It should never ripen in a cellar, nor in a close cupboard, nor in a bedroom. The noxious vapors of cellar or cupboard never should enter into and form a part of the bread we eat. Bread that is several days old may be renewed so as to have all the freshness and lightness of new bread, by simply putting it into a common steamer over the fire, and steaming it half or three quarters of an hour.—The vessel under the steamer containing the water should not be more than half full, otherwise the water may boil up into the steamer, and wet the bread. After the bread is thus steamed, it should be taken out of the steamer and wrapped loosely in a cloth, to dry and cool and remain so a short time, when it will be ready to be cut and used. It will then be like cold new bread.—American Farmer.

Faithful and Wise.

The following anecdote of Richard Weaver, the well-known evangelist of England, is a striking illustration of what tact and faithfulness can do in winning souls:—

In a railway carriage a man was swearing terribly. The guard, knowing Richard's habit of speaking to every one, whispered to him, "Better let him alone; he is so violent that he would strike you if his passions were raised."

Richard got close to him and said, "Give me your hand, my friend." He then whispered in his ear, "Why are you calling on my father?" "I know nothing of your father," answered the swearer.

"I'll tell you his name and character," said Richard, and then he repeated the text, "God so loved the world," etc., and enlarged upon it. As if struck by a sudden conviction, the man answered, "These were the last words my mother said to me



