

Poetry.

Another Year.

One by one life's sands are flowing,
One by one its moments fall;
Stir, as swift they're coming, going,
Grasping each to save them all.

One by one life's duties wait there:
With thy strength each one fulfill;
Let not idle dreams date there;
Live for God, thy rule his will.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joy is sent thee here below;
Take them thankfully when given;
Murmur not when each may go.

One by one life's griefs shall meet thee;
Shrink not—they're not armed bad;
Each shall fail ere others reach thee—
Shadows passing o'er the land.

Every hour that passes slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Bright shall be thy crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Soon thy years forever ended,
Thou before thy Judge shalt stand;
So improve them that they'll bear thee
Safe to joys at God's right hand.

LEADING UPWARD.

I heard, afar off in the distance,
A melody new to my ears,
A blending of joy and of sadness,
A wail as of death, a song as of gladness,
That thrilled me, that filled me with tears.

And the child on my bosom heard also
Those angelic strains wafted down,
And she smiled as one smiles at a parting;
A tremor—*—utter—*—a dawning—
O God! my angel had flown.

And now when my heart is overshadowed,
And sadly I'm sitting alone,
The song is around and above me,
But sweeter, more hopeful and lovely,
For it brings me safe to my home.
—Hours at Home.

Biographical.

The Story of Martin Luther.

LUTHER'S CHILDHOOD.

MARTIN LUTHER was born at Eisleben, a town in Upper Saxony, on the 10th of November, 1483, at nine o'clock at night, being St. Martin's Eve, which made his parents call him Martin.

His father was John Luther, or Luder, which in the German language signifies a refiner of metals. His mother's name was Margarete Lindemann. Though poor, Martin's parents were very industrious; John was a wood cutter, and his wife often helped him in his laborious employment, by carrying the wood home on her back.

When Martin was six months old, his parents left Eisleben, and removed to Mansfeld, a town about five miles distant. The iron mines at Mansfeld were then much celebrated, and John thought that if he could obtain employment in them, he might be able to earn more for the support of his family than by the occupation of a wood-cutter. Those who have ever visited coal-mines, or salt-mines can understand something of the occupation of John Luther, when he became a miner in the town of Mansfeld.

While his father was working in the mines, little Martin amused himself playing in the pleasant fields and by the pretty river near the town. At this time he was too young to go to school, but probably his mother taught him at home, for she was a very good mother and people used to say it would be well for all children if they had mothers like Margarete, the mother of Martin Luther.

John and his wife continued very poor for a long time after they came to Mansfeld. God often chooses those of whom the world does not think much, for some great and good work. How little did people think, when they saw John hard at work in the mines, that his son, who was running about the fields, probably without shoes or stockings, should be a great and good man; that God would highly honor him, teaching him by his Holy Spirit to know more about himself and the Lord Jesus Christ more about the Bible, than all the learned and rich people in Germany! But so it came to pass, because it pleased God that it should be so.

We read in the Bible, "The soul of the diligent shall be made fat." (Prov. xiii. 4.) We are not then surprised to find that God so blessed the honest industry of John, that he had been some time at Mansfeld, he had saved sufficient money to purchase two small furnaces for iron.

Some time after this, John Luther was made one of the Council of Mansfeld. He was delighted at this appointment, particularly as it brought him into the society of many very learned men, for he was very fond of reading, and greatly enjoyed the company of those who were much wiser than himself.

When these men dined with his father, Martin was allowed to remain in the room; this greatly pleased him, and he listened attentively to their conversation, and often said he would like to become a school-master when he became a man. As soon as Martin was old enough he was sent to school, where he was taught the Catechism, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; and he also learned a little Latin. Being a clever boy, he generally knew his lessons very well; but, like other children, he was sometimes very obstinate, and determined to go his own way instead of obeying his teachers. For this fault he was often very severely beaten both at home and at school. One day the poor boy was beaten fifteen times. When mentioning this fact long after, Luther said, "It is right to punish children, but at the same time we must love them."

Though his father and mother had often tried to teach him about God and the Lord Jesus Christ, yet, when Martin was sent to

school, he had no real love for Christ. Nothing can turn a sinner's heart to Christ but the Holy Spirit, which shows us how sinful we are, and then teaches us the joyful news that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Oh, how earnestly should we pray to God for this blessed Spirit, to lead us to Jesus to have our sins washed away in his precious blood!

When Martin was fourteen years old, his father took him from the school in Mansfeld, and sent him to a better one at Magdeburg, a town not very far off. John Reinecke, a friend of whom he was very fond, accompanied him to this new school. They were not happy at Magdeburg; they had scarcely enough to eat, and no friends to help them. Poor boys, what could they do? They were obliged to go about the streets and beg for bread, crying, "Bread for the love of God." How thankful should they be who can pursue their studies without such suffering and privation! Many of the Vandoeis youth in these days have to suffer hardships like those of Luther. Their parents are too poor to pay for their support at the public grammar-school. And often some of these poor boys, in their anxiety to learn, are willing to live on a few dried chestnuts sent down from the mountains, or a scanty meal of broth earned by working, out of school-hours, for some peasant near, while their sleeping room is sometimes a deserted hut or stall, in which several of them crowd together for warmth, and this in an Alpine winter.

One day, about Christmas, Martin and some of his school-fellows were, as usual, begging a little food. As they went along they sang about the infant Jesus who was born at Bethlehem. Cold and hungry, they stopped at the door of a peasant's cottage, hoping that some kind person hearing their voices would come out and give them something to eat. Soon they heard a man with a harsh voice calling, "Where are you, boys?" Away they ran, quite terrified, but the man followed them, and bid them stop; for though his voice was rough his heart was kind, and he brought them some bread to eat, which they may be sure, they gratefully received.

After Martin had been a year at Magdeburg, his father removed him to a grammar-school at Eisenach, a pretty, picturesque town in Prussia. As John had several relations living there, he hoped they would help to support his son; but they took no notice of him, so he was obliged to beg at Eisenach as he had done at Magdeburg.

How sad this was; how sorrowful must the poor boy have felt when he went out to beg for food in a strange place, and instead of bread, received harsh, unkind words!

But the gracious God, who feeds the young ravens when they cry for food, did not forget the friendless boy. One day, after begging for three hours without getting anything, he was returning to his lodging, and weak from hunger, not having eaten a morsel all day, he stopped on his way home at a door to rest, little expecting that any one would show him pity. Many very sad thoughts came into his mind, which brought tears again and again to his eyes. Must he leave school, give up his books which he so loved, and return to his parents, because he could get no food? While these thoughts passed through his mind, suddenly the cottage door opened, and a woman appeared who spoke kindly to him, brought him into the house, and gave him bread to eat. Who could she be? and what made her pity the stranger at her door? She was the wife of Conrad Cotta, the burgo-master or chief magistrate of the city; her name was Ursula. She did not know Martin, but she had often heard his sweet voice singing hymns, and had remarked how attentive he appeared in church. This drew her heart towards him; besides, she had children of her own, which made her feel the more for him when she saw how pale and thin he was, and the hard, unkind words by which people turned him from their doors.

When Conrad came home, he was much pleased to find that his wife had acted so kindly; and he sent for Martin and took him to live with him. Martin was very happy with these good people, and he was so obliging to every one, that he was beloved by all who knew him. He now made great progress in his studies; he also learned to play on the flute and the violin, and wrote some beautiful hymns and psalms. We know that the music of the Hundredth Psalm, and also that usually called "Luther's Hymn" were composed by him; perhaps while in the quiet happy home of Conrad Cotta and his wife Ursula. He never forgot the kind hospitality of these friends, and many years afterwards he had an opportunity of proving his gratitude by showing kindness to their son, who came to study at Wittenberg, when he was a very learned teacher there.

Although that part of Luther's life which we have been considering was one of much trial and suffering, yet he often said that God had made it a season of profit and blessing to his soul; it taught him to be patient, and to feel compassion for those in trouble, remembering how it had cheered him to be pitied and comforted when he was a poor boy begging his bread. Thus he felt the truth of those words, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." (Lam. iii. 27.) And of St. Paul's words, "Though no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, yet afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." (Heb. xii. 11)

The House committee of ways and means have commenced the revision of the Internal Revenue Laws, and will conclude their labors during the session, so as to report a bill when Congress reassembles in January, it is believed that the fast taxation will be materially reduced on many articles and possibly also on cotton.

Temperance.

The Rewards of Drunkenness.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a Drunkard; for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

If you seek to prevent your friends raising you in the world, be a Drunkard; for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a Drunkard; and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the endeavors of the whole human race to raise you to character, credit, and prosperity, be a Drunkard; and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a Drunkard; and you will soon be ragged and penniless.

If you wish to starve your family, be a Drunkard; for that will consume the means of their support.

If you will be imposed on by knaves, be a Drunkard; for that will make their task easy.

If you would wish to be robbed, be a Drunkard; which will enable the thief to do it with more safety.

If you wish to blunt your senses, be a Drunkard; and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a Drunkard; and you will soon lose your understanding.

If you wish to unfit yourself for rational intercourse, be a Drunkard; for that will accomplish your purpose.

If you resolve to kill yourself, be a Drunkard; that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you would expose both your folly and secrets, be a Drunkard; and they will soon be made known.

If you think you are too strong, be a Drunkard; and you will soon be subdued by so powerful an enemy.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a Drunkard; and it will vanish uselessly.

If you would have no resource when past labor but a workhouse, be a Drunkard; and you will be unable to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all comfort from your house, be a Drunkard; and you will do it effectually.

If you would be always under strong suspicion, be a Drunkard; for, little as you think it, all agree that those who steal from themselves and families will rob others.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of shunning your creditors, be a Drunkard; and you will soon have reason to prefer the by-paths to the public streets.

If you would be a dead weight on the community, and "cumber the ground," be a Drunkard; for that will render you useless, helpless, burdensome, and expensive.

If you would be a nuisance, be a Drunkard; for the approach of a Drunkard is like that of a dunghill.

If you would be hated by your family and friends, be a Drunkard; and you will soon be more than disagreeable.

If you would be a pest to society, be a Drunkard; and you will be avoided as infections.

If you do not wish to have your faults reformed, continue to be a Drunkard; and you will not care for good advice.

If you would smash windows, break the peace, get your bones broken, tumble under carts and horses, and be locked up in watch-houses, be a Drunkard; and it will be strange if you do not succeed.

If you wish all your prospects in life to be clouded, be a Drunkard; and they will soon be dark enough.

If you would destroy your body be a Drunkard; drunkenness is the mother of disease.

If you mean to ruin your soul, be a Drunkard; that you may be excluded from heaven.

Finally, if you are determined to be utterly destroyed, in estate, body, and soul, be a Drunkard; and you will soon know that it is impossible to adopt a more effectual means to accomplish your end.

"All the crimes on earth," says Lord Bacon, "do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property as drunkenness."

Drunkenness expels reason—drowns the memory—defaces beauty—diminishes strength—inflames the blood—causes internal, external, and incurable wounds—is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse—the beggar's companion, the wife's woe, and children's sorrow—makes a strong man weak, and a wise man a fool. He is worse than a beast, and is a self-murderer, who drinks to others' good health, and robs himself of his own. He is worse than a beast, for no animal will willingly intoxicate itself; but a drunkard swallows his liquor, well knowing the condition to which it will reduce him, and that these draughts will deprive him of the use of his reason, and render him worse than a beast. By the effects of liquor his evil passions are freed from restraint; and, while in a state of intoxication, he commits actions which, when sober, he would have shuddered to have thought of. Many an evil deed has been done, many a murder has been committed, when those who did these things were intoxicated.

Tremble, then, if ever you taste the intoxicating draught. Reflect, before you put the cup to your lips. Remember that you are forming a habit which will lead on to the commission of every crime to which the propensities of your nature, rendered violent by indulgence, can urge you. Before you are aware, you may find yourself awaking from a fit of intoxication, guilty of offences against the laws of your country which will draw down just ven-

geance upon your head; abhorring yourself, and an abhorrence in the sight of God.

Drunkenness, persisted in, will assuredly destroy your soul and consign you to everlasting misery. Hear what the word of God declares.

"Awake, ye drunkards and weep." Joel 1: 5.

"Who hath we? who hath sorrow? who hath contention? who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine—at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Prov. 23: 29—32.

"Who unto them that rise up in the morning, that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night, till wine inflame them?" Isaiah, 5: 11.

"Who unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink?" Isaiah, 5: 22.

"The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: uncleanness, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Gal. 5: 19, 21.

These are awful declarations, and they will certainly be fulfilled upon him who continues to delight in drunkenness; he cannot enjoy the love of God, he will not be received into heaven.

Separate yourself, then, utterly from this ensnaring sin. "Touch not; taste not; handle not." IN ENTIRE ABSTINENCE is your only safety. This persevered in, you shall never fail. Wherever and however the temptation is presented, "avoid it—turn from it, and pass away." Turn also from every sin. "Commit your way unto the Lord," and he will "direct your paths." A glorious provision is made for your salvation, through the atoning blood of Christ. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John, 3: 16. Commit your soul and your all to him. He will guide you through life, enable you to vanquish every foe, and crown you with victory in heaven.

"Rhubarb Wine."

I stumble occasionally upon the poor dupes of "The Wine Plant" vender. I am getting to believe that there are a good many people whose parents did not die before they were born, and who delight in being swindled. Looking over the tables of wine, jellies, cakes &c., at the Morgan Co. Fair, I saw a little labelled "Rhubarb Wine." That whole-souled gentleman, Mr. Goltra, had manipulated me into school. Bah!

A farmer and his wife came along, looked at the label, and proceeded to tell a companion that they had made wine out of the rhubarb, but last spring an "agent came along with 'wine-plants' for sale, which he said would make vastly more and better wine than any grape ever raised; and he showed the certificates of medical men endorsing its medicinal virtues and proclaiming its extraordinary healthfulness as a beverage.

"So the fools are not all dead yet!" I ejaculated mentally.

"But this is 'wine plant' wine, my good friend," I said, pointing to this bottle of rhubarb juice and dirty brown sugar.

"That is rhubarb wine, sir," said the farmer loftily.

"What is the difference?"

"Why one is made from the rhubarb, and the other is made from the wine plant."

"What is the difference between the rhubarb and the wine plant?"

"I don't know," responded the farmer.

"Nor does any one else, sir; the 'wine plant' you purchased may have been the rhubarb growing in your neighbor's garden, and identical with your own."

"Now I think of it, Sarah, it looks like rhubarb. I minded it had just such a leaf."

"Why, sir," and he began to show the mad in his eye as the perception of his gullibility dawned upon him, "I paid three dollars a root, and I'm bound I got sold the more I think on it."

"Did he sell you a recipe for making the wine too?"

"Yes; I paid him five dollars for that."

"Did you? And he told you it was a secret, and pledged you not to impart it to any one else?"

"Yes, sir; that's how it was."

"You were directed to add a third of water and three to four pounds of loaf sugar to the gallon, and let it ferment?"

"That's about it, stranger."

"You and your wife are church members, and do not believe in drinking intoxicating drinks, I suppose?"

"You are right again, sir; I will not have spurious liquors in my house."

"This agent said this wine was perfectly harmless, and would not intoxicate, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much of it have you got?"

"We made about two barrels this season, altogether. The plants grew right smart. We manured them well."

"Then you've got two barrels of as vile liquor in your cellar as you can find in any whiskey shop, sir?"

"Wh—what? liquor in my cellar?"

"Yes, sir, certainly. And you and your wife, your children, and your pastor, and brethren and sisters in the church, can get drunk on it just about as quick as if it were whiskey."—COR. CHICAGO REPUBLICAN.

Post Master General Randall favors the scheme of constructing and working the telegraph lines as part of the Postal facilities of the country. There is an evident disposition in Congress to take charge of the wires.

From the Templar's Banner. An Exciting Scene. WHICH OCCURRED IN THE YEAR 1842.

I give the following facts as substantially related by a credible witness. A great experience meeting was held one evening, in a church, where the speakers were, as usual, to be reformed drunkards. An estimable woman, whom I will call Alice, was induced to attend.

When the meeting was somewhat advanced, a late member of Congress arose, with apparent sadness and hesitation, spoke as follows:

"Though I had consented, at your urgent solicitation, to address this assembly to-night," he said, "yet I have felt so great a reluctance in doing so, that it has been with the utmost difficulty, I could drag myself forward. As to relating my experience, that I do not think I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall. I could wish that ten years of my life were blotted out." He paused a moment much affected, and then added in a firmer voice, "something must be said of my own case, or I shall fail to make that impression on your minds which I wish to produce. Your speaker once stood among the members of the bar."

Nay, more than that, he occupied a seat in Congress, for two congressional periods. And more than that," he continued, his voice sinking into a tone of deep emotion, "once had a tenderly loved wife and two sweet children."

"But all these honors, all these blessings had departed from him. He was unworthy to retain them. His constituents threw him off because he had debased himself, and disgraced them. And more than all, she who had loved him devotedly, the mother of his two babes, was forced to abandon him, and seek an asylum in her father's house—and why?"

"Could I become so changed in a few short years? What power was there so to debase me, that my fellow beings scorned, and even the beloved wife of my bosom turned away, heart-stricken from me? Alas my friends, it was a mad indulgence in intoxicating drinks. But for this I were an honorable and useful representative in the halls of legislation, and blessed with a home, and wife and children. But I have not told you all. After my wife separated from me. I sank rapidly. A state of sobriety brought too many troubled thoughts; I drank more deeply, and was rarely, if ever, free from the bewildering effects of partial intoxication. At last I became so abandoned, that my wife, urged by her friends, no doubt, filed an application for a divorce, and as cause could readily be shown why it should be granted, a separation was legally declared; and to complete my disgrace, at the congressional canvass, I was left off the ticket, as unfit to represent the district."

"When I heard of this new movement, the great temperance cause, I at first sneered, then wondered, listened at last, and finally threw myself on the great wave that was rolling onward, in hope of being carried by it far out of the reach of danger. I did not hope with a vain hope. It did for me what I could not have expected. It set me once more on my feet, once more made a man of me."

"A year of sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession, and fervent prayer to Him, who alone gives strength in every good resolution, has restored to me much that I had lost; but not all—not the richest treasure that I had proved myself unworthy to retain; not my wife and children. Between myself and them the law has laid its stern and impassable interdiction. I have no longer a wife—no longer children; though my heart goes toward these dearly beloved ones with the tenderest yearnings. Pictures of our earliest days of wedded love are ever lingering in my imagination. I dream of the sweet fireside circle; I see ever before me the placid face of my Alice, as her eyes looked into my own, with intelligent confidence; the music of her voice is ever sounding in my ears."

Here the speaker's emotions overcame him; his utterance became choked, and he stood silent with bowed head and trembling limbs. The dense mass of people were hushed into an oppressive stillness, that was broken here and there by half-stifled sobs.

At this moment there was a movement in the crowd. A single female figure, before whom every one seemed instinctively to give way, was seen passing up the aisle. This was not seen by the speaker until she had come nearly to the front of the platform, on which he stood. Then the moment caught his ear, and his eyes that instant fell upon Alice, who by the kindness of those near her, was conducted to his side. The whole audience, thrilled by the scene, were upon their feet, and bending forward, when the speaker extended his arms, and Alice threw herself upon his bosom.

An aged minister then came forward and separated them.

"No," said the reformed congressman, "you can not take her away from me!"

"Heaven forbid that I should," replied the minister, "but by your confession she is not your wife."

"No she is not," returned the speaker mournfully.

"But is ready to take her vows again," modestly said Alice, in a low voice smiling through her tears.

Before that large assembly, all standing, and with few dry eyes, the marriage ceremony was again performed, that gave the speaker and Alice to each other. As the minister, an aged man, with thin, white locks, completed the marriage-rite, he laid his hands on the heads of the two he had joined in holy bonds, and lifting up his streaming eyes, he said in a solemn voice: "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder!" "Amen."

was cried by the whole assembly as with a single voice.

HUMANITAS.

OLD BOURBON.—"Old Bourbon has its uses," is the refrain of a Bacchanalian song now in vogue, in which the praises of the wine of the corn are sung to a gay measure. But what is old Bourbon? Those who tittle or take by the square glass think they are drinking a liquor distilled from Kentucky corn. It is a pity to destroy so pleasing an illusion, but it is well to know that a very fine quality of "old Bourbon" is now manufactured, the component parts and proportions of which are: Forty gallons common whiskey, thirty gallons water, five gallons of Guinea pepper, one quart tincture of kellytort, two ounces acetate ether, one and a half gallons strong tea, with pulverized charcoal and ground rice to improve the flavor, the body and the translucent quality of the liquor. Is it any wonder that a man with a glass or two of that infernal decoction in his stomach setting the brain on fire, should be seized with the Malay mania to run a muck and stab or shoot his best friend if he comes in his way? Considering the extensive sale and use of these diabolical compounds the wonder is anybody can absorb the smallest dram, and retain his senses, or restrain himself from killing somebody.

Miscellaneous.

Reading Bad Books.

Reading seems to be a part of the business of life; everybody reads; not only the business man in his counting room, but the workman at home; the carman, or hackman, on his stand; the boy as he walks the street. And so the people absorb much, both bad and good.

There may be such a thing as too much reading; and an hour spent in a circulating library would tempt one to think so. For instance, one man says: "I have from two to three thousand subscribers, and for many of them the novels do not come out fast enough. We have, at least, two a week, and they read all the old books they can get and devour the new ones."

You see them come in—young girls, pale and sickly; women in middle life, who ought to have the work of life to do; old women, who should have come to more serious things; all crying out for something new, "something exciting." And on Saturday, two books. Alas! is this the way in which the Sabbath is to be spent?

Such reading is dissipation, and the appetite grows by that it feeds on, line that for any stimulant, opium, tobacco, or something stronger. Habits are easily formed, and stimulants are hard taskmasters. I looked at some of these readers, young girls, who wanted hard, vigorous exercise, and who should have been helped to a hard-worked mother at home; married women, who neglected daily duties and slighted daily cares for this hurtful indulgence; some men, who ought to have something better to do; and older people, whose time and whose example and wisdom were wanted for the work of life.

Dr. Ray traces many cases of insanity to this pernicious reading; the unnatural and undue excitement of the imagination, of the feelings and of the passions, the weakening of the mind, and also of the body, by the hours of weak self-indulgent indulgence.

Suppose we are careful as to our companions, and yet careless as to our books. With certain persons we would not associate; we should fear their influence upon us; but with the same persons, in books, we spend hours and days, and think it no harm. They are "true to nature," are they? So much the worse; the more natural the more dangerous. You read the record and the deeds of a profane man; your thoughts take the same tone, and an oath is much nearer your lips. You read of the daily and hourly drinking of some of Dickens's men, for instance; and brandy and water, or a rum-punch, become very familiar and innocent drinks; you read of those whose words verge on impurity, and your own thoughts are stained.

Should we never read these things? Nay, I do not decide. But if we make these people our associates, we shall surely be influenced by them. Some men, good men, go to a den of evil to look on and see for themselves what the evil is. But if they should sit down with those men, drink of their drink, smoke their cigars, breathe their atmosphere and handle their cards, they would not come out pure from the contact.

It is a question whether it is wise for young people to associate with those in books whom they could not associate with in daily life. Whether parents should trust their children with those in books whose influence, as living men and women, they would shun, for their children, as contaminating. This might limit our reading somewhat; but there are books enough, and fewer books better read would be much more profitable—may in the end, please, for the mind would grow.

Let us look to it, and neither be afraid of being "straight-laced," or too particular, but decide whether it is not better and safer to choose our books as we choose our companions. The net that was cast into the sea gathered of every kind, but he who caught them did not eat them all; some he kept and "threw the bad away."—N. Y. Observer.

The Poetry of the Bible.

The following beautiful passage from Lamar-tine's *Cours de Littérature* is quoted in the Introduction to the Studies in the Psalms, by Rev. Plummer.

"The last Psalm ends with a chorus to the praise of God, in which the poet calls on all people, instruments of sacred music, all the elements, and all the stars to join. Sublime finale of an opera of sixty years sung by the shepherd, the hero, the king, and the old man! In this closing Psalm we see the almost inarticulate enthusiasm of the lyric poet; so rapidly do the words press on his lips, floating upwards towards God their source, like the smoke of a great fire of the soul vaulted by the tempest! Here we see David, or rather the human heart itself, with all its God-given notes of grief, joy, tears, and adoration—poetry sanctified to its highest expression; a vase of perfume broken on the steps of the temple, and shedding abroad its odor from the heart of David to the heart of all humanity!—Hebrew, Christian, or even Mohammedan, every religion, every complaint, every prayer has taken from this vase, shed on the heights of Jerusalem, wherewith to give forth their accents."

Th little shepherd has become the master of the sacred choir of the Universe. There is not a

TERMS:

IF PAID IN ADVANCE, \$2.00
AFTER THREE MONTHS, 2.50

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements to a limited amount will be inserted at the following rates:
A square of ten lines or less, one insertion, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, .50
One square for three months, 4.00
" six months, 6.00
" one year, 10.00
One quarter of a column, one year, 75.00
" half " " 100.00
" column, one year, 150.0

For the American Lutheran.
Who is Old or New Lutheran?

Without any introduction, I will proceed to what I have to say on the above question. That there are two tribes, or parties of Lutherans in the Church, has become a fixed fact. One is called the Old, and the other the New; or the Gen. Synod party, and the anti Gen. Synod. Now, which is the old or the new Lutheran? Now, I maintain, that the party which, in its doctrines, customs, and practices, most closely resembles the doctrines, customs, and practices of the founders of American Lutheranism, must be the old, and the opposite the new party. To ascertain this we must look at the course pursued by the patriarchs of our church in this country.

1. They were the friends and advocates of experimental piety. One of them says: "I told him (a convicted deist), he must persevere in prayer, through every difficulty, until he obtained lasting peace of mind," and when Dr. Helmutz preached his funeral, he gave an interesting account of his conversion, &c. The same writer speaking of a colored woman says: "She appeared to be a friend of true religion, and to possess an experimental acquaintance with it." Other instances might be cited, but these must suffice for the present.

2. They were the friends of genuine revivals of religion. On this subject, Dr. Helmutz says: "As to the spiritual condition of our church, there is at present an unusually blessed state of revival. Old, dead sinners have been brought to life, and weeping, cried out for mercy. Sinners whom I had often regarded as hopeless, were powerfully wrought upon, and many of them truly converted to God. How greatly has my despondent mind been cheered, and my sluggish heart roused, especially during the past weeks. I published a communion season, and in order that I might have an opportunity to probe the hearts of my dear people, I gave them an invitation to call on me from eight to twelve o'clock, A. M., every day for two weeks. I thus had an opportunity to converse with each one separately, and to learn the extent and depth of this revival in many souls, by which the labors of these fourteen days were equally sweetened." Again, Dr. Kunze says: "Among the young in this place, a fire has been kindled, which to the mutual joy of my colleague, Dr. Helmutz and myself, has been burning upwards of a year."

3. They were the friends of social prayer meetings. "A prayer meeting was commenced in Philadelphia, by Muhlenberg himself, and continued until the time of Dr. Helmutz." Another was sustained in Lancaster, conducted by the lay members alone, of which Dr. Helmutz gives the following account: "Those who had learned to know the truth, met on two or three evenings of the week, at different places, for the purpose of singing, praying, reading a chapter of the Bible, and also of Arndt's True Christianity. These meetings were several times disturbed by wicked men, both young and old, by standing around the windows listening, and sometimes by casting stones against the doors for the purpose of exciting those within to resistance. They reviled them publicly on the streets, stigmatizing them as pietists, hypocrites, &c." "My conduct," adds Dr. Helmutz, "has often given offense, in as much as I would not, and could not, discourage such meetings. On the contrary, I loved them, and praised them, both publicly and privately, with suitable cautions against their abuse." Here, then, we have a plain exhibit of the views, feelings and practices of the fathers in regard to experimental religion, revivals, and prayer meetings, given by themselves.

After the death of these patriarchs of the church, these views and practices were gradually changing, and finally entirely ignored. Instead of that vital, active, and experimental piety advocated by them, a cold and dead formality succeeded. This state of things continued till near the organization of the Gen. Synod, when a few bold and noble-hearted men, imbued with the spirit of the fathers, boldly stepped forth and resolved to revive the spirit of true piety and revival, and by the grace of God, to save the church from the withering influence of lifeless formality. But, as may be supposed, these holy men met with determined opposition, and were stigmatized with the epithets of fanatics, enthusiasts, new measures, and kindred misnomers. But, thank God, they had nerve and grace sufficient to weather the storm and triumph over all opposition. Some of these moral heroes are still living to behold the glorious conquests the church has gained, under God through their instrumentality. Because these men sought to revive the practices of the fathers of the Lutheran Church, and bring it back to its original standing, they were branded as "New Lutherans." By this name all the friends of the Gen. Synod are called in certain quarters. But let us look for a moment at the views, feelings, and practices of these, and see whether they accord with those of Muhlenberg, Helmutz, Kunze, Kurtz and others.

The Gen. Synod at its last meeting placed itself on the unaltered Augsburg Confession, which characterizes it as of the "simon pure" Lutheran order. The friends of the General Synod insist on a radical change of heart, and an experimental acquaintance with, true religion. They love, advocate, and labor to promote genuine religion. They establish and hold prayer meetings, and encourage their members to conduct and hold them in the absence of their pastors. Now all these things the founders of our church in this country loved, praised and advocated, if not in the same mode, yet the principle was the same. Why, then, in the face of all these facts, are the friends of the Gen. Synod termed "New Lutherans"? In my judgment, these are the only pure "old Lutherans" known, while their opponents are of quite a different complexion.

The opponents of the Gen. Synod are forever hankering after changes and innovations. They are seeking to introduce "into their churches crosses, wax candles, images, gowns, responses, and, may be, all the other popish paraphernalia of ancient and modern times. They regard a strict observance of forms and ceremonies as the maximum standard of true piety, and seldom, if ever, insist on a radical change of heart. To be baptized, catechized,

and confirmed, is the whole of conversion insisted on by these formalists. They ignore and oppose revivals and ransack their whole vocabulary to find epithets sufficiently strong and hateful, with which to stigmatize the friends and advocates of genuine revivals. They oppose social prayer meetings where more than the preacher prays, and will not permit their members to hold any in their absence. They very seldom encourage their members to seek religion and to engage in public prayer. I have one of these men in my mind's eye, who told me personally, that he had more trouble with his members who pray than with all the rest. Those men wanted prayer meetings to which he would not submit unless he could be present.

To conclude, have not the friends of the Gen. Synod, the Bible, the Catechism, the examples of the patriarchs of the Lutheran church, and reason on their side? Can they not claim the distinction of "Lutherans dyed in the wool"?

Again, if the seceders from the Gen. Synod, organize a new Gen. Synod, what will, or can they call it but the "New Gen. Synod." Wont they be "new Lutherans"? That of most recent date, must certainly be the youngest, and hence the newest. Let all compare the actions of both the friends and foes of the Gen. Synod, with the examples of the founders of the American Lutheran Church, and I have no doubt that all will agree with me in saying that the former are the "old," and the latter the "new Lutherans." Observe, too, the tendency of both wings of the Lutheran church. The Gen. Synod party seeks to lead men to heaven through repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, while the other endeavors to do this through forms and ceremonies. May the good Lord preserve us from the blighting, withering curse of dead formalism, which is attempted to be foisted on the Lutheran church.

SIGMA.

For the American Lutheran.
NORTHERN CONFERENCE OF THE
SYNOD OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

According to previous appointment Conference met in the Lutheran church of Laurelton, Rev. D. Kloss' charge, in Union Co., Pa., on the evening of the 20th of December 1866. In the absence of the President, Rev. D. Sell preached the opening sermon, from Rom. 8: 9.

On Friday 2 P. M. Conference was opened with singing and prayer. The roll was called, and absentees noted. The following brethren were elected as officers for the ensuing year. For President, Rev. J. G. Anspach; for Secretary, Rev. W. L. Heister; for Treasurer, Rev. D. Sell.

Some of the brethren of Conference reported on the state of religion in their respective charges. These reports were, in some respects, encouraging. There were no special meetings reported, as the brethren have not commenced their special efforts yet. We hope, however, all will be able to report glorious works of grace, at our next meeting.

Rev. A. C. Felker, of the Miami Synod, was received as an advisory member of Conference.

On Saturday morning an essay was read by Rev. J. M. Anspach, and after some considerable discussion, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

RESOLVED, That we have heard with pleasure and satisfaction the essay on the question,—"Is sinless perfection attainable in this life."

RESOLVED, That we heartily endorse the sentiments expressed in the essay, namely, that sinless perfection is not attainable in this life.

Rev. D. Sell, missionary President, gave a verbal statement of our missionary operations. The following resolution was passed. RESOLVED, that each member of this Conference be requested to take up one missionary collection in each of his congregations, every three months for the missionary funds of this Conference. Brethren please remember the above resolution. Rev. Daniel Kloss was appointed to deliver the missionary address at the next meeting.

The following subject was chosen for the next meeting of Conference. "What is the best method of developing the true spirit of church love among church members?" Rev. Dr. Ziegler was appointed essayist.

Rev. L. K. Seier was appointed to preach at Bellefonte once during the interval of Conference, and Rev. Dr. Ziegler is requested to send one of the students of the Missionary Institute to preach at Lock Haven on Sabbath Feb. 2nd 1867.

Inasmuch as many of the brethren absent themselves from the meetings of conference on trivial excuses, the following resolution was passed. RESOLVED, That though we have excused several brethren at this Conference for absence, yet be it now resolved, that henceforth no brother be excused for any other than providential reasons, as sickness or death in his family, or funerals of members. We hope and pray that all the members of Conference knowing themselves to be delinquent will take notice of this resolution and hereafter endeavor if possible to be present at all the meetings. Brethren, you are not only injuring yourselves by staying away from the meetings of Conference without a justifiable excuse, but you are injuring the church in whose midst Conference meets, and the cause of Christ in General. May the Lord help us all to be faithful.

The following charges are still vacant, within our bounds: Aaronsburg, Bellefonte, and Lock Haven English Mission.

The word of God was faithfully preached during Conference, and on Sabbath morning the Lord's Supper was celebrated.

Conference adjourned to meet at Bellefonte Centre Co. Pa., in March 1867.

W. L. Heister, Sec.

Salona, Dec. 28. 1866.

BARNUM.—The voters of Fairfield, Conn., knowing P. T. Barnum's fondness for a practical joke, have paid him off in his own coin, by electing him to an office known in New England as *Hog-Hogward*, the business is to drive stray hogs to pounds, and to keep them out of the road.

For the American Lutheran.
Housebreaking.

Dear Bro. Anstadt,

During my necessary absence from home on New Year's day, a large portion of the members of the Lutheran congregation of Pinegrove Mills, and a number from other denominations, forcibly broke into my house, and took complete possession, as if they were lords of the manor. But instead of pilfering and carrying away my property, as is the common practice of housebreakers, they carried quite a large assortment of useful articles into it. Among these were wood, oats and corn, bedstead, quilt, muslin, several dresses, vest, towels, turkeys, and chickens, pigs, dried and canned fruit, sugar and coffee, vinegar, and many other articles too numerous to mention, and capped the climax by presenting my better half with a purse containing nearly thirty-five (35) dollars in greenbacks. The whole affair was admirably planned both as to secrecy and effect, and nobly executed. A more happy, genial, and merry set of raiders I have never seen. I don't know which was the happier. I believe that the donors were as happy as the recipients of this substantial token of their esteem.

Next day we made a kind of inventory of the good things deposited on our premises, and found them to amount at a low valuation, to about one hundred and sixty (160) dollars. All this from a congregation numbering only about 120 members. In my reply to a neat presentation speech, I could not find language sufficient to give expression to my gratitude for this disinterested manifestation of kindness and good will. May the bountiful giver of all good abundantly reward these dear people with all spiritual and temporal blessings in this life, and a crown of glory in the life to come. It is indeed encouraging, yea, a great pleasure, to minister to such a people in holy things. May God make me more worthy of them. May the Lord dispose the hearts of others to go and do likewise, it will make them and their pastor happy. Such is at least my experience.

Yours &c.

Pinegrove Mills, Jan. 2nd 1867.

For the American Lutheran.
Tipton, Cedar Co., Iowa.

Tipton is the Capital of Cedar Co. A very pleasant and prosperous town, in one of the best counties of the State of Iowa.

Preparations are making to construct a road through this place North and South. This will be a decided advantage.

Rev. D. S. Altman is the pastor of the Lutheran church of Tipton. I was very happy to visit this people. Amongst them I found a number of old acquaintances, such as the Schmuckers, Smiths, Baums, &c., and made the acquaintance of many very interesting people.

I was much impressed with the energy, and good practical sense of the members of this congregation. The gospel was preached every evening from the 12th to the 20th, when services gave way for a festival and fair, which had been in process of preparation by the good Ladies of the congregation; during this time, for the benefit of the congregation.

This proved to be a grand success. Their Treasurer was the recipient of upwards of \$200, making a net profit of \$200 with which they mean to sink their debt on a beautiful, and very convenient parsonage. I have seen many fairs and festivals, but have not seen any done up with much better style and taste than this. It is an assurance of success when such Ladies undertake any thing.

Bro. Altman is doing a good work there. Only 8 months since he located there and has added 26 members. Of this number 7 were from Dr. Sihler's church of the Missouri Synod. Our good Bro. has a very fine field of usefulness before him, and he seems deeply interested in occupying it for the glory of God. The good friends there will please accept my kindest regards for their many tokens of friendship.

If there are any Lutherans disposed to emigrate West I would advise them to call and see Tipton. They have a neat church, good pastor and people.

Yours,

For the American Lutheran.
FRIEND, WHERE ART THOU?

Man is either a mere mortal or he is immortal. The Christian Religion is either true or false. If man be immortal and the Christian Religion be true—which few are so simple as to deny—it becomes a question of serious import, which we may, with propriety, propound to every individual: Friend, where art thou? Art thou on the road to rest, or on the way to ruin? It must be conceded that thousands are rapidly treading the rugged road to woe. They are not in the Sanctuary on the Sabbath; they are not in the Sabbath School; they are not in the Prayer Meeting. The affections of their hearts are not given to God and his cause, but are lavished upon the follies, frivolities and unsubstantial pleasures of the world.

Friend, a word in your ear. Where art thou? Whither dost thou tend? Where and how are thy Sabbaths spent? In the Sanctuary, in the service of God; or in the business and pleasures of the world? How does the goodness of thy heavenly father affect thee? Does he lead thee to repentance, or only serve to harden thee in sin? Where shall death leave thee and judgment find thee? Sinner, wilt thou continue to absent thyself from the church, still recklessly abuse or neglect the means of grace, and trample the mercies of God under thy feet, until death shall overtake thee unprepared for its issues, and usher thee into eternity unprepared for its bliss! "Reflect, thou hast a soul to save."

J. R. SIKES.

A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped, and exclaimed: "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance, wait till I get along piece, and then if I ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't before I get commenced, give me a chance."

For the American Lutheran.
DIXON, ILLINOIS.

Once more at the house of my old and well tried friend Rev. W. Uhl. I have left Iowa and an "en rout" east again. Not knowing when I would see the west again I thought it best to spend the Sabbath and Christmas amongst my old friends and former parishioners of this place. It was a happy thought. The renewing of the endearing relation between a pastor and people is one of the most profitable and pleasant of earth's scenes. I am pleased to see that our Dear Bro. Trimmer is enshrined in the hearts of this people, and is doing a good work for the glory of God.

But my object is not to pass a eulogy on this people. The absorbing thought was the Christmas tree on Christmas eve. This was a magnificent affair. The tree was about 20 feet high. Its branches laden with all kinds of presents for the children of the Sunday school. Every child was supplied with something. Free speeches, and good humor, and Western people only know how to use, was the order of the evening, whilst dealing out the presents. Some very valuable presents were made; nearly everybody who was connected with the school was remembered, and the warm hearts of my good old friends have kept my ears warm ever since, not by boxing them with their fists, but with furs, for which they will please accept my most hearty thanks.

Long may this people and to glorify God and do good. This school is under the Superintendence of Rev. E. Miller and Dr. J. G. Fleck.

For the American Lutheran.

Lutheran Sunday-School Herald.

It is hereby made known that all former announcements of terms for this Paper are withdrawn, and that the following are substituted for the year 1867. This is done with much reluctance, and only because it is found, by careful inquiry, that with all possible economy a continuance of former rates would involve the publication in debt. Those who pretend to publish are simply obliged to submit to the great cost to which paper and printing have advanced. While most publications of this kind raised their prices, one, two, and three years ago, the *HERALD* steadily maintained its old rates, in hope of a favorable turn in the cost of publishing. This hope having failed, no other course is left than that of raising our terms. We have availed ourselves of the mature wisdom gained by many other denominations who issue similar papers. After carefully comparing their terms, and adding their united experience to our own, we now present this new table of rates. We trust that all our dear friends will now make renewed efforts for their little pictorial paper, which has for seven years already gone forth over the Church from our Lutheran Publication Society, bearing blessings to hundreds of thousands. May the paper continue to increase in circulation, as it has done from its commencement!

TERMS

From 1 to 5 copies, per year, in advance,	25 cts.
From 6 to 9 "	25 "
From 10 to 24 "	24 "
From 25 to 49 "	20 "
From 50 to 74 "	18 "
From 75 to 99 "	16 "
From 100 upwards,	15 "

All letters containing orders for the Paper, or remittances of money, must be addressed to the Business Agent, Mr. T. L. Schrack, Lutheran Publication House, No. 42 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

M. Sheeleigh,
Stewartsville, N. J.,
December, 1866. Editor.

Miscellaneous.

The Unfortunate Widow.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

Benevolence is always sweet, but it is especially precious when it is unexpected. Very early one morning, a person of high rank was passing, alone, through one of the suburbs of Vienna, and without anything to indicate his character. He saw approach him a father under twelve years of age, who, with timid and dispirited voice, asked help. The air of gentleness about the boy, his dignified demeanor, the blush that suffused his face, the sorrow in his eyes, the voice hesitating, sobbing, broken, made a strong impression on the mind of this gentleman.

"You were not born," said he, "to ask alms; what is it that afflicts you so?"

"Ah!" said the boy, with a sigh and fresh tears, "I certainly was not born in this wretched state. The misfortunes that befall my father, and the unhappy condition to which my mother is reduced, has forced me to this."

"And who was your father?"

"He was a merchant, and had acquired a good reputation, and was in a fair way to build up a fortune. The failure of one of his correspondents ruined him at a single stroke. But our greatest calamity was, that, not being able to survive his disgrace, my father died in less than a month after, of a broken heart. My mother, a little brother, and myself, are left in the most extreme poverty. I had found shelter with a friend of my father. My mother has succeeded in sustaining herself and my little brother by her own labor. But last night she was suddenly attacked with a violent illness, and I am afraid she will not get well. I have nothing at all, not even a penny, and cannot help her. I am not accustomed to beg, and did not dare to present myself to any one that would recognize me. You, sir, seemed to be a stranger. In your presence I gained courage, for the first time, to conquer the shame that I felt."

Having said this, he burst into tears, at which the unknown gentleman felt himself greatly moved.

"How far from here does your mother live?"

"She is at the end of this street, in the last house at the left, on the third floor."

"And has no physician visited her yet?"

"I am just now going for one, but I have no money with which to pay him, and buy the medicine that he prescribes."

The stranger took a few florins from his purse, and handing them to him, said, "Run quickly and get a physician and come to her."

The boy, with the greatest simplicity, but at the same time with the most earnest expressions of a grateful heart, thanked him hastily, and ran off immediately.

In the mean time, the unknown personage, when he had gone a little way, resolved to go himself to visit the unhappy widow. Ascending the stairs, he entered a little room, where there was nothing but a few straw-bottomed chairs, a red and poorly veneered table, an old cupboard, a bed, on which the sick woman lay, and a little pallet along side of it. She was in great distress, and the little boy on the pallet cried. The mother was trying to comfort him, but she had too much need of comfort herself. The gentleman accosted her boldly, and commenced to ask questions, as if he were a physician. She answered briefly, as to symptoms, and then, with a sigh, she added:

"Ah! sir, the cause of my sickness lies too deep. The medical art has no remedy that will reach it. I am a mother, the mother of two unhappy sons. My misfortune and that of my sons has wounded my heart too deeply. Death alone can put an end to my sorrows; but I tremble for the desolation in which that will leave my poor boys." And, when her tears subsided, she explained to the supposed physician her misfortunes, which he affected not to have heard before; and this narration brought new tears to her eyes.

When she was done, he said, "Now you must not despair any more. Providence will not allow you to perish from want. I sympathize with you in your afflictions, but God will provide. Think how important it is to preserve a life that is so precious to your sons. Have you any paper?"

He found on a stand a leaf from a little book from which the little child of nearly seven years was trying to learn, near his mother's bed. After having written, he said: "This remedy will make you better; what you need for your entire recovery I will let you know hereafter, and I hope you will soon be well." Leaving the prescription on the table, he departed.

A few minutes later, the eldest son returned. "Dear mother," said he, "have courage, heaven has had pity on us. See the money that a generous stranger gave me this morning; it will last some days. I have been for a physician, and he will be here in a moment. Now, cheer up!"

"Ah! my son," said the mother, as she embraced him, "heaven helps those who do right. A physician, a stranger to me, has been here, and has but just left. See his prescription on the stand; go and get it filled."

The son took the paper and read it, and seemed perfectly stupefied. He looked at the heading, he read it over, and then he cried out:

"Oh! mother, see what this is!"

The mother, astonished and suspicious, took the paper, and read it hastily.

"O heaven! the emperor!" and she let the paper fall from her hands, and lay speechless and breathless. The paper was an order from his majesty, Joseph II., in which he directed liberal assistance to be given to the widow from his private treasury. The physician came just in time to revive the mother from the fainting fit into which the surprise had thrown her. He prescribed readily for the malady, that was principally occasioned by distress of mind.

The generous monarch, whom they overwhelmed with praises and benedictions, had the pleasure of giving health, and life, and happiness to an honest family oppressed with the severest misfortunes.—*Edward Eggleston.*

RITUALISM.—Bishop Melvaine, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Ohio, has written to the Western Episcopalian a scathing letter against the growing tendency to ritualism in his denomination. For some time past efforts have been making by the High Church party to introduce into the worship of the church those numerous ceremonies and manipulations in the use of which the same party in England is attempting to carry the church onward. Bishop Melvaine does not hesitate to call these efforts an attempt to revive Romanism. He further endeavors to make his meaning understood by using such easily comprehended words as "*abominations*," "*puerilities*," "*folies*," &c. We are happy to know that the distinguished Bishop of Ohio is disposed to stand up firmly for simple forms of worship, if indeed that can be called simple which restricts the worshiper to rigid formalities instead of allowing him that freedom in spiritual exercises which is so favorable to bringing the heart into a more living contact with the object of its worship.—*Telegraph.*

Edrons.—Many persons suppose that editing a newspaper is an easy task. An English writer appears to think differently. He says:

A good editor, or competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or a poet, born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists and writers of travels, have been tried, and nearly every one has failed. "I can," said the late editor of the London Times, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense." A good editor seldom writes much for his paper: he reads, judges, selects, dictates, alters, and combines, and to do all this well he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper is another.

"THE KINGS OF THE EARTH SHALL PRAISE THEE."—There are three native Christian kings residing at the seaports of the Gold Coast in Western Africa. At the last annual Wesleyan missionary meeting in aid of the Winnebago station, one of these, Henry Acquah, king of Winnebago, presided. In opening the meeting, he said, "I am not worthy to sit in such a holy place as this; but as both good and evil will meet before God at the last day, I am permitted to preside." During the same week the annual meeting at Annaboe was held, when the new Christian king presided. He had been crowned the previous week, when the Holy Bible was handed to him as a spiritual sword.

A letter from Bremen says the Hanoverians are very much dissatisfied with Prussian rule. Large numbers of them are on the way to America, and still more are expected to come.

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Sellingrove, Pa., January 3, 1867.

We send this number of our paper to a number of friends who are not yet subscribers, but who we hope, will become such when they see the American Lutheran. Those who positively do not wish to have the paper, will please notify us immediately. Those who do not thus notify us, will be regarded as subscribers.

The Third Volume.

With this number we begin the third volume of the American Lutheran, and expect to issue it regularly henceforth every week. We have had much trouble in setting up our new press and arranging our printing office. We are now however fairly fixed, and hope to be able to issue the paper promptly and regularly.

We now call upon our friends to make vigorous exertions to increase our subscription list, by sending in the names of new subscribers. For four subscribers, we send the fifth copy gratis.

We also most earnestly request all our subscribers to send in the money in advance according to the terms. After three months \$2.50 will be charged, whereas, if it is strictly paid in advance, only \$2.00 will be required.

A New Arrangement.

We have associated the Rev. C. Lepley with us in the publication of the American Lutheran. Bro. Lepley is extensively and favorably known in the church as a christian gentleman and a pleasant writer. All of our readers who are personally acquainted with him will rejoice to hear this news. In doctrines and measures we harmonize most perfectly, and we will both devote our united and undivided time and attention to the interests of the paper. He will for the present be mostly engaged in canvassing for subscribers and write for the paper as much as his time and circumstances will allow. We bespeak for him a hearty welcome and active co-operation in his work wherever he may go. Let all the friends of the American Lutheran take hold of the work in earnest, sending us lists of new, paying subscribers, and interesting communications and we promise them to make it one of the best papers in the world. In the following lines Bro. Lepley makes his bow to the reader:

An arrangement has just been effected between Bro. Anstadt and myself, by which we will hereafter conduct the American Lutheran as co-partners. I define no position. This can be clearly understood by the arrangement that has been made. All know the standpoint of this paper, and consequently know the work we have to do. To this work we mutually pledge the best efforts of our lives. Whatever ability we may possess, we will expend it in endeavoring to do good, and prevent evil.

We do not intend to enter the arena of personal conflict. This I abhor. We have a higher work to perform. Policy or side issues will be studiously avoided. Clear and outspoken enunciations of God's holy word, will be our aim, so far as we may be able to ascertain what it is. There is neither policy nor conservatism in the teachings of the word of God, where sin and the vital doctrines of religion are concerned. The truths of God are clear, distinctive, and decisive. They are consistent with themselves; men's views alone differ. God and his word are right, men who differ, alone are wrong.

It will be our aim to assist in harmonizing what can be harmonized. Where this cannot be perfectly effected, we will try to agree to disagree, and still, if possible, to recognize each other as Brethren in Christ Jesus. We wish to tolerate as we expect to be tolerated. Dogmatical assumptions and assertions, without proof, cannot be tolerated in religious formalism. The standard of right is the word of God. "If we speak not according to this, it is because there is no truth in us." Personal invectives, animosities, or scurrilous communications, cannot soil our sheet. We will deal with principles and truths, not so much with men.

Rev. C. Lepley will be willing to assist brethren in preaching, or holding protracted meetings, wherever there is a prospect of extending the circulation of the American Lutheran. Ministerial brethren desiring his assistance with this understanding will please write to us at Sellingrove.

C. Lepley.

The German Catholic Church paper of New York quotes with evident delight a passage from Brobst's Luth. Zeitschrift in praise of the gown. The writer says: "In the clerical gown, which covers and excludes every thing from the head to the feet that belongs to fashion, change, error and sin, and leaves only the face open through which the spirit of God speaks, we find wrapped up the promise of the Lord: 'It is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your father that speaks through you.'"

The writer further states that during the time of the French Infidelity the gown shrunk up to a narrow stripe down the back, and the bibs became so small that they appeared no larger than two hazelnuts, and could be distinguished at a distance only by means of a magnifying glass, on which account the writer thinks, it was no wonder that a preacher got so far removed from the Urim and Thummim, that on Maundy Thursday he preached on the benefits of feeding cattle "on green grass."

From this it appears that the gown covers a multitude of sins, ugliness and deformity. For instance an American Lutheran minister when he goes to the house of God and ascends the pulpit could not do otherwise than appear in decent clothes and clean linen, but a symbolist may be dirty and ragged and it will not be seen, the gown covers and hides all. Yea he may even be an immoral man, but as soon as he puts the gown on all his sins are covered and the Spirit of God speaks through his

mouth. Is not this a magical power inherent in the gown. We would suggest several things to Brobst and the gown men in general.

1. You should never let your gowns shrink to the dimensions of a narrow stripe on the back, nor let your bibs dwindle down to the size of a hazelnut, but make broad your phylacteries and enlarge the borders of your gowns, otherwise you might lose your Urim and Thummim.

2. We would suggest to the gown men that as they are introducing crosses on church steeples and crucifixes on their altars they might also carry the figure of a cross on the back of their gowns. It would be so much like "holy mother church," and would be such an easy way of taking up the cross.

3. We would suggest, an improvement in the construction of the gown, namely that it should be made as the ancient monks used to wear it, with a cowl over the head. According to the theory in Brobst's paper it would then cover so much more of the face, and sin, if the whole head were also covered and no part of the body could be seen but the mouth and nose protruding from under the cowl.

4. After this improvement will have been successfully introduced it will be advisable for Brobst and the gown men to shave the top of their heads.

St. Lukes and her Pastor Captured.

It seems that with all the efforts exerted by the seceders from the Gen. Synod to sow the seeds of discord into other Synods and seduce the ministers to join them, they succeeded in capturing but one of the ministers of the East Pa. Synod and only a lame one at that. The last Luth. and Missionary informs its readers that after one year's hard work they succeeded in capturing St. Luke's Church in Philadelphia also, of which the above named captured minister is pastor. The editor gives the following lame and inconsistent reasons for their success in this business.

1. Because the present pastor of St. Luke's was brought up in Trinity congregation of Reading, Pa. Now, at the time this pastor was baptized, catechized, and confirmed in Reading, Sunday schools were not regarded in Holy Trinity as Lutheran, or Christian, and were not tolerated in the church until a later day. The same may also be said in regard to prayer-meetings. We remember having heard most bitter complaints from the members of that congregation against the sainted Dr. Richards for praying in the families in his pastoral visits, and that he had "actually got some of them down on their knees." We have

A Happy New Year.

T. Y. KELLY & CO.,
Late Kelly & Veught,

