

The American Lutheran.

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

VOL. III.

SELENSGROVE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1867.

NO. IX.

Poetry.

Winter of the Soul.

DEATH, death, death all around I see—
Death in the winter-cloud,
Death in the snowy shroud,
Veiling in dreariness
All Nature's weariness—
Death in the air and in the moaning tree.

Gloom, gloom, gloom—drear, voiceless gloom—
Gloom moaning in the surf,
Gloom on the sodden turf,
Gloom sighing in the breeze,
And in the symphonies,
Wild, weird, and wailing over Nature's tomb.

Dead, dead, dead: all my flowers dead—
Gone with the summer's breath,
Beautiful in their death,
Just as a sunset sky
Types of immortality—
Dead, yet so beautiful, in their quiet bed.

Sad, sad, sad; wearily I stay
Waiting the Master's call,
Summoning one of gloom,
Out of this living tomb,
To life and light in everlasting day.

Lone, lone, lone, my heart is all alone,
Zephyr, sigh, or song of bird,
In the meadow's no more heard;
Nature's voice hushed in death,
Not a sigh, not a breath,
Nothing new to break the monotone.

Gone, gone, gone—beauteous vision gone—
Gone summer sunsets, flowers fair,
Gone fleecy clouds and perfumed air,
Birds and bees and butterfly,
Zephyr's soft and azure sky,
Gone, all gone, and left me all alone.

Die, die, die, let me with them die—
Die as the flowers die,
When the leaves scattered be;
Lay me low in the snow,
To oblivion let me go,
What care I? Let me die! let me die!

Hush! hush! hush! Mortality is past!
Hopes all dead; griefs buried,
Ne'er to be disquieted,
Nevermore sorrowed,
Gone to suffer happy shore.

Hush! hush! hush! rest in peace at last.
These voices, not inaptly evoked to the season
of the year, were a sad and intensely
melancholy tone; yet, they are natural! Indeed,
they are the natural and mournful music of a soul
that never knew genuine piety, but mistook ac-
count for experience, and feeling touched with
sorrowful or spectacular worship, believed that
emotion to be genuine, and finds its mistake too
late. Thousands on thousands of deluded mortals
are visiting our fashionable places of wor-
ship; are moved by sweet sounds to a sentiment;
are led to believe because they somehow feel good
in the presence of worshippers; who manifest
their devotion by conformity to mere ritual and
wake up too late to save the already lost and
eternalized soul. Other thousands, like Poe,
Parker, or Rogers, make nature their deity, and
the voices of her music charm their liturgy, and
the fragrant shrine and temple arch become their
ritual. God is not in all their thoughts, though
they flatter themselves through life, he leads them,
and here their course ends in imperishable gloom.
Still other thousands devote themselves to pleas-
ure, make life a jest, and religion a dream; and,
when they have exhausted themselves in the en-
joyments of pleasure, here, too, their night ends
in gloom.

Biographical.

THE STORY OF MARTIN LUTHER.

LUTHER returned to the monastery, full of
joy and peace; but soon heavy tidings reach-
ed him. There were rumors that if he did
not retract he should be seized and thrown into
a dungeon. It was even said that Staupitz
had consented to this; but Luther would not
believe it—no, it could not be that his friend
would betray him.

Danger might be at hand, but Luther would
not leave Augsburg. Left alone in his cell,
his thoughts turned towards the friends most
dear to him at Weimar and Wittenberg; he
longed to tell the Elector what was passing,
and wrote to Spalatin, begging him to inform
his master of the result of the conference; he
concluded by saying, "I am resolved not to
retract a single syllable." To another friend
he said, "Accept these few words in place of a
long letter, for time and events are pressing.
For three days my affair has been in hand. I
have no longer a hope of seeing you again,
and have nothing to expect but excommuni-
cation. The Legate will not allow me to de-
fend myself either publicly or in private. His
wish, he tells me, is to act the part of a father,
not of a judge; yet he will hear nothing
from me but the words, 'I retract, and ac-
knowledge that I have been in error'; and these
words I will not utter. The peril in
which my case is placed is great. However,
the Lord God lives and reigns, and to his
keeping I commend myself, and I doubt not
that, in answer to the prayers of pious souls,
he will send me deliverance. I seem to feel
that prayer is being made for me."

Staupitz soon returned, and in the evening
they were joined by Dr. Ruhe, the knight
Feilitzsch, and a few other faithful friends.
When all were assembled, Luther reminded
them that they were soon about to part, never
more probably to meet in this world, and he
proposed that before separating they should
together partake of the Lord's Supper. They
gladly assented; joyful, though sorrowful,
must have been that evening.

The Legate had promised to send Luther a
written paper for him to reply to; as it did
not come, Luther wrote to the Cardinal, but
received no answer; and his friends, greatly
alarmed, began to fear that De Vio intended
to arrest him, and only waited for authority

from Rome. Staupitz had already left Augs-
burg, and it appeared that the only safety for
Luther depended upon his following him with-
out a moment's delay. His friends urged
this course upon him, and he yielded to their
entreaties; but first, he wrote to De Vio to
inform him of his intention. When the letter
was written, Luther gave it to a friend to de-
liver after his departure from Augsburg, and
prepared for his journey. Hitherto had the
Lord helped him, and while he thanked him
for past protection, he trusted him for the future.

On Wednesday he was ready to start by
daybreak. Staupitz had left him a horse;
nonetheless it was brought to the convent door;
once more Luther embraced his friends, and
without saddle, boots, or spurs, and unarmed,
he set out. He had a guide who knew the
roads well, and conducted him in silence
through the streets. They made their way
towards a little gate in the wall of the city,
which had been left open for him; they passed
through it, and, once out of the city, felt they
were safe, and rapidly proceeded on their way.

Luther had drawn up an appeal to the
Pope, and left it to be posted on the door of
the cathedral after his departure from Augs-
burg. By this act he appealed for justice to
the Pope, thus declaring that he had not been
fairly treated by the Pope's representative,
the Legate, Cardinal de Vio. Alas! we
much fear no justice awaited him at Rome.
The Cardinal was greatly surprised and rather
rejoiced when he heard of Luther's escape; he
thought he had him quite within his power.

Luther travelled fourteen leagues (about
forty-three miles) the first day, and was so
tired when he reached the inn where he was to
spend the night that he could scarcely stand.

The next day he arrived at Nuremberg,
where he found Staupitz. On the 26th he
reached Graefenthal, where he rested for a
few days with Count Albert, of Mansfeld, who
heartily laughed at the poor monk's strange
adventure; and then he hurried on to Wittenberg
hoping to meet the Elector there on the 31st,
the Feast of All Saints. His wish was in
vain; the Elector did not come to the Feast;
but his friends were delighted to see him.

Shortly after his arrival at Wittenberg, Lu-
ther received a letter from the Elector, which
filled him with indignation. It was a copy of
one from De Vio to the Elector, complaining
bitterly of Luther, and requesting Frederick
to "send him to Rome, or to banish him from
his territories." When Luther read this let-
ter, his whole soul was roused by a sense of
the injustice which had been done him, and
he immediately wrote a reply to Frederick, in
which he gave an account of the Diet of Augs-
burg, very different indeed from that of the
Cardinal. He entreated the Elector not to
send him to Rome, and then added, "I resign
myself to banishment, that no harm may hap-
pen to you on my account. I leave your ter-
ritories in God's name. I will go wherever
the eternal and merciful God will have me. I
am still, thanks to God, full of joy, and praise
him that Christ, the Son of God, counts me
worthy to suffer in so holy a cause. May he
ever preserve your illustrious highness. Amen."

The Elector was much impressed by this
letter, and wrote to the Legate, "Since Dr.
Martin Luther has appeared before you at
Augsburg, you ought to be satisfied. We did
not expect that without convincing him of
error you would claim to oblige him to re-
tract." In the latter part of the letter the
Elector refused either to send Luther to Rome,
or to banish him from his territories. When
Luther heard of this he was greatly rejoiced.
The university of Wittenberg had addressed
a letter to Frederick, openly declaring itself
in favor of Luther, and it is probable that
this encouraged the Elector to write to the
Legate in a tone which he so little expected.
The university owed much to Luther; it was
rapidly rising in reputation; from all parts of
Germany students availed themselves of the
advantage it afforded, not the least being that
of attending the Reformer's lectures on the
Scripture, in which he earnestly sought to di-
rect them in the right way.

Although secure of the Elector's favor, Lu-
ther felt that at any moment he might be
forced to leave Germany to escape the ven-
geance of Rome. So he arranged everything
to be ready to depart. "Having tucked up
my gown, and girded my loins," said he, "I
am ready to depart, like Abraham, not know-
ing whither I go; or, rather, well knowing
whither, since God is everywhere." His
friends were full of anxiety for him, and en-
treated him to deliver himself as a prisoner
into the Elector's hands, and thus secure his
safety. Luther himself began to think he had
best depart, not from fear of danger, but, as
he wrote to a friend, "If I stay here I shall
be denied the liberty of speaking or writing
many things; if I depart, I will pour forth
freely the thoughts of my heart, and devote
my life to Christ." Luther thought of France
as a place of safety; but, while uncertain
what to do, the Elector, whose will was law
to him, expressed his desire that he should
leave Wittenberg. "Then I must go," said
Luther. But, before departing, he invited
his friends to spend an evening with him.
While seated together, a letter was brought to
him; he opened it; it was from Frederick,
inquiring why he delayed so long. Luther's
heart sank within him, but in a moment he
recovered himself, saying, "Father and mother
forsake me, but the Lord will take me
up." Deep was the grief of his friends at the
thought of parting with him; they said but
little, but their tears betrayed what they felt.
While they wept another letter arrived, con-
taining the joyful news that for the present no
danger was to be apprehended, and that he
might, therefore, remain in Germany. "As
the Pope's new envoy," said the letter, "hopes
that everything may be settled by a confer-

ence, remain for the present." This was a
joyful reprieve.

Rumors soon reached Luther that he was
to be seized and sent to Rome; but "the more
their fury and violence increase," he wrote,
"the less do I fear them." He now deter-
mined to leave Wittenberg as soon as the male-
dicted of Rome arrived there. But, previous
to doing so, he drew up an appeal to a gen-
eral council, in which he protested, "I had no
intention of saying anything against the Holy
Church or the Pope."

Great was the Reformer's courage in put-
ting forth this appeal to a general council. A
former Pope, Pius II., had pronounced that
such an act should be followed by excommuni-
cation, and Luther daily expected this sen-
tence to fall on him.

Charles Miltitz, a Saxon of high birth, had
been sent, as Nuncio, from Rome, in the hope
that he, being of courteous manners, would
deal more judiciously with Luther than De
Vio had done. He arrived in Germany in
December, 1518. His coming caused consid-
erable alarm to the friends of Luther, and
they earnestly entreated him to be on his
guard. "I await the will of the Lord," was
his noble reply. Confidence in God is a sure
anchor to fear; it either keeps fear away en-
tirely, or it sustains the soul when flesh and
heart do fail, as in Isaiah xii. 2, "I will trust
and not be afraid;" and again, David says
(Ps. lvi. 3), "What time I am afraid I will
trust." Thus it was with Luther; and God,
at this time of sore distress and perplexity,
"showed himself strong on behalf of his ser-
vant who trusted in him." Deliverance came
in a very unexpected way. The Emperor
Maximilian died on the 12th of January, 1519,
just a month after the arrival of Miltitz,
by which event supreme power, as prince of
the empire, devolved upon the Elector of Sax-
ony, enabling him, without fear of legates, to
befriend Luther and the Reformation, when
his protection was most needed. "The tem-
pest is hushed," said Luther, "the fearful ex-
communication is beginning to be thought lit-
tle of." We said that Miltitz was sent from
Rome to make what efforts he could against
Luther; for this purpose he visited Spalatin;
but the moment he commenced his attacks
upon the Reformer, Spalatin replied by loud
clamors against the scandalous proceed-
ings of Tetzel at the sale of indulgences. All
this surprised Miltitz not a little, and he sum-
moned the proud Dominican into his presence.
Tetzel refused to obey, saying, "Martin fan-
cies he has so roused the people against me,
that I am nowhere safe." Miltitz, therefore, went
to Dresden, where Tetzel resided, and com-
pelled him to obey his summons. When he
did so, he was so overpowered and surprised
by the reproaches that were heaped upon him
that the wretched man was driven to despair;
his health gave way, and he soon after died.
The only person who appeared to pity him
was Luther; he hated not the sinner, but his
reins, and wrote him a letter of consolation,
when he was forsaken by all others. Thus
Luther remembered the exhortation, "Be not
overcome of evil, but overcome evil with
good." (Rom. xii. 21.)

De Vio had been harsh towards Luther.
Miltitz tried a different plan; he began by
using words of flattery, knowing how often
they overcome men. "Do you know," he
said, "that you have drawn away all the
world from the Pope's even if I were backed
by 25,000 men, I would not undertake to kid-
nap you, and carry you to Rome." Thus it
was evident that the poor monk had inspired
his enemies with terror. "God arrests the
billows on the shore," said Luther, "and he
does so by the sand." When Miltitz found
that flattery did not prevail to induce Luther
to retract, he asked for another interview; it
was granted, at Altenberg, a city south of
Leipzig, and they met in the house of Spalatin,
the friend of both disputants. At this
conference Luther acknowledged that he
might have spoken too violently sometimes;
"but," said he, "as to a retraction, I don't ex-
pect that from me." At the close of it both
parties agreed not to write or act hencefor-
ward upon the question that had been dis-
cussed. Miltitz, overjoyed at so happy a re-
sult, invited Luther to supper, and treated
him with apparent affection. The Reformer,
however, did not place much confidence in
him.

Just over my room in the Theological Semi-
nary roomed a poor Saxon who had ruined his
soul by searching Giebel, Hume, Strauss, and
Renn, and writing for the Boston Literary tra-
vet. He could confute the arguments of Butler, Ed-
wards, and Paley, but alas! he could not answer
the stifled utterances of his own guilty con-
science. All night long he walked to and fro,
like a caged lion, fretting to break the life bars,
but he dared not. At last, fearing that he might
make way with himself, Froese, dressed, and went
up to comfort him once more. He paused as he
entered, endeavored to conceal his haggard fea-
tures, and pleaded ill-health for what could not
be concealed—his inability to rest. Ah, I knew
better, confronted him at once, and demanded to
know where his philosophy had failed, and spoke
the blessed name of Jesus of Nazareth whom he
had mocked and denied, yes, crucified. He was
in agony unutterable. I had torn off the thin
mantle covering his humiliation, and he was un-
manned, lost all his simulated scepticism, and
made known to me at once the bare hypocrisy of
his life. He believed just as the devil did, and
trembled. Every night for years he sought God
in prayer, but in vain. His boastful unbelief had
frozen stark and stiff all his emotions. He could
not pray, and so was his life a hell, a falsehood,
and that of the infidel hypocrite. Next morning
he moved away. Casually I met him, but he
always avoided me, and seemed always to re-
member that night's confession. Within one year
I was called at midnight to his dying-bed. He
lay motionless when I entered. Not a muscle
could he move, but his eyes looked despair un-
utterable. I tried to pray. It was futile. I could
get no faith. So he died, professing what thou-
sands preach, affirm, and believe nevertheless,
but, not into salvation, but just enough to lose
his soul.

There are other blessings which must be
sought. The farmer, or merchant, or student
in vain soliloquizes: God only can give me
crops, or prosperity, or knowledge. He must
plough, and toil, and think—must seek the
hid treasure. Above all, the Kingdom of
Heaven is to be sought—the pardon of sin,
the favor of God, the new heart, strength to
do and suffer in the great conflict of life, in
the struggle for Heaven. All this is the work
of the spirit of God; and it is when man
thirsts and the ground is dry that God pours
floods of water and the blessings of His spir-
it. Water is used as a type of the spirit-
work in the soul and in the world, because
of its purifying and refreshing and life-giving
power. So the Holy Ghost cleanses, and
fructifies, and makes the man, the family, the
church, the nation, upon which the spirit is
poured, to live and be clothed with beauty and
vigor, as grass and willows by the water-courses.

It is not the baptism of water that in-
spires this new, and holy, and beautiful, and
fruitful life, though water is used in baptism.
The baptism of the Holy Ghost. "Except a
man be born of water and of the spirit he
shall not see the Kingdom of God." "It is
not our pressing need that touches God's
heart. Because the land is thirsty and very
dry He gives the floods of His influence." Our
philanthropy often is circumscribed by
sect or denominational or national ties. Our
hearts fail to be touched because men suffer
from their own folly, or because they are not
of our circle or creed. Like the priest and the
Levite we pass by on the other side while
humanity lies bleeding at our feet. God helps
men because they need help, not because
they are not the authors of their own suffer-
ing, or because they deserve help. He says
the world needs a Savior, I give my son. Je-
sus is condemned by the proud Pharisee be-
cause he is the friend of the poor and friend-
less. He says, and this unmasks the great
fountain of the Divine philanthropy, "They
that are whole need not a physician, but they
that are sick." It is when your soul thirsts
and is very dry, and spreads its parched hands
before God, that He graciously pours out
floods and His spirit in abundant measure.

God never gives sparingly. Read the full-
ness of His love in the air, and water, and
food, and raiment—in your daily bread. He
leadeth us with benefits. We see how He
flooded with His spirit Jerusalem and Anti-
och and Tiberium—how He touched the heart
of the nations in the days of Luther and the
Reformers—how He followed the labors of
Edwards and Whitfield—how, in the years
preceding the great Rebellion in our own land,
He converted thousands of our young men,
and prepared the Church for the terrible bap-
tism of blood with which He has visited the
nation. And now that peace is again begin-
ning to dawn, shall we not have another ful-
fillment of the rich promise of the text.

The result of this visitation shall be that
"one shall say 'I am the Lord's,' and another
shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord."
They may be surnamed after Jacob, and Is-
rael, and Wesley, and Calvin, and Luther, but
all of them shall make a solemn covenant to
be the Lord's. Until the spirit enlightens and
renews men's hearts they feel that they are
their own, that they may live to gratify their
appetites and passions, and lusts and ambi-
tions; but now they feel that they are no
longer their own, but the Lord's. They en-
ter into a solemn covenant publicly, aware
themselves now the Lord's servants, and wit-
nesses, and stewards and disciples, and friends;
that their talent, and time, and money, and
influence, whether in high places, or low, all
is the Lord's, to be used to promote His glory,
in advancing the cause of truth, and right-
eousness, and piety, the interests of the
church and the kingdom that cannot be mov-

ed. The man who is not a Christian, who is
not a member of the Church, who is not a
disciple of Christ, who is not a servant of
the Lord, who is not a friend of the poor
and friendless, who is not a witness of the
truth, who is not a steward of the talents,
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THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

REVS. P. ANSTADT & C. LEELEY, EDITORS.
Selinsgrove, Pa., February 28, 1867.

Two Hundred Dollars in Gold

will be paid by the Publishers of the AMERICAN LUTHERAN as a premium to any person who shall forward the greatest number of new one year subscriptions with the money. \$2.00 each by the first of October, 1867; provided that at least one hundred subscriptions be obtained, and there be at least twenty competitors. If there be fewer than twenty competitors by at least ten, \$100 in gold will be paid on that date to the most successful. A commission of fifty cents on each subscriber thus obtained will be returned to the unsuccessful candidates.

DIRECTIONS.

Announce your intention to compete at first subscription forwarded.
The subscriptions need not necessarily be confined to one charge, but can be obtained anywhere.
The successful competitor will be announced to all who compete.

Any person sending us 60 new subscriptions with the cash, \$120, will receive either a Howe, or Empire Family Sewing Machine, Price \$60.

For ten new subscriptions we will send a volume of LANGE'S COMMENTARY; for 18, two volumes; for 26 the three volumes, each volume costing five dollars.

PREMIUMS.—As an inducement to personal effort in the work of obtaining new subscribers, the Publishers of the AMERICAN LUTHERAN offer the following premiums:

For 10 new subscribers, 50 cents each,	\$5.00
" 20 " " " " " " " " " " " "	10.00
" 30 " " " " " " " " " " " "	15.00
" 40 " " " " " " " " " " " "	20.00
" 50 " " " " " " " " " " " "	25.00

All above 50 will be entitled to \$1.00 premium, on each. In all cases, however the money is to accompany the names of the subscribers in advance.

99. 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 SERMON ON DANCING by Rev. J. R. Sikes, in No. 5, of the American Lutheran, has met with much approbation from our readers generally. The wish has been expressed that it might be printed in Tract form, for general distribution. We are willing to print the sermon in Tract form if \$20.00, can be raised for that purpose. Are there not 20 persons, who will give a dollar each to have this sermon circulated as a tract? We will send 100 sermons to any person sending us \$2.00, or 50 copies for \$1.00.

WHO IS GOING TO MOVE?—Those of our subscribers who intend to move by the first of April, should notify us in due time of their intention. Both the post office where they now receive the paper, and that to which they wish the paper sent in future should be mentioned.

DO NOT PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.—We hope all the subscribers, who have not yet done so, will send in their subscription for the American Lutheran without delay. Our terms are Two Dollars in advance; if not paid within three months, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged. For all those whose year begins with the first of January, the three months will soon be expired.

99. We direct the attention of our readers to T. Y. Kelley & Co's advertisement in another column of this paper. Those who want good and cheap Teas, should apply to them. We have tried some of their Tea ourselves, and find it excellent.

THE CENTRAL CONFERENCE, of the Synod of Northern Pennsylvania, will meet, (God willing), on Thursday evening, March 14th, 1867, in the Lutheran Church of Bellefonte, Centre County, Pa. Subject for discussion: "What is the best method of developing the true spirit of Church love among church members."—Rev. Dr. Ziegler, Essayist. Remember the Missionary collections.

The brethren arriving at Bellefonte will report themselves at the Lutheran church, W. L. HEISLER, Sec'y.

Feb. 8, 1867.

The Christian Radical

is the title of a new paper published in Denver City, Colorado, daily and weekly by Revs. Koons and Schindler. The paper is well gotten up in quarto form. The editorials are ably written, and are in the name of the paper implies, radical in politics and religion. Those who wish to inform themselves in reference to the mineral resources of Colorado will find valuable information in this paper. The subscription price for the weekly is \$3.00 a year within the States.

Is it lawful to take Interest?

In the American Lutheran of the 10th January of this year, we informed our readers, that the Synod of Missouri had formally decided that it is sinful to take or give interest for money loaned. The "Lehre und Wehre" of February, notices our remarks on this subject, and designates them as "a specimen of American Lutheran Theology." In his reasoning, however, he begs the very question which is to be proved, for he assumes that no one can be a Christian who takes interest on money loaned.

In another article of the same number of the Lehre und Wehre, another writer, B. (Brauer), states, that he has come to this conviction, (that it is sinful to take interest), "after twenty years of experience and contest." That all the objections that were made by members of the church in St. Louis, have been successfully answered. The writer states that they anticipate great opposition and difficulties in their congregations, in putting their theory into practice, but the Synod has been

convinced by the study of the Bible and Luther's works, of the correctness of their principle, and they will fight it through, no matter what may be the consequences.

These Missourians are certainly progressive, they progress backward! Not content to go back to the sixteenth century, they go back to the old dispensation as it existed among the Jews before the days of Christ. The Mosaic law directed that the Israelites might take interest for money from the Gentiles, but not from one another. This regulation was peculiar to their circumstances and location in the land of Palestine, just as many others of the Mosaic laws were. For instance, that after a certain number of years all debts were cancelled and the landed possession that had been allotted to the families of the tribes could never be alienated, but always reverted back to the descendants of the family to which it had first been allotted. God had in his infinite wisdom determined that the Israelites in the land of Canaan should remain an agricultural, and not become a mercantile people. Hence the regulation that the paternal inheritance could never become alienated, and the law in regard to interest was doubtless enacted for the promotion of the same end. The Mosaic dispensation has, however, passed away, and we in the Christian dispensation are not bound by those regulations, that were designed merely for the peculiar circumstances of the Israelites in the promised land. The Missouri Symbolists, however, are determined to bind the consciences of their people by the antiquated Jewish regulation. According to the strict letter of this law they may take interest from the members of the General Synod, or of the Pennsylvania Synod, or from the various Christian sects and denominations, and from Jews, Heathen, and Mohammedans, but they must never take interest from any one that belongs to the Missouri Synod. After they get this fought through in their congregations, they will be prepared to introduce Circumcision and the Passover.

HOPEFUL SIGNS.

The following paragraph we clip from the Washington correspondent of the Cumberland Union, a paper published in Cumberland, Alleghany county, Md:

"Among the hopeful indications of the times are the voting of the Capital; the organization of a Congressional Temperance Society, and the establishment of a Congressional Prayer Meeting. There are many living Christian men in both Houses of Congress. A daily Union Prayer Meeting, of interest and power, is held in the city at St. Paul's Lutheran church, so that, whilst there are dance houses and theatres, and probably more than sixteen hundred places in the city where liquor is sold, to say nothing of houses of even more questionable character, the friends of truth and temperance, and virtue and religion are not doing a little to purify the National Capital. There is much Christian activity here. The city is full of live men—bad and good."

It is truly refreshing to every Christian heart, to find evidences of moral and religious reform in the Capital of the United States. The church has been thoroughly in earnest at a Throne of Grace, during the last six or seven years. She has been humbled. She has felt the necessity of divine assistance and protection. (She feels it now.) The whole nation has been drifting to demoralization if not anarchy. God's people begin to feel the necessity of religious representation, as well as political, in the capital of a professedly Christian nation. Shall we not have it? We can have it, and we will have it, if we are true to ourselves as a Christian people, instead of a demoralized political party.

We thank God for the signs of improvement in high places in the nation. The banishment of liquors, from Congressional saloons, the promotion of temperance, and a "Congressional Prayer Meeting," are very cheering evidences of reform. It is no less gratifying, especially to every Lutheran, that we have a representative minister in the person of Rev. J. G. Butler, in the capital of our country. His church has ever been open for all Christians to assemble every day to worship God and pray for the outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the church and the nation. The Lutheran church there is a working church. It is not a lifeless, mass, interested in neither God nor man, but doing God's work, and God's will, to the best of their ability. We trust God will give them abundant success in their new enterprise—the Monumental Church.

Church News.

MAHAROT, PA.—Rev. J. R. Sikes writes: Rev. Burkholder's church continues to be revived; fifty have professed conversion, and more than twenty are now seeking. "It is a glorious revival."

BERYNSBURG, PA.—Rev. M. Fensler writes that he is much pleased with his new field of labor. He has much work to do; three classes of catechumens to teach, and the congregations increasing in all the churches.

NEW YORK.—Rev. R. Neuman, Missionary among the German immigrants in New York City, intends shortly to go to Germany in the interest of this Mission.

PATTERSON, N. J.—Rev. H. Walker, of the Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States, has been ordained and installed as the pastor of a German Lutheran Church in Patterson, N. J.

PITTSBURG, PA.—The German Lutheran congregation in Pittsburgh, Pa., has been for some time in trouble about their church building. A railroad company had dug a tunnel under the city, in consequence of which the walls of the building sunk in several places, and it was not considered safe to occupy the building any longer. The railroad company offered to repair the church, but the congregation would not agree to this, but sued the company for damages. After a long law-suit before several courts, the railroad company was at length compelled to pay \$40,000 damages.

SANTA CLAUD, IND.—Rev. John Jacob Wenner, recently sent back the American Lutheran, because he cannot read English, and sent us the following account of his labors and hardships:

"Perhaps you will wonder that I cannot read English. I never went to school, (we suppose he means English school,) nor to any seminary; therefore I had to preach five years with a license; then I was ordained. I serve three small places, which are 10, 12, 20 miles from here. I must keep a horse, or else I could not get through. Last Sunday I got into the water almost above my boots. Its a weary road—a small man—hard work to gather congregations in this rough world, and small wages—hardly one hundred dollars. You ask, how can you live? Answer, I seek three little pieces of bread on forty acres of land."

There is no lack of Germans here, and if we would offer to give \$3.00 on Sunday when they come into the church, and \$5.00 when they go out, and would preach to them that they might eat and drink, gamble, dance and carouse as they please, then the school houses and the log churches would be too small to contain all the people that would flock to them."

A hard field this pastor in Santa Claus has to cultivate.

The following Church News we copy from the "Evangelical Lutheran" of North Carolina.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Rev. A. D. L. Moser, of the South Carolina Synod, has recently received and accepted a call to the Davidson charge in this State. It is with much pleasure we make this announcement, and welcome Rev. Moser into our Synod with the fervent prayer that he may be abundantly blessed in his new field of labor. His Post-office is Lexington, Davidson county, N. C.

There are several other very desirable charges now vacant within the bounds of this Synod, and brethren desiring fields of labor would do well to communicate with us.

We are gratified to hear that Rev. Bro. Kimball's new brick church is rapidly approaching completion, and that the hope is entertained it will be ready for dedication by the next meeting of our Synod.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Our venerable father, Rev. Dr. Bachman, of Charleston, has been again blessed with an increase to his Church. We are not informed as to how many, but quite a number have been added to his communion by Confirmation. The prayer of the aged Synod seems exceedingly appropriate to our beloved father in God, after a ministry of over 50 years to the same congregation among whom his labors have been most signally blessed.

NEW YORK.—From an exchange we have the gratifying fact that St. Mathew's branch Church, under the charge of Rev. Mr. Funk, has doubled its membership within a year, and is in exceedingly prosperous state.

PEIRYVILLE, JUNIATA Co., Pa.

is a Rail Road town containing 3 churches, Lutheran, Presbyterian, and Meth. Episcopal. One Select School, under the care of Rev. Wilson, who is said to be a superior teacher. I spent a Sabbath with Bro. Pritchard in a most delightful communion season. The mud and snow were almost insuperable barriers to members attempting to get to church. But come they did as far as they could. From all I could gather I judge Bro. P. has a good, efficient people, and though not long acquainted, I take him to be a very efficient young man in the work of the Lord. I take it when people are very kind to their minister and give him many presents, he pleases them and in that way they please him. And then too I think them and him efficient in the work of the Lord because there are many copies of the Am. Lutheran taken in that charge.

The people of that charge can do much for God, and ought to do so, as God has done much for them.

In my peregrinations, I was escorted by my particular friend and brother, Rev. G. S. S. pastor of the White Marsh district, to the above named place. I was anxious to see this ancient cradle of Lutheranism. For a quarter of a century I had been reading about it, but never had a good view of it before.

I must confess that my ideas of it were antiquated. I thought I would see an old church building much dilapidated and worn by time. I expected to see ancient oaks and a green soil all around the building. I imagined I would see large steps, if not the original, others of a similar character, that would lead up to the church. I thought I would find a small village partially surrounded by timbers, retired from the busy scenes of the world. In all this I was, however, agreeably disappointed. The farming country around is beautiful, and the town itself is about one mile long, and not less than one thousand inhabitants. In the town there are many very one residences, and two select schools said to be under the very best management and instruction. From the acquaintances I made I should judge the inhabitants are social and intelligent. The old church still stands, but I did not see the steps. There is no need of any. I was informed, however, that the name "Trappe" came from a German word which means Steps. A house had been erected to accommodate travellers, and steps (Trappe) were made by which to enter. This traveller's rest was called Trappe in the German language, and therefore the town has ever since retained the name.

The Church is still in good condition, having been repaired some years since. It is of unique form. Octagonal on one side and square on the other. The pulpit is elevated and of the ancient form over which there is a sounding board as a canopy. The old organ, at least what remains of it, is still there. Galary on three sides the wood-work of which is clumsy and uncouth. The seats above and below are made as uncomfortable as they well can be. I thought of the advance in architecture. The new church, right by its side, though not what I would like to see it, is much more symmetrical in appearance, and more comfortable for the preacher and people. I trust the congregation manifests the same advance in morals and religion.

In this old church at Trappe, the first Lu-

theran Missionaries from the father-land, preached the Gospel. The "little cloud" of witnesses like a man's hand, that gathered there to worship God, now overshadows the greater part of the United States. This congregation itself numbers several hundred members.

The sight of this old church was very suggestive to me. I thought of the mutability of all earthly things,—of the frailty and mortality of man. Father Muhlenberg is no more. The house in which he died still stands. The Church is there as it was. The doctrines he taught still remain. The body dies, principles alone remain. His body lies close by the church: which his own mind planned and his own hand helped to erect. His voice was the first that sounded the glad tidings of salvation within its sacred walls. It was he that first sung those soul stirring melodies, which have edified millions of German hearts since the days of the Reformation. It was here he looked to Jesus and prayed, that God might plant and train his Church for future glory in this Western world. It was here in the midst of his labors his sun went down for the last time. He loved the Church and loved her until the last.

"For her his tears did fall,
For her his pray'r ascend,
To her his cares and toils were given,
Till toils and cares did end."

His generation is now past. Many ministers and lay-men now lie together in the cemetery close by the church. Their tongues now "Lie silent in the grave."

Peering high above the rest is the monument of Ex-Governor Shunk, capped by a beautifully carved Eagle, at once an emblem of loyalty and liberty. Altogether I was delighted with my visit to this "Mecca" of Lutheranism.

Rev. J. Kohler is the present pastor of this congregation. I was surprised to find that he had two other congregations besides, I should think that one congregation, such as that of the Trappe, ought to give a minister an ample support without the necessity of keeping a horse and riding over such a vast territory. Ministers ought to wear themselves out preaching, and not travelling. I trust the rich blessing of God may rest upon the labors of this good Bro. and give him many souls for his hire!

For the American Lutheran.
The American Lutheran Church at
Mifflinburg, Pa.

Mr. Editor: I have just returned from Mifflinburg, where Bro. J. M. Anspach has been holding a series of meetings for more than four weeks, and by which his church has been greatly revived. Those who have been reached, by the faithful, uncompromising presentation of the truth, are—

1. The Ungodly, who cared nothing for God and their souls;
2. The formalist, who has been deluded by the errors of Symbolism.

Many who were heretofore prejudiced against ancient measures, have become poor in spirit, then rich in faith. In many families, where a profession of religion was made, but where there was no life corresponding with it, now the family altar is erected, and true genuine piety is exemplified.

3. The Believer; I mean the honest believer, whose life corresponded with his profession, but on account of the great, overwhelming threats of the enemy, became timid, and fearful. He has been warmed by an outpouring of God's Spirit, and has become bold and fearless in the service of Christ.

Bro. Anspach has been working against the tide hard and long, but by faith and earnestness, his labors have proved a grand success. Nay, I may say more by the blessing of God he has been the instrument of establishing the American Lutheran Church in Mifflinburg. Our prayer is, that the Holy Spirit may continue to move upon the people, and his influence be as the "still waters" that "run deep," and "as bread upon the waters," to be gathered after many days. May this spirit of Revivals spread over all who are bound by the fetters of Symbolism, that the captives may become the freemen of Jesus.

In Bro. Anspach's charge this old system of formality has been shaken to its very foundations, and by the help of God, victory will every where be ours, if we pursue the same course, and that course is one of faith, prudence, earnestness and fearlessness. Let us be up and doing while it is called to-day.

For the American Lutheran.

First District Conference of the Hartwick Synod.

At the last annual convention of the Hartwick Synod, four Conference Districts were formed, and a chairman for each was appointed by Synod. It was made the duty of each chairman, to call together the Pastors residing in his district and organize the Conference.

The first district Conference, embraces the churches in, Brunswick, West Sandlake, Schaghticoke, Athens, Livingston, West Camp and Woodstock.

A meeting of the members of this Conference, was appointed, in accordance with the resolution of Synod, at the Schaghticoke church on Tuesday, 12th of February. The chairman of the Conference, gave timely notice of the meeting to each Pastor, but when the time came, there were none present except Rev. V. F. Bolton, the Pastor Loc, and P. A. Strobel, with their delegates, Messrs Charles Herman and Jonas Smith. Why the brethren were absent has not yet been ascertained. The Rev. V. F. Bolton was appointed chairman, for one year. P. A. Strobel, consented to act as Secretary until next meeting of Conference. Mr. E. S. Bowers was appointed Treasurer.

The Secretary presented a constitution which was adopted. Article IV, defines the objects of the Conference. As this article is of interest to all of the Pastors it is published for their information. It reads as follows: "The objects of Conference shall be—

1. To promote genuine revivals, and to stimulate our congregations to aim at a more elevated standard of piety and liberality.

2. To encourage the cause of Temperance, the distribution of tracts and other religious literature, and to give increased interest and efficiency to our Sabbath Schools, Bible classes, and Catechetical classes.

3. To discuss such topics as may be proposed relating to the interests of our congregations, and to the pastoral duties and experience of the members of Conference. To this end some subject shall be suggested at each meeting, on which a member shall be appointed to write an essay, to be read at the next meeting, and this shall form one of the topics for discussion.

4. To look out young men of piety and suitable attainments and encourage them to enter the ministry.

5. To select, when practicable, new points for the establishment of mission stations, and bring these points to the consideration of the missionary society.

6. And to adopt such other measures as may be deemed expedient to promote the spiritual growth of the congregations in the bounds of Conference.

The Secretary preached on Tuesday evening, on Wednesday morning, and again on Wednesday evening. Owing to the condition of the roads, the audiences were not very large, but the Conference left a good impression.

The next meeting of Conference was appointed at Livingston, Columbia Co., N. Y. to commence on the first Tuesday in April at half past seven o'clock, P. M.

As the brethren will now have timely notice of the meeting, it is to be hoped they will make their arrangements so as to be present, punctually.

P. A. Strobel,
Secretary.
Center Brunswick, N. Y.
19th Feb. 1867.

A LETTER TO DOCTOR ZIEGLER.

The following letter was written to Rev. Dr. Ziegler by Mrs. A. L. Studabaker, four weeks before her death, and will no doubt be read with interest and benefit by all our readers. Her obituary will be found in another column of this paper:

MCALVEY'S FORT, Jan. 11th, 1867.

DEAR DR: After so long silence, I suppose you do not expect to hear from me again, especially in this declining hour of my life. I am very weak this morning, cannot sit unless supported by pillows; yet I expect strength in answer to prayer to write to my dear spiritual father. You will ask, why did you not write while in health? O, why did I not! I will give you, if possible, a short sketch of my spiritual life, and you will learn. When last we met I was in my early christian life. O, how little I knew then about the selfishness of my own heart, and the violence of our depraved nature—how little about the christian warfare. But when trials came, and sore temptations, I strove to labor earnestly for some time. In my closet I spent times of agony and distress, in behalf of my own soul and the salvation of the family. Thus I labored for some time, and I now believe my prayers were answered. Since that time two of the family were called from time to eternity, and I have reasons to believe they are now at home in glory. I am trying to show that, I now feel persuaded, often as I have doubted it, that the glorious work of the salvation of my soul was commenced in early life, under your pastoral care. Yes! I feel now, when I take a retrospective view of my life, that my blessed Father has been with me continually since that happy period, and I, how mercifully he has dealt with me, at times so unworthy. Eventually, after struggling with the trials of life for some time, the world gradually crept in between me and my God. This change was so gradual that it was hardly perceptible. But O, when I saw my condition, my soul was filled with darkness and gloom. Sometimes I felt forsaken of God. At times I feared I had never been born again. I wrestled with God that he might direct me that I might again receive light and comfort. From the time I first embraced the Saviour I aspired to holiness. I felt that there was something for me to do, and some blessing in store for me in return. But I was very confiding; hoped the Lord would, in his own good time, hear my prayer, and grant the blessing. I did not then know that only a life long struggle could secure what I so ardently desired. This I spent several years hoping. I was in the service of my Master, living as, alas! too many do, but my conscience was not at ease, for the work of holiness, that which makes the soul happy, was not progressing. Now I felt as though something must be done. I became anxious to converse on the subject—had frequently done so with my dear husband, who feared I was giving away to the tempter. He always told me my experience was that of a christian. So it was, but in my life I failed. I was at this time acquainted with a devoted christian sister, with whom I delighted to converse on the subject of religion. One evening we met as we were wont to do, and she, knowing something of the state of my mind, introduced the subject of perfect holiness. We conversed for some time, but could not agree. She believed it to be an instantaneous, and I a progressive work. When we parted I remarked, let us earnestly pray for the blessing. So we continued, and I received light, she too, felt comforted. This was now the subject of conversation whenever we met. Still I felt that neither of us were laboring as earnestly as were our privileges. O, how I was at times distressed at the thoughts of my unhappy condition. At this period I was one day alone with the children, with my now sainted Willie pressed to my bosom, and in an agony of prayer I cried to God entirely to restore me again to his favor at any sacrifice. And with a flood of tears which fell upon him like rain, and caused him to raise his bright eyes inquiringly, which awakened the thought, O, it may be him! but God's will be done. Then the next thought that rose was this: I am willing to part with all I have and am, to attain to that I have so long aspired to. My prayer was answered. My dear Willie was taken from my embrace, my health was destroyed. I felt immediately that the Lord

had heard me. After my health began to decline rapidly, Jesus came nearer, and as I continued to labor for holiness of heart, I felt the operations of his spirit dispersing all doubt and gloom, and I again enjoyed his smiling countenance. Why has the Lord dealt so mercifully with me? Why can I this evening exclaim, my Father and my God! I am rapidly passing away. Solemn thought! I am almost helpless, bodily, but my trust is now strong in the precious promises of God. Will you pray for me that I may be sustained in this my last struggle? I feel that I need the sympathy and assistance of my christian friends. O, for grace to bear patiently my afflictions a few more days, then I expect to enter that rest of which you so earnestly spoke to me when a child, and there to await your arrival, as my spiritual father. Amen! and Amen!

A. L. STUDABAKER.

Reminiscences of Ministers.

[FROM THE CONGREGATIONALIST.]

I have in my parish a venerable octogenarian in feeble health, but retaining surprising mental vigor and activity. I refer to the distinguished Dr. John Delemater, for many years at the head of the medical profession in this State, and President of the Cleveland Medical College.

He was a native of Western Massachusetts and for several years resident of Sheffield, and practiced extensively in the adjacent towns in Litchfield county, Connecticut. A man of strong religious convictions, and active piety, he was often thrown into the society of the clergymen of that region, and his mind is stored with recollections of personal incidents and witty sayings, characteristic both of the men and times. I often sit with him for an hour listening to his animated descriptions of what transpired in those early days. He was a member of the first committee ever sent out in that region, on what was termed "a church visitation," and delights to recall the wonderful revivals that attended that special agency when first employed. He related to day, some personal anecdotes of Rev. Dr. Backus, of Bethlehem, and Rev. Mr. Ferrin of Canaan, too good to be lost. If any of them have found their way into print, I have not seen them.

It seems that Dr. B. was a strong Whig, and noted for the freedom and boldness with which he expressed his opinions on all subjects, not excepting politics. He had no scruples about introducing political topics into the pulpit, whenever he thought the interests of Religion demanded it. Some of his Thanksgiving and Fast Day sermons would compare favorably, in the *Bodine's* element at least, with any of our modern pulpit utterances on those subjects. Indeed, his best friends, found it necessary sometimes to advise a little more caution. On one occasion a good deacon got an inkling that the Doctor was preparing a tremendous broadside for an approaching anniversary occasion, and fleetingly him in the street, began to expostulate with him, urging him to use less severity in dealing with political matters. The Doctor hardly gave him time to finish, before he turned on his heel exclaiming "Rams horns, if I die for it!"

He fearlessly exposed the infidel sentiments of President Jefferson, and the fact of his being the father of a family of illegitimate colored children, warning the people of the consequences of electing such men to office, which was sent to listen to his utterances, and report them. A prosecution for libel was the result; and the officers sent to arrest him reached his house quite early, before he had breakfasted. They allowed him time to eat, but refused him time to attend family worship. One of his parishioners, furnished him with a fine horse and buggy, to take him out to Litchfield. He drove off slowly, for a time, but finding his horse spirited he gave him the reins, and soon left the officers far in the rear. They spurred on, fearing it was an effort to escape. After giving them a hard ride for several miles, the Dr. slackened his speed, and allowed them to come up. "Why sir," said one of them impatiently, "You drove off as if you thought the devil was after you?"

"I did think so sir," was the prompt reply. Having been bound over for trial, bail was at once offered, which he refused, insisting upon going to jail. But the people would not suffer it, and he was obliged to yield. Which he finally did, in a characteristic speech, thanking them for their kindness, and hoping he might have an opportunity of doing them a similar favor. Of course the case never came to trial, or judgment was rendered. On another occasion, a parishioner who was excessively fond of thrusting his obnoxious sentiments upon the Doctor's notice, so disgusted him with his senseless platitudes, that he told him "he reminded him of a woman, whom he once visited in a remote corner of his parish, who seldom enjoyed religious privileges. When he inquired after her state of mind, she expressed herself hopelessly, and mentioned that she had been greatly comforted by a passage of Scripture that had come to her mind."

"What was it?" eagerly inquired the pastor. "Well, she couldn't recollect the exact words, but it was something like this: 'Goosey, goosey gander; Where shall I wander?'"

He received no further annoyance from that man.

Similar stories are told of Rev. Mr. Ferrin of Canaan, who was once visited by a young licentiate, whose bump of self-conceit seemed unusually developed. The young man boasted of having studied at two colleges, and felt confident that it gave a student better advantages and greater variety of instruction, &c. Mr. F. told him he reminded him of a calf that had sucked two cows! "Why so?" asked the youth. "Nothing?" was the cool reply. He was only a great calf after all.

Visiting a brother minister (Mr. Dwight, who was a brother of Pres. Dwight) he found him very busy making elder in his orchard. He spent the night with him. In the morning the host excused himself, saying "he was very busy, but wished he would make him-

self at home and conduct family worship, as his business required his attention." Mr. F. did as requested, and when he got ready to leave, went out to the orchard to bid Bro. D. "good morning." The latter spoke of the urgency of his work, and how much he had been prosy in his crops and fruit. Bro. F. expressed some anxiety lest all was not well with his host. Mr. Dwight did not understand him, and asked an explanation. "We read," said his visitor, "Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, and I am thinking how you will manage to get your cider mill through!"

The well meant, though blunt reproof, was kindly received, and did not fail of good results.

A. M. R.
East Cleveland Ohio.

REMARKABLE CASE OF LONGEVITY.—In our last, says the Jamaica (L. I.) Farmer, we noticed the death of two females, at the advanced age of one hundred years, supposing at the time, that they were the oldest inhabitants on the Island. Such, however, is not the case, from facts that have since then come to our knowledge. There is at the present time an old lady, named Arnett, residing in the city of Brooklyn, one hundred and nine years of age, who, no doubt, is well remembered by many of our villagers, having been a resident of this place for a number of years. Mrs. Arnett was born in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1758, her parents dying while she was but an infant. She was adopted by a family named Bragg, with whom she moved to the city of New York, where she resided until her marriage. In the year 1794 she moved to this Island, where she has since resided. Mrs. A. is the mother of eight children, five of whom are living, the eldest being seventy, and the youngest fifty-five years of age. Mrs. A., at the present time, is residing in the city of Brooklyn with her daughter, and is in the enjoyment of health, where she is visited daily by many persons who delight to hear her tell her reminiscences of the olden times. Another remarkable case is that of a colored woman, one hundred and six years of age, residing in the family of Mr. Martin Schenck Bergen, a few miles east of this village. The woman was formerly a slave, and has been with this family since her birth. From her extreme age her skill has become softened so, that her head appears to be but a mass of pulp, a physician stating that he could squeeze it with his hand the same as he would a piece of sponge. She is jovial and happy, and to all appearances will live for some years to come.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

1. Is it because I am ashamed of ridicule, and of what others will say to me?
- "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed."
2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?
- "Every man shall give an account of himself to God."
3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all to Christ?
- "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"
4. Is it because I am afraid I shall not be accepted?
- "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."
5. Is

Bad Writing.

It is related—and we believe truly—that Rufus Choate, having answered an invitation from a young man's association in an eastern city to lecture before them, the committee were actually at a loss to make out whether the letter was an acceptance or a refusal. After much discussion over this dilemma, it was determined to light the hall and proceed on the supposition of an acceptance. Fortunately, Choate's presence "on time" proved that he had guessed rightly. The handwriting of the late Rev. Dr. Bethune, also, though remarkable for its neatness and uniformity, was nevertheless so peculiar as to be very difficult to read by one who was not familiar with it. A lady who had lost a favorite child once remarked that she had received a "sweet letter of condolence from the doctor," adding the naive confession, "I know it must be beautiful, but I can not read a word of it."

Indeed, so identical has an illegible handwriting become with public and literary men, that a round, fair, clerical hand is looked upon by many with contempt, as indicating a familiarity with trade. On the contrary, however, some whose hands have been formed badly grieve over their deficiency, and believe that they who take a contrary view abuse the priceless gift that Cadmus was good enough to introduce into Europe. It is related of Napoleon the Great, whose chirography was execrable, that upon his becoming Emperor, many who had known him in a humble sphere called upon him to solicit favors on the ground of acquaintance, or of having rendered him some service in the past. Among the number was a certain individual who, having solicited office on the ground that he had given the Emperor, in childhood, writing lessons, received from his quondam pupil this reply: "Leave my presence instantly. If I owe my wretched handwriting to you, instead of its giving you a claim on my gratitude, it ought rather to consign you to a dungeon!"

THE BETTER LAND.

Far away in the land of the pure and the bright
Is the city of God, with its golden light;
Oh, there is our home, and we ever shall stand
Mid the shining ones of the better land.

CHOICES.

Oh, beautiful home! Oh, beautiful home!
Where beautiful saints surround the throne;
How I long to be there, and forever to stand
Mid the shining ones of that better land.

That beautiful land we are nearing now,
Where crowns of brightness encircle each brow;
Where the light of life grows on the verdant green;
Where the flowers shall freshen to fade no more.

With palms, and bright crowns, and our robes all white,
We may roam the fair fields with eternal delight;
We may join in the songs of the pure and the bright,
Mid the shining ones of the better land.

My Hope.

Care for me, O, my Saviour—
There is no arm but Thine
In this, my life's dread battle,
Can help this arm of mine.
Care for me, O, thou Lord of Hosts—
Thine eye hath felt the tear,
Thy heart hath mourned in sorrow,
In Thy short sojourn here.
Care for me, my Redeemer,
If Thine eye will pity
O, whither shall I go?
Once, Thou, in deepest anguish,
Didst mourn Thy Father's face,
By clouds and darkness hidden,
O, grant me now Thy grace.
Care for me, O, my Saviour—
In Thine I've strong,
Best by fierce temptation,
Help me against the wrong;
Then shall this weak one praise Thee,
Praise Thee, the weak one's friend,
And give Thee thanks, rejoicing,
With songs that ne'er shall end.
—Watkinson and Reflector.

RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD—A STRANGE CASE.—The Wytheville (Va.) Dispatch says: We are informed that Mr. Peter Butler, a former resident of our town, who has contended for a number of years that he will never die, but remain on this earth alive, until Gabriel shall blow his trumpet, was thrown into a sort of a trance, recently, by which life was to all appearances entirely extinct. His belief led him often to warn his friends not to put him under terra firma too soon, but to keep his body many days, so as to convince themselves of the fact that he would never die. His warning was taken, and on the fifth day of his transitory sleep, unmistakable signs of life appeared in Peter's body; and in a few hours he was himself again! He has been a close reader of the good book and we have heard him preach some good sermons.

CHEAP LIVING IN TEXAS.—A friend writes as follows: "In Collin county, Texas, pork sells for six cents a pound, butter at twelve and a half cents, eggs at ten cents a dozen, wheat one dollar a bushel, and four dollars a hundred weight. Corn is rattled off at fifty cents a bushel. These rates are for specie. In that portion of Texas one dollar of United States paper currency is worth only two-thirds of a silver dollar. In Risk county, small feed readily brings six cents. There is an abundant supply of food in that region, particularly of hog and hominy. East Texas is unquestionably one of the best countries in the world for raising pork."

A SINGULAR SUCCESSION OF NAMES.—A certain congregation known to the writer was destitute of a Pastor: they called first a man of the name of Man, but he would not accept. Next they had on trial a man whose name was Child, and he would not stay with them. They then tried a man by the name of Ball, who was settled over them several years; and the present pastor is a Mr. Hine, which is the Saxon word for "a peasant, a boor, a rustic, &c."

On the 17th ult., in Accomac county, Va., while the whole earth was covered with snow, there was one of the severest thunder storms ever known in that country, and the lightning struck in several places. Many people thought the end of the world approaching.

RESTORATION OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.—The Paris *Mondeur* says that nearly all the wood necessary to build the temporary covering to protect the Holy Sepulchre during the restoration of that holy edifice has reached Jerusalem. It is intended to complete the work before Easter.

ILLUSTRATION.—It is generally admitted that at the present day he who would keep the attention and interest of an ordinary audience must use illustrative incidents to give point and spice to his discourse. Abstract disquisition, or even pure good sense, if unenlivened by simile, narrative, or some concrete exhibition of the truth, will be pronounced or felt to be dry, and so far fail of reaching the desired end. And yet sometimes persons run to the other extreme, and make illustrations the staple of the discourse. This is a worse failure than the other. We once heard a man make a Sunday-school address in which, in the course of twenty minutes, he related as many little stories. Of course the effect was bad. Nothing was taught, and nothing was learned. A Western writer tells of a discourse he heard where the subject was Faith, and the telegraph wires were used to illustrate, in various ways, the communications made by prayer to heaven, of the Christian's wants, and the answer thereto. The speaker said:

Does the Christian desire the sincere milk of the word, he telegraphs to heaven for it, and back comes to him the genuine article—none of your poor, miserable chalk mixtures! How was it? he continued, "with Daniel in the lion's den? He just telegraphed to heaven: 'Lord, give these lions the lock-jaw,' and instantly their jaws were locked."

ADMITTED.—One of our Universalist contemporaries insists that the doctrine of the salvation of all souls is older than orthodoxy, and cites history in proof. There is no need of argument on the point. We confess judgment at once. All the orthodox hold that the first teacher of Universalism was the gentleman in black, who said to Eve in the garden: "Ye shall not surely die." No apostle, prophet, or patriarch goes back to so early a date, and the Universalists are entitled to the full benefit of the fact.

ITALY.—The Rev. William Clarke writes from Milan to the *Christian World*, that Charles H. Thompson, an American gentleman residing in Paris, by a contribution of \$2000 in gold, has sustained twelve young men in Milan in their studies, preparatory to the ministry, and will do the same for the present year. Another gentleman, Mr. J. H. Birch, of Chicago, gives \$300 for a similar object. A large number of Italian young men are making application for aid to prepare themselves for the work of evangelization. Mr. Goodrich, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, gives \$1000 in gold to sustain two evangelistic missionaries in Hungary.

KEEPING THE HEART WARM.—Get into the sun, that is, Christ. Under the beams of this blessed Sun of Righteousness there are warmth and comfort. Walk to the fire, that is, the word of God. "Is not my word like fire?" How many warnings and comforting passages are there. Keep in motion and action, stirring up ourselves and the gift of God that is in us—Christian converse and communion. How can one be warm alone?

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—That was a beautiful idea in the mind of a little girl, who, on beholding a rose-bush where, on the topmost stem, the rose was fading, whilst below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, at once artlessly expressed to her brother, "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies!"

The reason why we find so many dark places in the Bible is, for the most part, because there are so many dark places in our hearts. It belongs to the nature of this book that it was written for all men of every time, and for all the experiences of each single human heart. Scarcely a single one in any time of his life has exhausted it, and each one at any time can still find many dark places therein. —Tholke.

The Christian life is not an engagement by contract between a master and his servant. It is the union of two hearts—that of the Saviour with that of the saved—by the enduring ties of the most intimate love.

Make personal efforts for the salvation of others. Accept and create opportunities for leading or pointing others to Christ. Gratitude to your Saviour and love for souls will lead you to this.

Many Saints have had their hearts warmed, and kindled by sitting near other saints' fires.

HOUSEHOLD, FARM & GARDEN.

ORIGIN OF PLANTS.—Celery originated in Germany.

The chestnut came from Italy.

The onion originated in Egypt.

Tobacco is a native of Virginia.

The nettle is a native of Europe.

The citron is native of Greece.

The pine is a native of America.

The poppy originated in the East.

Oats originated in North Africa.

Rye originally came from Siberia.

Parsely was first known in Sardinia.

The pear and apple are from Europe.

Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.

The suflower was brought from Peru.

The mulberry originated in Persia.

The gourd is probably an eastern plant.

The walnut and peach came from Persia.

The horse chestnut is a native of Thibet.

The quince came from the island of Crete.

The cucumber came from the East Indies.

The radish is a native of China and Japan.

Peas are supposed to be of Egyptian origin.

Garden beans came from the East Indies.

Garden cress is from Egypt and the East.

Horse radish was brought from the South of Europe.

The parsnip is supposed to be a native of Arabia.

Hemp is a native of Europe and America.

The potato is a well known native of Peru and Mexico.

The current and gooseberry came from Southern Europe.

Buckwheat came originally from Siberia and Tartary.

Millet was first known in India and Abyssinia.

Writers of undoubted respectability state that the cereals and others of those edible productions, grow spontaneously in that portion of Tartary East of the Belur Tag, and North of the Himalaya mountains.—*Etc.*

MILKING.

Dr. Dadd gives the following directions. The first process in the operation of milking is to make the cow's acquaintance; give her to understand that the milker approaches her with none other than friendly intentions; for if he swears, scolds or kicks her, she will give the milker the benefit of her heels, which in my opinion he is justly entitled to.

Before commencing to milk the cow, she should be fed, or have some kind of fodder;

in the enjoyment of the mastication of the same, her attention is withdrawn from the milker's operations; and the milk is not "held up," as the saying is, but is yielded freely.

The milker should not sit off at a distance like a coward, but his left arm should be in contact with the leg of the cow, so that she cannot kick. Before commencing to milk, the teats are to be washed with cold water in warm weather, and warm water in winter.

The best milker is a merciful man. The udder and teats are highly organized and very sensitive, and these facts should be taken into consideration, especially when milking a young cow, for the teats are sometimes excessively tender, and the hard tug-ging and squeezing which many poor sensitive creatures have to endure, at the hands of some thoughtless, hardhearted man, are really distressing to witness.

A better milker than a merciful man is a woman. The principal part of the milking in private establishments, in foreign countries, is done by women; and in the United States there are thousands of capable women out of employment who might be advantageously employed, in private dairy establishments, as milk-maids.

An indolent person—slow coach—should never be suffered to touch a cow's teat, process, to say the least of it, is painful; therefore the best milker is the one that can abstract the milk in the quickest time.

Finally, milk the cow dry. The last of the milk is the most valuable, yet Mr. Hurty-up cannot find time to attend to this matter, consequently he loses the best of the milk, and actually ruins the cow as a milker.

Making Butter.

A correspondent of the *Rural American* says she puts no water with the cream, nor does she rinse the butter as many do, considering that the water destroys the sweetness of the butter, and causes it to become rancid much sooner. She also thinks that she obtains more butter in cold weather by heating the milk, removing the cream the next day, and heating again, when she gets nearly as much cream as at the first skimming. The churning does not occupy over fifteen minutes, and the butter comes out in good order, and yellow, even in the coldest weather.

Another writer says:—When the milk is brought in, pour into the pail boiling water, according to the quantity of milk. If you have six or eight quarts, pour in two of water, and let it stand till it is done steaming, and all the unpleasant taste will be removed. Let the milk stand just long enough to have all the cream rise, which will be 48 hours at the longest, and not wait for the milk to thicken, as no cream will rise after the milk is sour; then, as you skim your milk put it in a clean stone vessel, and not cover tight, stirring lightly every time the cream is added, and the night before churning stir thoroughly till all is even, and next let it stand an hour after it is fit to be churned. If it is cold, add hot water gradually till of the right temperature.

MEAT FOR FOWLS TO MAKE THEM LAY.—It is the nature of fowls in good health to lay, and they cannot help it—the eggs will come. Scanty fare will reduce their laying propensity, and on very short commons, eggs cease altogether. Rich food promotes the tendency; certain seeds, like buckwheat, sunflower and hemp seeds increase it, and meat of any kind does the same. All this, however, forces the fowl into an unnatural state, and ordinarily shortens her life. The eggs, besides, have of ten a poor flavor. Occasional feedings of fresh meat, like the lights of hogs, chopped fine, are very good in winter when the fowls find no insect food. They need, besides, hearty food in cold weather, especially if they are not kept in warm houses. In very cold weather, hens, running about and roosting in exposed places, will not lay, though richly fed; their food goes to keeping them warm.

—*Agriculturist.*

Cream Spunge Cake.—Beat two eggs in a teacup, fill with sweet cream; one cup white sugar; one and one-half cups flour; two teaspoons cream tartar; one cup soda, salt, &c.

Rice Pudding.—Take one cupful of rice, boil it in a small quantity of water until tender; when done, it should be almost dry. Then add one cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, previously boiled 15 minutes, two eggs and three points of milk; salt and spice to taste.

A simpler and better is: Take nothing but the bread, milk, sugar, and some good raisins instead of currants, never mind the beating or the boiling, but bake it nicely and thoroughly, and eat it hot or cold without the wine.

Cream Cup Cake.—Four cups of flour, two cups of sugar, three cups of cream and four eggs, a little salt and half a small nutmeg. Beat it well and bake in small tin pans in a quick oven.

Cream Cake.—Beat two eggs with one cup of sugar, add one cup of this cream, a teaspoonful of saleratus and one of salt; flavor to your taste; mix as stiff as will pour into pans. A handful of currants improves it.

A Simple Bread Pudding.—Take the crumbs of a stale roll, pour over it one pint of boiling milk, and set it by to cool. When quite cold, beat it up very fine with two ounces of butter, sifted sugar sufficient to sweeten it; grate in half a nutmeg, and add half a pound of well-washed currants, beat up four eggs, separately, and then mix them up with the rest, adding, if desired, a few strips of candied orange-peel. All the ingredients must be beaten up together for about half an hour, as the lightness of the pudding depends upon that. Tie up in a cloth, and boil for an hour. When it is done, pour a little white-wine sauce over the top.

Fish Chowder.—The fish answer best when recently caught; skin and clean them well, split them if large; fry some good pork, peel and slice some raw potatoes; place a layer of pork on the bottom of the pot, one of potatoes, one of fish, one of crackers or hard bread, some onions—others prefer it without; one layer to succeed another until the whole is in; all to be sprinkled with pepper and salt. The process of cooking should be slow so as not to break up the fish. When near done, turn in the pork fat; care should be taken not to put in too much water, just enough to cook the potatoes, and when done, add some good milk, about one quart to six or eight of the chowder; let it come to a boil, then remove from the fire and it will be done.

TO CURE POISON FROM IVY.—Rub the part poisoned with sweet oil. A small portion rubbed on the skin before going among the ivy will prevent taking the poison.

Odds and Ends.

Beer fills many a bottle, and the bottle fills many a bier.

Some one advertises in a daily paper for "a house girl to assist in the washing of a small family."

Punch styles the Archbishops of Canterbury, York and Dublin, the "Three Graces." In England an archbishop is addressed as "Your Grace."

Punch says of the late cold weather in England: "The slippery pavements were very trying to all classes. Acrobats tumbled for nothing; bankers lost their balances; farmers grazed their shins; soldiers embraced the flags; tailors measured their length, and travelers tripped in all directions."

A gentleman ordered a rocking-chair, which was received by his wife, a lady precise in her speech. Upon making a trial of the chair, the gentleman expressed his great satisfaction with it, when his wife remarked, "The man said its equilibrium was very accurately adjusted."

"Did he really say that—those very words?" inquired the husband. "Why, no, not exactly," replied the lady; "but he said it joggled just right!"

FUNERAL OF A BEE.—A correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* transmits the following:—

"On Sunday morning last I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers. While walking near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing with them the defunct body of a comrade, with which they flew for a distance of twelve yards."

We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk—the tenderness with which they committed the body head downward, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they afterward pushed against it two little stones, doubtless 'in memoriam.' Their task being ended, they paused for about a minute, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and then they flew away to their hive."

DISSENSING WITH THE READING OF THE JOURNAL.—The *Cincinnati Commercial* tells the following on the authority of a correspondent at Somerset, Ky.:—

"A member from one of our mountain counties, full of conservatism, and a strong advocate would take his seat in the House, as business opened, would commence reading his favorite paper, and about the same moment some member would move to dispense with the reading of the journal, and our mountain member would lay down his paper. He stood this for some time, but rising from his seat one morning, after the usual motion, he exclaimed at the top of his voice:—

"Mr. Speaker, I've got here in my seat for mor'n a week and submitted to the tyranny of this House. Somebody, every morning, moves to dispense with the reading of the journal, and I've lost every paper I've bought for a week by it, and no man has ever moved to dispense with the *Democrat or Commercial*; and, Mr. Speaker, I won't stand it any longer." Mr. Speaker—

"Here the balance was lost in the general laughter."

In a town in the goodly state of Massachusetts, did one time reside, a little lass of six years old, whose name was Martha. In the same house with this little lass lived a maiden lady of very unpleasant ways, whose delight it was to pester the small Martha with questions, by which means Martha had come to much dislike Miss Pump—

Once Martha came a visit to Boston. When she returned, Miss Pump set upon her. Whereat this colloquy:—

"Where've you been, Martha?"

"To Boston, Miss Pump?"

"La! And who'd you see there, Martha?"

"Oh! I saw a angel."

"My! And what'd the angel say, Martha?"

"He said: 'How do you do, pretty little girl?'"

"Sakes! And who else'd ye see, Martha?"

"Oh! I saw the old 'un."

"Marcy! And what did he say, Martha?"

"He said, 'How's my good friend, Miss Pump?'"

The pump suddenly became dry.

Missionary Institute.

The Spring Session of this Institute, consisting of thirteen weeks will commence on the 5th of March next.

P. Bonn, Principal
Sellingrove, Pa., Feb. 18, '67.

Missionary Institute.

ENDOWMENT NOTICE.

All persons, who have given their bonds or subscription for the amount contributed by them toward the Endowment of the Theological Department of the Missionary Institute at Sellingrove, Pa., are notified, that I hold said bonds and subscriptions. Those prepared to pay the whole or any part, can do so by check, draft, or otherwise. The interest due on the various obligations ought to be promptly paid semi-annually. Please remit interest at once.

J. G. L. SHINDEL, Treasurer.
Sellingrove, Feb. 14, 1867.

Susquehanna Female College.

SELINGSROVE, PA.

The Spring Session of this Institution will begin on the 5th of March, 1867. There is room for the accommodation of 10 or 12 additional Boarders. Apply soon to

Rev. S. DOMER, Principal.
Sellingrove, Feb. 1st, 1867.

The Model Sewing Machine.

(From the New York Herald.)

Prominent among the mechanical triumphs of this most ingenious age, common honesty compels us to notice the Empire Sewing Machine, which is justly styled perfection itself. Useful as have been the various sewing machines, from time to time presented to the public, each one of them has been cursed with some radical defect, which detracted from their utility. Warned by the experience of his predecessors, the inventor of the Empire Machine has produced an instrument, combining all the advantages for which others are wanted, and obviating every defect which can be attributed to them by the most fastidious critic.

The Empire Machine is a marvellous combination of simplicity, economy and perfect workmanship. Being durable, free from liability to get out of order, noiseless, and easy of operation. Its mechanical contrivance is such as to secure stability, freedom from accident, and accuracy as to workmanship. By the use of the patented shuttle and straight needle, it makes a stitch, which can neither rip nor unravel, while, at the same time, it can operate perfectly upon every species of material from leather to cambric, with threads of cotton, linen or silk from the finest to the coarsest number.

As the Empire Machine is gradually supplanting its more antique rivals, no one in want of a useful machine of the kind, should neglect to visit the coach-maker, dress-maker or seamstress, can do otherwise than secure one of these economical and inimitable machines, suited alike for family and manufacturing purposes. The office of the Empire Manufacturing Co. is at No. 536 Broadway, New York City, where they are now supplying these Empire Machines at prices far below the real value of the instruments.

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January 17, '67.—ly

EMPIRE SHUTTLE MACHINE.

PATENTED FEBRUARY 14, 1860.

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PHILADELPHIA.

This Machine is constructed on a new principle of mechanism, possessing many rare and valuable improvements, having been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be SIMPLE, CUPID AND PERFECTLY COMBINED.

The following are the principal objections urged against Sewing Machines:

1. Excessive fatigue to the operator.

2. Liability to get out of order.

3. Expense, trouble, and loss of time in repairing.

4. Inability to sew every kind of material.

5. Disagreeable noise while in operation.

The Empire Sewing Machine is exempt from all these objections.

It has a straight needle, perpendicular action, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will neither RIP nor UNRAVEL, and is alike on both sides. PERFORMS PERFECT SEWING on every description of material, from leather to the finest Nankin, Muslin, with cotton, linen, or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

IT HEMSTITCHES, KINKS, BRADES, TUCKS, QUILTS, PLAITS, GATHERS, &c.

Having neither CAM nor COG WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass, and is EMPHATICALLY A NOISELESS MACHINE.

ALLIANCE OF CABINET MACHINES from \$80 upwards. Particular attention is called to our new and improved Manufacturing Machine for Tailoring, Shoe-Fitting, Coach Trimming, &c. Its advantages are simplicity, durability, rapidity, easy adaptation to all branches of manufacturing. It makes perfect work on all materials. It is especially desirable for sewing Patent Leather, and is very strong. In short, it is the most perfect manufacturing machine in the market.

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Agents wanted.

