

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

REV. P. ANSTADT & C. LEPPY, EDITORS.

Sellinggrove, Pa., April 25, 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 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 that date 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 " " 75 " " 15.00
" 30 " " 100 " " 20.00
" 40 " " 125 " " 25.00
" 50 " " 150 " " 30.00

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

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.

Ministers who will act as agents in their congregation and secure three or four subscribers receive their paper gratis.

The post office at Centre Brunswick, having been discontinued, Rev. P. A. Strobel desires his address changed to Troy, N. Y.

We begin with this number to put the bills in the papers of all those subscribers who have not paid in advance for this year. We hope none will take offence at this, but forward the money at once by mail.

The extraordinary industry of the associate editor, and a number of original communications have crowded out our editorial this week.

How to Recover borrowed Books.

Who has not suffered from the book-borrowers? that is, from those who borrow books and never return them. Many a valuable book has been lent out; after a while it is missed out of the library; the owner has forgotten who borrowed it; and it is lost. A writer in one of our exchanges publishes a method by which he has recovered most of his books. We will copy his method for the benefit of our readers. He says:

"I have noticed, in the last two numbers of your excellent paper, several articles relative to borrowing, lending, and not returning books, which have induced me to suggest a method that I have adopted, for many years, by which all the books I have loaned out to the members of my congregation, and other persons, have invariably been returned, shortly after they have been read.

About forty years ago I found, in some old book, the following lines (the author I never knew), which I had printed and pasted on the inside cover of every book, that no one could mistake its intention. By adopting this method I have not lost six books in that number of years:

This Book belongs to Mr. _____
If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me:
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish Learning's store;
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read slowly; pause frequently; think seriously; keep cleanly; return duly, with the corners of the leaves not turned down."

The Work of an Editor.

Some of the over-critical readers of newspapers might sometimes be benefited by knowing something of the experience of the editors of papers. We give the following item from the valedictory of Rev. Dr. Cobleigh, who was for four years editor of Zion's Herald, and resigned on account of broken down health:

"We have never been able to make the paper all that we desired it to be. We have not reached our ideal standard. There have been many difficulties in the way, which it is not necessary here to mention. It takes time to learn the art or trade, if you please to call it so, of making a good newspaper. We were told by a veteran editor before we commenced that it would take at least four years to learn the editorial art. On that calculation three months are still wanting to complete our apprenticeship. We are satisfied, fully satisfied, that one man, with only one brain, cannot do well all the editorial work on such a paper as Zion's Herald ought to be. If he takes time to read, think, study and investigate in order to thoroughness, variety, and the proper finish to editorials, he will have no time to do the necessary drudgery of office work—all the

spare time after that will be needed for exercise in the open air and recreation, in order to give health to the body, and elasticity and vigor to the mind. If he does the office work of correcting, proof reading, correcting and selecting for publication the various manuscripts, looking over the exchanges, paraphrasing, itemizing, reviewing and noticing books, with all the et ceteras of calls and interruptions, he will have neither time, nor heart, nor strength for writing editorials. This is our experience, and with us in this conviction we find every man of editorial experience with whom we have conversed, fully concurs.

DON'T WANT OUR ADVICE.

Sometime ago we published as an item of church news the proceedings of a congregational meeting at Barren Hill, which was called for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of changing the "Synodical relations" of the congregation. As the result of the vote did not correspond with the wishes and efforts of the pastor, Rev. J. Q. Waters, we volunteered a little gratuitous advice to him, namely, that he had better change both his pastoral and his Synodical relations. But man is by nature an ungrateful being.—Brother Quincy does not even thank us for our advice so kindly given, but seems to lose his temper and becomes irritated. At the close of a lengthy article in the Lutheran and Missionary, he uses the following language in regard to our well meant advice:

"A word before closing, with regard to the remarks of the astute editor of the American Lutheran. As he has seen fit to refer to this matter, and to give some gratuitous advice to Rev. John Quincy Waters," we would simply say that it is a pity he does not know how little his *wise* counsels are respected and heeded in the church, and to recommend that he hereafter withhold his advice, when it is not asked or desired, and save his credit.

J. Q. W."

Now, brother J. Q., you need not have become so saucy about that little bit of advice, because we intended to give it to you gratis, and although you wish us "hereafter" to withhold our advice, we suppose you will take it this time before long, notwithstanding; for how can you show your face in a Synod against which you have proved yourself a traitor? But if you take this advice now after saying what you have said, we will charge you a dollar for it. Mind that.

P. S. Notwithstanding the ungrateful reception which our first advice to J. Q. W. met with, we will venture on a second advice, and hope this will be more "respected and heeded" by him than the first. The advice is that he go to school and study English grammar, for the above effusion from his pen is lamentably deficient in grammatical accuracy.

Editorial Correspondence.

"Maryland, My Maryland!"

Once more I am in the state in which I spent 25 years of the best days of my life in the work of the ministry. The romantic scenery and balmy air—the fertile lands and mineral wealth—the social and genial spirit of the people, all endear me to "My Maryland." After leaving you, I arrived safely at the residence of my son, Rev. Hennighausen, in Baltimore. I found all the brethren engaged in the good work of catechizing the young people, and preaching the Gospel every night, to their congregations. There will be, so far as I could ascertain, large accessions to the Lutheran Churches. The Mission on Federal Hill, I believe, has been abandoned. To keep up a sickly existence, with but little hope of permanent success, is not good policy, and a waste of money. If, however, 15 or 20 families in the other churches had identified themselves with the Mission, for the time being, and the City Mission Society had secured a good place of worship at once, it could, and no doubt would have been a success, and would have been economical.

At the time appointed for the dedication of the Church at Jefferson, Frederick Co., Md., I went there to greet the brethren, and see the services. Drs. Conrad and Diehl, the brethren Startzman, Richardson, Wire and Nixdorf were present. Services were held on Saturday afternoon, by Rev. Nixdorf, preparatory to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; also, services on Saturday night. On Sabbath morning a large congregation, that could not be accommodated in the church, assembled "from near and from far." The service of consecration was performed by Dr. Diehl, of Frederick, Md. It was solemn and very impressive. This service was followed by a very able and forcible discourse from Dr. F. W. Conrad, principal editor of the Lutheran Observer. The Dr. has, very deservedly, quite a reputation for securing funds on such occasions, and therefore was solicited to be present on this occasion.

The congregation had a debt of about \$4,000 which they wished at once to provide for. Several gentlemen responded to the call very liberally indeed. The Culler family seemed to be prominent in this work. I noticed that they were among the highest contributors. If I mistake not, two of that name gave \$500 each, and another, whose name I do not recollect, also gave \$500. Whether the whole amount was raised, I do not know, as I left before the evening service, when the work was to be closed up. They had about \$3,400 when I left.

I understand that this is a wealthy congregation. They have manifested a good spirit in erecting such a Church. It is an ornament to the town—the best building in it; and so far as I observed, they have one of the finest parsonages in Western Maryland. It is beautifully romantic—a bower eminently adapted to the Bowers!

The occupant of this sweet place is Rev. Bowers, who is also Pastor of the congregation. He will please accept my regards for his kind favors.

I have only space to say, that the Church is large, and can hold 700 people in the audience chamber, perhaps 850 with the gallery. The outside is plain, but substantial. The internal structure is not only convenient, but

most beautiful in style. There is much taste displayed in the selection of the furniture. Two large bells are located in a tall steeple of appropriate dimensions. From the belfry there is not only a beautiful, but a magnificent prospect all over this splendid valley.

I will close this notice by repeating the text used on the occasion of the dedication of the Church, from Isaiah 2: 2: "And my people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountains of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us by his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the Lord from Jerusalem."

Publication Book Store. Why Don't It Pay?

I have recently been told, by one who has the means of knowing the facts in the case, that at a meeting of the Publication Board in Philadelphia, held a month or so ago, a committee of business men, who had been appointed to inquire into the financial condition of the book store, read their report, in which it was stated that the book store scarcely paid the expenses of the clerk's salary and fuel.—It was also stated in that report that the aggregate sales during a year are small. Now why is this? Here is a church society—the Publication Board, for which Dr. Keller more than ten years ago collected seventeen thousand dollars (\$17,000), and Rev. P. Willard, many thousands more within the last three years, that established a book store in the business part of Philadelphia some ten years ago, and yet the store does not pay expenses. It is utterly amazing! Ten or twelve years should have been time enough to build up a splendid book business. The Church has given the Publication Board some twenty-five thousand dollars. What has that Board done? Why, they bought a house and lot for some \$8,000, I believe, and also a few stereotype plates. After having bought the house, their chief attention has been given to the store.—Through Mr. Sheeligh they publish the Sunday school paper. But he manages that little paper so well that the Board need not give it much attention. The Board has therefore been in a situation to devote their attention mainly to the store. And what have they made of it? The Church gave them \$25,000, and located them in the heart of Philadelphia, ten years ago, and said to them, 'take this money, build up a good business; with the revenues arising from it, create and publish a good literature for the Church.' Now what has the Board done? With a house well located; no store rent; a surplus capital of thousands of dollars; with all the influence of the General Synod and Church patronage in favor of that store, what have they accomplished in ten years? Why it is said, the report stated that the profits on the sales of books and stationery nearly paid the clerk's salary and the coal for warming the room. In other words, after the Church gave them a house in the business part of Philadelphia, store room free of rent, thousands of dollars and immense church patronage, these brethren have shown such business capacity that they could make nearly enough out the store to pay the clerk and the fuel. And after the church gave them the store room, and the capital for the stock, she will not be required to give probably more than two hundred dollars a year to keep the store going!!! Wonderful success!!!

In the mean time how have private Lutheran book stores succeeded? I am told that Dr. D., started a book store in the Observer House, on Light street, Baltimore, in May, 1864, with a capital stock much less than that of the Publication store, which the Dr. soon afterwards sold to Capt. W. Stork, and that store the first year yielded a profit of more than \$1,200, and now in the third year of its existence supports three families, who are making money enough to build houses. I am told that T. N. Kurtz, established a book store in Baltimore some twenty years ago, and sells seventy thousand dollars worth of goods annually, while Philadelphia sells about six thousand dollars (\$6,000) worth. Mr. K. makes probably from seven to ten thousand dollars clear profit a year, while the Philadelphia store can't quite pay their clerk and fuel, after having the stock and room gratis. This shows that in the Lutheran church a Board of twelve men cannot carry on the book business successfully, but an individual of enterprise and capacity can make the business pay. I would therefore advise the Board to sell out the store; rent the room for \$500 dollars a year, and save the two hundred dollars they now pay to keep the store going. This will save \$700 a year.

THE LUTHERAN OBSERVER.—In my travels through Maryland I met two of the Editors of our Philadelphia cotemporary—the chief Editor and one of the corresponding Editors. They are greatly pleased with the recent success of that paper, and its prospects for the future. Their last issues at Baltimore required for each week six thousand and three hundred sheets. They now use about seven thousand three hundred and fifty. So that they have increased about one thousand and fifty subscribers in four months. This is doing very well, and evinces great zeal and active efforts on the part of the friends of that paper. The friends of the Am. Lutheran might do likewise for us. While on this point I will mention the general opinion of those I have recently met with in regard to the

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE LUTHERAN OBSERVER.

All admit that the paper has greatly improved. It was enlarged to the size of the Lutheran and Missionary. The Observer Board determined to print it on the best paper. Accordingly they use paper that costs three cents per pound more than common newspaper paper. This fine paper gives it a beautiful appearance. They also resolved to have the printing done in the best possible manner. Accordingly they made a contract with Mr. Rogers, one of the best and largest printing houses in Philadelphia, and pay about twenty dollars a week more than they had been paying at Baltimore for printing. This was a stroke of good policy by the Board. The very fine paper and excellent printing have secured

them a thousand new subscribers and may get them a thousand more. That will pay them for their additional outlay. One of the Editors also told me that at Philadelphia and by the eclat of a rapidly increasing circulation they can make their advertising columns yield three thousand dollars a year, instead of four hundred dollars at Baltimore. So that the removal to Philadelphia and the expensive and superior mechanical arrangements of the Observer will pay well. I want you to take a hint from this for the American Lutheran.

Then the Observer has also improved in proofreading. The chief proofreader at present is Dr. Hutter, who was a practical printer and editor before he became a minister. At Baltimore Drs. Stork, Martin and McCron have been the Observer proofreaders. They themselves must admit that Dr. Hutter does this part of the work, better than it had been done at Baltimore. In this too the Observer has gained by its removal. It has improved also in the condensation of the church news, such as notices of Conference meetings, donations to pastors &c. The general arrangement of the matter and the getting up of the paper under Dr. Hutter is much better than it was under the local editors at Baltimore. In addition to all these improvements the lady like the Observer at present, very much on account of the absence of low scurrilous controversy. It cannot be said that the Observer at Philadelphia has not been controversial—for its strongest articles, those of Dr. Sprecher are highly controversial. But the Dr. handles the symbolisms in such an admirable Christian spirit, that it is not offensive even to the most pious and the most fastidious. So also the editorials with regard to the "General Council," the Pa. Synod &c. have been controversial.

But perhaps you will ask, has the Observer improved in the actual ability of its editorials and original communications? Is it more sprightly than formerly? I cannot see how there could be much improvement in this respect. Drs. Diehl, Conrad and Stork were the editors at Baltimore, and Drs. Hutter, Sprecher, Baugher and Weiser, the most prominent contributors. Now I cannot for the life of me see how Drs. Conrad, Stork, Hutter, Diehl, Sprecher, Baugher and Weiser, should write with more ability for the Observer at Philadelphia than these same men did at Baltimore. The chief writers for the Observer are the same they have been for years. They have all been men of mature age for some years past. Is it reasonable then that their writing in 1867 should be of a much higher order, than it was in 1865 and 1866? I think not. The only particular in which the writers have improved, so far as I can see, is that they seem to write with more care. Formerly many of the editorials and original communications had something slovenly about them. At Philadelphia the Observer has gotten rid of slovenliness, both in mechanical execution and the composition of its original articles. This seems to be the chief improvement. And this is a great gain. The general slovenliness of the printing, proofreading, and getting out of the Observer and also of the composition of many of its original articles at Baltimore, was unquestionably a drawback. The editors themselves, as well as the Board had the discernment to see it. And they have applied the remedy. They are reaping the benefits of it in a rapidly increasing circulation.

But as to the real ability of the articles, there is no gain;—no more thought; no more vigorous handling of subjects; no more originality of ideas or illustrations; no finer rhetoric; no more wit or humor; not more of classical taste. As to all the essential elements of writing, the original departments of the Observer, are precisely what they have been for four years. The general opinion has been and is still so far as I have learned it in my travels, that the editorial and original articles, excepting Dr. Sprecher's, are somewhat dull and commonplace. Among the dozen of prominent writers for this paper, there is not one who has one tinge of the editorial or newspaper ability of good old Dr. Kurtz. Many of our best ministers cry out, "O that we could once more have the trumpet peal—the clarion ring of the old editorials of the palmy days of Dr. Kurtz." I have no doubt that after the readers shall have become accustomed to the beautiful paper and neat mechanical execution, they will regard the paper somewhat deficient in sprightliness, vigor, raciness, and photographic pictures of passing events.

Revivals in the Logan Charge.

A friend handed us a private letter from Rev. J. F. Dietrich, pastor of the Logan Charge, Milford Co., Pa., from which we make the following extracts:

"I commenced holding protracted meetings the second week in November. I held the first meeting in my Salem congregation, and continued it three and a half weeks; at this meeting about thirty persons made a profession of religion.

The second meeting I held in my Stroup congregation; this also continued three and a half weeks. At this meeting thirty-five persons made a profession of religion. My third and last meeting, I held at Yeagerstown. This meeting continued over five weeks, and forty-one persons made a profession of faith in Christ, and found rest unto their souls.

I did nearly all the preaching myself. I have stood the labor very well, and by the blessing of God, I have been successful in winning souls to Christ. I have now received, and added to the membership of my charge Seventy-six souls, and I expect to add some ten or fifteen more in a few weeks, all as the result of my three meetings. I have a Catechetical class at each of these congregations, numbering in the whole about sixty-five or seventy catechumens. The whole number of persons who made a profession of religion in my three meetings, is one hundred and five. The whole number of persons whom I have received as members of the church, since I have been pastor of the Logan Charge, is one hundred and twelve. These have all been received within one year's time. Not unto us, but to the Lord be all the praise. Our people are the kind, they have given us presents in the way of donations during the past year, amounting

to one hundred and twenty-five dollars, among which was a good warm over-coat, just the thing I needed. This coat was donated by the Salem congregation whilst my meeting was in progress in that place; then there were many other small presents of which I kept no account.

For all these tokens of love and kindness from our people, we return our sincere thanks and hope they may prove incentives to greater faithfulness in the discharge of duty &c."

Our Memorial—Shall it go Forward? Time for Action.

One year since we projected a Memorial Church—a thank offering to God for the preservation of our nation's life, in our National Capitol. It meets the approval of the friends of our Zion generally throughout the land.—The importance of occupying the heart of our nation for Christ, cannot be over estimated. The Lutheran Church must take her stand here among the leading denominations of the land. We are constantly losing our own people here for lack of room in our present only English church in the city. Besides, the city is always full of sojourners for whom the gospel must be provided. The other denominations are strongly occupying the national center with churches costing from \$50,000 to \$200,000.

A commanding site for our Memorial has been purchased, and is now paid for. We have a surplus on subscription of about \$10,000. We will require at least \$50,000 to complete this work for the church and for God. We desire to put the Memorial under roof before the next winter. This, under God, will depend upon the activity and liberality of its friends and we have no doubt of the accomplishment of the work.

Contributions, or subscriptions payable during the current year, may be sent to Jay Cooke & Co., Washington, D. C., our Treasurer, or to Rev. J. C. Butler, Financial agent. We thankfully, to God and the donors, acknowledge the following paid subscriptions:

Cash received on account of subscriptions to Memorial Church, Washington, D. C., from April 1, 1866, to April 1, 1867.
Nicholas Acker, \$500, L. D. Alden, (in part) \$100, C. Adz, (in part) \$25, Wm. Allen, \$10, Mrs. C. Acker, \$25, Hon. S. L. Anson, \$20, Mr. Amney, (cash) \$5, D. K. Apple, \$10, Samuel Appold, \$100, Adams Blackmer & Lyons, \$10, A. Friend, \$1,000, Philip Altman, \$2.
Gen. S. L. Brown, \$100, Mrs. Gen. Brown, \$35, Gen. Brown's three children, \$30, Rev. J. N. Burket, \$120, Mrs. Burket, \$5, H. Burns, \$100, Carl Berlin, \$25, Geo. Bright, \$25, A. Bell, \$10, W. H. Barnard, \$10, C. E. Brockman, \$10, J. D. Becker, \$25, Mrs. W. M. Beum, \$30.

O. W. Comstock, \$20, Jay Cooke & Co., \$500, James Clarkson \$150, Mrs. Clarkson, \$50, C. H. Conrad, \$10, Claremont, N. Y., a friend, \$10.

A friend, \$500, Samuel Davis, \$100, Mrs. Dallas and children, \$85, J. R. Drege, (dec'd) \$100, James Y. Davis, \$100, C. Dues, \$22, J. L. Endefer, \$100, N. Eckert, (in part) \$5, Egan & Porter, \$5, M. E. Emmet, \$50, Rev. C. J. Ehrhardt, \$10, E. Erkenbreiter, \$100, H. A. Ebert, \$25, Mrs. P. L. E., \$1, Mrs. Mary Eberling, \$20.
Frankie H. Finckel, \$50, Samuel Frees, \$100, W. H. Fry, \$60, J. J. Pink, (in part) \$10, Miss M. Parquhar, \$50, Mrs. Fitzgerald, \$25, J. D. Forney, 20 ds., G. H. Faymen, 10 ds., Albert Fox, 10 ds., Mrs. S. Fitch, 10 ds., J. G. Fitch, 100 ds., Festival St. Pauls Sunday School, 750.90 ds., Geo. Fisher, 24 ds., L. J. & W. R. Fishell, 2 ds.

Miss E. Goeh, 25 ds., J. Gawler, 10 ds., Miss G., 5 ds., C. U. Green, 10 ds., Rev. W. V. Gotwald, 20 ds., Isaac Graenwald, 25 ds.

F. B. Haine, (in part) \$20, Miss A. Haywood, 25 ds., Judge J. Holt, 25 ds., C. A. Hutz, et al 10 ds., Dr. J. Hay, 10 ds., W. H. Harvey, 5 ds., E. B. H. 1 d., John Hill, 10 ds., David Hawley, 50 ds.

J. W. Igenfriz, 25 ds.
J. F. Kelley, (in part) \$100, Henry Kengling, \$200, Mrs. Kissenger, \$25, Miss J. M. Keen, \$10, Mrs. Keller, \$5, D. H. Knoop, \$7, A. Kuntz, \$50.

Dr. A. H. Lee, \$100, B. F. Larcom, \$10, M. Losano, \$20, Rev. A. H. Lochman, \$5, by Rev. A. W. Lilly, \$5, by Rev. C. Lepp, \$10.

A. D. Miller, \$50, Hon. I. K. Morehead, \$50, Mrs. McCaffrey, \$49, Maxwell children, \$20, Geo. F. Muth, \$10, Miss C. M. M., \$5, C. H. M., Miss McGann, \$5, Mrs. J. L. M. Morrell, \$25, Dr. H. H. Muhlenberg, \$40, Mrs. McKinstry, \$50, J. H. McSherry, \$1, John Maus, \$10, Geo. Myers, \$2, C. A. Morris, 100 ds., C. A. Morris, \$20, John Myers, \$20, Andrew Noer, \$110, J. Nichols, (in part) \$30, J. Nyman, \$25, Rosa C. Nichols, \$50, Geo. W. Neff, \$20.

S. W. Owen, \$25, Rev. M. Officer, \$1, A. S. Pratt, \$100, Fred. W. Pratt, \$150, Miss Kate A. Pratt, \$10, Tom S. Parvin, \$100, Capt. E. A. Pratt, (in part) \$50, John C. Parker, \$25, Mrs. Poole, 25, Dr. Presbury, \$10, L. W. Pearson, \$10, Joshua Pierce, \$10, P. E. Ponds, \$10.

Geo. Rynald, \$110, John Rheem, (in part) \$50, M. M. Robor, \$40, Geo. W. Rose, \$25, G. W. Riggs, \$100, Geo. M. Ritz, \$25, A. Rinner, \$10, Miss Remley, 10, Barbara Rinne, \$6, Mrs. Rue, \$5, Miss E. C. R., 10 ds., D. K. Ramsey, 1 dol.

L. H. Schneider, (in part) 100 ds., Mrs. L. H. Schneider, 50 ds., Mrs. Schneider, (in part) 20 ds., J. R. Schneid, (in part) 15 ds., C. C. Sniffan, 100 ds., Mr. Spier, (in part) 50 ds., Miss Louisa Schneider 100 ds., John Seifert, 100 ds., W. H. Sigston, (in part) 15 ds., A. C. Spaulding, 60 ds., Henry Seifert, 50 ds., Christian Schneider, 100 ds., Major H. Schneider, (in part) 50 ds., Mrs. J. J. Siman, 35 ds., G. J. Seiffeler, 100 ds., E. Z. Steever, 20 ds., Mr. Straffer, 5 ds., H. H. Stuckenberg, 5 ds., E. G. Snyder, 100 ds., Samuel S. S., 50 ds., Rev. B. Sailer, 10 ds., C. W. Sledge, 10 ds., St. Paul's Sunday School, 800 ds., Mrs. M. Shusen, 1 d., C. Talmadge, 10 ds., Henry Turner, (in part) 20 ds., J. W. Trask, 5 ds.

Charles Ulrich, (in part) 50 ds., C. Ulrich Jr., (in part) 20 ds.

Frank J. Willis, 100 ds., E. J. A. Weisder, (in part) 100 ds., F. H. Werwer, 120 ds., W. D. Wvyl, (in part) 50 ds., J. G. Weaver, 25 ds., J. T. Winter, 10 ds., C. Weber, 10 ds., Mr. Weiss, 10 ds., Miss J. Windham, 5 ds., Mr. Withers, 25 ds., C. S. Weiser, 15 ds., C. S. Withburne, 10 ds., Geo. Weaver, 50 ds., Miss M. Weaver, 5 dol. C. Weiser, 20 ds.

Mr. Yerkes, 25 ds., A. L. Young, 5 ds.
J. G. B.

SACRILEGIOUS BURGLARS.—On Sunday night the 7th inst., seven churches in Burlington, Vt., were entered by burglars and despoiled of their valuables. Communion plate, baptismal fonts, contribution boxes, pulpit ornaments and Sunday school books were stolen from each church, and much malicious mischief perpetrated in addition. In one church the pastor had several hundred dollars' worth of private property stored, all of which was taken. The Methodist church was the only one in the town not visited by the sacrilegious robbers.

He prayed fervently and pointedly, and with his whole heart opened. He did not make any speech, nor cover all the praying ground; nor yet make a Sabbath morning prayer, (save us from your fine prayers, they are like statues—beautiful, possibly wonderful, but cold as a rock), but he just prayed, and you felt he was praying and you were praying with him, for he was in earnest and asked as if he wanted an answer, just as your child asks when he wants any thing very much. And then, best of all, when he got through praying, he did not go off into exhortation, but stopped. That is half the power of prayer, to stop when you get done.

"The Most Certain Fact of History."

It is in these triumphant terms that the Commentator Lange speaks of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Judged according to the ordinary canons of evidence, there is no event of the past so well established as this. The strongest possible testimony from witnesses whose credibility cannot be impeached has been in possession of mankind from the date of the event to the present time. It occurred among the bitterest enemies, the murderers of Christ, shrewd men and powerful no less than eager to fasten falsehood upon the story if they could. Even the amazed disciples of Christ discredited it, at first, as stoutly as His enemies. "Their words seemed to them as idle tales and they believed them not." Honest, blunt, incredulous Thomas, the very sort of an ally which a skeptic would have desired to have among the disciples at such a time would listen to no hearsay testimony on the subject whatever. The thing was impossible in his view. Nothing but the most overwhelming sensible proofs would satisfy him of such a fact. Even this obstinate doubter was more than silenced; with joyful, adoring wonder he was fain to cry out, "My Lord and my God." Thus the risen Lord was obliged to convince His very friends, as well as enemies, of the reality of His resurrection. Their testimony has all the value of that of men convinced against the current of their opinions and beliefs.

And only such an event as the Resurrection can at all account for the subsequent history and the invincible life and power of Christianity. Had Christ died and disappeared like any ordinary man, we may be sure the Christian religion would have been a poor, feeble, world. It is utterly impossible that the Acts of the Apostles would have been done or written. Those great Christian heroes would have remained a poor, stricken, trembling band, never to be rallied from the dispersion caused by the cruel and ignominious death of their Master. The mighty movement which stirred the whole world, which overthrew the splendid idolatries of Greece and Rome, which in three centuries converted the civilized world through the zeal of martyr witnesses, would have been as great a miracle as the resurrection itself, had not Christ himself risen. That Resurrection is the only adequate explanation of such a wonderful series of events in the world's history.

And the Resurrection of Christ is that one great event which, however surprising, would alone give congruity to the life and works of such a being. He who had so marvellous a beginning; who taught duty and morality and truth in such a matchless style of authority, simplicity and purity; who wrought, by His single word such mighty works, cleansing the leper, giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and speech to the dumb; who cast out devils, and raised the dead; who suffered Himself to be announced as the world's promised Redeemer and divine sacrifice, that He should die and pass away; that His body should see corruption; that He should share the common lot and never be heard of more, would be so out of all keeping as to mar irretrievably the whole narrative. Beginning and middle would be discredited by such an end. Slow as His followers were to believe it, only a resurrection on the third day becomes the exalted Jesus, the Great Teacher, the mighty healer, the Redeemer of mankind.—A. Pros.

The Author of Evil.

A UNITARIAN minister recently opened a sermon with these words:

"The sacred historian tells us Christian friends, that when God determined upon his last and best act of creating, he stooped, gathered together a handful of dust, fashioned it by the prescribed pattern, breathed into it the breath of his own divine life, and then called the whole mysterious mechanism a Man. So that, if the record be true, a man is composed of dust and inspiration (we believe the record without an "if"), but not of good and evil. On the contrary, all devout believers affirm that before the fall, Adam had the complete moral image of God. He was part of the creation which is pronounced very good. The evil was of his own introduction at Satan's suggestion, and for it he is justly responsible, nor can he escape by the old Pagan doctrine of the inherent sinfulness of matter, which seems to be the doctrine of the preacher whom we have quoted.—Chr. Int.

The Cobbler's Prayer.

I believe I never heard a more effective praying man than a cobbler. He had not the grammar, had not the style, nor the many words; but every sentence from the start was a blow in the right place, and drove in the nail. The people loved to hear him pray, and it made a tear start to my eye when I listened to him—he moved the assembly by his fervent prayer. Notwithstanding his want of advantages in other matters, he could still ask, though in feeble words, yet with mighty spirit, for his desires, and could carry the people with him. And why was it? Because he prayed like the publican—straight to the point, without any unnecessary preliminaries of pious talking to get around it. He said just what he intended to say, and then passed on and said something else. He asked for those things just what his soul needed, and spoke likewise for other souls.

He prayed fervently and pointedly, and with his whole heart opened. He did not make any speech, nor cover all the praying ground; nor yet make a Sabbath morning prayer, (save us from your fine prayers, they are like statues—beautiful, possibly wonderful, but cold as a rock), but he just prayed, and you felt he was praying and you were praying with him, for he was in earnest and asked as if he wanted an answer, just as your child asks when he wants any thing very much. And then, best of all, when he got through praying, he did not go off into exhortation, but stopped. That is half the power of prayer, to stop when you get done.

How Liquors are made.

Dr. A. A. Hays, State

Temperance.

Address of Senator Yates, of Illinois.

BEFORE THE CONGRESSIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AT WASHINGTON, D. C. FEBRUARY 17, 1867.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It was not my intention to address you at all until this afternoon, and I feel the need of more preparation before speaking to so large an audience as this. The reason why I did not propose to address this assembly was because having so recently associated myself with the Congressional Temperance Association, I did not like to make a parade of myself before the public. Men sometimes sign pledges, and they break them; but, Mr. President, I have signed for good, and I have made my covenant with God that I will keep mine. But I felt it was better to prove first that I was well established in my new position, before I attempted to express sentiments on this question in that earnest and enthusiastic manner in which I always address my fellow-citizens in behalf of a cause which has the conviction of my judgment and the approval of my heart.

Some two months ago your distinguished chairman, the able and eloquent Senator from Massachusetts, in his kindness, in the goodness of his great big heart, came to me with a petition humbly signed by members of Congress, and said: "Governor, I want you to sign a call for a temperance meeting." "What all my heart," I said. "I signed it!" But the temperance cause did not come off. I became impatient. I went to the honorable Senator and told him I was tired of waiting; could he not furnish me a pledge? He said he could not. The next day he furnished me with a printed pledge of the Congressional Temperance Society. I put it in my pocket, took it home, took it to my room, read it carefully, and after one look to God and one to home, I signed the pledge. I signed it with my right hand, and I was free. If I refer to myself in the remarks I have made, and which I intend to make, I assure you it is not from egotism, for I take no peculiar pride in having been added to the use of ardent spirits. But there is another reason why I feel permitted to refer to myself, and that is, because while I have considered that I was only a moderate drinker, it has been published all over the land that I was a drunkard.

Fellow-citizens, there was some truth in this, and there was a vast deal of error in it, too. I was addicted to drinking occasionally as a stimulant, as I supposed, to strengthen my nerves, and as a heightener of social joys. But, Mr. Chairman, differently from other men, I had a most unfortunate difficulty with myself, and that was, I had a wonderful facility, whenever I drank, of letting everybody know it. My speech was not free, but they were long, and they were loud. The grand prairies of Illinois did not furnish any more for one of my forward movements. That was not only the case, but whatever I have done for the last seventeen years, whether I had to make a speech to a political meeting, whether I spoke against the Nebraska bill, or upon the floor of this House; whether, as Governor, I wrote a message or published a proclamation, or presented a Legislature, or the usual charge of the opposite party was that all these acts were done under the influence of whiskey. Now, fellow-citizens, I have concluded to put a stop to this matter. The editors and reporters of newspapers are an honorable class of gentlemen whom I respect; but I want those libelous scribblers who have made so many misrepresentations to my country, to understand that from this time henceforward they need not in that respect be gone, and they may now publish their libels until the hand that writes them shall fall withered and palsied; but I never intend that they shall have any license or authority to publish me as a drunkard again, even if I have to abstain, as I will abstain, from the mildest glass of claret that ever the fair hand of a fairest lady in this land should present to me.

There is the evil of the thing; this misrepresentation, this liability to misrepresentation. Why, sir, after I had made these speeches, some sharp article of abuse would be published in the paper, and some "Friendly Indian" of mine would mark around with black lines and send it to me for my Christian contemplation and supreme delight. I will stop it. I have promised God; I have promised my country; I have promised that I would commonwealth which for twenty-five consecutive years has honored me with all her public positions in the Legislature, as Governor, as member of both Houses of Congress; I have promised all who love me, and I have promised Katie and the children that I will never touch, taste, nor handle the unclean thing and by the blessing of God and my own unflinching purpose, I intend to fight it out on this line to the last day in the evening of my life. If all you gentlemen would do the same thing, you would lose nothing in mind, body, or estate.

Fellow-citizens: It may seem strange, but I would, as I feel now, as soon drink fire from hell as whiskey, for it is hell and damnation to it. It destroys the health, and mars the beauty of the body; it can bow down to earth the most giant intellect, and make it weak as that of a child. It demoralizes and it annihilates the immortal soul. It makes a man forget his children or the wife of his bosom, and treat them with harsh unkindness and in that way, and even murder them. Unaffected by intemperance, he would peril his life for that wife of his love; he would drive into the ocean's depths, face the cannon's mouth, or peril his life amid the flames of the burning dwelling to snatch from death his darling babe.

There is no doubt, at all that I am superior to any body else in intellect. I certainly have no special claims to consideration on that score. But there is one thing I do claim, and that is that God has endowed me with nobility of soul, with warm and generous impulses—a heart as unfathomable in its affections as the ocean, and as broad as the area of humanity; and I appeal to you, Mr. Chairman, from our slight acquaintance, if you do not think I have enough of the ardent about me without ardent spirits?

Mr. WILSON. Yes, you have.

Mr. YATES. I would say to the young man that grandeur of human character does not consist of transcendent genius alone. It does not belong alone to the statesman beneath whose eloquence listening Senators sit enraptured; it does not belong alone to the warrior who bears his proud, unconquered banner over every field; but it does consist in force of character, in force of soul, feeling, thought, and purpose. Caesar was a weak man when he sacrificed the liberties of Rome by suffering Mark Antony to put the crown upon his head. Washington would not have been great if he had yielded to the temptations of his willing army and accepted a crown at the expense of the liberties of his country. The reformed drunkard accomplishes a more heroic achievement than did the Spartan band at Thermopylae, because he conquers himself. That man is only great who seeks right and truth, and justice, and adheres to them with strong, vigorous, and perpetual purpose.

As to the effects upon the nation, Mr. Jefferson said, many years ago, that—

"The habit of using alcoholic liquors by men in office has created more injury to the public service than any other."

and given more trouble to me than any other circumstance which has occurred in the internal concerns of the country during my administration. If I had to commence my administration again, with the knowledge I have from experience derived, the first question which I would ask from a candidate for public favor would be, is he addicted to the use of ardent spirits?"

The man who is to legislate for a great country, to help make laws and constitutions involving the destinies of millions of human beings, ought to be a man of reflection, moral principle, integrity, and, above all, a sober man. Go into your legislative hall, State and National, and behold the drunkard staggering to his seat or sleeping at his post, and ask yourself the question, whether he is not more fit to be called a monument of his country's shame than the representative of freedom. Would it not be most fearful to contemplate that ill-fated epoch in the history of our country when the demon of intemperance shall come into our legislative halls without shame, remorse, or rebuke; when he shall sit upon the benches, and the drunkards run riot among the people? Who then will protect the ship of State upon this maddening tide; who will steer her in her onward course amid the dashing billows; who spread her starry flag to the free, fresh, wild winds of heaven?

Watchman, what of the night? We have been engaged in a world's revolution. Your army and navy have carried your arms under Grant and Banks against the Gibraltars of the Mississippi, and opened that stream from its source to its mouth. Under the gallant Joe Hooker your troops scaled the heights, and above the clouds unfurled to the sun the glorious flag of the stars. Sherman marches from Cairo to the sea, while Grant marches through the Wilderness to the Confederate capital. The rebellion is crushed. Behold! A whole race set free—the shackles of the ages are broken, and we see full-high advanced the standard of the nation's redemption. Hark! A din ye hear the pibroch of the Highlanders, and borne upon the wings of the wind the slogan shout of universal emancipation?

And now shall this puissant nation, "Columbia, queen of the world and child of the skies," pause in her efforts when there is an enemy in our land more destructive than war, pestilence, and famine combined, which sends annually one hundred thousand men to untimely graves, makes fifty thousand widows and three hundred thousand wives worse than widows—filling our prisons, our poor-houses, our lunatic asylums, and swelling to an untold extent the great ocean of human misery, wretchedness, and woe?

Someday told me he saw in a Chicago paper the other day that since Governor Yates had joined the temperance society whiskey had run ten cents a gallon. Well, that's good. At all events, it's good news for all that have kept my slanderous from drinking themselves to death *pro bono publico* was the high price of whiskey. We will bring it within their reach, for it will have to fall much lower than the present price before it reaches its real intrinsic value—a specie basis. Mr. President, if old King Alcohol were dead and buried, as he ought to be, beyond the power of resurrection, this nation could bear our national debt like a young Hercules. Then, sir, two blades of grass would grow where there were none, and unbounded wealth, imperial power, and proud position would be the heritage of the nation forever.

But some say this temperance business is fanaticism—it's a gloomy sort of life. There never was a greater mistake. Temperance is one of the sweetest and most delightful things upon earth; it is the very spring-head of cheerfulness, happiness, and joy—the very chivalry of mankind itself. I have been a temperance man for fifteen days, and I am a gay boy to-night than I have been for seven years. I think I am the gayest man in the Senate, except the compeer of Clay and Crittenden—the able, indomitable, and gallant old cavalier of Kentucky, (Garret Davis.) I expect you also, Mr. Chairman—Temperance gloomy? Not a bit of it. Mr. President, my pledge shall be a perpetual charm—"a thing of beauty which is a joy forever"—not a cloud of gloom, but a joyous rainbow of promise, hope, and beauty. I am as proud of it as of my wife and children and that is the strongest way I have to express my pride. I am as proud of it as I am of the commission which entitles me to hold the position of an American Senator. By-the-by, Mr. Chairman, I will submit to you the best test. I tender think the commission and the temperance pledge ought to go together. What do you think about having "the teetotaler" put into the iron-clad outfit?

You say, what use is the pledge? I will tell you. Twenty days ago there came along a friend of mine—a Senator—and said, "Let us take a drink." I said, "Certainly, all right." Another friend from Illinois in about three minutes and a half came along and said, "Let us take a drink." I said, "All right." It is this way: One drink is enough for me; two are half enough; three are only one third enough, and four are four thirds. After I signed the pledge I was asked several times to drink; but I didn't do any such thing.

After I signed this temperance pledge I wrote to a little lady out in Illinois who weighs about a hundred pounds, has black hair and flashing black eyes, and "a form finer than Grecian chisel ever woke from Parian marble," and I received the following answer:

"My Dear Sir: How beautiful is this morning; how bright the sun shines; how sweetly our birds sing; how joyous the children; how happy is my heart! I see the smile of God. He has answered the prayer. Away proud of your success, you have believed that success which God and angels will bless. It is the shining summit of human aspiration, for you have conquered yourself. All you love you will all you to keep the pledge. I love you, I love you, I love you. Love, the sun, soil, and centre of the moral universe."

Love, which links angel to angel, and God to man; Love, which binds to one loving lives. How beautiful is love!

As I look over this audience, composed of Senators and Representatives of this great nation, and these galleries blazing with beauty and the worth of the city, and sojourners from all the states and territories, I ask myself why they are here. "Proud England, upon whose dominions the sun never sets, has but one queen; but, thank God, we have millions of queens, who

"Shine in beauty like the night Of sunny climes and starry skies" whose chains we feel, and yet we bless the siren's song. Yes, you are here to give by your presence encouragement to the Congressional Temperance Society, and I propose, sir, that this Society shall be the beginning of societies throughout the land, and that we will push forward the temperance column, move upon the enemy's works, and give him cannon and Greek fire. We will storm upon the citadel of intemperance until it shall crumble and totter and fall to the earth. Why do I refer to the ladies? Because their example is mightier than the eloquence of a thousand Senators or the banners of a thousand legions.

You are here to-night to see the snowy white flag of temperance as it unfurled over the Capitol of your country, as it rises, and unfolds to God, and spreads until it shall cover the whole land, and until there shall not be a drunkard nor a moderate drinker to take away the bloom from the cheek of female beauty, and until all the heartstones of this land shall blaze with comfort and joy, and happiness and gladness shall dwell in green freshness there.

The Lost Stream.

By JOSEPH ALDEN, D. D.

Two friends were following the downward course of a small rivulet, whose banks were fringed with verdure and flowers, and whose hollows were filled with tiny fish, when suddenly it disappeared. A gravel bank seemed to absorb the water, and to all appearance the stream was at an end. They sought to find it emerging from the earth, but sought in vain.

"Rather sudden pull up, as Mr. Weller said to his son," said Mr. Whipple, as they returned to the spot where the brook disappeared.

"I should not like to insure the lives of those little fellows if the drought continues much longer. Their retreat is pretty effectually cut off."

"The spring which shows the head of the stream never fails, I am told, so they are not likely to suffer," said Mr. Randall.

"It is getting warm, and here is a fine shade, and a smooth rock for a seat; we may as well sit down and meditate on the fate of the brook. You used to be somewhat famous for analogies. Let us have an analogical lesson from the lost stream."

"Presuming that it emerges from the earth and goes onward to the sea, its course is not unlike that of our classmate Ball."

"I have never heard of him since we left college; what of him?"

"He was a worthy man, as you know, and gave great promise of usefulness."

"He was a little too demonstrative to suit me—talked too much about his Sunday-schools and preachments, but he was an upright and conscientious man, I doubt not."

"He studied theology for a year or more, and then spent some time as a self-appointed missionary to the most degraded denizens of one of our large cities. He labored and practiced the severest self-denial in behalf of the miserable objects around him, and was quite successful. A great deal of physical suffering was relieved through his instrumentality, a large number were brought under the influence of religious instruction, and not a few were hopelessly converted. One of these converts is now occupying a very prominent position in the church. I once went with him through a portion of what he called his parish. All seemed to know him, and the most abandoned treated him with respect."

"He had been laboring there for several years, when he ceased to write to me. I wrote him and received no reply. I wrote to a friend in the city, and to my astonishment he had fallen into habits of intemperance. He had in consequence abandoned his mission and gone to parts unknown. It was a sad fall, and the triumph of the wicked was great."

"After an interval of about seven years, I was surprised by a visit from Ball. He had become temperate, had renewed his profession of religion, and had come to advise with me about the propriety of applying for admission to the ministry. He gave me the history of his fall. He had, together with other members of his family, a constitutional tendency to strong drink. Knowing his danger, he practiced total abstinence from boyhood. On one occasion, while ministering to the sick, he was overcome by the closeness and impurity of the atmosphere and fainted. They poured rum into his mouth, and when he revived, placed the glass to his lips. He drank largely before consciousness was fully restored, and became intoxicated. The tiger within him was unchained, and for several years he was an habitual drunkard. He came to himself, and, like the prodigal son, arose and went to his father."

"I discouraged him from entering the ministry, through fear that in an evil hour he might fall a second time. He engaged in business and became a very useful man. His early history was unknown to the community in which he lived. He died a few years ago, universally esteemed."

Strong Drink as a Medicine.

"I am aware that a great change has come over medical men, of late years, upon the subject of whiskey and whiskey drinking. It is not my purpose to undervalue their opinions, but I know that Bourbon whiskey is now prescribed a hundred times where it used to be once. There are exceptions among our physicians—and I have in mind physicians who seem to be growing more and more cautious about such prescriptions—but there are many physicians, who, it seems to me, can scarcely have had any deep moral meditation upon their course."

"I am shocked to find, as I often do, how many young men, have had actual medical prescriptions of Bourbon whiskey given them. And more than that, unless I have been misinformed, there is a great deal more clerical drinking for medical reasons than there used to be. I have known a great many clergymen that were feeble in health and of poor digestion, and restless, after the taxation of their nervous system, at night, and could get no sleep, for whom their physicians prescribed Bourbon whiskey; and in time they became very faint-hearted temperance men. I most earnestly call the attention of physicians to the ill effects that are rising under the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed from the authorization which they give for this pernicious practice."

WHOLESALE CONFISCATION OF LIQUORS.—A large wholesale and retail liquor store in Boston, was visited on Tuesday of last week, by the State Constabulary and the entire stock of good, a large portion of which was seized. No small portion of the stock in trade was in "original packages." There was considerable excitement manifested by the bystanders while the seizure was being made, and the officers engaged in the work were greeted with hootings and other uncomplimentary demonstrations, and at one time it was feared that a riot would be the consequence. The stock was by far the largest that has yet been seized at any one place, and was worth from \$10,000 to \$15,000.

TURN FROM THE WINE CUP.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

O touch not the cup that is brimming with wine, Profane not the lips where the kisses dwell, From the mouth of a mother, have blessed The dear child which her white bosom pressed. Though like the "melted ruby" it flows, It is a liquid fire,—and a fire that flows; Through the veins in a lava-like flame, Consuming health, and fortune, and fame. The cup of Circe, filled with wine, Turned the friends of Ulysses to swine. So turn from the wine cup away, And take not the risk of their day; And heed not its roscate glow, In its red liquid hair, the foe, That bites like an adder, licks, Its beads are the serpent's eyes; "Dash it down, dash it down," The throne, sceptre and crown Of thy manhood may be Lost in the red sea, Where no prophet's rod Points the path to God. It leaves a stain On heart and brain; It blots the light Of hope and right From afar; With no star Settles down.

Drink the dew, and rain, From the wine cup refrain. Where the sparkling fount'n drips Moisture thy parched f'ver'd lips. From its bright waters flow silver rills. From sweet birds pierce their songful bills On its margin are flowers of stary gold, In whose petals cold water pledges held, Writ with pencils of light, fold upon fold.

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS OF MAN.

A dew-drop falling on the ocean wave, Exclaimed in fear—"I perish in this grave; But, in a shell received, that drop of dew Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew; And, happy now, the grace did magnify Which thrust it forth—as it had feared—to die; Unto again, 'I perish quite,' it said, Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed: O unbelieving!—So it came to gleam Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem."

—Trench.

DIED.—March 27th 1867, in Sunbury, Northumberland Co., Pa., Mrs. Eliza Young, wife of Jacob Young.

This excellent woman was a highly esteemed member of the Lutheran Church. At an early age she gave herself to Christ, and clearly proved through life, that grace has a beautiful development in the soul.

During our stay in S. we were permitted to enjoy many happy seasons with her, as her spiritual advisor, and as you see she gradually approached the zenith, so did we observe her advancing each day, being made perfect through suffering. Never have we met one who relied more firmly on Christ; upon him she rested and through him alone she hoped to conquer the sorrows of life and the terrors of death.

For several years she was afflicted, in consequence of which she could not frequent the house of God. This was perhaps her greatest trial; the return of the Sabbath, the sound of the Church bell, stirred her soul; she longed to hear the preached gospel, and to worship God in the sanctuary—her devotion to the Church was ardent, and her desire to be sanctified, and to see others saved was strong to the last. Confined for years to her own house, she spent much of her time in meditation and prayer; she not unfrequently sought to be alone, that she might have sweet secret communion with God.

She received the Lord's Supper on frequent occasions with joy and gratitude. Her bodily suffering was of the most painful character, and to add to her affliction, it pleased the Lord, a short time previous to her death, to remove from time to eternity, a grown, and only son; yet she bore it all with Christian resignation.

These trials, while they crushed her spirit much, made her more weary of earth, and anxious to depart and be with Christ, which she regarded as far better. Recently, on returning to the happy scene of our former labors, we visited her, and found her weaker in body, but stronger in soul; the waves of affliction were still rolling over her, but she rose above them all, and in Job's grand words could say—"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." She remained firm to the last, and when life's evening came, she passed away peacefully. "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

She is gone, her body lies with the sleeping dead, and her happy spirit rests with God. Upon her grave, let this benediction fall—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." We commend the bereaved to the comforting grace and Word of God.

M. R.

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Kent's East India Coffee is the most healthy beverage known, and is very nutritious. The weak and infirm may use it with all times with impunity. The wife of the Rev. W. A. Lanes, local minister of the M. E. Church, Jersey City, who has not been able to use any coffee for fifteen years, can use Kent's East India Coffee three times a day without injury, it being entirely free from those properties that produce nervous excitement.

Dr. James Joy, of 165 Chambers Street, says, "I have never known any coffee so healthful, nutritious and free from all injurious qualities as Kent's East India Coffee. I advise my patients to drink it universally, even those to whom I have administered the most powerful medicine."

The Principal of the New York Eye Infirmary, says, "I direct the patients of our Institution to use exclusively

Kent's East India Coffee, and would not be without an account."

The Rev. C. L. Luce, an eminent clergyman of the M. E. Church, now stationed at Halsey Street, Newark, says of

Kent's East India Coffee, "I have used it nearly a year in my family, and find it produces no ache of the head, or nervous irritation, as in the case of all other coffees. It is exceedingly pleasant and I cordially recommend it to all clergymen and their families."

Kent's East India Coffee is used daily by the families of Bishop Ames, Bishop Barker, Bishop James and many of the most distinguished clergymen, and professional men in the country.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS, and be sure the packages are labeled

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE.

154 READE STREET, N. Y.

as there are numerous counterfeiters abroad under the name of "Genuine East India Coffee," "Original East India Coffee," &c., put forth by impostors to deceive the unwary.

In 1 lb. packages, and in boxes of 36, 60, and 100 lbs. for Grocers and large consumers. Sold by Grocers generally.

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GROUND COFFEE AND SPICES,

Black Pepper, Allspice, Ginger, Cinnamon,

Cloves, Cream Tartar, &c.

Put up loose, in tins, half-lbs., and kegs, and in Tins and Foil paper, in boxes of 6, 12, and 20 lbs. each.

Orders from Country Grocers solicited, to whom a very liberal discount will be made.

April 8, '67.—1y.

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37 Park Row, New York.

On and after May 23, 1867, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

SOUTHWARD.

Leave Scranton, 5.50 a. m.; 10.00 a. m.; 7.10 p. m.; 4.40 p. m.

" Kingston, 6.55 a. m.; 11.20 a. m.; 8.20 p. m.; 4.40 p. m.

" Rupert, 9.20 a. m.; 8.17 p. m.

" Danville, 9.54 a. m.; 8.30 p. m.

Arr. North'd, 10.30 a. m.; 9.35 p. m.

NORTHWARD.

Leave North'd, 7.00 a. m.; 5.20 p. m.

" Danville, 7.40 a. m.; 6.00 p. m.

" Rupert, 8.15 a. m.; 6.35 p. m.

" Kingston, 9.00 a. m.; 2.50 p. m.; 8.50 a. m.; 9.05 p. m.

Arr. Scranton, 12. m.; 4.00 p. m.; 9.35 a. m.; 10.15 p. m.

Trains leaving Kingston at 8.30 a. m. for Scranton, connect with Train arriving at New York at 5.20.

Passengers taking Train South from Scranton at 5.50 a. m. via Northumberland, reach Harrisburg 12.30 p. m., Baltimore 3.30 p. m., Washington 10.00 p. m., via Rupert reach Philadelphia at 7.00 p. m.

H. A. FONDA, Sup't.

Kingston, March 21, 1867.

