

# THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

P. ANSTADT, EDITOR.  
C. LEPPLEY, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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NO. II.

## Poetry.

### ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME.

Each day when the glow of sunset  
Fades in the western sky,  
And the wee ones tired of playing,  
Go tripping lightly by,  
I steal away from my husband,  
Asleep in his easy chair,  
And watch from the open doorway  
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead  
That once was full of life,  
Ringing with girlish laughter,  
Echoing boyish strife,  
We two are waiting together;  
And oft as the shadows come,  
With tremulous voice he calls me,  
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,  
"They're all home long ago!"  
And I sing in my quivering treble,  
A song so soft and low,  
Till the old man drops to slumber,  
With his head upon his hand,  
And I tell to myself the number  
Home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow  
Shall dim their eyes with tears!  
Where the smile of God is on them  
Through all the summer years!  
I know—yet my arms are empty,  
That fondly folded even,  
And the mother heart within me  
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening,  
I only shut my eyes,  
And the children are all about me,  
A vision from the skies!  
The babes whose dimpled fingers  
Lost the way to my breast,  
And the beautiful ones, the angels,  
Passed to the world of the blessed.

A breath, and the vision is lifted  
Away on wings of light,  
And again we two are together,  
All alone in the night,  
They tell me his mind is failing,  
But I smile at idle fears:  
He is only back with the children,  
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset  
Fades away in the West,  
And the wee ones tired of playing,  
Go tripping home to rest,  
My husband calls from his corner,  
"Say, love, have the children come?"  
And I answer with eyes uplifted,  
"Yes, dear, they are all at home!"

—Atlantic Monthly.

## The Pulpit.

### Long Sermons.

A sermon preached by Joseph Standen, minister at Colchester, in Somersetshire, England, in the year 1711, before the anniversary of ministers assembled there, consisted of thirty-one pages of closely printed matter, at the end of which he says: "Thus I have, (you may wish I could say briefly) considered the two things I proposed in the beginning of this discourse, and possibly the only inference you may desire me to make is that it is high time for me to leave off; yet, considering this is the first, and probably will be the last instance of my trespassing upon your patience, I shall beg leave to conclude with the following inferences." The worthy minister then went on with eight inferences, which occupied thirty-two pages of printed matter, and closed with the words, "And I hope every Protestant will say, Amen!"—a cheering word no doubt, to his congregation, who had been so long listening to his conclusion.

### Newman Hall in an Episcopal Pulpit.

In *Brotherly Words*, Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg says: "We were happy in taking part in the service when the Rev. Newman Hall, the well-known English dissenter, lately preached in the Church of the Ascension, New York.—A non-Episcopal minister, discoursing from an Episcopal pulpit, is as yet a rare occurrence among us. It will be less and less so, as differences in ecclesiastical order come to be duly subordinated to oneness in the Faith.—We are making progress in that direction, and it is auspicious for the movement, that one like the Rector of the above named prominent church, appears among its foremost leaders.—In this Dr. Smith has gone in advance, we suppose, of the majority of his congregation, but the day is not far off when it will be their pride that their pastor was one of the first to rise above old and deep rooted prejudices in practically recognizing the Brotherhood of all true ambassadors for Christ, of every name.

It happened that the above occasion was on the evening of the Jubilee of the Reformation. Fittingly, then, the liberty of prophesying, and the rights of the evangelical preacherhood, asserted by the great Reformer, were accorded to a brother of another church and land, eminent for his preaching Reformation doctrine. The Jubilee was thus kept in the Church of the Ascension."

THE DECEIVER.—Satan is never likely to do more mischief than when he puts on Samuel's coat.

### Repeating Sermons.

There is good sense in the following, from Rev. T. L. Cuyler:

"A poor, juiceless sermon ought never to be preached the first time; but a nutritious, savory discourse may be made all the better on a second delivery. Dr. Addison Alexander preached his glorious sermon on the Faithful Saying, until he wore out the manuscript; and Dr. Griffin repeated his elaborate discourse on the 'Worth of the Soul' ninety times!—He never wearied of it—nor did his audience either. His congregations change constantly, and memories are leaky; a first-rate, practiced sermon ought to be repeated (with extemporaneous improvements) about once in five years. *Prayer sermons and richer, should be a settled pastor's aim.* Whitefield attained great finish and power by giving the same discourse over again through all his missionary tours."—*Presbyterian.*

## Practical.

### The Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting.

The leader said a lady who was present requested prayers for her companion, who was walking in darkness. They are both members of the church, but a cloud seems resting over them and she asks you to pray that God will have mercy upon them and the Saviour become precious to their souls. He also presented a request for prayer from a sister who was present, who desired to make a full surrender of herself to God, through Christ.—She also asks prayers for an aged mother, who, in her declining years, is without assurance of hope in Christ, that she may give herself up entirely to her Saviour, and that he may become precious to her, and so continue to the end. Pray also for the conversion of her children, who are not Christians. Again he asked earnest prayer for the conversion of a father who was sick, apparently near to death, that he may be led to realize his condition, and put his trust in the Saviour.

Another request for prayer was presented in behalf of a family in the State of Georgia, that parents and children may participate in the blessing of salvation. And another, which says: "Pray for my family, all of whom are unconverted, that they may be brought out of darkness into light, and be made children of Christ; and that my son who is fond of the intoxicating cup, may have strength given him to resist its influence in every form."

A stranger said: "I am a sinner. It is hard to be placed in a condition like mine. I wish to be restored to the favor of God. I am extremely unhappy. I know there is abundance of grace in Christ for a poor sinner. Will you pray earnestly that I may be restored to the favor of my Saviour? If you could know how earnestly I desire your prayers, you would plead for me at the throne of grace."

A close observer might have detected a tear in the leader's eyes, with much emotion he read the following note, dated at Detroit:—"Will you not remember in your prayers a young girl who has often been at your meeting, but whose home is now in this far-away city? I beg you to pray that the Holy Spirit may come to my heart, and by his gracious influence lead me to feel myself a sinner, and to trust in Christ alone for salvation. I have been for several years a professed follower of Jesus, but I want to live near to him, to trust more implicitly in him, to be altogether his; and will you not pray for this? Some of my schoolmates are seeking Jesus. Oh, remember them, too, in your petitions, and ask that God would make us all his children. God will bless you, I am sure, if you will not forget a mother's one."

A professor of religion, under great trouble and affliction, requests the prayers of God's people, that God would graciously sustain him, and give him a bright Christian hope, resting upon a sure foundation, and sanctify all his dealings to his growth in grace and fitness for heaven; and, if consistent, that God would remove his hand and deliver him from trouble and affliction.

A brother requests prayers for one who has been afflicted with disease for some months—a professor of religion for years—tries to lean on the arm of "the Beloved," but finds resignation to the divine will very difficult. "Will you please ask that she may have restored health if it pleases God; or otherwise, supporting grace? and, above all, entire resignation to the divine will?"

The leader read the following note: "Dear brethren, I ask an interest in your prayers. I have been a professor of religion for many years, and have in times long past had blessed seasons of prayer, both private and social; but my mind is now dark. I cannot think I am entirely forgotten. Yet I have no joy, no peace; but trembling fearfulness seems to overwhelm me, and destroy my hope. I pray, and have asked others to pray for me; but somehow I do not seem to have access or relief, and am, I assure you, in great distress of mind."

The pastor of a church in Connecticut earnestly requests the prayers of this meeting for twenty-eight husbands whose wives are members of his church; also for the husbands and wives who are under his spiritual watch and care. "God is pouring out his Spirit upon the church at the present time, and a score of souls have been converted; others are inquiring. Pray that the work may go on; that the forty-eight precious souls referred to above

may be brought to Jesus, and many more, to the glory of his name."

Other pastors speak of works of grace among them, and ask prayers for more abundant showers.

A stranger said: "I ask your prayers for the conversion of two sons. The eldest has been a professor of religion for some years, but his apprehensions are seriously aroused by fear that he is not truly converted. The younger is without God and without hope."

The leader said: "A wife, who is present, entreats your prayers for her husband, that he may be a Christian. Kind and affectionate in his family, and upright in his conduct before the world, she yet fears he is lacking 'one thing,' a new heart."

One writes: "Some time ago a writer requested your prayers in behalf of a dear friend, who appeared to be standing upon the brink of ruin and now I wish to encourage you by informing you that the friend for whom your prayers were then requested is now hoping in the salvation of the Lord. He had gone so far that his hope for his reformation was almost extinct, when, late one evening, he returned home after several days' absence, and to our surprise he was in his right mind." Conversation soon ensued, in which he spoke of the goodness and forbearing mercy of God toward him, and his belief that God had answered the prayers which had been offered for him. The circumstances of the change which had taken place in him were exceedingly interesting as he related them; but he declares that God's mercy was extended to him in answer to his people's prayers, but for which he would now be an occupant of a maniac's grave. Let us praise God for his wonderful works and goodness to the children of men."

"We ought to praise God at all times," said a brother, "for his goodness to the children of men. It may well be feared that the best of us do not feel thankful enough for the blessings we receive and enjoy—and especially that he has promised to answer prayer, and is constantly verifying his promise by granting blessings in answer to his children's prayers; and now I would wish you to remember in prayer a friend of mine, who appears to be gospel-hardened. He has attended church and prayer-meeting, etc., for many years, until of late; yet the sharpest truths of the Word do not affect him. He seems, Goliath like, to defy the means God hath instituted to bring sinners to himself. I wish you would mention his case in prayer. Let us unite our faith and prayers that the Lord would send his Holy Spirit to his heart in convicting power. Only let him know and feel that he is a sinner, 'condemned already,' and that none but Christ can help him, and he will cry for mercy, proud and unsubdued as his heart now is."

Let us pray that he may be so convicted of sin as to cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?' I am anxious that he should know the way of salvation; and it is that his proud heart may be subdued by the grace of God that your prayers are requested." He led in prayer for the salvation of his friend, and remembered all for whom prayers had been requested.

The requests for prayer for those in distress are responded to with much feeling, and the numerous persons who come with sorrow in their hearts because they are sinners and unsaved, excite a sympathy, the more real because those who pray for them have, with like sorrow in their hearts, found relief in Jesus, whose sympathy for sinners is greater than any man, and who will impart grace to the humble and contrite ones, even the grace which bringeth salvation.—*Chris. Intell.*

### Business and the Sabbath.

A correspondent of an exchange very properly says: Let every man on Sunday cease entirely from his usual work, no matter what that may be. Stop your train and look. Let each man so behave himself on Sunday as to most thoroughly refresh, recreate, and edify himself according to the pattern of a perfect man—Jesus Christ. If the toils of the week are so severe and exhausting that Sunday does not rest or refresh you, or if they are so absorbing that you can not throw them by when Sunday comes, let that fact scare you. You are a runaway man. You cannot stop when you want to. You are as any other impermanent man. Total abstinence is your only salvation. Quit that delicious, drunken business which will not let you rest on Sunday.

### The Cross of Christ.

The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bore; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or as sails to a ship to carry me forward to my desired haven.

Those who by faith see the invisible God and the fair city, make no account of present losses and crosses.

Truly it is a glorious thing to follow the Lamb: it is the highway to glory; but when you see him in his own country at home you will think you never saw him before.

More than Christ, I can neither wish, nor pray, nor desire you. I am sure the saints are at best but strangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable excellence of Christ. We know not the half of what we love when we love him.

That Christ and the sinner should be one, and should share heaven between them, is the wonder of salvation; what more could love do?

I find that when the saints are under trials and well humbled, little sins raise great cries in the conscience; but in prosperity conscience is a pope that gives dispensations and great latitude to our hearts. The cross is therefore as needful as the crown will be glorious.

### The Dance of Modern Society.

BY W. C. WILKINSON.

Probably some of the too fastidious readers will squirm at the plainness of the language in the following articles. "Those, however, who never dance, as described below will hardly take offense; while those who do, should not object to a vivid description in words of that which they are not ashamed to indulge in and practice in acts, as a diversion."

In the first place it is hardly necessary to say that dancing, in itself, is perfectly innocent. No one denies this. It is as harmless to dance as it is to walk, or to run. But the present question is not of dancing in the abstract. It does not exist in the abstract. It exists, like most things, in a certain way. It is of dancing as thus practiced, in a certain way, that we are going to speak. We do not restrict our argument or our conclusion to balls and public assemblies. We should waste our zeal. There is happily, as yet, too unanimous a sentiment among Christians against them—unless the case happens to be that of the quadrennial inauguration ball or other such assembly, by which it is the barbarian custom still to soil our social purity, and signalize some public occasion. Then, it is no disgrace if a representative Christian name be on the list of "managers!"—And neither do we restrict our argument, or our conclusion, to those rhythmic gyrations, popularly called "round dances." A popular magazine, never distinguished for martyrdom to principle, may safely inveigh against these. The argument is merely some degrees stronger, and the conclusion some degrees clearer, against such excessive developments of the primordial idea. When we name the dance (for the sake of being perfectly understood, we may say), we mean the dance, as many of the most respectable members of society, including no inconsiderable portion of accepted Christians, not unfrequently practice it. We are thus frank not for the sake of seeming bold, but for the sake of being clear. Our readers need none of them to be at any loss as to just what we mean. We mean the dance as it flourishes in the most proper and reputable circles to-day.

For the sake of perspicuity and convenience, we shall pursue the present investigation into the propriety of the dance, under the following general topics. The division will, we trust, be found sufficiently commonplace and obvious:

- I. We will consider the bearing of the dance upon the health.
- II. Its relation to Economy.
- III. Its Social Tendency.
- IV. Its influence upon Intellectual Improvement.
- V. Its Moral or Religious Aspects.

This order of investigation is not merely mechanical and fortuitous. It will prove to be a cumulative argument, bearing with multiplied power upon the paramount interest involved, that of morality or religion.—The chief sufferer suffers not only its own injury, but also the injury of all the rest.

### ITS BEARING UPON THE HEALTH.

I. What bearing does the dance, as it exists among us, have upon the health? An amusement ought at least to be harmless in its hygienic effects. If it does not build up, it should certainly not break down. Now the dance, considered apart from its conventional purposes, simply as a physical exercise, might conceivably be so conducted that it would constitute a wholly health-giving pastime.—In the open air, at rational hours of the day, for a rational length of time, scarcely to exceed say an hour, those participating in it being suitably attired to permit the freest play of the lungs—these and other like conditions fulfilled, and the dance, no doubt might make good a claim to be ranked as a healthful diversion. There would still remain other points to be settled, before its propriety could be unreservedly admitted; but regard merely with reference to the health, the dance might then pass without challenge.

But suppose all these rational conditions reversed. The gymnasium, in the American use of the term, is an establishment expressly devoted to purposes of physical culture by means of physical exercise. What would be thought of a gymnasium that should carpet its floors, and close its windows, that should then announce its hours of exercise as commencing at ten o'clock at night, to continue until two or three o'clock in the morning, interrupted by a sumptuous midnight feast, all with an in-door atmosphere, doubly heated, and doubly corrupted by fires and by a dense crowd of jostling guests, redolent of perfumes, met under rigorous demands that their dress should be such as to repress respiration, and to embarrass everything like naturalness and ease of movement? What if, besides, the conditions should be so contrived as to compel the unnaturally heated gymnast to make their transition to a constricted atmosphere out-of-doors, exposed in the most sensitive parts of the body, through insufficient clothing, to the risk of rheumatism, neuralgia, colds, catarrhs, consumption? What, we should be thought of a gymnasium that should conduct its exercise on such a plan as this?

But is not the parallel suggested, mainly and with a margin in favor of particular instances a tolerably fair one?

We repeat that we are not discussing the dance as it might be, but the dance as it is.—Those public-spirited and philanthropic individuals, who, inspired with zeal for the morals of society, are at present engaged in the hopeful enterprise of elevating the stage to its true position, as yoke-fellow to the pupit in the inculcation of virtue, will scarcely have time, after they have finished that task, to perform a like service for the dance, in making it what it should be, as the handmaid of medicine in advancing the standard or the general health. Otherwise, the two projects are such natural twins, they would appropriately be entrusted to the same hands for execution.

But it is too serious a matter for irony.—There is no other social usage whatever that in our opinion is, directly and indirectly, chargeable with producing more of the ill-health, which, destroying the life-long comforts of our wives, our sisters, and our mothers, is steadily diluting and corrupting, at its source, the blood of our civilization. The general system of late hours, which has grafted this monstrous absurdity upon our modern social life, is distinctly traceable to the dance. Viewed from without, the dance is essentially a spectacle, and a spectacle does not love daylight. It naturally seeks a less discriminating and a more suggesting illumination. Or, else from the interior point of view, the dance is a synopsis of abandonment to sensual pleasure; and sensual pleasure is a dream which can not "feel the truth and stir of day" without losing something of that delicious self-forgetfulness, which is necessary to its perfect bliss.

In truth, the dance, raised to a kind of autocracy, has dictated to us in the whole conduct of our social life. It has prescribed midnight hours, tight lacing, paper soled shoes—in short a good number of those hurtful usages which distort the development of modern society. For whatever will serve to heighten the illusion and seductiveness—whether it be late hours with the glare of artificial light which they make necessary, small waists, to render the female form as insect-like as possible, that it may resemble some imaginary sylph, rather than that grand old mother Eve, whom God created for a wife for Adam—or whether it be their dress, floating like a fleecy cloud about the person of the wearer—no matter what it be, provided only that it will set off the dance.—Fashion decrees it and—women adopt it.—Thus much for the dance as a matter of health. There will be implications under the concluding divisions of the subject, that touch morality, which, reflecting their influence backward upon the first, will involve men and women together in physical as well as moral injury from the dance, to even a more serious degree. For the dance is not without vital relation to that vice which is now getting discussed afresh in the newspapers under the euphemism of the "Social Cancer." The spirit of fairness of course, obliges us to admit that the extravagances named, as attaching to the dance, are not always carried to equal lengths.

### II. ITS RELATION TO ECONOMY.

We are next to consider the dance as it bears upon the matter of Expenditure. This is certainly a subordinate view of the subject, but it is one nevertheless sufficiently important to deserve a moment's attention. No student of history needs to be reminded that there is a close connection between the sumptuary habits of a people and that people's moral and physical vitality. Luxury is an implacable foe to longevity, whether of nation or of individual.

The dance we have said, is, so far as concerns what passes externally, a spectacle.—(The chorus of invisible sensations and emotions in the bosoms of the participants, is a spectacle too—to the angels!) It is frequently pleaded for on the ground of its graceful and picturesque effect to the eye. Everything that can contribute to enhance this scenic effect is sought for with eager ingenuity. The more splendid the saloon, the more brilliant the assembly—the greater the social success. Accordingly no end to the rivalry of ladies in attempting to eclipse each other in the costly display of furniture, of service, of dress, and of jewelry. This barbaric competition in lavishness of expenditure, taking its start from the Tulleries, travels outward and downward, through every quarter of Christendom, (the unavoidable irony of the world!) and through every grade of society. It tends to impoverish every noble human mind to enrich the insatiable shrine of Fashion.

It may be said that these excesses, which nobody will deny, are not confined to the occasion of the dance. And it must be admitted that in truth they are not. They are equally incident to every so-called amusement that consists mainly in making up a spectacle. The opera, and sometimes the theatre, the theatre now a days more and more we believe, are close of kin to the dance in the respects enumerated. We hold that in the comparatively sordid interests of economy even, how much more in the interest of simplicity and virtue in public manners, such forms of amusement should be sternly discountenanced.—When fashion shall miss her chance of holding her gay and heartless court in the ball room and opera house—then we may hope to see Christian woman free from a tyrannical whose prying and ubiquitous pettiness have given to Philip II. of Spain his favorite ideal of kingship—free enough, we say, to go to God's house on the Sabbath, without having their ejaculatory prayers on the way disturbed by a persistent accompaniment of misgivings as to whether the bonnets they are compelled to wear, from the preceding season, are not "perfect frights," because, forsooth, a trifle less exquisitely ridiculous than those of the style which has just superseded them! We may be wrong, but it

seems to us that the dance, being formed upon the idea of a spectacle, and converting especially every lady participant in it into an object to be gazed at, and to court admiration as the point chef d'œuvre of the milliner, of the jeweller, and of the hair dresser—it might be unfair not to add also of the dancing master—the dance being thus essentially for the exhibition of the women as a thing, rather than as a person, as a miracle of decorated exterior, rather than as the heiress of a priceless heart, and of a beautiful and beautified mind—the dance being such, has largely contributed to the creation of that meretricious taste in dress which seriously threatens, through its direct economic influence, to corrupt and deteriorate the very basis of our American society. True it is that the comparatively unpretending and innocent dancing parties, which take place in less utterly frivolous circles of society, stop far short of the monstrous extremes that we have described. But the tendency is one. All rivers run to the sea. These smaller assemblies are feeders to the larger. And the law issues from the ball room to the private parlor, just as to private theatricals the law descends from the more elaborate scenic display of the theatre.

(To be Continued.)

### The Old Year and the New.

"ALMIGHTY FATHER!—  
The rolling year  
Is full of Thee."

Time is a tireless traveller. He presses on in his even march, bearing upon his shoulders the weight of accumulating events, and moves as easily now, after the lapse of six thousands years and more, as he did at first. The years are Time's children, and their days are numbered. They have only a twelvemonth to run. What a butterfly existence!—not in gay and sportive ease, but in striking brevity. The years are solitarians. Two cannot live in the world together. The one must disappear just as the other comes upon the stage of action. And yet they may be said to shake hands and part with a friendly greeting, for they are children of the same Father, portions of the same plan. It is well to have these time-marks along the track of history. They help the mind in travelling back to the periods of remarkable developments. They are the stated seals of the great bells of duration, which startle the slothful into momentary wakefulness, and quicken the earnest to a more resolute improvement of life's opportunities.

The past year, like all its predecessors, has been productive of great changes. It has been to many the last of their years on earth. It has overwhelmed many in grief. It has brought joy to many hearts. It has been to many the period of a new birth, and they will remember it as the year in which they began really to live and enjoy life. To the Christian, it has been a year of conflict and triumph, perhaps of disquietude on account of indwelling sin. The Church has been moving onward. Error has lost ground, and many victories have been won over falsehood, on the great battle-field of Truth.

There are certain aspects of the year which should have a prominent place in our thoughts. We mean those periodical changes that are uniform, and are apt to be overlooked because they may be relied on, and always come with unflinching regularity. If political revolutions awaken a profound interest in the mind, why should not those noiseless revolutions which the hand of Omnipotence is ever carrying on—the turning of this ponderous globe upon its axis, or its annual race around the sun, bringing day and night, winter and summer, spring and autumn?

"With what an awful world-revolving power Were first the unwieldy planets launched along The illimitable void!  
Firm, unretreating, matchless in their course; To the kind and tempered change of night and day And of the seasons ever stealing round, Minutely faithful."

Winter first salutes the opening year.—Some call it cheerless. To the poor it may be often so; but it should be the work of Charity to take away the chill that comes upon the hearts of the needy, and not let the biting frost enter their dwellings. Gather round that huge Christmas fire in the old farm house, crackling away in the ample fireplace, and throwing out its cheerful heat upon the happy group, while the winds are making their shrill music on the branches of the leafless trees. Listen to the aged sire as he speaks of by-gone years, and makes the children joyous by carrying them back to his own childhood days, telling them how he used to sail his tiny boat in the little eddies of the bright stream, or chase butterflies over the green meadows; or how, in his manhood's strength, he felled the mighty trees of the dense forest, and made a clearing, and planted his log-cabin where the foot of civilized man had never trod before. Watch the snow-flakes as they descend playfully, toying with the half-resistant air; see the earth wrapped in her white hyemal robes; listen to the merry bells as the prancing horses, full of life and spirit, keep time with their quick, gay notes; go out and snuff the pure breeze sparkling with frost; scale the snow covered hills, and quaff the invigoration which nature holds out to you on a clear, cold winter's day.

"Close crowds the shivering atmosphere; and binds Our strengthening bodies in its cold embrace, Constricting; feeds, and animates our blood; Refines our spirits, through the new strong nerves, In swifter sallies darting to the brain; Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool, Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.  
All nature feels the renovating force Of winter; only to the thoughtless eye Is ruin seen."

Then comes Spring with its blossoms and its songs, and the warm sunshine with which it unlocks the frost doors of earth's prison; making the life-flow circulate again in trees, and shrubs and plants, and bringing the birds back from their winter retreats and filling the air with warbling and sweetness, and giving freedom to the ice bound streams, and retouching the fields and the gardens and the woods with the bright, beautiful coloring of her magic pencil.

Next follows Summer with its fruit bearing warmth, and its refreshing showers, its fields of waving grain, and the healthful labors of the field. Then Autumn, breathing

"The breath of orchard, big with bending fruit." And for these we should be thankful to the Great Giver, because with unflinching regularity they visit us, and bring their annual gifts. "Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine, Deep felt, in these appear."

There are some respects in which the New Year should vary from the Old. It should find us more earnest laborers in the cause of humanity and truth. There is much to be done—much for ourselves and others. Sympathize, then, more deeply and actively with the suffering, and the wronged, and the sin-stricken. Yonder is one who is still in the path of the destroyer; plead with him as you have never yet plead. Contrive new measures of relief for the poor—kindle the fire of joy and hope and love in some wretched dwelling which you have never visited before. Give more of your abundance for the spread of the gospel. Pray and work for the renewal of your own piety—let it shine with a brighter radiance than ever. Or if your past life is a record of slighted opportunities and buried or abused talents—of neglected duties and despised mercies, let the New Year find you walking in the new and living way.—Would you have the opening year happy to its close? It must be one of usefulness, one that shall witness your improvement as a moral being—not a year of folly and thoughtlessness, of impotence and sin.—*Evan. Magazine.*

### Compliments in High Places.

The following interesting dispatch, containing a brief correspondence between the Duke of Wellington and others, and President Johnson, was transmitted from London, on the 24th. The first message was sent during the banquet to which it refers. The reply was read to the company a little over half an hour later. That persons in distant portions of the globe, and divided by broad oceans, should thus be enabled to hold conversation almost as if face to face, is one of the wonderful triumphs of science.

At a banquet given at the Royal Polytechnic on Saturday night last, in reply to the following sentiment from the Duke of Wellington, a talismanic telegram from the President of the United States was read amidst great enthusiasm. Not a little of the interest attaching to these dispatches grows out of the rapid transmission of the message of the Duke of Wellington to the President of the United States.

LONDON, Dec. 21st, 1867.

The Duke of Wellington, the Directors and scientific guests, now at the Royal Polytechnic, London, England, send their most respectful greeting to the President of the United States. Their apology being, that the discoveries of science, the intercourse between the two great nations is indebted.

The above message was nine minutes thirty seconds in transit from London to Washington.

### REPLY.

WASHINGTON, December 21st, 1867.

Duke of Wellington, London: I reciprocate the friendly salutations of the banquetting party at the Royal Polytechnic, and cordially agree with them in the sentiment that free and quick communications between governments and nations is an important agent in preserving peace and good understanding throughout the world, and advancing all the interest of civilization.

[Signed] ANDREW JOHNSON. This reply occupied twenty-nine minutes in actual transmission.

### NECK-TWISTING IN CHURCH.

The following is old but it will bear reading again, and the hint may do some good: A curious story is told of an eccentric old minister, who was annoyed by a habit his people had acquired (and which prevails, by the way, in all other churches, even now and hereabouts, to some extent) of twisting their necks around every time anybody entered the door and passed up the aisle of the church, to see what manner of person it might be.—Wearied with the annoyance the old man exclaimed one Sunday: "Brethren if you will only cease turning your heads around whenever the door opens, and you will keep your attention on me, I will promise to tell you, as I preach, who it is that comes in." Accordingly he went on with the services, and presently made a stop as one of the deacons entered, saying, "That is Deacon—who keeps the grocery opposite." And then he announced in turn the advent of each individual, proceeding the while with his sermon as composedly as the circumstances would admit, when, at last a stranger came in, and he cried out: "A little old man with green spectacles and a drab overcoat—don't know him—you can all look for yourselves." It is hardly necessary to add that the good man carried his point, and there was but little neck twisting seen in his congregation after that day.



# THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

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

Selinsgrove, Pa., January 9, 1868.

**APOLGY.**—Owing to our absence from home on a visit to Baltimore, and a number of original communications coming in just as we are getting ready to press, we could not insert as much editorial matter in this week's paper as usual. The communication on "Soldiers' Orphans" will appear next week. The "Conversation in the Sanctum" is also crowded out.

## A VISIT TO BALTIMORE.

It was our privilege last week to revisit the city of Baltimore, the place where we spent three of the first years of our ministry, and where still reside so many of our friends and relatives.

We took the cars in Sunbury at two o'clock on Saturday night and arrived in the "Mound City" early on Sunday morning. After finishing our ablutions and taking our breakfast we repaired to the first English Lutheran Church under the pastoral care of Dr. McCron. We heard the Doctor preach a most elegant and impressive New Year's sermon on the text, "What is your life?" in which he proved from Scripture and observation that life is not that gloomy, cheerless state which dyspepsis and hypochondria represent it to be, but that it is good and desirable. That there are indeed sorrows and afflictions in life, but the joys and happiness both present and prospective far out weigh the afflictions, that the former are the exceptions, the latter the rule. It was a common and favorite remark of our old friend David Troxel, "We have nothing but trouble and satisfaction in this world." No doubt the Dr. would agree with our friend David in this wise saying, but he would contend and prove it too, that the satisfaction far outbalances the trouble.

On Sunday afternoon we had the privilege of attending the rehearsal of the Sunday School of the Third English Lutheran Church on Monument street near Gay. This rehearsal was preparatory to their anniversary which took place in the evening. Mr. W. A. Wisong is the superintendent of this school. He understands his business thoroughly, having acted as superintendent of this school for more than twenty years. Under his training the Sunday School, consists of more than 400 children, sang a number of hymns most appropriately and beautifully. One feature in this exercise of singing was new to us and struck us as most admirable. It consists of a large scroll mounted on rollers on which about twenty hymns were printed in letters sufficiently large to be read with ease by all, even in the rear end of the church. These all could join in the singing without the aid of a hymn-book, and most heartily did they join in the singing as one after the other of those beautiful songs of Zion was unfurled before their eyes on that extended scroll. We would recommend this system to other schools, the expense is not very great and the benefit will more than repay all the expense and trouble. Indeed we believe it would be a good thing to use in the public worship of the congregation and help most admirably in getting the whole congregation to join in the singing.

We were not present at the anniversary in the evening, but we were told that the capacious church could not contain near all that sought for admittance. The church was decorated with wreaths of evergreens and each class had its banner inscribed with a suitable motto. The school raised about \$400, during the year for benevolent objects. They will also have a course of lectures this winter for which they sold over 400 tickets at the anniversary at a dollar price.

This church is now served by Rev. Dr. J. G. Morris, and we were told he has entered on the work with youthful energy, has crowded houses of attentive listeners, and the prospect of building up the church and doing much good, which is most joyful news to all the lovers of Zion.

On Sunday evening, at the earnest solicitation of Rev. Dr. McCron the writer of these lines preached in the First English Lutheran Church to most attentive and appreciative audience. It will rejoice the hearts of all the friends of Dr. McCron to hear that his health has been perfectly restored. It is known to our readers, that during the early part of last summer he had most violent and frequent attacks of hemorrhage from which he believed and his friends feared he would never recover. But in the kind Providence of God his health has been entirely restored, and we hope and pray that he may long be spared to continue a useful minister of the Gospel on earth, until he shall be called to his reward in heaven.

The second English Lutheran Church in Lombard street is just now without a pastor. Rev. Irving Magee having resigned the charge and gone to Chambersburg, where he has just entered upon the labors of his new pastorate, we were told, with the most encouraging prospects of success. The congregation is now making efforts to secure another pastor.

Rev. C. A. Stork, is laboring with an encouraging degree of success in his congregation, building it up in a steady and healthy growth. His congregation received a considerable accession some time ago, when the little English Missouri congregation dissolved, and connected themselves almost in a body with Rev. Stork's church.

We also spent a pleasant evening with Rev. Henningshausen, pastor of St. Stephens German Lutheran Church on Federal Hill. He is the son-in-law of Rev. C. Leppy, our associate editor, and although a German by birth, he has a good portion of an American Lutheran in his composition. He labors with zeal and diligence, against much opposition and obloquy, to elevate the standard of piety in his congregation. He labors incessantly in the Sunday school, in the Bible class, and has made efforts to establish a prayer-meeting in his congregation, with, however, thus far only partial success. He is also more particular in admitting members to confirmation and membership than some of our German ministers usually are, requiring some evidence

of a change of heart. The consequence is that his catechetical classes are not so large and the accessions to his church not as numerous, as those of some other German ministers, yet his congregation is built up more permanently and in a more healthy condition. One converted member is worth more than a hundred brought into the church without a change of heart.

We will not trouble our readers with an account of the Missouri churches in Baltimore. They have been praised repeatedly, even *ad nauseam*, by the Baltimore correspondent of the *Lutheran and Missionary*.—One German minister complained to us that these Missourians were held up to our admiration by this correspondent even to the disparagement of those German ministers and their congregations who remain faithful to the General Synod.

Altogether our visit to Baltimore was a pleasant one. We had delightful intercourse with esteemed and beloved friends, our subscription list was increased by 26 new subscribers, and in some other respects it was a pleasant and profitable visit. God bless the good people of Baltimore and revive his work in the hearts of Christians.

## THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN FOR 1868.

We are making arrangements for some decided improvements in the *AMERICAN LUTHERAN* for the year 1868. We intend to improve its typographical appearance, buy a new heading, &c., and we will engage some of the best writers in the Church as regular correspondents and contributors to its columns. We will also devote our time more exclusively to the paper, in selecting suitable reading matter, and writing editorials. We hope in some respects to be able to make the *AMERICAN LUTHERAN* the best paper in the Church.

Will the friends of our paper, the advocates of American Lutheranism, sustain us in this work? Friends and Brethren, now is the time to begin the work of canvassing for subscribers. Let all go to work in earnest. Let ministers recommend it to their people from the pulpit, and take it with them in their pastoral visits, show it to the people and get them to subscribe; it will do their people good. Let the present subscribers show the paper to their neighbors and urge them to subscribe.

Any person, minister or laymen, lady or gentleman, who will secure four new subscribers, with the pay \$2.00, shall receive the paper one year gratis.

We also offer the following premiums to those who will engage to raise clubs of subscribers for the *AMERICAN LUTHERAN*.

**Lange's Commentary.**—We have made special arrangements with Scribner & Co., for procuring Lange's Commentary as premiums for subscribers, and can afford to sell them lower than we have seen them offered as premiums in any other paper. For six (6) new subscribers with the money (\$2.00 each) in advance, we will send any one volume of Lange's Commentary; for twelve subscribers we will send two volumes; for eighteen we will send three, and for twenty-four subscribers we will send the four volumes that are now published. This affords a first-rate opportunity for congregations who desire to make their pastor a present of a most desirable Christmas or New-Year's present. What congregation will be the first to send in 24 subscribers, to get one of the best Commentaries as a Christmas present to their pastor?

To those who desire to receive other premiums, we can offer Sewing Machines and Melodeons.

For 50 new subscribers, with the advance payment (\$2.00 each), we will send a first-class Family Sewing Machine, the retail price of which is \$60. Then they can take their choice and select an Empire, Howe, Willcox & Gibbs, Finkle & Lyon, or Grover & Baker Machine. For 60 new subscribers with the pay in advance, (\$2.00 each), we will send one of Poloniet's Melodeons, 5 octave, rosewood cases, &c., retail price, \$110, or any other Melodeon or Cottage Organ they may select. For a less number of subscribers, a lower priced instrument will be sent.

The way is now open for all men, women and children to earn a premium, and at the same time, to extend the circulation of the *AMERICAN LUTHERAN*. Let all go to work in good earnest, and give us the joy of adding 1000 subscribers to our list within the next three months. It can be done.

## Church News.

**PAYETTEVILLE, PA.**—During the latter part of November, Rev. J. K. Miller commenced a protracted meeting in Payetteville, which lasted five weeks, and resulted in a gracious season of revival. Twenty-one souls had inquired the way of salvation, and all but four were rejoicing in hope of eternal life, through a blessed Redeemer. Sixteen are heads of families. On the evening of the 19th Dec., seventeen were received into church fellowship after which the Lord's Supper was most solemnly administered to a large number of communicants. The meetings were characterized by the strictest order and the deepest solemnity. God grant a similar outpouring of His Spirit on all our churches.

Brother Miller labored with great spirit and zeal, though in delicate health. He had no assistance during the meeting. The congregation intend soon to present him with some valuable presents as tokens of regard. J. O.

**Woodstock, N. Y.**—Rev. W. H. Emerick commenced a meeting in a school house in his charge at Woodstock, N. Y., where he labored very faithfully in his Master's service four teen evenings. A great interest was manifested. God's Spirit moved upon the minds of the people. Ten sought and found rest in Christ.

He also held a meeting in an adjoining school house where some twenty were converted and many more were seeking an interest in Christ. Men of wealth and influence, old and young are among the number.

After closing in the school houses he intends commencing a meeting in the church, where it is hoped that those still out of the ark of safety, may become concerned, seek and find Christ. To God be all the praise.

## For the American Lutheran. Among the Altitudes.

MR. EDITOR:—The angularities of life, arising from toil and care, are often gratefully rounded off by a little earnest, unconstrained communion with well tried and valued friends. Experience rises up into precious exultation as soul blends with soul, and you come away from the hearty interchange of thought and feeling as from a Mount of Transfiguration, lamenting only that not even a temporary tabernacle can be commanded in which to protect the hour of joy. And yet you return to prosaic life and to duty with a new impulse in the right direction, and a new determination to do your best amid the conflicting elements that war around you in the march to the far off "Summer-land" of eternal triumph. Such was the writer's privilege a few days ago. Associating with the "Men of the Mountains" for a short season, and witnessing their activity and zeal in promoting the cause of Christ among the "altitudes" of the Alleghenies, affords a sufficient reason for the communication of a few lines to your paper. Hollidaysburg, Blair county, was the objective point of a hurried trip, and for the purpose of assisting Brother C. L. Ehrenfeld, the worthy bishop of the place, at a communion season on the 5th inst.

## ON THE WAY

As I was waiting at Altoona for the train to the point of destination, I met my old friend Henry, the first, and (after an interval of some years, the congregation having been served in the mean while by three or four successive pastors), the last preacher of this busy mountain city. I found him in the midst of a "great awakening"—working away with the same spirit and energy, and I may say success for which he has been noted during the course of a long and arduous ministry. His meeting had already been in progress some five weeks during which, some ninety persons were added to the membership of the church. The services are still kept up, and many more are on the way to life, their faces being turned Zionward; and I should not be surprised to learn that the ultimate result of the meeting will add yet twenty or thirty more to the already large accessions. Certainly this is good news from that locality. And how has this been accomplished? Simply by earnest, old fashioned gospel preaching. It is by "the foolishness of preaching that Christ saves them that believe." Bro. Baker properly regards christianity as an earnest, practical, personal matter; and hence he faithfully avoids that kind of manipulation, in the management of his continuous meetings, by which the pungency and power of the gospel are so often contracted, in order to satisfy the cold and proud aestheticism of formal religionists, and to harmonize with that rigid ecclesiasticism which repudiates every form of life that is not made to fit its own procrustean bed. His is, therefore, the apostolic principle of action in the work of saving souls: "That I might by all means save some." May the Lord continue to bless and prosper him and his people in their faithful efforts to promote the cause of the Saviour's kingdom among the dying sons of men.

## HOLLIDAYSBURG,

however, is the point to which we are destined. Here we met our excellent friend, Charlie, the pastor of the Lutheran congregation of this place. What a magnetic hand-shaking we have! Years have gone by since last we met; and bound together by the associations of college days, having been fellow disciples under yonder where our evangelist Plato leads enthusiastic followers along the highways of thought, and opens up to them the glory of that rational universe in whose light the *True, the Beautiful, and the Good* are revealed in their own transcendent lustre—having been thus associated in our discipleship, our meeting and our greeting could not but be cordial, and especially so, since in philosophic and religious principles and sentiments, we harmonize so perfectly. We found Bro. Ehrenfeld just entering upon special duty to bring men to Christ. Several days had already been spent in religious exercises, and now the solemn memorial of Calvary was to be observed as a new incentive to holiness, love and life. We had a precious season of communion with each other and the Lord on that blessed Sunday. Privileged to preach to Bro. Ehrenfeld's people on Saturday night and twice on Sunday, we were much gratified with the manifestations of interest on the part of the people, and felt that there were tokens of good to encourage the hearts of pastor and people in their work of love. Several persons were admitted to church membership on Sabbath; and the indications gave promise of a successful meeting. Bro. Charlie has an interesting field of labor, but, as it appeared to us, a large and toilsome one. There is, however, this ameliorating consideration, the people are usually very kind in ministering to the wants of their pastor, and this largely compensates for the fact that the membership is considerably scattered, a large proportion living in the country. There is, alas! one peculiar source of discouragement here to both pastor and people, mutually affecting their cheerfulness in the work of doing good; and this arises from the criminal lapse of a former minister among them. How blighting the remembrance of that *desecus averno*! and yet they are pressing forward as vigorously as possible, intelligently discriminating between the counterfeit and the genuine, and not disposed to cast aside both Jesus and his cause for the reason that Judas was once numbered with the apostles, and Peter profanely denied his Lord and Master. And I may here remark that these people do well if they properly appreciate him who serves them in the pastorate. I do not believe in fulsome adulation, and indiscriminate flattery of men and ministers; nor yet do I sympathize with that supercilious prudery, which would prevent us either from seeing or speaking of the excellencies that are found in a brother, and therefore I freely utter my endorsement of the worthiness, and ability of our Hollidaysburg preacher. Charlie is a noble man—a minister of fine attainments. He is a man of rational thought and breadth of view; in truth, radical; in spirit, generous and kind; in manners, refined and easy; in christian charity, sympathetic with all who truly love the

Saviour; and if I were to think of him in any other capacity than that of the active ministry, I would have him appointed to the Chair of Belles Lettres in some one of our Colleges—a position that he would fill most admirably according to my judgment. As long as we have such men in our own church, we shall not be under any necessity to go outside of it to fill our posts of honor and usefulness, if we have any appreciation of our own men, and properly regard the respect due to ourselves as a Church. May the Lord bless Brother Ehrenfeld and his dear people.—What I have here advanced I have done on my own responsibility, and whatever of extravagance any one may see in my representation may be charged to my personal account. If friend Charlie blushes when he reads this picture of himself as taken from my quill-galley, I know he will cheerfully excuse Jan. 7, 1868. A WITTENBERGER.

## Jubilee at Solona, Pa.

The undersigned attended a Jubilee celebration at Solona, Clinton Co., Pa., Dec. 25th and 27th, in the charge of Bro. W. L. Heissler. Bros. Fletcher, Hackenberger and Studenker were also present.

It was a grand time for the church at Solona. They had been making preparations for several weeks, decorating their church, with arches, restoration statistics, Christmas trees, and Scripture-mottos. Early on Christmas morning, the members of the Solona church began to flock to the parsonage, bringing their presents to their pastor—it was quite a valuable donation. Soon the church edifice was filled to its utmost capacity. The writer preached from Job 9: 2, "But how should man be just with God?" He discussed the following points:

1. This is an inquiry fraught with the most intense interest.
2. To obtain an answer to this inquiry, having the weight of divine authority, and that could, therefore, satisfy the demands of the soul, has been the sign of humanity in every age of the world's history.
3. God has exhausted all his resources to give the world a satisfactory answer to this inquiry.
4. For centuries prior to the reformation of the sixteenth century, his divinely revealed method of justification was buried beneath the rubbish of popery; or, driven into caves and Alpine valleys and fastnesses by the relentless and fiendish persecutions of papal avarice, papal hate, papal cunning, and papal power.
5. This method of justification was restored by the reformation.

In the evening, he preached again from the words: "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." Matt. 21: 28. The theme deduced from these words was—*Religion, a Personal, Daily Working for Christ*. The following is an outline of the discourse.

1. Religion is not a thing of fits and starts, but a settled conviction, a governing purpose, an active life-principle, a machine at work.
2. How can we keep this machine at work? We must be sincere in our Christian profession; we must maintain constant communion with God through Christ; we must maintain the habits of believing, earnest prayer; and, we must go to work for Christ.
3. What are the essential elements in the work to be done. These are, "Look around, look up, give time, give money."

After the sermon, the Christmas-trees were exhibited, and the design explained. Thus ended the first day. Thursday morning the church was again filled—it was, however, mainly the children's Jubilee. Three Sabbath schools met to enjoy this Jubilee with their fathers and mothers. Two addresses were delivered by Bro. Hackenberger and the writer; after which the children received the gifts under which the Christmas-trees were growing, with others provided for the occasion. In the evening, Bro. Hackenberger preached from the words: "I will work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." John 9: 4. The speaker applied the truth in the text, to each individual christian; and his design was, to supplement the sermon of the previous evening.—Not having taken notes, I cannot give an outline of it.

Before we finally separated, I once more spoke to the audience in an earnest, practical farewell address, entreating the people of my last pastoral charge to profit by these Jubilee exercises.

I have already said, that it was a grand time for our people at Solona; but it was such not only for them—members attended from other parts of the charge, some coming 10 and 18 miles. They were thus initiated into the Jubilee mysteries, soon to be celebrated in their own churches.

The subscriptions and collections during the two days, amounted to about \$100.00. It was not much compared with what has been done, and will yet be done, in other churches, but a good seed has been sown—a spirit of inquiry has been awakened on the subject of the Reformation; and the impression has been made, that we individually must have a higher type of experimental and practical religion.

Brethren in the ministry: Let us buckle on our armor, and make this Jubilee year, a year of grand rejoicing and eternal remembrance, on account of the wonderful things that God will work through us in the Lutheran Branch of his Zion. Oh! let us be faithful. God is with us. I see it—I feel it.—God helping me—and he is helping me—I shall work with you. H. ZIEGLER.

It is a remarkable fact that persons losing themselves in a forest or snow storm, manifest invariably a tendency to turn round gradually to the left, to the extent of eventually moving in a circle. The explanation of this is found probably in the fact that the limbs and muscles of the right side are generally better developed than those of the left side. Under the excitement felt when one is lost, and the absence of any guiding line, the superior energy of the right limb throws the pedestrian insensibly round to the left.

## The Church of the Redeemer.

"The church of the Redeemer," as developed within the General Synod of the Lutheran church in America, with a historic outline from the apostolic age. To which is appended a plan for restoring apostolic union between all orthodox denominations. By S. S. SCHMUCKER, D. D. *Emeritus Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg.* Baltimore, T. Newton Kurtz, Phila. E. W. Miller, Gettysburg A. D. Buchler.

This contribution of the learned and evangelical Dr. Schmucker will be hailed with sincere pleasure, not only by the different Lutheran Synods in this country, of American, German, Swedish and Norwegian nationalities, to whom it is especially dedicated; but by "the church of God in general," as a valuable and practical exposition of the primitive apostolic spirit; and epitome of church History, and one of the most sensible and urgent overtures for Christian union we have ever met with. We could wish for space in these columns to spread before our readers the grave considerations of a mighty consolidation of the energies of Protestantism for the formation and maintenance of Christian sentiment, and the promotion of truth and righteousness throughout the world. Devoted as we are to our peculiar denomination, and large and liberal as its spirit may be, we nevertheless appreciate and endorse every help set before us, for harmonious action and unity of faith among all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. This volume contains but little, that we cannot heartily commend."

## WINTER.

An Outline of a Discourse Preached in the Nineteenth Street Presbyterian Church, on Sunday last, by the Pastor, Rev. Dr. Hall. "He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He catcheth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?"—PSALM 147: 16, 17.

God has spread before us two volumes; the book of nature and the book of revelations; both in harmony with and illustrative of each other. We should study the book of nature as unfolded in the mountains and valleys, the sky and the ocean, and admire the majesty and glory of the Creator as displayed in the work of his hands.

But especially should we pursue the volume of revelation, and learn his moral character, our relation to him, and the way of pardon and salvation. In the nineteenth Psalm both these volumes are referred to:—"The heavens declare the glory of God. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." This effect is not ascribed to nature. Conversion and the other effects here enumerated flow from the word of truth. Nature, however, has her lessons, and the present season of cold and dreariness furnishes interesting instruction.

Let us dwell upon four thoughts suggested by winter:

1. The winter affords evidence of the divine attributes. We see it in the infinity of God. Man is finite, and such is the limited nature of his faculties that he can produce but a single result at a time, but the effects of the divine workmanship are multifarious and scattered over all creation; the crisped grass, the sparkling frost, the ice-bound river, the feathery snow-flake, the shortened day and prolonged night, and other effects of winter, declare his wonderworking skill. And as the relative position of the sun and earth produces other or similar effects on other planets, and the productions of Jehovah at one time fill the vast system of worlds of which the sun is the centre.

The wisdom of God is manifest in the beautiful arrangement of the seasons, rendering the changes of temperature conducive to animal health and the growth of vegetation, nurturing the herbage of the field with a covering of snow, that it may come forth in spring with fresh beauty and fruitfulness.

His goodness, too, is visible; for though winter may be desolate and dreary to us, yet our winter brings genial summer to those who live on the opposite side of the globe, and thus we are brought into communion with them and made to share in common comforts and trials.

The power of God; "who can stand before his cold?" I think of the poor shivering in the piercing wind, and of the mariners toiling in the storm with icy ropes, as toil they must, or perish, and of the vast glaciers and snow-capped mountains in regions of perpetual winter, and stand in awe of the power of the Almighty.

And his faithfulness. Through all the centuries since God said to Noah, "Seed-time and harvest, summer and winter shall not cease," his covenant has been faithfully kept; and this should encourage our confidence in the covenant of grace, and all the promises which the God of grace has given for our comfort.

Not long since the earth was carpeted with grass. It covered the hills and adorned the valley, and beautified the lawn. But now it is gone, and the trees stretch out their leafless branches, and all nature looks sad. So man has his spring-time of joyousness and his summer of prosperity; but the winter is coming, when snow will whiten his locks, his spirits lose their animation, and his limbs their activity.

3. The winter furnishes occasion for admonition—

(1.) It is our duty to make provision for the temporal wants we may experience in the winter of age, if God should spare us. Any teachings of our Saviour or the Apostle that would be regarded as opposed to this provident care for the future, is wrongly interpreted. No person is required to contribute of his substance to charitable objects so lavishly as to interfere with this obligation, nor is a man justifiable in giving to his children so liberally as to impoverish himself or prevent his making provision for his comfort in old age, if God should permit him to live thus long. Parents in their kindness have done so and lived to regret it.

(2.) Make intellectual provision for the winter of age.

I am induced to think that the fretfulness, discontent and querulousness, which often characterize old age, are owing to the want of

mental culture. Young persons are naturally buoyant and conversant with the companions and scenes of the outer world; they possess a joyousness of spirit which enables them to battle with the ills of life. But old people are to look within themselves for enjoyment, and if conversant with books, if familiar with the thoughts of the mighty dead, if their minds have been stored with knowledge, they have resources of happiness within themselves, and may retain their vivacity and cheerfulness to a green old age. A Christian lady was in the habit of committing to memory numerous sacred hymns, giving as the reason that when sickness or old age, came, she would not be able to read, and that these sweet hymns would be a source of comfort and enjoyment.

(3.) Be admonished to make provision against the winter of death. This is the springtime with many of you; but, my young friend, it will not always be so; winter is approaching, and if you would be happy in declining years and enjoy a hope of eternal life, sow the seeds of piety, that you may reap a harvest of joy.

Oh, how great the folly of neglecting this preparation for the future, ye men of business! Ye are wise and prudent in worldly interests; ye provide abundantly for your families; ye surround yourselves with every comfort; but ah! will ye see death coming, will you follow the footsteps of those who have gone to the grave, and hasten to another world never to return, and yet make no provision for the wants of your soul? This is the greatest folly of which a rational being can be guilty.

4. Let the winter awaken our sympathies and benevolence toward those who are in poverty and wretchedness. The streets may look gay, and the fleet vehicle and lively bells, speeding smoothly over the snow, may be highly invigorating and inspiring, and cheerful voices and abounding comfort may greet us in our pleasant homes; but ah! many are pining in want, even in this great and wealthy city. Go in person to these children in want, visit the hovel of penury, and convey to the suffering poor those gifts of charity that will alleviate their wants and shed gladness over their hearts.—*Church Intelligencer.*

## The Best Way to Conduct a Sunday-School.

The *Harrisburg Jubilee* contains the following correspondence on this subject:—

Some time ago we received a letter from our esteemed friend, Dr. Kemp, the efficient superintendent of one of our Lutheran Sunday schools in Baltimore. He congratulates us on our large and successful school, and then asks for a little information in regard to our mode of conducting it. He inquires:—"Is it your custom to give books annually or otherwise to your Sunday scholars, as premiums or rewards of merit? If not, do you have anything as a substitute? Have you any way of distinguishing scholars for punctuality, good lessons, deportment? Or do you let the love for the school be the only motive to influence the children?"

We reply: *First.* We thank the Doctor most cordially for his congratulations. We have, as he says, "a large and successful school." We sometimes are almost tempted to be proud of it, but, when we come to remember "God giveth the increase," we thank Him for what we are.

*Second.* We give no premiums or rewards of merit. We have no substitute for them.—We do not distinguish scholars for any good quality. In fact, we give nothing. So far as the working of our school is concerned, Doctor, it is the most old-fashioned thing you ever saw. We might say that we are distinguished for the beauty of our simplicity. We do everything in the Apostolic way, and we are sure, so long as we maintain our cause "at that line," we shall succeed. There is a good deal of humbuggery about many of the "concerns" introduced into Sunday Schools now—concerns which are calculated, in our opinion, to lessen the moral power of this noble institution.

*Third.* The Doctor has solved the question himself. When he asks, "Or do you let the love for the school be the only motive to influence the children?" we reply, yes. We cannot ascribe it to anything else. We might, however, mention several things that bear on our success. We have a *graded school*—we have aged, faithful and experienced officers—we have a company of punctual teachers—we have a large library—we keep well supplied with Sunday School periodicals—we hold our school as an important department in our congregation.

Dear Doctor, we wish you much success in your work in Baltimore. We know you are earnest in it, and by the help of God you will prosper. But, Doctor, you must come and see us. Can you not pay us a visit, and then you can see more than we can tell you.

**GOOD WORKS.**—"God," said a minister to a little boy who stood watching a caterpillar spinning a very beautiful cocoon, "God sets that little creature a task to do, and diligently and skillfully he does it; and so God gives works to perform in his name and for his sake. But were the insect to remain satisfied for ever in the silken ball that he is thus weaving, it would only become his tomb. No; forcing a way through it, and not resting in it, will the winged creature reach sunshine and air. He must leave his own work behind if he would soar and shine in freedom and joy. And so it is with the Christian. If he rests in his own work, whatever that may be, he is dead to God and lost to glory; he is making of what 'he may deem virtues' a barrier between himself and his Saviour."

**"DEN I STRORS."**—Legal Suction.—The *Detrotte Tribune* tells the following suggestive incident: "A few days since an honest dutchman most striking proof of willingness to conform to the law in one of our interior villages. He was brought before a justice and fined ten dollars for selling beer. 'Vell,' said he, 'you fines me ten dollars for selling beer, I pay him, and now I sells. 'And next time,' said the justice, 'you will be fined twenty dollars.' 'Vell,' you fines me twenty dollars, I pay him too, and den I sells.' 'And for the third offence you will be fined one hundred dollars, and be imprisoned three months in the county jail,' was the response of the justice. The ever-confident Teuton seemed to be getting a new idea of the operation of the prohibitory liquor law by this time, and after thinking a moment, he scratched his head exclaiming, 'Vell, den I stopps.'

## MARRIED.

In Newport, Pa., Dec. 24th 1867, by Rev. G. F. Schaeffer, William C. Stahl, to Miss Julia Ann Horting.

In New Bloomfield, Pa., on the same day, by the same, Daniel M. Thomas, to Miss Mary J. Swartz.

Near Newport, Pa., Dec. 26th 1867, by the same, William W. Jacobs, to Miss Catharine Fleischer.

Near New Bloomfield, Pa., Jan. 2d, 1868, by the same, John R. Rambo, to Miss Maggie Comp.

## FURTEENTH QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SELINGSGROVE.

Showing its condition on the Morning of the First Monday of January, 1868.

Resources.	
Notes and Bills deposited, \$97 299 11	
U. S. 5-20 Bonds deposited for circulation, 100 000 00	\$197 299 11
Compound Interest Notes, 5 550 00	
L. T. Notes, Frac. currency Specie, 24 999 38	
Cash Items, including Rev. Stamps, 377 00	
Due from other Banks, 61 751 36	
Furniture and Fixings, 676 00	
Construction Account, 270 00	
Current Expenses & Taxes, 1 262 68	
	\$292 185 53

Liabilities.	
Capital, 100 000 00	
Circulation, 89 670 00	
Due Depositors, 884 727 93	
Due to other Banks, 2 477 01	
	\$7 204 94
Surplus Fund, 13 187 52	
Dist. Int. & Exchange, 2 173 07	
	\$5 310 59
	\$292 185 53

I, C. B. North, Cashier of the First National Bank of Selinsgrove, do solemnly swear, that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. C. B. NORTH, Cashier.

Sworn and Subscribed before me this Sixth day of January, 1868.

SAMUEL ALLEMAN, N. P.

**DR. JOHNSON'S PRAYER.**—Perhaps Dr. Johnson never composed anything so truly excellent as his prayer against inquisitive and perplexing thoughts. We insert it here, in the expectation that it will reach some heart which needs:

"O Lord, my Maker and Protector, who has graciously sent me into this world to work out my salvation, enable me to drive from me all such unquiet and perplexing thoughts as may mislead or hinder me in the practice of those duties which thou hast required.—When I behold the work of thy hands, give me grace always to remember that thy thoughts are not my thoughts, nor thy ways my ways. And while it shall please thee to continue me in this world, where there is much to be done and little to be known, teach me, by thy







## Children's Department.

### NETTIE'S WISH.

"I wish I were a little fairy.  
And had a magic wand;  
I'd make you all so happy!"  
Said little Nettie Bond:  
"I'd change this cot so humble  
Into a palace fair,  
And fill its walls so lofty,  
With treasures rich and rare.

"Papa should leave his workshop—  
Mama should live at ease—  
And Ben should go to college,  
The darling regishee tase!  
We'd have such heaps of silver,  
With gold in plenty, too!  
O! would we not be merry,  
With no more work to do?"

"My dear, the best of faires  
My little girl may be,  
And she can bring us daily,  
Rich gifts most fair to see—  
Kind looks and smiles so loving,  
And duties promptly done!  
Oh! these would make our home-nest  
As cheerful as the sun.

"Better than kingly palace,  
Better than gold, my love,  
These precious plants of kindness,  
Which take their root above:  
They'd lighten father's labor,  
And soften mother's care;  
And, twining round our heart-strings,  
They'd bloom in beauty rare."

"I thank you, dearest mother:  
I'll try your magic wand,  
And be a real home-fairy,"  
Said little Nettie Bond.  
"And if we can't be riches,  
We'll have what's better far—  
Hearts full of love and sunshine,  
My pet," chimed in mama.

—Devoc.

### Stars in Day-Time.

"I wish those stars were in the sky all day long," said Fannie to her elder sister Mary, when they were looking up one winter night to the sky, which was covered all over with brilliant stars.

"So they are," said Mary: "only we can not see them, because the sunshine outdoes their softer lights. From the bottom of a deep, narrow pit, where we could see nothing but a piece of sky, high up, we should perceive on this little fragment, stars, even at noon, brilliant and clear as we see them now. The high, narrow walls of the pit prevent our eye from wandering about, and it becomes able to see those heavenly lights which only shine when all is dark around." So we are often most able to feel heavenly joys when it is darkest about us, and the joys of the earth are shrouded.—*Banner.*

BE TIDY.—"Now, my son," said a kind mother to her little boy, "be tidy, fold up your night gown again; I must have it done neatly."

That little boy has grown up to be a man. A friend said to him one day—

"How is it you get through so much work as you do?"

"Method, method," was the reply. I am now reaping the fruits of my mother's lessons.—*Be tidy.*

I'D DO IT TO-MORROW.—There were two boys in a school I used to go to when I was young, which was about forty years ago. One was remarkable for doing with promptness and perseverance whatever he undertook.—The other had a habit of putting off everything he could. "I'll do it to-morrow," was his motto. "I'll do it to-morrow," was the motto of the other boy. The boy who loved to put things off had the best natural talent, but he was outstripped in the race of life by his neighbor, whose motto was, "I'll do it now." Let that be your motto. Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.

A GOOD STORY.—There was a Glasgow merchant, on his death-bed, sent for a Free church clergyman. Having some fears regarding his future prospects, he asked the reverend gentleman, "Do you think if I were to leave £10,000 to the Free kirk, that my soul would be saved?" "Well," answered the cautious minister, "I could not just promise you that, but I think it an experiment worth trying."

### Town and Country.

How pleasant it is for dwellers in cities to get off sometimes into the country! In cities we live in the midst of perpetual activity and the jar of labor and trade; but in the country there is stillness and rest. Men work noisily in cities—God works silently in the country.

The hammer of the builder and of the man who works in iron, rings out sharply on the air; wheels rattle in the streets; your ears are filled with many voices and a confusion of sounds. But in the country the corn comes up silently; fields grow ripe with abundant harvest; the trees blossom and bear fruit; vines hang out their purple clusters; the earth prepares food for the myriads who look to her for substance, and their is neither noise nor confusion.

The cattle in the fields have a look of contentment. They stand amid the sweet young grass and crop their food—they lie in shady places when the sun is hot—they drink at pure streams. But in cities they are shut up in narrow stalls.

JOHN HOWE once observed two men in a violent passion. Their mutual cursings shocked his religious sensibilities. He looked at them, raised his hat, and said in a solemn voice: "I pray God to bless you both!" This prayer so impressed the quarrelsome men that they ceased the strife and thanked Mr. H. for his supplication.

## HOUSEHOLD, FARM, & GARDEN.

*Repair Fences.*—Poor fences are a temptation to cattle, and induce bad habits. Look especially to those around grain fields, which will be attractive.

*Water.*—Bring water to house and barn by pumps from springs. The pipes must be sunk below freezing, and the pump or spout also protected.

*To Fatten Geese.*—The Irish Farmer's Gazette says, to fatten geese, put up three or four into a darkened room, and give each bird one pound of oats daily, thrown on a pan of water. In fourteen days they will be found almost too fat. Never shut up less than two together, as they pine if left alone.

*The Best Fowls.*—The editor of the German Town Telegraph, discoursing of barnyard fowls, gives it as his opinion that none of the imported varieties have proved as desirable or profitable as those the country already possessed in what are denominated "natives."

*Draining.*—As men can be spared from other work, and as others can be hired to get at the drains. There is hardly a farm in the United States, except those on gravel banks, or with leachy subsoil, that might not, in spots at least, be under-drained to advantage.

Three brothers in Plymouth, Massachusetts, own a cranberry meadow of fifty acres, from sixteen of which they have picked this year 1,950 bushels. They propose to devote the remainder of the land to the same crop, and in good years expect to harvest 6,000 bushels.

*Animals for Market.*—Fattening animals of all kinds lay on flesh very rapidly as the weather grows cooler. Keep beaver and sheep in pasture as long as the feed is good, but yard them at night and feed twice a day with grain, if they are to be marketed soon; otherwise simply feed so as to be sure they are constantly gaining.

*Shelter for Cattle.*—From the experience of an English farmer, it has been demonstrated that sheltered sheep eat one-third less of linseed cake, and two pounds less of turnips per day. And yet, notwithstanding this, the increase of those housed, as compared with those that were not, was as fourteen to nine. An equal, if not greater, advantage is derived by sheltering cattle.

*Clothes Moths.*—This genus of small moths (*Tinea*) is well known to all our good housewives, from the amount of injury committed by them on woolen cloths, carpets, and furs. The fumes of turpentine destroys these insects, and pepper and tobacco drives them away. Camphor is always used, and also cedar chips, with more or less effect. All articles which are apt to be attacked should be often aired and examined, for by this means the depredations of these insects can be nearly if not entirely prevented. When it is desired to shut up rooms where carpets are, during weeks of absence, the carpets may be sprinkled with fine-cut tobacco. Clothes infested may be hung up in a tight closet, and a pan of live coals set in, on which throw freely layers of tobacco.

*Pickle for Hams.*—For 100 lbs. of meat take 2 gallons of water, 9 lbs. of salt, half fine and half coarse, 3 lbs. brown sugar, 1 quart of molasses, 3 ounces of saltpetre, 1 ounce of potash. Put the above ingredients into a kettle and boil them, taking off the scum. As soon as the scum ceases to rise take it off, and when cold pour it in the barrel on the meat. The meat should be rubbed with fine salt before packing in the barrel.

By adding a few ounces of whole black pepper, cloves, allspice, and cinnamon, a superior flavored ham is obtained. The spices should be added to the brine after it is skimmed, and boiled a few minutes. This is also an excellent pickle for beef.

*To Mend Broken Dishes.*—Tie the pieces firmly and truly together and boil the dish fifteen to twenty minutes in skim milk. Let it remain in the milk till cold, then take it out and place it in a dry place, to remain three or four days before washing. It will then be ready for use, and will stand as much rough usage without injury as before broken.

*Pickle for Beef.*—To eight gallons of water add two pounds of brown sugar, one quart of molasses, four ounces of saltpetre, and fine salt till it will float an egg. Beef put in this will keep good without absorbing so much salt as to make it hard and tough when cooked.

*Meadow Lands.*—If meadow lands are depastured in autumn they are stripped of their natural protection, and if depastured in spring, the shooting plants are "nipped in the bud." It is enough to carry off a crop of grass, too often without making any return in the way of top-dressing, even on land laid down as a hungry waste, without stripping the land of the falling blades in autumn, or the young shoots in spring. This system of overstocking can lead only to sterility and poverty.

*Best Time to Paint Houses.*—Experiments have indicated that paint on surfaces exposed to the sun will be much more durable if applied in autumn or spring, than if put on during hot weather. In cool weather it dries slowly, forms a hard, glossy coat, tough like glass, while if applied in warm weather, the oil strikes into the wood, leaving the paint so dry that it is rapidly beaten off by rains.

*Vermilion Lake Gold.*—The St. Paul Press says that a ton of auriferous quartz, from the Vermilion lake in the north-eastern corner of Minnesota, has been brought to that city, crushed by old miners, and is found to yield over eight pounds of bullion, gold and silver, and worth between four and five hundred dollars. The Press adds: This is a startling revelation, and will, no doubt, be received with incredulity. We have it, however, upon the authority of responsible parties, and if the facts are not as stated, it is because the interested parties are themselves deceived. That they believe the results to be extremely favorable is proved by the fact that they have been buying up all the Vermilion mining shares they can lay their hands on.

## 1868.

### Scientific American.

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PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. ROAD

#### WINTER TIME TABLE.

THROUGH AND DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, HARRISBURG, WILLIAMSPORT, AND PITTSBURGH.

GREAT OIL REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

#### Elegant Sleeping Cars On All Night Trains.

On and after MONDAY, NOV. 25th, 1867, the Trains on the Philadelphia & Erie R.R. will run as follows:

#### WESTWARD.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Philadelphia 11:15 p.m. and arrives at Erie 5:50 a.m.

ERIE EXPRESS leaves Philadelphia 9:00 p.m. and arrives at Erie 4:15 a.m.

ELIMIRA MAIL leaves Philadelphia 6:25 p.m. and arrives at Erie 3:45 a.m.

ELIMIRA MAIL leaves Philadelphia 4:45 a.m. and arrives at Erie 1:00 p.m.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Erie 10:25 a.m. and arrives at Philadelphia 1:55 a.m.

ERIE EXPRESS leaves Erie 8:55 a.m. and arrives at Philadelphia 12:25 p.m.

ELIMIRA MAIL leaves Erie 6:10 p.m. and arrives at Philadelphia 9:40 p.m.

ELIMIRA MAIL leaves Erie 4:15 p.m. and arrives at Philadelphia 7:45 p.m.

MAIL TRAIN leaves Erie 10:25 a.m. and arrives at Philadelphia 1:55 a.m.

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Twenty presents valued at \$75 each, 15,000

Ten presents valued at \$300 each, 3,000

Three presents valued at \$250 each, 750

Twenty presents valued at \$225 each, 4,500

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Twenty