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Poetry.

"IT IS THE LORD; LET HIM DO
WHAT SEEMETH HIM GOOD."

Father! I know what'er Thou dost
Is always good and right;
Then let me always in Thine trust,
And never walk by sight.

Our every care on Thee to cast
Is our best wisdom here,
And well we know that at the last
Thou every cloud wilt clear.

Oh, let me trust Thee though Thou slay,
Love Thee when Thou dost scourge;
For Thou, all faithful, wilt each day
From sin Thy children purge.

On Jesus may our hearts be fixed,
Whatever be our lot;
Pleasure and pain are here commixed,
But Thy love changes not.

Then be not thou cast down, my soul,
But wait and watch and pray;
Jesus will make the wounded whole;
He turneth none away.

—Christian Secretary.

The Pulpit.

An Anecdote of the Rev. Ebenezer Brown.

A MINISTER OF INVERKIEITHING, SCOTLAND.

About the close of the last century he went to London in order to be present at a large missionary meeting, and being there on the Sabbath, he had an opportunity of preaching in the metropolis, and of witnessing the London manners. A journey from Scotland to the great city at that period was of much rarer occurrence than it is now, and would have been regarded as important in one's lifetime. Mr. Brown felt it so, and as he had an opportunity of seeing many things not commonly known at home, he resolved to give his people the benefit of his experience.

On the first Sabbath after his return, he took occasion to state in the course of his forenoon sermon: "My friends, I have three wonders to tell you of to-day, which I saw in London; and then went on with his discourse without further reference to the matter, finished the sermon, and concluded the service by prayer and praise and the benediction in the usual way. In leaving the church, many looks were cast at the worthy minister, as much as to say, you have forgotten to tell us the three wonders. The thing got wind in the village in the interval, and there was a large turn out in the afternoon, the church being completely filled by the time Mr. Brown made his appearance. All was expectation, and the people were not doomed to disappointment a second time. After concluding the public worship, Mr. Brown said, "Well, my friends, I am now to tell you the three wonders I saw in London." With that all the people sat down in breathless silence.

"The first wonder I have to tell I saw in London is, when I came into the pulpit in the morning, the folks were waiting for me; I did not need to wait for them; and I never saw the like of that in Inverkieithing. The second wonder I have to tell you I saw in London is, that when I was drawing the prayer to a conclusion, there was no jostling, and making a noise and sitting down; they stood I said amen, and I never saw the like of that in Inverkieithing. The third wonder I have to tell you I saw in London is, there was no reaching for hats, a bundling up Bibles when the last psalm was a singing, and no coming down the stairs when the blessing was pronounced, but they waited till the amen, and then they sat down again; and I never saw the like of that in Inverkieithing till this afternoon."

"Let Him That Heareth Say Come."

In these words Christ has commissioned all his disciples to engage in the work of preaching his gospel. He has called them to the work of winning souls.

But how is this to be done? How shall those who have not been set apart as public teachers of religion "say come?"

There are various ways in which this duty may be discharged. But every believer is called to "say come," especially and chiefly by a direct personal invitation. The words of his commission point directly to this manner of inviting sinners to the Saviour. There are an injunction to all who have tasted the grace of the gospel, to go at once to their impatient friends and neighbors and urge them to accept his salvation. It is a permission to act out toward the unconverted, by whom they are surrounded, the spirit of a renewed heart. One of the first emotions of a new born soul, as he becomes conscious of the pardon of his sins and acceptance before God, is the desire to see others brought to Christ. At once he is moved by a strong anxiety to see others, now dead in trespasses and sins, brought to rejoice in the precious and glorious hope to which he is begotten. At once he is impelled to put forth some effort to lead them to the Saviour.

It is recorded of Andrew, the brother of Peter, that, having become a follower of Christ, "he first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him: We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ." (John i. 41, 42.) We have here an illustration of the spirit of the new creature. The first impulse of Andrew, as he finds the

Saviour, is to bring his brother to him. He is filled with delight at the glad tidings, and gives himself no rest until his brother is made partaker of his joy and gladness. And in the commission which Christ has given to his disciples to extend others the invitation of the gospel, they are authorized to act out, without restraint, the impulses of a renewed nature. They are authorized and required to become the followers of Christ in this work. It becomes not only their privilege, but their duty, to invite sinners to the Saviour. And while there are other ways in which this may be done, they are to do it especially and chiefly by a direct personal invitation. If the believer would win his friend or neighbor to Christ let him approach him in the spirit exhibited by Andrew. Let him tell him in words of Christian love and tenderness that his is a lost sinner's doom, and that unless he repents an eternal hell must inevitably be his portion. Let him say that Jesus Christ has shed his blood for his redemption, that he died to save sinners such as he, that he is an infinitely merciful and all sufficient Saviour, and call upon him to accept at once the salvation which he freely offers. Let him say: Come to Christ for the pardon of sin, for a new heart, for reconciliation to God, and for a crown of eternal glory in heaven. Come just as you are, with all your sin and condemnation, and suffer him to blot out your transgressions and exalt you to the privileges of his disciples. Come in faith, believing that he is able and willing to save you from hell, and exalt you to everlasting felicity in his kingdom. Come at once. The present moment is God's appointed time. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Let him "say come" in affectionate and tender, but, at the same time, in deeply earnest words, and he will see the fruit of his labor—he will bring him to Jesus.—*Chris. World.*

Historical.

Graves of Great Men About Berlin.

BY REV. W. A. NICHOLS.

Wittenburg is an antique town two hours from Berlin. There, in the center aisle of the door, on which the ninety-five theses were nailed, are two trap-doors. One of these opens to the grave of Martin Luther, the other to the grave of Philip Melancthon. Brazen plates underlie the wood coverings in the floor, with the names and dates of the birth and death of the sleepers. An armed statue of Frederick the Wise, kneeling towards the altar, as in act of devotion. Our party sang Old Hundred with full voice, and the rich notes echoing along the walls, seemed almost to awaken a symphony in the distant organ, perched upon the vaulted ceiling. Eighteen miles from Berlin is Potsdam, the military center of Prussia. There, under the pulpit, and on the ground floor of Krümmacher's church, with only an iron gate of open work to separate it from the audience room, are the remains of Frederick the Great, in a plain zinc coffin. As I stood with my hand on the hollow encaustic, I incidentally said, "This is what all the great of earth must come to at last. The guide said: 'That is just what Bonaparte said when here in 1814, saying so—'If Frederick the Great were not lying here, I should not be here.' But the numerous flags and eagles which adorn the pulpit and church in every part, taken from the French, are a reminder that Bonaparte did not remain in Prussia long, though Frederick was dead."

Eight miles from Berlin is Tegel, a quiet place in the forest with only a modern castle and its appendages. From the castle by a winding foot-path, at first through an over-arching jungle of lilies, and then through native woodlands, one is led a long distance, till he is unexpectedly brought to a little dell with an enclosure of graves covered with ivy. One of the sleepers in this place of quiet beauty is Frederick Henry Alexander von Humboldt; who was born 1769 and died at the age of ninety years. At the head of the enclosure is a neat monument of red granite, surmounted by a beautiful figure of "Hope"—in white marble. Long arms of oak, reaching out horizontally towards the sleeper, some of them more than fifty feet long and ever green with the moss of many years, give to the secluded spot, a venerable surrounding. The April breeze whispering through the boughs of spruce and cedar, told the visitor to speak low and walk softly, and my feelings were in a mood readily to hear and heed the gentle monitor.

In one of the church cemeteries not half a mile from my lodgings, in a retired corner, are the remains of Augustus Neander, the eminent church historian. A plain headstone has sculptured on it a side view of his attractive face. Under the work of the sculptor is this inscription: "A sister to an unforgotten brother." Professor Tholuck speaking to me yesterday of his lovely traits and great excellence, said, if it were the custom now to have Saints, Neander would surely be canonized. The resting places of these departed worthies, each a hero in his line, are choice educators. I love often to step in, and take a fresh look at the serene face of Neander. Not old, but ripe; he died at sixty-one—and evidently worthy of the laurel in his department of life's work. Instead of self-prophesies that I have done so little in comparison, in the presence of such superiority as impresses me at this grave, I am kept from shrinking into nothing, by the assurance, "I

there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

Humboldt's resting place is the very acme of good taste in its fitness for such a man. Having studied creation intensely through a long life, and finding in it and its Author so many things more important than worldly aggrandizement, closing the wonderful volume only as he closed his eyes on the light of life, it would seem that he has sought to hide his personality at last in a folded leaf of his favorite book. Yet this is the kind of man who does not really die, and is never lost. His ponderous volumes stand in the Royal Library, the enduring monuments of his industry and perseverance, while the light of his investigations will not go out, till the world he studied shall be replaced by a new heaven and a new earth.

At the coffin of Frederick the Great, the thoughtful visitor is reminded that human greatness even at its best state is of the earth earthy. Having shown himself a fair sighted statesman and great warrior, contending with leading powers in Europe, till they were all glad to retire and let him alone, and establish a kingdom on a firm basis; having written volumes of politics, history and poetry, that secured him a reputation in the world of letters as it then was, it was his request to be buried with his dogs and his war-horse as his most intimate friends and boon companions.

Standing in the central aisle of the old 'Schloss Kirche' at Wittenberg between the graves of Luther and Melancthon, one sees that two men may be very different from each other, and yet in their places, equally good and great and useful. While some extol only Luther and others praise Melancthon, Luther being too rash for some, and Melancthon too cautious for others, God, who is wiser than men, made them both for the work of the Reformation, and evidently each could do with the other what neither could do alone. Looking from the broad doorway, where kindled the first blaze of the Reformation, at Germany as it is, we infer that a people once reformed, do necessarily remain so. For, there are many who are proud of Luther as a countryman, who readily build his monuments and garnish the church of his sepulcher, yet follow his teachings only at a distance. Surely the efforts at reform in this sinful world, like the wheels of an engine on a slippery track, often exhibit motion without advance, so that actual progress cannot be measured by the number of revolutions.—*Advance.*

Practical.

The Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting.

A minister said, "I reside in a city in Indiana, of some twenty-five thousand inhabitants—fifteen hundred of whom have been converted in a recent revival. Among the converts was the director of a railroad, under circumstances rather peculiar. There was a meeting of the directors and all but one were present. When he came in, shortly afterwards, he remarked, 'Well, friends, we have more important work just now than railroads. All of us but one profess to be Christians. Let us kneel and pray for the conversion of that one.' They prayed and the Lord answered."

Another said: "In our efforts to do good, obstacles are often found in our path. It has always been so. The women who approached the sepulchre to embalm the body of their Lord, made the anxious inquiry, 'Who will roll away the stone?' But when they reached it, they found the stone already removed, and an angel sitting upon it. So God removes the hindrances to the progress of the cause, and often confers the most important blessings upon the efforts of those who persevere through difficulties in the great and glorious work of winning souls to Christ."

Prayers were offered for the President and all in authority, and that each senator and representative might have grace and wisdom to do that which is right and just in all the matters which they are called to consider—

A brother said it was not surprising that apprehensions should exist in the minds of many at the condition of our national affairs—

But, trusting in the Lord with religious confidence, we had nothing to fear, but to sin against God. It was sin which brought evils upon us—but God had shown so many signs of favor to his people—that we might safely trust him now. Our prayer should be that we might humble ourselves before him—confessing that righteousness exalteth, while sin is a scourge to any people.

A man trembling with the infirmities of age said, "I came here several times to ask your prayers. I wish you would pray for me. Once I thought I was a Christian, but now I find myself in bondage to sin, and fear that God has no mercy for me." Another said, "I know the efficacy of prayer, and come to ask you to pray for my pastor, who is sick and absent from us, that God in mercy may restore him to health, and give him power and energy for his great work." Another asked prayers that God would give him an assurance of acceptance. He had been a member of the church for several years, but has not the clear evidence which he has longed and prayed for.

Interesting letters are often received from a lady in Columbus, O., requesting prayers for others, and she confirms her own earnestness and devotion by subscribing her name in full to her letters. Her last letter is as follows: "A little more than a year ago a request for

prayer was sent to this meeting, for a revival of religion in an eastern town, in which the writer is relatively interested. Although no season of pervading interest has been experienced, an instance of conversion occurred in a person, remarkable on account of his great age, eighty-seven years, and, considering the wide extent of public influence attached to the person, magnifying the grace of God as much perhaps, as the conversion of many persons. As there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, the writer is encouraged to ask your prayers again, that a revival of religion may be experienced in the same town, viz., Charlton, Mass."

The leader said he had a request for prayer from a sister to two brothers, one of whom has embraced Spiritualism and the other is under erroneous influences. They had a praying mother, but she has gone to her rest. He presented another request from Ogdensburg, N. Y., saying, "Please remember once more in your prayers my son, who is dangerously sick, that full assurance of the pardon of his sins may be granted to him, and every needed grace." Another says, "I sent a request for prayers for the conversion of my husband some time since. He has been very sick, and during his sickness was very anxious to become a Christian, and sent for my minister to converse with him. He has recovered, but I fear he is not converted—only convinced of the truth. He was much inclined to infidelity, and when he returns to his business will be surrounded by those who, I fear, will cause his unbelief to return unless he is converted before that time. I tremble for him; yet my faith is so weak that I want you to pray for him; and pray for me, that my faith may be strong, and that we may have all joy and faith in believing." Another requested prayers for the conversion of five brothers. And another, for a young lady whose mind is now exercised as to her belief."

A minister remarked, "The Scriptures teach us that a sinner is justified or accepted with God, solely in Christ. Christ is all; nothing but Christ is needed. All else must be rejected. No works of righteousness of our own have any place or consideration here, however necessary and proper they may be as the fruits of faith."

Another said, "Some two years since I was in this meeting. I had then been a professor of religion for several years, and was a member of the church. And although I tried to perform all christian duties, I was not satisfied with my religious state. I did not enjoy the promised rest of believers, and was unable to believe in such manner as to bring peace and joy to my soul, and I requested you to pray that God would grant me more grace and a better understanding of his Word. When I had finished speaking an elderly brother said he could sympathize with my statements—

Many years ago he was in a frame of mind similar to mine, and was informing a brother of his want and spiritual destitution, when that brother told him that if he would enjoy religion he must work for it. 'And,' said he, 'I took his advice and commenced to work and pray in earnest for the conversion of the impenitent, and soon forgot myself and all gloomy thoughts in my anxiety for their salvation and the Lord blessed me in my efforts to serve him. I have continued to work ever since, and have enjoyed peace and confidence long in Christ.' 'I applied the suggestions of the brother,' said the speaker. 'I procured books and tracts, and commenced work in the good cause. Soon God revealed his truths to me in great clearness, and now for more than a year I have found much peace and satisfaction in brighter and dearer hopes than I had ever before experienced. I do not mean to convey the idea that there is any merit in works, but they are a means of grace which Christ condescends to honor and bless, and they are tokens of the love of the true disciple to his Lord.'—*Ch. Intel.*

TEMPTATION.

There are two degrees in temptation, as it were—the drawing away and the enticing as set forth in James i. 14: "But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed." Our hearts, are, alas! too prone to evil, and to follow "after the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." And truly indeed it is said in chapter iv. 5: "Do ye think that the Scripture saith in vain, the spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy, hatred, malice, with every evil work, and have continual need of 'more grace,' to enable us to overcome this spirit."

Then there is enticing. The world and the devil are constantly in league against us to draw our minds from that which is good. The enemy does at times come like a flood, and nothing less than the Spirit of the Lord can enable us to lift up a standard against him. The Apostle Paul might well exclaim, "Oh, wretched man I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

But, blessed be God, there is "no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," and to the praise of His glory "He will perfect that which concerneth us."

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and our fellow men—we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.

Improprieties in Sunday School Festivals.

In a recent article in the *New York Observer*, the editor, under the title, "Religious Buffoonery," spoke of a certain church near at hand where, "at the close of the service a live turkey was driven up the aisle, with a purse containing a sum of money attached to the back of the bird. The fowl and the money were thus presented to the minister."

The *Observer* then fitly animadverted upon the disgraceful proceeding:

A gentleman connected with the church, supposed by himself to be referred to, writes to us a humorous and very readable communication in justification of the fowl transaction. He says that our statement gives the impression that it was the church. And second, that the turkey was driven up the aisle at the close of a church service. "But the truth is," he asserts, "that it was the act of the Sunday-school, and occurred at the close of the children's Christmas festival. The manner of representing the gift was merely designed to afford the children a little innocent amusement, and with all due respect, I believe it was an entire success. We thank you for the compliment as to the 'originality and novelty' of the plan." He adds:

"I hardly think you are 'prepared to take the ground that it is wrong or sinful to laugh, or that, under all circumstances, it is out of place, or calculated to bring the whole matter of religion into the realms of folly and frolic,' to do anything in a church, or at a Sunday-school festival, to provoke merriment, any more than it is improper to publish anything in a religious paper to the same end."

The writer of this defense of turkey-driving in church, tells us it was the act of "the children, and not of the congregation,"—to which we reply that the children never devised, and alone would never have executed such a farce. But, if it were a children's affair, so much the more it is to be condemned. They should have been better taught. Children will be permanently injured by such a foolish and irreverent exhibition, even if the older people are incapable of being hurt.

As to its being at the close of a children's festival, and not at the close of a sermon, we do not see the difference. It was in connection with a religious service, and in the house of God. Others may have their own views of the fitness of things, but to us there is a gross impropriety in making the church the scene of exhibitions which fill it with associations not congenial to its sacred uses. If others think differently, and regard the church as a fit place for masquerades, shows, we regret their tastes, but prefer our own.

"There is a time to laugh," as the Bible says: we find it often; (sometimes we laugh when others are too dull to see where the laugh comes in) but if we kept a church we would never open its doors for frolic and fun. We enjoy them with the children mightily, but not in church.—*S. S. Times.*

The Armies of the World.

At the present day the armies of the world are larger than they have been since the great wars of the first Napoleon. The army of the United States now numbers 56,000 men in all. For the extent of our territory this is the smallest army in the world; and we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the fact.—The cost of our army is \$100,000,000, or nearly 2,000,000 per 1,000 men. The army of France has been fixed at 759,000 men in the 'active army,' and 550,000 in the 'passive,' the latter being named the National Guard Mobile. Total, 1,300,000 men available for war. A contingent of 100,000 men is annually available to recruit the army.

The British army numbers about 200,000 men. The bulk of this army is at home, Ireland absorbing about 25,000 good troops. Of the colonies of foreign possessions, India takes the largest body of troops, the Dominion of Canada next, Australia next.

The Prussian army numbers about 600,000 men.

The Italian army now numbers 215,000 men, and is a very effective one. One of its arms, the Bersaglieri, or rifle battalions, it excels even the French army, whose Zouaves were supposed to be the first light infantry in the world.

The Austrian army numbers about 700,000 men; its cavalry are said to be very fine.—The government breeds its own horses, and secures good mounts.

The Russian army numbers about 800,000 men; it could be quickly increased to 1,200,000 in time of war. It is spread all over the empire, from the Baltic to the Caucasus.

The Spanish army is small, not exceeding 80,000 men; but it is very well clothed and disciplined. It is also receiving breech-loaders.

The number of men maintained in the standing armies of civilized nations is not less than 3,600,000. All these vast numbers are snatched away from useful industries, and condemned to idleness and vicious life, while the laboring people are taxed for their support, and for the costly armaments the require. Is it not too large a police force? Would it not be cheaper to de throne a few rogues?—*Eve. Mess.*

The Bishop of London has ordered the President of the United States to be included in the prayers of the Episcopal Church for the Queen.

THE CATHEDRAL—THE COMING CHURCH.

Our neighbor *The American Churchman*, has notions of its own and holds them with an Episcopal independence that it is pleasant to witness—occasionally. True, it sneers, in somewhat an unneighborly way, at the *Advance* for thinking that a man's religion should affect his politics, and is therefore in no danger of losing subscribers from the rascally swindlers who would fasten repudiation upon a Christian people. Lately it has turned its pen to the discussion of 'free churches' and comes to the conclusion that cathedrals are the solution of this vexed question. Of the poorer classes who so rarely find their way to our city churches, it says:

This class of people are as independent as the millionaire. They want none of your charity, Sir, religiously or otherwise. They would not take a free seat in the most elegant pauper chapel you could build them. For all these things cost money and they are too independent altogether to force themselves where they are not wanted and cannot pay their way. There, then, is the problem, daily growing harder of solution, daily growing more pressing, that in our cities, at least, and measurably over the whole country, the occupancy of a place in any sort of church, on equal grounds with others, is becoming a luxury for those in easy circumstances; and that the bone and sinew of the community—the working men and women, who earn their daily bread by daily toil—are more and more shut out.

Is there, then no solution? As congregations must sustain themselves, are there to be no religious privileges except for the rich, and for such as the rich give them to as a gratuity? There is a solution, and that is by the complete annihilation of this supply and demand, private-chapel system. The remedy lies, it seems to us, in the Cathedral, and in such churches as the Cathedral will suggest and produce.

We want, in each large city, one large church, large enough in some cases to hold several thousand people. Let it be the grandest church in the city, its appointments the most complete, its services the most impressive, its pulpit the most powerful. It is free to everybody, and it will hold four thousand—that is very reasonable for a Cathedral.

Now clearly, as a mere sum in figures, it will be seen to be possible to provide the necessary income for such a church, by a very small average from each. An average of a dime a week from four thousand is four hundred dollars a week; an average of a half dime is an income of over ten thousand a year.

The Cathedral must be the working-man's church. The Cathedral is the *Free Church* of the future. Its organization solves the question—never yet, among us—of making rich and poor meet together with no throb of satisfied pride on the rich man's part, and no feeling of humiliation, for alms received, on the part of the poor man, who has just as much right there as he.

Mental Activity.

If the water runneth, it holdeth clear, and sweet and fresh, but stagnation turning it in to a noisome puddle. If the air be tainted by the winds, it is pure and wholesome; but if shut up, it groweth thick and putrid. If metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; but lay them up, and they soon contract rust. If the earth is labored with culture, it yieldeth corn; but lying neglected, it will be overgrown with bushes and thistles, and the better its soil is, the ranker weeds it will produce. All nature is upheld in its being, order and shape, by constant agitation; every creature is incessantly employed in action conformable to its designed use. In like manner the preservation and improvement of the faculties depend on their constant exercise; to it God has annexed the best and most desirable reward—success to our undertakings, wealth, honor, wisdom, virtue, salvation—all which as they flow from God's bounty, and depend on his blessing, so from him they are usually conveyed to us through the ordinary channel and instrument of attaining them.

A Sublime Faith.

Faith rests with confidence in the word of God, assured that his promises cannot fail.—When one has right views of the divine character, he feels that he could sooner doubt his own existence than doubt the promise of God. The Bible itself furnishes no finer illustration of a sublime faith than the following reply of a poor Scotch woman to Rev. John Brown, of Haddington:

Mr. Brown had been pressing her with hard questions, to test her knowledge of the Scriptures, and the strength and depth of her piety. At last, he asked:

"Janet, what if God, after all he has done, should break his promise and drop you into hell?"

The poor woman promptly replied, "Let him do e'en as he likes. If he does, he'll lose more than I do."

It would be hard for any one to go beyond this in right conceptions of the faithfulness of God.

The repentance that is delayed until old age is but too often a regret for the inability to commit more sin.

Odds and Ends

Lottie and the Voice.

You remember a story of little Samuel.—One night, after he had gone to bed, he heard a voice, saying, 'Samuel, Samuel!' He thought it was Eli calling him. So he got up and went to Eli, and asked him what he wanted. Eli said he did not call him, and told him to go and lie down again. Samuel heard the voice the second time, and the third time. Then Eli thought it was God speaking to Samuel; and he told him, when he heard the voice again, to say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'

God does not speak to children in these days as He spoke to Samuel. We cannot hear His voice with our ears. He does not say, 'Philip, Philip! Mary, Mary!' But God does not pass by without speaking. No, I am sure He does not do that. God speaks to us, for he loves us. He whispers to us by His spirit in a still small voice.

There was a little girl named Charlotte.—They called her 'Lottie.' Lottie once became very angry with her grandmother. She spoke unkindly, and threw a towel to the dear old lady, instead of bringing it willingly and politely, as a little grandchild should.

'Lottie, Lottie!' said a small voice within her! 'Lottie, Lottie!' Lottie heard it. She heard it above the angry voices which were in her bosom. Lottie knew whose it was. She knew it was God's. She saw that her feelings and conduct must grieve her heavenly Father. Lottie felt unhappy. She ran out of the room and up stairs.

'Lottie, Lottie!' the little voice seemed to say behind and within her. The little girl threw herself on the bed and began to cry.—Did she try and stop ears to the little voice; No; she said, 'Oh! I know I have behaved very naughty to dear grandmother. I was quick and unkind. I am sorry, very sorry.'

As she lay on the bed and thought, she seemed to say, like little Samuel, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' And I am sure it told her what to do, for very soon she got up. 'I will run down this minute and ask grandmother to forgive me,' she said; and Lottie did. 'Grandma, will you forgive me,—my naughty behavior to you, dear grandma,' she asked.

'Yes, my child,' replied grandmother; for there is nothing so sweet to God as the penitent tear.

The Brunonian states that "Class Day at Harvard costs each Senior half of his annual college expenses." And yet it is just such a republican extravagance that is every year sending more and more of the self dependent young men, who are the bone and sinew, it not the 'best blood' of the nation, from the eastern to our interior colleges for their classical education.

The Deseret News commenting on the increase of divorce cases in eastern courts, lauds the virtue and female fidelity that attends the institution of polygamy, and 'feels thankful for the new era that has been inaugurated' in Mormondom. This is indeed an odd world of ours.

The vulgar itching for display and sensation on wedding occasions reached the point of a choral service at a fashionable Fifth Avenue marriage in New York the other day. Bishop Southgate intoned the prayers, and even the question, 'Wilt thou take this woman,' etc., was drawn out in the same monotone. The choir got up a gorgeous 'professional' and 'recreational' for the occasion, and threw in all the fancy music, from Mendelssohn down to Offenbach.

The N. Y. *Observer* states that there are men in that city who make it a business to purchase witnesses to swear to any thing in court that may be wanted. With a Legislature so corrupt that it is a stenon in the nostrils of the nation, the people of New York are affectionately advised to spare their animal versions on the morals of Chicago.

Daniel Webster stood two chances to be President of the United States—first, when the Whigs proposed to nominate him for Vice President with Harrison, in 1840; and, second, when proffered the same honor on the ticket with Taylor, in 1844—both of which he peremptorily declined. Half a loaf is not only better than none, but it sometimes grows to be a whole one.

Heedlessness.

Alas! I have walked through life,
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
And fill the burial-shed:
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God.

The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part.
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.

—HOOD.

THE MEMORIAL HALL, on Fourteenth St., built by the English Lutherans is about completed, and will be formally dedicated in a few weeks, and opened regularly for preaching and Sabbath school. It is the finest Sabbath school room in the city. The Memorial Church, of which this hall is a part, will occupy the angle in front of the hall, and is to be erected as soon as the funds justify.—The site is the most commodious church site in the city.

THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN

REV. P. ANSTADT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
REV. R. WEISER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

Selinsgrove Pa., June 18, 1868.

Owing to the absence of the Editor at the Synod of Central Pa., several articles intended for this week's paper have been deferred till next week.

The "Conversation in the Sanctum" could not be held on account of the absence of one of the parties. Next week we hope they will all be together again and discuss some interesting and important questions. From various sources we learn that these conversations are usually read first by the majority of the readers. It is a new feature in the publication of a church paper, and appears to take well.

The Synod of Central Pennsylvania

During last week it was our privilege to be in attendance on the meeting of the Synod of Central Pennsylvania, which met in Pine Grove Mills, Centre county, Pa.

THE JOURNEY.

We started on Thursday morning, and although the place of meeting is but sixty miles distant by a direct route across the country, yet we preferred to go a distance of over two hundred miles by railroad. We therefore set out by the Northern Central railroad to Harrisburg, thence by the Pennsylvania Central railroad to Spruce Creek station, the place where we must take the stage for Pine Grove Mills, but as we arrived there in the evening, and as the stage does not leave till 8 o'clock in the morning, and we did not wish to stay over night at this station, we continued our journey all the way to Altoona, with a view to return by the morning train in time to take the stage. At 8 o'clock we arrived at

ALTOONA.

We found Bro. Baker at home and making preparations to attend to the performance of a pastoral duty that is usually pleasing and interesting to a pastor, namely a wedding ceremony.

Rev. H. Baker is the first and last pastor of the English congregation in Altoona, having founded the congregation, and after an absence of several years, been recently recalled. His second pastorate among these people promises to be still more abundantly blessed than his first. During last winter the congregation enjoyed a very extensive revival of religion, a large number of members have been added to the church. It was found indispensable to enlarge the church in order to accommodate the increasing number of attendants that crowded to the Lutheran church. This is what they are doing now. The rear end of the building is being torn down and an addition built to it, so as to make it more than one hundred feet in length. Altoona is a growing place, and the Lutheran church there is fully keeping up with its growth. After spending an agreeable night among our friends, we took the morning train and returned to Spruce Creek station. Here we entered on the task of enduring

A STAGE RIDE

for a distance of seventeen miles over a dusty road and on a warm day, to Pine Grove Mills where the Synod was in session. What a contrast this slow coach was to the magnificent, swiftly moving cars on the P. O. R. R. Yet we cannot have railroads to every place that we wish to visit, and therefore we should feel thankful for even this means of travelling without which we do not see how it would have been possible for us to have reached the place of our destination at all. For a short distance we were the only passenger on this slow line, but soon we were favored with the company of

A TRAVELLING COMPANION.

After we had gone on about a mile we overtook an old gentleman dressed in the simple garb of a farmer, a tall stove pipe hat on his head, and a travelling bag slung over his shoulder hung on an old umbrage. As soon as we caught up with him he asked for admittance into the stage. His request was readily granted by the accommodating driver. We began to fear we should have a very dull companion during this tedious, seventeen miles ride to Pinegrove. But we soon discovered that we had made a radical mistake in the character of our companion. For no sooner had he discovered that he was in company with a minister than he began to ply us with questions of a learned and intricate nature. We will give a few specimens of his questions. The first question was, "How old do you think the world is?" Answer: "I suppose about six thousand years since Adam was created." "But don't you think the material of which the world is composed may be older?" "Yes, that is probable, and the Bible does not contradict this. It says, 'In the beginning God made the heavens and the earth,' but does not say when that beginning was. And so also the six days of creation may not have been six literal days of twenty-four hours each, but periods of indefinite length, as we have other instances in the Bible where an indefinite length of time is called a day." Our traveller readily assented to this, and then we had an interesting discussion on the subject of Geology, embracing the water theory and the fire theory, volcanoes, earthquakes, the beauty and loveliness of the earth as it came out of the hands of the Creator and the course brought upon it by the introduction of sin through the agency of Satan, and we were unanimous in our opinion that the devil is the meanest and most despicable creature in the universe. Then we took up the redemption of the world through Christ, the final conflagration of the world and the restoration of a new heaven and a new earth. I found my companion was a man of extensive reading and a degree of intelligence not often found among men of his profession. The hours which would otherwise have been weary and tiresome passed swiftly and pleasantly away. All the way along our course stretched a beautiful mountain, having near its top a kind of step or offset along its whole length. The next question put by our companion was this: "Can you tell in which direction the waters of Noah's flood flowed along here?" We answered that we knew of no means of de-

termining that question. But he remarked that there were certain indications on the mountains showing in which directions the waters rushed. Here it evidently flowed northward, for rushing against this mountain on the south side it carried much of the ground and stone over the top and deposited them on the north side, and hence you can see that step or embankment all along on this side of the mountain while the other side is comparatively regular, smooth and even. We had never heard this theory advanced, yet we found it plausible and therefore gave it our assent. We shall in our future travels make observations of the mountains to see if the theory of our old companion holds good.

The third question put to us by our companion partook something of the nature of a puzzle. It was this, What is that which you can see and I can see almost every day, and yet the Triune God has never seen it and never will see it? We told him, we could not see how this was possible, that we poor short sighted mortals could see any thing which the omniscient God could not see. Well, said he, I will tell you what it is. It is His equal, you and I can see our equals almost every day, but God never did and never will see His equal. By this time our companion had arrived at the place of his destination and we were truly sorry to part from him.

At 1 o'clock we arrived at Pine Grove Mills, and were there met by the friendly greeting of the brethren. As one of the members of Synod was appointed to write an abstract of the proceedings for the papers, we will not go into detail of what was done, but simply state that it was one of the most pleasant and profitable meetings of Synod that we have ever had the privilege of attending, a larger sum of money was raised for educational purposes than at any previous meeting of this Synod, the people attended in crowds on the business meetings of Synod, and there appeared to be a general interest taken in the Synod by the people for miles around. The next meeting of the Synod of Central Pa., will take place, God willing, next year in Liverpool, Perry county, Pa.

For the American Lutheran. A Reply to "Missionary."

We are not in the habit of replying to carpers and faultfinders. We as a general matter say what we have to say, and then let it pass for what it is worth; but in this case there is such gross and unaccountable perversion of our language and thoughts, that it would seem a duty to make a short reply. In the first place, we are now, and have been from the beginning, a warm friend of the Home Missionary Society. And just now we look upon it as one of the most important interests of our church. Your western correspondent, therefore, has performed a work of supererogation. His severe strictures on R. W.'s mere allusion to the old plan of the Home Missionary Society were altogether uncalled for. We did not in any way intend to disparage the work of that useful institution. We are aware that it has accomplished much during the 28 years of its existence, nor can we see any great harm in saying that it might have done more. Societies, like men, must learn wisdom from experience. We were always under the impression that our Home Missionary Society had attempted to spread itself over too much ground for its limited means, and that it did not give its missionaries enough to encourage them in their work, and thus to warrant the success of their labors and we merely held up the case of the Omaha mission as an example of the power of concentration. That mission was commenced in 1856, and was no more promising than a dozen of points in the West, and its missionary was no more pious nor learned nor laborious than some others, and yet he succeeded whilst some of those sent out by the Home Missionary Society failed; and why? Simply because they were not as fully sustained.

And whatever the opinion of your carping and ill-natured correspondent may be, we have no doubt the Home Missionary Society in later years has learned something from the method of the Allegheny Synod. When we stated that the Home Missionary Society had frittered away thousands that had accomplished nothing, we intended merely to say that these thousands thus frittered away had accomplished nothing, nor did we intend to blame any body for it. We did not intend even to intimate that all their funds had thus been frittered away, and no one, but a man destitute of an average proportion of mental perspicuity, or fully bent on misunderstanding human language, could come to any other conclusion.

The attempt of "Missionary" at low wit, at the expense of R. W., is very flat and jejune. The low and vulgar innuendoes against R. W. which are borrowed from the symbolists, and have been repeated among them until they have lost all their spice, ought not to be repeated in an anti-symbolic paper. We cannot imagine what object "Missionary" has in his course, unless he has 'an axe to grind,' and thinks this is the way to do it. Perhaps he may be mistaken in his calculations.

R. W.

The Burkettville Female Seminary.

This Institution belongs to, and is under the fostering care of the Melancthon Synod, and has been a complete success.

It is beautifully located at the foot of the Blue Ridge, and has grand views all around. It is in the midst of a large Lutheran population, and among a people who know how to appreciate a well conducted Seminary. The building is large and commodious. The Institute belongs to the Lutheran church, the profits are not put into the pockets of the stockholders, but belong to the church. The Lutherans of Maryland and Virginia (for it is only six miles from Virginia) ought to patronize it much more than they do.

It has five competent teachers, with an accomplished Principal at its head. All the branches of a complete female education are taught, and the terms are as low as in any other Institution of the same rank.

Rev. W. C. Wire A. M. is the Principal and Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy.

For board and tuition for five months \$100.00. Music, painting, and the languages extra. The Fall Session commences Sept. 1st.—Winter Session, Feb. 1st.

WESTMINSTER, Md.—Rev. P. A. Strobel having accepted a call to Westminster, Carroll county, Maryland, desires correspondents to address him at that place after July 1st, 1868.

Hagerstown Female Seminary.

The Annual Commencement of the Hagerstown Female Seminary will take place in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday, June 25, at 7 o'clock, P. M. Rev. Dr. McCron, of Baltimore will deliver the address.

For the American Lutheran. WORSHIP.

The above is the caption of a short article that recently appeared in one of our Lutheran journals, and which contains the following language in reference to posture in prayer: "The Bible everywhere represents the worshippers of the Divine Being as either kneeling or falling prostrate before him during the time of worship. The practice of standing whilst in the time of prayer is utterly without warrant in the Holy Scriptures, and contrary to the whole genius and spirit of the christian religion."

Now we would be somewhat surprised to see a sentiment like this expressed in any paper, and more especially do we wonder to see it in a Lutheran paper. Since it is the almost universal practice of the Lutheran church to stand in time of public prayer. We are not an advocate of forms, neither do we think that God look so much at the posture of the body, as at the condition of the heart; yet we believe it to be our duty, to glorify God in our bodies as well as in our spirits; and hence deprecate the practice of sitting during prayer, and think it should never be indulged unless by the aged or infirm. Worship is reverence, and we never do reverence by sitting.

In this we agree with the writer referred to. We also agree with him in saying, that we have Scriptural authority for kneeling in time of worship. But with the sweeping assertion, that "the Bible everywhere represents the worshippers of the Divine Being as either kneeling or falling prostrate before him, and that the practice of standing in time of prayer is utterly without warrant on the Holy Scriptures, and contrary to the whole genius and spirit of the christian religion," we cannot agree.

Standing is a posture which has long been in use. Job was in the habit of standing when he prayed. When Abraham prayed for Sodom, he "stood before the Lord." After the return of the Jews from Babylon, on a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, as Nehemiah informs us, they "stood and confessed their sins and the iniquities of their fathers." And afterwards they were commanded to "stand up and bless the Lord." Standing was in the temple, and afterwards in the synagogue, the usual posture in public prayer.—But not only did the Jews, but also the Christians practice this mode.

In the time of the Apostles, christian assemblies, on the Lord's day, uniformly expressed their reverence when they approached the mercy seat. And we know that the Saviour recognized this posture, for he says to his disciples, "When ye stand praying, forgive," &c. Even the humble Publican stood when he prayed. Standing in time of public prayer seems to have been the practice of the christian church throughout the whole world, for the first few centuries after Christ. Thus we see the practice of standing in prayer, has not only the warrant of God, but also of his ancient people. The Bible teaches it by precept and example. And while we believe kneeling more appropriate under some circumstances, standing seems to be more suitable under others; and in no wise contrary to the genius and spirit of the christian religion. May God give us grace, that whether we kneel, stand, sit, or walk, we may serve him with all the soul, mind and strength.

G. W. H.

SOUTHERN CHURCH NEWS.

From the June number of the *Lutheran Visitor* we regret to see that it will be discontinued. It has always been a welcome visitor to our sanctum.

The reason assigned for this step are first the delinquency of many of the subscribers, and secondly the embarrassed condition, financially, of our church in the South makes it unlikely that a monthly and a weekly periodical can receive an adequate support. We extract the following from the last number of the *Visitor*:

The *Evangelical Lutheran*, is likely will be discontinued, and a new weekly paper, called, *The Lutheran and Visitor*, will go before the Church for patronage.

Rev. A. R. Rude, the former popular editor of the "Southern Lutheran," will be the general editor of this new paper, and, at his earnest solicitation, enforced by the advice of many others, we will be connected with the paper as "associate editor." We intend, mainly, to direct our efforts in that sphere of the paper which rendered the *Visitor* so acceptable to many, namely, the "department for the family." It is our purpose to continue the character and work of the *Old Visitor* in the *New*.

We are more than ever persuaded that, through the family, the Church and the world are to be influenced to a degree not excelled thro' any other channel. Parents and children therefore, who have looked so anxiously for the monthly appearance of the *Visitor*, will now enjoy it weekly.

But, as we write this, down here amid the sultry heat of a South Carolina sun, we feel constrained to leave off any further explanations. We are not prepared now to say when the weekly paper will be issued. It may reach you ere you see this, or it may not; but rest assured we will spare no pains to have it before the Church at the earliest practicable date.

—The passing years drink a portion of the light from our cheeks, as birds that drink at lakes leave their footprints on the margin.

GENERAL SYNOD.—We have just returned from a meeting of our General Synod, held in Newberry, S. C. We have neither time nor space to give an extended notice of the doings of this body.

Its officers are Rev. D. M. Gilbert, President, Rev. Prof. L. A. Bickle Secretary, and R. G. Chisholm, Esq., Treasurer.

Arrangements were made to have published, as early as possible, a pulpit edition of the Book of Worship. About 2500 copies of our present edition has already been sold, which has yielded the General Synod a revenue of \$200.

Action was again taken with reference to a permanent location of our Theological Seminary, now located at Newberry, S. C., which we hope will result in something tangible and efficient.

The General Synod thought best not to pledge itself to the support of any Church paper, but would encourage such as best met the wants of the Church. This is, we believe, the true principle, under the operations of which, the Church will be just as well represented, whilst it will avoid any future trouble at our Synodical meetings, relative to this subject.

The Holstein Synod, whose field of operations lies in the district of East Tennessee, applied for admission into the General Synod, and was unanimously received. Rev. Prof. A. J. Brown was the only delegate present from the above Synod. We regret to add that the Synod of South Western Virginia had not a representative in attendance. Synod adjourned to meet in Winchester in two years from this time.—*Luth. Visitor*.

Unrecommended Advice.

The advice has reference to the way to keep a church down. Some are at a loss to know how to do this successfully. This is distressing. The following specific rules have relieved such distresses aforesaid. Only let the rules be faithfully observed, and the interests of a congregation of Christ's dear people are sure to be embarrassed to the extent desired.

But a simple preparatory qualification is necessary. Those who purpose to engage in this unenviable work must first allow all true love of Christ to die out in their hearts. Then, to keep the church down:

Be sure to talk in discouraging terms about the prospects of the congregation. This will make people keep a good distance, for no person wishes to connect himself with a sinking cause.

That you may be able to talk thus, take little or no interest in the welfare of the congregation yourself, excepting as you can find fault with something.

Take care that your church be moderately cold and uncomfortable. This will keep you from being crowded out of your seat by strangers.

When you are asked for a small contribution to put your church edifice in as decent repair as you keep your own private dwelling, be sure to complain that you have always to be giving money. If you are a poor man, with nothing but a farm and a few thousands at interest, it would be unreasonable to expect you to do much. Let others see it.

Take care to raise an opposition in the church to something, and spend your zeal and labors upon that, and array other churches against your own. They will take you by the hand, and praise you for your disinterested zeal and piety, and candor, and the members of your own communion will become dejected and discouraged.

These rules, so potent in mischief, are "unrecommended advice." They are not to be followed; and yet they are not without some value to the follower of Christ.

And whatever this value may be, we trust they will also suggest to the reader, in reference to the congregation whose fellowship he enjoys and whose well he so near his heart, a form of christian activity that will be influential in building up its interests and promoting its prosperity.—*Christian World*.

DUTIES AND RIGHTS.—I agree with you about the woman's right question. It would be more Christian, I think, to speak more of duties and less of rights. It is worthy of note that the Bible, our only reliable light, speaks more of duties than of rights. If every duty were fulfilled, there would be no right to be claimed. Let every one then fulfill first his or her duty, to his or her opportunity.

By your travels through Europe you must have seen that it is hardly possible for woman to enter the same sphere as the man without having to encounter the same hardships as he has. I suspect, moreover, that if women were here, as in Europe, more numerous than men, there would not be so many of them desirous of political power.

In Germany, where the women are slavish drudges, a story runs as follows:

"A German peddler was traveling with a wagon full of eggs, drawn by two stout horses, a bay and a black. At every house where he stayed, if the wife was the controlling spirit, he used, at parting, to give the husband an egg. The peddler meant to give the choice of the horses to the man if he was found to be the master also. Though he traveled long, the store of eggs was greatly diminished, but the same horses remained. Finally, after a night passed in a farm house where perfect harmony prevailed, and where the wife appeared entirely resigned to her subordinate lot, the traveler told the farmer, at parting, to make his choice of one of the horses. After a careful examination, the man decided for the bay and was leading him back to the stable, when his wife said: 'If I were thee, I would rather have the black horse; he is the best of the two.' 'Thou must be right, little mother,' answered the peasant, and he came back with the bay horse—to exchange him for an egg. I have yet to see the first really good woman desirous of political rights. If a majority of our sisters want the ballot, they shall have it, of course, though it be only an egg. But when that egg is hatched, beware of the brood which shall come out of it. If, with stronger motives and better opportunities the men fulfil but indifferently their civil duties, will the women, when they are used to it, prefer the *forum* to their homes?—*Advocate*.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. P. A. STROBEL.—The Rev. P. A. Strobel, being about to remove from our midst, the undersigned, officers of the Lutheran church at Brunswick, N. Y., deem it right and proper, that we should bear our testimony to the zeal and fidelity, with which he has discharged the duties of the pastoral office, as well as to the uprightness and christian propriety which have uniformly marked his deportment. We pray that the blessing of the Great Head of the church, may accompany him to whatever field of labor he may be called.

Isaac Brust, George Brust, Henry Dater, Jonas Smith, Amos Hayner, Adam Wager, Jacob F. Bornt, Wm. Derick, David Snyder, M. Weatherwax, John Bornt, Alfred Bass, Jacob Bornt.

Brunswick, N. Y., June 9, 1868.

Perpetual Presence of Christ.

A christian should make his Saviour a perpetual companion—everywhere, and on every day of the week. Christ offers to walk with him in every day's journey of life. What companionship so enlivening and so purifying as His? who else can so "make our hearts burn within us" by the way?

Christ's presence with believers is one of the best preventives from sin; one of the best stimulants to duty. Jesus has "made unto us sanctification" as well as redemption. That is—His is a spirit of holiness. And when we live in hourly communion with Jesus it has a tendency to make us holy.

The sense of Christ's immediate presence is a perpetual check upon our lusts—a perpetual spur to our self-indulgence. Are we provoked to cutting words or irritating retorts?—One look from the gentle, all forgiving Jesus would be enough to seal the lip and to smooth the ruffled brow. Are we ever tempted to keep bargains and overreaching in business? Selfishness says, 'All is fair—others do it—it is the custom of our trade.' But what will the pure and holy Jesus say?

How will our account books look to Him when He audits them? And so on through the calendar of duties and the circle of daily temptations. With my Saviour beside me how dare I play the coward, or the cheat, or the trifler, or the sensualist, or the trickster?

Nowhere will Christ's presence be more cheering and sustaining than in the weariness of the sick room, or under the silent shadows of a great bereavement. "Christ comes to me in the watches of the night," said the bed-ridden saint, Halyburton: "He draws aside the curtain and says, 'It is I; I am of good cheer; be not afraid. Here I lie pained with pain, without strength and yet strong.' And when the last farewells have been spoken through the sobs of the dying hour, this never failing Friend will sweetly whisper, 'Fear not, I am with thee. Where I am ye shall be also. Having loved my own, I will love them unto the end.'—*Cygler*.

What One Sin Will Do.

There was but one crack in the lantern, and the wind has found it out and blown out the candle. How great a mischief one unclouded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the magazine and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel and drowned all on board.—One wound may kill the body—one sin may destroy the soul.

It little matters how careful the rest of the lantern is protected, the one point which is damaged is quite sufficient to admit the wind and so it little matters how zealous a man may be in a thousand things, if he tolerates one darling sin. Satan will find out the flaw and destroy all his hopes. The strength of a chain is to be measured, not by its strongest, but by its weakest link, for if the weakest snaps, what is the use of the rest? Satan is a very close observer, and knows exactly where our weak points are. We have need of very much watchfulness, and we have great cause to bless our merciful Lord who prayed for us that our faith fail not. Either our pride, our sloth, our ignorance, our anger, or our lusts would prove our ruin unless grace interposed; any one of our senses or faculties might admit the foe, yea, our very virtues and graces might be gates of entrance to our enemies. O, Jesus, if thou hast indeed not me with thy blood, be pleased to keep me by thy power unto the end.—*Spurgeon*.

Home Influence.

"His education forms the common mind, Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

—POPE.

The poet uttered a philosophic truth in this couplet. Early impressions determine our future lives. The truth is fraught with awful significance, when it is remembered that we are all intimately connected by common sympathies, and that a force exerted on any part of the mysterious chain that binds us together, must be felt by every individual.—How indefinitely important, then, that early impressions shall conform us to truth and justice, and right and good. Who can estimate the harm that Byrons and Voltaires have done the world?

"And thus untainted in youth my heart to tame, My springs of life were poisoned!"

Thank heaven, the influence of a pure Christian home has given the world many good, great men, and angel-like, great women. We point with innocent pride to a long list of illustrious names of both sexes, who owed their perfect and spotless reputations to home influence in early life. Every one is familiar with the fact that our sublime Washington derived his true glory from the fireside in Westmoreland. When the error which puzzles the philosophic historian shall have been overcome, we shall know that the principles which govern great actors on the political stage, are the sequence of home influence. How careful should parents be to permit no impressions to mar prospectively the zeal of offsprings entrusted to them. Can that be love which gives a stone for bread?—*Meth. Prot.*

—Christ never designed his church to be a bushel for the hiding of the lights, but a candlestick from which each light is to send forth its rays.

Not Our Own.

To the disciple of Jesus, these words imply no constraint. He is weary of trying to be his own, and finds in Christ the highest freedom, blending with the fullest obligation. Thy statutes are my song.

Yes, I rejoice that I am not my own. I acknowledge his title to me who bought me with a price, "all cost beyond." His seal is on my forehead. I would live so Christ-like, that the life of the soul, luminous through the outer life and look shall declare whose I am, and whom I serve. What do I owe to Jesus for buying me with that wondrous agony that was my redemption? From what servitude he ransomed me! If not Christ's, I must have been Satan's, doing his bidding and preparing for his endless service of sin, darkness, and woe.

But why did he pay so dear a price for me? What am I that I should be bought at such cost? Such love is past finding out. It is too high, too deep for my fathoming. Love, mercy, grace bought me.

The fact that Jesus bought me is the magic wand that awakens me to myself, to myself to what I may be, to what Jesus saw in me in the ages to come, to what I will strive to be. Jesus bought me no worthless ruin, but a soul whose despoiled forces he could renew, building it on himself into a temple for the reflection of his glory. Oh, can I honor Him who bought me!

"Lord, I give myself away; 'Tis all that I can do."

Not my own!—thought as comforting as surprising. I cannot take care of myself. I need the everlasting love that bought me to defend me. I see now the terror of sin. I can look to Him who is interested in the completeness of my character to keep me from falling, who prayed: "Sanctify them through thy truth."

I feel often alone, though with many prized friends. The nearer eternity, the nearer that vast and solemn shore at which we must soon arrive, the more is felt that great and growing sense of dissatisfaction, of loneliness. Then it is that on this truth alone the soul delights to think. "Jesus is mine"—I am his. He leadeth me. Property that cost him so much he will not abandon. He "will come again," that where He is there I may be also. I am Christ's. In that valley, however dark, He to whom that death-shade is light will recognize and care for his own. On that other shore, amidst that countless multitude, my Friend and Saviour will recognize me. I shall not be left unclaimed. In the charge of a loved flock whom I must leave for a season, it was a joy to think, I am the servant of the Good Shepherd. These sheep and lambs of his He will keep, for he has bought them with his precious blood. On the wide sea, the distance ever lengthening between me and the familiar church of the old prairie home and the little circle that bears my name I can go, making music in my heart with the tho't, I am not my own; Jesus is mine—I am His.—*Advocate*.

She Looks Most Like Mother.

A Paris letter tells the following story of a twelfth night fete in that city:

A wealthy family in the aristocratic Boulevard Malesherbes were amusing themselves in seeking the King's portion, or the ring in the festal cake, when a lady of the company says to the hostess:

"I wish my portion to be given to the poorest little boy we can find in the street."

The servant was dispatched on this freezing night, and not far from the house he found a ragged urchin, trembling with cold and hunger. He brought him up, was ordered into the saloon, where a thousand lights glittered, and a sparkling fire gladdened and surprised him. He drew his portion which the benevolent lady had promised, and as luck would have it, the little fellow found the ring (beans they use in Paris instead), and, of course, he was King. They all shouted out that, being a King, he should choose a Queen. He was asked to do so, and, looking round the company, he chose the very lady who had proposed to cede her portion of cake. He was asked why he chose her. He said: "I don't know; she looks the most like mother."

"Mother! whose Mother?"

"My Mother! I never knew her, but was stolen away from her, and here is her portrait!"

With this he drew from out his ragged coat a likeness which proved to be that of the very lady herself, who in Italy had her child stolen from her, and now he turns up a poor little ragged Savoyard, dragging along a miserable existence in Paris, while his mother, by an intuition, perhaps, felt that in the air near to where she was, one so dear to her.

A GOLDEN LAND.—Some weeks ago a contributor was greatly exercised because the existence of, and our dependence on God, was not recognized in the Constitution. Does that writer countenance hypocrisy of the most public and brazen character! As long as God is so little recognized in our Congress, in our legislatures, in our civil and municipal relations, why does he want any such pretension made? Have we enough pretension already? Don't the chaplain open the Houses with prayer, and then give place to the gold that in the lobby, ares the itching palms? Isn't there a Bible and a prayer, in all our legislatures to be used as a FORM while the most unflinching bribery is practiced in the leading capitals of the land? Doesn't the court administer a solemn oath, calling down divine assistance, while the judge openly acknowledges the right "to help his friend!" And so on, but space denies further illustration. Wouldn't it be better to acknowledge the presence of God in the land before we profess to be in the constitution, but in works deny him? I hope the point will not be pressed to further insult the Almighty, who sees not as man seeth.—*ADVANCE*.

—During a cold, untimely snow-storm in April, I heard a little sparrow singing as sweetly as the true saint may sing amidst the rudest storm of adversity.—God careth for me!

Hindrance to Godliness.

Are not such things as these likely to hinder God's blessing, that which is called innocent card playing, innocent novel-reading, innocent smoking and drinking? How is God's work to prosper? Do not these things account for the work of God being paralysed? If there are Christian smokers and drinkers, if there is a taste for feasting, and dancing, and frivolous conversation, are these not hindrances to a Christian life? Are not these feasters and dancers likely to go where they can more readily gratify themselves, to more illuminated rooms, and where they will hear more beautiful music, and be altogether more exhilarated? Are Sunday-school teachers who engage in such amusements likely to urge one another to press to the work? Can they say, with the Apostle Paul, that they lay aside every weight as well as every entangling sin? How can they speak to the world? I do not believe in conversions by such persons. I do not believe you will find conversions by such persons. I do not believe you will find conversions in such Sabbath-schools. Such teachers exert a most dangerous influence upon the young people they instruct. Ask any one who has been engaged in these things if he has not lost much of his zeal for Christ. He feels I cannot work, I cannot pray, I have lost the spirit; and so this conformity to the world creeping in the Church is the very reason why God cannot and will not bless the church.—*Ec.*

A PACIFIC RAILROAD IN 1869.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company who are building the Western portion of the Overland Road Across the Continent, commencing at the navigable waters at the head of the Bay of San Francisco, have successfully carried their track across the snowy crest of the Sierra Nevada, and the whistle of the locomotive is now heard in the Washoe District at the western edge of the Salt Lake Basin. To cross the plateau to the eastward will be mere child's-play in comparison to the work that is left behind, and there is a fair chance for the through connection being made in 1869.

Meantime the great mining and agricultural region of the Pacific slope are feeling the benefit of the railroad, which is doing a large and profitable business. Messrs. Fisk & Hatch, the Financial Agents of the Company, in their advertisement of the First Mortgage Bonds, in another column, present some interesting facts relative to the progress and prospects of this great work.

Inward Lights.

Our heavenly Father is graciously pleased to communicate his will to man by a voice that

—Josh Billings says he will never patronize a lottery so long as he can hire anybody else to rob him at reasonable wages—a resolve that is worthy of general imitation.

around the eyes, pimples, &c., cured by the use of
WELPEAU'S VITALINE. Was never known to fail.
However thin you are, the Vitaline will cause the
hollow cheek and shrunken form to fill up with
healthful flesh, restoring beauty of form and color.
It is harmless. Satisfaction given, or money re-
funded. \$1.50 per box, sealed, by mail. Address,
WM. POWELL & CO.,
L. Box 15, Troy, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.
GRANT AND COLFAX.—A perfect Steel Engraving of each, 8x10 oval, with or without frames. Samples of both for 50 cents, post paid. Also, Life of both for 25 cents, 100 per cent. profit. Address Goodspeed & Co., June 18—4t 37 Park Row, N. Y., or Chicago, Ill.

Send for Circular.
ADAMS & CO.
June 18-4t 22 Milk street, Boston Mass.

SALEM & BROTHER.
Selinsgrove, Snyder County, Pa.
July 4 67tf

PARTIES WITH ICE CREAM
AND CAKES.
Ladies and Gentlemen are politely invited to
call may 21-ly

A specimen copy, for examination, will be sent per mail, post paid, upon receipt of the price.

Address orders to
T. NEWTON KURTZ, Publisher.
BALTIMORE, Md

Children's Department.

THE WEIGHT OF A TEAR.

A pair of scales before him.
A rich man sat and weighed
A piece of gold—a widow's ail.
And unto her he said:

'Your coin is not the proper weight,
So take it back again,
Or sell it me for half its worth—
It lacks a single grain.'

With tearful eye the widow said:
'O weigh it, sir, once more;
I pray you be not so exact,
Nor drive me from your door.'

'Why, see yourself, it's under weight,
Your tears are not as avail;
The second time he tries it,
It just hears down the scale.'

But little guessed that rich man,
Who held his gold so dear,
That the extra weight that bore it down
Had been the widow's tear.

Effie's Confession.

'Oh, Laura, just see what I've done!
Laura stopped running and came back to
the place where Effie was standing and looking
at a flower border.

'What's the matter?' said she.
'Why, I've broken one of those lovely
lies that father wanted to keep till 'Aunt
Marian comes. As I was running past here,
I went to near this side of the path, and my
dress caught and broke the stem.'

'Oh, what a pity! What will your father
say? Do you think he'll scold you?'
'I don't know. What shall I do about it?'
Laura thought a moment, and then said,
'I'll tell you! I've got a capital plan. Let's
go and let Towser out of the house, and then
come back here, and he will be sure to follow
us, and then we can say he broke it.'

'Why, Laura Graham! that would be telling
a dreadful falsehood, and I won't do it.'

'But what will you say if your father asks
who did it?'
Effie looked at Laura and then at the broken
lily. A bright thought seemed to strike
her, and she said, 'I'm going right to father
to tell him just how it was, and she walked
off very fast, as if she were afraid her walk
would give out, while Laura followed slowly.

They found Mr. Neville in the library,
reading the newspaper, and Effie walked up
to him and stood by his chair, waiting for him
to look up.

Presently he said, 'Well, Effie?'
Then she told him all about it, without trying
to excuse herself. Her father waited for
her to finish, then drawing her to him and
kissing her, told her he had seen the whole
from a window, and watched to see what she
would do, and as she had been truthful and
come and confessed her fault, he would gladly
forgive her.

That night when Effie, as usual read a
chapter in the Bible before going to bed, she
came to this verse, 'If we confess our sins,
he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins,
and she prayed that God, for Christ's sake,
would pardon her sins, and make her one of
his own children.—Lx.

Go Quietly Out.

What a noise! What rushing and pushing
toward the door! What loud talking and
rude laughing! What running on the
street!

That is the way some Sunday schools are
dismissed, but it is a very ugly way. Of course
there should be no needless noise during the
school hour, but also there should be none
after it. You must go in quietly, keep quiet,
go out quietly, and go home quietly.

Children that are noisy when the school
closes, either forget, or do not care that it is
God's house where they are, and that they must
revere it. They forget that it is the Sabbath,
and that they must keep it holy.

It is a bad sign to see children so noisy and
ramping when they are leaving the school
room, the place of prayer. It shows that
they did not care much to be there, because
they seem too glad to get away. Street boys
are noisy, loud, rude, romping, not caring
for the holy Sabbath; but you, Sabbath-
school children, should certainly be different
from them.

Read this again and if you are guilty of
what is here said, make up your mind you will
hereafter not be like the street children, but
honor God's house and God's day, by going
out and going home quietly.

A HUSBAND'S DUTY.—Let a husband be
the true and pure guardian of his family, la-
boring always to adorn himself with the God-
like gems of wisdom, virtue, and honor; let him
bear himself in relation to his wife with gra-
tious kindness toward her faults, with great
recognition of her merits, with sympathy
for her trials, with hearty aid for her
better aspirations—and she must be of a
vile stock if she does not revere him, and
minister unto him with all the graces and
sweetness of her nature.

THE LOW CHURCHMEN IN NEW YORK.—
We are told by the correspondent of the
Chicago *Advance*, are getting discouraged by
the failure of their own bishops to support
them:

'They complain that their own bishops
will not stand by them; that when they have
canvassed and manoeuvred to get for one of
their best and lowest men that "good thing,"
the bishopric, no sooner does he begin to feel
easy in his big sleeves, than his churchman-
ship begins to waver and tower, and he ap-
preciates the dignity and powers of that office
very differently from what he did at first.'

In matters of great concern, and which
must be done, there is no surer argument of a
weak mind than irresolution—to be undeter-
mined where the case is so plain, and the ne-
cessity so urgent; to be always intending to lead
a new life, but never to find time to set about

ESTABLISHED 1861.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.

22,000 Half Chests by ship Golden State,
12,000 Half Chests by ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and
Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving
large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas
from the Moyune district of China, which are un-
rivalled for fineness and delicate flavor, which
they are selling at the following prices:

Oolong (Black), 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, best
\$1 per lb.
Mixed (Green and Black), 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c,
English Breakfast, (Black), 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c,
00c, \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.20 per lb.

Imperial (Green), 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, \$1,
1.10, best 1.25 per lb.
Young Hyson (Green), 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c,
\$1, 1.10, best 1.25 per lb.

Unbleached Japan, \$1, 1.10, best 1.25 per lb.
Gunpowder, \$1.25, best 1.50 per lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.
Ground Coffees, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, best 40c,
per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-Houses,
Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of
Coffee, can economize in their purchases by using our
French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we
sell at the low price of 30c, per pound, and war-
rant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 30c. to \$1, per pound
by purchasing their Teas of the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St.

Post Office Box No. 5648, New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire
satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can
be returned at any time within 30 days, and we
have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs through-
out the country, consumers in all parts of the
United States can receive their Teas at the same
prices with the small addition of expense of trans-
portation, as they bought them at our ware-
houses in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall pro-
ceed to get up a Club. The answer is simply this:
Let each person wishing to join in a Club say how
much they wish to receive, and then the kind
and price from our Price List, as published in the
paper or our circulars. Write the names, kinds,
and amounts plainly on the list, and when the Club
is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put
each party's goods in separate packages, and mark
the name upon them, with the cost, so there need
be no confusion in their distribution—each party
getting exactly what he ordered, and no more.

The cost of transportation of the members of the Club can
divide equally among themselves.
The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be
sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money
orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience
of the Club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds
thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods
by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to
the party getting up the Club. Our profits are
small, but we will be liberal as we can afford.
We send no complimentary packages for Clubs of
less than \$30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large num-
ber reside, and who wish to receive their Teas at the
cost of their Teas and Coffee about one third, by send-
ing directly to "The Great American Tea Com-
pany."

Beware of all concerns that advertise themselves
as branches of our establishment, or copy our name
either wholly or in part, as they are bogus or imita-
tions, and will have branches, and do not, in any
case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts made payable to
the order of "The Great American Tea Company."
Direct letters and orders to the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

Post-Office Box, 5648 New York City.

April 2, 3m.

One Ounce of Gold will be given for every ounce
of adulterated tea. If either can reduce the cost of
their Teas and Coffee about one third, by send-
ing directly to "The Great American Tea Com-
pany."

Beware of all concerns that advertise themselves
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COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE.

The world renowned remedy for the unfailing cure

OF

DYSPEPSIA.

Indigestion, Sick Headache, Soreness or
Acidity of Stomach, Rising of Food,
Flatulence, Lassitude, Weariness,
Biliousness, Liver Complaint,
finally terminating in

DEATH.

READ THE EVIDENCE.

[From Rev. ISAAC AKERS, Allegheny, Pa.]
Joseph Fleming, Druggist,
No. 84 Market Street, Pittsburgh:

Sir:—I take great pleasure in stating that after
having suffered from dyspepsia for about fifteen
years, at some periods much more than others, I
have been entirely cured by the use of Coe's Dys-
pepsia Cure. My friends know that of late years
my case has been an extreme one. I had great
suffering from eating any kind of food, and on an
average would vomit about one-third of my meals,
in a sour, indigestible mass. When the severe at-
tacks would come, I would lose all strength and be
utterly helpless. Some of the attacks would be so
severe that for days together I would not retain
anything on my stomach, save a little dry toast
and tea. For years I knew not what it was to pass
five consecutive hours without intense pain. From
the time I took the first dose of this medicine I
gradually gained all my strength and health, and
dashed strength returned, and ever since I
have been able to eat any kind of food set upon
the table. Six months have now passed without any
symptoms of the return of the disease. My deat

was considered by all, even physicians, so mar-
velous, that for a time it was feared it might be fev-
erish; but I am now well convinced, that I have
not merely relieved, but permanently cured. I
can conscientiously recommend Coe's Dys-
pepsia Cure to all victims of Dyspepsia.

Very respectfully,
Late Pastor of the Beaver St. Church, Allegheny.

Mr. Lester Sexton, a wholesale merchant of 30
years, in Milwaukee, one of the most reliable and
careful men in the State, says, under date,

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 24, 1868:
Messrs. C. G. Clark & Co., New Haven, Conn.

Both myself and my wife have used Coe's Dys-
pepsia Cure, and it proved perfectly satisfactory as
a remedy. I have no hesitation in saying, that we
have received great benefit from its use.

Very respectfully,
LESTER SEXTON.
From H. M. T. Smith, Dunkirk, N. Y.,
Dunkirk, N. Y., May 1, 1868.

GENTS.—I enclose your Circular. I know of two
parties, wives of prominent citizens, in this place
who have been greatly benefited if not cured by
the use of your Dyspepsia Cure, but they will not
consent to the public use of their names, and thus
the matter rests, with a steady increasing sale.

Yours, respectfully,
H. M. T. SMITH.
From Rev. D. Allen Crowell, Brookville, Pa.,
Luthersburg, Pa., May 24, 1868.

Messrs. C. G. Clark & Co.:
SIR:—Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, is gaining a
reputation amongst our people. The Medicine al-
ready used has had the desired effect. A friend
wishes me to get a bottle for him, for which I send
you \$1 enclosed. Send to my address as early as
possible.

Very respectfully,
REV. D. ALLEN CROWELL,
Brookville, Jefferson Co., Pa.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

C. G. CLARK & CO., New Haven, Ct.,
Sole Proprietors.
may 28-4w.

WANTED—Agents for \$1 Sale. Send
25 cents for 2 Checks. Circulars sent free.
Banks, Lard & Co., 221 Washington St., Boston,
Mass.

GREATEST CURIOSITY OF THE 19th Century.
Wonderful Electric Fire.—It pleases all! By mail
for 10c, and stamp; 3 for 25c. Send the inven-
tor, NATHAN HALL, West Milbury, Mass.

Agents wanted in every part of the world.—
WANTED.—Agents to sell Campaign Badges
and Medals in every town and hamlet.
Grant, Sherman, and Medals ready only \$18.
For samples, or enclosure stamp for full particu-
lars. We also make the best Rubber stamp in the
world. LAMPHAR & PERKY, 109 Bank St., Cleve-
land, Ohio.

WANTED.—Agents—\$200 per month the year
round or a certainty of \$500 to \$1000 per month
to those having a little capital. We guarantee to
pay monthly salary to good active agents at their
own homes. Every agent, farmer, gardener, planter
and fruit-grower. North and South, should send
at once for particulars. Please call on address
J. A. HEARN & Co., 23 Second Street, Baltimore,
Md.

Howe's Piano Without a Master.
Also for Melodion, Cabinet Organ, Guitar,
Accordion, Concertino, Guitar, Accordion, Banjo,
Viola, Fute, Clarinet, Flageolet, Etc. Each
Book contains easy and simple, but very com-
plete rules and exercises, with from one to four
hundred pieces of popular music, fingered ex-
actly for the instrument. Price, 50 cents
each, sent post-paid.
ELIAS HOWE, 103 Court Street, Boston.
May 28-4w.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.
YOUNG AND OLD MAKING TYPE.—Price of
Press, \$312, \$316, \$320, \$324, \$328, \$332, \$336,
\$340, \$344, \$348, \$352, \$356, \$360, \$364, \$368,
\$372, \$376, \$380, \$384, \$388, \$392, \$396, \$400,
\$404, \$408, \$412, \$416, \$420, \$424, \$428, \$432,
\$436, \$440, \$444, \$448, \$452, \$456, \$460, \$464,
\$468, \$472, \$476, \$480, \$484, \$488, \$492, \$496,
\$500, \$504, \$508, \$512, \$516, \$520, \$524, \$528,
\$532, \$536, \$540, \$544, \$548, \$552, \$556, \$560,
\$564, \$568, \$572, \$576, \$580, \$584, \$588, \$592,
\$596, \$600, \$604, \$608, \$612, \$616, \$620, \$624,
\$628, \$632, \$636, \$640, \$644, \$648, \$652, \$656,
\$660, \$664, \$668, \$672, \$676, \$680, \$684, \$688,
\$692, \$696, \$700, \$704, \$708, \$712, \$716, \$720,
\$724, \$728, \$732, \$736, \$740, \$744, \$748, \$752,
\$756, \$760, \$764, \$768, \$772, \$776, \$780, \$784,
\$788, \$792, \$796, \$800, \$804, \$808, \$812, \$816,
\$820, \$824, \$828, \$832, \$836, \$840, \$844, \$848,
\$852, \$856, \$860, \$864, \$868, \$872, \$876, \$880,
\$884, \$888, \$892, \$896, \$900, \$904, \$908, \$912,
\$916, \$920, \$924, \$928, \$932, \$936, \$940, \$944,
\$948, \$952, \$956, \$960, \$964, \$968, \$972, \$976,
\$980, \$984, \$988, \$992, \$996, \$1000.

WANTED.—Agents for \$1 Sale. Send
25 cents for 2 Checks. Circulars sent free.
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\$852, \$856, \$860, \$864, \$868, \$872, \$876, \$880,
\$884, \$888, \$892, \$896, \$900, \$904, \$908, \$912,
\$916, \$920, \$924, \$928, \$932, \$936, \$940, \$944,
\$948, \$952, \$956, \$960, \$964, \$968, \$972, \$976,
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