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NO. XLII.

Poetry

THE SWEETEST SWEET.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN.

Jesus, Thy name is sweet to me,
Like fragrance on the air;
But sweeter far in heav'n 'twill be,
When Thou shalt take me there.

Sweet are the words from Thy lips,
They soothe my soul to rest;
But sweeter still, when I am near,
And lean upon Thy breast.

Sweet is the hour of secret prayer,
Within the folded door;
But sweeter far to meet Thee there,
And never leave Thee more.

Sweet is Thy presence here below,
And sweet Thy constant grace;
But 'tis sweetest, sweet, I know,
To see Thee face to face!

Communications.

For the American Lutheran.
The Propagandists of Romanism in
the United States. No. 14.

In Tract No. 30, we find this question proposed: "Is it honest to assert that the Catholic Church grants any indulgence, or permission to commit sin?" When an "Indulgence," according to her universally received doctrine, was never dreamed of by Catholics, to imply in any case whatever, any permission to commit the least sin; and when an indulgence has no application whatever to sin until, after sin has been repented of and pardoned?

Protestants accuse the Roman Catholic church of the crime of granting indulgences to commit sin, Romanists deny the charge as a base and malicious slander. Some twenty-five years ago Bishop England of Charleston, S. C., and Rev. Richard Fuller, had a discussion on this question. It was an able and a gentlemanly discussion, but each as usual, claimed the victory. Now let us see what are the facts in the case. Luther accuses the Roman Catholic church of the enormous crime of selling indulgences, and although Dr. Eck, Bunsen, Hochstraten, and other champions of Romanism denied the charges, he persisted in them up to the day of his death. Calvin reiterated the charge, so do Beza and all other Reformers.

Dr. Robertson in his Life of Charles V. says: "The Court of Rome granted its pardons to such transgressors as gave a sum of money. The officers of the Roman Chancery published a book containing the precise sum to be paid for every particular sin." The celebrated Saurin of the Catholic Clergy, says: "I think I see them calculating to themselves the profits of their doctrine; consulting that scandalous book in which the price every of sin is stated, so much for murder, so much for assassination, so much for incest." Bayle in his learned Dictionary also quotes from the Tax Book of the Roman Chancery, and charges the Church of Rome with the crime of pardoning sins for money. D'Aubigne also charges Rome with this enormous crime, so do Milnor and Mosheim, Neander, and all respectable writers on the subject of Romanism. But Roman catholic writers try to parry these sturdy blows, by asserting that the Tax Book of the Roman Chancery is nothing more than the fee-bill of the clerks of that extensive office, that these low fees were only demanded as a compensation for transcribing and sealing those documents. But the church received nothing for her pardons—oh, no! the church did everything for nothing! Yet we know that the yearly revenue which the Chancery of Rome received from France alone was eight millions of florins, which at the present time would be equal to forty millions. Before the Reformation nearly all the silver and gold of Europe flowed into the Roman Treasury. But let us look up the foundation of this matter. This enormous evil had its origin in the 12th century, as will be seen from Mosheim, vol. 1, page 321. The inferior clergy had long been in the habit of selling indulgences, but in the 12th century the Pope seeing what an immense revenue the sale of indulgences yielded, determined to monopolize it all himself. In the succeeding century St. Thomas invented the true theory of Indulgences.

He advanced the preposterous idea, "That there actually existed an immense treasure of merit composed of the pious deeds which the saints had performed over and above what was required for their own salvation, and which could be applied to others, and that the Dispenser of this treasure was the Roman Pontiff." This is the foundation on which the whole rotten fabric is erected. These were the views held by the whole Catholic world before the Reformation, and but for the glorious Reformation they would still be the prevailing views of the whole christian world. No fact in history can be more fully established than that John Tetzel sold indulgences in Germany in 1516 and 17, and that he did it under the auspices of the Arch-Bishop of Mentz, and that the Pope had given the contract to the Arch-Bishop of Mentz. The Pope, then the Great and awful Head of the Church, was therefore the party that carried on this nefarious business. If indulgences to commit sins were not sold, or if only, as Romanists aver, the penalties imposed by the church could be remitted, then John Tetzel and Dr. Wier's sin, his adviser, must have far exceeded their instructions, for Tetzel declared publicly that he could pardon with his Indul-

gences, all sins, no matter how great, and made frequent contracts for the commission of sins in the future. The poor ignorant people then, as now believed, that those indulgences could remit all sin in time and in eternity. But the Tract says, "Indulgences have no application to sin until after sin has been repented of and pardoned." But do the poor ignorant people so understand it? Do they not expect their sins to be pardoned by these indulgences? We will here subjoin the form of an Indulgence:

I, John Tetzel, Dominican, by the authority of Jesus Christ, and that of his blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, and of the Most Holy Pope, granted and committed to me, do absolve thee, first from all ecclesiastical censures, then from all thy sins, transgressions and excesses, how numerous soever they may be—I remit you all punishment which you may deserve in Purgatory on their account, and I restore you to the innocence and purity you possessed at baptism, so that when you die the gates of punishment shall be shut and the gates of Paradise shall be opened to you, and if you shall not die now, this grace shall remain in full force in the hour of your death. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Amen.

Does this not look like pardoning sin? Let the thoughtful reader ponder this certificate, and place it over against the mere unsupported assertions of the Roman Priests.

We close this article with a price current of sins, as given in the Tax Book of the Roman Chancery. (The Tax Book of 1514—published by Leo X—gives the tariff in gross)—a gross was about five cents of our money, but money was worth about five times as much then as now, so a gross was of the value of twenty-five cents—we will throw it into federal money: For Sinners \$2.50. For Sacrilege \$2.50. For taking false oath \$2.00. For Abortion, \$1.75. For Arson \$300. For keeping a concubine \$2.50, &c. R. W.

For the American Lutheran.
The Swearer Rebuked.

Some time ago a very profane man came to this place on a visit to his uncle. This uncle is a very moral, quiet old gentleman, and I trust, also a christian. During a conversation between them, the nephew uttered such profane oaths that the aged uncle was both grieved and shocked, and resolved in some way to reprove him. For this purpose he resorted to the following expedient. He picked up a piece of a pine shingle and shaved it to an edge, and commenced cutting a nick fore and aft with his nephew uttered. But these came so thick and fast that the old man's shingle was very soon filled. Then he looked up earnestly into the face of the swearer, and in a sad tone exclaimed, "What will I now do?" The nephew looked at him with surprise and inquired what was wrong. The old uncle replied, "See here, I have been cutting a nick in a shingle for every profane word you uttered, and it is full." The nephew looked at this record of his guilt with mortification and astonishment. He inquired with apparent alarm, "did I actually swear so often in so short a time?" "You did indeed," replied the old man, "for I honestly cut but one nick for each oath, and here is the result." He then took his knife and erased every nick in the shingle, and then turning to his nephew, said, "You see the evidence of your guilt is removed from this stick, but it still stands open against you before God."

This man afterwards declared that twenty sermons would not have done what the old man did by marking his oaths on that stick. He reformed. But every swearer mark his oaths, and quit the senseless habit. S.

DISPENSING WITH CHOIRS.—The Philadelphia Christian Instructor says: "The First Baptist Church in Philadelphia have taken steps, we learn, to dispense with a choir, and return to simple general congregational singing in its worship of God. Some others of the largest and most influential churches in Philadelphia are, we understand, meditating the same thing. Now is this surprising, if all we hear is true. In one church, we are informed, over \$2,000 are paid a year to keep up their choir, including, of course, the organist. In others, persons who are found on opera, and sometimes on other stages during the week, are engaged in the choir on the Sabbath."

JAPANESE INTOLERANCE.—The intelligence received some time ago at atrocities committed upon Japanese Christians, has been fully confirmed. Among the acts committed, was that of taking one hundred and fifty Christians out to sea, at Nagasaki, and drowning them. The most singular circumstance connected with the proceeding is that this deed was committed in the presence of the ships of war of christian nations, and not an arm was lifted to prevent it.

To a medical friend who was lecturing to the students at Lane Seminary, Thomas K. Beecher wrote:

Teach them, good brother, that their bodies are the temples of God except they be reprobate—and that the breath of their praying should be as incense, and not stale tobacco perfumed with cardamon troches.

Many who have wept upon the mountains of Zion have sung aloud in the valley of the shadow of death.

The Pulpit.

For the American Lutheran.
Relations and Duties of Ministers
and Church Members.

NO. XI.—DUTIES OF MEMBERS.—APPRECIATION OF THEIR PASTOR'S LABORS.

Among the many important duties that devolve on Church Members is that of properly appreciating the labors of their pastor. In this age of fastidiousness and worldly wisdom, there are many practices extensively prevalent even among professing christians that argue and delinquencies in this particular. And this want of appreciation has prematurely whitened the locks, wrinkled the brow and saddened the heart of many an unfortunate pastor. After he has labored and prayed for and wept over his congregation, and while he is constantly endeavoring to devise means for the promotion of the spiritual interests of his people, he is frequently taken back by some of those exceedingly sensitive characters (who are too numerous in almost every congregation) getting on their dignity, taking offense, and refusing to work at all, because the plan does not exactly square with their ideas of things, though these ideas are as old and should be as obsolete as the dress of the gentry in the days of king John. Or he is disheartened by learning that "some of those morose old hunters, and fault finders, who seem to have been made for the curse of society, have taken exceptions to some part of" his sermon, some of his plans, or some of his actions, and are gossiping about him with all the volubility of tongues "set on fire of hell." That ministers, sometimes err, is not to be denied for they are but men, and fallible as other men; but this is no reason why they should be made the special prey of fault finders, evil hunters, and those unfortunate sensitive creatures with whom they so often have to deal. Every pastor needs the sympathy of his congregation, and that sympathy is manifested by a proper appreciation of his labors.

We shall mention but a few of these many ways in which that appreciation should be manifested. By attention to the sermon. Whispering, laughing, sleeping, or any manifest indifference on the part of the hearers, and especially on the part of church members, is not only impolite and irreverent, but exceedingly painful to the preacher. (He has labored hard and prayed much in the preparation of his discourse, he has come to them with a message from God, he hopes to do them good, but alas! 'tis all in vain for these, they are too idle, too lazy, too sleepy, or too wicked to appreciate either what God has done, or their pastor is doing for them. Often has such conduct on the part of church members sent a pang to the pastor's heart, the remembrance of which will follow him through life, often has he gone from the pulpit to the closet, and wept over and prayed for such unchristian christians.

It is true some pastors may be to blame in part, at least, for the want of appreciations of their sermons by the people. They may and doubtless sometimes do, preach either in so dull and lifeless a manner as to invite inattention on the part of their hearers, or they may use such language as the great mass of their congregation cannot understand; but while this is true in some cases, it is not the rule, and even in these cases duty demands close attention on the part of the hearer and especially the christian; and in many instances if they would give proper attention they would have less reason to complain of inability to understand.

It is a good rule for the hearer to fix his gaze upon the pastor and note every word and action. By this means he will likely get the sense of the subject, and at the same time encourage the speaker. And it is this that a few good men and women in every congregation help the pastor to preach. When he sees that they are attentive, that they are interested, when their lips quiver and their eyes moisten, it is then the pastor feels that he is appreciated, that he is doing good, that he is edifying souls, and it is then his heart catches the inspirations that breaks forth in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

Every christian should manifest his appreciation of his pastor's labors by praying for him. None but a pastor knows what a blessed effect it has on his life, his labors and his sermons, to hear the out-gushing prayer of an earnest heart, "God bless our pastor, make him a blessing unto us, give him success in leading souls to thee!" Such prayers, sent up to Heaven, God will hear, and when the pastor hears them, as he sometimes does, his soul rejoices in the blessed truth that he is appreciated by his members, and remembered by them at a throne of grace. And thus aided by appreciation, he can pray better himself, preach better, and perform all the duties of his office with a more cheerful and happy heart.

By endeavoring to grow in grace church members can most effectively show their appreciation of their pastor's services. To promote this, is the great object of every true gospel minister; and when he sees that his labors are not in vain, but that his hearers are profiting by his ministrations, he feels like exclaiming with the Psalmist: "Bless the Lord, Oh, my soul! and all that is within me, bless His Holy name!" It is a significant fact, that appreciative congregations generally have the best pastors. J. R. SIKES.

THE RITUALISTS

The Ritualistic practices are, in some churches, carried so far that even the Ritualist papers deplore exaggerations. Thus, the Church Times says: "In Ritualistic churches there is apt to be a small clique that think they can never have enough of bowing, or prostration, or the sign of the cross; and perhaps one ought not to wonder that there should be persons who are doing their best to make harvest thanksgivings ridiculous. At St. James's-in-Haydock, we learn that among the offerings placed on the altar were eggs, pats of butter, and, most astounding of all, a pig's head. We shall not waste time in remonstrating with those who permitted this. To do so would be like arguing with a poetaster against commonplace. If they possessed the faintest sense of propriety, they would never have done it; and if they don't, nothing we could say would be of any avail. But, in most places, there are people of sense that have some say in the matter, and we implore them to prevent a repetition of such a scandal."

CONDEMNATION OF RITUALISM.
The provincial Episcopal Synod of the New Dominion, which met at Montreal last week, adopted a resolution prohibiting the elevation of the elements, the use of incense, the mixing of water with wine, the use of the water-bread, of lights on the communion-table, and the wearing of vestments while saying prayers. Ritualism meets with no favor. In England, on the contrary, Ritualism flourishes and grows bold. At All Saints' church Lambeth, the nativity of the blessed Virgin was celebrated with a pomp not to be excelled in the Catholic Church. The procession was splendid, banners with pictures of the Virgin were borne aloft, and the hymn by which the service was inaugurated was addressed to "the Queen of earth and heaven."

Practical.

The Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting

"Friends, will you pray for me? I am a member of the Church, but have not the spiritual enjoyment I once had, and it grieves me that I am so cold and indifferent. Pray that God may revive his work in my soul!" Thus spoke one whose appearance indicated an earnest business-man, and this personal appeal was noticed in every prayer, and cold and indifferent ones, if they were present, doubtless felt warmed by the ardent flow of prayer for all who were thus afflicted.

Another said he was "troubled by a sorrowing and afflicted wife, who believes in the efficacy of prayer, to ask you to pray for her sick husband, that he may be restored to health and peace in believing in Christ, and that her own soul may be refreshed by the spirit of grace. She says she owes this prayer-meeting a solemn confession, for she has been blessed, and has seen the feet of a youthful son turned to the testimonies of the Lord, in answer to your prayers."

The pastor of a church in Danville writes: "We have written to you before, asking an interest in your prayers, in answer to which our church was blessed with a glorious revival. Over one hundred immortal souls were converted. May I not ask your prayers once more? It is my desire that I may have individually an interest in your prayers—that I may be, in the hands of God, the humble instrument of still greater good to this people."

A brother said: "A few days since he had the privilege of asking prayers for three friends who were in great distress. Two of them, he was happy to say, had been graciously relieved, and were now praising God for their deliverance. The other was now present to again request your prayers in his behalf for the grace and blessing of the Lord."

The following is one of numerous letters received by the missionary: "About two years ago I was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and for a long time rejoiced in the hope of sins forgiven, and in the enjoyment of that peace which only God can give. A year ago I left my home and its christian influences for college life. At first, through the help of Jesus, I withstood all the temptations and worldly influences that assailed me; but soon they came so thick and fast that I began to falter, and by neglecting diligence in prayer I soon became an easy victim to sin. For some weeks past my soul has been bowed down with a heavy load, and I request your prayer for me that Jesus would forgive me and again speak peace to my soul. I ask again, dear brothers, that you will pray for me, a poor distressed and sinful soul."

A young minister said: "About two years ago I requested your prayers for myself. God answered your prayers, and opened to me a way to serve him. I am now the pastor of a small church in Oswego, which, when I was sent to it, was in a state of spiritual declension, but was soon revived, and numbers were added to it. I come again to ask you to pray for me and my church, that the work of grace may revive in our hearts, that we may be united in faith and labor, and be instruments of the Lord in bringing many sinners to repentance and faith in Jesus."

When the last speaker had closed his request, a young man, who came in while he was speaking, arose and said: "Brethren, I request your prayers in my behalf. It is about two years since I was converted, and called, as I believe, to devote myself entirely

to the service of the Lord. I have not been obedient to this call, and I have not prospered in anything, and am not happy in my experience. The brother who has just spoken was the first one who called my attention to the importance of religion. We were friends, but I have not seen him for a long time till now, and I rejoice to hear that he is engaged in the service of the Lord. I ask you all to pray for him and his charge. I came on purpose to ask your prayers for me, that I may see clearly the path of duty, and walk in it."

Another said he was requested by a Sabbath-school teacher to ask prayers for a class of children in a village in New-Jersey, that the Spirit's influence may be felt in their hearts, and that they may become the devoted followers of the Savior.

The following letter from a soldier in the United States Army elicited attention and ardent prayers:

"I have hope that I am a child of God, but I sometimes fear that my heart is not changed. I do not see the light, and I am growing weaker every day in the love of my Savior. I have many trials and temptations, and I want you to pray for me that the dear Savior will give poor, wretched sinner me a new heart—a true, contrite heart—and make me submissive to all his dealings with me. I have been trying to become a servant of the Lord for over a year, and the way before me seems dark. Pray that I may have the light and the true love of the Savior, and be delivered from the dreadful bondage of sin and fear of death; and I ask your prayers for the conversion of my parents. My poor grandmother is old and an unbeliever, and is surrounded by wealth and position, but she will die in her sins without God interposes and saves her. Pray earnestly for her, for Jesus sake."

Letters requesting prayers, if addressed "Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, 103 Fulton street, New-York," will be promptly received. Chr. Intell.

The Lesson of the Earthquakes.

In an article on the recent calamitous convulsions in South America, The Evangelist says:

Such convulsions as these teach us that what we considered as most secure, the great globe itself, has no assurance of abiding forever. Within the hollow earth the elements are raging with destructive force. Who can put a limit to their power? Who shall say that they may not only upheave a portion of the earth's crust, but explode it altogether? One planet of our system, we have reason to believe, has been thus destroyed already. The asteroids that revolve between Mars and Jupiter, are supposed to be the fragments of a planet that once held its majestic course, like the earth, around the sun—but which now flying assunder go wandering darkly in their eternal courses. Who shall say that the earth may not be destined to a similar destruction? Of course we do not predict such a catastrophe, for it is a matter about which we have no knowledge, apart from the vague intimations of the scriptures. Only as a negative argument, it is irresistible. It proves that those material philosophers who presume to say that such a thing cannot occur, assert what is far above their knowledge. They profess to believe in the stability of nature. If they had been on the coast of Peru four weeks ago, they might have thought differently. Destruction may extend not only to a kingdom or a continent, but to a world. A year or two since astronomers told us that they observed with their telescopes a strange phenomenon, a star on fire! For months they watched it flaming in the midnight sky, till it slowly consumed away; and the glare in the heavens sunk into ashy darkness. Who shall say that it may not be the fate of our planet to be thus destroyed? Such facts give new force to those solemn warnings of God's word, that "the earth being on fire shall be destroyed, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." "Wherefore, seeing that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?"

The Selfish Man and his Fish.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

Two men went out a fishing. One of them caught his basket full of fish, the other caught none at all. So when the day was over the latter had nothing to take home to his wife and children. Then he said to his neighbor, "Please give me some of your fish that I may have some food to take home to my family." But the other answered, "Get some for yourself. I shall let you have none of mine," and then slinging his basket over his shoulder, he started for home. But unknown to him there was a hole in his basket, and soon one of the fish dropped out. His unsuccessful neighbor, who was trading disconsolately on after him, saw the fish, picked it up, and put it into his own basket. Another fish, and still another, fell out, and was picked up in the same way, until they were all changed from one basket to the other. When the selfish man reached his home, and went to give the fish to his wife to cook, he found that he had lost them all.

This is a story told among the heathen of the South Sea Islands to show the folly of selfishness. Perhaps the little boys and girls of a christian land can learn something from it.—S. S. Advocate.

Aunt Rachel's Story.

The following touching narrative was related by Mr. Oliver Dyer at the Cooper Institute, New York:

Aunt Rachel was a negress. She had been a slave. The war had set her free.—She did not know how old she was. Her hair was sprinkled with gray, and her face was furrowed with wrinkles; but her eye was bright and her voice musical. She lived in Fish Alley. Up in an attic I came upon her accidentally—perhaps I should say providentially. I was looking for one of my mission Bible-class scholars, and had mistaken the house; and, as I fumbled along the dark passage-way, I heard a voice asking, "Who's dar, honey?"

Standing in the door, which I found open, I asked who spoke. The voice said: "Its me marster.—Aunt Rachel, as dey calls me." I struck a match and held it up toward the voice, and there I dimly saw Aunt Rachel, lying on a bed on the floor in one corner. I never shall forget that vision of earthly want and suffering, of saintly trust and resignation; that miserable, tattered bed; those calm, appealing eyes.

I won't detain you to state the conversation. Suffice to say, Aunt Rachel had had no supper, nor dinner, no breakfast that day. It was a bitter evening in February. She had no fuel, no fire, no light. She had nothing but rheumatism, and faith in God. It was not long, however, before a fire was burning in her rickety old stove, and lights and food had been brought from the Howard Mission, not far away. A physician had been sent for, and a lady from the mission had made Aunt Rachel a cup of tea and a plate of toast, and was ministering to the poor old helpless child of the Saviour with that sweet christian sympathy and benignant winsomeness which only God's elect seem to have the gift of showing. From that time my visits to Aunt Rachel were not infrequent. She was removed to more comfortable quarters in James street. I loved the poor old saint from the start. I don't know whether my visits ever did her any good; but they did me a great deal of good.

Aunt Rachel was fond of telling about her plantation-life, and so I learned her story by heart. She had lived in Virginia—she could not tell exactly where; but it must have been within fifteen or twenty miles of Suffolk, because when Gen. Peck was in command of our forces down there in 1863, she had walked from her master's plantation to the union lines in one afternoon. She never would tell her master's name. She seemed to have some queer notion that, if she did some terrible calamity would come upon her. She used to say: "Ole marster was berry good, and so was ole mist'ess; but de young folks was jes' like debils." She said: "My family was all us sot by by ole marster, 'cause they were kind o' needed by ties of blood." She used to say: "You's no idee, honey, how blood gets mixed up down dere, nor how fast black folks get white, or white folks get black; I dunno which, and 'tain't none o' my business—de Lord's will be done." But the time came, she said, when old master could not help them any more.

"A nerry of old marster come to our house one day, who'd done gone and run'd away from his parients house, 'case his fader wanted him to marry a one-legged gal down on the coast, dat owned a power of niggers (six hundred o' 'em, as 'twas said), de young man sayin' as how he'd sooner marry a gal wid two legs and no niggers at all de which I mus' say was sensible. Dis nerry," as she used to say, "got disputing wid my eldest boy, de which his name was Jim; and my boy, bein' high spirited, he talked back. And at last the nerry slaps Jim; at which Jim jes' knocks the nerry clean down de steps. Honey chile, you can hab no idee what a awful time dat made. De white folks can knock the black folks's brains out, and nobody's sear; but, when a black man touches a white man, it 'pears as how de worl's comin' to an end. The people was gwine to burn Jim alive; an' to save his life, old marster sold him to a trader to go to de Gulf, de which he'd sooner did dan gone down dere. I got down on my knees and begged ole marster not to send my boy to dat awful place; but 'twan't no use, honey.—And so, de night afore Jim was to be taken away, he broke loose and run'd away. An' dey hunted him wid de houn's and com'd up wid him in de woods; and dare he foun' 'm till he was shot down dead by ole marster's nerry, as he'd a knocked down de steps. An' dey left his body a lyin' in de woods for de beasts to devour. An', when I begged ole marster to let me go and get my boy's dead corpse, he said: 'If you don't hush up, I will sell you and your other son to de Gulf.' An' I did hush my voice; but I cried out in my heart, 'O my Saviour, mus' dese things be?'"

"My udder son, de which his name was Reuben, was den jes' 'bout nineteen year old. An' he come to me in de night, and said: 'Mudder, I've gwine to run away. I shall kill somebody if I stay here.'"

"An' I said to him 'Go!' An' he went; an' I lay down wid my face in de grass, an' pray all dat night dat my boy might get be-yond de reach ob de blood-houn's afore de mornin' light. An' he did; bress de Lord for his goodness, he did! In de mornin' when dey missed him, de nerry and de rest ob de young folks was wild to go for him. An' ole marster pertended to be awful mad. But he would hab de hosses shoed afore he'd start.—And so Reuben got such a good start as dat

dey never cotched him; by which I knowed as how my prayers were answered.

"It 'pears to me as 'twas 'bout a year arter dat time dat de war broke out. Oh! you can't imagine what a time dat was. It jes' 'peared as ef de Day ob Judgment was a comin' right a top ob us. 'De chariot, its wheels rolled in fire!' Ole marster's house was burnt to de groun', an' de folks all runned away to Richmond, an' us darkies was runnin' aroun' wild like. An' so I went over to de camp at Suffolk, to see ef I could get up dis way, as I hoped ef I could I might find my boy, de which I told you his name was Reuben. I've been here mos' four years now and I've never heard a word of Reub. An' de cold an' de damp has gin me de rheumatiz so bad I haint been able to work much dese yer las' months; an', if it hadn' a been for de goodness of God, I should a starved to death."

That is old Aunt Rachel's story. Like most of her race, she had great musical talent.—She was a fine singer of campmeeting hymns plantation songs. She could soar into the higher regions of melody like a bird; and she sang with an unctious that went straight to the heart. Her favorite song, as she used to sing it, pleased it more than any other song or hymn that I ever heard. In my opinion, it is the finest specimen of plantation sacred music that ever rippled over sable lips. I learnt it by heart; and, a few days ago, I jerked down the melody, and got my friend, Perkins to arrange the song in four parts, so we could have it for a song. Perhaps you would like to hear the words. They are as follows:

Nobody knows de trouble I see,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de trouble I see,
Sing glory hallelu!

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
Sometimes I'm lebel wid de groun';
Sometimes de glory shines aroun',
Sing glory hallelu!

Nobody knows de work I does,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de work I does,
Sing glory hallelu!

Sometimes I scrub, sometimes I scour,
Sometimes I bake de injun flour,
Sometimes I squeeze de lemons sour,
Sing glory hallelu!

Nobody knows de griefs I has,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de griefs I has,
Sing glory hallelu!

Sometimes my soul is sunk in fears,
Sometimes I weeps de bitter tears,
And sadly wait de ling'ring years
Sing glory hallelu!

Aunt Rachel used to say: "When I gets to de las' verse of dat song, I allus feels as though I wanted to pour out my 'naptured feelings in such a hebenly howl as 'ud swing my soul clean ober Jordan and land it plump in de realms ob bliss an' glory."

FUNERAL FEES. Commenting on the newspaper report that a Baptist minister had received a \$50 baptismal fee The Examiner discourses on ministerial services as follows:

It has long been a question with us why the brief and, generally, pleasant service rendered at marriage occasions should be liberally compensated, while special service rendered by the pastor of any other nature, however protracted and burdensome, is generally regarded as a matter for grateful words alone. We should not like to see anything like a system of charges for attendance and mileage spring up in connection with the burial of the dead; we should not do ought to foster a mercenary spirit towards the sick and dying; but the question often arises, when we witness instances of ministerial devotion during affliction, whether those who are blessed with a competence might not fitly, on such occasion give tangible proof of their gratitude to him, on whose time and strength they have made special demands. Especially when they have exacted of him a funeral sermon and a ride to the cemetery, which takes three or four hours from the midst of his preparation for the Sabbath. If the minister who officiates is the pastor of another church, adequate compensation for his services is a matter of simple justice. Yet we have known cases where a minister was called to attend a funeral outside of the town in which he resided, and even outside of the limits of his own denomination; and yet suffered to defray the expenses of his journey out of his own pocket. With such experiences in mind we may be excused for regarding "baptismal fees" as something entirely phenomenal.

—The Pacific states that Hon. John Bidwell of Chico, himself a worthy temperance man, has presented to the City Missionary Society, of San Francisco, for medicinal uses, seven casks—500 gallons—of superior wine, which he has had on hand for several years. He does not use it himself, nor give it to his friends to drink, nor put it in the market. He has made the donation in this direction in the hope that the article might thus be of some real service in a humane and beneficent way. Measured by a money standard, the value of the gift would exceed \$500.

Sellinggrove Pa., October 15, 1868.

To Our Friends and Patrons

We have been for several weeks sending notices to our subscribers that were in arrears, with a respectful appeal for payment. A few have responded promptly, but the greater portion has thus far paid no attention to the appeal at all. Whilst we are grateful to those who made a speedy and proper response, we certainly have reason to complain of those who passed over our appeal in silence.

Brethren, we must have money to carry on the AMERICAN LUTHERAN. Our expenses are heavy, the printing paper must be paid in cash, and the workmen must have their wages paid. All the means at our disposal to meet these claims must come from our subscribers, but how can we meet these claims unless our subscribers send in their subscription promptly? Is it kind, is it generous, is it christian to withhold from us our just dues, and thus cripple us in our operations? Is this doing unto others as we would wish them to do to us? To you individually the sums may seem to be a small matter, but to us in the aggregate they are much. We will continue to enclose bills in hopes that they will have better success than those already sent. Dear reader, if you have received such a notice do not be offended and stop your church paper in a passion, as some few have done, but take your pen at once and send us a letter with the money, and we will enclose a receipt in the next paper. You can send the money in a post office order, in registered letter, or draft on the Bank.

A Model Sunday school.

During our recent visit to Philadelphia we had the pleasure of visiting the Sunday School of Lutheraum Chapel, under the pastoral care of Rev. N. M. Price. It was the first Sunday after the pastor's return from his summer vacation. The Sunday School was well attended, but a few vacant seats were still left, and after the school was closed the teachers and pastor had a meeting to consult on the interests of their school, when the following resolutions, so far as we can remember them, were unanimously passed:

RESOLVED, That every teacher will be punctually in his place every Sunday, unless providentially prevented.

RESOLVED, That each teacher will spend at least two hours every week in canvassing for new scholars.

From the manner in which these resolutions were passed we have no doubt but that the teachers will also carry them out. This accounts for the prosperity of their school and their congregation. A working pastor and a working Sunday School must, by the blessing of God, build up a congregation.

The success of the Lutheraum Chapel stands thus far unparalleled in the history of missions in Philadelphia. We say, success to the Lutheraum!

Sacramental Addresses.

It is customary in the American Lutheran Church for the minister to deliver a short address to each company of communicants after they have partaken of the sacred elements and whilst thus standing around the table of the Lord. These little addresses have frequently interested and edified us very much, and if properly composed and impressively delivered will do much good. They should not be long, or aim at oratorical display, but short and practical, and radiant with divine truth. We will give a few specimens that just now occur to us; they may edify our readers and also be useful to some of our ministerial brethren. At some future time we may give others, and we ask our ministerial brethren to send in appropriate addresses of this kind for publication in the AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

1. Our blessed Saviour says in the words of the institution, "This cup is the New Testament in my blood which was shed for you." When a man expects soon to die, he usually makes his last "Will and Testament." On this he bequeaths his earthly goods to his children and friends. Now the Lord Jesus, in that solemn night before his death, instituted "The New Testament in his blood." And what does he bequeath to us in this Testament? Pardon! What would a criminal under sentence of death give for a pardon? We by our sins were once exposed to the penalty of the law, which is death. Jesus, by his blood procured our pardon. Liberty! What would a slave smarting under the lash of a tyrannical master give for liberty? But Jesus gives us freedom from the dominion of sin and the tyranny of Satan. A crown and kingdom! The highest pinnacle of earthly glory is a crown and kingdom. But Jesus gives us by this Testament a title to a crown of glory and the kingdom of Heaven! We are constituted by this New Testament children of God, heirs of the kingdom of heaven, joint heirs with Christ Jesus to a crown of glory that is incorruptible that fadeth not away, and that is eternal in the heavens. O, magnify the Lord for this New Testament in his blood!

2. Count Zinzendorf, the founder of the Moravian church, stopped on one occasion at an inn to get his dinner. Whilst he was waiting in a room by himself, he observed a picture on the wall, representing Christ upon the cross, and wrote under the picture, these words:

"This have I done for thee,
What wilt thou do for me?"

After he was gone the family came in and saw what was written under the picture, which affected them to such a degree that it resulted in their conversion, and the next time he came to that house they thanked him for those timely and impressive words:

My friends we are just now standing, as it were around the cross of Christ, and with the

emblems of his broken body and his shed blood before us he seems to speak to each one of us from that blood stained cross, "See here, this I have done for thee, what wilt thou do for me?" And the believing soul replies, Lord Jesus what can I do for thee? I have nothing that I can call my own, but my sins, O, take those away by thine atoning blood, and then accept of me, both soul and body; as a living sacrifice; all I have and am is thine.

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,
"That all that I can do."

3. After his resurrection Jesus appeared to his disciples at the Sea of Galilee. And he said unto Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He said unto him, yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He said unto him, Feed my lambs. He said unto him again the second time, Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He said unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He said unto him, Feed my sheep. He said unto him the third time, Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus said unto him, Feed my sheep.

My friends, we have come to this communion to meet the Lord. He is as really in our midst as if we beheld him with our eyes. As he passes around from communicant to communicant, I imagine that I hear his voice, mentioning each one of us by name, "Lovest thou me?" Can you all like Peter, say in sincerity and truth, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee?" By the act of coming to this communion table we profess to love the Saviour. Let us verify this profession by our lives.

4. The following address was delivered by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at a communion season when one hundred members were added to his church:

"My friends, my heart is large to day. I am like a tree upon which rains have fallen till every leaf is covered with drops of dew; and no wind goes through the boughs but I hear the patter of some thought of joy and gratitude. I love you all more than ever before. You are crystalline to me. Your faces are radiant; and I look through your eyes as through windows into heaven. I behold in each of you an imprisoned angel, that is yet to burst forth, and to love and shine in the better sphere."

Conversation in the Sanctuary.
Between Peter, John and James.

John—I see an article going the rounds of the papers, headed, "Will the coming man drink wine?" and the views set forth are attracting considerable interest, particularly among temperance people.

Peter—The article no doubt will do good; any good cause is benefitted by being brought before the people and discussed. The author appears to wield the pen of a ready writer and he should therefore continue to write for the welfare of mankind. I would suggest a theme for his next article that is analogous to his first one. Namely, "Will the coming man chew tobacco?" Tobacco chewing, or smoking, or snuffing is to me one of the vilest and most disgusting practices that men or women can engage in. I have frequently been sickened in stage coaches and rail road cars and other places where I could not get far enough out of the way of the tobacco smoke or juice.

James—Well, then it may be some consolation to you to know that you are not the only Anti-Tobaccoist, but that the feeling against the use of the weed is gaining ground in our country. Look, for instance at this paragraph, which appeared in our paper last week. (Reads.)

"CLERGYMEN AND TOBACCO.—A Methodist exchange says that 'the Anti-Tobacco feeling is so strong down in Cecil County, Maryland, that it is said no minister using, or advocating it, will be received there; and no man can be recommended from the quarterly conference to travel, who indulges in it. The question is agitated, to make this a test in the annual conference in receiving members hereafter.'"

Peter—Well, that is encouraging, I think I shall introduce a resolution at the next meeting of our Synod against ministers and benefactors using tobacco.

James—I don't believe your resolution will carry, for to my certain knowledge the majority of the members of your Synod are themselves addicted to the use of the nauseous weed, and they will hardly pass a resolution condemnatory of themselves.

Peter—Thy passed resolutions a few years ago, and had them printed in their minutes, in which they forbid their beneficiary students the use of tobacco in any shape or form, and they cannot consistently practice themselves what they condemn in others.

John—I see even the secular papers are beginning to ridicule this useless practice.—Here I see for instance, on the last page of *Baldwin's Magazine* for November, a burlesque on smokers. Six smokers are pictured off with pipes and cigars, and the reason given by each one why he smokes. One smokes because it is style, another smokes because it is manly, another smokes, because he likes it, another smokes because it is classical to meditate, another smokes, because the ladies like it, another smokes, because it is such fun!

Peter—I have a whole package of traits on the use of tobacco, and I think I shall publish one of them occasionally in the AMERICAN LUTHERAN. It may do some good. I have a little volume called, "The Biography of Rev. Solomon Spilke," which I have lent to a smoking clerical friend, and although I have thus far seen no evidences of his reformation, I hope it may do him some good in the end. The essence of Tobacco when undiluted is rank poison, and its use must be more or less injurious to health.

James—Do you think it is inconsistent for a christian to chew or smoke tobacco?

Peter—I believe the time is coming when it will be considered just as inconsistent for a christian to use tobacco, as it is now considered inconsistent for a christian to drink liquor.

John—Imagine the Apostle Paul with a meershaun pipe, or Peter with a cigar or a quid of tobacco in his mouth whilst fulfilling the Saviour's command, "Go ye into all the world!" Does not the idea seem preposterous. But if you would extend it to the blessed Saviour himself it would sound like sacrilege.

James—In one sense the use of tobacco seems to be more unscriptural than the drinking of wine. For some of the most pious men, and even the Saviour, drank wine, and he speaks of drinking it anew in the kingdom of heaven. But we do not read of any of them using tobacco.

Peter—But you should remember that the use of tobacco was unknown in the days of Christ and the apostles.

James—Well, I believe if it had been in use then, Christ and the apostles would have preached against it. The injury to health, the waste of time and money, and the filthiness connected with it, ought to condemn its use among christians. We read of heaven, that nothing that is filthy, or unclean, shall enter there. Hence it is certain that no tobacco smoke or juice shall ever pollute that holy place. (John said, Thank God) and when it is said that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven, it is certain that the devotee of tobacco will have to lay aside his quid and his cigar before he can enter that pure and happy abode.

Received also subscriptions in materials—J. H. Engel, Sunbury, Pa. 1 keg nails, \$5.50, W. F. Eckbert, \$10.00, J. S. Burkhart, \$10.00, B. & S. S. Schoch, \$25.00, all of Sellinggrove, Pa. Also 9 days' hauling stones and lumber, \$33.00, Isaac App, 1 day hauling, \$1.50, and 50 days' digging cellars, tending masons, and carpenter-work by the students, say \$60.00. Total in material and work \$145.00.

Thus far we have received in money \$383.11, and in material and work \$407.75, making \$790.86.

We design having the houses ready for occupancy by the first of December. By that time there will be needed about \$500.

Sellinggrove, Pa. Oct. 12, '68 H. ZIEGLER.

ALBERT BRIDGES.

Since my last acknowledgment, I received for his support, from Sue. Turbotville, Pa. \$2.00, several members of the Lutheran church Clearfield, Pa., per Rev. G. A. Nixdorf \$6.50, Lutheran S. School, Mt. Carroll, Ill., \$10.00, and J. Lowman, of the same place, \$5.00. The whole amount received thus far (Oct. 12th), is \$80.23. There is now considerable due on board and tuition. H. ZIEGLER.

Mt. Carroll, Ill. Sept. 28, 1868.

Rev. H. Ziegler,

Dear Brother in &c.

Inclosed please find a Money Order for Fifteen Dollars (\$15.00) from the following parties:

D. J. Lowman \$5.00, Lutheran Sabbath School of Mt. Carroll, Ill., part of the \$25 \$10.00, all for the use of Albert Bridges (colored) of the Missionary Institute. This is the right way. Let our Foreign Missionary Ex. Com. send to Africa and bring over three or four young men, and educate them here, and when prepared, let them return to Africa and labor there. We cannot endure that climate. By all means urge the Ex. Committee to do this. The church will sustain them. This is the first effort I am making for Foreign Missions, and am succeeding quite well. By January it will be at least \$30.00, perhaps more. By the blessing of God I propose to send you \$25.00 or more yearly, for educating students for the Foreign field. When young, I felt it my duty to go as a Missionary, and in 1860 made application to Morris Office, but the war of 1860 hindered me. Now I cannot go, but will try to help some one to go in my place.

CHARLES ANDERSON,
Supt. Luth. S. School

"When learning's triumph o'er his bar'rous foes,
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose:
Each change of many colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her boundless reign,
And panting Time toll'd after him in vain."

VERA

STUDENTS' HOUSES. No. 6.

Received since my first acknowledgment, Sep. 3, the following donations in money:—

E. H. Hemperly, \$2.00, Rev. H. G. Bow-ers, treasurer of the Melancthon Synod \$47.00, St. Clairsville charge, per Rev. I. Peter, \$40.00, Hon. Stephen Baldy, Cattawissa, Pa., \$5.00, Anonymous, per Dr. J. McCron, Baltimore, \$5.00, Rev. D. S. Altman, Tipton, Iowa, \$11.00, a member of St. Mark's church, Hanover, Pa., Rev. M. Officer, Van Wert, Ohio, \$1.00, Abraham Schoch, New Berlin, Pa., \$5.00, "York," York, Pa., \$5.00, Logansville charge, Sugar Valley, Pa., per Rev. W. H. Gotwald, \$10.00, per Rev. J. McCron, Baltimore, \$56.50, Rev. R. Weiser, a small collection, \$5.00, Lutheran church, Bellfonte, Pa., per Rev. J. H. Haekenberger, \$6.00. Total, \$201.00.

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CHARLES ANDERSON,
Supt. Luth. S. School

Church News.

LOYSVILLE, PA.—Rev. P. Willard has removed to Loysville, Perry county Pa., to take care of the General Synod Lutheran Orphan School. His correspondents are requested to address him accordingly.

REV. J. M. EMERSON, having received and accepted a call to the Pleasant Valley pastorate, desires correspondents to address him at Lucas, Richland county, Ohio.

GOOD NEWS FROM VIRGINIA.—Rev. C. Beard reports a work of deep interest in progress in his charge. A number have already, through repentance and faith, given themselves to Christ.

Rev. J. A. Snyder.—At a communion meeting in this brother's charge, held in New Market, on the first Sabbath of September, eight young persons were received into the church.

LOGANSVILLE, Pa.—Rev. W. H. Gotwald wishes his correspondents to observe, that his post office has been changed from Aaronsburg, Centre county, Pa., to Logansville, Clinton county, Pa.

SHAMOKIN, PA.—A correction.—We were misinformed, in regard to Rev. J. B. Keller having a call to Watsonstown. He declines the call and consequently remains in Shamokin.

Rev. J. W. LAKE, late of Knowersville, Albany Co., N. Y., having removed to Dartmouth, Salem county, State of New Jersey, requests correspondents to address him at his new location.

Rev. C. KUHL, late of Perry, Illinois, having accepted a call to Carthage, Illinois, requests correspondents to note his change of address.

Rev. A. C. FRICK, late of Hennepin, Putnam county, Illinois, having removed to Matamor, Woodford county, Illinois, requests correspondents to address him accordingly.

The address of Rev. J. B. ENGLISH, is for the present, changed from Salem X Roads, Westmorland county, Pa., to Hartwick Seminary, Otsego county, N. Y.

MARRIED.

Oct 11th 1868; by Rev. M. Rhodes, Mr. Henry C. Brandt to Mrs. Susan Rise, both of Lebanon, Pa.

A Cheerful Heart.

I once heard a young lady say to an individual: "Your countenance to me is like the rising sun; for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies or his persecutors could not take from him.

There are some persons who would spend their lives in this world as they would spend them if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have "so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have may escape out of their hands. They always look on the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come.—That is no religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful; and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passes quietly by where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on hard uneven roads, but with a cheerful spirit we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

"THE OLD CHURCH,"—Dr. Bond discourages pointedly on a phrase, which many persons use with great fondness and complacency. Hear him:

"Old church sometimes means old errors, old backslidings, worn out sensibilities, the obesity, self complacency, guttiness, and pride, of old age. The question is not whether a church be old or young, but whether it have the Spirit of Christ. With God a thousand years is as one day. Time is not venerable to him. It does not give strength to weakness nor authority to wrong. It is not the old creature but the new one that He calls his own. A church should never get old; and whenever it is compelled to count its years against its sins, and claim for its age the respect refused to its conduct, men may complacently consider that the time for its departure is at hand."

A THREAD.

Once, in the progress of a revival among his church in Portland, after having repeatedly invited meetings at his house of those who wished to seek religion, Dr. Payson one day gave an invitation to all those young persons who did not intend to seek religion. Any one, who did not know the Doctor, would be surprised to hear that thirty or forty came. He had a very pleasant, social interview with them, saying nothing about the subject of religion, until just as they were about to leave, he closed a very few and simple remarks in the following manner:

"Suppose you should see, coming down from heaven, a very fine thread, so fine as to be almost invisible, and it should come and very gently attach itself to you. You know, we suppose, that it came from God. Should you dare to put out your hand and brush it away?"

He dwelt a few minutes upon this idea, until every one had a clear and fixed conception of it, and of the hardihood which any one would manifest who should openly break off even such a tie.

"Now," continued he, "just such a slender, delicate thread has come from God to you this afternoon. You do not feel, you say, any interest in religion; but by coming here this afternoon, God has fastened one little thread on you; and it is very weak and frail, and you can in a moment brush it away. But you certainly would not do so. Welcome it, and it will enlarge and strengthen itself, until it becomes a golden chain to bind you forever to God!"

PASTORAL LETTER.—A pastoral letter from Archbishop Spalding has just been published, in which we find the following paragraph:

"In their pastoral letter to the faithful, the Fathers of the Council admonish them to abstain in future from certain fashionable dances, commonly called *waltzes, round or German dances*, which, as recently practiced, are shocking to every sense of delicacy and dangerous to morals. The more effectively to carry out this warning, and to remove all pretext for viewing such dances as harmless, we have strictly enjoined that they neither be taught, nor even practiced for recreation among those of the same sex, in any of our colleges, academies or schools, whether conducted by Catholics or placed under Catholic auspices."

One fashionable dance is almost as shocking to every sense of delicacy, and as dangerous to morals as another. The Pastoral should therefore, pronounce upon all alike.—*Eds. Prot.*

Do those who doubt whether it is wise to place money in a Life Insurance Company ever consider how wonderfully economical the investment is? Take the ordinary plan of insurance: where the party insured pays his policy yearly. A man of thirty may be insured for one thousand dollars—at the annual cost of \$16.55, or a little over four cents a day. In other words, a workman has only to drink one glass of beer less every morning to secure his family from want. A man of fifty need only pay \$36.65, or about ten cents a day, while a man of sixty may be insured for \$63.20, or a little more than seventeen cents a day. No man, however limited circumstances, can refuse to put away such a small part of his income for the benefit of those dear to him, especially when we have a company in existence like the NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, whose advertisement we print elsewhere. This company has in its

management men of national reputation for honor and sagacity. At its head we have such men as JAY COOKE, whose name alone is an assurance that every promise made by the Company will be redeemed.

INVALUABLE IN DRESS-MAKING.

"I have used the Grover & Baker Machine for all kinds of sewing, from the finest cambric ruffling to the heavy English beaver cloth. I find it invaluable in dress making, embroidery, boy's clothes, under clothes of all descriptions, and bed and table linen of all descriptions. I have had operators on the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine. They lost a great deal of time in winding thread. I have bought work ready made on the Wilcox and Gibbs, and don't consider the work sufficiently strong."—*Testimony of Mrs. M. W. Denison, 34 West 27th Street, New York, before the Commissioner of Patents.*

THE ORIENTAL TEA CO.—The Boston Congregationalist Recorder, in issue of March 12th, 1868, says:—"We have tested the tea and coffee sold by this company, and found them excellent. We assure our readers also, that we know—from a familiar acquaintance of years—that the members of the firm selling thus are christian gentlemen of unblemished integrity, whose word is worthy of implicit confidence."—[*Ed. Cong. and Rec.*]

With such an endorsement we can have no hesitancy in recommending to our readers to test the quality of the goods sold by this company.

The voice of God may be heard in every judgement of his hand.

If you would not fall into sin, do not sit by the door of temptation.

QUEEN VICTORIA is in her fiftieth year, and has nine children and thirteen grandchildren.

THE Hartford *Courant* says there are more deacons in Wethersfield than in any other place in Connecticut. The other day, a well-known deacon went to the steamboat wharf to see a friend off, and as the boat started the friend said, "Good by, deacon" whereupon twelve men who stood upon the wharf immediately tipped their hats, and responded "Good by, sir!"

A Western editor, in response to a subscriber, who grumbles that his paper was intolerably damp, says: "That is because there is so much *due* on it."

Blessed is he who employs all his time profitably, is silent an subjects that do not concern him, and passes through this tumultuous world like one who is dumb and heareth not, for the Lord's sake.

Sunday-School Library.

Sometimes persons who wish to select a Sunday School Library, experience a difficulty in making the proper choice. The following list was prepared for a Sunday School in this town, and printed in pamphlet form in our office. We give a portion of it merely as a specimen list. The Library contains five hundred and eighty-one books.

CATALOGUE.

1. Two Doves,
2. Myra,
3. Lives of Eminent Men, Vol. 1.
4. " " " 2.
5. Golden City,
6. Stories for the Young,
7. Early Pity,
8. Little Things,
9. Elfinor Grey,
10. Willie's Lessons,
11. Parson Hubbard's School,
12. The British Nation,
13. Flowers of the Forest,
14. Happy Mike,
15. Law's Call,
16. Grace King,
17. Faithful Bridget,
18. The Apostles,
19. Pity Papers,
20. Greenland & Labrador,
21. May Coverley,
22. Uncle Jabez,
23. Roland Rand,
24. The Irish Scholar,
25. Story of the Prince,
26. Little May,
27. Sylvia Austin,
28. Thoughtless Rosa,
29. Gerald Knot,
30. Little Mabel,
31. Court of Persia,
32. Good Health,
33. Sweet Corabella,
34. Jewish History,
35. Kate Seymour,
36. Gerald,
37. Little Joe Ashton,
38. The Pearl of Days,
39. My School Mates,
40. School at Elm Oak,
41. Harry Sailor Boy,
42. The Roden Family,
43. Day Lamp of Life,
44. The Young Gold Seeker,
45. Friendly Appeals,
46. Two Uncles,
47. Life of Our Saviour,
48. Stories of Village Lads,
49. Life of Bunyan,
50. Clara,
51. Life of Jesus Christ,
52. Life of Mrs. Coke,
53. Lives of the Caesars,
54. Lives of Eminent Men, Vol. 3.
55. Female Dead,
56. Book for Boys,
57. Scripture Texts,
58. Robert Raikes,
59. Closing Scenes,
60. Advice to the Teens,
61. Old Humphrey,
62. Willing to be a Christian,
63. Vegetation,
64. Pop Pegg,
65. Lives of Eminent Men, Vol. 4.
66. Maternal Instructions,
67. Little Tiger Lilly,
68. Orange Sellers,
69. Little Shoemaker,
70. Fulget of Facts,
71. The Springs,
72. Pleasant Talks,
73. Christian Martyrs,
74. Social Progress,
75. Four Days in July,
76. Ananias & Sapphira,
77. Dairyman's Daughter,
78. The Jew,
79. Hannah Lee,
80. London In The Olden Times,
81. The Happy Resolve,
82. Andy O'Hara,
83. Steps Up the Ladder,
84. Temperance Boys,
85. Prince Family,
86. Miracles of Jesus,
87. Facts about Boys,
88. A School Boy's Life,
89. Modern London,
90. Mission Life,
91. Pearls for the Little Ones,
92. Hannah More,
93. Brandy Drops,
94. Boy's 4th of July,
95. Granada,
96. Hissionary Book,
97. Be Courteous,
98. The Lost Key,
99. The Jesuits,
100. Two Tents,
101. Fisherman's Son,
102. Rachel,
103. Arthur's Temptation,
104. Widow's Jewels,
105. Ragged Schools,
106. Faithful Lina,
107. Mary,
108. Grand Father Gregory,
109. A Model Boy,
110. What Must I Do to be Saved?
111. Helen Maurice,
112. Sarah Brewster,
113. Temptation,
114. Sunday Hour's,
115. Frank Netherton,
116. Johann,
117. Annals of the Church,
118. Young Pilgrims,
119. Mrs. Thayer's Letters,
120. Christian Party,
121. Sally Grafton,
122. The Mine,
123. Gems of Female Biography,
124. Christian Love,
125. Ancient Persia,
126. Envelope Makers,
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