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For the American Lutheran.
Religious Training of the Young.
No. 3.

In the second place, a very vital part connected with this subject is, a knowledge of the duties to be discharged and how to perform them, to the attainment of the end, under consideration. Having taken up so much time, in proof of its attainableness, I shall say but little on this part of the subject, hoping, that it will receive, as its importance demands, considerable attention from the brethren, in the discussion of the subject.

Much instruction in Bible truths is indispensable. Christianity is based upon immutable truths, and the more it is tried by the test of truth, the more will its reliability, symmetry and beauty appear.

Hence all experimental piety also has knowledge and truth for its standing point and continued support. Would we therefore have our children pious early, and grow up towards the "stature of men and women in Christ," we must give them much correct, religious instruction.

Besides the reasonableness of this position there are many Scripture proofs in its support. And ye shall teach them (God's Words) your children, speaking of them when thou sitest in thine house, and when thou risest up, Deut. 11: 19. God teaches its importance, in relation to Abraham and his children, as already seen. His children "shall keep the ways of the Lord to do justice and judgement."—And why? Because he "commands them." Gen. 18: 19. This implies instruction as well as restraint and correction.

Timothy, who feared the Lord in his childhood, was well instructed in the Scriptures by his pious mother; or how could he have known the Scriptures from a child. 2 Tim. 3: 15.

A proper control over our children is also requisite to their religious culture—I mean, not only a proper restraint upon them, but all implied in authority, in its widest sense, coupled with true love.

Our government, though uncompromising, should be characterized, throughout, with intelligent love. A child left to himself, brings forth his mother to shame. Prov. 29: 15. "The rod of reproof giveth wisdom." Parents should keep them out of improper company; remembering that evil communications corrupt good manners, 1 Cor. 15: 33. They should see to it that their children discharge their duties, and encourage them in their performance. O how many parents discourage their children in their attempts to perform duty, both in temporal and spiritual matters; and thus block up their way towards heaven. If they be encouraged, in their attempts to do their duty in secular matters, even if they fail, parents can more easily prevail on them to engage in religious duties, and if they be encouraged in their attempts to serve the Lord, they will be influenced to persevere, and be blessed in the deed.

All governments—hence family governments too—should be in a great measure "for the praise of them that do well," or for the encouragement, of those who try. Mr. Bushnell well says, that we may discourage our children "by want of gentleness—by holding displeasure too long—by being too suspicious." Some people think that a child, to be a good child, must be as sober as a melancholy old saint—children dare not have their childish sports or they are regarded as far from God, and told that such is the case.—Such a notion is far from the truth. The Bible, speaking of a time when the church shall be blessed with great peace and prosperity says, Jerusalem shall be called the city of truth, and that "the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof," Zeck. 8: 4, 5.

Innocent, childish amusements and plays are favorable to the growth of piety in children. "Parents are not to provoke their children to wrath," for says the apostle, such a course will discourage them in their attempts to do right, Col. 3: 21.

Some parents always suspect their children of evil and are not slow in telling them of their suspicion, hence their children will reason thus—It matters not how much I try to do right I am always suspected; and there is therefore no use in trying to do right. The author above quoted says children are discouraged in their attempts to do and live right; "by testing their christian character by evidences inappropriate to their age."—When their religious character does not come up to that of an advanced adult christian, during his best periods. Some parents will tell them that they are destitute of all true piety. Such tests would often unchristianize the best of us, who hope we are justified.

To the proper training of the young it is essential not only that the parents should pray much for them, in their closet, but also daily at the family altar. In short, parents should teach by precept and practice, the nature and the importance of the religion of Christ, not only for the aged but for the young also.

A third and very important matter in the Religious Training of the young, is, when and how is it to be attended to. Much, very much, ought to be said on this point, to be proportioned to its importance; but this will not be done in this production; but I hope will not fail to be duly considered by the brethren.

One, very justly remarks, that there is an "artificial nature." And who does not know that the temper, disposition, desires, biases etc., of parent are entailed upon their children. No wise man will deny that these have much to do with the moral, religious character of the child. We, as parents, as well as christians should therefore keep down every unholy feeling and desire; crucify our besetting sins, and cultivate a kind and affectionate disposition; and a love for moral excellence.

But this training should be especially attended to during the time called the "Age of Impressions." By the age of impressions is meant that period of the child's life in which it knows not the meaning of articulate words any farther than as they are either harsh or mild, etc., and hence cannot learn truth from the meaning attached to words. Prior to its acquisition of religious, or any other truths from the import of spoken language, it is being instructed by looks, gestures, frowns, smiles harsh and mild word; by the general deportment of parents and other older members of the family. This Nature begins in very early infancy—at the age of a few weeks or month. At the age of a few months the child returns the smile of the mother.—Soon it manifests chagrin at the harsh language, or unkind treatment of the mother.—As months pass by, towards the age of Tuition, or capability of being taught by the ordinary vehicle of truth, this increases. The child is all this while receiving good or bad or mixed impressions, which do more to form, I venture to say, the future, moral, and religious character, than any other equal period of time, during its whole history, and perhaps, during its whole life subsequently. We, as parents should remember that we are impressing our own character upon the mind and heart of our offspring. We should therefore give all diligence that our whole deportment, in spirit and outward act be such as become the "Gospel of Christ." We should remember that the mind is now not hardened by actual sin, but most susceptible of impressions. Let us see to it that those impressions be religious; and when not directly so, of such a character as to prepare the way for the more immediate influences of the Religion of Heaven. The way having thus been prepared, and the soul moulded, by the divine blessing upon the endeavors of the parents, for a higher state—that of partial accountability—the parent is, with renewed diligence to continue the work of instruction by the additional means of spoken language.

Thus it may be expected that the plant, early watered, nourished and cultivated, will continue to grow upwards towards heaven and develop its incipient branches farther and wider until it becomes, "Like a cedar in Lebanon."

But continued care is now to be exercised. "Line to be given upon line, precept upon precept"—instruction day and night, care to be taken that the seeds of error and wickedness be not sown upon the soul; which is best done by having the mind filled with truth; leaving no room for the devil to scatter his seeds. The child having been thus nurtured during the age of Impressions and continued during that of Tuition, will, as a general thing, to say the least, go in the way he should go when he has arrived at the years of accountability—and then O, what pleasure will fill the soul of both parent and child, to be heightened throughout eternity.

P. SHERDER.

The Gen. Council, vs. Secret Societies.

There are a number of what are called secret societies in our country. Some are good, and some are bad no doubt. There are the Masons, Odd Fellows, Red Men, Pythians, Good Templars, Cadets of Temperance, Sons of Temperance, and perhaps some others.—Then we have had the "Knights of the Golden Circle." The "Knights of the Woodchurn Horse," and "Know Nothings." We have in the present day the "Ku Klux Klan," and perhaps other political combinations. There are also two secret societies in almost every college in the United States. Some of these institutions are very numerous in members and efficient in action, others are perhaps of little use, whilst others may be not only useless, but injurious and wicked.

But the Council seems to direct its thunder mainly against "Free Masons," and "Odd Fellows." These two venerable Institutions have become hoary with age, and have covered themselves with glory and honor, will no doubt be able to survive the terrible onslaught of those pugnacious Teutons.—They have both passed through many a hard battle, and have always triumphed, and are this day more popular, and are exerting a more powerful influence upon the world than at any former period. It is not the province of these moral and beneficial Institutions to defend themselves by argument. There they are, look at their works! Look at the good they are doing in the world. They are not religious Institutions in the proper sense of the term—they do not propose to save men's souls—they confine their operations more to the body and social interests of man.—They do not intrude into the special department of the church, nor into politics. They do not inquire into, nor meddle with men's religion or politics. They deal only in morals and charity. And one who belongs to these societies cannot help but smile at the ignorance and stupidity of those who place them on a par with the church.

Nor is there any Infidelity or Atheism in these orders. Men enter these societies not to learn religion, but to improve their morals and social relations. For men—those who are outside of these orders—then to say that they reject the Bible and Christ, just betrays their profound ignorance. No one knows what is professed and practiced in these societies, but those who are in them, and no man that has ever entered them will leave any other than a good report of them.

There are thousands of our best, and most pious and intelligent men of all christian churches, belonging to them. Would such men continue in connexion with societies that taught or practiced heathenish rites, or pagan ceremonies? No, they would at once leave them, and clear their skirts of their pollutions. There is not a word or a thought uttered in all these ceremonies that the most devout and earnest christian could not utter on his dying bed.

No man can be a good Mason or Odd Fellow who is not a good man. To be a good Mason or Odd Fellow, a man must be virtuous, chaste, temperate, charitable and honest. Thousands belong to these orders that are not what they ought to be. This is indeed true. But does not the same hold good in our churches. We, therefore, suggest to our brethren of the General Council, that there are other and far greater evils in the world than these secret societies. There is sabbath breaking, beer drinking, and dancing and profane swearing, and religious bigotry, which seem to be the besetting sins of our Teutonic Brethren. Let them direct their batteries against these, and not expose their ignorance by fighting against that which they know nothing about.

R. W.

The Pulpit.

For the American Lutheran.
Growing in Grace.

But you are supposed to have been, for some time, by profession at least a member in covenant relation with the church. Now the question comes home to the heart, what progress have you made? Have you received any additional light, any precious intimation of Christ's sacred nearness? Are you more than acquainted with the rudiments of that faith, you by your profession say, is above every other thing, to you most dear? Are you not still a babe, needing the simplest and first principles, repeated again and again to you, or perhaps a mere child in the way, tossed "to and fro, with every wind of doctrine," when you should, already of a long time have been a man in Christ Jesus? Is it not time that with blushes you are compelled to acknowledge yourself weak, and unnecessarily insufficient for these things? And if so, where then is the evidence that you now are or ever have been a child of any special grace?

In the way to heaven, there is no standing still. In the school of Christ, there can be no wilfully dull scholar. In the kingdom of grace drones are not suffered to exist; it is work and live, refuse to work and die. The grace, which enables a man to-day to fall passive on the altar of spiritual sacrifice, and in this passive submission hear his heavenly Father say, through the mediation of His dear Son, many old redeemer, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee, arise go in peace and sin no more," will not answer for to-morrow, and for this simple reason, to-day it was the grace of pardon, to-morrow it will be, if grace at all, the child of grace, every religious duty is sweet; he it, what it may. The disciples, when they were called to carry with them sore backs, all lacerated and bleeding from recent scourging, rejoiced to think that they were "counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake," mark! not to be children dandled in the laps of luxury and ease, but to suffer with their master. In view of such Christianity, what becomes of ours, comparatively speaking? Where are we when brought and placed beside such followers of Christ as I have been just describing? My God, I shudder to think of myself and my fellow laborers, with such patterns before us!

But, perhaps some one in hopes of setting us free from this painful comparison, will say, yes but they were apostles! True, and they lived in apostolical times too! They lived when to be a follower of Christ was to lead the life of a flying fugitive; to meet people who would think themselves doing God good service by killing you.

But again. Growing in grace develops an humble, teachable and tractable spirit. Humility is one of the crowning graces of a christian, and in a just and equal ratio, with the growth of God's grace in the soul, will be the exhibition of this beautiful trait of christian character. The more of this spirit of humility we evidence, the more fully do we prove to the christian world around us, that we are going forward in the divine life. It is this spirit, which, by the world is so much hated and which, to the glory of God, has accomplished more in the world's evangelization than sword or fire, intellect of force, even could do. It was always, and ever will be, Christ's humble, suffering, dying church, who shall accomplish most in and for the kingdom of God. A Mohammed may assail with sword and spear, his fellow-men, and with prowess, and dint of diabolical genius, drag to his feet whole nations as cringing suppliants, who in their reverence for, and supplications to, can never be out done, by any gen-

ing and fighting, that after all you are under the power of this most uncompromising foe? I do not think I am, you say? Look about yourself carefully for a single moment.—Look there within you, no disposition, when Christ and his word tell you to do one thing, to do contrary; and that too against your better judgement; so that with Christ and your calm and deliberate judgement on one side, and self alone on the other, you find it a most perplexing task to follow Christ and crucify self? Aye! does not self often bear off the palm, and turn away the lowly Jesus from the heart in chains, and at the same time, leave this enemy master in a position entirely? How often, we essay to begin this propensity of the old Adam in us, but, to be led, ourselves to the altar of our baser passions, and then offered; and for what? Terrible thought! a sacrifice to self and the devil. O, how often we hear the professor of religion saying, if I could only control myself. Could I but keep this heart of mine, under the gracious influence of God's rich grace; then should I rejoice and be glad in the Lord. What a confession this; you simply acknowledge that after all your profession, your many prayers and your oft repeated declarations of the wish to know more of Christ and to become like him, as far as the human can approximate the divine, you are still under sin and a slave in the vineyard of your blessed master. Alas! only a babe when you should be a man. Still taking milk when you should be craving stronger meat? Had you not better throw away self, tear away from his dominion, and by transferring your dependence in Christ, bid defiance to self and the devil, rise into the region of a new and higher life, by that grace which is mighty to save. But we pass to notice,

3rd. The evidences of growing in grace, to be a more spiritual discharge of our duties. Often as we look on to see people acting in the discharge of duty, we are most thoroughly convinced that the duty is much more a task, than a pleasure; that it is mechanically and not spiritually performed. The discovery, at once tells us that God is not well pleased; for,

"God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found."

How much of our religious life to ourselves is an irksome task, and if to us it is so, what must it be to others, who are forming their opinions entirely from what they see in us. My brother, just think how difficult it is for you to give full time to prayer, and your personal religious duties. How distastefully you take upon yourself family duties; how listlessly you read the Bible before your family, and how, as if it was a burden you kneel down and ask God's blessings on you and yours! How often the family altar is broken down entirely and your house, where your piety should first and most fully develop itself, becomes a prayerless and therefore a Christless home.

Had you been growing in grace, as you ought to have been, this would not have been the case. Your spiritual work would then have been a pleasure; you would not be enabled to exclaim, with the Psalmist "How amiable are thy tabernacles O Lord of hosts; my soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Your cry would often be, "Here Lord lend me," whereas now in your present state of spiritual dilapidation you often are found working harder to frame some plausible excuse for not engaging in duty, than would be required to go forward and do the work, which will certainly, at last, be required at your hands. To the child of grace, every religious duty is sweet; he it, what it may. The disciples, when they were called to carry with them sore backs, all lacerated and bleeding from recent scourging, rejoiced to think that they were "counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake," mark! not to be children dandled in the laps of luxury and ease, but to suffer with their master. In view of such Christianity, what becomes of ours, comparatively speaking? Where are we when brought and placed beside such followers of Christ as I have been just describing? My God, I shudder to think of myself and my fellow laborers, with such patterns before us!

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"inely pious soul, and yet, in the power of every masterly effort there was and is nothing which did or ever can attract and persuade, nay conquer men by its persuasive efficacy to such service as that of christian humility."

Take a single incident as illustration of the power of humble self-sacrificing Christianlike humility. Old Polycarp who died a christian martyr under Antonius, when persecutions first grew violent, went to a neighboring village and successfully hid himself. Here he remained until in some way apprised of the fact that some of his brethren were suffering death for not betraying him, when he at once exclaimed: "The will of the Lord be done!" and at once discovered himself to his enemies, asking them to come to his house and share his hospitality, and to give him one hour for prayer. During this hour—which he spent in prayer, and to give him one hour for prayer. During this hour—which he spent in prayer, and to give him one hour for prayer. During this hour—which he spent in prayer, and to give him one hour for prayer.

In the character of the incident just cited, we have not only humanity, but also submission, another grace of paramount importance in the christian life. When suffering becomes necessary, it is the child of this mystic fire which can endure it. Here it is that the secret power of Christ's religion develops its masterly powers. Here it is that christianity shines brightest. Here it is that we see the sublimity of its holy persistence. Here it is that the world and her gigantic power to persecute stands astaghast. They could put to death by fire and sword, they could murder in passion, and cold blood; they could buffet the cheek, which had no resistance to make; they could kill with the most horrid butchery the saints of the most high, but they could not brow beat them into a denial of that faith, the grace of which they had received. No; here they stood firm and like their Master, were "like lambs to the slaughter," suffering it all in the fond hope, and one in which they were not deceived, that when they had endured hardness as good soldiers they should receive the crown of glory. Their enemies utterly confounded, and struck dumb with frightened amazement, thought their sufferers under some great general derangement and often pitied while they killed. U. G.

For the American Lutheran False Christs.

Jesus informed his disciples (in Math. 24, 24, and Mark 13, 22,) that there would be false Christs. And there have been many down since his day and perhaps there may be others. This may be looked upon as one of the predictions of Christ as a Prophet, and the verification of this prediction on the pages of history, may serve to confirm our faith in all the other predictions of our blessed Lord.—Not one of his predictions shall remain unfulfilled. The Jews have looked for the coming Messiah ever since the days of Herod "gathered the chief priests, and scribes together and demanded where Christ should be born." He did not inquire into the fact of the Messiah's coming, for that, in common with all the Jews, he most firmly believed, he only wanted to know where he was to be born.—And it is a remarkable fact that even in the present day every pious and devout Jew is constantly looking for the Messiah. And this has always been the case with them. Is any wonder, then, that designing men should take advantage of this strong religious convictions of the Jews, and impose upon them? In the different ages of the church almost thirty false Christs have appeared, and were always followed by the Jews. We propose to give some account of some of these "pious Christs."

The first was a Jew, by the name of Cariba, afterwards called Barchocheba. This wicked man lived in the early part of the second century. He was the bold and daring leader of a band of robbers, and did much damage especially to the Romans who had overrun the land of Judea. When he was attacked by the Roman government, he raised a large army of disaffected Jews, and announced himself to be the long expected Messiah. Thousands flocked to his standard, and they bid defiance to the whole Roman government. The Emperor, Adrian, raised a large army and sent it against this impostor. He was driven into the town of Bither where he was slain, but not until the Jews had lost some five or six hundred thousand men.

In the reign of Theodosius, in the fifth century, arose another false Christ by the name of Moses Oretensis. This was a stupid fellow who lived on the Island of Crete, where there were at that time a great many Jews. He made them believe that he was the second Moses, or Messiah, and that on a certain day he would perform a miracle by dividing the sea before the eyes of the people. On the day appointed for the miracle thousands of men, women and children, had gathered on the seashore where there was a rock projecting into the sea, he commanded them to cast themselves from this high rock. Many of them obeyed without a moment's hesitation, until a large number were drowned. This at last opened the eyes of the rest.

But when in the rage of their disappointment they sought the impostor, he had fled and that was the last of him.

3. In 520 appeared another false Christ in Arabia, Felix, who called himself Duman, but he was soon captured and put to death by Elesbao, a General.

4. In 529 the Jews and Samaritans set up one Julian who pretended to be the Messiah, as their king. The Roman government sent a large army against him, and destroyed him with many of his foolish adherents.

5. In the year 571 Mohamed was born. He at first professed to be the Messiah, whom God had sent to the Jews—and in this way drew many Jews to his system. He was the most successful of all the false Christs that ever appeared. He afterwards called himself simply the "Prophet of God."

6. In 721 arose another false Christ in Spain, by the name of Serenus, who drew great numbers of people after him, his affairs came to naught.

7. The twelfth century, perhaps the most ignorant age the world had ever seen, was prolific in false Christs. We find one in France in 1137, but he was soon put to death with many of his followers.

8. In 1138 we find another in Persia, he, too, was soon put to death.

9. In 1157 appeared another in Spain, nearly all the Jews in Spain were put to death with their false Messiah.

10. In 1167 appeared another false Christ in Fex which involved the Jews in that country into great trouble, and caused many to lose their lives.

11. In 1167 appeared another in Arabia, who seems to have been sincere in his delusion, for when he was brought before the king, he was asked to perform a miracle, he told the king that if he would order his head to be cut off, it would immediately be restored. The king took him at his word, and ordered his head to be cut off, but it stayed off! Thus was his vile imposture exposed.

12. In 1168 appeared another vile impostor whose name is not given.

13. In 1174 appeared the famous Magician, David Almuser, who gave out that he was the true Messiah, and said he could make himself invisible at any time, but he never succeeded in doing so, only when he left his followers.

14. In 1176 appeared another false Christ, who also called himself David Almuser II. This man was born in Moravia, and soon had many followers. He and large numbers of his followers were put to death for sedition.

15. In 1199 appeared in Persia another famous Magician by the name of David El David. He openly announced that he was the true Messiah that God had promised to the Jews. He raised a large army, and attempted to overthrow the government. But the government overthrew him, and put him and large numbers of his followers to death.

16. There was another impostor in Persia, by the same name soon after, who also perished by the sword as we learn from Mahmoudides.

17. In 1497 we find Ishmael Sophus, a Spanish Jew, pretending to be the Messiah. He was also with many of his followers executed.

18. In 1509 we find a crazy Jewish Rabbi, by the name of Semlem, also pretending to be the Messiah. He pulled down his oven, and advised all his followers to do the same, promising that hereafter they would all bake their bread in the Holy Land.

19. In 1509 also appeared the celebrated Jewish Rabbi Pfefferkorn of Cologne—he at first pretended that he was the Messiah, but the Jews in Germany were too intelligent and only laughed at him. Luther refers to this man in his Table Talk, page 433, as the converted Jew who became a Dean at Cologne.

20. In 1534, even 18 years after the reformation a Jewish Rabbi, by the name of Salomo Malcho, announced himself to the Spanish Jews as the Messiah. This man had but few followers, for he was very soon burnt by order of the Emperor Charles V.

21. In 1615 a false Messiah arose in the East Indies, who was followed by large numbers of Portuguese Jews. Of his fate we know nothing.

22. The last we shall notice was Sabtai Sevi. This Great Impostor was born at Aleppo, and was well educated, about 1642. In 1666 being evil minded, and on account of other causes, the expectations of the Jews were raised to the highest pitch. Sevi took advantage of this expectation, and in 1666 announced himself to be the long expected Messiah of the Jewish Nation. Nearly all the Jews in the East became his followers.—He seems to have been a shrewd fellow, and was an eloquent speaker. He could throw large congregations into convulsions—men would fall down under his preaching as if struck by lightning, and foam and rave—at all these things he would take advantage.—He passed all through the East. At Constantinople he was imprisoned, but the Jews still flocked to see him by thousands. He was brought before the Sultan, and had the alternative placed before him, either to be burnt alive, or turn Turk. He turned Turk to the great confusion of his deluded followers, and thus ended his Messiahship. R. W.

A request for prayer from Houston was made in behalf of the freedmen of Texas, numbering about two hundred and fifty thousand souls, very inadequately supplied with means of evangelization and Scriptural instruction.

Take heed to thine own heart; there thou wilt find all evil; there only canst thou meet with God, and with all good.—Wm. Law.

Practical.

The Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

A stranger said: "I have heard of your prayer-meetings, and of sinners requesting you to pray for them. I feel that I am a great sinner in the sight of God, and unless my sins are forgiven, I know I cannot enter heaven. Will you not pray for me?"

The leader requested prayers for "a husband and wife in this city, who are living in utter carelessness concerning the salvation of their souls. The husband is often overcome by the intoxicating cup, and seems prayerless to resist."

Another desired prayers that he might find salvation in believing in Jesus.

The leader said he had another request, which was dated "Port Royal, S. C.," which says: "Please pray for a gentleman and lady who are away from friends and home, and are now experiencing deep mental suffering. Pray for a speedy deliverance from the distress which none but God can relieve."

A pastor of a church near this city said for some time past a number of his church members had united in holding meetings for prayer, and had experienced much spiritual enjoyment in these means of grace—while other members of the church remain unmoved, and none of the unconverted had, so far as known, been converted. The praying ones, he feared, would become discouraged, and therefore hoped the brethren would pray for the descent of the Holy Spirit upon them.

He again read the request of a young girl who was present, which asks: "Will the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting pray for me, that the Holy Spirit will come into my heart and dwell there? I wish to be a christian."

The meeting appeared to be moved in the repetition by a brother from Chicago of the story of the little girl who was running along the streets singing, "There will be no sorrow there," when she was interrupted by an old grey-headed sinner, with the inquiry, "where is that?" She pointed her finger upwards, and again commenced singing:

"In heaven above, where all is joy,
There will be no sorrow there."

"And this," he said, "was the means God used for that man's conversion." He appealed for prayer in behalf of another sinner with whom he had conversed, and who was in some degree awakened by the power of the Holy Spirit to serious thoughts upon his condition and destiny.

Prayers were requested for a union prayer-meeting, held every Thursday evening at the Border Mission Chapel in Bergen street, Brooklyn, which is conducted by ministers and members of the evangelical churches in that vicinity.

A young man said: "I am a member of the church, and engaged in the Sabbath-school, but my mind is not at rest, and I desire your most earnest prayers that I may have the peace which the world cannot give."

The leader called attention to the following request, addressed to this meeting: "A mother, from her mountain home in Pennsylvania, again entreats your prayers for the conversion of her youngest son; and that the Week of Prayer may be observed in our church, and that our family may be permitted to attend it. Oh, pray with faith for these blessings on an afflicted mother."

A minister said; "Three months ago I asked an interest in your prayers for my charge, and the Lord has graciously answered in a great revival of religion. Twenty converts have already been added to the church, and would again ask a continuance of your prayers for us, that the good work may not cease. Other churches in our city have also been the subjects of similar blessings, but to what extent I do not know."

Another minister said: "We have invited christians of all denominations to unite with us in our prayer meetings for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the churches here. And now dear brethren, we ask your earnest prayers that God will be with us by the special influences of the Holy Spirit, that he will glorify his great name by drawing those who love him to a nearer and more earnest love—a more consecrated devotion to his will and service, and grant us a blessing 'that there shall not be room to receive it.'"

A brother said: "A few months ago I requested your prayers for a young man—one to whom much is committed—and the prayer seemed to be answered in the reformation of that young man. But, relying upon himself, he has again fallen into sin; and again you are requested to pray for him. He appears to be in a rapidly downward course, and Jesus, and Jesus only, can save him."

One who lately requested prayers for his wife—a victim of spiritual delusion—again writes: "I repeat the request for prayer for my dear companion: and, in addition, I would earnestly request you to pray for her sister, who was once, to all appearance, a converted woman, but is now a most bitter persecutor of the Church, having embraced the same delusion."

The leader said: "A sister of the Reformed Church, who is now present, earnestly requests your prayers for a brother who lies dangerously ill; that God, in mercy, will restore him to health, sanctify this affliction to the salvation of his soul, and to the soul of his wife, who is without God and without hope in Christ."

An Appeal.

DEAR FRIENDS!

You would do us a great kindness by sending in your subscription to the AMERICAN LUTHERAN. Those of you who owe for the last year or two, do not delay sending it, we beseech you, and let every one that has paid up to the first of January, send us in two dollars to pay for the year 1869, in advance. Send something even if it is no more than a dollar.

If you have not got a dollar with you, borrow one from your neighbor. A dollar is a small amount to you, but there are more than one thousand such dollars owing to us, scattered all over the country, and we need every one of them just now. We will enclose a receipt in the next paper, so that you will see that we have received the money and how far it has paid.

Sickness.

The Editor of the AMERICAN LUTHERAN has been prostrated on a bed of sickness during the last week. This will account for the want of editorials and other imperfections in this number, as well as its late appearance. We feel sure the readers will sympathize with him in his affliction and excuse all imperfections.

MR. KELKER'S LECTURE has excited much interest both in the Lutheran and Ger. Reformed Churches. Such has been the demand for extra copies that we have been induced to print it off a second time and hope all can now be supplied.

Correction.

Jersey Shore, Jan. 19.
REV. P. ANSTADT.

Dear Brother,
In publishing Mrs. Staver's Obituary, you make me say, "Her patience was full of hope." It should read, Her *future* was full of hope. Please correct this.
H. B. WINTON.

The readers' attention is directed to Allen's Lung Balsam, which will be found in another column.

The Rev. Jonathan Tobey of Martinsburg, West Virginia, for many years a minister of the United Brethren Church, on the recommendation of five ordained ministers, according to the Constitution of the Melan. Synod, was received into the Lutheran Church by an ad interim Licence by the Rev. R. Weiser, President of said Synod on the 4th of January 1869.

Donation.

Mr. Editor: Please allow me a small space in your columns to tell the readers of your valuable paper how a very private arrangement in my congregations happened to leak out.

A plan was laid to get up some benefits for the comfort and encouragement of their Pastor to be consummated and executed without his knowledge. One friend ordered an overcoat, another purchased cloth for pants and vest and all the trimmings, another a splendid beaver hat, another a set of fine and woolen unmentionables so useful this season of the year, another a pair of fine boots, others hose, gloves, dress goods for wife and daughter, about seventy yards of fine muslin, rose blankets, beautiful white bed spread, a splendid quarter of beef besides other meats, canned fruit, vegetables, oysters, poultry and a variety of groceries, &c., &c. After all these were arranged what shall be done with them.

So New Year's was the day when things began to leak out, and for a while they poured indeed it has not stopped leaking yet. On Saturday eve a merchant, not a member of the church, dropped in a splendid gendrier silk vest. By the way, there were intimations of the accumulation of other drops to be poured out. I almost forgot to say that along with all this was a nice little pile of greenbacks. For all these expressions of kindness, I wish to return my most sincere thanks to the dear people of my charge.

God bless them in temporalities and spiritualities abundantly. May they ever learn that "the liberal soul shall be made fat."

Yours &c.
G. W. HEMPERLEY.

Donation Visit.

On the 12th inst the members and friends of the Lutheran church of Johnstown, N. Y., made their pastor and family a donation visit at his house. The assemblage was large, and the house well filled, and all went off as merrily as a Christmas bell.

The kind wishes, smiling faces and generous gifts of the donors cheered the heart of the Dominie and his better half, and made his children laugh and shout for joy. The cellar looks more inviting to those with empty stomachs, the wardrobe is in better condition, and even the horse seems to know that something pleasant and profitable has taken place, as he travels more sprightly than usual.

The amount donated (the most in money) is upwards of \$150. We trust that these tokens of good will, may bind us together in closer social and spiritual union, and we herewith avail ourselves to tender to all our friends our heartfelt thanks.
MARCUS KLING.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the American Lutheran.

Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 3, 1868.
R. F. KELKER, Esq.—Dear Sir: Having listened with much pleasure to the very appropriate address, delivered by you before the Officers, teachers and scholars of our Sunday School, (First Eng. Luth.) on Sabbath evening, Nov. 1, 1868, and believing much good might result from a more extensive circulation of its most excellent truths, we would most respectfully ask of you, a copy of the same for publication. Trusting for a favorable reply at your very earliest convenience, we are, Sir, very respectfully,
A. Hummel, Jr.
Dr. Jno. P. Keller,
C. K. Keller,
William Knoche,
Wm. Sayford,
H. A. Ross,
J. Hummel,
J. Uhler,
William Duncan,
Wm. Parkhill,
L. H. Kinnard,
Jno. J. Rebmam,
Harrisburg, Nov. 4, 1868.

GENTLEMEN:—Yours of the 3rd inst., soliciting for publication, a copy of the address, made to the officers, teachers and scholars, of the Sunday School of the First Eng. Luth. Church of this City, on Sunday evening last, is at hand. The manuscript was, as you are all aware, prepared with no view to its subsequent publication; yet as you think it may thus be made to promote the blessed cause in which we are fellow laborers, it is placed at your disposal, trusting that our common Master may bless to the welfare of immortal souls, this humble effort of your Bro. in Christ.
RUB. F. KELKER.

To Messrs: J. J. Rebmam, Dr. J. P. Keller, A. Hummel, Wm. Sayford, J. Uhler, C. K. Keller, Val. Hummel, Jr., Wm. Knoche, Wm. Duncan, L. H. Kinnard, Wm. Parkhill, H. A. Ross.

ADDRESS.

The year just closing has been one of unusual interest to all who are watching the progress of human events. It marked the seventh half-century, since the Reformation caused the star of Religious Liberty to dawn upon the world, then sunk in superstition, and in crime perpetrated in the name of religion; the glorious harbinger of civil Liberty, that other priceless boon to man. In church and state, Liberty has come forth triumphant through a baptism of fire and blood, and from that era until now, while stretching forth one hand, to unshackle the enslaved, either in body or mind, and the other hand, to protect the disenthralled from the encroachments of church hierarchies or of civil governments, she will be able to maintain her lofty position only, by exercising a vigilant eye, or the foundations of her temple will be sapped, and the world again sink into chaos.

While the name of Luther, who was the instrument raised up by the Almighty to lay the foundations of this temple of Liberty, belongs to all the Evangelical churches and to the world in a general sense; it is doubtless to you a pleasant thought, that you belong to a church, to which, for a thousand reasons, it is a name most dear. Little did the Reformer think, that after him, millions would bear his name. He preached the name of Jesus. He wrestled from the head of the Pontiff of a corrupt church, the crown wrongfully worn by him, and placed it upon his Saviour's brow, whilst he cast at the feet of that Saviour, all his mighty energy and talents, a willing offering in humble and sweet gratitude to his forgiving God. So Mary, in gospel story, would honor Christ. She brake the alabaster box of very precious Ointment, and poured it on His head. No thought had she thus to perpetuate her own name among the sons of men; yet Jesus said: "Whosoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world this also that she hath done shall be spoken for a memorial of her!"

Whosoever the Bible is read and its sacred truths proclaimed there will the name of Luther be known as the man who by Divine grace rescued it from a dead language known only to the learned, and gave it forth in the vernacular tongues, to the whole world. To say this, is to offer no idol worship to the man. We have a right to regard his history in connection with that of the church and of the world as an evidence of what God will do for a man, and through him for a world sunk in sin; if that man has faith. Truly He hath removed mountains. From all this we learn, that the only enduring works that we can accomplish in this life will be the impressions that we make upon the minds and hearts of our fellow beings. Could this truth be written indelibly on all our hearts and practiced upon in our lives, daily, how blessed would be the results.

Let us try to realize its weight and importance. A solemn thing it is to die; to exchange time, its cares and its pursuits for the wonderful and startling revelations of eternity.

But what is death which affects only our individual self, compared with the solemnity of life? To realize the thought, yea, the truth, that every word we speak, every line we write, every action we perform, may be likened to the stricken chisel in the hands of the sculptor chipping away the marble. Applied with careful skill, every stroke renders the block more life-like; if otherwise, it becomes a shapeless form, and is ruined forever! So our words and works, shape the lives and destinies of all around us; they mould the hearts of associates and become auxiliary to others, either to lighten earth's sorrows and fit them for Heaven, or they serve to disfigure their moral proportions, and to render them an easier prey to the great enemy who is rampaging the world, seeking whom he may devour.

The soul of Luther, fired with its own burning zeal, the hearts of his contemporaries, in the arduous work of the Reformation. They felt its enlivening power, and it nerved them for the conflict. His written books, the embodiment of his thoughts have come down through the centuries and have afforded food for reflection and study to the learned of every country. But while poets, and painters, and sculptors, have vied with each other to perpetuate his name in verse, and works of art, bear in mind it not what they have done, but what he himself did, by the grace of God—"Hier stehe Ich, ich kann nichts anders, Gott helfen mir!" (Here I stand, close by the Almighty.) "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott!" (A strong hold is our Lord.)

Well might he defy the Papacy, though clothed in regal power! Well might his brave soul feel safe, while standing under the canopy of the Almighty. He lived in such close communion with God that he was not afraid to stand under the shadow of his maker. How sure, then, to his far-seeing eye, the ultimate triumph of God's own truth, when, with a heart full of faith, he could so nobly commit the safe keeping of that truth to Him who is Himself the fountain of all truth!

He felt that he was justified by faith in Christ, and that he had power with God! He had implicit faith. In this let us strive to imitate him. Amid the darkness that oft besets our pathway in life, let us think of Luther, of his numerous trials; of the cruel mockings he bore. For they were legion in number. We are apt to think of him as a victor only. We forget the years of trial that intervened between the monastery and the period when wreathed with victory, he laid his armor down, and having fought the good fight and finished his course, he was able to depart this life with the full assurance that there was laid up for him a Heavenly crown.

In addition to his faith, he possessed great steadfastness of purpose. He was unwavering. No difficulties were, in his estimation, too great to be overcome. "I will go to Worms though there were as many devils there, as tiles in their house roofs," was his brave rejoinder, when his anxious friends sought to persuade him not to place himself in the power of his enemies. Thanks be to God, the fagot of persecution has not been lighted up in our land as yet. The Star Spangled Banner tolerates all creeds; and life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, our constitutional Trinity of Rights being innate in every man, who is content to dwell quietly beneath its folds, cannot lawfully be interfered with, by any one, be he priest or laymen, President or peasant. Surrounded by such mighty safeguards how easy would it seem for us to be steadfast in our profession of religion and service of God.

How sad to think that we so often waver in the christian course. Life's trials, as they are called, we must all encounter. The temptations to sin, it is true, are innumerable. Prone to wander, our souls are readily absorbed in the acquisition of honors, wealth and worldly pleasure. These dampen our christian ardor; weaken the ties that bind us to God; deaden our sense of accountability, and cause our earthly sun to sink to rest in the evening of life behind a cloud.

Let the example of Luther give weight to the Apostolic injunction "Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Again—Luther was valiant for the defense of Truth and of religious principles. Ever ready, always vigilant and untiring. When he inaugurated the Reformation he found "Popery" (in the words of D'Aubigne) "setting up a single caste, as mediators between God and man, to barter the salvation freely given by God; in exchange for works, and penances, and gold. The Reformation opened wide, through Jesus Christ, and without any earthly mediator, and without that power that called itself the church, free access to the gift of God, eternal life."

He found "Popery" interposing the church between God and man. Christianity and the Reformation, bring God and man face to face." With a bravery, fully equal to the importance of the great issues at stake, he hesitated not to attack as occasion required; His Holiness the Pope; his cunning legates; his mitred bishops, his learned Doctors of Theology, or his corrupt and drivelling priests. Fearless of them all, their power or their craftiness, he contended most valiantly for the cardinal doctrine of the Reformation, justification by faith in Christ alone. In these latter days Satan uses other means to gain his nefarious ends. No church organization in this country or in Europe, this day, dares to burn any man at the stake, or torture him on the rack on account of his religious belief. Martin Luther's soul has been marching on, these last 350 years.

Even old Spain, the home of the Inquisition, itself, where religious tyranny, has rioted in the blood of the saints, time and again, at the beak or nod of the Roman Pontiff, has within the past 60 days, yielded to the principles advanced by Luther; and her people have proclaimed religious toleration! But whilst corrupt dynasties are tottering to their fall, and earthly thrones crumbling; when even good Roman Catholics, lovers of civil freedom are willing in the old countries of Europe to allow religious toleration, and their brethren in this land acquiesce in freedom to all, we feel ashamed to say, that in the church of God, in a number of denominations we find an aping after Romanism in her palmiest days.

Satan having failed without, has commenced the attack from within our pales. The simple unadorned worship of our fathers, to which we have been accustomed, is to be rendered more respectable (!) by ritualism. As if our God like Baal, must be invoked in the public services of the sanctuary by petitions loud and long, and oft repeated. The young must join the church visible in order that they may be born in the church invisible; a dogma directly opposite to the fundamental doctrine of Protestantism as held by Luther and his coadjutors and by all Evangelical men down to the present day. These and a dozen other sinful vagaries, which there is no time to mention now, are sought to be forced upon an unsuspecting people, and the vain hope is doubtless entertained by the innovators that they will ultimately succeed in changing the churches of Luther and Zwingle, twin sisters of the Reformation, from their steady course so long pursued.

Your duty, and mine, in the premises is to watch with a jealous eye these subtle agencies of Satan. Ritualism is attractive to the young. Its novelty is eagerly seized upon by them and they are carried away with its imposing forms. Let us remember Luther's position, that no man stands between the penitent soul and the Almighty, but the God man Christ Jesus, the one Mediator.

To teach otherwise is to teach heresy, and

to deceive immortal souls. Let us be valiant for the truth. Let no one of you deny his Saviour by tamely submitting to false doctrine, or by failing to rebuke the first developments of the sin. "I am the Door" says the blessed Saviour, "He that entereth not by the Door into the sheep fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber!" The Lutheran church is a Protestant church, as such it is a militant church, and if she will be true to her past history, she must remain a militant church, until the strongholds of antichrist are battered down, and Jesus shall reign throughout the world, without a rival, in any system of religion, the one glorious, all sufficient mediator!

And now, my christian friends, laborers, and plants in this vineyard of the Lord, allow me to refer to what you have accomplished for Christ and his kingdom in the semi-centennial year, just closing. This beautiful house of worship, so comfortable in all its appointments, your magnificent organ whose solemn peals call forth the spirit of devotion; your well furnished school rooms; your memorial chapel in East Harrisburg, and last and surely not the least, your chime of silver-toned bells; and doubtless other gifts of which the speaker is not cognizant, all proclaim to this community what has been done outwardly in the past twelve months. These all have you laid at the foot of the cross. But more precious still in the sight of our common Lord, are the labors of your beloved pastor, and your thrice loved and respected Superintendents and teachers in your various Sabbath school departments; your hymns of praise; your earnest prayers and your spiritual consolations offered to the sick and dying. These have come up to God as a sweet smelling incense, so far as they were done for Christ's sake and in His name! Let me share with you in your heartfelt joy and gratitude.

On the last Sabbath evening it was my pleasure to worship with you here. I came early. While the audience was assembling, the associations of early years crowded involuntarily upon my mind. I sat almost upon the same identical spot where more than forty years since, I used to sit, with my [maternal] grand parents. In the pulpit stood the revered Lochman, whom every one who knew him, loved. I saw the old organ with its mysterious bellows room in the rear, where favored boys alone were allowed to enter, and tread (as we then thought) the ponderous levers; the Organist, the *Vor singer*, the wonderful double chandelier, with its candle-labra's encircled with many rows of glass prism-shaped drops, which rattled when it was moved; the old Sexton with sleeked white hair, as during divine service, he journeyed back and forth from pulpit to centre aisle, snuffing the candles first for the minister, and then with a pole drawing down the old chandelier, and snuffing the candles thereon; and how with trembling hand he sometimes put out a candle, to the merriment of graceless boys on the gallery, eagerly watching the operation below.

I remember the day, when with the children of all the Sabbath schools of our then small village, gathered in this same old church we listened to the affectionate counsels of the venerable pastor. The first hymn we sang, and the solemn manner in which he read the lines. And I remembered too, the sad day, when the pulpit, the galleries and the old chandelier were draped in mourning, and we children looked with wondering eyes, down, deep into the new made grave in front of the old church, prepared to receive all that remained on earth of George Lochman. Forty-two years ago this very month! Since then how many aged men, pillars in the church, have followed him to his rest. Like the leaves of autumn, they have fallen and tattered to their native dust, but having died in Christ they shall one day with their pastor awake to immortality. Then I thought of the 26th of October, 1838, when on a Sabbath evening, just before the hour of worship, the devouring flames destroyed the sacred old building, and then of pastor Sprechler and his church council as I saw them stand beside the yet smouldering embers on the next morning, and there resolving with God's help to build another church.

Twenty nine years more rolled away, and carried with them many of the men who helped to build the second church, and there were left still a very few, who had it to say that they could now assist the present generation in building for a third time, on the same spot, a house for the Lord.

Thus my dear friends, will it be the audience now assembled. We shall never all meet together again, under similar circumstances. A few of those now within the sound of my voice, will live to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the Reformation. Fifty years hence, they will count the spires of twice the number of Lutheran churches than now exist here. They will behold a population of more than 100,000 souls in Harrisburg, should the city only increase in the same ratio, that it has for the last 25 years. They will speak of us and of this meeting to night, and of the scenes of their childhood, as we have spoken of those who have gone before us, and of our early recollections. But where shall we then be? Quietly sleeping, it may be, in yonder cemetery; with a noisy teeming population all around us; some of them gazing perchance over the fence at our delapidated tombstones, and wishing in their hearts, that our helpless dust were somewhere else, that our graves might not stay the progress of improvement in that locality; or, as is most likely to be the case with the majority of us, lying buried in some other portion of the country, or in the deep sea, or perhaps in some foreign lands to which our love for Jesus and for souls may have carried our willing feet. But what of all this? The earth is all the Lord's! And if we only sleep in Jesus,

Our ashes poor, our little dust
Our Father's care shall keep
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep!

Meanwhile, the souls of all of us who have departed in the faith shall be in heaven. We shall know each other there! Pastors, and Superintendents, teachers, and scholars, who

loved and labored and prayed with and for us, and instructed us in the way of life! Oh ye, who sometimes well nigh faint by the way by reason of the trials incident to your arduous duties, take courage and look upward!

A few more years, and hundreds of these priceless souls by whom you are now surrounded, will sparkle as glittering gems in the crown of your rejoicing. And to this lovely band of children and youth let me say, "The lines have fallen to you in pleasant places—you have a goodly heritage." Follow your instructors as they follow Christ. We who are your seniors in years and experience, have lived in eventful times. The great probability is, that before you are called to your rest, you will have to pass through scenes, of the character of which, none of us now dream. The future is with God. You will have many a conflict with your own hearts and with an ungodly world. Even now, every scheme that Satan can devise, is tried, to tempt your unwary feet. Harrisburg is full of dangerous pitfalls on every hand. The theatre, the ball-room, the gilded saloon, where maddening drink is sold to destroy the bodies and the souls of men, the billiard rooms and gambling den, the places that may not be named to chaste ears; the God-defying restaurants whose doors and windows acknowledge no Sabbath, and are a gross insult to God's people as they pass to church on the Sabbath day; the little shops where children are tempted to leave their missionary money, on their way to Sabbath school are all so many traps set by Satan to destroy you. Ah, methinks if the veil of eternity were lifted, but for one short hour; could he be uncovered to our vision; could we hear the shrieks of the damned, as in hopeless misery they pace incessantly the avenues of despair, no man or woman in Harrisburg would even dare thereafter to offer to you or to anybody else, the accursed poison, or attempt to lure you into these haunts of illness and vice.

The piercing wail of the lost drunkard, ringing in the drunkard-maker's ears, might perhaps accomplish what the tears and cries of women, worse than widows and the orphans of the drunkard's children, have, as yet, failed to do. The glare of the eternal fires, reflected on these palaces, as well as hovels of sin, would reveal the startling truth, that every brick and every beam is stained with the blood of lost souls! My young friends, take warning! Trifle not with sin! Keep holy God's day. Say to all who for filthy lucre, would ruin you, "Get thee behind me Satan!" Cherish God thoughts, love your Sabbath school. Avoid evil associates. Go not in the way of sinners. Be found in God's house regularly, and above all, in every hour of need, look to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith, endured the cross, despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of the Throne of God!

For the American Lutheran.
What Think Ye Of Christ?

Thoughtlessness is the parent of procrastination. We think of every thing else—whether principle or thing or person, but the one thing needful and the "one above all others." Day and night, months and years, and years and life, are but the voice and voices, proclaiming on the Alps of being, our estimation of nations and people's literature and science, and men and things. Yet strange, yea alas! passing strange, how little do we think of the hero of the cross and the splendid victories and magnificent achievements of a captain—as defeatless as Godlike, and as real as man. What vast concourse fail to remember entirely. Those who never feel, never trouble themselves to be informed, and never think: what countless indifference, to such we ask: What think ye of Christ?

Do you enjoy romance that receives its luster from the light of reality? Does your soul become fired and your pulse beat with accelerated velocity as a quick pen and graphic mind—rich in love of belle letters, fertile in illustrations and powerful in descriptive development—creates vivid scenes from the realities of past ages of Damon and Pythias love of Cromwellian daring, and of Whitefield and Luther's zeal. Earnestness, sacrifice, integrity? Then mark the blood coin of Christ, fathom with the plummet of mind if you can the height and the depth, the length and the breadth of the love unto drops of sweat red like blood. Go along the shore of the ocean of his grief, and conceive if you can, the fathomless billows of such a love as decked the immortality of the soul with hope, and satiated an infuriated law, and kissed into calmness an indignant omnipotent justice. And after ward, tell me dear child of earth, What think ye of Christ? Did you ever wonder by faith or imagination around Golgotha, or the hill of Calvary, and muse? Did you ever standing there, beholding the classic brow, rounded and evenly developed, tarnished with the crimsoned hue, made so by the insulting thorns as they created the blush; and inquire, What does all this mean? Do you ever visit the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, as you have the tomb of mother, and enter with the beloved Mary with spices and flowers, and inquire, Who has done the deed, and why, Oh Son of God, and Son of David, is all this? Do it believe, do it penitence, do it sinner, and then come and tell me what you think of Christ, Yea, after such hearings, as well as such scenes; oh after hearing Eliot lama sabathina; after listening to father forgive them for they know not what they do; after the sight of the pierced side, emitting blood and water; after the giving up of the ghost, and after the dark sun has come out again from its dark cloud of sable mourning, then poor man, weeping, desponding Christian, careless sinner, and disbelieving Thomas, as thou art compelled by tragic love to exclaim My Lord and my God, tell me, oh tell me, What think ye of Christ. Oh incomparable lover! Oh faithful friend! Oh! compassionate Saviour!

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone:
O bear me, ye cherubims up,
And waft me away to his throne.

VERA.

Time is a file that wears and makes no noise.

For the American Lutheran.

A Few Strange Things.

It is strange that a man can profess to be a christian and yet refuse to support the gospel.

It is strange that persons can refuse to commune with God's people in the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and yet persuade themselves that they are christians.

It is strange that men from mere caprice can voluntarily neglect to hear the gospel, and still cherish the hope that they are christians.

It is strange that men can sleep longer on Sabbath morning than on any other, and habitually get to church after the services commence, to the great disturbance of the pastor, the congregation and the worship, and after all this go home and feel that they have kept the Sabbath holy as all christians are bound to do.

It is strange that a man can think more of his money than he does of God, and the souls of men, and still hope to get to heaven.

It is strange that a man can spend from twenty-five to five hundred dollars a year for ribbons, rings, and gew gaws for himself and family, and then deal out from fifty cents to two or three dollars a year for Missions, benevolent education etc., and still imagine that men and God will regard him as a christian.

It is strange, that a christian can make affidavit that a grog shop is necessary in his neighborhood.

It is strange that temperance men can support a known drunkard for office in preference to a sober man.

A FEW STRANGE THINGS.

It is impossible for a man to be a christian who refuses to support the gospel.

It is impossible for a man to be a christian and refuse to commemorate the sufferings and death of Christ.

It is impossible, for a person to be a christian and forget the preaching of the gospel.

It is impossible for a person to indulge their laziness on Sabbath morning, get to church just in time to disturb the worship, and keep the Sabbath holy.

It is impossible for a man to be a christian while he stints the cause of God in order either to hoard money, or spend it for gew-gaws.

It is impossible for a temperance man to be honest and yet knowingly support a drunkard in preference to a sober man for office.

A FEW FACTS.

It is a fact. That if the resurrection should happen to come on Sabbath morning, and God should let some professing christians have their own time to rise, they will be sure to rise too late to get into heaven.

It is a fact, that some who profess to be christians will not be satisfied in heaven unless they have grog shops there.

It is a fact, that the temperance cause can never succeed while her advocates barter principle for policy or profit.

If it be true, as the bible declares it is, that to love wealth more than God is idolatry and that no idolater hath eternal life. It is a fact, that there are many dreaming that they are christians who will never see heaven only as the rich man in hell saw it—*afar off*.
J. R. SIKES.

For the American Lutheran.
Donation at Bloomsburg.

During our absence from home last week, the congregation secured the key to the parsonage, unceremoniously entered it, and had things their own way. However, they disturbed nothing. But when we returned we were apprized of their visit by a splendid donation stored in the cellar and pantry, and heaped on the tables. It was a pleasant surprise indeed. There were blankets, dresses, kerchiefs, quilts, stockings, shirts, and gloves, and also an abundance of sugar, coffee, tea, meat, corn, turnips, lard and butter, and besides a roll of "Greenbacks" many other things, all the more valuable as indicative of the donors' good will, than, as being worth so much money.

We have estimated the donation at \$130. Many thanks to our dear people. May the Lord abundantly bless them for their kind remembrance. I know he has blessed them already in their act of kindness, for I have been told that a happier party never assembled, than that one at the parsonage on the evening of the donation; and I must confess, that this evidence of regard, has had its effect on me, in my labors. I can now study, and preach, and work with more energy than I could before. Not because my larder and purse have been filled, but because I know my people love me, and are willing at least in temporal things to do their part in sustaining me. May the Lord help them to do the same in spiritual things. We have just begun a series of meetings with much encouragement. May God own and bless his work in the conversion of many who shall bless the world and glorify His name.

PASTOR.

THERE are some six hundred thousand Jews in Hungary. They have recently been called upon to arrange the relation their ecclesiastical organization is to bear to the state. This is to be done through a congress of elected delegates. Inasmuch as the Jews are divided into parties or sects—the old believers and reformers—the contest will be a most lively one. The different parties carry banners, make speeches, and resort to every device usual in continental elections; and in Pesth the reformers have a large majority, though it will probably be reduced in Congress. Whichever party is successful, will draw up rules for the organization of the whole, which when accepted by the Ministry of Religion, will bind all Israelites in Hungary—a curious expedient, which may, nevertheless, succeed. In France, the Huguenot Church organization was finally decided in this manner, notwithstanding almost irreconcilable differences in opinion existed, and continue to exist, between different congregations.

LEWISTOWN, PA.—Rev. Battilly writes; Last Sabbath a week we held our regular communion season. It was a most precious occasion. All felt that it was good to be there. I received 25 members into church fellowship. Last Sunday, I added another member I am having preaching in my church all this week.

I hope the Lord may give us a gracious refreshing from His presence, revive us all, and bring sinners to the knowledge of His way."

Special Meeting Of Susquehanna Synod.

A special meeting of the Susquehanna Syn. will be held in Muncy, on the first Thursday, the 4th of February, A. D. 1869.
E. A. SHARRETT, Pres.

MARRIED.

On Dec. 31st, 1868, at the Lutheran Parsonage, Lairdsville, by Rev. Geo. Eichholz, Mr. Emanuel Renn of Jordan Township, and Miss M. J. Pons of Franklin, Lyc. Co., Pa.

On January 10th, 1869, at the same place, by the same, Mr. Peter Smith of Moreland Township, and Miss Mary Ellen Newfer of Penn Township, Lyc. Co., Pa.

On January 14th, at the Parsonage in Dun cannon, by Rev. J. E. Honeycutt, Mr. Alvin Ewing of Harrisburg, and Miss Mary A. Campbell of Philadelphia, Pa.

On the 13th ult., at the Lutheran Parsonage, Manchester, by Rev. R. Weiser, Mr. Jacob Hare to Miss Charlotte Frances Hicks of Baltimore, Md.

On the 13th ult., by the same, Mr. Alexander Monce to Lois Kneller, all of Manchester Md.

Statistics of the Lutheran Church.

One of the editors of the *Lutheran and Missionary* has been comparing the two Lutheran Almanacs of Rev. Brobst of Allentown, and Mr. Kurtz of Baltimore with a view to ascertaining the actual strength of our church in this country. We give his results as a matter of interest to all Lutherans:

"According to the Allentown account, we now have 47 synods, 1855 ministers, 3288 congregations, and 372,900 communicants. According to the Baltimore account, we have 51 synods, 1792 ministers, 3182 congregations and 350,000 communicants.

If these figures are anywhere in the neighborhood of the truth, our church in this country has doubled itself about four times within the last 25 years!

But, the truth is considerably in excess of either of these summaries. The data on which this appears, may be found in these Almanacs themselves. The Allentown book, for example, gives the total number of our ministers as 1855; and yet it gives us the names and residences of 1903. The Baltimore book gives the total number of our ministers as 1792; and yet it gives the names and residences of 1921. This shows that neither of the authors of these tables and lists has fully canvassed his materials, and that the sum total of our statistics is much greater than is stated.

Another curious fact is, that the Allentown book gives names and residences of 63 Lutheran ministers not at all embraced in the Baltimore book; and the Baltimore book gives the names and residences of 109 Lutheran ministers not at all noted in the Allentown book.

If we, then

Children's Department.

HOME.

Home's not merely four square walls.
Though hung with pictures nicely gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with smiles the heart hath builded.

Home's go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heavens above us;
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room;
Home needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom—
Where there's some kind heart to cheer it!

What is home with none to meet?
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
When there's one we LOVE to meet us.

Do it Well.

Said Harry, throwing down the shoe brush: "There, that'll do, my shoes don't look very bright. No matter, who cares?"

"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," replied a serious but pleasant voice.

Harry started, and turned round to see who spoke. It was his father. Harry blushed. His father said:

"Harry, my boy, your boots look wretchedly. Pick up your brush and make them shine. When they look as they should, come into the library."

"Yes, pa," replied Harry, putting down his shoe brush and taking up his brush in a very good humor. He brushed the dull boots until they shone nicely. When the boots were polished, he went to his father, who said to him:

"My son, I want to tell you a short story. I once knew a poor boy whose mother taught him the proverb: 'Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.' That boy went to be a servant in a gentleman's family. He took pains to do everything well, no matter how trivial it seemed. His employer was pleased and took him into his shop. He did his work well there. When he swept out the shop he did that well. When he was sent on an errand he went quickly, and did his work faithfully. When he was told to make out a bill or enter an account, he did that well.

"This pleased his employer, so that he advanced him step by step, until he became clerk, then a partner, and now a rich man, and anxious that his son Harry should learn to practice the rule which made him prosper."

"Why, pa, were you a poor boy once?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my son, so poor that I had to go to a family and black boots, wait on the table, and do other little menial services for a living. By doing those things well, I was soon put, as I have told you, to do things more important. Obedience to the proverb, with God's blessing, made me a rich man."

Harry never forgot the conversation. Whenever he felt like slighting a piece of work, he thought of it, and felt spurred to do his work properly. "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," cheered him in his daily duties.

Little Kindnesses.

As I was trundling up town in the omnibus, in the stifling agony of one of those dreadful afternoons, there was a poor young woman carrying a huddled basket full of something or other. It was intolerably heavy, and I saw the poor girl actually panting upon the curbstone as we came up. I knew, moreover, she had no money to spare for her passage, but she must pay it or sink in the street. The omnibus was full, crowded—Everybody wished everybody else out of it. Everybody's elbow transpired his neighbor. Everybody's collar was prostrate, and an intense expression of "pshaw!" was imprinted upon everybody's reeking countenance. The omnibus stopped, and the weary young woman with the enormous basket appeared at the door. There was a universal gasp of horror. But suddenly I heard a pleasant voice saying:

"Hear, my dear, sit here!"

I turned and beheld old Carbuncle, the millionaire. He smiled, and squeezed, and said to his neighbor, "We must make room here!" And his neighbor was compelled to make room, and the girl came in, doing as she could with her load. Old Carbuncle took it as she approached, and rested the weight of it upon his knees, so that if anybody had complaints to make, he might complain of him. Then he said to the young woman:

"My dear, this is a very heavy load for a very hot day."

She said something which nobody could hear, and the old gentleman did not insist upon conversation; but when she came to her stopping place, he had paid for her passage, and he handed her basket over—and the young woman—

very sure she—

disappeared. I am—

happier for that little service than if he had given her ten dollars with a lofty air of condescension. It was a dinner of herbs, and content therewith, which should have infinitely preferable to a possible stalled ox.

Now, very few of us could give a great many tired young women a ten dollar bill as Mr. Carbuncle can, but there's noddiness in tow who can't help a poor girl with her basket, and relieve her mind as well as her muscles by taking upon himself the burden of his neighbor's indignation about nothing. There is nobody so poor that he cannot spread this dinner of herbs for every wayfarer, and help if all of us did it, what a hospitable and happy world this would be.

What a fearful amount of friction there is in the ordinary journey of life! What occasions it! Not surely the contest with wild beasts at Ephesus, for very few of us travel by the Ephesus road. It is surely not the necessity of fighting with lions, for there are very few lions in anybody's path. The difficulty is in our shoes. It is the little peg and the little pebble. We despise them; we won't stop for any such ridiculous thing. So we're striding on, wounded at every step, until there is a blister, a fester, a sore. We won't time at all except on stalled oxen; and therefore we starve. But, dear brethren—I would say if I were a preacher—the pegs out of your shoes, and you can jump over the lions. Dine every day upon herbs, and you will not care for the ox.—Harper's Bazar.

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