

The American Lutheran.

P. ANSTADT, Editor.
C. LEPPLEY, Associate Editor.

VOL. V.

SELINSGROVE, PA. SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1869

PRICE, \$200. IN ADVANCE.
AFTER 6 MONTHS \$2.50.

NO XXVIII

Communications.

For the American Lutheran.
A Ramble through the Coal Fields of Pennsylvania.

NO. I.

In the month of June when nature is decked in her most gorgeous dress, we made a journey through the romantic coal regions of Pa. We had been there before, but not for many years, and at a time when we had not studied the coal formation, and knew very little about it. Like thousands we knew that coal was dug out of the earth, and that it would burn if ignited, but how it got into the mountains, we did not know. Modern geologists have thrown much light on this subject, it is now pretty well understood how and when coal was formed, and what constitutes its basis. We shall attend to that by and by. We will first notice our trip. We left Harrisburg and passed through a valley that terminates at the Susquehanna, and went to Pottsville by Rail. This is a very romantic route, and is called the Harrisburg and Mt. Auburn R. Road. At Mt. Auburn it joins the Pottsville & Reading R. Road. Pottsville is a thriving town, beautifully situated with a great wall of mountains all around it. Our church is in a flourishing condition under the pastorate of Rev. E. S. Henry who has labored here some 17 years with great success. From Pottsville we took the cars for Mt. Auburn, Schuylkill Haven and Pottsville, we spent but a short time in these places, and cannot say anything about our Church. Pottsville seems to be a large and flourishing city and was at one time supposed to be in the very heart of the great coal field of Pa., but this has been found to be a mistake, as we will show hereafter. From Pottsville we went by Rail to Tamaqua—this town seems to be located in a kind of triangular mountain gorge, where we would consider it very much exposed to terrible inundations. It seems to be a flourishing place, and no doubt does a large business. There is no Lutheran church here, at least no English one. From Tamaqua we passed on towards Mahanoy City, some ten miles from Tamaqua. The Railroad passes over a rude and picturesque country. You pass up through a deep mountain gorge by the side of a stream, over bridges and through excavations made out of the hill-side, with dark and gloomy forest trees on either side. The mountains covered with the beautiful laurel—*Calnia latifolia* now in full bloom—and in the low wet grounds you see the gigantic laurel or *Rhododendron Maximum*, also in full bloom. This is one of the most beautiful flowering trees in America. Nothing in the vegetable kingdom can exceed the *Rhododendron* in the beauty and delicacy of its tints. Here too flourishes the dogwood or *cornus florida*, and the Judas tree, or the *cercis canadensis*, mingling their rich white with their richer red. These beautiful trees with the occasional appearance of a cascade are a compensation for the bleak rocks that continually frown upon you. In passing on toward Mahanoy valley you see before you a huge mountain; as far as the eye can reach you can see no depression in the mountain; you wonder how you are to get over that mountain, you pass on closer and closer, all at once the mystery is solved, you enter into a long, dark, wet tunnel, and after a while you are ushered into daylight, and you are in Mahanoy valley; here you see nothing but rocks and stones, and huge, frowning and sombre pines. In a very short time the little mountain city burst in upon your astonished view. This city is one of the wonders of the coal regions—it has grown up within the last six years, and is no mean city. The population is some six thousand, and seems to be a great place for business, judging from the number of stores and shops. Six years ago the site of the city was nothing but a batter of rocks and stones, over which the wild deer could scarcely pass—now there is a fine level street, nearly a mile long, lined on either side with fine business houses that would be an honor to some of our eastern cities. Human skill and labor in addition to money, which is the motive power to all great improvements, have turned this wild rugged, stony valley into a beautiful city. It must have pushing and enterprising citizens, or it never could have made such rapid strides by way of improvement. The valley is very narrow, not more than about 400 yards wide; one sees no cultivated fields around the city, nothing is seen but rocks and mountains and coal breakers, it would be a great relief to the eye to see a green field of clover, or one waving with golden grain. There are 12 churches in this little mountain city, among which are two Lutheran churches, one belonging to the Pa. Synod, and the other to the East Pa. Synod. St. John's church is the English Lutheran church and was formerly served by Rev. M. Burkhalter now of Lewisburg, Pa. The congregation is small but efficient and energetic and has a pastor in view.

What is it that calls for such a city in the mountains of Pa? The answer is, Coal. The whole earth is full of the best coal in the world, not only the mountains, but underneath the city and all around it there is coal. This coal field is the largest anthracite coal field on the face of the earth, and is worth more than all the gold in California. No wonder people rush in great crowds to the coal regions!

But how did this coal get there? We all know how the miners get it out, but how did it get into those hills and mountains? This

question we will try to answer. The established theory now is, that all coal is of vegetable origin, and that the difference between peat, lignite, bituminous and anthracite is owing to age and pressure. That is, anthracite coal was at one time peat, then lignite, then bituminous, and became anthracite. Of this there can be no rational doubt, for under the microscope over 250 species of plants have been identified in the purest anthracite coal. The age in which the vegetables that compose the coal were produced, is called the carboniferous period. The atmosphere as we now have it, did not then exist, the earth was then surrounded with a cover of Carbonic acid gas, and consequently vegetation then was much more rapid and vigorous than now. The flora of that period was composed chiefly of cryptogamous plants, these plants grew to enormous sizes. Thus the *Lepidodendra*, a family corresponding to our present club moss (*Lycopodium*), a plant that only reaches the height of a few inches, in the Carboniferous age some times reached the height of 90 and even 100 feet, and the stem was from 6 to 8 feet in diameter. The ferns, of which more than 200 kinds are found in coal, also became very large. Prof. Turner in his "Natural History of the World," says that fern leaves were often from 15 to 25 feet high. Calamites, too, were abundant and large, and *Conifers*, perhaps something like our great red wood trees of California, also existed, and may have been even larger than those magnificent forest trees. These facts are all necessary for us to bear in mind, in order to enable us to account for the prodigious quantity of coal. We shall give the theory of the formation of coal, and try to account for its present position. But we must reserve that for another number. Talking about the formation of coal, a gentleman in Mahanoy observed, that he believed coal got into the mountains, just like other rocks; of course it did. But how did other rocks get there? That is just what we intend to show in our next number. As the only Sabbath we spent in the coal regions was in Mahanoy city, it may be interesting to our readers to know how the Sabbath is observed in a community composed of a heterogeneous mass of Americans and Europeans—Protestants and Catholics. We spent a very quiet and pleasant Sabbath; the people were all quiet and well-behaved—all seemed to be moving towards their several churches. The drinking houses are all closed, the children nearly all go to Sunday school. One cannot but be struck with the cleanliness and order, and the peace of the miners. We never saw men or women either, with fairer or whiter skins. When these men come out of the mines, they are perfectly black with coal dust, but when they are washed they are quite white. When we saw those fair white men, dressed out in their clean clothes, we just thought to ourselves, if they were as clean and pure within as without, they would do. We hope some of them are. These miners are often exposed to sudden death, and ought always to be ready for the journey to the other world. Many of them are pious and holy men, and others are no doubt like the rest of mankind, not concerned about the one thing needful.

R. W.

For the American Lutheran.
Death Bed Repentance.

Is a death bed repentance possible? From the conduct and language of many procrastinating sinners, we might be led to believe it not only possible, but very easy. They go on to death, eternity and hell, with the greatest indifference, and yet they don't expect, they have not even the most distant idea that they will be inmates of hell forever. Most, if not all, indulge the hope of being saints in glory. Such must be either practical atheists and unbelievers, or depend on the future for repentance, or even on a death bed repentance. From my own observation in the discharge of my ministerial duties, I am reluctantly compelled to say, that repentance on a dying bed is merely possible, but not probable. I suppose I do not exaggerate when I say that I have visited and covered with more than one hundred impenitent sinners on what they supposed would be their death bed. All appeared penitent in view of death, and anxious to be reconciled to God. They would repent and devote themselves to his service. Others actually professed repentance and conversion and apparently had bright hopes of heaven. Of all, however, that recovered, whether they professed conversion or simply professed reformation if restored, I can now recollect but a single one who kept his promise, and he the most hopeless case of all. Many became even worse after being restored than ever before. Some did not even recollect the exercises of mind through which they passed while sick. This shows me clearly that no confidence can be placed either in the promises of the guilty culprit, or his professed conversion, when driven to it by the fear of death and eternal punishment. It may be said that we have an example of death bed conversion in the thief on the cross. True, that is one, and only one from Genesis to Revelations. Besides, did he enjoy the privileges, opportunities and blessings of sinners in the present day? Had he the light and knowledge and means of grace we now enjoy? Was he not infinitely less guilty than sinners of the present day? We may also be referred to the hiring of the laborers at the eleventh hour, who, nevertheless, received as much as those who wrought all day. But why did they not enter the vineyard sooner? "No man hath hired us," was their answer, when asked why they

were idle. But can you, impenitent sinner, plead that excuse? No, you dare not. You would be guilty of a deliberate falsehood if you did. You have been an idler from choice. Though you have been invited, entreated and urged to come into the vineyard you have been proof against all. All the time you were resisting these calls you knew you were offending God and working out your own damnation with greediness.

But now the sinner is laid on a bed of languishing and he finds his end approaching. He sees that he has served the Devil, and that he has done all he can against God, now he wishes God to overlook the past and receive him to heaven. After spending his God given life, health, his strength of body and power of mind, in the service of sin and resisting all the overtures of mercy. Can the sinner now have the horrid presumption to ask God to accept of him, since he can serve his old master no longer. In other words, can the sinner devote the prime of life to the service of sin, and when he can resist God no longer, make an offering of his skeleton to the Lord. Daring presumption. Thank God, that his thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways ours.

We regard repentance as a voluntary act on the part of the sinner. God forces no man to repentance. He sets before him blessing and cursing, life and death, and points out the consequences of a life of sin and the rewards of holiness. Man as a reasonable being, capable of judging for himself, and as a free, moral agent, is expected to make his own choice. He hears and knows God's word. The Holy Spirit enlightens the sinner's mind and applies that word. The sinner sees his dangerous condition, but closes his eyes, and disregards it all, and plunges headlong into ruin. At length disease fastens upon him, prostrates all his physical energies and brings him down to the gate of death. His physician informs him he cannot survive. One of two things must now be done. He must either repent or perish. He has no mind or desire for either. But he is driven to the only alternative; he must make his choice. He must repent or be damned. The latter, the legitimate reward of his life of sin, he does not desire, and hence he is compelled to do the former. He does not repent from choice, but from compulsion. His sorrow is not a godly sorrow for sin, but a sorrow arising from the fear of death and eternal woe. He is sorry, not because he imbrued his hands in the blood of his fellow, but because he must suffer the penalty due to his crimes. So the sinner on his death bed repents, not because he has sinned against a just, holy and loving Father, nor because he has violated his just and righteous laws, but because he must now suffer the just penalty of his crimes. There is nothing good, noble or praiseworthy in such a repentance. But it is the sinner's only alternative, his only hope.

It is not maintained that repentance on the bed of death is utterly impossible, but I have no confidence in it. It is at best a very dangerous experiment. The previous circumstances and surroundings of the dying sinner may make a difference. A person may have been brought up and lived in total ignorance of the way of salvation till he is old, or laid on his death bed, and then for the first time learn the truth as it is in Jesus. Such an one may probably repent on his death bed, and be saved. But how any individual in a gospel land, filled with churches, Bibles, the living ministry and all the appliances of religion, can be ignorant of the way and plan of salvation, is a mystery to me. Such must be wilfully ignorant and hence without excuse. Impenitent sinner, will you stake your soul, your eternal all, on a death bed repentance? To escape from hell and fly to heaven, to avoid damnation and secure salvation, is a great and glorious work. Sinner, will you crowd this tremendous, this infinitely important work, into the short and uncertain space of a few hours of sickly existence on a dying bed? "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation."

SIGMA.

For the American Lutheran.
What Came of it, or Life and its Struggles.

NO. I.

In the winter of 1837, toward the middle of December, and while the cold winds were drifting the new fallen snow in heaps about the former homes of the Mohawk Valley—of revolutionary note—in the grey dawn of the morning, a young mother, tell for the first time the warm breath of her firstborn, as it lay close nestled to her side. All a mother's feeling was hers, and only intensified by the Doctor's ominous shake of the head, and his half audible whisper, "a premature birth, the child can not live."

The mother was a simple minded, devout Christian; one who was not afraid to take God at His word, and to trust implicitly in the Lord's promises. Her prayers had gone up to heaven like Hannah's of old, and now that God had given her this child, He could not, so she felt, disappoint her by the death of her babe. A prayer hearing and a prayer answering God still lived; and to Him, in silent prayer went up that mother's cry; "Lord since thou hast seen fit to bestow this precious gift upon thine unworthy hand-maid, hear still and spare the life of my dear child."

Thus, while the Doctor talked on of the improbability, and all but the impossibility of the child's living, and while others of the friends yielded dispondingly to the superior wisdom of their medical advisor, the mother silently, but firmly held to the arm of God by a faith which knew neither doubt nor falter. Days and even weeks came and went, and yet this little immortal kept intimating itself in the flesh. Two months of its life passed in this critical condition before any evidence of growth and real life began to develop themselves. All this time, unfalteringly, had the young mother watched and prayed; but now its cry for food, and the rapidly developing little body, said as plainly as such evidence could say, "Mother, your child shall live." Our babe now became a mother's treasure and a father's joy. He became a fine plump child, and it was with no small amount of pride that each in his or her turn, took to themselves the honor of having contributed his full share to the perpetuity of the "darling's life." In hope of saving some other child let me tell what they did, not that you may go and "do likewise" but as a warning to all mothers not to drug their little ones. Before our babe was two months old it had taken two boxes of "Mollet's pills," been subjected to a daily injection and fed on whiskey punch and soup, beside all the teas from catnip on. All this and many things I need not mention, were tried in hope of "saving the child's life; and when the poor little sufferer came through it all, with a weakened stomach, and a system debilitated generally these fond friends would triumphantly refer to their successful medicamentum, as having resulted in the salvation of the child's life. Now that he has become a man, and by study acquainted with medicine, he gives it as his deliberate opinion that he lived in spite of drugs and drug-mixers. Reader, I would not have troubled you with this part of my story, were it not for the hope of saving some other poor infant, who might by accident, be sent into this breathing world, two months before its time. There was a circumstance, which the mother at least, believed had much to do with the life of her "untimely birth." She believed then, and to this day she undoubtedly holds, that the consecration of her infant to God, even from his birth, as well as the further consecration of her boy to the work of the *holy ministry*, had most to do with the continuation of his life, a belief in which that son is a mutual sharer.

Oh, the blessed power of God's word! mother's influence! It may be said, of a truth to be well nigh irresistible, when early brought to bear upon the heart and life of her offspring. Did Christian mothers only take advantage of this opportunity, what a change would come over the morals of our world, be Christian communities. When a few months had passed, these parents brought their first-born to the altar of holy consecration, and there, through baptism, gave him into covenant relation with God, and His church, promising to faithfully bring him up in the way of the Lord, and in the fear of His commandments. I shall never forget the prayer, says that mother, of the man of God, as he stood, his white looks covering his head and adorning his temples, thrown back from his high white forehead, his feeble hand tremulously resting on the head of my child, while his voice rang forth in pathetic undertone the power of the spirit pleading within him, with God, that the child might grow up to be a man full of power and of the Holy Ghost; that he might have "souls for his hire," and these as "seals of his ministry." Thus was our little friend sealed to the church of God on earth, and brought by the same into covenant relation with the God of that Church.

Baptism, is indeed, no meaningless ceremony, when discharged in the true intent and spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Thus it proves itself in this case at least. These parents did not forget their vow to God in behalf of their child; but by careful instruction and earnest prayer they led their young son "in the way he should go," and on his young and tender conscience bound fast, by the spirit's power, the truth of God's word. His first lessons were of heaven and heavenly things. So much so, was this the case, that his mother still tells him of the two first words he ever joined in trying to speak, as Bible-words but so strongly put together, as to have given rise to no small amount of merriment in the family circle. Such was the power of the early Christian influence of home as to have led this child, at so early a period of his life, to the Saviour of men and to leave him now without the knowledge of a time when he did not know, fear and love God, through Jesus Christ the Redeemer of men. From his first recollections, until past eight years of age, he was always ready to give a reason of the hope that was in him, and anywhere to speak for and of his Lord. Were you to ask him, of any regrets of his life in the past, he would, with perceptible sorrow, point you to a period of five and a half years of his life, when through fear of the "face of clay" he made no public profession of religion. Of some of these early recollections I will tell you in my next letter. Until then think of your duty toward your own dear children.

IOXA.

Let no condition surprise you, and then you cannot be afflicted with any. A noble spirit must not vary with his fortune. There is no condition so low but may have hope, none so high that it is out of the reach of fears.

For the American Lutheran.
"Beans."

In the Green Mountain state, many years ago, was a minister who was noted for his *uniformity*. Not only in his daily habits, and devotional duties, but as well in the *manner* and *mode* of his Sabbath services, there was a remarkable sameness. It was the result of principle. He was no friend of new fangled notions. He never allowed himself to indulge in eccentricities to attract attention, nor fashionable airs and forms of utterance to please the taste of his hearers. The most familiar passages of scripture were chosen as texts, and always treated in the most time-honored manner. Preaching must be systematic after the orthodox standard; no carpenter ever squared his mortices and tenons with greater precision or worked more closely up to the scratch, than did our Puritan Divine in his pulpit performances. Every sermon served up in this good old style, some fundamental doctrine, which was sure to be stated—not often illustrated—proven and applied, with mathematical exactness.

Now, this venerable minister was a settled Pastor. This was his first charge, and he expected it would be his last. The idea of *resigning* never entered his mind, nor was the *necessity of a change* ever made a topic of church gossip. The pastoral relation was mutually regarded as sacred in its character, and life long in its obligation. Accordingly, he went on year after year, in the even tenor of his way. And as the fundamental doctrine of Christianity are neither endless in number nor exhaustless in variety, there were, of necessity, periodic rounds of repetition. And as the first sermon on Depravity presented the exact and the entire scriptural view of this doctrine, of course, whenever the proper time came round for the unfolding of this important dogma, not the same, but an exactly similar sermon was preached. And so of every other doctrine.

There are several classes of hearers who never grow weary of hearing the same thing. One is composed of those who are always interested in listening to doctrines in which they believe; and always believe in whatever their pastor preaches. Another is made up of such as are delighted with everything their pastor says, while he is saying it, but who leave the sermon and their interest in it when they leave their pews. Every sermon is new because they never know whether they have ever heard it before or not. And as this good man's congregation was mostly composed of such people, his services were not less acceptable because of their sameness.

But alas! Some itching ears are everywhere found. Though never so numerous as now, they existed in Apostolic times, and even to the Puritans they became the cause of annoyance. And in this favored portion of the Lord's vineyard, otherwise so secure from disturbance there was a single restless parishioner. He was a man of thought, of progressive mind and believed that a religious instructor should bring forth from the storehouse of truth things new as well as old. The pastor's preaching, accordingly, to him became dry, tedious, and disgusting. He bore it patiently and silently for a while; but a point at length was reached where he thought forbearance ceased to be a virtue. He ventured to speak, to complain, but only in the ear of his wife. Returning from church one day, groaning beneath his burden and stirred by the Spirit that was in him, he threw himself in his chair and exclaimed, "Wife, I can bear this no longer." Surprised at the earnestness of his utterance and without the slightest idea to what he alluded, eagerly yet meekly, the good woman inquired what he meant, only to have her surprise deepened by a still more determined exclamation, "This eternal sameness is *unendurable*. I can think of nothing like it, unless it be a cask of beans with a hole in the bottom just large enough to let one bean through at a time. Every time the cask is shaken a single bean drops, and though every time it is another bean, yet it is a *bean*, and so exactly like the other, that it requires a double magnifying microscope to see any difference between them. If at church we can have *nothing but beans*, I am resolved to stay at home."

The days of Beans are not ended. Not a few of those who claim to instruct the people religiously from the pulpit and through the press, furnish their patrons a weekly allowance of Beans. All they seem to accomplish is to so agitate the cask as to force through, one at a time a few beans. Though never the same, yet they are always Beans; and differ only as one bean differs from another. O ye who preach and print do have mercy on us. Remember "variety is the spice of life." Plug up those dribbling bean casks and give us something else. If beans alone are orthodox, a little heresy even will afford relief. If your pews are empty and your readers few, you may perhaps find the explanation in the fact that you have too long been satisfied with shaking the bean cask. RELAXATION.

THE ART OF BEING MISERABLE.—Rev. Chas. Kingsley, the English author, utters the following: "If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose."

Practical.

From the Christian Intelligencer.
The Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting.

Prayers were requested for the officers and employees of a business company, that all the unconverted might be brought to Christ. A young man said: "I request your prayers for me. I have lived a prayerless life; but have promised that I will commence praying for myself, and I hope that you will pray that I continue in this resolution until I find peace in believing on Jesus."

Earnest, believing prayer was requested for eight ministers belonging to the parish church and chapel-of-ease of a large, gay, fashionable town, a watering-place in England—that God would make them pastors after His own heart who would preach Christ and Him crucified, and not-shun to declare the whole counsel of God; that by the quickening energy of the Holy Spirit—where now death reigns—multitudes of precious souls, for whom Christ died may be born again, and the work of the Lord prosper accordingly.

A minister requested prayers for his church and congregation. The members were lukewarm and the congregation careless, he said, and there was need that the work of the Lord should be revived among them. "Pray that God may give me grace and power to preach His whole counsel."

Another requested prayers for a young man who that morning promised that he would seek the favor of the Lord, that he may have grace to fulfil his promise.

The leader read a request from an aged widow in Wisconsin, requesting prayers that God may be glorified in the salvation of her soul, her only son, her only daughter, and her grandchildren.

The leader also read a letter from Chicago, in substance as follows: "Last winter I requested an interest in your prayers in behalf of my dear husband, who has been an habitual drunkard for over twenty years; now I return thanks to the Lord that, through your intercessions, He has been pleased to hear and deliver my husband from that sin. For more than six months he has not drunk anything to intoxicate. It is the Lord's doing; and now I beg you to pray for his conversion, that he may come to the Saviour with his whole heart."

Another requested: "Pray for my daughter. She has forsaken the God of her father and mother, and as she is often with you in your meetings, will you not pray especially for her."

Another asked: "Oh, pray for the only son of my mother, for whom she has prayed for twenty-four years. He is still in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity. Oh, pray for him! Oh, pray for him!"

Another said: "I sincerely request the prayers of this meeting for one who is trying hard to forsake his ways of sin and become a Christian. Pray for him, that the Holy Spirit may enlighten his mind and convert his soul."

Another said: "It was with great perplexity the other day that I arose in this meeting to request your prayers in my behalf, that I might be enabled to refrain entirely from intoxicating drink. I am in my fiftieth year, and in nineteen years that I have been in this country, I have been engaged no less than twenty-seven times in eighteen mercantile houses in the city, and have been discharged from each engagement (with two exceptions) for intemperance. All these were situations of responsibility. The two exceptions were from old employers who, seeing me striving to be steady, offered me inducements to come back to them. My parents were pious. They have long since departed this life, and I believe they are now in heaven. I was in Sabbath-school as a scholar, and many years as teacher. The use of intoxicating drinks, early commenced, grew on me, and they soon became my master; and I have been their slave for many years, and have suffered as none can tell but those who have endured like sufferings. I believe the Lord is about breaking away my bands, as I have been free since I asked your prayers, and I again ask you to pray that God will cure me of the appetite effectually, and save my soul for Jesus' sake."

Another said: "My young friend has been a victim to the cup and gambling-table, and, after much remonstrance, he has signed the pledge, and promised to abstain from them both; and I ask your prayers that grace may be given him to keep his pledge that he may truly repent of his sins, and be brought into the fold of Christ. He is a young man of education and good natural abilities, and is worth saving."

Another said: "Several times I have requested an interest in your prayers, and the religion of Jesus has never appeared to me to be more a divine reality than since I have enjoyed the privilege of meeting with you. I have asked your prayers for myself, when in great trouble, and also for my friends; and God's blessing has followed in all these cases, and I have abundant cause of thankfulness to God, and feel encouraged to once more request you to pray for a friend, a conversation, with whom I have had some conversation, and who says he believes it would be well if all business-men were Christians, and expresses the hope that he might become a Christian. Now I ask prayer that the ignorance and unbelief of this man may be overcome. I mean the ignorance which is so

manifest in him on the subject of salvation, and the means of obtaining it (in other respects he has good education and a sound understanding); that he may be led to use the means God's grace has provided, that light may shine into his benighted mind and heart."

Another said: "A friend induced me to ask your prayers for myself, and I believe God is answering them. Pray on, brethren, for the sake of Jesus, and don't forget to pray for me."

"Once I had hope in the love of God," said a middle aged man; "but I am not now satisfied. My mind is dark, very dark; and if you have faith, I hope you will pray for me." And so they did, with all the indications of earnestness and faith, for him and for all who had sought an interest in their prayers.

Success without Happiness.

The papers are filled with eulogies of the late Editor of the New York Times. He was, next to Horace Greeley, the best known and ablest of American journalists. He wielded a wide influence, and had many friends. His success was the result of his own energy, and he had a right, therefore, to rejoice in it. To show how he won his high position a contemporary gives this brief biography:

"He was born in the town of Lima, in Livingston county, New York, January 24, 1820 the son of a farmer, who had slender means to gratify his desire of an education. He once told a friend how he milked two cows all winter to get the money to buy a Greek grammar! But that courage of the boy gave promise of the success of the man. The spirit that could do that could do anything. In a few years he made his way to college at Burlington in Vermont. There on the shores of Lake Champlain he spent four years, graduating at the head of his class, and then at the age of twenty came to New York, a stranger, without a friend, and with scarce an acquaintance, except that he had once seen Horace Greeley! He first began to study in a law office, but soon offered himself to Mr. Greeley, who was about starting *The Tribune*, and so began the life of a journalist."

Yet Mr. Raymond, though seemingly one of fortune's favorites, was not happy. A brother editor, who knew him intimately, says of him:

"Outwardly placid and passionless, strangers little suspected that, under the surface, he was restless and unhappy. His chery spirit was shaded with an unmistakable tinge of something like misanthropy—not the result of nature, but of circumstances we need not say how or when. To his friends he sometimes confessed that there was a worm in his soul gradually gnawing away the fine aspirations of his earlier years. It is useless to draw his intellectual portrait without recognizing this dominant fact. There are certain frosts of the human heart which, when once they blight it, make it sure forever. Not that he grew weary of the world—he was too patient and cheerful for that; but he gradually ripened into Solomon's desolate conviction that all things are vanity."

Why was this prosperous and gifted man unhappy? Whence this worm that gnawed within? Another of his friends tells us. Wishing as a Christian to say all that could be said in regard to the religious character of the man he loved, he lets us into the secret of that unhappiness of which the other writes. He says:

"When such a man is taken away there is always a natural curiosity on the part of the Christian public to know something of his religious belief and life. When a young man Mr. Raymond was a member of a church, and when he left college, had it not been for the necessities of immediate work for his support and to help his father, he had intended to enter the ministry. After he went to New York he united with the church of Dr. Potts, of which he was a regular attendant for many years. But the excitement of politics is not favorable to a religious life, and of late years he was drawn away more from the habits of earlier manhood. And yet recent events taught him sadly the need of religious faith and consolation."

Ah, yes; the excitement of politics, the engrossments of business, the gilded bubbles of worldly fame, these drew away his heart from God, and yet they could not fill and satisfy it. He tried the experiment for himself which Solomon and thousands since have tried, and with the same result—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Had Mr. Raymond kept warm and bright that Christian faith of his "earlier manhood," he might have been just as successful in life, just as useful, just as honored, and a great deal happier. Will not the young heed the lesson that is repeated by the experience of this great, yet sad man; this almost peerless journalist, who lived and died with a worm gnawing at his heart?—*Chr. World.*

On Commemoration Day, at Charleston, S. C., Chief Justice Chase said: "The dead are not dead. They have only gone before, and now see eye to eye. Why may not we all borrow from their sacred graves oblivion of past differences, and henceforth unite in noble and generous endeavor to assure the honor and welfare of our whole country, of all her States and of all her citizens."

A lady in Baltimore has immortalized herself by shooting a mad dog while two men were searching for a hatchet with which to kill him.

Sellingrove Pa., July 17, 1869.

Editorial Items.

MILTON, PA.—We spent a most delightful Sabbath in Milton with Rev. U. Graves, whom we assisted at a communion season. Although the weather was intensely warm, yet the spacious house was densely filled both morning and evening. We preached the communion sermon in the morning, and we never had a more attentive audience or witnessed a deeper solemnity at the celebration of the Lord's Supper. As the number of communicants was very large the service was interrupted, and concluded in the evening.

In the evening Rev. Truckenmiller, from Ohio, who was to the East on a visit to his friends, preached a very interesting and instructive sermon on the superiority of Faith to sight, and the communion service was completed.

In the afternoon we had a very pleasant ride to the Center Church, about six miles from Milton, which is at present served by bro. Graves. This church in consequence of being destitute of a pastor for a long time had become very much reduced and discouraged, but since they are again supplied with a pastor in the person of Rev. U. Graves their congregation is looking up. Not only is there a good attendance on the preaching, but they also have a flourishing Sabbath school. As there is a large and rich agricultural district around this church the people might easily support a pastor for themselves if they would all unite in his support. We hope the day is not distant when this shall be accomplished. In passing through this fertile district of country we could not help being impressed with the rich golden harvest that was everywhere waving in the breeze and just ripe for the sickle. Never, since our earliest recollections, did we observe such a general promise of a good harvest in all kinds of grain, vegetables and fruits. Are we as a people sufficiently thankful to our heavenly Father for these rich bounties of his Providence?

The completion of the church building at Milton has for various reasons been delayed, but the workmen are beginning their labors upon it again this week and it is confidently believed that it will be entirely completed in the course of three or four months. It will then be the largest and handsomest church in all this region round about.

THE BLACK-BOARD EXERCISE.—We direct the attention of our readers to the example of a Black-Board exercise in the Sunday School Column of this week. This is not a mere fancy sketch, but an exercise actually gone through with in this Sunday school last Sabbath by Mr. J. J. Rehman. Outside of the cities and larger inland towns the black-board is seldom used in the Sunday school. But this mode of instruction is just as practicable in the country as it is in the city, and we would advise our Sunday school superintendents to try it in their schools all over the country. The specimen in this paper will give a pretty correct idea of the manner in which it is done, which will vary, however with every passage of Scripture that is to be explained or illustrated. Perhaps Bro. Rehman will favor us with some more of these black-board exercises, which cannot help but make his column intensely interesting and useful to Sunday school superintendents and teachers.

HEMPERLEY'S GALLERY.—We had occasion, the other day to visit Mr. M. R. Hemperley's Photograph Gallery in this place, and have our likenesses taken. We were agreeably surprised to have so fine a picture produced, which for delicacy of shading and a proper tone could not be surpassed. Mr. Hemperley has his gallery arranged in excellent order and is prepared to take pictures at all times and of all sizes. Give him a call and get a good likeness of yourself or your friends.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE MISSIONARY INSTITUTE, at Sellingrove, Pa., has come to hand. The following persons compose the Faculty and instructors: Rev. H. Ziegler, D. D., Superintendent, and Theological Professor; Rev. P. Born, A. M., Principal of Classical Department; Philip H. Bentz, Professor of Mathematics, &c.; Henry F. Long, W. R. Caveney, and H. C. Hatcher, Tutors.

The whole number of students in attendance during the last year was 128, two names having been omitted through mistake from the printed list in the catalogue. For the beginning and close of sessions, terms &c., see advertisement in another column, or address Rev. P. Born, Sellingrove, Pa.

REV. U. GRAVES, of Milton, Pa., is about taking his summer vacation, in a trip to New York state, Canada, Niagara Falls, &c. He will write for the columns of the AMERICAN LUTHERAN, during his journey, and give us such matters of interest as may fall under his observation as he passes along. We wish him a pleasant and interesting vacation and a safe return to his people.

THE Isaac Sprecher has been elected Professor of Ancient Languages in Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, vice Rev. Dr. M. Diehl, deceased.

Rev. S. Sherer and Gettysburg Theology.

Rev. S. Sherer has been most fiercely assailed in the *Evangelical Lutheran*, for publishing a synopsis of doctrines found in the Symbolical Books for the consideration of his brethren, by a certain writer who signs himself "Gamma." This writer, not content with heaping abuse upon the person of Rev. Sherer, goes out of his way to revile and slander the institutions of the General Synod at Gettysburg, saying among other things that, "they were likely to become the greatest curse upon the Christian community." To this and other defamatory declarations, Rev. S. Sherer makes the following manly and dignified reply:

"I wish to know of you Sir, whether you are a fair specimen of rigid symbolists? If so, the Lord deliver us from their 'tender mercies.' Some of us may not have the antipathy to the Book of Concord, you imagine. We may heartily wish to endorse every sentiment in it if true. But when we say we believe, we wish to feel that we believe. Hence we must first be convinced by what to us seems fair argument. If you attempt to force us by ridicule and gag law, and abuse, you mistake your men. Let me tell you plainly, and all the world besides that I am not at all in sympathy with all your hard sayings about Gettysburg Theology—implicating venerable fathers in our Church, some living, some dead. I point to our most liberal and flourishing churches as its fruits. I am not the special advocate of the 'religious teaching' of the 'Gettysburg school,' but then I seriously doubt whether you have a Theology really better to offer us. You say of the religious teaching desired by the children of the Gettysburg school, that it is 'likely to become the greatest curse of Christian communities.' It has already opened the door to ungodliness, immorality, and infidelity. Now Sir, I pronounce the assertion equivocal, unwarrantable and uncharitable, and just cause of offense to all who have taught and learned in said school, and to all its patrons, whatever it may be their theological views. Justice to yourself and those whom you have so insolently misrepresented, demand that you give proof of what you have asserted. You speak arrogantly. 'It is not seemly for you to speak thus.' You remind me much of something that I will not now mention, as I may have occasion some time hence. With all your ostentatious familiarity with your Bible there appears to remain one most excellent chapter which you have never studied much. For your special benefit will you see I Cor. 13. read and study it; particularly vs. 4, 5.

In conclusion Sir, What of this paper discussion? much like most of its predecessors. Considerable has been said; comparatively little on the Positions. I hold you responsible for the digression. Why did you not proceed and explain, avoiding unprovoked personalities? reducing me to the necessity of answering as I have. It is now clearer to my mind that the floor of Synod is the better place to consider the Points where I hope to meet you if you will venture out of the shade." S. SHERER.

CONVERSATION IN THE SANCTUM

BETWEEN PETER, JAMES AND JOHN.

John.—I observe that the AMERICAN LUTHERAN has been attacked by no less than four Lutheran church papers within a week or two, namely the *Luth. & Missionary*, the *Lutheran Visitor*, the *Evangelical Lutheran*, and the *Zeitschrift*. I fear by their combined strength they will tear us to pieces, according to the German proverb, "Viele Hunde sind des Hasen Tod."

James.—Dont be alarmed; all the symbolists in the world, of every shade and color combined, will not be able to destroy the AMERICAN LUTHERAN. I think it is really a good sign, that the symbolists are so furiously set against our paper. When I pass an orchard and see that a great many clubs and stones have been thrown at a particular apple tree while the others have been left undisturbed, I at once conclude that this must be a good tree, while the others are either crab or sour apple trees. So the clubs and stones thrown at the AMERICAN LUTHERAN by the symbolists are an indication of its intrinsic worth. Let us thank God, and take courage.

Peter.—Well, let us hear what they are doing against us.

John.—The *Luth. & Miss.* has an article by a writer who signs himself "Codfish Kitchen," or some such name. He writes that he fell asleep under a haystack and had a very singular dream, in which it appeared to him that he came to Sellingrove, sneaked into our Sanctum, and clandestinely overheard our conversation. I think the poor fellow must have been in great pain, for the greater part of his article is about Wolcott's Pain Killer.

James.—Very likely he had a severe colic, or the nightmare. But all this shows the tremendous effect which the AMERICAN LUTHERAN is producing on the minds of these symbolists; not only are their combined efforts in their four or five papers concentrated against it, but it also haunts them in their sleep, and forms the burden of their dreams.

John.—Codfish complains also in his dream that the articles of our correspondent "Vera" on their Church Book were very unfortunate.

James.—I believe that is true; these articles were very unfortunate for them. For Vera exposed the glaring inconsistency of their professions with their practice. They teach in their Church Book, for instance, the necessity of private confession and absolution, and that the people are to regard the absolution of the priest the same as the forgiveness of God. But they have never yet had the courage to put their teachings on this and some other subjects into practice in any congregation belonging to the Synod of Pa.—We expect to hear from Vera soon again.

John.—Codfish further boasts in his dream that the symbolists have nearly all the scholars of the church on their side, and that when ever a man becomes a student, and gets book-

ed up he generally turns symbolist.

James.—That is refreshingly cool this warm weather. Codfish will need no ice all summer. Do these symbolists really believe that wisdom must live and die with them? For my part, I must say that some of the most stupid blockheads that I have ever met with were bigoted symbolists.

Peter.—We are wasting too much time on this codfish. Pass on to something else.

John.—Brother Aldrich, editor of the *Evangelical Lutheran* is very severe on us on account of James' editorial a short time ago, entitled "Studying the Symbolical Books," especially that passage which asserted that Dr. Bittle "evidently lied" when he told the Pa. Synod that the Southern church sympathized with the Gen. Council in doctrine and practice. He says, "men may believe and assert what is incorrect, without intentionally perpetrating a lie, and that it is a burning disgrace to do so common Christianity, that so vulgar and debasing an epithet should be applied to a Christian gentleman." He says the word delusion, or mistake, or error, or perhaps perversion would be a more polite and elegant term. I told James at the time he was using too harsh a term which would be likely to give offence.

James.—I like to call things by their right names, and then there can be no mistake about my meaning. Of course an untruth when told unintentionally or ignorantly is no lie, but then it had been stated in black and white that nine-tenths of the laity and the great majority of the ministers agreed in doctrine and practice with the Gen. Synod, (or words to that effect, I do not remember the precise terms) and at the same time there is a controversy going on in the North Carolina Synod, a specimen of which can be seen in our paper to-day in Rev. Sherer's reply to a symbolist who had attacked him: Can it be supposed that Dr. Bittle was ignorant of all this when he made that declaration before the Pa. Synod? But he was guilty of a still greater "delusion" when he declared before that body, that the Southern church had been driven out ("kicked out," was his unclassical term) of the Gen. Synod, whilst he must have known that the Gen. Synod did all in its power to keep them in, postponing its meeting a whole year in the hope that the war would end before that time and they could attend the meeting. And as the war resolutions of the General Synod at Lancaster were doubtless regarded by the Southern Church as the thing that "kicked them out," and as these resolutions were prepared by Dr. Passavant, a prominent member of the General Council, and published in the *Luth. & Miss.*, the organ of the General Council, and as the delegates of the General Council voted for these resolutions just as heartily as the delegates of any other Synod, therefore the Penna. Synod made itself *particeps criminis* by endorsing this lie, delusion, perversion, or whatever you may choose to call it, as it fell from Dr. Bittle's lips.

Peter.—Well, we will close the discussion now, and I would simply advise James to be a little more elegant and refined in his language when he speaks of the symbolists, for words will thus cut keener against our adversaries than when they are too blunt.

Sermon Delivered July 4th.

By REV. W. H. STRECK, PASTOR OF THE ENGLISH EVANGELICAL LUTH. CHURCH, COLUMBIA, PA.

ESTHER, 9th chap., 28 verse:—"These days should be remembered and kept throughout every generation; every family, every province and every city."

[The occasion and circumstances which suggested our text were briefly these: One Haman, a designing and unprincipled man, was plotting the ruin of the Jewish people, when Esther, a Jewess, whose life was devoted to her nation, was exalted to the throne of the Medes and Persians. Through her instrumentality under Divine Providence, Haman the traitor, was hung upon the gallows he had prepared for the Jewish patriot, Mordecai, whose influence, united with that of the Queen, saved the Jews from the fearful massacre with which they had been threatened. In commemoration of their deliverance they instituted a religious festival of two days' continuance, which the Jews were sacredly to observe every year.]

God's ancient people are not the only nation that has set apart days commemorative of great deliverances and great events. We also have our national holidays commemorative of great national deliverances, among which, perhaps, there is none observed with greater enthusiasm and unanimity than *Independence Day*; and, concerning these days, as year after year they return, the sentiments and feelings of a patriotic, liberty-loving people are like those expressed in our text:

"That these days should be remembered and kept throughout every generation; every family, every province and every city."

Without any further introductory we come to the subject of our discourse.

"Independence Day"—the reason *why* and the manner in which it ought to be observed. As not quite a century has elapsed since the immortal declaration went forth to the world which under God, has made us a free people, it is not necessary to refer to the cause and circumstances which lead to its adoption. Suffice it to say that long enough had the American colonies endured unwarred grievances as British subjects. Like the air they breathed they would be free; and their brave and stirring words once expressed in the Declaration, they were ready to maintain to the bitter death, the great principles for which they pledged their lives their fortunes and their sacred honor. For their high resolves and stirring words in Congress assembled, when they calmly deliberated and nobly resolved for Independence, we honor them. For their sacrifice of blood and treasure in the maintenance of their rights as freemen, we should greatly remember them.

Because of what they did, and what they suffered, and what they achieved they should be remembered and these days should be kept.

The Jews remembered with gratitude, Queen Esther and Mordecai who, under God effected for them a great deliverance. So should we remember the patriot dead who periled their all counting not their lives too dear, that they might transmit to us the precious boon of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Keeping these days by honoring the nation's dead for their worthy deeds, we should not forget or neglect to honor God, under whom they became the nation's deliverers. On our days of national rejoicing we are not to forget how it is written:

"Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. But God is the Judge of all: he putteth down one and setteth up another."

Following the example of the pious Jew, these days should be religiously observed. If patriots indeed, true to ourselves, true to our country and true to God, we will remember and keep them, with praise and thanksgiving to the God of our fathers. Not in rioting and drunkenness, dishonoring the name of the patriot dead, but with songs of gladness, with ringing bells, and with music's joyous strains let the day be remembered and kept ever more. Let the Christian patriot rejoice, that his rejoicing be in the Lord. Let the hearts of the children be made glad on the return of this day, but teach them *why* and *how* they should rejoice. Show them that the liberty they enjoy is not a gross license to do evil either to themselves or to others.

The God of our fathers and the God of battles then, He should be the God of their children and the God of peace now.

Tenderly thinking of those who sleep in patriots graves, joyfully we'll listen to the pangs of many bells which say by their joyous notes—the nation lives though her sons have perished.

Having so recently passed through the second baptism of fire and blood the memories of which still linger with us, our soil made doubly sacred; twice red with patriots' blood, with a double emphasis we now may say:

"The land is holy where they fought, And holy where they fell, For by their blood the land was bought—The land they loved so well."

Doubly precious should our country and her free institutions be to us now since twice redeemed with the price of blood. Remembering how Liberty came to us through agony and sweat and blood, and prayer and faith, and knowing how the blood of the noble slain was poured out like water on Freedom's soil, we may we ask,

"Lives there a man with soul so dead, That never to himself he said: This is my own, my native land?"

Lives there a patriot in all the land, who cannot say in the touching and appropriate language of our text: "That these days should be remembered and kept throughout every generation; every family, every province and every city." May they be remembered and kept long years to come; and when kept no more by us, may others arise to call blessed the "nation's dead," to honor God and love their country.

Wittenberg College.

From the *Kirchenfreund* we gather the following interesting facts transpiring at Springfield, Ohio, during the late commencement exercises of Wittenberg College. The examinations indicated, that the institution is making educational progress instead of retrograding. The address of Rev. J. Hinderer, of Troy, O., before the Theological Alumni, was a thorough, philosophical discussion of the necessity of a Revelation. The thanks of the association were tendered him. Rev. S. P. Sprecher, of Albany, N. Y., chosen as the next speaker, with Rev. W. J. Fiery of Mansfield, O., as his alternate. Rev. W. W. Oriley, of Indianapolis addressed the Alumni of the College, His theme was "Man's position in the Universe." His address was carefully prepared, and well delivered. He showed that man, as a rational spirit, not only stood at the head of all creatures belonging to the natural creation, but that, through redemption, he is capacitated for a position analogous to that of angels in the world of immortality. Rev. Mr. Helwig, of Cincinnati, was appointed speaker for the next year.

The Baccalaureate of Dr. Sprecher, was extraordinary manifestations of the peculiar power of the soul. It was handled with great ability, exhibiting profundity of thought as well as practical wisdom, and delivered in felicitous terms with the freshness and vigor of youth.

The Commencement Exercises were held in Black's Hall, which was crowded with a large and appreciative audience. The graduating class numbered twelve. They are represented as having exhibited a high degree of intellectual culture, speaking like philosophers and statesmen, concerning the mysteries of nature, the history of the world, and the affairs of social life. If spared by Providence, they will be heard from in the arena of life.

The number of students present during the year was 161, distributed as follows:—Theological students 6, Seniors 12, Juniors 12, Sophomores 22, Freshmen 27, Partial Course 7, Preparatory Department 73. The endowment funds amount to \$87,000, of which \$5000 were contributed during the past year. An effort was commenced among the graduates, numbering already 137, to endow an "Alumni Professorship," and about \$6000 subscribed by those present. Rev. Myers, of Oregon, gave \$1000, several \$500, and others smaller sums. The hope is cherished that the whole amount needed will be forthcoming during the year. We congratulate Wittenberg College on its literary progress, with success to the Board and the Alumni in their endowment efforts, and commend it to all the parents and guardians on its territory who have sons and wards to educate, as an institution worthy of the most liberal patronage.—*Luth. Observer.*

Sunday-School.

All communications intended for this Department should be addressed to

JOHN J. REHMAN, EDITOR OF S. S. COLUMN HARRISBURG, PA.

Blackboard Lesson.

We gave a few Sabbaths since the following Black-Board exercise as a review upon the lesson of the day from Luke 1: 67—80. Being at school early, we placed upon the Board the following as the *Central Thought*: BLESSED BE THE LORD GOD OF ISRAEL,

and also the words from the lesson arranged as follows:

Visited. Redeemed. Promise. Fathers. Darkness. Sins. Salvation. Knowledge. Guide. Peace.

Then by questions drawn from the scholars such as would at once suggest themselves after having divided the subject into two separate heads as follows: WHAT HAS HE DONE? and WHY HAS HE DONE IT?

To the question, WHAT HAS HE DONE we receive the answers:

He hath visited and redeemed his people. He hath kept his word of promise. Which he gave to our Fathers.

then to WHY HAS HE DONE IT? we get the answers:

To give light to them that sit in darkness. To give remission of sins. To give knowledge of salvation.

To guide our feet in the way of peace. And thus by erasing a few words and adding others, in explanation of some of the passages we have the following, which can be sung to any 8 & 7 tune.

BLESSED BE THE GOD OF ISRAEL, He doth VISIT, he doth SAVE, He hath kept his word of PROMISE, Which he to our FATHERS gave.

LIGHT us in our day of DARKNESS, Bid our SINS and sorrows cease, Give us KNOWLEDGE of SALVATION, GUIDE us in the way of PEACE.

Kindness Conquers.

The superintendent of a Home for Orphan Children found one of them so wild and unmanageable, that he was forced to resort to severe measures to keep him within proper bounds. One day he was brought up for some misdemeanor, and as usual a flogging was the only alternative. It so happened that the superintendent's little daughter was by, and as she saw the lad brought forward, she burst into tears, and, touching with pity, slipping her hand into her father's, she said,

"He looks sorry, papa; please forgive him, and he won't do so again."

He reflected a moment, and then called the boy to him and asked him what he had to say in vindication of his conduct.

"Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only I am sorry for what I have done."

Turning a kind and pitiful look on the boy, who expected nothing else but a repetition of his punishment, the superintendent said,

"This little girl says that if we forgive you this time, you will not do it again."

Tears started to the boy's eyes as he said, gently,

"And she is right, sir; I will not do it again," and from that hour, as the officer said afterwards, he was like a new boy.

Kindness will bend when harshness cannot break. Mercy and forgiveness are not unfrequently the best reformers.

It is a true saying, that they who begin by loving Christianity better than truth, will proceed by loving their own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving themselves better than all.—*Coleridge.*

The following anecdote is related of the Rev. Joshua Brookes, of Manchester, England, who is said to have had an irritable temper:—

"The churchyard was surrounded by a low parapet wall, with sharp ridged coping, to walk along which required nice balancing of the body, and was one of the favorite feats of the neighboring boys. The practice greatly annoyed Joshua; and one day, while reading the burial-service at the grave-side, his eye caught a chimney-sweep walking on the wall. This caused the eccentric chaplain, by abruptly giving an order to the beadle, to make the following interpolation in the solemn words of the funeral-service: 'And I heard a voice from heaven, saying—knock that black rascal off the wall!'"

A QUAKER WIT.—A gay young spark, of a deistical turn, travelling in a stage-coach, forced his sentiments upon the company by attempting to ridicule the Scriptures, and, among other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath; strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into a giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and in particular to a grave gentleman of the denomination called Quakers, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage. "Indeed, friend," replied he, "I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine."

NOTICE.—A full phonographic report of the great National Sunday School Convention held at Newark, N. J., during the month of April has been published, having been present at all the sessions of that great gathering we can heartily endorse the report as being accurate, full and complete, and we believe there is not a Sunday School worker in the land but would be largely benefited by securing a copy of this work. See Book Notices.

Southern Church News.

RESIGNATION.—We learn, that the Rev. Mr. Houck has sent in his resignation. Reason: want of support.

Brother Houck is a strong man, and though afflicted, yet able to do the Church some service. We hope that he will not be permitted to eat the bread of idleness for any length of time. His charge, composed of Trinity and Pine Grove churches, reported at last Synod, 1868, 146 members, and we feel confident that with a little more self-denial, love for the Redeemer, and energy on the part of the councils, is abundantly able to support a minister.

REV. L. M. MANN, has received a call from Burkettville, Maryland. It is thought that he will accept. The choice could hardly have fallen on either a better or a worthier man, but we are decidedly opposed to giving our Mann up. We need every man, and it grieves us to part with any. But if it is the Lord's will that our brother depart for another field, we submit.

LOVETTSVILLE, VA.—The building of the new church is progressing. The plastering is about done, and the dedication will probably take place about the last of August or first of September. Cost about \$11,000.

MARTINSBURG, VA.—Rev. J. Summers, Hayfield, Va., has received a call to supply the vacancy. We know not whether he has accepted.

MIDDLETOWN, MD.—The Rev. V. F. Bolton of Schaghticoke, N. Y., has declined the unanimous call extended to him from the church at Middletown, Md.

Church News.

READING, PA.—It is known to our readers that Rev. S. Domer of Sellingrove, has recently gone to Reading, Pa., to take charge of St. Mathew's Lutheran Church of that place. We are glad to hear that he is very much encouraged in his labors during the short time that he has been there. His people have been very kind to him and there is a large and increasing attendance upon his preaching. We clip the following notice of his sermon on Sunday evening the 4th of July from the *Reading Evening Dispatch*.

"ELOQUENT ADDRESS.—In consequence of a press of matter incident to our National Independence Day, we have thus far failed to notice the eloquent and patriotic address delivered by the Rev. S. Domer, pastor of the St. Mathew's Lutheran Church, Franklin St. on Sunday evening last. The church was well filled with the members and strangers, who were kept spell-bound for nearly an hour by the very able arguments and facts of our national affairs, as promulgated by the Rev. gentleman. He spoke at some length on the subject of the American nation, and touching with pity; slipping her hand into her father's, she said, 'He looks sorry, papa; please forgive him, and he won't do so again.' He reflected a moment, and then called the boy to him and asked him what he had to say in vindication of his conduct. 'Nothing, sir,' was the reply, 'only I am sorry for what I have done.' Turning a kind and pitiful look on the boy, who expected nothing else but a repetition of his punishment, the superintendent said, 'This little girl says that if we forgive you this time, you will not do it again.' Tears started to the boy's eyes as he said, gently, 'And she is right, sir; I will not do it again,' and from that hour, as the officer said afterwards, he was like a new boy. Kindness will bend when harshness cannot break. Mercy and forgiveness are not unfrequently the best reformers. It is a true saying, that they who begin by loving Christianity better than truth, will proceed by loving their own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving themselves better than all.—Coleridge. The following anecdote is related of the Rev. Joshua Brookes, of Manchester, England, who is said to have had an irritable temper:—'The churchyard was surrounded by a low parapet wall, with sharp ridged coping, to walk along which required nice balancing of the body, and was one of the favorite feats of the neighboring boys. The practice greatly annoyed Joshua; and one day, while reading the burial-service at the grave-side, his eye caught a chimney-sweep walking on the wall. This caused the eccentric chaplain, by abruptly giving an order to the beadle, to make the following interpolation in the solemn words of the funeral-service: 'And I heard a voice from heaven, saying—knock that black rascal off the wall!'"

A QUAKER WIT.—A gay young spark, of a deistical turn, travelling in a stage-coach, forced his sentiments upon the company by attempting to ridicule the Scriptures, and, among other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath; strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into a giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and in particular to a grave gentleman of the denomination called Quakers, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage. "Indeed, friend," replied he, "I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine."

NOTICE.—A full phonographic report of the great National Sunday School Convention held at Newark, N. J., during the month of April has been published, having been present at all the sessions of that great gathering we can heartily endorse the report as being accurate, full and complete, and we believe there is not a Sunday School worker in the land but would be largely benefited by securing a copy of this work. See Book Notices.

Dr. McCron at Roanoke:—We clip the following item from an exchange in reference to the address of Dr. McCron before the Literary Societies of Roanoke College at its recent commencement: On Tuesday evening the Rev. John McCron, D. D., an able, distinguished and most eloquent divine, pastor of a Lutheran church in the city of Baltimore, delivered an address on the "Power of Eloquence," before the two Literary Societies of the College. It is sufficient to say of this address that it sustained the well established reputation of its learned and eloquent author. It was heard with delight, frequent bursts of applause greeting its electric utterances.

CALL ACCEPTED.—Rev. P. A. Strobel has accepted the call tendered him by the congregation at Athens, New York, and requests correspondents to address him at that place, after the 18th of July.

ARGUSVILLE, N. Y.—Rev. J. R. Sikes, having tendered his resignation of the Argusville charge, Schoharie Co., N. Y., to take effect Dec. 1st '69, will be pleased to correspond with any vacant charges in connection with the Gen. Synod, which may wish to secure the services of a Pastor, and where only English preaching is required. Address J. R. SIKES, Argusville, N. Y.

NEW KINGSTON, PA.—Rev. H. R. Fleck has resigned the charge of the New Kingston congregation, to take effect on the 1st of October 1869.

Literary Notices.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION. Philadelphia: J. G. Garrigues & Co.—The full Photographic Report of this important gathering, issued by authority of the Convention which assembled at Newark, N. J., April 28, 29, and 30, 1869, is the largest, most complete and valuable Document of this kind that has ever been published. It embraces the entire addresses delivered by the most prominent Sabbath-school workers in the land, including Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., Rev. John Hall, D. D., Rev. J. H. Vincent, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Edward Eggleston, Rev. A. Sutherland, Rev. H. Clay Trumbull and George H. Stuart Esq., besides numerous other representatives from different parts of the country, with a list of the delegates in attendance. The pamphlet contains 204 pages of rich material for Superintendents and Teachers, with a fine portrait and biographical sketch of the late R. G. Pardee. Sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents. Address, J. G. Garrigues & Co., 608 Arch St. Phila.

THE HEARTH AND HOME of last week is a specially fine number both in variety and excellence of its matter, and value of its illustrations. It contains the beginning of a very interesting story, "The Romance of a Rich Young Girl," by Octave Feuillet, author of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," which was everywhere so deservedly popular by reason of the singular interest of its plot, the variety, beauty and thrilling character of its incidents, the artistic skill of the style, and the healthy tone of its morality. "The Romance of a Rich Young Girl" will be found to possess all these qualities in an equally marked degree. The illustrations were designed and engraved expressly in Paris by eminent artists. The publishers may well feel a pride in such a beautiful and interesting Journal which must commend itself to the good opinion of all that become acquainted with it.

THE EVANGELICAL REVIEW for July has been on our table for some time. We regard this number as one of more than ordinary interest, as our readers will see from the following table of contents.

Sacramental Presence, by Rev. Cyrus Thomas, D. Soto, Ill.; The Keys, by Rev. G. H. N. Peters, Springfield, Ohio; The Will, by Rev. Allen Traver, A. M., Andover, N. Y. Reminiscences of Lutheran Ministers; The Lord's Supper, by Rev. J. B. Gross, Hoston, Pa.; The Christian Church, by Rev. E. J. Wolf, A. M., Baltimore, Md.; The German Colony and Lutheran Church in Maine, by Rev. Henry N. Pohlman, D. D., Albany, N. Y.; The Special Mission of the Lutheran Publication Society, by Rev. J. H. W. Stuckenberg, A. M., Pittsburg, Pa.; Notices of New Publications.

The National Publishing Company have forwarded us a copy of the *Secret History of the Southern Confederacy*, gathered "Behind the Scenes in Richmond." By Edward A. Dohall, author of "The Lost Cause," etc., etc.

The work, embellished with an excellent steel engraving of Jeff. Davis, is printed in octavo form, handsomely bound in cloth, and is aptly written. The "scenes" appear to be faithfully depicted, and the work throughout is exceedingly interesting. The book is sold only by subscription. An agent for this country is wanted. Address "National Publishing Company," 26 South Seventh street, Philadelphia.

THE MIRROR

Children's Department.

Tell Me, Mother.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"Tell me, mother dear,
How Benny looked when he was here;
I might not know, and pass him by,
Looking along the purple sky."

"Among the harps with golden strings,
Behind the angel's great white wings,
Beside the Lamb, or by the gate,
Think you that little Ben will wait?"

"I never saw him, don't you know?
He lived and died so long ago,
Before I came. How old was he?
And is he waiting there for me?"

"Tell you, my darling? If I may
For tears that choke, fight their way,
Tears for the angel safe at rest,
Tears for the angel on my breast."

"Fragile and white, with mournful eyes,
A tender mouth and brow too wise;
Soft rippling wealth of cloudy gold,
In curl and wavelet, softly rolled."

"Over the patient bended back,
Twisted by pain that shamed the rack:
This was our Benny. He was seven
When Jesus took him home to heaven."

"But, mother, will God keep him so?
If not, how ever will I know
His angel there? Oh! hold me tight;
I'm going, mother, home to-night."

"I'll find dear Benny somewhere there,
I'll know the shining of his hair;
And shall I give him your dear love,
To keep till you shall come above?"

"I hear sweet music. Mother, see!
A childish presence beckons me;
And oh! where once was twist and mar,
The shining wings of angels are."

True Courage.

"Coward! coward!" said James Lawson to
Edward Wilkins, as he pointed his finger at him.

Edward's face turned very red, and then
the tears started to his eyes as he said:

"James Lawson, don't call me coward."

"Why don't you fight John Taylor, then,
when he dares you? I would not be dared
by any boy."

"He is afraid," said Charles Jones, as he
put his finger in his eye, and pretended
to cry.

"I am not afraid," said Edward, and he
looked almost ready to give up, for John Taylor
came forward and said: "Come on, then,
and show that you are not afraid."

A gentleman passing by said: "Why do
you not fight the boy? Tell me the reason."

The boys all stood still, while Edward said:
"I will not do a wicked thing, sir, if they do
call me a coward."

That's right, my noble boy," said the gentleman.
"If you fight with that boy you will
really disgrace yourself, and will show that
you are more afraid of the laugh and ridicule
of your friends than of breaking the com-
mandments of your Maker. It is more hon-
orable to bear an insult with meekness, than
to fight about it. Heats and brooks, which
have no reason, know of no other way to
avenge themselves. Though it be hard to
be called a coward, and submit to the indig-
nity and insult, yet remember the words of
the wise man: 'He that ruleth his spirit is
greater than he that taketh a city.' Many a
poor, deluded man has been drawn in to ac-
cept a challenge and fight a duel to exhibit
his bravery, and thus display to all that he
was a miserable coward, who was afraid of
the sneer and laugh of his companions. Rath-
er follow the example of that brave soldier,
who, when he was challenged to fight, said:
'I do not fear the cannon's mouth, but I fear
God.'"

Don't Tattle.

Children, don't talk about each other.—
Don't call one of your schoolmates ugly, an-
other stingy, another cross, behind their
backs. It is the meanest sort of sin. Even if
they are ugly, stingy or cross, it does you no
good to repeat it. It makes you love to tell
of faults—it makes you uncharitable—your
soul grows smaller—your heart loses its gen-
erous blood when you tattle about your friends.
Tell all the good you know about them, and
carry the sins to your own heart, or else tell
them to God and ask him to pardon them.—
That will be Christ-like. If anybody says to
you, "Oh, that Mary Willis did such a
naughty thing," call to mind some virtue
that Mary possesses, and hold it up to her
praise. For your own sake, learn to make this
a habit.

It is said that the mind of Robert Raikes,
the founder of Sabbath schools, was saved
impressed by reading the fifty-third chapter
of Isaiah to one of his Sabbath-school chil-
dren.

Many rough persons as well as animals
have usually some tender spot in their feel-
ings. A man once had a very fierce hound-
dog, within the length of whose chain it would
have been dangerous for a stranger to have
ventured; but notwithstanding his fierce
disposition, a brood of ducklings, reared in
the yard in which he was kept, became so
fond of him, that whenever, from his barking
they apprehended danger, they would rush to-
wards him for protection, and seek shelter in
his kennel.

Beware of detraction, and cultivate a spirit
of Christian kindness; guilt, darkness and
pain, always attend scandal.

If there is any person you particularly dis-
like, pray for that person every time you
think of him.

Agricultural.

How Much to Make a Farm.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune,
(Iowa) says a man cannot make a farm in a
new country unless he has at least \$600 to
start with, and he should have \$1000. We
suppose that under the Homestead bill all the
public lands should be disposed of, free, to
actual settlers in limited quantities—under
the Homestead bill a man can make a fine
farm out of 160 acres with two plows, a har-
row, a hoe, an ox, a wagon, and a pair of
horses, costing say \$350. In a pinch, a man
can make such a farm with one horse and a
plow, trusting to exchange of work with his
neighbor to help out till he can exchange
some corn or pork for other necessary things.
Indeed, if one can get boards for a chanty, he
can commence a farm with nothing else, as
there are richer settlers who are glad to hire
him, and thus enable him gradually to fur-
nish himself for independent work in his own
plantation. Under the Homestead bill, he'd
not get along fast enough, he could sell
his claim to some new settler, and with the
proceeds start still farther out on another
quarter-section. But alas! the homestead
bill is of little advantage. It has been ren-
dered almost a dead law by the speculations
and unfortunate legislation of Congress.—
Cincinnati Times.

Feeding Little Chickens.

Considering the rough food employed in
rearing young chickens and turkeys, it seems
amazing that people succeed half as well as
they do. Young chickens and tender turkeys
require soft and rich food for the first two
weeks, just as much as a new born infant
needs milk. It would be just as consistent
to gorge the delicate stomach of an infant
with popped corn and candy as to attempt to
rear chickens and turkeys on coarse and raw
meal and small kernels of grain. And yet
such feed is often employed for that purpose,
where large number of fowls are produced.
But the losses of young chickens would be
much less were soft food employed until the
young birds have acquired sufficient strength
to digest coarse and hard food. In many in-
stances, more than half the turkeys that are
hatched are so seriously injured by improper
food that they die before they are one week
old. Indeed, many people will not attempt
to rear turkeys, simply because the young
birds die in spite of all their efforts to raise
them.

The first food that young birds of any kind
should receive is boiled eggs. After an egg is
boiled out the shell in two equal parts, an
place them where the young chickens can
have access to the rich and soft food. After
they have eaten the egg, a mush, made of
equal parts of Indian-meal and wheat flour,
should constitute their chief food. If milk
can be obtained let it be made into curd.—
Great care should be taken in the prepara-
tion of chicken feed to exclude everything
that contains salt, as only a small quantity
will surely kill young turkeys and chick-
ens.

American Bull Fight.

The Providence Journal has the following
account of a trial of strength between a bull
on the one side and a man and woman on the
other, in which the latter were successful:

"At Dartmouth, N. H., Mr. Pollard Rick-
etson, employed on a farm, was attempting to
lead a bull to water, when the animal under-
took to toss him in the air, but was prevent-
ed by the brass balls on his horns, though he
knocked him down. As Mr. Ricketson could
not manage the bull with the chain attached
to his nose, he succeeded in getting his finger
in the animal's nostrils, and pinched and
twisted so hard as to overpower and throw
him, but the bull managed to fall on Mr.
Ricketson. For the space of half an hour
Mr. Ricketson continued to fight the bull in
this way, throwing him four or five times, and
the animal contriving each time to fall on his
antagonist. Finally, 'Aunt Sarah,' the
housekeeper, came to the rescue, and between
the two they succeeded, with the aid of the
chain, in controlling the animal. Mr. Rick-
etson was very severely bruised, having
fought the bull over half an acre of ground."

Cucumber Bugs.

A correspondent writes:—"I am induced
to send you a remedy for the 'striped cucum-
ber bug' that I discovered and tested a year
ago, and which was published in the Garden-
er's Monthly some time ago. Take pieces of
paper—leaves from an old book do very well;
tip them in coal tar, and place them them on
the ground near the plants; with the foot,
move a little soil on one corner of the paper
to prevent blowing away, and the work is
done. Not a leaf so treated was touched,
while all the others were utterly destroyed.—
Two or three pieces to each hill are quite
enough."

Stirring the soil with an iron rake, about
all garden crops, cannot be too strongly ur-
ged. Let it be done frequently and well. Two
stirrings are as good as one rain, and when
the rain comes the soil is in the best condi-
tion to receive it.

Our gardens generally do not contain as
good a variety of herbs as they should for
even the use of the family. This would seem
strange when they are so convenient for the
culinary department, and are so easily raised
from the slip, but it must be from this year's
growth. It is not too late yet if attended to.

BARLEY WATER.—Wash two tablespoon-
fuls of pearl barley, and add a quart of wa-
ter and a little salt. Simmer slowly for an
hour. Half a cup of raisins make it richer.
When cool, put in lemon juice and sugar.—
Very good.

New Advertisements.

SYSTEMATIC PERSISTENT JUDICIOUS

EVANS' ADVERTISING AGENCY,

106 Washington street, Boston.

Is conducted on the principle of recommending
to its patrons such papers as will repay their in-
vestment. Having special arrangements with all
the leading Religious, Agricultural, and Literary Pa-
pers in the country, we are enabled to offer SUP-
ERIOR INDUCEMENTS to advertisers to give us
their orders. Send for our Circular.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.
Nature's Crown.
You Must Cultivate it
GRAY HAIR
Is a certain indication
of decay at the roots.

New Series. Important Change.
A REAL HAIR RESTORER AND DRESSING
Combined in One Bottle.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
HAIR RESTORER
Will Restore Gray Hair to its
Natural Life, Color and Beauty.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It will promote luxuriant growth and it
will remove itching humors, and is highly recom-
mended by the most celebrated Physicians.

Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S ZYGORISAMUM, another
preparation for the Hair, clear and transparent,
without admixture of any kind of oil, and of
wonderful results. It is used by the most cele-
brated Physicians, and is the only one in the
country that is so highly recommended by the
most celebrated Physicians. It is used by the
most celebrated Physicians, and is the only one
in the country that is so highly recommended
by the most celebrated Physicians.

For Bituminous or Anthracite Coal.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

J. Reynolds & Son,

N. W. Cor. 13th & Filbert Streets.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Sole Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WROUGHT-IRON, AIR-TIGHT,

Gas-Consuming Heater

WITH PATENT DUST SCREEN,

GRATE BAR RESTS,

AND

WROUGHT-IRON RADIATOR.

These Heaters are made of Heavy Wrought-
Iron, well riveted together, the only sure pre-
vention against the escape of Gas or Dust. They are
guaranteed to be perfect in every respect. The
Patent Radiator avoids the use and annoyance of
drums, and is permanently attached to the heater.
This is the most durable, simple, economical, and
safe Heating Apparatus ever offered for sale.
They are all guaranteed.

COOKING RANGES, for Hotels and Families.

PORTABLE HEATERS,

LATHE HEATERS,

LOW DOWN GRATES,

SLATE MANTELS,

REGISTERS

AND

VENTILATORS.

We are also manufacturing a

NEW FLAT-TOP HERRING RANGE.

Send for our Illustrated Pamphlet.

April 17 '89, 1y.

CLIPPER MOWERS AND REAPERS

Are the only Mowers built which come up to the

advanced stage of improvement for use in other Ag-
ricultural Implements. The light elastic steel har-
row, steel hoes and shovels have entirely super-
seded the heavy and clumsy wrought iron ones.
Bulldozers of all kinds now think of using. No
mower built of appropriate materials and like fin-
ish, will supersede the present clipper machines
made mostly of wood and cast iron.

Bulldozers of all kinds have been too much
influenced by a desire to lessen their cost and have
employed wood and cast iron where wrought
and malleable iron ought only to have been used.
In the Clipper Machine the frame has been largely
replaced by wood, malleable iron for cast iron, and
steel in place of malleable or wrought iron.

An examination of the Clippers will convince
one of their superior merits over all other
strength, durability, ease of draft, and reliability
for work over all kinds of ground, and in every
variety of grass. Confident of this, we invite those
in want of Mowers to examine for themselves
before purchasing elsewhere. Send for descriptive
circular. Address: THE CLIPPER MOWER AND
REAPER CO., 12 CHEST ST., N. Y. MAR. 25, 3m.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—The Poultice

Friend, or Chicken Powder. For sale by

SHINDEL & WAGENSELLER

HEAR THE NEWS.—Rev. Uriel Graves,

will deliver a series of his highly interesting
lectures, "Matrimony," "The Light Shiner,"
"Woman and Her Rights," before any Society,
or for the benefit of any worthy enterprise,
connected with a Church, or any other Independ-
ent Association, or he will also deliver
one or more of his famous Temperance Lec-
tures at \$10 per Lecture, and expenses. He
promises to give in every case entire satisfac-
tion to the parties engaging him, or else no pay.
Dec. 3, 1868.

ARMBRUSTER AND BROTHER,

NO. 306 N. Third St. above Vine,

PHILADELPHIA

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS.

Hosiery, Gloves, Shirts and Drawers, Suspenders,

Hoop Skirts, Umbrellas, Traveling Bags,

White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Rib-
bons, Fancy Goods, and

NOTIONS generally.

—ALSO—

Manufacturers of Brushes, Looking Glasses, and

Dealers in Oil, Cloth, Ropes, Twines,
Yarns, &c.

PETER ARMBRUSTER, J.G. ARMBRUSTER,

Jan. 7, '89—1y.

MUSIC STORE

SALEM AND STEININGER.

PIANOS

The undersigned, having opened a Music store

in Selinsgrove, are sole agents for the celebrated

Haines Brothers' Pianos of New York, and can sell

them much cheaper than they can be bought else-
where else. They are pronounced by good judges
the most durable, first class instruments made.—
For beauty of finish, power of tone and keeping in
tune, they are unsurpassed.—We refer you to a few
of our Patrons:

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.

P. R. Wagneller, M.D., George E. Nure, Pres.