

The American Lutheran.

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DEVOTED TO RELIGION, EDUCATION, AND TEMERANCE.

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Foreign Correspondence.

DEAR BRO. ANSTADT.

The capital of Bavaria ought to be visited by English travellers on the continent, as it is considered one of the finest cities in Europe, and shines conspicuously in its extensive collection of arts. To see Munich thoroughly, and to save time, one should employ a *valet de place*. Here we rested a few days, Sabbath being one of them. We started early to find an English church. The streets were completely thronged with well dressed people. The bells were ringing and chiming seemingly from fifty steeples. In all foreign cities one finds messengers at every corner of the streets, who for a paltry sum, will conduct you or carry your luggage. They are considered an indispensable institution in this country. To one of those willing fellows we applied and said, "Sir, can you take me to an English Protestant Church?" "Yaw wohl," was his quick reply. After proceeding some distance, he pointed to a church with a large Turkish dome, and told me to enter there, which I did, but soon discovered I was in the wrong box. There were no seats. The congregation were either seated on the floor or standing. On the walls were painted figures of Saints, Preaching of John the Baptist, and Christ blessing the children. The Priest wore a black gown and cap; when I first entered he was kneeling in front of the altar which contained 3 lighted candles and a crucifix. As the service was all Greek to me, I was anxious to learn what kind of English they preached here. Judge of my surprise, when I was told it was really a Greek church. I had hoped never to see any people, except the Catholics, who worship the Saviour, to be guilty of such abuse of divine worship. There was no more devotion apparently, than there was with the sailors on board of our ship, when they sang their jolly choruses, we thought it better adapted to make infidels than to convert sinners. I soon left this sanctuary, if you choose to call it such. I then employed another "Dinstman" to take me to the German Lutheran church. Here I found a fine edifice, but very plain, competent to seat 1500 persons. I presume there were at least 1200 present that morning. They were just singing one of our familiar tunes. It was really captivating to me. They have an organ to lead, but no choir. The whole congregation sang; all the parts were fully sustained, and performed in a style that I surely never heard equalled. The preaching was eloquent and earnest. All the preaching I have yet heard has been extemporaneous, without even notes. The services are seldom extended over 1 1/2 hours. After service, the children are gathered in the church to recite verses, and hear them explained by the Pastor; this lasts about 1/2 of an hour.

I ought to give some notes of the great city of Vienna, containing 600,000 inhabitants, where we spent three days, but must pass over the Alps to Italy. These boundless chains of mountains I have crossed at two different points since I last wrote. While making these journeys, scenes of grandeur and sublimity present themselves as I never conceived of in all my imagination of them. Magnificent! a boundless wilderness of snow is seen in the distance. Avalanches and glaciers, awful precipices. The cars upon the very brink over which we ran, the fearful hazard of being dashed into the dark abyss below. The most remarkable engineering in the world has been accomplished in building these roads. Two small cars are all that can be taken over at one time. There are great differences between these mountains and those of our own country. First, they are perfectly bare of forests, secondly, every inch of arable soil up the mountain valley, is under cultivation. One sees cottages hanging to their sides like swallow nests. Wherever a seed can take root, there you find the mountaineer. The mountains are not in long continuous ranges, but broken into endless numbers, more in the shape of grain stacks or sugar loaves. From my window this afternoon, I can see very plainly the celebrated Mt. Blanc, 15,000 feet high, just three times higher than the Alleghenies of our country.

I have visited nearly all of the principal cities in Italy. The Sabbath is about as much respected in one city as in another, and in my opinion is shamefully desecrated. The Catholic churches are pretty well attended in the morning, but as soon as the services are over, the whole population seem to give themselves up to amusement, and unless God lays on his own almighty hands, and breaks up the present form of despotic government, I see no possible method of improvement.

At Trieste (Austrian Italy) a sea port on the Adriatic Sea, we were surprised to learn that Sunday was one of the regular market days. Close to the market we entered a church; one priest was preaching, another was performing mass, others were sitting in the little boxes placed along the walls, hearing those who were making confessions. Our guide would lead us also up to those priests, and if we could have understood the language, we would have learned what great crimes these poor, ignorant confessors had committed. The valet seemed to be a privileged character; he would lead us inside of the sanctuary, take us behind the altar, while the priests were burning incense, or turning water into wine. We hesitated several times, but he insisted that we should see all the fine paintings and the tombs of celebrated men.

Here we saw scores of market women come in with large baskets full of vegetables or fruits, walk up to the altar, cross themselves, and then leave the church. Others would take this immure lead from the head, and remain a while on their knees, then pick up the basket, place it on their head, and go to market again. Others had milk cans and tubs. What mockery! I was ready to exclaim, "How long, O Lord, how long." Every where through Italy the priest's lips keep knowledge hence. The people are seen at early morning upon their knees, counting a string of beads. Nevertheless in many places a strong revolutionary spirit prevails; and the people really despise the priests. The travel is now and then meets with a well-informed man. It was our fortune to meet one of this class at Venice; he told us that he knew of many, very many, who though had to speak in whispers except to Englishmen and Americans, cherished a bitter hatred to the priest and Catholic rule.

It would require a volume to even give you an idea of what one sees in Italy. Her painting and sculpture excell and outnumber any other country in Europe; old palaces, private mansions, courts and public buildings are all filled with master pieces. No doubt some of your many readers will ere long, visit this beautiful and over-rated country. Will you permit me to add by way of admonition or advice, when you enter hotels in Italy, after arranging your toilet, if you are hungry, go direct to the dining room, which you will generally find in good order; but I pray you, do not be officious, or Paul Pry like loiter about the kitchen, or else you may experience something like sea sickness, and Maccaroni or Bologna sausage may not be so palatable. The only substitute in this dilemma I found was boiled eggs or a roasted potato; they are pure and good too. J. R. E.

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

NO. III.

Whatever might be said of others, as to the attraction of our old school house, yet to our young friend it ever will remain a place of deepest interest. That old school house sustained a two fold relation to the community. It was the place where "young twigs" first learned to shoot; and, the place where they, as they matured, listened to the preaching of the gospel, sabbath after sabbath. This old school house, with its picturesque surroundings, an external unbecomeliness, for six long years, winter and summer, with the exception of a few weeks vacation in spring and early fall, became the daily abiding place of William.

What his experiences were, it would take us too long to unfold, and as a general thing would not be new, and therefore tedious to the reader. I shall therefore speak only of those things which go to make up his peculiar experience, as distinct from others. And, now let me tell the kind reader, that our young hero was the son of a poor man, in a neighborhood where the people were, as a general thing, well to do farmers, who owned the land they cultivated. William since his manhood has been through society from garret to basement, from the lowest to the highest, and he gives it as his deliberate opinion, that of all the aristocracy in the world, farmer aristocracy is the meanest. O! pity the child who is born poor, if he ever gets an ambitious notion in his head; for such audacity must pay the severest penalty that it is possible to inflict. And, then, your tormentors, if they be ignoramuses, are only so much the more severe. A determination to rise to the level of duty, calls down on your inexperienced and unsuspecting head, all the missiles of hate and persecution that can be thought of by brains, which might be made to serve better purposes.

William's home persecutions are all past now, and while he looks back and remembers what he passed through, with a shudder, he gladly forgives and forgets the insulting abuse of his young school-mates, and their older advisers. He remembers with a warm heart's glow the kind teachers of his boyhood days, and looks in pity upon the unattractive monsters who call themselves school masters and *marmes*. Were it not for the suffering of the poor children, one might have enjoyed the sight. Just think, of a great stalwart fellow, coming into the school room, as a stranger, and introducing himself to a company of children ranging from six years upwards to twelve, with his hands beaming before their astonished eyes, some half dozen "ox gads," while he lays down more rules than he himself could keep, had he nothing else to do; then picture to yourself, this self-same fellow with a voice like a roaring cataract, demanding attention; see the poor little children hiding away beneath the arms of older brothers and sisters, and you have a scene, such as is often witnessed in our country schools. Man is indeed an animal, of fearful proportions, when flesh predominates over brain.

But our old school house was not only noted for the valuable instruction we received as children, possessing first class common school advantages; for, as I have already said, we had preaching there sabbath after sabbath; preaching, not inferior to some of the finest city churches. For I would let you into a secret well worth knowing. It often so happens that our larger towns and even cities, are content with names and titles, while our country churches must have real merit. In

the city men say it is the learned "Dr. so and so," but in the country "we prefer the jug to the handle." With persons of real mind men go on their merit but with those who have only pretense, for fact, show and name does everything. We were generally blessed with sound men and good preachers. Some of our ministers, in every sense of the term were eloquent men, who since that have conquered for themselves a place in the world and whose names need only to be mentioned, that they might be recognized. Some of the most precious revivals that the world has seen, from the day of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the early church, to the present time took place in this old school house; and many a soul praises God in heaven to-day, for the advantages of grace in that humble place. It was in this place that William first after his backsliding from God, made again a public profession of that faith which he had so long hid under a bushel. O, said he what a cross it was for me to own my wanderings, and publicly return to my injured Saviour; but great as was the cross to go, even much greater was the joy at the return. How great the sweetness of a Father's love, in Christ Jesus. How heart-breaking, soul-saving the embrace of Redeeming love! O, why should we ever wander from Him who is our very best friend? Why ever be ashamed of Christ or turn our backs on His cross?

I have already spoken of the feeble health of our young friend. His weakness unfitted him for manual labor and therefore made it necessary for his parents to think of some other employment for their son. And here is the mystery of human nature. They had prayed for their child; they had given him to God in baptism; they had consecrated him to the work of the ministry, and yet they were at a loss to know how he should ever attain unto the position. Just at this point, the mistake was made; after having made the mysterious consecration, they looked for its accomplishment from purely a human stand point. Their poverty prevented them from seeing how they might be, to any very considerable extent, instrumental in bringing about his education, and without which, they were morally certain their son could not succeed. But how short sighted we are, and how little we know, how or what we may do, until God's time comes. Surely "His ways are not our ways" for far above our understanding, He is working out His purposes contrary to what is supposed essential to the success of a young man in his studies, viz, a strong constitution, just the opposite was true in our young friend's case. He was never more healthy than when engaged in study. He was therefore enabled to make good time, and, being possessed of a retentive memory, forgot nothing which he once heard. He studied hard and conquered at last. JOTA.

Ministerial Rest.

Few, if any but the overworked clergyman and his wife, can understand this heading, and comprehend the necessity of it. No calling or profession requires so much original composition, such continuous and consecutive study and such multitudinous duties (as devolve upon the pulpit orator and Pastor. It is often thought and as frequently expressed in words, "These preachers have lots of play-time." How often has one met with such and many similar expressions. We once formed one of that class of ignorant, and if that be too harsh a word, one of those unfair, unreasonable and inconsiderate critics. Experience, a bitter teacher sometimes, has educated us to better perceptions of the arduous physical toil in the Pastoral calling, and the extraordinary mental labor required in selecting suitable subjects, in developing them after obtained, and in studying them for the Sabbath auditors. Suppose it is Monday morning; the man of God rises early, has family worship and breakfast. In the act of going to his sanctum to study (for you know a task may be ever so full, if you turn the spit, it will empty itself, unless you keep putting in at the top) when the bell rings, the servant announces some one for him. He goes to the parlor and meets a person in sorrow; after recounting their afflictions invites him, you drafts him by the power of tears and supplications into a funeral sermon. This takes an hour. Then a suitable topic must be thought of and it must be studied and adapted to the circumstances surrounding the family of the deceased. This requires a half a day. He dines; he hearsings his toilet, he goes to the house and the grave; at one he preaches, and at the other he performs the burial services and gets home excited, weary, and prostrated, both mentally and bodily at 6 o'clock. No study so far. He says, and (if it be not lecture night, or a prayer-meeting or an official one) goes to his study to make up for the hours lost which he allots to reading each day. What ambassador and defender of the truth of Jesus dares have less than six hours? By this time the world and philosophy says

"Early to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." Where is the domestic circle? If we have no need of care and consolation? If we suppose not, and yet the inflexible law of society and the church requires this, for the man who cares not for his own household is worse than an infidel. Yet so it is. Now what Monday is—that the other days become also only more so—for there are the subjects to be selected for Wednesday evening and

studied along with two sermons and each and all to be delivered along with sick calls and well ones. Now tell me, you who imagine "nothing to do," what would you think of a clerkship or a profession, that afforded you no rest—no, not even a single moment for the dear woman of your heart and the little ones of home? I tell you, you would rebel. Then, when summer comes and the prospect of a brief month of rest and recreation looms up, is it to be a matter of surprise if the old dominion's eye should sparkle; if the wife's cheek color with a rosy flush, and the youngsters (God bless the innocent children of home) should hurrah for the sea side, mountain gorge, Saratoga, Selingsgrove, or any other place? Yes, verily, I believe a man would. I will not say to be a brute—but I will say would necessarily be below an animal not be filled with joyful enthusiasm!

Oh how delicious the thought! Oh, how congregations should delight to thus throw a gorgeous sunbeam into their Pastor's household once a year as a remuneration for his efforts to cause the sparkling rays of the Star of Bethlehem to cast their halo of peace and joy into their beloved circle of immortal beings! Let us, dear reader, bear each others burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ; that you and I may never again muzzle the ox that treadeth the corn. Many, thanks, dear people, for the rest and recreation of the White Mountains! More anon. VERA.

What a Child Can Do.

"Pa, I have signed the pledge," said a little boy to his father, on coming home one evening; "will you help me to keep it?" "Certainly," said his father.

"Well, I have brought a copy of the pledge will you sign it, papa?"

"Nonsense, nonsense, my child. What could I do when my brother officers called,"—the father had been in the army—"if I was a teetotaler?"

"But do try, papa."

"Tut, tut; why you are quite a little radical."

"Well, you won't ask me to pass the bottle, papa?"

"You are quite a fanatic my child; but I promise not to ask you to touch it."

Some weeks after, two officers called in to spend the evening.

"We have come to you to drink," said one.

"Have you any more of that prime Scotch ale?"

"No," said he, "I have not, but I will get some. Here, Willy, run to the store, and tell them to send some bottles up."

The boy stood before his father respectfully, but did not go.

"Come, Willy! why, what's the matter? Come, run along."

He went, but came back presently without any bottles.

"Where's the ale, Willy?"

"I asked them for it at the store and they put it upon the counter, but I could not touch it. O, pa! pa! I don't be angry; I told them to send it up, but I could not touch it myself."

The father was deeply moved, and, turning to his brother officers, he said:

"Gentlemen, you hear that? You can do as you please. When the ale comes you can drink it, but not another drop of that shall be drunk in my house, and not another drop shall pass my lips. Willy, have you your temperance pledge?"

"O, pa, I have."

"Bring it then."

And the boy was back in a moment. The father signed it, and the little fellow clung around his father's neck with delight.

The ale came, but no one drank, and the bottles stood on the table untouched.

Children, sign the pledge, and ask your parents to help you keep it. Don't touch the bottle, and try to keep others from touching it.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

Little Spiders.

Little red spiders, how much mischief they do! They are so small you can hardly see them; but, like other bigger people, are known by their fruits. They live on house plants, and will kill our very choicest ones, if not speedily got rid of. Speckled leaves, fading leaves, dry, dead leaves, show the work of the enemy. Hunt him out and fight him: fight him to the death, if your plants are to live and thrive.

When I saw the gardener so busy with his sponge and soap and water, searching round every little leaf and tendril, letting nothing ever so small escape him, I thought of the little sins that sometimes get hold of us. Their bite is very small, but the good withers away before them. They are dreadful spoilers of character. Sometimes they entirely ruin it. So, I say, never trifle with little sins; but watch and pray and fight against them to the death. Kill them, or they will kill you. This is that "good fight" to which we may be sure God will add his blessing.

A clergyman, being pressed by a lady acquaintance to preach a sermon on the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms as his text: "And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

As Christ is the root by which a saint grows, so is he the rule by which a saint walks.

Practical.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

The Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting.

A minister said: "I have visited a house this morning, in which there was sorrow. The lady of the house had been made 'acquainted with grief,' and through much tribulation had learned patience, experience and hope. She told me the cause of her troubles—I need not repeat them—they are common in the dwellings of those who are 'unequally yoked,' and heavy and grievous. But in these, like other trials the results of our disobedience to God, there is a remedy which God in His great love for sinners has provided, and none are so poor and oppressed but that they may find relief and consolation in Christ. I advised her to come to Him with all her troubles. Now, brethren, I ask your prayers for the husband and father of that household, that God will convert his soul, and make that house a house of prayer, where the spirit of Jesus may delight to dwell."

A missionary from India, and now on his return to his field of labors, was present, and requested prayers for God's blessing upon his labors; and a minister from Omaha spoke of the state of religion in that city and region. He said his work was among the Swedes and Norwegians more particularly. He went to carry the gospel to them, and their readiness to receive it had given him much encouragement. He had been instrumental in organizing two congregations, one of forty and the other of thirty-six church members, and the Lord was blessing his labors. He had, he said, been remembered in the prayers of this meeting, and again desired that his work and himself might continue to be remembered, not only here, but at the family altar, and the churches of those who were present.

Another said: "I am a stranger among you but your meeting is known to me and to the Christians with whom I meet weekly for united prayer. We read your reports, and we often hear of you by those who attend; and many among us have great reason to thank the Lord for this meeting. My special object here to-day is to request your prayers for my brother and sister, who have just lost a dear child. They do not know of the Saviour's love, and are illy reconciled to God, they have no peace or hope in their bereavement. I ask your prayers for them, that they may be brought to the Saviour, and all that He does is right."

Another said: "I am in many long-continued and increasing troubles. Will you pray for me, as you have often done in the past, that God will deliver me from them all?"

The request for prayers for a young lady, now for more than a year sick, was repeated, and she now asks the brethren to pray earnestly to God, that He may find it consistent with His will to restore her to health.

One said: "I request your prayers for a gentleman doing business in this city, who promised to be present in the meeting to-day, that in answer to a sainted mother's prayers, he may now be led to the Lord Jesus, and embrace the truth, and become an earnest, active and devoted Christian."

Another said: "I am in affliction, in a dark and trying hour, and do not know what to do. I am in the habit of asking God to direct me in everything; but I do not see clearly in this trial what I ought to do. Will you, dear brethren, ask God to direct me in this matter, that I may do that which will please Him. Do not regard this as a trifle, and pass it by; but ask in earnest faith, that the Lord will help me. Pray for my sister, who sadly needs God's help."

Another requested prayers for God's forgiveness, confessing that he was a great sinner. Such appeals never fail to awaken the spirit of ardent prayers in these meetings, where all appear to feel their necessities, and depend ever upon God's grace and mercy.

Another said: "Pray for me; ask my Saviour to give me health, and faith in Him, and to pardon all my sins, and to give me strength to perform all duties." Another was in trouble, and desired that God's people would pray for him, that the Holy Spirit might help and lead him in the right way, and sanctify this great affliction to his spiritual good." Another desired prayers that his brother, a young man in business in this city, might be converted to God, and prove a blessing to the world.

The pious came to this place of prayer to renew their intercourse with Christ, and the company of His children in supplication and thanksgiving; and a brother said: "It is encouraging to hear of the confidence of those who have been living in the way of serving the Lord. It shows to the younger Christians that the way of holiness is the way of hope in the future, no less than of present peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. Being thus assured, the younger of us receive fresh strength to pursue our journey and fight the fight of faith that we may lay hold on eternal life. These assurances tend to confirm our faith in revelation, and the testimony of the Spirit in our hearts, that for us, sinners as we are, Christ has found a ransom, and in Him our salvation is secured."

The doubting and fearful ones come up here to pray that God will renew in them the grace of His Spirit and let the true light of life shine and dispel all the darkness within and around them.

"Though a minister of the Church, and enjoying the privileges of God's house and other means of His grace, my mind is full of doubts, and I fear that I have not met with that essential change of heart which the Bible, as I understand it, teaches me that I must have to be saved. Will you pray for me, that the Holy Spirit may give me the light I need for the enjoyment of peace and holy confidence in the Saviour's love to me."

Another "found from his own constant experience that he was a sinner, but he was not without hope; for, as he understood it, Christ died for sinners. If it were not so, he would despair; but believing it to be so, he had hope that Jesus would eventually save him." Another said: "The Bible declares that all are sinners, and in need of God's pardoning mercy. And I know this to be true, from my own experience, so far as I am individually concerned; and if there is faith in this meeting to pray for a poor sinner like me, I hope you will pray for me, that I may be saved."

A Child's Idea of Prayer.

Little Nellie, who was only four years old, no sooner saw work laid aside than she ran to her mother's knee and claimed a seat there. Mrs. Lee lifted her on her lap, and went on busily thinking of her duties and cares, while she rocked herself and Nellie to and fro.

For a time Nellie amused herself by winding a string in and out through her fingers; but presently she began to talk to herself in a low tone: "When I say my prayers, God says, 'Hark! angels, while I hear a little noise.'" Her mother asked her what noise was that.

"A little girl's noise. Then then the angels will do just so (shutting her mouth very tight and keeping very still for a moment,) till I say Amen."

Is not that a sweet thought. I wonder if the children who read this story of little Nellie have ever thought how wonderful it is that God always hears their prayers. He is surrounded by thousands and thousands of angels, all singing and praising him with their golden harps; and yet, through all the music and all the praises, he hears the softest prayer of a little child kneeling by the bedside. He must be very loving and very kind to children. We should think he would sometimes forget, and be listening to the beautiful sounds in heaven, instead of a little child. But he never does. There is never too much singing or too many praises there for him to hear a little girl's voice.—*Child at Home.*

God's Love in Affliction.

It is related that a poor but worthy inhabitant of Paris once went to the bishop of the place, with a countenance beclouded, and a heart almost overwhelmed. "Father," said he with the most profound humility, "I am a sinner, I feel that I am a sinner, but it is against my will. Every hour I ask for light, and humbly pray for faith, but still I am overwhelmed with doubts. Surely if I were not despised of God, He would not leave me to struggle thus with the adversary of souls!" The bishop thus consoled, with the language of kindness, his sorrowing son:—"The King of France has two castles in different situations, and sends a commander to each of them. The castle of Montberri stands in a place remote from danger, far inland, but the castle of La Rochelle is on the coast, where it is liable to continual sieges; now which of the two commanders, think you, stands the highest in the estimation of the king, the commander of La Rochelle, or he of Montberri?" "Doubtless," said the poor man, "the king values him the most who has the hardest task, and braves the greatest dangers." "Thou art right," replied the bishop, "and now apply this matter to thy case and mine, for my heart is like the castle of Montberri, and thine that of La Rochelle."—*Biblical Treasury.*

A letter from one of the civil engineers on the Central Pacific Railroad, thus describes a pond of warm water in what seems to be the crater of an extinct volcano, near the North Fork of Humboldt River in Nevada: "I must tell you about one remarkable natural curiosity we encountered near—a curious hot spring. It is situated in a crater about two hundred feet in diameter, on the top of a knoll which rises about fifty feet above the river. In the bottom of the crater is a long elliptical pool, perhaps 150 feet long in one direction and 75 in the other—a mammoth bath-tub in shape. The depth of the water is unknown; no lines brought here have been long enough to reach the bottom. In one part of it the water is just hot enough to enable the hand to be held in it, and the remainder of the pool varies from this to lukewarmness. The walls are nearly vertical, and you can imagine the luxury a plunge into it, with no fear of striking bottom. Just think, too, of swimming about on a cold November day, with the rising steam deposited in frost upon the rocks, in water which is of a temperature perfectly luxurious. When I went in I had so severe a cold as to be unable to speak aloud, and it cured me entirely. The water tastes slightly of sulphur, iron and lime."

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

Official Corruption.

One of the most alarming corruptions of the times is the prevalence of wickedness in high places. Legislative corruption has become notorious, and all history shows that the decadence of government begins with the law-making power. It soon effects the executive authority, justice is perverted, and crime stalks abroad unpunished and unabashed. It is openly stated in the Philadelphia papers, that a candidate has been nominated for a municipal office of great responsibility, who has been confined in the States prison. The leading organs of both parties insist, upon a political reorganization, which shall abolish all the old party issues, and unite good men of every political creed in defence of order and right. This is a good movement. It is high time that the people who regard the demands of virtue, should combine in the maintenance of their rights. They are to blame for allowing the worst characters in the community to control the primary meetings and nominate candidates for municipal and State offices. It is a shame that order-loving and law-abiding people should be subject to the caprices of the frequenters of low taverns, and that questions involving the property, rights, and even the lives of citizens should be decided in places which no decent man will enter if he can possibly avoid it.

The Master's Face.

A painter once, on finishing a magnificent picture, called his artist friends around him to examine it and express their judgment as to its merits or defects. The one in whose taste the author most confidently came to view the work. "Tell me truly, brother," said the painter, "what do you think is the best point in my picture?"

"O brother! it is all beautiful; but the chance! That is a perfect master-piece—a gem!"

With a sorrowful heart the artist took his brush and dashed it over the toil of many a weary day, and turning to his friends, said: "O brothers! if there is anything in my piece more beautiful than the MASTER'S FACE, that I have sought to put there, let it be gone!"

The Great Wheel.

Nicodemus was a converted Indian. His language was highly figurative. Once, when looking at the mill, he said to a missionary: "Brother I discover something that rejoices my heart. I have seen the great wheel, and many little ones; every one was in motion, and seemed all alive, but suddenly all stopped, and the mill was as dead. Just so it is with my heart—it is dead as the wheel; but as soon as Jesus' blood flows upon it, it gets life, and sets everything in motion, and the whole man being governed by it, it becomes evident that there is life throughout. But when the heart is removed from the crucified Jesus, it dies gradually, and at length all life ceases."

When the doctrines of the Holy Spirit became more clear to his mind, he compared his body to a canoe, and his heart to the rudder; adding, "that the Holy Spirit was the master, sitting at the rudder and directing the vessel."

"The Form of a servant."

Some years ago two theological students, on a journey, lodged at night in the same room. One of them heard the other talking in his sleep, and using the following language quoting from Phil. 2: 7: "And took upon him the form of a servant." All created beings are the servants of God, necessarily, and by the fact of creation. But here is a personage of whom it is said, "He took upon him the form of a servant." And if He was not a servant, from what condition could He have come to that position, but that of the true and proper Godhead; and here is testimony for the divinity of Christ." On being reminded the next day of the language he had used in his sleep, he affirmed he was totally unconscious of it, saying his mind had been previously exercised respecting that doctrine, but that he would joyfully accept his own unconscious reasoning, and felt confirmed by it in his belief in the supreme divinity of his Redeemer.

One would think, from the "last words" of murderers, that the cheapest and most direct road to heaven is to kill somebody and get hung for it. The negro George Truman, who was hung at Frederick, Md., in May last, and who, by his own confession, committed one of the most brutal and unprovoked murders ever recorded, left a legacy to the "ten thousand" people who assembled to see him hung, in his pious hope that he would "meet them all in heaven." He also advised them to "take this as warning," though what they were warned against it would be difficult to tell.—About the last person one would likely rejoice to "meet in heaven" would be such a brute; and the fewer "last words" such monsters are induced to get off before they are swung off the better for decency and morality.—*Packard's Monthly.*

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

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

Editorial Items.

A TRIP UP THE NORTH BRANCH;—We had the pleasure last Saturday, to start out on a small excursion up the North Branch of the Susquehanna. Emerging from our quiet sanctum, we crossed the river under the prevalence of quite a stiff breeze, which made our little bark heave and pitch something like the stately ship tossed by old Ocean's waves. It produced a pleasing sensation however, unaccompanied by the least danger, although our lady passengers expressed a decided preference for smoother water.

We did not have to wait long at the depot on the opposite shore till the train came along and it did not take us long to go to Sunbury, and then to Northumberland. Here we chartered cars, and took the Bloomsburg and Lackawanna road. We were most agreeably surprised on entering the car to find it such an elegant and comfortable affair, quite a contrast to the old low and dusty carriages we had been accustomed to ride in on this road. We also found the track of the road much improved, making it easier and safer to ride upon than formerly. The scenery along this route is magnificent. The Wyoming valley through which this road passes is famous in the history of our country and justly celebrated as one of the most beautiful valleys in the world. Those who enjoy beautiful scenery and have the time and the means to travel for recreation, would do well to make a trip over this road.

At Bloomsburg we were kindly received by Rev. B. F. Alleman, pastor of the Lutheran church in this place. We spent a pleasant and quiet Sabbath, preaching in the morning to an interesting and attentive congregation, and hearing the pastor in the evening preach an able and impressive sermon. This congregation has prospered greatly under the pastoral labors of Rev. B. F. Alleman. Not only has the membership increased in numbers and piety, but the church building has also been improved and beautified. It is now one of the handsomest churches in this whole region of country. Bloomsburg is rapidly growing; some very elegant houses are being built this summer, and the population is increasing and the Lutheran congregation under the able pastorage of Rev. B. F. A. is advancing fully equal to the progress of the town.

On Monday morning we came back as far as Danville, and were most kindly received and hospitably entertained by Rev. G. M. Rhodes and his lady. Bro. Rhodes has been laboring hard in this congregation and the Lord has crowned his labors with great success. He has been here about three years, and for a young man just entering upon the duties of the ministry in his first charge, has certainly sustained himself very well. But he ought to have a due regard to his health, and the prospect of future usefulness. His constant study and application will at last break down the strongest constitution, and we would advise the congregation to give him a vacation of a month or six weeks. If he is too modest to ask for it, then they should insist upon his taking it, and supply him with the necessary funds. They will be the gainers by it, for he will come back to them refreshed and strengthened in body and in mind, and be the better prepared to dispense to them the word of eternal truth.

We also called at the house of Rev. J. M. Anspach, but did not find him at home. We were informed that he is also laboring with acceptance and success among his people.

On the cars we met with Rev. D. Beckner, pastor of the Lutheran church at Cattawissa. He has also been laboring with gratifying success in building up the congregations of his charge.

Here then we have four young ministers within a distance of sixteen miles along the banks of the North Branch of the Susquehanna, all students of the Missionary Institute of Sellinggrove, all acceptable and successful laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, and all of them an honor to their Alma Mater. In view of these and other facts that might be cited in abundance, what becomes of that vile slander of its opponents, that "The Missionary Institute was not needed, and its ministers were not wanted."

CONVERSATION IN THE SANCTUM

BETWEEN PETER, JAMES AND JOHN.

Peter.—What do you find interesting in our exchanges this week?

John.—Dr. Conrad publishes his "Editorial announcement" in the *Lutheran Observer* this week. It is rather a modest document. I looked for a greater flourish of trumpets from the doctor on an occasion like this. He says he never desired, but rather dreaded the position, he would have preferred preaching, but notwithstanding his expressed wishes and preferences the Board of Directors of the Observer Association elected him editor of their paper.

James.—It appears to me to be a cruelly elected man to a position which he does not desire and which he dreads.

John.—He says, further, that he has laid down his principles in "Editorial Announcements" three times during the last twenty years, namely, in the Prospectus of the *Evangelical Lutheran*, published at Springfield, Ohio; in the first number of the *Lutheran Observer* issued by Diehl, Stork, and Conrad at Baltimore, and in the first No. of the *Lutheran Observer* published at Philadelphia, and these principles he reiterates and endorses this day.

James.—It is refreshing in these times of change and ecclesiastical tumults to find a man who has not changed his principles for twenty years. The first time I ever saw Dr. Conrad, was when I was a student at Gettysburg. He and the sainted Dr. Keller preached alternately for two weeks in the College Church. The result was a glorious revival

of Religion; many of the students came forward to the so much despised "Anxious Bench" and were converted. Among these are some of our most prominent ministers of the present day. Eternity only can reveal the immense good that was accomplished at that revival. Since then I have watched the Dr.'s ecclesiastical career, and it did seem to me as though his principles were gradually undergoing some change, perhaps unperceptible to himself. What produced that impression on my mind, was his violent opposition to the "Definite Platform," his purchase of stock in the *Luth. & Miss.* when that paper was started in opposition to "our good old Observer," his assumption of the gown when he was pastor of Trinity Church in Lancaster, his painful position on the fence in Fort Wayne, the part which he played in the recent union movement in Philadelphia, and his recent editorial on liturgical services, which so much delighted some of the symbolists.

Peter.—You are perhaps a little too suspicious on this subject. The doctor may have been actuated by a somewhat too extended application of the policy of the Apostle Paul, of becoming all things to all men in order that he might win some. At any rate you must take a man's word in preference to your own individual opinion, and if Dr. Conrad publishes in his own paper that he has not changed his principles for twenty years, you are bound to believe it is true.

James.—Well, I don't believe your rule will apply very extensively. There is one thing, however, I would like to see Dr. Conrad do. You know he has published several times that the Observer is the only English paper that is needed in the Gen. Synod, and that the whole church ought to concentrate upon it. This was an open declaration of a war of extermination against us. Now I would like him to recall that declaration, to extend the hand of friendship towards us, to be willing, not only to live, but also to let live, and to acknowledge that the AMERICAN LUTHERAN has also a mission to perform in the church. The AMERICAN LUTHERAN has thus far fought its way successfully against all opposition from symbolism, the world and the devil, that the doctor might safely acknowledge it entitled to "belligerent rights" as the politicians say.

Peter.—I have no doubt he will cheerfully acknowledge these rights. What have you for the paper this week?

John.—I am happy to state that our contributions are coming in finely. The greater part of our paper is filled with original contributions, and I had to postpone some of them for next week; and though I say it, that should not say it, I think the best writers in the church are now contributors to the AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Peter.—Well, let us try hard to make our paper the best in the church in every respect and then we may hope for a large increase in our subscription list.

Home Missions.

For the American Lutheran.
The route to the mission fields of the Northwest is through CHICAGO.

Indeed it is not long since this great city, now so wonderful in population, wealth and grandeur, was perhaps the most interesting mission field in all our country. Here some fifteen years ago, with much ado, our church undertook a mission. The aid of all our Sunday schools was invoked, and in some measure obtained. An organization was effected. Several missionaries, one after another were sent here—for a time prosecuted the work, and then resigned and departed.—No house of worship was erected, nor was a lot purchased for the purpose. The services were from time to time, held in various places, and at length a lot was leased and a building elsewhere erected, was removed to the supposed lot and fitted up for mission use, but was soon found to be placed on the wrong lot and had again to be removed. This led to some troubles within the organization, and the missionaries being greatly discouraged, soon afterwards left; and the mission remained vacant for a while, when Dr. Passavant, who having devoted himself to the cause of orphanage, seems to regard all orphan care—came this way and induced the deaconed church to sell the lease and the building and lend him the money for the benefit of other orphans elsewhere. After a time however, the Executive committee of Home Missions, began to inquire after their interests in this place as well as others and the Dr. returned here, paid the money back to the parties, and induced them immediately to apply it to a mixed orphan and mission movement, which he had just begun here and which could be under his own control. The church to which this money was thus applied is now in connection with the General Council.

Several causes, no doubt, conspired to effect this failure of the General Synod's interests in this city. Some of the missionaries sent here were perhaps too young and inexperienced for the position, and others may have had but little adaptation to the mission work. There certainly was an unwarranted and injurious interference on the part of Dr. Passavant. There seems, also, to have been a lack of business capacity in the men of the mission church. But there can be no doubt, that the great cause was the want of a "local habitation"—the lack of proper aid in procuring church property. No one at all acquainted with the ministerial capacity of Mr. Bowers, one of the missionaries, could doubt that the mission would have succeeded well under his ministry, if it had received a reasonable amount of help in securing a house of worship. But the little band could not with their other expenses, purchase a lot even at the price then demanded for real estate here, and erect thereon even a small church edifice. The Home Missionary Committee was not authorized to expend the money in its hands, in the purchase of church property. The Church Extension Society could only grant a loan of \$500 or at most \$1,000, and that only on condition that the Mission

could give a first mortgage on the property. This mission could not do, as it was not able to pay the money down for the lot and thus keep it clear of mortgage. Thus no aid of any consequence, was granted in meeting the absolute necessities and as a consequence it failed. If even at that time which was comparatively late for a denomination to commence in Chicago, our church could have invested \$2,000, in the purchase of a church lot and half that sum to aid in erecting a house of worship, it is altogether likely that the mission could have been successful. Or if it had not, the lot could now be sold for ten to thirty times what it cost, and the net gain thereof would, perhaps endow a professorship in some one of our colleges.—Would it not have been better for the church to abandon even a number of smaller places, where there was comparatively little need of an additional church, and little prospect of its success, and to have made the investment just mentioned?

But let us turn from the contemplation of past failures to present operations giving promise of success. Let us go to

GALESBURG, ILLS.

Starting at 9 in the evening, and waiting two or three hours in the aftermath of the night at the junction, near Pond Creek for the Southern train, we reached the place at 8 in the morning. It is one of the older cities of the State. It is surrounded by a most fertile and highly cultivated country. It is the seat of Knox College, which now has an endowment of \$300,000. It has a population of about 12,000 souls, about one fourth of whom are Scandinavians—there being 4,000 of this race in the city and in the country immediately around it. There is here a large Swedish church of about 600 members, belonging to the Augustana Synod; and our mission church also, Swedish, now embraces a membership of 100.

With these members and Bro. Anderson, the excellent missionary, I spent two days.—One night met the council composed of 8 or 9 earnest men, who, though closely engaged in various kinds of business and labor, promptly met and cheerfully spent the whole evening in consultation concerning the interests of the mission church. They have time for this, because they have heart for it.

This mission church holds weekly meetings for prayer, and also stated missionary meetings, and meetings for free conference on personal and experimental piety, and other subjects of vital interest. In these assemblages a large use is made of the Scriptures and of religious song. Our council meeting was opened by singing "Rock of ages cleft for me," in the Swedish, but with tune almost invariably employed in English. These members seem to be a spiritual, zealous people and they are rapidly increasing their numbers. A hearty affection is manifested between pastor and people, and they seem to take real pleasure in their mutual labors.

The church edifice, now in process of erection, is centrally located, and is a tasteful frame building 45 by 75 feet, of good length with a well proportioned spire. This building is now nearly and will be completed, and is intended to hold services in it during the winter. At present the services are held in a large hall. Brother Anderson now preaches in the Swedish language in the morning and English in the evening, but in consequence of the large number of Swedes coming in directly from the fatherland who do not understand English, he thinks of using the Swedish tongue also at night, at least part of the time.

Going northward from Galesburg, we pass through the important town of PRINCETON, ILLS.,

where Rev. O. A. Gelwicks, another of our missionaries, is located, but we have no time now to stop but pass on to

POLO, ILLS.

Here as yet we have no mission but the Synod of Northern Illinois, think we ought to have, and on that account I visited the place. Spent a Sunday here—preached once in the Methodist church, visited some among the members residing here—but as they were already in correspondence with a brother of a neighboring town, with a view to secure his services as pastor, and then leave him organize and proceed with active operations, it was thought best to attempt nothing further at this time, and we now turn our steps towards Iowa.

M. O.
July 20th 1869.

For the American Lutheran.
A Letter From Reading.

DEAR BRO. ANSTADT.

Two things are fundamental in communications: first to have something to say, and secondly to say it well. As I feel a little impulse within me to send you a short letter, the impulse arising from the recollection of an ambiguous promise made you when I said "good bye,"—I trust I shall be able, in some degree, to comply with the conditions thus announced, and at least to fulfill a promise that has, thus far, remained in unfulfillment, although as to matter and manner there may be nothing of infinite importance, nor incorporated into any type of unearthly expression.

Reading is a beautiful city. We find it a very desirable place of residence. One of the oldest towns in the State, it is also one of the most flourishing. I am somewhat in doubt whether it is so largely unknown, just because it is so well known! For my own part, I confess to a most agreeable surprise as I have become more fully acquainted with the facts in the case. The situation of the city is very fine—its surroundings beautiful—it is built up in good style—has finely shaded streets and avenues—is in fact a sort of City in a Park! The march of improvement is manifest on every hand, old buildings are giving way to fine structures, and new buildings are going up in all directions. There are improvements under way—and many are fine ones—on every street in the city. And the secret of all this stir and din is found, very largely, in the manufacturing interests of the place, which are already vast, and increasing from year to year. The population is estimated

at about forty thousand. It is no less, I should think, it is greater. In a place of this size, you have, of course, all sorts of people—some good—some bad—some worse—some worst! As it is the headquarters for some departments of the liquor business, —a sort of "Lager Beer Emporium"—we have, of course, an unfortunate and deplorable prevalence of intemperance. The moral force of the community has hitherto not been sufficient, or not sufficiently organized to arrest the tide of shame and ruin which rolls forth in devastating power and prevalence to blight, to curse, to destroy all that is fair, and excellent and good in the characters and prospects of the multitudes that are bewitched by the appetitive allurements.

CHURCHES.

Ecclesiastical organizations are neither few nor weak in numbers, while new churches and societies are multiplying from year to year. But still the houses of worship in the city are by no means adequate to the population of the place. I do not believe that we have church sittings enough for one half of the people of the city, and hence the solemn fact is before us, that thousands very seldom find their way into places of worship on the Sabbath day. This fact is fraught with great significance as it is considered in connection with the churches organizations of the place. These churches have a great work in hand at their own doors. How have they done their work hitherto? Are they equal to the emergency that is upon them? Is there evangelism of such a character and influence as to meet the mighty issues which are brought before them in the order of Providence?—We need a gracious Baptism from on high to bring us into deeper sympathy and fellowship with the living, personal Christ, and away from the grave-dresses of an ecclesiasticism with which the churches have been too long enshrouded. O for the loving heart! O for the tongue of fire!—

LUTHERAN CHURCHES.

You will naturally expect some allusion to the churches that bear the Lutheran name. Lutheranism, as you are aware is very prominent here. There are four regular congregations in the city with an aggregate nominal membership of some three thousand. Three congregations are English, and one German. As far as I know, these congregations are all commendably active in their spheres of operations, and according to their respective methods of activity. A new chapel has also lately been built in a growing part of the city in which a Sabbath School has been organized, and where it is hoped an additional congregation may soon be gathered.

The "General Council" churches, you know, are greatly in the majority here. St. Matthew's, which I have the honor of serving at this time is the only General Synod congregation in the city, and is the least of the four in the number of communing members. Thus I stand alone ecclesiastically amid the surrounding multitude of "General Council" brethren. I am alone in this sense, and yet not alone when you are in another sense. How is this? You may ask. "You are alone, but your old friend 'Gottlieb Kirchenfreund,' with whom you have had so many pleasant 'conversations in the sanctum,' the pastor of Trinity. He is a capital fellow, a good preacher, and an excellent, earnest, social brother. He is somewhat high in his Christianity, but it has not yet ossified his heart. He is bigger than his ecclesiastical system, and so we are on friendly terms. We often speak one to another, and 'take sweet counsel together.'"

Then, there is the pastor of St. James, the son of his father at Gettysburg. He is a sort of Chesterfield-General Council Lutheran! He is a very affable, pleasant, gentlemanly brother, a little more altitudinarian yet in his church notions than "Gottlieb" on the hill, and something of a "leading mind" among those who constitute the ritualistic wing of Lutheranism. He is quite approachable on the brotherly and social side of his nature; and taking advantage of these amiable qualities in him, I often find it very pleasant to sit down and talk with him as my ministerial neighbor, and thus while away an hour in very agreeable and profitable intercourse. Forgetting the things in which we differ we pass by casque, liturgy, rubric, creeds, and forms, and blend in the sweet fellowship of Christian sympathy and love. I have not yet formed the acquaintance of the pastor of the German church, but all these pastors are energetic, able men, and do their work in their own way, of course. They do not ask me for my advice as to their methods of activity; I do not ask them! You see we are intensely mutual in our treatment of each other. They do not interfere with me; I do not interfere with them. They are friendly; so am I.—They think for themselves; so do I. They belong to the "General Council"; so don't I—and yet, and thus, we live in peace and harmony with each other. And why not? Why should Ephraim vex Judah, and Judah vex Ephraim? Does our unsociable, exclusive, censorious disposition tend to promote either unity or unanimity among those who profess Christianity? Are animosity and hatred, in any conceivable way, angelic virtues? And does it of necessity follow that since we differ in views of doctrine, we must therefore also hate and despise one another? I have not so learned truth. I have not so learned Christ. Rather let this be the standard of life as pronounced by the Master himself.—"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one toward another."

I must confess I am utterly tired of the eternal "war of words" that is waged by contending religionists and factions; and so far as I am concerned in the questions that are continually bandied from lip to lip, engendering unavailing strife, I wish to aim at the cultivation of a more generous spirit; and if men will not agree with me, I wish to accord to them the same right that I claim for myself—without acrimony and without uncharitable exhortations. That is the best church which does the work of the gospel best—which aims most earnestly at the conversion of sinners and the edification of believers—Let us, therefore, vie with each other in doing good, and in most faithfully imaging forth in our lives the lovely spirit of the Redeemer. This is, after all, the true orthodoxy of Christianity.

St. MATTHEWS.

In this congregation I find an excellent people. Some demoralization had ensued in consequence of the changes through which they were passing; but I find a very pleasant people here, anxious to see the cause of Christ promoted among them. They have received us very kindly, and are making every reasonable effort to make us feel comfortable among them. The prospects for a gracious work are very favorable, and I look forward with great expectations "of the manifold grace of God," that we shall be privileged to witness a precious gathering of souls. For this I would sincerely pray and labor. I am not much concerned about partisan success; but sincerely desire to see a precious revival of religion. It is a matter of comparatively little importance whether one form of ecclesiasticism is built up or another, if it be more ecclesiastical; but it is of infinite importance that a loving Saviour be received by the many wanderers from the fold of God. O for an infinite faith in the ever increasing Christ! "He must increase," we must decrease. "Our life is hid with Christ in God."

Yours Truly,
Reading, July 27th 1869.

Sunday-School.

All communications intended for this Department should be addressed to
JOHN J. REDMAN, EDITOR OF S. S. COLUMN
HARRISBURG, Pa.

Questions.

What constitutes a first-class Sunday School?

What is the best mode of bringing a noisy school to order?

How can we best render unruly scholars obedient and docile?

How shall a teacher proceed when he is trying to interest his class, and some scholars are continually talking?

We earnestly invite answers to the foregoing questions, from pastors, superintendents, or teachers. There is scarcely a school we believe anywhere, where these questions are not almost constantly arising; and we sincerely hope that every one who has had any experience in dealing with the above knotty questions, and reads our column, will send us their solution of these perplexing difficulties.

Value of the Sunday School.

So high a value do we place upon the Sunday-school system of the present age, that we believe if they were to be exterminated, throughout the length and breadth of our land, should their banners with the truth of God inscribed upon them, be buried in oblivion, the various institutions of learning and science, which now adorn our land, would be as the withered tree, and believe they would wither and die. With all due respect and deference for the pulpit, and the preached word, the power of the Sabbath-school is the lever upon which hangs the future morality and good government of our country.

How then should every one be alive; and wide-awake to further the interests and increase the prosperity of this glorious institution. We could wish we had a voice that could reach every minister, superintendent, teacher, parent, or child in all the land, to arouse themselves to the work with fresh resolutions, more united effort, and more untiring zeal, for the entire evangelization of the youth of our land. Awake, arouse from your sleep, and work, for the night is coming.

KEEPING THE ATTENTION.

"What shall I do to keep the attention of my class," was asked us by a faithful and earnest teacher, upon a sweltering hot afternoon recently; and that the question is more easily asked than answered, none will deny.

In attempting to answer such a question, there are, of course, certain principles which underlie all good teaching, and these principles are fundamental and necessary. It is, for instance, a principle in all good teaching, as well as in preaching that the attention of the learner or hearer should be aroused and held. Incident and illustration should be sandwiched in with the practical, freely and pointedly.

To lay down one method, and proscribe all others, is a great mistake, for every good teacher well knows how they must vary their lesson to suit circumstances and cases in their respective classes.

We hold, and believe it to be a fact, that scarcely two teachers out of twenty will proceed alike with the same lesson, and indeed we would urge every teacher to proceed in different ways under varying circumstances.

One of the poorest ways of keeping the attention of a class we know of, is for the teacher to confine himself to a question book, and we do think no good teacher will go to his class with this lazy crutch; whenever we see a teacher with a question book in one hand, and a Bible in the other, peering first with one eye at the question, and then with the other at the verse or verses referred to, and watching to see if the scholar reads it correctly, what he leaves out or puts in, when we see teachers attempting to teach in this manner, we cannot help thinking of the drill sergeant who attempted to drill a squad of raw recruits, in the manual of arms, when Pat asked him, "An' faith is it that ye know nothing yessell that ye must be looking into the book all the time?" No, the teacher, like a skilled drill-master, must have the matter of his lesson thoroughly at his command; what he wants is not an ordinary knowledge of the lesson or subject, such as would be satisfactory in the pupil, but he must have what may well be called a *teaching knowledge*. He must know all about the lesson, all about his pupils, what he is going to say, how he is going to say it, and what he is going to say it for; and there is no way to gain this knowledge but by a

thorough preparation of the lesson, and therein lies the secret of securing attention and when our teachers come before their classes, knowing all about their lessons, we doubt very much if there will be any inattention.

Church News.

PLATTSBURGH, NEBRASKA.—REV. W. J. CUTTER writes to us from Plattsburgh, under date of July 22, as follows:

"Our city is entering upon a new era.—Great efforts have been made to secure a railroad. The matter was warmly contested for some time past, between several localities, we have at last gained the day; the work was inaugurated and the first shovel of earth turned, in the Burlington and Mo. R. R. at Plattsburgh on the 5th inst. It was a day of great excitement in our town. There were several thousand people present from all points of the surrounding country. The procession was headed by our city band. On the ground the exercises were prefaced by a prayer from your correspondent. Addresses were delivered by Gen. R. R. Livingstone, M. D. Hon. T. Marquett, formerly of Wittenberg College, and S. Duke, Esq., interspersed with suitable music by the band. The work of grading is going on rapidly. The road will probably be finished as far as Lincoln City, the new capital of our State. The road running East, from the bank of the Missouri River opposite to our city, to Burlington, and thence, to all points east, north and south, will be in running operation all the way in a short time. The grading is finished and the cars are running within 80 miles of the Missouri River. The Western Terminus of this road will be some point on the Pacific coast, and the work will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. The railroad has already effected great changes, emigration seems more lively, chiefly to the country. Prices of town property as well as land has risen very high.

Investments made a few months ago, are more than doubled now. House rents, fuel and everything else has advanced in proportion, the moral influence is also greatly effected. Our city compared favorably with other western towns but now, instead of two or three saloons, we will have about a dozen. Satan's servants are very active; and the servants of Mammon, are very active in their work and service at the shrine of gain. The adversary is making great efforts to reap the largest gain, and there are reasons to fear, unless the church from abroad comes up "to the help of the Lord, against the mighty." It is missionary ground we are occupying. Of the several denominations represented, none has yet become self-sustaining. The Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodists have occupied for some years, but continue mission congregations. The Baptists, Campbellites and United Brethren, and the Roman Catholic are represented here. Our Lutheran interest, nominally, is numerically, strongest. But it is sad indeed, to see so many, who came from the land of Luther, given up to infidelity, immorality, and gross wickedness. We have therefore a great work to do, and one that calls for the united prayer and liberal support of our church, and then by God's blessing attending it, glorious results may flow from it by and by. It is a work of patient and self denying labor.

Do you know of any good Lutherans that want to come West? Send them to us; there are many inducements for emigration to these parts. No country is better adapted for successful farming than this. The soil is rich, and easily cultivated. Prices for produce are good—a ready market at all times—grass hoppers have been annoying to farmers for the last year or two, but they leave us, in a manner uninjured, this season, and notwithstanding the abundance of rain and many freshets, the wheat crop which is now being gathered, will yield very largely, oats likewise, corn promises fair on an average—all things considered—the comparatively low prices of land, its richness of soil &c. no better country can be found anywhere, where the labor of the husbandman is better rewarded than in Nebraska.

But lest I should weary you, I shall close. Please urge it upon the churches East to come up to the help of our missions out in the far West. May the Lord bless you in all your labor of love.

W. J. CUTTER.

For the American Lutheran.
Installation of Rev. Sheeder.

The installation of Rev. P. Sheeder, recently called to Logan charge, Milroy county Pa., took place at Milroy on Sabbath morning July 18th 1869.

Rev. J. B. Anthony, of Millintown preached an appropriate sermon from 1st Tim. 5: 17—19, and delivered the charge to the pastor. Rev. J. M. Steek of Belleville, gave the charge to the congregation, and also preached in the evening. Logan charge is composed of four congregations, viz: Salem, Milroy, Yeagertown and Strouns, At Milroy they are building a new church which is so far completed as to enable them to hold services in the building. These brethren deserve much credit, for the sacrifices they are making in their effort to build, the members being few in number, and we admire the spirit of the other congregations, as manifested in the help they have given toward this enterprise. Bro. Sheeder has an extensive field of labor, and believing that he has a mind to work for Jesus, and trusting that all the members are willing to be "helpers in Christ Jesus" we hopefully look forward for blessed fruit as the result of their co-operative efforts.

J. M. STEEK.

THE NORTH BRANCH CONFERENCE of the Susquehanna Synod will meet at Zion Church, Plum Creek Charge, at 2 o'clock P. M. on the 2d Monday (9th) of August, 1869. Brethren coming by rail will leave the cars at Sunbury.

The question for discussion is, "How can the members of our church be educated up to the true standard of benevolence?"

B. F. ALLEMAN,
SECRETARY.

Waterville, Kansas.

EDITOR OF AMERICAN LUTHERAN:—Please give publicity to this in your welcome visitor. Since our last we have received of Rev. G. W. Schaeffer and charge, \$7.00, of Prof. Stover, \$6.00, for our own benefit, and \$1.50, from "Annie's Mission Box," Limestone Ridge, Pa., and \$1.00 from "A Friend," New Wilmington, Pa., for the church. This has truly been timely aid, for which we invoke the blessing of heaven on the kind donors, and hope others will do likewise.

In answer to the many questions asked me, whether there are any Lutherans coming here, and what amount of support I have, permit me to say that aside of the organization at W. there are enough members now to organize another, and by fall there will be enough at one, if not two more points to organize, so there will be three, if not four organizations by fall, as the result of our colony at W.

We have no support whatever, and, for want of a horse to ride, often go miles on foot to visit the sick and families.

Will not some of the liberal of the Lord send us a box of clothing and some of the needful to meet the wants of our family, and save us from making an application to the Home Mission Society, which would come too late to meet our present necessities.

F. R. SHERER.

Waterville, Kansas.

MAHANOE CITY, Pa.—REV. R. Weiser has received and accepted a unanimous call to the St. John's Ev. Lutheran Church of Mahanoy City, Schuylkill Co., Pa. He expects to enter upon the labors of his new charge about the middle of September, next. Bro. Weiser has already passed through a long and eventful ministry, he has generally had large and laborious charges, but he is still vigorous and able to endure hardships as a valiant soldier of the cross. We are glad to have him so much nearer to our sanctuary.

Our readers have been very much interested and instructed by his articles in the AMERICAN LUTHERAN, and they may expect to hear from him frequently, after he shall have been settled in his new field of labor.

OBITUARY.

DIED on the morning of the 4th of July, Bro. Lafayette Unger, son of George and Eliza Unger of Danville, Pa. The deceased was born in Shamokin, Pa., on the 1st of February 1812. Consequently his age on the day of his death was 27 years, 5 months and 3 days. At an early age he was converted under the ministry of Bro. P. Willard, then pastor of the Lutheran church in Danville, and was a member of the church up to the time of his death. Immediately after his conversion he directed his attention to the subject of the Christian Ministry, with which object in view he pursued his studies as his health would permit. He had spent about six years at Gettysburg, when he was taken sick and after an illness of several months, he died in the full assurance and faith in his Redeemer. During his sickness, he frequently expressed to his pastor, Bro. G. M. Rhodes and other Christian friends his resignation to the will of God and readiness to depart and be at rest. His thoughts were much upon Christ and upon heaven, "Oh, the precious blood of Christ," "Oh, the bliss of heaven! No mind can conceive, and no tongue can express the glories of that new bright world." These were some of the expressions that he frequently uttered during his illness. Just before he died he called all to his bedside, bidding them farewell, and telling them to meet him in heaven. A young widow mourns his early death, as do also his afflicted parents, brothers and sisters. His funeral took place on Tuesday the 6th of July and was largely attended by many sympathizing friends. Rev. G. M. Rhodes, Dr. Hodgson and I. H. Torrence of the Methodist Episcopal church made appropriate remarks.

P. A.
Lutheran Observer please copy.

DIED on Leona on the 18th inst, Mrs. Rachel Pecht, age 58 years, 11 months and 25 days.

Sister Pecht was born in Blair county Pa. Was a faithful member of the Lutheran church for 35 years. In the morning, she was at her place in the great congregation, worshipping the Lord. At the supper table, she remarked that she did not feel well and hence thought she would not go to church.

What feelings of emotions filled the hearts of the children on their return home from divine worship, to find their mother sitting upon a chair in the door, wrapt in the cold mantle of death. What a solemn warning to all the living. Who can tell what a day may bring forth. Be ye therefore ready, for the hour of your departure may be very near.

W. H. S.

Sunny Christians.

The world would say she was "A poor sufferer." For years she had been gradually sinking under the slow type of consumption. Sometimes at death's door for weeks, yet always working for Jesus, and enjoying his blessed smiles. Happy as a prince! Yes, and a thousand fold more happy than most princes, for crowns have many a time been worn on aching heads, and regal robes have been wrapped around sad hearts. But she was a "Sunny Christian." This solves the mystery. Hear her own words:

"I have been very ill since I lost my son, but in bitterest pains my God is near. He chasteneth with forbearing, you know. Oh, sir, in the December number the piece on 'Christian cheerfulness' is worth the price of a year. Oh, how great a mistake, that there is only gloom in religion. Why is it not reversed? Out of religion, all is gloom; but in religion the rays of the sun of righteousness dispel the gloom, as mist flies before the sun. God grant us *Sunny Christians* who shall disperse the darkness of iniquity by the brightness of their purity. There is no darkness in God at all. He is 'our sun and shield.' Often when I have seen those laugh who were still in the 'gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity.' I have thought that it never belonged to them to smile. The night of sin is far spent, the morning is at hand, soon 'Our eyes shall see the King in his beauty.' Oh how many are feeding on the husks in the far country; souls, precious souls, whom God loved so as to give his own Son to die in their stead."—*The Christian at Work.*

