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Poetry.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Light of the world! to thee I come,
All dark within my soul;
Yet is thy light, my childhood's home,
Long lost; now through the earth I roam
A stranger, wearily.

Though am I dark, thou seest me,
And know'st all my distress;
I cannot hide one thought from thee—
Nor would I, Lord! Oh, reach, and see
All that lies hid within.

Unless I know my Father knows
The worst that I have done,
How can I the love he shows?
How take the gift that love bestows
On such a guilty one?

My Father, lo! all doubting dies!
I know that Thou can'st see,
Outspread before thy glorious eyes
My present, past and future lies:
And yet Thou lovest me!

WORDS.

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."
Words are lighter than the cloud/loom
Of the restless ocean spray;
Valuer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour may away;
By the fall of summer rain-drops
Is the air as deeply stirred;
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking,
With a lightning flash, a word,
Bearing endless consolation
On its lightning wings, I heard.
Earth can give no keener weapon,
Dealing sure death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
O'er a weary waste of years,
And only show the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears;
While a weary wanderer gazed
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gaze upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred,
Never, never more to slumber,
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air,
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there;
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it even, night or day,
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it pass away.

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents, with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings;
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered,
Echoes in the skies.

Communications.

For the American Lutheran.
The Angel of the Bible.

CHAPTER XII.

Angel Ministry for Christ.

BY J. H. P. FROST, M. D.

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The great mystery of the Incarnation
was heralded in advance by angel messen-
gers from heaven. Through all the varied
scenes of the life of Jesus on earth angel
ministers are found to play most important
parts. Even in his humiliation, who took
upon himself the form of a man, and made
himself of no account, who was made
flesh and dwelt among men, a wanderer
who had not where to lay his head; in all
his temptations, the angels still saw through
the outward garb of human nature, the
God who was "in Christ reconciling the
world unto himself." It was indeed a
mystery into which they desired to look,
1 Peter 1: 12. But the fact of the Di-
vine Incarnation was no less plain and
palpable to them when Jesus lay as a new-
born babe in the manger, than when having
been transfigured upon the mount, and
triumphing over death, with his very hu-
manity redeemed and sanctified, he was
again received into the glory he had with
the Father before the world was.

Everything connected with the life and
mission of Christ on earth must of course
be most intensely interesting to all his dis-
ciples. But among the most interesting
and instructive portions of the Sacred
Scriptures, are those in which mention is
made of the angel ministry which attended
our Saviour, from the manger to the cross
and tomb; from his descent into hell, and
resurrection, till he was thus finally raised
up into heaven. And while we read the
inspired and authentic narratives delivered
to us by and through the Evangelists, who
were themselves eye witnesses and partici-

patitors in the scenes which they describe;
we must bear in mind that they do not
profess to relate everything. "And there
are also many other things which Jesus did,"
says John at the conclusion of his Gospel,
"the which, if they would be written every
word, I suppose that even the world itself
could not contain the books which should
be written."

The Evangelists give us indeed all that
was by the Holy Spirit considered essen-
tial, both of the sayings and the doings of
our Saviour, while he was about "his
Father's business," doing good on earth.
And yet as what is thus recorded neces-
sarily comprises portions and fragments
only of his words and actions; so in the
matter of the ministry of angels for our
Saviour, we find only a few scattered and
as it were incidental notices of what was
most undoubtedly a uniform and constant
attendance. But this great and important
lesson,—important in reference to our prop-
er understanding the nature and mission
of Christ on earth, and even more prac-
tically important in reference to a similar
case for our disciples,—is abundantly
taught by these few examples. "Very far
off" in many instances, the attending
angels must have held their ministry for
him who had thus, as it were, hidden his
original Divine Glory under his assumed
human nature. It was not indeed per-
mitted to them, in his season of humili-
ation and trial, to reveal his true glory by
any manifestations of his own legions of
attending hosts. But we shall find them
"ministering unto him," and giving him
all needed strength in his moments of
deepest agony and depression.

To recount the predictions of the future
coming of Christ, which, through the
disposition of angels, most undoubt-
edly,—were made to the prophets of the
Hebrew Church, foreign to our present
purpose. But even true immediate atten-
tion of the angels upon our Saviour's life
on earth may be said to have actually com-
menced as a Prologue, before a first Act
of the grand Drama of the Incarnation. An
angel of the Lord appeared to Zacharias,
while engaged in ministering at the altar,
and announced to him, that although he
was himself an old man and his wife well
stricken in years, he should have a son,
and should call his name John. And in
proof of the truth of this message, and in
rebuttal of his unbelief, Zacharias became
dumb until all was fulfilled. This John,
whose coming was thus deemed worthy of
angelic announcement, was the forerunner,
who was to prepare the way and proclaim
the coming of the still future Messiah;
and to receive, announce and baptize him,
when he did come, "in the fulness of
time." Luke 1: 11-20.

To the Virgin Mary came also an angel
messenger, Gabriel sent from God, to notify
her of her blessed fortune; that she
should be the mother of Jesus who should
be called "the Son of the Highest," "the
Son of God." Luke 1: 26-32. Here, as
in the former instance, not only was the
subject of the announcement itself of the
greatest importance; but the peculiar cir-
cumstances of the individuals themselves
rendered such premonition absolutely nec-
essary. Especially was this the case with
the Virgin Mary, who would otherwise
have been subjected to the most cruel
agony in her own mind while the serious
dangers to which she became exposed from
apparent violation of the most sacred laws,
were obviated by a similar angelic message
to her espoused husband.

"The time draws near the birth of
Christ," to Joseph also, the angel of the
Lord appeared in a dream, saying: "Jo-
seph, thou son of David, fear not to take
unto thee Mary thy wife; for that which is
conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And
she shall bring forth a Son and thou shalt
call his name Jesus, for he shall save
his people from their sins." Matt. 1: 20, 21.

To the shepherds abiding in the field
and keeping watch over their flock by
night, came the angel of the Lord bring-
ing the glad tidings of great joy, announce
ing the birth of a Saviour which is Christ
the Lord." And suddenly there was with
the angel a multitude of the heavenly host
praising God, and saying, "Glory to God
in the highest, and on earth peace, good
will toward men." Luke 2: 8-14. In
anticipation of this long predicted and most
glorious event the angel bands had watched
and waited.

"And all the angels kept watch
in squadrons bright." And now they
joyously united to celebrate that new birth
among men on earth, whose infinite signifi-
cance only the heavenly hosts could fully
realize, only God himself could
entirely comprehend. No words of ours
can convey an adequate conception of the
choral anthems, the burden of whose song
the Evangelist indeed records,—"GLORY TO
GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH
PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN,"—but
with whose entrancing melodies and grand
majestic harmonies, "their singing sweet
ness long drawn out," repeated and re-
turned from choir to choir of those bright
bands, the sounding armies of earth and the
heavenly firmament itself, "echoed and re-
echoed hymns of lofty praise. Such scenes
and songs do indeed prelude the still
grand harmonies which shall glorify the
eternal throne when the temple of God is
opened in heaven, Rev. 11: 19. But we
can compare them only to those in which,
at the first creation, "the morning stars
sang together when all the Sons of God
shouted for joy," Job 38: 7. The fol-
lowing extracts from Milton's beautiful
"Hymns on the Nativity,"—despite the
antiquated form of sound of the expres-
sions,—will well repay perusal:

"The shepherds on the lawn,
On the point of dawn
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row—
When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet;
Not by mortal fingers strook;
Divinely warbled voice,
Answering the strings noise.

As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
The air such pleasures loth to lose
With thousand echoes still prolonged
The heavenly close.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-faced
night arrayed;
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings dis-
played,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes to heaven's
new-born heir.

"Such music (as his said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the Song of Morning sung
While the Creator Great
His constellations set
And the well-balanced world on hinges
hung,
And east the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their
oxy channels keep."

At each successive step in our Saviour's
life on earth, we find him constantly
watched over and attended by angels.—
And the same kindly care is extended also
to his immediate attendants. Thus the
wise men,—before whom the star which
they had seen in the East went till it came
and stood over where the young child
was,—who fell down and worshipped him,
and "presented unto him gifts," being
warned of God in a dream, departed into
their own country another way." Matt. 2: 12.
To Joseph also the angel of the Lord
appeared in a dream, warning him not to
take the young child and his mother and flee
into Egypt. "And when Herod was dead
behold, an angel of the Lord appeared in a
dream to Joseph in Egypt," to notify
him that he might return with safety to
the land of Israel, Matt. 2: 13-19.

There is indeed no express mention of
the presence of the angels when upon the
occasion of the baptism of Jesus, the Holy
Ghost, the Spirit of God descended like a
dove and lighted upon him." Matt. 3: 16.
But most undoubtedly they were not far
off. That they were ever ready to wait
upon him Jesus himself plainly shows by
his confident reference to the more than
twelve legions of angels which his Father
should presently give him at his request,
Matt. 26: 53. If God could say to the
children of Israel, "Behold I send an
angel before thee, to keep thee in thy way,
and to bring thee into the place, which I
have prepared." Exodus, 23: 20; how
much more should he not commission the
heavenly hosts to attend upon his only-beg-
otten Son! And we read that when the
devil left him in the wilderness, after ex-
hausting his temptations in vain, "behold,
angels came and ministered unto him,"
Matt. 4: 11. Mark 1: 3.

"A. Tenyson; "In Memoriam."
"And the shepherds returned, glorify-
ing and praising God for all the things
they had heard and seen." Luke, 2: 20.
"Welcome! all wonders in one sight,
Eternity shut in a span;
Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in earth, and God in man.
Great Little one, whose all-embracing
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth."

From "Chorus of the Shepherds of
Bethlehem," by Richard Crashaw, born
in London, and died in Italy in 1650.

The Pulpit.

Lecture-Room Talk.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CHRISTIAN SONG.

There are a great many of the practical
and ethical commands of the New Testa-
ment which men scarcely design to ob-
serve,—still less to attempt, earnestly and
seriously, to practice; a great many com-
mands, which are supposed to be optional,
almost ornamental, and yet which experi-
ence will show, I think, in every case, to
be very intimately connected with the de-
velopment of that character which we are
commanded to have,—intimately connected
with the enjoyment of those experiences
after which we all aspire. Thus we find
in Paul's letter to the Ephesians, these
words:

"Be filled with the spirit; speaking to
yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiri-
tual songs, singing and making melody in
your heart to the Lord; giving thanks al-
ways for all things unto God and the
Father in the name of our Lord Jesus
Christ."

The Apostle James says:
"Is any among you afflicted? Is any
merry? Let him sing psalms."
This takes you back, if you will think
one single moment, to the Book of Psalms,
and to the exhortation with which, I was
almost going to say, half the Psalms begin
—"Sing unto the Lord." The command
in the Hebrew Scriptures to sing, as con-
tained in the Book of Psalms, is universal.
It was a practice, in the Hebrew economy,
to sing much. Singing constituted a large
part of the public worship of the Hebrews.
It is on this matter of Christian song,
and its relations to our experience, that I
wish to speak a few words to-night.

A great many persons think that singing
is a luxury which they may deny them-
selves if they please. There are very few
persons who have even thought that sing-
ing was a duty. There are very few who
have had it borne in upon them that they
should teach themselves, or that they
should teach their households, as a part of
Christian fidelity, the act of sacred song.
We feel that it would be very wicked in us
as Christian parents, to bring up our chil-
dren and never teach them how to pray;
but the command to pray is not any more
explicit than the command to sing; and
the act of prayer is scarcely more beneficial
than the act of song. Nay, I think it is
not as beneficial. I think that more persons
could bring themselves into a spiritual
state by sacred song, which includes prayer
than could by prayer alone, which
does not include song necessarily.
You will bear witness that one of the

great difficulties of men in Christian ex-
perience is the difficulty of what I may
call the *liquefaction of their opinions or
beliefs into emotions*. The Greek method
of coming at anything was by the intellect.
The Greeks formed some conception, some
judgment, of that which they sought to un-
derstand. They came to an intellectual
result in regard to truth. And the train-
ing which we have received in that respect
—particularly such of us as have been
bred in New England—has been largely
after the Greek method. It has been philo-
sophic. And the habit of the pulpit has
been to such an extent abstract, doctrinal,
that the great staple truths of Christianity
—what are called the *Catechism, Confes-
sions of Faith, and the discussions of the
pulpit*—have been presented to the mass of
the population in their dogmatic or their
philosophic forms.

Nor is this wrong. It is an important
element in the education of the people.
But everybody is aware that it has been ex-
tremely difficult to take those Christian ex-
periences which were in the shape of ideas,
convictions, and opinions, and express the
wine that was in the cluster, and reduce
them to realization. And men say, of
testimonies, "I believe that I am sinful, but
I do not feel it; I believe that Christ died
for me, but I have no realizing sense of it;
I believe that Christ is my atoning Saviour
and my Friend, but I cannot bring it
home to myself."

And so it comes to pass that the most
important elements of Christian life stand
out against us, as insoluble propositions.—
propositions that we regard as very impor-
tant, but that we do not know how to com-
mune and make into bread, that we do
not know how to liquefy and make into
wine, so that they shall be really sustaining
to our souls.

The method of the Hebrews was precisely
that. They were accustomed to come
to the truth, not so much from the side
of reason, as from the side of moral intu-
ition. They came to it from the side of
emotion. They realized it at first as a
feeling and a life, and afterwards, if they
had any further understanding of it, they
converted it into a precept or doctrine.

The true method would seem to lie be-
tween these. It would seem to be, first,
the conception of the truth intellectually;
and then, secondly, some method of reduc-
ing that truth into an emotive form. And
singing is that natural method by which
thoughts are reduced to feelings more surely
and more universally than by any other.
You have all noticed, when you have
been talking with an experienced Christian
of a warm heart and a full nature, that in
your conversation with him, in your social
relations to him, the truth came to you
very much sooner, and became much more
apparent and satisfying to you, than when
you were by yourself. And sometimes, in
church, when you have heard preaching
going on, you have thought, "Ah! if I
could only carry away with me this view,
which I now have, and keep it, I should
be a happy Christian indeed; but when I
get out of doors by myself, it all fades out,
and I cannot imagine that I have had it,
and cannot bring it back to me." When
you talk with some old saint, some venera-
ble father in the Lord, some good mother
in Israel, and they assure you that their
souls have been converted by the great
truths of religion which you have been
trained to believe, and give an emotive ex-
pression to them, you are conscious that
those truths convert themselves into emo-
tions in your heart-experience. You are
conscious, also, when you go to a warm
meeting—a revival meeting, for instance
—that while hymns are being sung, and
you listen to them, your heart is as it were
loosened, and there comes out of those
hymns to you a realization of the truth
such as you never had before. There is a
pleading element, there is a sense of humil-
iation of heart, there is a poignant realiza-
tion of sin and its guiltiness, there is a
yearning for a brighter life, in a hymn,
which you do not find in your closet. And
under the singing of a hymn you come
into sympathy with the truth as you never
do under the preaching of a discourse.

There are thousands of Christians who
undertake, by reading and by meditation,
to bring their souls near to God, and who
mourn and complain because they cannot
do it. And to such let me say, that the
wings that God has appointed by which we
are to fly up into the sphere of the invis-
ible, into the realization of spiritual things
that are remote from the natural under-
standing, are the wings of song. For if
there be one thing that is true beyond
contradiction, it is that the lyrical element
is the best expression of feeling. You can
in no way express feeling so well, as by
singing. Therefore, in all ages and in all
countries, all sorts of feeling—patriotism,
love, the various kinds of sentiment—have
been taken on the poetic form, for chanting
and singing purposes. There is the consoling
testimony of all nations and people in every
age of the world, that feeling ought to be
sung. Masses of men, and educated men
come together on that ground. It is a uni-
versal provision. It belongs to the stock of
the race.

Now, why should we neglect these teach-
ings of history? Why should we neglect
these gatherings of experience? Why
should we undertake continually to lift
ourselves by the force of thought into the
presence of God unhelped, when we can
carry our way up there with one half the
effort?

There is a railroad, now, to the top of
Mount Washington. A man that sings like
a person who gets into a car and is
whirled up that mountain by steam, with
out labor, so that when he reaches the top
he is fresh and can enjoy himself; but a
man that does not sing is like a poor fellow
who goes up on foot, over rocks, through
ravines, pausing, and puffing, and blowing,
so that when he reaches the top he is too
tired to enjoy himself.

Thousands of persons try to exco-
gitate God, try to intellectualize him; there are

many of them who endeavor to find him
out by reasoning alone; and they find it
dry business; and so they come to feel
that religious truths are like bran, like cob-
meal—that they are not nutritious. As
you think them out, very likely they are
not. No more technical statements are
But those same truths, put into a lyrical
form and sung, touch the hearts of all—of
the child as well as the adult; of the slave
on the plantation, and the Lord Bacon by
his side, hearing the same truth, have the
same gush of feeling.

When, therefore, we are commanded to
sing, we are not merely commanded to fill
up the chinks of time with pleasant luxury.
What is meant by singing is not simply an
amusement for Sunday. It is a provision
of Almighty God by which the mass of
mankind can convert thoughts into feelings
and intellectual propositions into emotions.
And it is the grand method by which over-
experience may become a vital, experimen-
tal heart-experience.

This, then, is the true method of be-
coming warm-hearted Christians. If you
observe, you will find that those who sing
a good deal are apt to be glowing in their
experiences. Go into a Methodist meeting
and an ordinary Presbyterian or Congre-
gational meeting, and you will see the con-
trast between the emotional and intellectual
methods. Let persons representing these
two methods go into a rude country, and
gather the people together, and let one
class *why* them all the time, and the other
preach them all the time, and which would
extort the greatest influence? Which
would warm them up the most? Which
would bring them to Christian activity
sooner? It is said that our moderate ex-
citers, and that the other more merely ex-
cites them. Well, why do you not excite
them first and then educate them? Why
do you not combine the two methods? I
think that if our Methodist brethren will
allow us to help them in the matter of con-
tinuous instruction, we ought to pay them
back by borrowing from them the good
practice of awakening an emotive life
through singing.

In the good providence of God, without
any man's foreseeing it or designing it,
a most astonishing provision has been made
for this very thing. So I have said it is
a law of God, that in their experience men
shall pass from the intellectual to the
emotive state; and from the beginning of
the world a provision has been made an-
swering to that law. First came the He-
brew lyrics. They will stand to the judg-
ment day. They will never be sung
thereabout. The more men are tried, the
more they resort to those great depths of
inspiration which the Psalms have opened.
The deeper their nature, the more pro-
found their piety, the more they appreciate
this provision of the olden time. Then if
you come down to the middle ages you find
the Latin hymns, as they are called—some
of the stateliest, sublimest, most tender and
impassioned of all the hymns that ever
were issued from human pen. And if you
come down still further, to modern times,
you will find that the cream of religious
thought is found in the Christian hymns of
the world—especially in Germany, England,
and America, which have been more fer-
tile of hymns than any other three coun-
tries on the globe.

There is no topic or doctrine, there is
no reflection of thought, there is no ex-
pression possible to the human soul, I believe,
for which there is not an exquisite render-
ing. I do not care what your state of mind
is—whether you be love-lorn and disap-
pointed; despairing from the conduct of
others, or from your own misconduct;
pious and imploring; hungry, thirst-
ing, yearning; discontented with the
world; full of self-reproach; ashamed
through mortified pride; hating yourself,
longing to die, and out of the world; or
glowing with hope, with gratitude, with
love in a thousand radiant hues—you will
find for every shade and every combination
some exquisite hymn, by which you may
more perfectly develop your state of mind,
or give it a more noble expression.

Therefore no man can afford to be with-
out a good hymn book, any more than he
can afford to be without his Bible. The
effect of having the Bible has been to
make the hymn book. Already there is a
large harvest of wine expressed from the
clusters gathered from that vineyard of
the Lord, the Bible.

While by singing we convert intellectual
religion into emotive religion, and while
there is a provision made in singing for the
development of almost every phrase of
Christian experience, singing also has a
wonderful effect directly upon those feel-
ings which we wish to restrain. How
quick a man's mood changes under all
singing! All are not alike susceptible, but
all are susceptible to some extent, in this
regard. I speak with emphasis on this point
because I am peculiarly sensitive to sing-
ing, and because I owe so much to it.—
How many times have I come into the
church on Sunday morning, jaded and
somewhat despondent—saddened at an
rate—and, before the organ voluntary was
completed, undergone a change as great
as that I had been taken out of January
and been plunged down into the middle of
May, with spring blossoms on every hand.
How many times have I been lifted out of
a depressed state of mind into a cheerful
mood by the singing, before I began to
preach! How often, in looking forward to
the Friday night meeting, has my prevail-
ing thought been, not of what I was going
to say, and not of the prayers that would
be offered, but of the hymns that would be
sung. My prayer meeting consists largely
of the singing of hymns, which are full of
prayers. And my predominant thought
in connection with our Friday night gath-
erings is, "Oh! that sweet, joyful sing-
ing!" And many and many a time the
prayer meeting has helped me clear through
the Sabbath. I have been filled with in-
spiration on Friday night, and it has lasted
till Sunday.

A German professor, whose days
and nights had been devoted to unintermit-
ting study of the Greek article, lay on his
death-bed. Calling his son to his bedside
he briefly reviewed his past life, adding in
faltering tones: "Hans, be warned by my
error. I meant well but I attempted too
much. I should have confined myself to
the 'dative case.'"

I see, I feel, I know what power there
is in singing; and that is one reason why,
when I came into this church as your pas-
tor, I determined that there should be
singing in the congregation, and why I
never changed that determination. You
know, how, for eight or ten years, I fought
you night and day. You differed from me
in opinion; you thought you knew more
than I did, and I could not have my own
way; but after eight or ten years, when
you were better instructed, and when you
began to have confidence enough in me to
let me have my own way (and I would
have it; I knew I was right, and I would
not give up), congregational singing was
inaugurated among us. And now all—
men, women and children—sing. And one
reason why the Lord dwells among us so
much, why there is so much spirituality in
the church, why the people in the church
are so cheerful and happy and social, and
why you love each other so much as you
do, is that you sing with grace, in your
hearts to the Lord. And I always feel
that a church that does not sing have hard
sledding. Sleigh-riding in winter, and no
bells—think of it! A church that does not
sing is like a spring without any birds,
or like a garden without any flowers. Of
all the world, a church that has four sing-
ers—four whole singers? A thousand
people sitting down, and a thousand pairs
of ears listening, and four mouths, sing-
ing to the Lord was meant to open up the
hearts of men who participate in it, and
carry them near to God. There is no time
when we come so near to the face of God,
and speak to him so nearly, as when we
are singing. A thousand folks, with four
persons to do their singing for them, do
not get very near to the Lord. And as a
general thing the four singers do not get
very near to him either. I know it is possi-
ble for them to sing devoutly—all things are
possible with God; but they are not apt
to do it. Give me a singer church! I
think that where the Spirit of the Lord
is, singing must break out, it seems to me.

Not only that, but in the household
there ought to be a great deal more sing-
ing than there is. I do not believe there
ever was a singing family that quarreled
much. It is very hard to break away from
a good song into a round quarrel.
Everybody is ugly at times, I suppose; I
know I am; but there is nothing that
quells, ugliness so quick as a good sweet
hymn. It is very hard to mouth a hymn,
and at the same time have an ugly feeling
in two people that have quarreled could be
set over against each other, so that they
could not get at each other, and made to
take a hymn-book and sing, I think that
by the time they had sung five verses they
would feel pleasantly toward one another.
That must be very ugly whose ugliness
cannot be dissolved in the stream of
sacred song.

Then, in private experience there is a
great deal of power in singing, to control
one's thoughts; to withdraw one from an
over-estimate of this world; to comport
one's self in sorrow; to cheer one's self in
perplexity; to make one's self patient and
long-suffering in adversity. If one only
had a hundred or a thousand hymns in his
memory, and with every changing mood he
was accustomed to turn to himself some
sweet descendant of experience, he would not
seldom be made un-happy, and he would
not wander far from the path of rectitude.
For singing is the golden bow and arrow
with which Satan would be smitten through
and through, and temptations would be dis-
armed.

Dr. Stowe gives an interesting account
of what he saw in one of the public schools
in Germany. In one department there
were some two hundred boys practicing
music on violins. In another department
all the boys were singing. And the super-
intendent said, in his peculiar phrase-
ology, "When the children do not sing, the devil
is here in the midst of them, but when
they are all singing he has to go and set out
there"—pointing at the open window. And
in that figurative way was indicated the
truth that evil cannot easily dwell with a
spirit of sacred song.

So, in bringing these remarks to a close
I may say, in the language of the apostle,
"Speak to yourselves in psalms and hymns
and spiritual songs, singing and making
melody in your heart, to the Lord."

"Well, what if I cannot sing?" Then
hymn. In the Psalms we are commanded
to make a joyful noise unto the Lord. You
can do that. There is nobody who cannot
repeat hymn. Uttering a hymn recitatively
is supposed to be music in it. There is
nobody who cannot recite to himself, more
or less lyrically, these sweet hymns of Chris-
tian experience. But most persons can
learn, and I suppose the majority of per-
sons among us have learned to sing.

You do not sing enough in the shop;
you do not sing enough as you are wander-
ing alone in the fields; you do not sing
enough on the sea; you do not sing enough
in your closet. In sickness and in health,
in darkness and in light, sing. Have a
song for joy, for sadness, for all times, and
for all purposes. Sing unto the Lord, and
make melody in your hearts.

The Swedish mountaineers, since
the days of the great Gustavus, have been
extravagantly fond of music. The female
mountaineers blow on an instrument called
a *lar*, a sort of long trumpet, sometimes
twelve feet in length. Its sound is strong
and at the same time sharp, yet by no
means unpleasant. When supported by
one and played on by another it presents a
very odd appearance, and may be heard
at a very great distance.

Practical.

From the Christian Intelligencer.
The Fulton Street Prayer
Meeting.

An Old Minister with a New Idea.

The exercises of the meeting have been
full of the deepest interest. An old clergy-
man arose toward the end of it, and wit-
nessed a new confession. He is almost al-
ways in the meeting; sometimes he sits
the meetings through for days, yet says
nothing. At other times he will be up
every day for a period, and either pray or
make remarks. He almost always has
something to say.

The American Lutheran.

YORK, PA.

SATURDAY, June 23, 1870.

REV. P. ANSTADT, EDITOR.

REBERSBURG, PA.—Mr. Samuel Frank is acting as agent for the AMERICAN LUTHERAN in Rebersburg and vicinity. He is authorized to receive backhanding subscriptions, and also subscriptions in advance from new subscribers.

SUNBURY.—Mr. J. H. Engel is agent for this paper in Sunbury and vicinity. We request all those who are in arrears for subscriptions to pay him. All who have not yet paid in advance for the present year should pay to him as soon as possible.

CONVINCED OF THEIR ERROR.—Three of the learned Mohammedan doctors, who debated with Dr. Pfander at Agra, India, in 1852, on the truth of Christianity, have since professed their faith in Christ, and two of them have given valuable aid by their writings in defence of the truth.

AN EARNEST REQUEST is hereby extended to all who have not paid their subscription for the AMERICAN LUTHERAN this year to forward the amount without delay. We have been at great expense in removing our office and purchasing new material that we need all the subscriptions due us immediately. We shall be much obliged to all those who will send their backhanding subscriptions as soon as they read these lines.

LEAVING ROME.—The Augsburg Gazette reports from Leipzig that, in consequence of the late proceedings of the Council, Dr. August Schenk, professor of botany in that city, has withdrawn from the Roman Catholic and become a member of the Lutheran Church. Another German paper says that in the town of Gatz, a withdrawal en masse of the Roman Catholics in that town from communion with Rome is apprehended, in case the doctrine of infallibility should be accepted by the Council.

RETURN OF REV. G. F. STIELING.—We have the pleasure to announce that Rev. G. F. Stieling, pastor of the First Lutheran church, arrived at home this morning after an absence of nearly ten weeks in the West. Our readers will be gratified to learn that the reverend gentleman is in the enjoyment of excellent health and that during his long journey he met with no personal accident whatever. In addition to dedicating the First English Lutheran Church at Portland, Oregon, Rev. Stieling visited San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Fort Des Moines and various prominent points in the West. His congregation in our city has anxiously awaited his return, and will rejoice to know that he will at once resume his pastoral work. —Harrisburg Telegraph.

A Visit to the Allegheny.

On Sunday, the 12th inst., we had the pleasure of visiting the home of our childhood at the foot of the Allegheny Mountains, near Muncy, Lycoming county, Pa. We found the aspects of the country much changed in the clearing of the land, and the settling up of the district. There is also a change in the population. Some strangers have come in, some of our acquaintances have moved away and others have died. A few more familiar faces we recognized in the church. But the mountain still stands there on its rocky base, and the fleecy clouds still move above it, as in the days of yore, and the same Almighty God reigns over it who was there when its foundations were laid.

We visited this place on the invitation of Rev. U. Myers, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Huntersville, for the purpose of laying a corner-stone for a new Lutheran church. We were accompanied by Rev. P. Born, who preached an able and appropriate sermon in the old church standing near, after which the writer of these lines performed the services at the laying of the corner-stone and deposited the usual documents in the cavity.

Rev. Myers is doing a good work in this charge and is very much beloved and respected by his people.

The Roman and Episcopal.

Rev. J. H. W. Stuckenberg delivered an address in Pittsburgh, at a meeting in behalf of the Evangelical Alliance, in which he gives the following statistics in reference to the tendency in the Episcopal Church to Rome:

"The tractarian movement in the Episcopal Church began in 1833 in England. In 1845 and '46 there was quite an exodus from the Church of England to that of Rome. And before the close of 1846 not less than one hundred and fifty clergymen and distinguished laymen had entered the Roman Church." Among these were such men as Dr. J. H. Newman, Rev. F. Oakley, fellow of Balliol College, Rev. Collyers of Oxford, F. W. Faber, rector at Elton; Dudley Ryder, son of the Bishop of Litchfield, with his whole family, and many others of great prominence. Soon after this, several Reformed clergymen of St. Margaret's, London, with about sixty members of that church, besides others, entered the Roman Church. So favorably was Rome regarded at this time by the Tractarians, that Dr. Townsend, canon of Durham, proposed that the Pope should assemble a general council to settle the disputes in Christendom. He went to Rome and had an interview with the Pope, who graciously received him. In 1850 Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, wrote to the Bishop of Durham that clergymen of the Church of England had, step by step, led their flocks to the verge of destruction, and had, among other things, recommended the worship of saints, the infallibility of the church, a superstitious use of the cross, and auricular confession.

Before the close of 1852 the Tractarian movement had introduced from the Church of England into that of Rome 200 clergy and many of the laity, among whom were the Dukes of Hamilton, Buccleuch, and Argyll. Before 1862 some 300 clergymen had entered the Roman Church (see page 238). To these must be added those who have gone the same way since that time."

Subscribe for the AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

"Sad and Oppressed."

Under this caption the Lutheran and Missionary of the 9th inst., has an editorial from the pen of Rev. Dr. Siess, which we will copy entire and then make a few explanatory remarks. The article reads as follows:

A member of a congregation belonging to the General Synod writes us rather a doleful account of the state of things in the parish to which he belongs. We suppress names and localities, but we know all the parties, and the truthfulness and sincerity of the writer. It shows what sort of revolt is brewing in the hearts of many, who, by the force of circumstances, are compelled to endure the system so much in favor with the General Synodists. There is a latent, widely extended, and growing feeling among the better class of men in the General Synod churches, which will sooner or later be called into activity, and the power and influence of which our complacent friends of "vital godliness" do not at all suspect. There is force in truth, and men's eyes are gradually but quietly opening to it. This writer, who has done and labored for the church of which he speaks, with as much self-denial and activity as any one in it, says, with sadness:

"Our minister here is driving things to destruction. Many think well of him because he is in with all sorts of outsiders. He has numerous classified prayer-meetings and weekly temperance meetings, which go round to the different churches; and he is very abusive of his congregation on Sundays. He himself is engaged in farming operations during the week, instead of attending to his studies and his people. He cares nothing for our church, pays no regard to the wishes or decisions of the congregation, sets aside and tramples on everything which does not agree with his way of thinking, and says from the pulpit, if people do not like his arrangements they must keep quiet or leave. It seems that he cannot preach without taking up what that or this member has said during the week, making comments and charges of a personal nature at times when the accused are deprived of the right of explanation or self-defense; thus outraging the feelings of devout people. This is so constantly his practice, that I can scarcely endure to listen to him. The way he is going on, the people do not know what to think or believe. They are completely misled, and cannot tell whether they are Calvinists, Methodists, United Brethren, or Lutherans, except that our church has the name of a Lutheran church."

The writer asks who is to be done, whether there is no remedy for such a state of things, and whether this is the sort of system to which the General Synod means to subject its people. The minister to whom he refers was, not long since, specially endorsed by the Observer, urged upon the congregation by the Professor of Theology at Gettysburg, against a moderate man, who was preferred at that time. This writer, accordingly, is driven to conclude that this is the kind of men and the sort of administration most in favor with the General Synod, and says that his conscience is oppressed in being identified with such an establishment. He has never been a party man, and has always labored for the unity and peace of the congregation, whether in the General Synod or not; but he says, if this is to be the order of things in the General Synod, the thinking man, with any Christian conscience left, must protest, and seek a more Christian and orderly home.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR OF AMERICAN LUTHERAN.—1. There is a spirit of bitterness pervading the above article of Dr. Siess, that is truly "sad and oppressive." It seems as if the nearer the millennium is coming upon us, the more bitter Dr. Siess' feelings are becoming towards the General Synod. Probably he is destroyed at the personal coming of Christ. But if this is to be the spirit of Dr. Siess' millenium, then, good Lord, deliver us from him!

2. We will not be so modest as to suppress the names, but give them to the public. The congregation alluded to is no doubt the one at Littlestown, near Gettysburg, under the pastoral care of Rev. M. J. Allen. The writer of the letter is a certain Dr. Siess, who five years ago professed conversion at the anxious bench of the United Brethren church of Littlestown. He is a brother to the Rev. Dr. Siess of Philadelphia, which accounts for the fact that the parties are so well acquainted with each other. The "conservative" man referred to is the Rev. Mr. Groff, who has now gone over to the General Council and has taken as many of his congregation with him, as he could. It is also currently reported that if Rev. Groff could have been elected, and taken the congregation over to the General Council, then Dr. Siess' congregation would have paid off their church debt, amounting, if we mistake not, to some \$5,000. But the bait would not take.

3. As regards the farming operations of the pastor, we learn that they are not very extensive, amounting merely to a small corn and potato patch.

4. As regards the "destruction" of the congregation, it may suffice to say that, since the present pastor has charge over it, the Sabbath School, prayer meetings, and audiences have nearly doubled themselves, and the church debt is nearly paid. This, provision has been made by subscription to cover the whole amount, and the entire indebtedness will soon be cancelled, without even the aid of Dr. Siess and his brother.

5. Dr. Siess, of Littlestown, is the only man in the congregation who has any General Council proclivities, and if he is a representative of the "latent element" everywhere prevailing in the churches of the General Synod, not much account need be taken of the "force and power" with which it is soon to break out. After such a signal failure we do not wonder that the Siess Brothers feel "sad and oppressed."

6. It has become common among the General Council men to sneer at "vital godliness," prayer meetings and temperance; a sad confession that they possess very little of the former, nor practice much of the latter. The Lord have mercy on their poor souls.

Job Printing.

We have purchased a new Job Press and a large variety of new type to constitute a first class Job Office. We are now prepared to do all kinds of printing, in the neatest style and at short notice, from the smallest label to the largest hand bill. Any of our readers who have printing of any kind to do, will please bring their orders to us and they shall have them promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

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

Peter—What do you find interesting in the church papers in these times?

John—I read the other day in the Lutheran Visitor a paragraph in which that amiable editor, Rev. Rude, speaks of us in very flattering terms. He says, "If I remember rightly, that we American Lutherans have all the meekness, all the piety, and in short all the christian graces taken together."

James—I read that notice too, but it seemed to me as though it was not designed to be as kind towards us as you seem to think; I believe the whole article is produced just the contrary impression of what his words literally express, namely, that the American Lutherans have no piety and no charity at all.

John—Is it possible that the Rev. Mr. Rude can be so rude?

(Enter a River-Brother, considerably excited.)

Peter—Walk in, sir, and take a seat; I am glad to see you in our sanctum.

River Brother—No, I thank, I don't feel in the humor for talking much this evening. There has been a public insult offered to us River Brethren, and I have waited for three weeks to see whether you would vindicate us in your columns; but I have thus far waited in vain, and begin to think you are going to let it pass in silence. In that case you may take my name off your subscription list; for what is the use in supporting a paper, if we along the River are to be traduced and not have a word said in our favor or vindication in our friend?

Peter—Come, friend, there is no use in being excited. Possess your soul in patience, sit down and tell us calmly who has traduced you, and where, and how?

River Brother—(Becomes a little more calm, and sits down.) In the Lutheran Observer of the 3rd of June, the Garret Letter writer speaks of the towns and villages along the Susquehanna and says of them that they were "unwashed" and "frowzy" appearance. Now, I contend that the towns along the Susquehanna river will bear a favorable comparison with any towns of their size in the interior, and to say in the public print, that they are "unwashed and frowzy" is an insult and slander, which I, for one, will not stand.

Peter—Well, you astonish me, I must have overlooked that letter. John will you hunt up that paper, in the waste basket, and read the paragraph of which the brother complains?

John—(After some search finds the paper.) The Garret writer describes a railroad trip, he had up the Susquehanna, in company with a party of two clergymen, some artists, newspaper reporters and a few miscellaneous amateurs. Now I will read you what he says of the towns along our noble river. (Reads.) "To some of our company, the scenery along the Susquehanna was quite new, and the artists saw many a place which they would like to transfer to their sketch book. The towns were the same, unwashed frowzy appearance, and presented so little attraction, that their names were not even asked. The editors and reporters would occasionally enquire, but I do not think these villages will find a place in their published account of the excursion."

James—What does he mean by the word "frowzy"?

Peter—The word sounds strange to me, John, get the Dictionary, and let us hear the meaning of that word.

John—(After some search in Webster's Unabridged.) Well, I can't find the word "frowzy." The nearest I can find is frowzy, and there it says, see frowzy.

Peter—Well, turn to that.

John—Here I have found it, frowzy—frowzy, musty, rank, etc.

River Brother—There you have it. He says the towns along the Susquehanna have an unwashed, frowzy and musty appearance. Was there ever a more unprovoked and uncalled for insult offered to any country or people? It's not true. The towns along the Susquehanna have a clean and lively appearance and will compare favorably with any towns in the interior of the State, and it's a shame to write such stuff about us.

James—If I ever catch him up here, I'll wash him; I'll plunge him into the Susquehanna. I expect he needs an abluition, for in his dusty garb I suppose the spiders spin their cob-webs over his eyes, and then when he gets out the most beautiful things appear to him through the spider's web as though they were unwashed, frowzy and mouldy. But only wait till I catch him any where along the river, I'll wash the cob-webs off of his eyes, so that he will be able to see our towns in their true colors.

Peter—You must not offer him any personal violence, James, that would be unchristian and rude. But you must always return good for evil and treat him kindly and respectfully wherever you meet him. I must say, however, that he has done great injustice to the towns along our noble river. Look at them all, from Harrisburg up to Lock Haven, and there is not one to which his description will apply.

Harrisburg, the capital of our State, is unsurpassed in the beauty of its situation, and in the magnificence of its public and private buildings, then you pass in rapid succession West Fairview, Marysville, Dauphin, Doneaucon, Halifax, Millersburg, Liverpool, all flourishing and lively towns till you get to Schuylburg. This is universally admitted to be one of the most beautiful and attractive towns along the river. We are now getting a railroad from here to Lewisburg and a bridge across the river at this place, which, with its institutions of learning, will make it one of the most desirable places of residence in the State. Then you pass on up the river to Sunbury, next to Harrisburg, the greatest railroad center in the interior of the State. Then two miles above, Northumberland, which is getting to be quite a thriving business place, then Lewisburg, a splendid town, and Milton, celebrated for the elegance and magnificence of its churches, then you pass Watsonstown, Montgomery and Muncy, all fine thriving places, till you come to Williamsport, the Queen City of the mountains, whose praise for enterprise, beauty, and prosperity need not be repeated here. Next we have Jersey Shore and Lock Haven, as clean and freshly polished towns as you will meet anywhere, East or West, North or South.

River Brother—Well, you have certainly given a favorable description of our river towns, although nothing in exaggeration, but what shall we do with this Garret letter writer?

Peter—I do not know that you can or need do anything with him. Let him write to his heart's content. It won't hurt you, no matter what he writes. People will laugh at his oddities, but they don't put much faith in what he says.

River Brother—Well, probably it will be best to take no further notice of this Garret writer. But I must now take my departure. You will please continue the paper to my address, and I may as well pay the subscription in advance. (Gets out his port money.) Here is two dollars which will pay my subscription for a year. Good bye!

Peter—Good bye. Come soon again and the next time you come, I hope you will be in a better humor.

The Gospel Ministry.

God works through the instrumentality of means. After the establishment of the Church, he made provision to proclaim the good news of salvation through Christ to a perishing world. He might have done this without any intervening human instrumentality. He might have pencilled some precious truths of the Gospel on every leaf of the forest, on every opening flower, or every spear of grass. He might have whispered the joyful news on every passing breeze. He might have commissioned his angels to fly through the vault of heaven bearing the everlasting Gospel to every people and tribe and nation on the face of the earth. He might have written the glorious truths of the Gospel in letters of flashing light upon the vast expanse of heaven, so that he that runneth might read; or he might have proclaimed the truth by his own voice as he proclaimed the law to the children of Israel. But he chose to preach the Gospel to a dying world through the feeble instrumentality of man.

When the Saviour, therefore, commenced his public ministry, he selected twelve men from among the common people, men not learned in the wisdom of the schools, but men of good common sense. These he associated with himself for the space of three years. They witnessed his miracles and daily heard his divine instructions; and it may well be presumed that with a three year's course of instruction under such a teacher they were better prepared for their work; than if they had passed through a ten year's course of classical and theological study.

The Lord sent his ministers forth with the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." "The harvest is great and the laborers are few." "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he send laborers into his field." This command of the Saviour is, still applicable in our day, and it implies a duty not only for those who are called to go and preach, but also for the Church to send laborers into the vineyard of the Lord.

Ministers should consecrate their sons to the Gospel ministry. We have noticed a disposition with ministers and ministers' wives to discourage their sons from entering the ministerial office, but rather encourage them to enter some other calling. A true minister of Jesus Christ, however, magnifies his calling, and he prefers it not only for himself, but also for his children. "It is not a work of small import." The pastor's care demands: "This what might I call an angel's heart, And filled the Saviour's hands."

The office of the ministry is the most glorious office in the world. We may have hardships to endure in it, but what calling is without its hardships? "Once I was young," says the Psalmist, "and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." Yes, and if they could obtain nothing more of this world's goods than their food and clothing, still we should prefer the office of the ministry to the highest honor which the world can bestow.

"Behold the legate of the skies," his sacredness, his credentials are; through him the offended law speaks out its thunders, and through him in tones as sweet as angels, the Gospel whispers peace.

But not only should ministers dedicate their sons to Christ in the office of the holy ministry, but christian parents should also avail themselves of this privilege—Christian father or mother, have you not a son that you are willing to consecrate to the service of the Lord in the office of the holy ministry? Remember God gave his only Son to die for you. How could you better manifest your gratitude for the salvation of your own soul, than by giving him your beloved son to labor in the ministry for the promotion of his glory? Consecrate your child, therefore, like Hannah did her son Samuel, in his infancy already to the Gospel ministry.

But to those of our readers who have no children thus to dedicate to God in the holy ministry, or who have failed to induce their sons to choose the sacred office, we have also a word to say in this connection. If you have no child of your own to dedicate for the ministry, you may contribute your means to educate others. There are pious young men in the Church who would gladly prepare themselves by a course of study for the ministry, but who have not the means to sustain themselves while they are studying. These you can encourage and assist by your money, and thus comply with the Saviour's commands to pray the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into his field.

CLERGYMEN'S INSURANCE LEAGUE.—The President of this League, Rev. F. C. Putnam, states that it now numbers 600 members, and that every one of them is at present insured in the sum of, at least \$1,200. Whenever a death occurs among its members, it is to the family of the deceased clergyman. He says: "It is most gratifying that a considerable and increasing number of the Church's best laymen, struck with the economy, the safety and the delicacy of the mode of relief to the clergy which the League affords, are becoming co-operative members in it, thus increasing the clergyman's benefit without making his risk any greater."

FAST TIME.—The Pacific Express on the Pennsylvania Railroad, recently made the run from Allentown to Harrisburg, a distance of one hundred and thirty-three miles, in two hours and fifty-seven minutes. This is the fastest running ever done on that road. The New Yorkers have been boasting of their fast time. Let them beat this, if they can. To this train were attached one baggage car, two passenger coaches, and three palace sleeping cars, making six in all.

Sad News From Africa.

We have just received the mournful intelligence of the death of Rev. SIMON P. CARROLL, the beloved missionary of the General Synod of the Lutheran Church in Western Africa. He departed this life at the Muhlenberg Mission Station, on Wednesday, morning May 4th. The intelligence is communicated in a letter, dated Monrovia, May 7th, addressed to Martin Buehler, Esq., the treasurer of our Foreign Missionary Society, written by Dr. Samuel F. McGill, Missionary Carroll's personal friend, who attended him in his dying moments, and employed his best medical skill to avert the fatal shaft, but in vain. Dr. McGill writes that Missionary Carroll was in Monrovia on Saturday, May 1st, having reached there the evening previous. He then expressed himself in perfect health, and superintended the weighing of a quantity of coffee belonging to the Mission, taking part in the physical labor. He breakfasted that morning with Dr. McGill and towards noon started in a canoe up the river, to return to the Muhlenberg Mission Station. Exposure to a hot noon-day sun on the river is supposed to have caused the illness that resulted in his death. He began to complain on the next day, the Sabbath, and although attending to Divine service, took to his bed on Monday, and soon fell into unconsciousness, in which state he continued until Wednesday, when he breathed out his spirit into the hands of his Heavenly Father.

Missionary Carroll was a native of Virginia, but had resided about fifteen years in Illinois. During the civil war he served for several years in the Union Army, being mainly stationed at extreme southern points in Florida and Louisiana, which, it was argued, had injured his constitution to the effects of a hot climate. He read theology in the seminary at Gettysburg, and was ordained to the gospel ministry and the Foreign Mission work at the same time, at an extra session of the West Pennsylvania Synod, held at York, December 30, 1868. His departure for Africa was signalled by a highly interesting farewell meeting, held in St. James' English Lutheran Church in the city of New York, Rev. Dr. Wedekind, at which the Great Commission of the Master was again unfolded, and the benedictions of God's people invoked upon him and his work. He sailed from New York on Monday, January 25, 1869, in the bark Jasper, and reached his place of destination in due time. Since then he has been assiduous in the prosecution of his responsible work, laboring with many tokens of the Divine presence, until in less than a year and a half's labor, he has been summoned to his reward in heaven.

All accounts concur in representing Missionary Carroll as having been peculiarly adapted to, and eminently qualified for, the Mission work in Africa. His readiness to accept the perils and responsibilities of the work, and the hearty zeal he evinced in engaging in it, justified the high expectations the Church cherished from his appointment. All these, however, have been suddenly frustrated by him, "whose ways are not our ways, and whose thoughts are not our thoughts," and to whose Sovereign Will it becomes us all to yield a chastened acquiescence. But, who will now fill the place of Missionary Carroll in Africa? Truly, "the harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few."

Origin of the Evangelical Alliance.

In September next the "Evangelical Alliance" will assemble in the City of New York, and is already engaging the attention of Religiousists in different parts of the land. The public prints are also taking up the subject, and presenting to their readers such facts as they may have concerning the history of the organization. Thus the Philadelphia Gazette of June 11th, in an article, says:

"The Evangelical Alliance" was formed in 1846. It is not for us to determine whether Dr. Balmer, of Scotland, or Dr. Fatten, of New York, is entitled to the honor of originating the Association. It is doubtful whether the honor of originating the Alliance belongs to either of the distinguished men named by the Gazette. The subject of christian union had been discussed at an earlier date by divines in England and Switzerland. But doubtless the earliest agitation of it was by Dr. Schmucker, of Gettysburg. This is frankly set forth in a pamphlet, entitled "Historical Sketch of the Evangelical Alliance," which was distributed among the members whilst in session at London in 1846; and a copy of which we have now before us. It was prepared by Rev. Dr. King, of Glasgow, at the request of the Provisional Committee of a preliminary meeting and unanimously adopted as a correct narrative of the origin and preliminary steps for the formation of the Alliance at London. After having mentioned the frequent injunctions of God's word to union among the followers of the Saviour, the progress of infidelity and popery as calling for greater activity among Christians, and alluding to the uncommon facilities for Christian union on the other hand, and that interesting movements had taken place expressly for the promotion of brotherhood, the history proceeds to note a few examples, in doing which, (on page 3.) it says:

"And to begin with the remotest—much praise is due to Dr. Schmucker of America, for his zealous endeavors to associate Christians of different denominations across the Atlantic, and to concentrate their efforts on objects of common interest. Whatever he thought of his scheme of union, all Christians must admire the spirit by which it was dictated, and rejoice in the practical good of which the proposal and discussion of it have been confessedly productive."

From this it is evident, and it is a fact, that the fundamental principles upon which the Evangelical Alliance is based, were first presented by Dr. Schmucker, and whilst we have no desire to divert an iota of credit that may belong to others, it is only just that the same rule should be observed towards one acknowledged by the Alliance itself as first giving impulse to the idea of the association. It is, however, certain that at the organization of the American Branch of the Evangelical Alliance in New York in 1867, the Rev. Dr. Fatten was the individual who moved that the time had arrived to organize an American Branch Alliance, on the basis adopted by the Convention at London in 1846, of which he was also an active and influential member, and as were likewise Drs. Balmer and Schmucker. —Star and Sentinel.

Communications.

For the American Lutheran.

Matrimony.

By REV. URIEL GRAVES, OF MILTON, PA.

(Copyright secured according to law.)

(Continued.)

A few months have passed away, and William, this time accompanied by his gentle and loving sister Mary, and in company with many other invited guests, may be seen at the house of his intended bride. General appearance soon asserts the fact that this is no ordinary gathering, and the arrival of the minister soon makes evident the occasion of this gathering. The truth of the matter is, William and Sarah are now to be made one. A short ceremony takes place, and Miss A., the happy bride becomes Mrs. B., the loving and gentle wife. Now as the honeymoon of a newly married life, and a longer or shorter bridal tour cannot last forever, we find our illustrious pair with bright prospects for the future, settling down to the stern realities of their changed relation.

Mr. W. is a man of business. Not long after their marriage a pleasant evening's entertainment is proposed by some of their equally rich and elegant neighbors. To this gathering our young couple are of course invited. This to Mr. B. has been a busy day, and at the last moment for starting he hurries to the parlor somewhat in a hurry, where he finds his young and beautiful wife awaiting him with no little anxiety. She gently greets him with the suggestion, "William, our time is fully expired; I have been waiting for you some time." "A little hurried," the husband responds. "I am ready, the carriage is at the door." She takes his arm and is about to pass to the carriage when she notices he has not rearranged his toilet. "My dear, you need a clean collar, as well as a change of some other part of your clothing; you surely will not go in this way." "Oh, never mind, Sarah, my clothing is good enough, and my collar is quite clean, I am sure. I have no time to stop, to clean now." "Why William, this will never do; this is almost the first time that we are going out since our marriage. And what do you think the folks will say if they should see the carelessness of your toilet at this early stage of our married life? Just think how near you always appeared when at home; your linen was in the most perfect order; your clothing rich and neatly brushed. Why, the people will say, see the difference between the care of a wife and a sister." "Oh, come along Sarah, now that we are married; people that are not pleased with our looks may look elsewhere." And he pushed her along toward the carriage door. "William, William," she sobs, when she says, "Here, here, have anything you like; I can't stand a woman's tears."

Slowly unfaithfulness steals over his heart. And he seeks the society of those who, of all others, have the least claim upon him. As a lover, he spent much of his time in the society of his affianced. As a husband he spends as little time with her as possible. By slow degrees a disregard for character now follows in the wake. And with enemies for companions, he sinks to the level of the common gambler or drunkard. An unwarrantable authority is assumed by him. This truth we shall try to illustrate from real life. The characters who figure in my story are the grumpy old man and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were a newly married couple. Mr. Jones was one of the better class of farm laborers; he was a good workman, and had been sober, frugal and industrious, by which means he was enabled to marry his lady-love, who was a quick, smart, cheerful, work-loving creature. Mr. Jones, having determined to "take time by the forelock," as he termed it, when he married Mrs. Jones, thinking she would not have enough to do, in attending on himself, stocked a little notion shop, for her to attend, while he went about his daily labor in the fields. Mrs. Jones was fond of her little shop, and she would have been quite as fond of her husband also; but alas! Jones was the very perfection of a grumbler. He loved his wife as well as many other men love their wives; and in the main, he was not a bad sort of a fellow; but his love of self far outstripped every other consideration, even to the exclusion of everybody's comfort, so long as his own ends might be gained.

Particularly fond was he of his stomach, and if the least thing in the world occurred, which might in the least interfere with his eating arrangements, a fit of grumbling was sure to follow. One morning, after Mrs. Jones had passed a tedious night, having had a sick child and having been worried with the duties of her little shop, by customers dropping in, one after another, for small quantities of tea, sugar, coffee, butter, eggs, and the like, Jones, without doubt, tired and hungry, after his morning's labor, came home to his breakfast. Unfortunately for Mrs. Jones, breakfast was not ready. Some men would have had sense enough to have seen, that the wife, possibly, had been a little bothered with the shop and the baby, but Jones could see nothing except that his breakfast was not ready. He had been hoeing potatoes, and wanted his breakfast. As his eye glanced around the room, he gave a forbidding scowl, then a morose grunt, followed by a wicked oath and a stamp of his foot, and finally he began grumbling, after the following most approved style: "So, no breakfast again, there no breakfast again. That's how I am always served. Here I go to work and when I come back, there is no breakfast and I put in a fellow's month. Why is not my breakfast ready? Only half an hour to eat it; kettle doesn't boil, nothing ready, I know, I wish I was somewhere, and hang me, if I don't go somewhere; I won't stand this any longer." With these belligerent expressions on his tongue, and uglier feelings in his heart, he repeats with a vengeance, "I shall go somewhere; I know where to get a breakfast, with a good fire, and a drop of gin and beer in the bargain," and he moved toward the door.

"My dear husband, stay a minute, said the nimble little wife, there see the kettle is just upon the boil, and I will just turn the bacon; see, dear, it is almost done, and I will just put the tea into the pot."

"The tea ought to have been in the pot," roared the husband, "it will take half an hour to draw, and the bacon should have been ready as soon as I came in. I have no time to sit here chewing bacon. Nothing is ready. I am not going to stand this, so there is an end of the whole matter."

ter. I'll go to the restaurant, that is a comfortable place to have one's breakfast in. I can always get what I want there, a good fire, plenty of everything, and no squalling babies and scolding wives." "Come now, dear husband, sit down; see, its all ready now; there is the bacon," said she, setting it before him, and there is a nice piece of home-made cake for you; the tea is just ready now. "I shan't eat it," cried the ill tempered man, looking uglier than ever. "I tell you, I won't have it," said he, with a voice as melodious, as that of a bellowing calf, "you may eat it yourself, it should have been all ready to put into my mouth, as soon as I came in at the door. If you had been hoeing potatoes as I have you would know what it is to come in tired and hungry, with nothing ready to eat."

"Dear Mr. Jones," replied the good tempered wife, "I am very sorry, but you should make some allowances; you forget what I have to do. I have to attend to the dear baby, and I have to be present to the shop this morning, I have been there seven or eight times in the last half hour; and then, there is the washing and baking you know; altogether it is as much as one pair of hands can do. You should make allowances, you should, indeed." "I shan't make allowances; it is your business to have my breakfast ready. Who brings in the money, I should like to know? What is the baby to me? It is your baby. You always make an argument of it. What is the shop to me? It is your shop. And what is the washing? 'tis none of mine; 'tis only your fancy; and the baking—what's the baking? The baking will do itself, it only has to be put in the oven." "Do not eat your breakfast," replied Mrs. Jones, meekly, "although she felt the blood rising at the cruel insinuation of her fancy; 'do eat your breakfast, it shall not happen again my dear, it shall not.'"

"I tell you again, I shan't eat it; you may eat it yourself; and to add to its vexatiousness, he with one sweep of his strong arm, strewn the breakfast, dishes and all, on the floor. Mrs. Jones looked most unhappy, and for a moment sorrow and rage trembled in the balance, but at last grief bore off the palm, and sitting down she burst into tears, when Mr. Jones went on after the following consoling manner: "It's all very well for you to sit snivelling there. Why don't you get my breakfast ready then? I only wish you would go and hoe potatoes, then you would learn what work is. What is your work to mine? Why simply nothing at all. What's getting a bit of breakfast to standing in the sun for two or three hours with no victuals inside of you; see how you would like it. You would soon be tired of hoe, hoe, hoe, scrape, scrape, sure and you would. Your work is nothing to mine; and I won't stand it any longer, hang me, if I do;" and so saying Jones, in spite of the entreaties of his ill-used wife arose from the breakfast table, and walked stolidly out of the house to the restaurant, where he sat grumbling and drinking hot gin and beer, until the sun was high in the heavens, and came home in the afternoon in a state much easier to be imagined than described.

Church News.

MT. CARROLL, ILLINOIS.—Rev. C. Baird, of Cedar Rapids, has accepted a call from the Lutheran congregation at Mt. Carroll, Illinois, and requests his correspondents to address him accordingly.

SALONA, PA.—Rev. W. H. Diven, of Liverpool, Perry county, has accepted a call from the Salona Charge. He has already removed to his new field of labor and his address henceforth will be Salona, Clinton county, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.—The thirty-sixth Annual Commencement of Pennsylvania College will be held in the College Church, on Thursday morning, June 30th, the exercises beginning at halfpast eight o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

By order of the Faculty,

Children's Department.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

What house is that by builder made
Who never went to school?
Can lie quite soft in his trade,
Without a line or rule.

So soft within the little folks
Can lie quite soft and warm;
So strong, although no hammer strokes
Were used this house to form.

The workmen made it very neat,
Without a hinge or joint;
No tools had he, but tiny feet,
And beak of sharpest point.

No barns supplied his daily food,
No finger weaves his coat;
By hand untaught his table's spread,
His luscious feasts wrought.

Then let me trust the gracious Power
That makes the bird his care;
He counts my wants each passing hour,
And numbers every hair.

The Golden Rule.

"Willie," said Mrs. Page, as she lay
Upon her bed, very sick, "I want to talk
to you a while. I may not be here long;
and I want to tell you a few things that
are in my mind.

"You are trying to serve Jesus. You
want to please him. Now, remember, that
in no way can you please him better
every day than by keeping the 'Golden Rule.'
'Whatsoever you would that men should do
to you, do even so to them.' Try and
follow this teaching of our blessed Lord,
and you will be both good and happy."
And I want you to take care of little Nellie.
She is not a strong child, and will
miss a mother's care. You must be both a
mother and a brother to her. Promise me
that you will, my son."

Willie was sobbing by the bedside.
"Oh! I will promise anything you ask,
darling mother," said he; "only don't
leave me." And the poor boy, who was
not much more than a child himself, wept
bitterly.

"God knows best, my dear son; and he
will do all things well. If I must go from
you, he will care for and protect you. I
can leave my children in his hands."

A very few days passed, and Willie was
motherless. No one in the city cared for
him but little Nellie. He was poor, and
too young to do hard work; but he must
do something to support himself and his
little sister. But he searched in vain for
something to do. Some people wanted no
boy, and others said he was too small.
Even the crossings were all spoken for by
other boys; and there seemed nothing left
for him to do but starve.

One day, he was searching for employ-
ment as usual. He was hungry and dis-
couraged. Just as he was crossing a
crowded street, he heard a cry; and, look-
ing up, he saw a lame boy with crutches,
who was trying to cross. He could only
walk very slowly; and, while he made his
way along carefully and painfully, the
street became full of vehicles, and one
horse seemed to be coming right upon him.
Poor Johnny was badly frightened, and
knew not which way to turn. Willie saw
him; and, in a moment, he shouldered his
crutches, and carried him safely over.

He was a heavy load for the little
fellow, being almost as large as himself;
but he did not stop to consider that; and,
although it was pretty hard, he carried
Johnny across the wide street, and set him
safely down on the pavement.

"How can I thank you enough?" said a
young lady who was crossing behind him.
"I was so afraid my little brother would
be run over! Here, little boy, take this!"
and she held out some money.

"No, I thank you. I only did as I
would be done by. If my little sister
was lame and in the street, I should want
some one to help her across."

"But can't I do something for you, my
boy?" said the lady.

"I don't want anything but something to
do. My little sister and I must have
something to eat and wear; and I am try-
ing to find work; but nobody seems to
want me." And Willie looked very sad.

"I can find you something to do, I know.
My father wants a boy in his store; and
I will ask him about it just as soon as I get
home."

Willie looked very happy, and thanked
the lady with all his heart. And he was
not disappointed this time; for Mr. Hil-
dred took him at once, and liked him so
well, that he said Providence must have
sent him just in the right time.

Willie was never sorry he helped across
the lame boy; and he still keeps up his
practice of the "Golden Rule."—*Well*
spring.

THE CHILD'S ANSWER.—Little Nellie
L. had lost her father, and her mother was
poor. Her sweet temper and her winning
ways gained her many friends. Among
them was an excellent lady, Miss N. A
glimpse of Nellie's bright face peeping in
at the door always brought a smile of pe-
cuniar tenderness over Miss N.'s placid
features.

She loved to sit by the child, softly
stroking her hair, and while looking
thoughtfully into her smiling eyes, would
often say, "Poor, poor Nellie!"

When Nellie shook her head, with a
heart too happy to forebode evil, her friend
would caress her still more fondly, and
then say, "Poor little Nellie!"

The child's heart seemed troubled by
these pitying words she asked one day,
"Why do you call me poor? Please don't,
Miss N. I'm not poor—why, I've got
twenty-five cents and a good mother!"

"A rich mother!" said her friend—
"A good mother! Ah how long I was in
learning what this little one already knows."
"A good mother!"—could any earthly
treasure have made her so truly rich?

COCAINOT OUSTARD.—To one pound
grated cocainot about one pint of new
milk, and six ounces sugar. Beat well the
yolks of six eggs, and stir them alternately
in the milk with the cocainot and sugar.
Put it into a pan or pitcher, set it into
boiling water, and stir all the time until
it becomes smooth and thick; as soon as
it comes to a hard boil, take it off and
serve in cups or glass tumblers.

"Ha!" exclaimed an imaginative
preacher, in the midst of an over-wrought
sermon descriptive of heaven, "Methinks
I hear a whisper!" "Sir," rejoined a
deacon, rising in his seat close to the pul-
pit, "I presume it's the boys in the gal-
lery."

Subscribe for the AMERICAN LU-
THERAN.

Household and Farm.

TO MAKE PINEAPPLEADE.—This is a

delightfully refreshing drink in warm
weather, and is much used in the West
Indies. Pare some ripe pineapples, cut
them into thin slices, then cut each slice
into a large pitcher, and sprinkle powdered
white sugar among them; pour on boiling
water in proportion of half a pint of water
to each pineapple; cover the pitcher, stop
up the spout with a roll of soft paper and
let the pineapple infuse into the water till
it becomes quite cool, stirring and pressing
down the pineapple occasionally with a
spoon, to get out as much juice as possible.
When the liquid has grown quite cool, set
the pitcher for a while in ice. Then trans-
fer the infusion to tumblers, and add some
more sugar, and put into each glass a lump
of ice. You may lay a thin slice of fresh
pineapple into each tumbler before you
pour out the infusion.

FILL LAMPS IN THE MORNING.—Scarcely
a week passes, during the winter months
but we read accounts of frightful accidents
from kerosene lamps exploding and killing
or scarring for life woman and children.
A simple knowledge of the inflammable
nature of the fluid would probably put a
stop to nearly all the accidents. As the
oil burns down into the lamp, a highly in-
flammable gas gathers over its surface, and
as the oil decreases the gas increases.
When the oil is nearly consumed, a slight
jar will often inflame the gas, and an ex-
plosion is sure to follow, dealing with death
and destruction. A bombshell is not more
to be dreaded. Now, if the lamp is not
allowed to burn more than half way down
such accidents are almost impossible. Al-
ways fill your lamps in the morning; and
you never need fear an explosion.—*House-*
hold.

CLOVER AMONG CORN.—A contributor
to the *Pacific Farmer*, gives the following
experiences with clover among corn:
"I sowed the seed in the chaff, immedi-
ately after ploughing my corn the last time.
The land was very dry and mellow and
sandy. In June, after sowing the clover
was about ten inches high and stood thick
on the ground; and I put my sheep in
and kept it eaten down until I wanted to
plow it for wheat. I think that if it had
stood till August it would have made a
good crop. On our land, it is the very
best way to get in clover; it never winter
kills out, but frequently snow kills or
burns out."

COTTAGE BEER.—Take a peck of good
sweet wet bran, and put it into ten gal-
lons of water with three handfuls of good
hops; boil the whole together in an iron,
copper or brass kettle, until the bran and
hops sink to the bottom. Then strain it through
a hair sieve, or a thin sheet into a cooler,
and when it is about lukewarm, add two
quarts of molasses.

As soon as the molasses is melted, pour
the whole into a nine or ten gallon cask
with two tablespoonfuls of yeast. When
the fermentation has subsided, bung up
the cask and in four days it will be fit for
use.

HINTS TO LADIES.—Stair carpets should
always have a slip of paper put under them
at and over the edge of every stair, which
is the part where they first wear out, in
order to lessen the friction of the carpets
against the boards beneath. The strips
should be within an inch or two as long as
the carpet is wide, and about four or five
inches in breadth, so as to be a distance
from each stair. This simple plan, so easy
of execution, will, we know, preserve a
stair carpet half as long again as it would
last without the strips of paper.

PROTEST RICE.—Boil one teaspoon rice
in milk till very tender; salt and season
it. Beat yolks of three eggs with a stiff
foam, with a little sugar and lemon; spread
over rice and brown in the oven. Put on ice
and serve cold. This may be made also
of tapioca or corn starch in the same way.

RASPBERRY JAM.—6 lbs. of nicely picked
fruit; 6 lbs. of loaf sugar. Put the
fruit into a nice kettle over a quick fire,
and stir constantly, until the juice is nearly
washed, then add the sugar, and simmer to
a fine jam. In this way the jam is greatly
superior to that which is made by putting
the sugar in first.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.—Take blackber-
ries before they are ripe, when turned red
pick them and put them into a pot; tie
them up close, put them into a kettle of
water, let them stand over the fire till they
are reduced to a pulp, then strain them,
and to a pint of juice put a pound of sugar.
Boil it to a jelly.

GOOSEBERRY CREAM.—Take a quart of
gooseberries and boil them quick in enough
water to cover them; stir in half an ounce
of good butter; when they become soft
press them through a sieve, sweeten the
pulp while it is hot, and then beat it up
with the yolks of four eggs. Serve in a
dish or glass cup.

PICKLED PLUMS.—One peck of plums,
seven pounds sugar, half pint vinegar,
dissolve together sugar and vinegar, add
the plums; boil three hours stirring all the
time, and take out the stones, while boil-
ing; add two tablespoonfuls allspice, two
of ground cloves.

CURRENT JELLY.—4 quarts of juice; 8
lbs. of refined sugar. The currants should
be used as soon as of a light red; put
them, stem and all, into a jar, place that
in boiling water, cook, then squeeze the
juice, and to every quart put two pounds
of sugar; boil together fifteen minutes,
then put into glasses.

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BLACKBERRY JELLY.—Take blackber-
ries before they are ripe, when turned red
pick them and put them into a pot; tie
them up close, put them into a kettle of
water, let them stand over the fire till they
are reduced to a pulp, then strain them,
and to a pint of juice put a pound of sugar.
Boil it to a jelly.

GOOSEBERRY CREAM.—Take a quart of
gooseberries and boil them quick in enough
water to cover them; stir in half an ounce
of good butter; when they become soft
press them through a sieve, sweeten the
pulp while it is hot, and then beat it up
with the yolks of four eggs. Serve in a
dish or glass cup.

PICKLED PLUMS.—One peck of plums,
seven pounds sugar, half pint vinegar,
dissolve together sugar and vinegar, add
the plums; boil three hours stirring all the
time, and take out the stones, while boil-
ing; add two tablespoonfuls allspice, two
of ground cloves.

CURRENT JELLY.—4 quarts of juice; 8
lbs. of refined sugar. The currants should
be used as soon as of a light red; put
them, stem and all, into a jar, place that
in boiling water, cook, then squeeze the
juice, and to every quart put two pounds
of sugar; boil together fifteen minutes,
then put into glasses.

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