

The American Lutheran.

REV. P. ANSTADT, EDITOR, Selinsgrove, Pa.

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The American Lutheran.

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Poetry.

For the American Lutheran.

"Wer Weiss, wie nah mir
mein Ende?"

The following translation of the above well known German hymn, was handed us by one of our Lutheran ministers. Those of our readers who understand the German will observe that he has been very successful in infusing the tone and spirit of the original into the translation. Poetry is very difficult to render from one language to the other; very few can accomplish it successfully. We hope our friend will try his hand on some more of our noble German hymns, and thus let the English membership in our church see what a rich store of hymns we have in the German language:

Who knows how near his end may be,
Time flies apace, and death draws near,
Ah! soon when least expected, he,
Grim monster death, will close thine eye,
My God, I pray for Jesus sake,
May I of endless life partake.

How changed the scene at even-tide,
From what it was at morning light,
For while I live on earth below,
I may not know what death may do;
My God, I pray for Jesus sake,
May I of endless life partake.

Lord teach me on my end to dwell,
That when I hear death's solemn knell,
My soul on Jesus blood may stay,
And my repentance not delay;
My God, I pray for Jesus sake,
May I of endless life partake.

Help me in time my soul prepare,
That in Heaven thy bliss may share,
And say in thy trying hour,
Lord as thou wilt display thy power;
My God, I pray for Jesus sake,
May I of endless life partake.

Sweet to my soul the thought of bliss,
And like as glad a world like this;
Midst all the tumult of this life,
The thought of Heaven shall still abide;
My God, I pray for Jesus sake,
May I of endless life partake.

O, Father dear my sins do hide,
With Jesus blood my sins do hide;
In faith, in hope, my soul possessed,
O may I find the long'd for rest;
My God, I pray for Jesus sake,
May I of endless life partake.

I know in Jesus' blood and wounds
I've made my bed and rest have found,
There can I trust in death's dread hour,
And all I want He'll on me shower;
My God, I pray for Jesus sake,
May I of endless life partake.

Nothing from Christ my soul shall part,
Nor life, nor death, nor pain, nor smart;
I lay my head upon his breast,
And there secure my faith shall rest;
My God, I pray for Jesus sake,
May I of endless life partake.

I'm thine in holy covenant made
In holy baptism's grace displayed,
Bound by thy word thou faithful art,
And givest to me the Christian's part;
My God, I pray for Jesus sake,
May I of endless life partake.

Lord at thy table thou stooped
Thy covenant Lord thou wilt regard,
Thy grace from me shall ne'er depart;
My God, I pray for Jesus sake,
May I of endless life partake.

Now let death come, this day or next,
I know my God knows when 'tis best,
In him I rest in him I abide
And in his love I will confide;
My God, I pray for Jesus sake,
May I of endless life partake.

In life I'll with my Saviour stay,
In death He'll not cast me away,
Whatever O Lord thou dost ordain,
I know my soul thou wilt sustain;
My God, I pray for Jesus sake,
May I of endless life partake.

Less than thirty-one thousand persons
own all the real estate in England, including
all the owners of city houses and building
lots, and one-half the land is owned by
one hundred and fifty persons! In
England is said to have fifty-one thousand
square miles; taking one-half of that and con-
verting it into acres, it will average over
one hundred thousand to each person. In
Scotland nineteen and a half million of
acres are owned by twelve persons. This
is as if all the land in Massachusetts was
owned by three persons, each having about
five millions of acres.

Communications.

Evidences of Conversion.
No. 6.

BY J. R. SIKES.

THE CHRISTIAN AT CHURCH.

1st.—Unless very great obstacles lie in the way, the person who has experienced the converting power of divine grace will be at church as certainly as the drunkard seeks the grogshop, or the hungry man eats when wholesome food is placed before him, or the thirsty man drinks water when there is plenty of the refreshing beverage at hand. Does he, whose violated appetite craves strong drink, visit the place where distilled damnation is dealt out by the measure? Does the hungry man seek for food, and the thirsty for drink? With equal certainty and zeal, will he who hungers after the bread of life and thirsts for its waters, seek the place where these blessings are dispensed. And he who tells you that he is a Christian, and yet goes to church only when it is convenient for him to do so, that is, when he has nothing else to do, and is not at all lazy to go, is either self-deceived, or wilfully false.

THE CHRISTIAN WILL GO TO CHURCH.

2nd.—And he will not only go to church but if possible he will get there at the proper time. He will not over-tax his powers in the week in the service of the world, and then steal a portion of the day God has sanctified and set apart for his own worship, to rest his overtaxed limbs, or indulge his lazy feelings, and then when he does rise, move around slowly, start to the church about the time he ought to be there, and reach the place of worship just in time to disturb the pastor and the punctual part of the congregation in their devotions. And if he does happen to be late once, he will try to be earlier next time.—Late church goesers need to be converted.

3rd.—Conversion makes attentive listeners. The Christian will not go to church for the purpose of staring over the congregation, noting how Miss A., is dressed, envying Mrs. B. her beautiful hat or bonnet, poking fun at Mr. C's coat, or wondering why Mrs. D., cannot stay at home until she can dress better, nor will he be exchanging glances and smiles with the group of young ladies (?) next to him. Not for these things, but to hear the sermon, will he be at the church. He will hear, and take heed how he hears.

4th.—He will not only be an attentive listener but a devout worshiper. No true Christian can fail to have a deep sense of the solemnity of the place where God dwells, and the exercises connected with his worship. He will not mean that he will always put on a long face and sombre countenance, but that he will enter heartily into the devotions and worship of the occasion.

5th.—He will conform to the mode of worship adopted by the congregation, unless that mode should be unscriptural.—For instance, if the congregation stands in prayer, he will stand, and if they kneel, he will kneel, and this he will do habitually, unless prevented by age, weakness or some other infirmity. He will not dress so fine that he is too proud to kneel, nor indulge the feeling that makes him too lazy to stand. We read in the scriptures of persons standing, kneeling and even prostrating themselves in prayer, but sitting in prayer is a lazy, irreverent habit, without authority in scripture or foundation in reason. It is the result of pride or laziness, or one or both combined, foisted upon the church by those who either do not know, or do not feel a proper degree of humility before God. And as for sitting erect, with eyes open, staring around upon the pastor and congregation during prayer, it is an act of irreverence at which a heathen would blush, and he who does it, is unworthy of birth in a Christian land, or a place among Christian worshippers.

6th.—The Christian will not be one of those everlasting grumblers who are always finding fault with the sermon, saying it was too sharp or too dull, too loud or too low, had too much or too little rhetoric, &c., &c. But he will take all the good he can get out of each sermon, and make it food for his hungry soul. He will not expect his pastor to be an angel untroubled by the weaknesses of humanity, nor quarrel with God because he did not cast his pastor's mind in the same mould with his own.

7th.—If he feels his responsibility as a Christian, he will be not only at church to hear the sermon, but he will also be in the prayer meeting and the Sunday school, if possible, and there use whatever talents God has entrusted to his keeping.

For the American Lutheran.

Sights and Scenes in Africa.

No. 3.

BY PERKINS PORTER.

The civilized inhabitants of Liberia live mostly along the river up which we have been sailing. While the farms are cultivated a considerable distance into the country they yet laborers are obliged, for safety, to live in villages or dense settlements so as to be able to protect themselves against the inroads of savages and other wild ones.

But there are some few settlements back in the interior, villages having the surrounding country for some miles cultivated and teeming with the beautiful productions of that warm climate.

Let us take our march from White Plains, on the St. Paul, for one of these inland settlements. We are with a joyous party of emigrants from the southern portion of the United States but recently given to the enjoyment of the sweets of liberty. Our worldly possessions are conveyed in large unwieldy vehicles of transportation, politely called wagons. These are drawn by long teams of patient oxen, who move along slowly, drawing their ponderous loads at a snail's pace. We have to walk, but that is a small hardship for men who have been accustomed to labor for years with no reward, but who now see, not very far in the dim future, the picture of happy homes, at which to gather around their own doors, loving families, without any danger of seeing their loved ones torn from them and placed upon the auction block. We pass along through the wildest scenery, frequently seeing these wild beasts which have been so often described in books of travel as belonging to Africa alone.

Here we have the village of the savage potentates of all these regions. His official title is "The King of Kings." If we stop to visit him and inquire into the political economy of his Government we find several things that are at least peculiar. One feature particularly interesting to ladies is that the great theory of Woman's rights is ignored by this great sovereign. The King owns, from birth all the women in the Kingdom, and when any one is able to support a wife, and pays the King for her, he is at liberty to desert the state of single blessedness and get himself a helpmeet. He is at perfect liberty to hand her back to the King when he gets tired of her, so that there is no trouble in that region, such as there is in Indiana.—The machinery of an African divorce court is very simple.

Any man can rise to the honors of subordinate royalty if he has business tact enough to get possession of three or four women. He sells them for wives and the purchasers become his subjects. This is the privilege of any one, subject of course to the property which is vested in the King of Kings. A romantic story is told of a couple of adventurous youths, sons of a missionary, who, smitten by the cruel darts of Cupid, had stealthily visited the walled town of this King of Kings. After spending some precious hours with their lady loves they had attempted to leave by getting over the wall, just in time to meet a party of rebellious subjects, who were outside to attack the stronghold of their sovereign. When their presence was discovered our young heroes found themselves in a bad position. They dared not go back into the town for they would fall into the King's hands.—They dared not advance, or the rebels would destroy them, thinking them to belong to the King, so they made no attempt to escape, and the latter fate overtook them finally.

A few miles farther brings us to the village for which we started. Here is another receptacle of the colonization society of the little town of Monrovia. Here we take up our quarters for a while and enjoy the society's hospitality.

Let us close by predicting for Liberia a brilliant future, for we feel certain that the blacks are able to govern themselves, and we know that no country in the world is so blessed of Heaven as this.

If we could only demonstrate to our brethren in America the surprising fertility of the soil and the ease with which a living here gained, I feel certain that the United States population, and the patriotic descendants of the enslavers of our ancestors would be able to enjoy unmolested, the blessings of a "white man's government."

For the American Lutheran.

Three Years Ago!

On the 22d day of June, 1867, three young men seated themselves near the beautiful Spring Springs, situated in Clinton county, Pa. To the right of them flowed the little creek, while all around the inviting landscape was spread out to their view. They seemed happy, nothing troubled them. Before we proceed further let me describe the little group. The one was dark, though handsome, a rose slept upon his cheek, while his dark hair waved in the evening wind. He had proved, and the cold look he gave to all around him, spoke plainer than words, "I am here to be a statesman." Cold, haughty and proud as he seemed to be, yet all who knew him could not help but love him, all seemed to share his smiles, old and young, rich and poor. His companions were fair and blue eyed. The calm blueness of their eyes, reminded one of Heaven. The happy, cheerful look always adorned their faces and made them feel happy. In face beauty they differed, the one, pale and feeble, plainly told us that he was fast hurrying to that "whence no traveler was known to return." Consumption, the ever wasting disease, was fast bringing him to an early grave. The last of the three was hale and hearty, his cheeks bloomed with the tint of health, and his eyes beamed full of love. 'Twas a lovely summer's eve, the calm pale moon peeped her disk over the tree-tops; the little stars twinkled in the blue arched heavens, not a cloud obscured the skies. As a scene of contentment and happiness. As the pale luminary of the night rose higher and higher in the heavens, the boys sat still and talked of the future. The dark eyed boy arose and brushing back his waving locks, remarked, "companions, 'the day is fast approaching when he who speaks unto you now will make his mark in the halls of Congress." The pale feeble boy then spoke, as he lifted his eyes to Heaven:—"I feel as though my time upon this earth was very short, I feel disease, that never ceasing work, preying on my system, and ere another year rolls around, perhaps, I may be sleeping beneath the sods of the valley. But should we, companions, never meet upon this earth, may our hearts be prepared to meet each other in Heaven." The hearty blue eyed boy then arose and brushing his Auburn hair from over his eyes said, "God only knows what I shall be. One of the group pulled out his watch 'twas ten o'clock, 'twas time for them to leave that spot, stopping once more before the Spring, the feeble youth remarked: "Ere we leave this sulphur spring let us make a faithful vow, should God permit, to meet before this spring, on the 22d day of June, 1870, three years from today. Should one of us die, let the two remaining ones meet here, should all be gone, save one, let him meet to fulfill the vow, and should we all be called away, I hope and pray that we may meet each other in Heaven. All were agreed, then stopping down before the Spring, he dipped the cup into its crystal bosom and handed it to him who "sought a statesman's glory," then filling it to the brim again gave it to him "who placed all his future hopes in God." The dark complexioned youth then took the glass and kneeling down and after filling it once more, handed it to him who spoke the solemn vow. 'Twas a solemn scene; the moon seemed to shine brighter than it did before, its radiant light seemed to bathe the group in silver drapery. Then was there parting, tears filled the eyes of all, soon they would be gone, perhaps never more to meet upon this earth. They parted, each wended his short time passed around when the sad intelligence was communicated, that the pale, feeble blue eyed boy was gone, to his long wished for home, the little group was broken, one link severed, but two remained. One year rolled around, then the dark complexioned youth was taken. Another of the group was gone, another link was severed, and now all that remained of the happy group was the hale, hearty blue eyed one. On the 22d day of June, 1870, he stood alone in silence before the Spring, as he dipped his glass into its crystal bosom, tears falling from his eyes, he said: "Three years ago, three met together at this place; to-day I stand alone, everything remained just as it was three years ago, save my two companions to complete the group, they are gone; gone, never more to return." Bowing before the Spring in prayer, imploring Him, that although they were not permitted to meet each other upon this earth, they may, when he leaves this world, be so happy as to meet around the Spring of eternal life in Heaven."—Three years ago, 22d day of June 1867, —22d day of June, 1870.

For the American Lutheran.

Luther's Bread Song.

Lord of heaven! I love and adore,
I would lift mine heart to thee;
Pilgrim in a foreign land,
I shall neither faint nor die,
While I walk beneath thine eye.

I will stay my faith on thee,
I will never fear to tread
Where the Saviour-Master leads;
He will give me daily bread.
Christ was hungry, Christ was poor—
He will feed me from his store.

If I live, he'll be with me;
If I die, to him I go.
He'll not leave me, I will trust him,
And my heart no fear shall know.
Sin and sorrow I defy,
For on Jesus I rely.

—Protestant Churchman.

An important discovery has been made in dentistry, that teeth may be extracted and then be replanted. It has been found that in case of inflammation about the roots of a tooth, the latter may be taken out, scraped and cleaned, reinserted, and made to do duty again.

An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed, "I believe I shall never get 'em on until I wear them a day or two."

Poetry.

THAT IS SO.

It is said that truth is gold—
That is so!
That it yields an hundred fold;
That its champions win the prize
Which endures and never dies—
That is so!

It is said that Sin brings pain—
That is so!
That its work is loss, not gain;
That it kills the soul, and brings
Never balm, but many stings—
That is so!

It is said that Goodness thrives—
That is so!
That it blesses human lives;
That at last, when earth has down,
It shall gain a sturdy crown—
That is so!

Life is transient at the best—
That is so!
But, with Goodness for our guest,
Truth shall guide us to the prize
That endures and never dies—
That is so!

The Pulpit.

From the Christian Union.

Lecture-Room Talk.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CHRIST'S GIFTS OF GRACE.

The theme which I wish to present to you to-night is what I may call the voluntariness and personality of the gifts of grace which we are deriving from the Lord Jesus Christ. Unless one has taken some pains to inform himself, he can form no adequate idea of the amount of excitement which existed during our Saviour's ministry in Galilee, where he spent the greater part of his ministerial life. nor of the throngs of people that came to him.—On both sides of the Jordan, through the country to Jerusalem, and to the Mediterranean, and along that sea to Tyre and Sidon, and over to Lake Gennesaret, near the source of the Jordan, and beyond, all the inhabitants were stirred up. And not simply did they come to hear him preach, but they seem to have brought in, from all this breadth of territory, their children, their friends, the sick, the helpless of every description, that he might bless them and heal them. And those of his miracles that are recounted in detail are apparently but a single drop in the ocean, as compared with all the miracles that he performed. One is apt to feel that where a great deal of work is done, it is generalized in the thought of the doer, as we generalize it in forming a conception of Christ, by his direct personal interest in each particular case that came before him, and his special thought of them. I do not say that there were not instances in which he might have healed men, as it were by the wave of his hand, or by the shadow of his presence; but those instances that are narrated to us, and that seem to stand as specimens for the others, were cases in which he seems to have had a knowledge of the subjects of them. He separated them out as individuals, from all others. He had a direct personal sympathy with them in their individuality and personality, and healed each one as distinct from every other creature in the world.

Now, that which he did upon earth, I believe he does in heaven. We are very apt to fall into the impression that the mercy which we derive from the Lord Jesus Christ is a mercy which comes from his generic attributes; and that his gifts of grace stand to us in the relation of natural laws; and that they fall upon us as the dew falls at night, unthinking and universal, without discriminating whether it be noxious weed or sweet flower which they fall upon. The stone, the stick, the dead wood and the living, alike receive the drenching summer blessing, in the rain and in the dew, and in the atmospheric conditions; yet we are conscious that there is no specializing, individualizing element involved in the bestowal of these gifts. And we are apt to feel that the gifts of Christ are to be felt in this manner. And so we lose that conception of the personal thought of God to us, and if I may so say, of the discriminating mercy which makes each person a recipient of the special blessing or good which he needs, at the hand of the Lord Jesus Christ. But there are some minds that become filled with this idea: "Christ's love and mercy are not shot out as the roseate waters of evening are, wide over the whole heaven; but he thinks of me, and of all the combinations that go to constitute my nature. My bodily stature; my physical condition; the relations of my mind; my social relations; my excellencies and my faults; my strength and my weakness; the good and the bad; everything that is in me, and is from day to day making itself felt, causes working effects in me—all these are before the mind of Jesus. And when he is kind, he is kind to just such a one as I am. When he is gracious, forgiving, forbearing, and full of tender mercy, it is not to me as one of the sinful race, and to a whole race; it is to me individually. It is my sin that he forgives—my very sin. It is my habits that he spares and pities—my very habits." All the complications that we are familiar with, or are unwilling to be familiar with, in ourselves, rise up before him. And when the Lord Jesus Christ thinks thoughts of mercy and kindness to us, they are to us individually, just as much as though we each stood alone before him.

Well, is there any comfort in this? Yes. And it is the only comfort, at times, that one can have. When the law of God rises up before a man; when the ideal of divine purity and truth and justice fill a man's mind, and his life and disposition are measured by that, he is cut down, he is discouraged, he is well-nigh discouraged. His character is so unseemably low as compared with the divine standard and the

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divine ideal, that he could have no hope if it were not for the mercifulness of God in Christ Jesus, if it were not for the speciality of grace in Christ Jesus; if it were not that there is One who can look into the heart and see its temperature, and erring child. It is in this sense that the feeling which so expresses itself in the parental relation glows with all strength and all richness in the divine soul; it is this sense of God's thought concerning us as individuals, that comforts us, and that we can rely upon.

And then, when once we have decided that the Lord is gracious; when once we have felt the saving touch; when once we have experienced in the heart; when once we have made it personal to ourselves, then we begin to have a strength that never fails, because we stand, not in our righteousness, but in the might, and mercy, and goodness of our God. It is his righteousness that becomes our salvation. Not by any merit of our own, not by any goodness that we are aware of in ourselves, but by the unsearchable mercy and kindness of God—by his grace—we are what we are.

Mr.—said he had sought to arrest, in their downward course, a man whom he saw daily going to destruction, by talking to them; but he found that his counsel and advice had no more effect upon them than rain upon a roof; and he had almost come to feel that there was nothing that could be done for them.

Christ spoke a parable to the end that men ought always to pray, and not to faint. And it seems to me that almost every person in casting his eyes about, will see some one—perhaps himself—respecting whom the probabilities were about the same that they are in respect to those persons of whom you speak, but who was arrested and saved through the grace of God by some timely interposition; who from that time onward, was a professed follower of Christ, and a monument of divine mercy, and who at length brought forth fruit worthy of his profession. I have known persons who lived godless lives through two generations, though every possible effort was made to convert them; and during a long period of the time they were so well informed that they could not be taught anything externally with regard to religion. I have known persons who have gone through one revival, two revivals, three revivals, before they yielded to the influence of the Divine Spirit, and were gathered into the fold of Christ. I remember one instance distinctly, in Lafayette, Indiana, in which a man eighty years of age was converted. Through a long life in the East he had resisted every influence of religion which was brought to bear upon him; but when he went out West, into a new country, apparently away from all religious influences, the grace of God found him, and subdued him and brought him into the kingdom of God. And he was a burning and a shining light all the rest of his few years of his life.

Now it is unquestionably true, that there are difficult cases: that there are cases which are almost hopeless; but there are no cases so bad that there is some hope for them; or so bad that you can afford to stop praying for them. Those very cases in which there seems to be the least encouragement, may be cases which God is permitting to go through an evolution for their development, and which will ere long come to be and eminent examples of God's saving grace.

When a comet shoots off millions and millions of miles from the sun, it looks as though it were destined to wander in blackness and darkness; forever; but by and by it reaches its limit, and turns, and begins to retrace its steps, and now it approaches the great central orb as fast as before it went away from it, and shoots back until it comes once more into the very solar space.

So, many and many a one shoots away from father, and mother, and home, and childhood, and early associations, and runs through wicked courses, and criminal courses, and defiles his own name, and despises God's mercy, and treads under foot the blood of atonement, and seems to have lost conscience, and to be given wholly over to destruction. And yet, there is mercy for that one.

When the prodigal son was far away from home feeding swine, he was about as low as he could get. One looking upon him would have said that there was no hope of his recovery. And yet at that point divine grace took hold of him. Therefore we ought always to pray and not to faint.

RELIGIOUS PAPERS.—A young minister was once called to a young and plastic church. One of the first questions which he asked was: "Do you people take good religious papers?" The elders scarcely knew. He was unwilling to accept their call unless they would see that the congregation was supplied with that sort of literature. They liked his proposal. The people began to read more on church and Christian affairs, and he began to rouse them to earnest working and generous giving. The contributions increased wonderfully, for the people were learning the real wants of the church. The preaching was blessed. Press and pulpit lent a force to each other. Pastor and editor were mutual helpers in the same good work.—And here is the real design of an earnest, thoroughly Christian paper. It is not to draw dividends upon the large investment, not to wage controversy, not to deal out the mere news of the day, not to publish brilliant essays; its leading design is to do what pastors should be doing if they knew everything, and could be talking and teaching every week in every house. It is his assistant and vicar in the parish. It supplements his work. It goes when and where he cannot go.—Christian Messenger.

In a bookseller's catalogue appears the following article:—"Memoirs of Charles I., with a head capably executed."

From the Christian Intelligencer.

The Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

A POURING RAIN.

is falling, and it seems impossible for ladies to come to the meeting. It opens with a few gentlemen seated around the leader, say fifteen to twenty. The prospect of a very thin meeting to-day is discouraging.

The leader begins in the usual manner with singing, reading the Scriptures and prayer. All is earnest. The people come pouring in, filling the seats rapidly, and when the exercises were well under way, the congregation was as full as usual, and the interest was very deep and fervent. Requests as follows:

"Pray for a little girl five years old who is anxious to become a Christian. She feels and knows that she is a sinner, needing a saving interest in the precious blood of a crucified Saviour. Pray that she may be led to Jesus, and become a lamb gathered into the fold of the good Shepherd."

Prayers for the salvation of children are numerous and have in great numbers been answered, as we have been informed and believe. It is delightful to see children pressing into the kingdom of Christ. The pleading was very importunate for this little girl.

The American Lutheran.

YORK, PA.

SATURDAY, Jan. 14, 1871.

REV. P. ANSTADT, EDITOR.

Our Terms.—Payment in advance, and we desire the subscribers to adhere to these terms as much as possible. This will be best for us all. It will avoid mistakes, it will be a satisfaction to the subscriber to feel that he is reading a paper which is paid for, it will secure us from loss, it will enable us to meet our obligations promptly, and to make further necessary improvements in the paper. With this view we begin already at the beginning of the year, to enclose the bills in the paper for the current year. We hope all will respond to them without delay.

Typographical Errors.

There are very annoying, but will sometimes occur, notwithstanding all our toil and pains. We seldom refer to them in subsequent numbers of our paper. Last week, for instance we were made to say, "We are in danger of getting into the same trouble and confusion," (it should have read confusion) with "Our Book of Worship" as the German Reformed did with their new ritualistic liturgy.

Even the *Lutheran and Missionary*, a paper that lays claim to such classic purity, refinement and elegance of style, complains in its last issue of numerous "misprints" some of which the reader can himself correct, but others change the sense entirely. Of this latter class the following is cited as a glaring instance: Dr. Walther had in the *Lutheran* corroborated our statement in reference to Dr. Sies' writings, and suggesting that as an honest man he ought not publicly to acknowledge his error. Dr. S. in reply remarks that, "Dr. Walther had stooped to the unpraiseworthy work of attempting to give character and circulation to the faith of the AMERICAN LUTHERAN." This word *faith* he now says is a "misprint." He says it had better read as the copy had it, to wit, *filth* of the AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

On this correction we wish to make the following remark. The compositor who set up that sentence evidently had more decency than Dr. Sies. He evidently did not suppose that to be holy a man, as the Dr. would seem to be from his writings on the Second Advent and the Millennium could take such a filthy communication into his mouth, much less indite it with his pen. O, Joseph Cease! are you not ashamed to call yourself a christian gentleman? Is this spirit of the Millennium which you would introduce?

We feel an interest in the compositor who made the above "misprint," and if he will be so kind as to communicate his name and address, we will send him post paid a present of a handsome book.

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

John.—Don't you often hear that ministers regard that call the loudest which comes from the congregation that offers them the most money?

James.—I believe, Rev. H. W. Beecher's salary is \$12,000. Last year his congregation proposed to raise it to \$20,000. But Beecher declined the increase, giving them to understand that he could live quite comfortably on \$12,000 a year.

John.—O, yes, I understand the annual income of Plymouth Church is about \$70,000, and that the surplus is used for supporting missionary churches and for purposes of general benevolence.

John.—This declining of a higher salary reminds me of an anecdote I have heard of a minister who had a very small salary, and when his church council raised it by resolution, one hundred dollars, he declined the increase on the ground that it was with the greatest difficulty he could collect his present salary, but if he should be required to collect \$100 more, it would tax him beyond his ability.

Peter.—Suppose you read the paragraph which speaks of the Lutheran minister who declined a salary of \$4,000.

John.—(Reads).—"A Noble Response."—The editor of the *Kirchenfreund*, Rev. J. D. Severinghaus, recently received a call from a German church in Brooklyn, offering him \$4,000 salary. His acceptance would have involved the relinquishment of the laborer's task of editing the *General Synod's* German paper, for which he has as yet received no remuneration. He replied that the call was a tempting one, but that he would sooner stick to the *Kirchenfreund* and serve the German Lutheran church at Oswego, N. Y., for \$800 salary, than give up the *Kirchenfreund*, and become pastor of the Brooklyn church at \$4,000 salary. This we call a noble response, and do not think that God will bless the editor, and prosper the paper for whose sake this sacrifice was made."

James.—Brother Severinghaus must be strangely attached to his *Kirchenfreund*, if he is willing to make a sacrifice of about \$3,000 a year, rather than relinquish the editorship of his paper. It indicates also that he has full confidence in the permanency of the *Kirchenfreund*.

Peter.—Brother Severinghaus has no doubt influenced by the desire to occupy the field of greater usefulness. No minister of the gospel or professor of theology occupies a field of such extensive influence and usefulness as the editor of a church paper. A minister very rarely preaches to 1000 people every week, and a professor of theology usually lectures to 20 or 30 students. But the editor of a church paper reaches and influences thousands of intelligent readers every week. To illustrate: The *Kirchenfreund*, I understand, has about 2000 subscribers, consequently it enters into 2000 families. But every family on an average, contains five members. Hence the *Kirchenfreund* reaches and molds the sentiments of 10,000 people every week. If during the present year his circulation should reach 3000, then his paper would be read by 15,000 persons, and so on ad infinitum. Just think, what a powerful instrumentality the press is, and what a responsible position an editor of a church paper occupies. I don't wonder that Brother Severinghaus would rather be editor of the *Kirchenfreund* on a salary of \$800, than pastor of a Ger-

man church in Brooklyn, on a salary of \$4,000.

James.—Then I believe there is a certain fascination in editing a church paper, of which if a man has once had a taste he does not like to give it up, but will cling to it as long as he can. I believe Dr. Conrad once called it the "Editorial Itch."

Peter.—That is an unfortunate and inelegant expression of the Doctor's, and I have no doubt he is sorry that he ever made use of it, especially as he is an editor himself and may possibly be afflicted with the disease.

John.—In looking over the subject of prayer proposed by the Christian Alliance during the first week of January I noticed that, although different classes of people are enumerated, such as Kings and Rulers, Ministers of the Gospel and Teachers, Parents and Children, yet no mention is made of editors of religious papers, as persons for whom the churches should pray, although no class of men occupy a more responsible position, or exert a more wide-spread influence for good or evil, and need the prayers of God's people perhaps more than any other class of men.

Peter.—I suppose it was an oversight, but I hope, notwithstanding, many of our readers remembered us in their prayers during the first week in January.

John.—The editor of the *Kirchenfreund* speaks his mind in the last number very plainly, about the General Council. He says, "We believe that the day will come when the General Council will be known as the greatest humbling that has ever existed in the Lutheran Church in America. In its confession it wants to be like the Missionaries, but in practice like the General Synod."

Peter.—The General Council has been very unfortunate in incurring the opposition of the Missionaries and the Joint Synod of Ohio. I observed in the last number of the *Standard* a sarcastic reference to the leaders of the General Council. The writer says, while these men be longed to the General Synod, they used to proclaim, "The hope of the Lutheran Church in America is in the General Synod." But after they had organized the General Council, then the "Hope of the Church" suddenly emigrated to that body. And Dr. Walther, the leader of the Missouri Synod, tauntingly says of Dr. Sies, that he ought to have the honesty to acknowledge his error, as Napoleon is a prisoner now; and that the General Council by tolerating such chivalric lies, writes its own condemnation by pretending to subscribe the symbolical books." Thus those two most powerful Synods which these designing men had hoped to get united in the General Council, have turned against it, and are now its most determined opponents.

Communications.

For the American Lutheran.
Philadelphia Letter.

LUTHERBAUM.—HOW CAN WE BY THIS NAME?

Dear American Lutheran.—Since the appearance for the first time in the AMERICAN LUTHERAN, the account of the catastrophe to the Lutheran (Luther's True in the outskirts of Worms), the first that has appeared in any English Lutheran paper, many of your readers here inquire as to how we obtained and adopted it as a name for our church. Let history tell its own tale.

March, 15th, 1866, two gentlemen, John J. Slate, and John G. Ambruster, met the writer of these lines and asked him if he would preach for them. We answered, yes, supposing it to be casually. A few days afterwards, after they had been outraged by some other persons they informed me that they had rented a room over a grocery and determined that I should be their pastor. I refused and hesitated, but after an appeal I did consent to what I am now their pastor. In two weeks God so ordered His blessing that instead of three persons, the thirty-five seats were crowded. All this time it was merely called a Lutheran church. In the meantime the *Lutheran and Missionary*, then edited by me, as I now hope, intelligent and scholarly friend Charles P. Krauth, Jr., published a "Warning" to the church, that as I had become the first might as my subject "Recognition of friends in heaven," they feared it was more the odor of the probability of my ever reaching such a delightful place, but they would take good care that I should be known, I suppose they meant in my badness, which was then, and is now, considerable on earth.

Soon the increase of membership justified and necessitated that I should be ordained. Knowing that the Pastor's Monday meeting had adopted a resolution never to recognize our church, (which they have faithfully kept, may the Lord forgive them) we came to the conclusion we had better adopt another name, and apply to an independent divine for ordination. We did so, and took "Dependent Messiah," "hoping thereby for mercy, and I was ordained to the Gospel ministry." Soon we found they refused to give certificates of dismissal to our church. There seemed to be nothing but opposition and a determination to crush our young congregation.

About that time, one afternoon, when I was being shamed by an educated German, who conceived the idea of my being a Lutheran minister, (irregular and as he was from near Worms, he asked me, if I had ever heard of the "Lutherbaum," or Luther's tree. I answered, I had not. From ignorance say you, I had company, for even the *Missionary* published an article afterwards, calling it a myth. He told its history. How Luther had stuck a twig into the ground, from which had grown that mighty tree. My mind formed of the idea to propose it for a name for our church. My official board unanimously adopted this name as we arose and went to school as Lutheran congregation, and after some symbolic correction we raised the banner in full, in the name of God. Thus originated Lutheran English Lutheran church, corner of 12th and Oxford streets. Pews first "Come unto me all that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Thus we struggled into life and into a name.

Last Sabbath a week, I added seven adults to the church, giving me a net increase, by the grace of God fifty-nine adult members during the year. Glory be to God in the highest. "No weapons formed against thee shall prosper." Trials and tornadoes may shake and mar, but the Lutheran will stand like a strong wall, and

solid substantial, and immovable, a memorial of the Lord's faithfulness, and an evidence of what a mustard seed faith may accomplish, against the world, the flesh, and the devil. The youngest, yet the largest congregation, both morning and evening, of the General Synod churches in Philadelphia. This is history, and God be thanked for it. Thus, dear reader, having given you the origin of our peculiar name, allow me to wish you as a New Year's portion, what St. John wished his beloved Gaius "Beloved I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."

NOAH M. PRICE.

For the American Lutheran.

Scraps from a Pastor's Diary.

In my last communication I referred to several meetings and the unpleasant incidents connected with them, but in this I will give you a number of an opposite character. At one of my congregations I resolved to hold a series of meetings, but knowing there was opposition to meetings of this kind by all the male members, but one, I did not make a public announcement. This one man had kept up the prayer-meeting and Sunday school for fifteen years or more, entirely alone, doing all the praying, singing and exhorting, &c., himself, except when a stranger happened to drop in. Here I organized a congregation, elected one man praying man as elder and the next best as deacon. Thus we started. I found that I did not appoint a protracted meeting publicly, and hence tried to "catch them with guile." I secured a large class of catechumens, and generally met them immediately after preaching, inviting the whole congregation to remain. The majority of the audience usually remained to hear the lecture. I soon found that these instructions were having their effect not only on the class, but on many others. I continued this course to the end of the lectures. Some weeks prior to confirmation I found that more than two thirds of the class were under serious impressions. I regarded this as a favorable time to strike, and hence made my appointment for confirmation and communion. I told the congregation that as I must come to meet the class on Thursday previous, I would preach for them in the evening if they desired it. The church officers at once agreed to this. I made my appointment accordingly, and when I returned to fill it, I found the house filled to overflowing. God helped me to preach a very short and pungent sermon. At the close I told the congregation we would now bow in prayer and then sing. Some were anxious about their salvation, should remain on their knees when the others arose. A large number accepted the invitation and among them three of my opposing deacons' children. My point was gained. They were in the midst of a revival before they knew it. Before the meeting closed 23 found Christ precious, and among them my opposing deacon, his wife and four children. It was a most interesting meeting.

There were some incidents connected with this meeting which were rather remarkable. One aged brother, not a member of my church, but a good man, had two sons and one daughter who were under the influence of the devil. He came to the meeting and seemed to enjoy it. One evening after the service, I gave privilege to any one who had any special petition to present to the Lord, to do so. We were hardly on our knees when the old man commenced praying for his children. Soon he dropped all but his eldest son. He prayed in Pennsylvania German, and in a simple, child-like way presented his plea to God, telling him that he had here two sons who were both unconverted, and expressed his confidence in God that he could and would convert them. But said he, here is my oldest son bowed down before thee, I pray thee convert him. The old man laid hold on the promises by the strong arm of faith, and while thus engaged that son cried out for God's mercy. To call every body who has some independent character and some conceptions of truth a little different. (Yes, thank God, far and more comprehensively different) from them "with it." Is not this scandalous for professing Christians, and those pretending to be educated gentlemen?—Sir, it is a scandal to your D's, and a disgrace to the venerable robes you wear. What about when they "brother err?" It is according to the "faith delivered to the saints," "first for to demonstrate him and his acts of nastiness or 'filth'?" It is time an enlightened press, vindicated itself and repudiated all men, who have not learned that the alphabet of the "True Point" is to be a gentleman. Not a "Five Pointer," and a Bedford Street inhabitant as this language indicates. It is incredible, to believe, followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, should be guilty of using such language; and that too, after a week's reflection and meditation. Editors of the *Missionary*, borrow Todd's Manual and learn to use language characteristic of a gentleman. Let a man examine himself, whether he be an Editor or a Doctor of Divinity, for you don't know what good it may do. Please, sir, don't say bad words again. "Sies?" do evil and learn to do well.

Not long afterwards he also found Christ precious. Here there were evident and immediate answers to prayer. In the same neighborhood lived a man and his wife with a family of small children. The parents attended the meetings alternately. But became serious, but held back from fear of each other and their aged parents, who had threatened to disinherit any of their children who should embrace religion. By these things they were deterred for sometime. At last, however, the father and husband bowed at the altar of prayer and found the saviour precious. All was well in the company of his brethren. But when walking home alone, the question arose as to how he should break the news to his wife. At first he resolved not to tell her; but then arose the question "how can I do my duty to my family if I do not tell her?" He concluded to tell her at once and let consequences take care of themselves. He went to his home, struck a light, got his Bible read and prayed. Then, strengthened by prayer, he repaired to his bed chamber, where he found his wife still awake. He at once said "Kate I have embraced religion and feel so happy." Kate at once clasped her hands, and sprang from her bed and with tears of joy fell on her husband's bosom, saying "I did that several weeks ago, but was afraid to tell you." Both then bowed down at their bedside and rendered hearty thanksgiving and ascriptions of praise to God for his great and abounding goodness and mercy. They were not disaffected.

SIGMA.

For the American Lutheran.

My Holiday Vacation.

A Review in the *Sinking Valley Church*.—*Das Alte Schulhaus an der Kirche*.—*The Ladies' Cottage*.

On Saturday, December 24th, I left Solina Grove, to spend a few days with one of my former pupils, the Rev. J. Kistler. I reached Birmingham, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, about 6 o'clock, P. M., and then had a terribly cold ride of four miles over the limestone hills to Sinking Valley. Here I preached four times from Sabbath evening until Wednesday evening. This church, (the Sinking Valley Church) has enjoyed a season of refreshing from the Lord. There have been about 20 conversions, and many more have been serious. Of these converts, 18 were admitted into the church—11 by confirmation, 6 by baptism, and 1 by restoration. All the converts except two or three, had been attending catechetical lectures; others will attend another course of instruction.

The last evening I preached, we made an effort for the Ladies' Cottage, and received in cash and subscriptions \$25.79, all of which has been paid except \$1.50. Many thanks to the sisters for their help. I must remind those again, who have made promises, that funds are very much needed. Will you not go to work at once, and do what you can, so that I shall no longer be held in suspense. Here in Sinking Valley, I spent five years of my childhood, from my seventh to my twelfth year. The old school house where I received all my education prior to going to Gettysburg, in my nineteenth year, still stands there; but all the "big" oaks are gone except one, and the old play-ground is fenced up and under cultivation. It is not quite "Das Alte Schulhaus an der Kirche" but it does stand only a short distance from "der Kirche." I had half a desire to be rebaptized into a strippling of ten or twelve, and with my former associates, once more go through all our gymnastics in military drills, ball-games, wrestling, the hop, step and jump, &c., &c. But that is all gone. I found but few of my school-fellows left, and some have nearly closed their *forties*, and some of them like myself are well advanced in their *fifties*. We shall never play on the old ground again; we are nearing the better land. Soon we shall meet each other there. God bless and keep you all faithful to the end.

I must not forget to state, that here too, my father made me a low platform to stand on, so that I was *big enough* to strike for him at the anvil. It was not much I could accomplish at that kind of work, yet it was a good training. I have often felt like thanking God that my father was poor, and that I had to work. Boys—do not be discouraged, if you are poor. Do your best, and God will help you. H. ZIEGLER.

For the American Lutheran.

"The Faith of the American Lutheran."

The *Lutheran and Missionary* of Jan. 5th, 1871, palating for the "misprint" of a former issue says:—"As that paper (AMERICAN LUTHERAN) is not guilty of any particular faith, the sentence had better be read as the copy had it, to wit, 'the faith of the AMERICAN LUTHERAN.'" This is religious and educational Lutheran journalistic classic and kindness. It having been of others in this country, I have sent to the Lord, to do so. We were hardly on our knees when the old man commenced praying for his children. Soon he dropped all but his eldest son. He prayed in Pennsylvania German, and in a simple, child-like way presented his plea to God, telling him that he had here two sons who were both unconverted, and expressed his confidence in God that he could and would convert them. But said he, here is my oldest son bowed down before thee, I pray thee convert him. The old man laid hold on the promises by the strong arm of faith, and while thus engaged that son cried out for God's mercy. To call every body who has some independent character and some conceptions of truth a little different. (Yes, thank God, far and more comprehensively different) from them "with it." Is not this scandalous for professing Christians, and those pretending to be educated gentlemen?—Sir, it is a scandal to your D's, and a disgrace to the venerable robes you wear. What about when they "brother err?" It is according to the "faith delivered to the saints," "first for to demonstrate him and his acts of nastiness or 'filth'?" It is time an enlightened press, vindicated itself and repudiated all men, who have not learned that the alphabet of the "True Point" is to be a gentleman. Not a "Five Pointer," and a Bedford Street inhabitant as this language indicates. It is incredible, to believe, followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, should be guilty of using such language; and that too, after a week's reflection and meditation. Editors of the *Missionary*, borrow Todd's Manual and learn to use language characteristic of a gentleman. Let a man examine himself, whether he be an Editor or a Doctor of Divinity, for you don't know what good it may do. Please, sir, don't say bad words again. "Sies?" do evil and learn to do well.

NOAH

For the American Lutheran.

Church News.

Rev. P. S. Mack has taken charge of the congregation at Port Carbon, Pa.

Rev. H. Wheeler has changed his address Middletown, Orange county, N. Y.

Rev. J. B. Hoxworth, Secretary.

RESIGNATION.—Rev. Ira C. Billman has resigned the Wootter church, his resignation to take effect the first Sabbath of the New Year.

The Norwegian Lutherans in this country now number 250 congregations. During 1870, 14 pastors were ordained, and 6 new churches erected.

IMPROVEMENT.—The Lutheran and Presbyterian (Union) church of St. Thomas has recently been painted, and the ground attached thereto has been enclosed with a new fence.

HANOVER, PA.—The friends of Rev. S. Yingling, pastor of St. Matthew's (Lutheran) Church of this place, presented him last week with a fine clock; while a number of ladies presented Mrs. Yingling with a beautiful set of silver spoons and case.

For the American Lutheran.

It is estimated that there are 220

Israelite congregations in the United States, 40 of which are in New York city. The entire Jewish population of the metropolis is put down at 75,000.

YORK, PA.—A series of meetings have been held during the past week, in St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Rev. Dr. W. M. Baum, Pastor. The meetings have been well attended and show evidence of a reviving and beneficial influence.

MILTON, PA.—The Festival of the Lutheran Association at the Academy of Music during the Holiday Week, resulted in a net profit of about \$700. The attendance during the week was large, and the members of the society deserve the thanks of the community for the pleasant and satisfactory manner in which they entertained their guests.—*Miltonian*.

A REVIVAL IN LUTHERVILLE SEMINARY.—The following item we clip from last week's *Lutheran and Missionary*:—"At the last Communion service in Lutherville, Md., six of the young ladies of the Seminary were admitted to full membership in the Church by confirmation. There has been a deep religious interest manifested also among the rest of the pupils."

The Augustana Synod of the Lutheran Church exhibits a record of rapid growth for the past decade. In 1860 it had 3,747 members; 1861, 4,220; 1862, 4,967; 1863, 5,508; 1864, 6,061; 1865, 6,706; 1866, 7,760; 1867, 9,140; 1868, 10,591; 1869, 12,932; 1870, 14,870. The figures for 1870, it should be added, are somewhat under suspicion.

SUNBURY, PA.—The Zion's Evangelical Lutheran Church, of Sunbury, which has recently undergone enlargement and extensive repairs, will be re-opened on the 29th of January. Several eminent ministers from a distance are expected to be present to preach on the occasion. All neighboring ministers, as well as other friends of our cause, are invited to be with us. G. W. HEMPERLEY, Pastor.

DRAWING NEARER TOGETHER.—The Swedish papers contain full notices and commendations of our English Church papers and religious publications, and in various ways give evidence of the growth of a closer union between our people, who have so long been comparative strangers to each other, on account of the difference of language. This change will have an important bearing on the future of the Lutheran Church in this country.—*Lutheran and Missionary*.

WRIGHTSVILLE, PA.—The Wrightsville Star of last week, says, Rev. G. W. Weaver, pastor of the Lutheran congregation in this place, has resigned his charge, the resignation going into effect last Sabbath. A few evenings before Christmas the members of the Lutheran congregation of Wrightsville and of the Creitz Creek church, in Hellam township, paid the residence of their pastor, Rev. Geo. W. Weaver, of this place, a visit, bringing with them an abundance of the good things of this life.

DESTITUTION IN MISSOURI.—One of our subscribers, Mr. B. Phlegar, of Floyd, C. H., Virginia, writes to us as follows:—"I have two sons living in the State of Missouri who are both members of the Lutheran Church. They inform me that there are hundreds of Lutherans scattered over the State, who are as sheep without a shepherd. One of my sons lives twenty miles from Kansas City, at which place is the nearest Lutheran organization. He and a number of others in that County, intend to unite with the congregation in Kansas City for the present, as they have no Lutheran preaching in their own neighborhood. Could not something be done, for these destitute Lutherans in Missouri."

INSTALLATION.—On the 11th ult. Rev. F. T. Hoover was installed pastor of the Leebach church, Armstrong county, Pa. The charge to the people was delivered by Rev. S. S. Stouffer, and that to the pastor, by the writer.

Bro. Hoover entered upon his duties in his new field of labor about the first of September. The charge is composed of two congregations. The one in town numbers 140 members—that in the country 104. Bro. H. is very much encouraged by the tokens of kindness already shown him. If the present activity and co-operation of the people with the pastor continue, their labors will, no doubt, be crowned with blessed results.

We clip the following item of intelligence from the *Gettysburg Star*. It will gratify to his former pupils to notice in what esteem their beloved preceptor is held in the distant West. "Complimentary.—We understand that the chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the State University of Nebraska, was recently tendered to Rev. S. S. Schumacker, D. D. of this. It was of course declined. Dr. Schumacker several years ago resigned the chair of Didactic and Polemic Theology in the Theological Seminary at this place, which he had ably and acceptably filled from the organization of the Seminary over forty years ago—his resignation being tendered by reason of advancing age, and a desire to devote special attention to several theological works he was preparing for the press."

The following table, from the *Evening Post* of Chicago, shows the condition of the various denominations in that city:

Denomination	Members	Value of Real Estate
Roman Catholic	40,860	\$1,001,000
Baptist	4,587	645,000
Methodist	3,772	824,000
Presbyterian	3,380	978,000
Lutheran	3,005	128,000
Protestant Episcopal	2,765	888,000
Congregational	2,638	744,000
Jews	31	195,000
Bible Society of Christ	27	100,000
Unitarian	292	215,000
Swedenborgians	189	114,000
Universalists	139	406,000
Evangelical Association	115	6,000
Undenominational	30	20,000
Total	62,120	\$6,004,600
Total Protestant	21,260	\$4,808,600

CARLSBURG, PA.—This anniversary exercises of the Sabbath School connected with the English Lutheran congregation of this place, came off on Monday evening, the twenty-sixth ult. It consisted in part of discourses, dialogues, and instrumental music. The large and spacious room of worship was filled to repletion with a brilliant audience, and judging from the general good feeling that prevailed, and the many pleasing countenances, the evening's entertainment far surpassed their most sanguine expectations.

We had intended going into detail, but where all acquitted themselves so creditably, it would be useless to do so. We are also pleased to learn that in a financial point of view the exhibition was a grand success.—*Herald*.

For the American Lutheran.

LEWISTOWN, PA.—The Lutheran

parsonage of this place was visited on the evening of the 24th Dec., by a majority of the members of the church, as well as some "outside friends," all of whom bore testimony in the shape of everything wearable, eatable, drinkable or mentionable, taking the Pastor Rev. J. H. Brown, and family, completely by surprise. After disposing of the goods, &c., on tables and chairs, old Santa Claus appeared, followed by one of his little servants bearing a banner inscribed "Santa Claus's Brigade," and by four others carrying a Christmas tree, heavily laden, intended for the juveniles of the Pastor's household. After the tree came a procession of Sabbath School Children, each with a gift which they deposited under the tree. The tree was then illuminated. A rough estimate places the value of this donation at more than \$200.—*Gazette*.

MECHANICSBURG, PA.—The Sabbath School of the Lutheran church held its anniversary on Saturday evening, the 30th ult. The spacious audience room was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the exercises were of a highly interesting character. These consisted of singing, prayer, and the presentation of sentiments and emblems, by the Pastor, Rev. T. C. Pritchard—who is also the Superintendent of the School—to which responses were made by a scholar chosen from each class. The sentiments consisted of Scripture texts, and while all the emblems were appropriate, many were exceedingly attractive and beautiful, as well as original. We regret that we have not space to refer to them all in detail. The singing, under the direction of Mr. B. W. Matson, was very fine, and elicited much commendation. All participating have reason to congratulate themselves upon the entire success which crowned their efforts, as this was one of the most interesting and successful anniversary which has ever been given in this place.—*Journal*.

SUNBURY, PA.—The Lutheran Sunday-school.—Their Christmas Party.—A few Sundays ago we had the pleasure of paying a visit to Zion's Evangelical Lutheran Sunday-school of this place, of whose growing and prosperous condition we had heard, but whose operations we had not witnessed. On the day of our visit there were 428 scholars and teachers present, including the infant and the older departments, all earnest in the purpose for which they had assembled. The whole number on the rolls of the school is 467. The principal school is divided into thirty-one classes, the whole superintended by Mr. John Haas, with Mr. Jacob Wilver as Assistant Superintendent. There is a regular choir, conducted by Mr. Jacob Fetter, and composed of a number of the lady and gentleman teachers, with Miss Hemperley at the organ. These lead the singing in which the entire school joins. Mr. W. D. Himmelwright performs the duty of Secretary of the school in a most acceptable and efficient manner. The infant department, in a room separate from the older scholars, contained on the day of our visit, one hundred and fifty-two little ones, under the care and direction of Mrs. P. M. Shindler, who has an admirable manner of interesting and instructing them. She is assisted by James Beard, Esq.—Mr. Fetter, who is musical director of both schools, assists in teaching the little scholars the beautiful hymns that are now prepared for Sunday-school children.

The growth of this Sunday-school has been wonderful, showing what energy and earnest effort will effect. If being the Sunday before Christmas, and near the close of the year, when we were present, the Superintendent, Mr. Haas, made a short address to the school, and advertising its encouraging growth and increasing usefulness. Three years ago, he said, they numbered scarcely two hundred. Then they earnestly wished that they could bring the number of scholars up to two hundred and fifty. Earnest efforts were made for that object, and when at last, nothing short of three hundred scholars would satisfy these zealous workers. That number too was reached; yet the desire increased for more scholars—for a larger area of usefulness; "and now" said the enthusiastic Superintendent, "we have more than four hundred assembled in our school, and yet we are not satisfied. We want five hundred. If our rooms cannot contain them we will expand the walls, or like the bees we will swarm and form a new hive." When such earnestness pervades a body of workers, it is not a matter of astonishment that such great results have been accomplished.

On last Sunday some twenty young men, mostly married, joined the school and formed themselves into a class, to be instructed by the pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Hemperley. They are now occupying the library room of the school. We will remark, in this connection, that arrangements are being made for the addition of one thousand dollars worth of books to the library.

Who can estimate the immense amount of good that such an institution as this is exerting, serving as a breastwork against the many vices and temptations to which the young are subjected in our community?

As might be expected of so flourishing a Sunday-School, they had a grand Christmas party on the last occasion of that blessed anniversary. At six o'clock on Monday evening succeeding Christmas, the scholars and teachers assembled in the school room, and from there went in classes to the audience room of the church above. After the school was comfortably placed the doors of the church were opened to all visitors who wished to attend and very soon the large apartment was crowded to more than its capacity. Notwithstanding the recent enlargement of the church, it was not large enough to accommodate all who wished to attend on this occasion.

The preparations for the entertainment consisted of two large Christmas trees, one on either side of the pulpit, on which were hung some two hundred presents. These trees were brilliantly illuminated by a profusion of wax tapers. In addition to the trees, a post about ten feet high was erected, to which was attached a wire fixture, formed in the shape of a mammoth hoop-skirt, to which were hung by wire hoops five hundred stockings, made of tulle, and filled with candies. Above this pyramid of sweet things projected a gold-headed cane, intended as a present from the school to their worthy Secretary. Across the pulpit was sprung an arch, trimmed with evergreens, and bearing appropriate mottoes. The exercises commenced at 6 o'clock.

For the American Lutheran.

Just at this time so many of our young

folks seem to be so intent on forming "the tie that binds," that a wedding ordinary would probably attract little attention, but, on the general principle that we most appreciate what is hardest to obtain, a golden wedding, or the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of married life, should interest us all. Without further preliminaries then, we will give briefly the facts in the case referred to.

Mr. George Weiser and Miss Barbara Oswald, were married fifty years ago last New Year's Eve, by the Rev. Father Shindler, and on the afternoon and evening of Saturday last, their children, grandchildren, and a host of friends, assembled at the residence of Mr. Weiser, on Market street, to participate in the general joy of such an occasion. Your reader can easily imagine how swiftly flow the hours away, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," as the scenes and persons of other days were passed in review, or the realities of the present and future's prospects were discussed. They can also imagine the many kind remembrances of the no longer youthful couple, in the way of "golden" gifts, but they probably would not imagine, without my assistance, that at about 9 o'clock in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Weiser were led upon the floor, as in days of yore, after listening to and effecting address and prayer from their pastor, Rev. G. W. Hemperley, they received the hearty handshake and warm congratulations of all present. At a later hour the company separated, all highly pleased with this kind of wedding, whose occurrence so much resembles angels' visits.—*Sunday Gazette*.

Over-exertion, either of body or mind, produces debility and disease. The usual remedy is to take some stimulant, the effect of which is the same as giving a tired horse the whip in the morning. The true way is to fortify the system with a permanent tonic like the Peruvian Syrup, (a protoxide of iron), which gives strength and vigor to the whole system.

Rev. Mr. Hemperley reading that portion of the scriptures which refers to the birth of Christ, followed by

Household and Farm.

From the Hearth and Home.

Mrs. Kate Hummel's Diary.

Every body is busy with putting up sausage, meat, lard, head cheese, and "Tom Thumbs."

"What in the world are Tom Thumbs?" I inquired of a friend who was praising them.

"They are made," she replied, "just like sausages, only a little more highly spiced, put into muslin bags four inches in diameter by eight in length, and boiled in water till a fork penetrates them easily. They are very nice sliced and eaten cold for supper in summer."

Minnie Heywood, a member of my class in Sunday-school, wrote the other day a beautiful column, which I afterward learned was made by her mother of lamb-skins. It looked like a white astrachan, and cost the labor employed in making it up, and the price of two or three yards of silk for lining. Mr. Heywood has a large flock of sheep, and in spring sells lambs in the market. These skins his wife prepared herself, first by careful washing, then by preserving with salt and alum rubbed on the flesh-side of the skins, which were afterward scraped with a knife and rubbed with pumice-stone and the hand till they were perfectly soft and pliable. Her little sister wears a tippet which looks like swan's down, but is really made of the downy feathers of geese sewed on to a strip of muslin two inches wide, lined with white silk and tied with a blue ribbon.

A day or two since, we had for dinner baked Hubbard squash. It was pronounced exceedingly good. The squash was cut open with a hatchet, the seeds removed, placed in a baking-pan, the skin-side down, and baked in a moderate oven about an hour. Then it was removed from the pan, sprinkled with salt and pepper, sweet butter spread over it, and all united in praising it and wishing there were more of the dish. Some housekeepers bake their pumpkins and squashes for pies in preference to boiling them. The flavor and richness of the pie are said to be increased by this mode of cooking them.

Mrs. Bibo came to see me yesterday—a woman of forty-five, dressed like a belle of twenty. She had raven black hair once, but it is now turning gray.

"Do tell me, Mrs. Hummel, if there isn't some way of restoring my hair to its original color?"

"Oh! yes; there are advertisements in newspapers which answer that question—But why not rejoice in gray hairs? Hair-dyes injure the brain. It is said that eight percent of the inmates of a noted lunatic-asylum in France were brought there by the use of hair-dyes."

"Ah! but I don't believe that—it's just a story to frighten people."

"Maybe so. Yet we know that Catharine de Medici used to kill herself by having poison dropped on the inside of the glove worn by the one she wished to remove. To me it seems quite possible that powerful dyes applied to the hair may injure the brain."

Sewing Circle met on Thursday, at Mrs. Pride's.

Mrs. Dole was there.

"What lovely weather we are having!" said Mrs. Jones, as we were all removing our bonnets and warm cloaks in an upper room.

"Oh! yes," sighed Mrs. Dole, "but we shall pay for it dearly. For my part, I like to have snow in the time of snow."

"And for mine," I exclaimed to myself, "when sun shines over in December, let me enjoy its brightness without borrowing glory from the storm and clouds that may come, and will surely pass again."

Mrs. Pride invited me to her kitchen before supper, and showed me her arrangements for doing work. She has her pantry sink, china-closet, and stove so situated with respect to each other as to economize steps in the best manner—an important point. How many have all their water to bring in and carry out of the kitchen, at an expense of from fifty to a hundred steps for every painful used! A small pump can be bought for five dollars; a tin lined pipe isn't very dear; water could be brought into many kitchens at a cost trifling, compared with the muscle wasted in carrying it in from outside the house, and time and strength saved for mental improvement and the culture of one's children.

Mrs. Pride told me a very good way of using up cold roast beef or mutton, so it would be as good the second day as it was the first. It is to be cut in thin slices, each slice dipped in flour and dusted with salt, pepper, and sweet herbs, then placed in layers in a deep dish, and covered with gravy or water. Catchup poured over, or canned tomatoes are added, the dish filled with water, then covered tightly and baked two or three hours. This makes even the poorest and toughest part of a roast tender and delicious in flavor.

When the victory of Metz was celebrated at Berlin, a wealthy householder displayed, along with the national colors, four flags of black tape. They were intended to commemorate the loss of four sons—all killed in the great war.

"Brethren," said a speaker at a late missionary meeting, "I want you to turn your backs upon this Board of Missions, your greenbacks, I mean, and if you presume to speak to them, talk in silver tones."

An old man in Saybrook, Connecticut, lives on a farm that never was bought or sold, it having come down to him from his ancestors, who obtained it from the Indians.

You may fail to shine, in the opinion of others, both in your conversation and actions, from being superior, as well as inferior to them.

Let your honor always be good humor in both senses. If it comes of a bad humor, it is pretty sure not to belie its parentage.

It is believed that the slave-trade is now confined to the eastern coast of Africa, where the slaves are taken to Arabian markets.

Samantanan Tommyhawk is the name of a young Canadian Indian recently ordained into the Christian ministry.

Children's Department.

BABY IS DEAD.

Two little hands on the white bosom lay;
Two little feet that never shall play;
Two little lips that tightly are pressed,
In a little white robe she simply is dressed.

Baby has left us—gone to who gave her—
Gone to the One who long since died to save her;
Why should we weep? She has gone to her Maker;
How to it meel, if he choose to take her.

Fold up her dresses—she'll need them no more;
Her dress is far brighter on that beautiful shore
The small crib is empty beside the large bed;
'Twill always be empty—for Baby is dead!

True Reason for Being Honest.

"Honesty is the best policy," said Harry aloud; and I mean always to be honest.

"What does 'best policy' mean?" asked his sister Ada, looking up from her work.

"Why this," replied the boy, "that if you are always honest, even though it may not seem the wisest thing for yourself at the time, you will get best off in the end."

"I don't think," replied his sister, "that is a good reason; because if you saw dishonest people getting on better for a long time, you would perhaps get tired of waiting for the time to come when you would be 'best off,' and begin to be dishonest too."

"Ada is right," said her mamma, coming into the room; "the honest because it is right, my son; that is the only safe reason. Try to please God, whether any gain comes from it or not. You will sometimes not be able to see how doing the right thing is profitable in a temporal point of view; but it will matter little when you come to die, whether you have been 'best off' in this world or not."

"I thank you, mamma," said Harry.

"In future I will endeavor to do right because it is right, and is pleasing to God, whether it seems to my advantage or not."

"Religion Takes the Mud out of People."

So said a little girl of five summer during our late meeting. This little child knew quite well that her father, who was a member of the church, was at variance with an ungodly neighbor, for she had heard the matter often talked of in the home circle. When that neighbor, who would not speak to her father, became a seeker of religion, the subject of their difficulty was often discussed in her hearing. She came to the just conclusion that they were mad with each other.

When this little girl, who was a member of an infant class in our Sunday-school, saw her father approach that penitent neighbor at the mourner's bench, and saw the once revenged man leap from his seat, and throw his arms around the neck of her father and rejoice aloud; and when she saw him meet her mother also in the aisle with similar demonstrations of forgiveness and of joy, her little head began to reason, and the conclusion she reached was this: "Mother, religion takes the mud out of people."

Here is embodied thought for a volume—a fine motto for a sermon. Let who will work it out—Religious Herald.

The Row of Bricks.

There is a great deal of philosophy in the following:

A boy having his father say, "Toss a poor rule didn't work both ways, said, 'If father applies this rule at his work, I will test it on my first.'"

So setting up a row of bricks, he tipped over the first, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the little boy, "each brick has knocked down his neighbor. I only tipped one. Now, I will raise one and see if he will raise his neighbor." He looked in vain to see them rise. "Here father," said the boy, "it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. They knock each other down, but they will not raise each other up."

"My son, bricks and mankind are alike made of clay, active in knocking down each other, but not the least disposed to help each other up."

"Father," said the boy, "does the first represent Adam?"

The father replied: "When men fall they love company, but when they rise they love to stand alone like yonder brick, and see others prostrate before them."

Where does Jesus Live?

To many people, the Saviour is very far off—too far, indeed, to bless or help, or save in time of need. Others have a different experience, an experience of Christ with them and Christ in them.

"Where does Jesus live?" asked a missionary once, in a mission school.

"Please, sir, he lives in our alley now," said a little boy who had lately found the Saviour.

Such an experience as this is sweet. To have Christ dwelling, not only in heavenly glory afar off, but also in our streets, in our homes, and in our hearts—this makes this dreary world look bright, and the world to come look brighter still.

"While built with a sense of His love, A palace a toy would appear; And prunes would palaces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A poor little newsboy while attempting to jump from a city car, the other afternoon, fell under the car, and was fearfully mangled. As soon as the child could speak, he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent at once to bring her to him.

When the bereaved woman arrived, she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief.

"Mother," whispered he, with a painful effort, "I sold four papers,—and the money is in my pocket."

With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.

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who will purchase at any price is supplied from this stock

For this occasion we have a large Corps of Salesmen, and will reinforce from our Cutting Department. Store will be open at 6½ and keep open in the evening to 8½, to afford workmen an opportunity; Saturday nights until 10. A visit solicited, whether wishing to purchase or not.

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