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Poetry.

THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

BY MISS M. D. ELLIOTT.

"Come unto me," with loving voice at morn

I heard the Shepherd call, and forth I sped

But narrow seemed the fold and fair the fields

Beyond the flowing wall.

Again, at mid-day, came the gentle voice,

But far my feet had strayed, and I was led

And weary with the heat I only longed

To find the forest shade.

Once more it came, but cool the shadows lay

Across the grassy fold,

And resting there, content with present ease,

I rested the sheltering fold.

Soon fell the night, with neither silver star

No song of happy bird,

And through the gloom no more, with pleading

Sweet, the Shepherd's voice I heard.

Affrighted then I turned, and blindly sought

To cross the pathless lea,

Till faint with fear, in sorest need, I cried,

"O Shepherd, come to me!"

No answering voice the silent silence left,

But lo, beside me stood

One who with sorrowing brow had followed

Close

Unseen through wild and wood.

Then all the night grew light, and soft and

Sweet

The stars shone overhead,

While homeward by the Shepherd's tender

Hand

The wandering sheep was led.

—NAT. S. S. TEACHER.

Communications.

For the American Lutheran.

Men and Things as seen in Europe.

LETTER XVI.

Lyons.—Down the Rhine; its Scenery.

Nuns: their Appearance.—An Incident.

A Contrast.—A startling Incident.

Avignon.—Split in the Episcopate: its Causes.

The Types of Avignon: their Future.

The butcher Jordan.—The Cathedral.

The Tarpan Rock.—The Inquisition.

The Museum.—Old Mortality.—A Conversation with Mme. Host.—Petrarch and Laura.

We left Lyons without any regrets for Avignon. The city, as you depart from it, looks, as when approaching it, very fine.

Many houses appeared as if they were hung on the sides of the hills. We thought of the crimson waters that once filled the channel, and of the mutilated bodies floating on the waves, lodging on the sand-banks, caught in the shrubbery and putrefying in the sun. But this fearful vision of terror was ended, may it not be hoped, never to return? But who knows what to hope or fear from France? Welding great power, with a fickle, imaginative, impulsive, irreligious, unprincipled people, there is much to hope, there is more to fear.

The steamers on the lower Rhone are very long and very narrow. In this thing they are strikingly peculiar. They draw but little water; their accommodations are very poor. The river is rapid, but shallow. The country is broken into mountains, and sharp rocks; and here and there you catch a view of snowy mountain peaks which hide their heads in the clouds. On either bank there is a rapid succession of villages, which seem very dirty and uncomfortable, and some very picturesque residences. On the summit of the hills, and cut into the solid rocks, are seen ruins of castles and fortresses, erected by the barons and feudal lords of the Middle Ages, and old walls and foundations which date back to the days of Julius Caesar. To whom it seems impossible to build any structure upon points where some of these huge ruins are tottering. Some panoramic views occasionally present themselves of surpassing beauty. The noble bridges form quite an item in the ever-changing scenery, which astonish an American by their frequency, strength, dimensions, and tastefulness.

We had as fellow passengers several nuns. To those of us from America, they were objects of some curiosity. The prima

donna wore a large crucifix, and moved with an air of authority. She was large, coarse in features, clumsy in her walk, and looked neither like Lent nor Good Friday. To my certain knowledge, on the day of our travel she abstained not from meat or wine. Her companions were like her. All the pictures I have seen of nuns represent them as very pretty, but all the nuns I have ever seen were the reverse; and my inference is, that voluntary nuns are those whose convictions are deepened by every look they take in the mirror, that they have but few hopes of matrimony. They chatter a good deal together; they were by no means so rapt in meditations on the Virgin as not to observe everything passing around them. They looked at me as they suspected heresy. At a certain hour in the afternoon I found them together reading a missal, and by their side a fine Frenchwoman, of delicately chiseled form and fine face, reading a New Testament. I could not help regarding them as representatives of the two systems of Protestantism and Popery.

There are boats anchored on the Rhone and fastened to the banks, which rise and fall with the water, for the debarking and embarking of passengers. As we were approaching one of them, a wild scream rose from its deck. A Frenchman who had enlisted for Africa, and who, with knapsack on his back, was waiting to come on board, fell into the stream. It was there deep and very rapid. I saw him for a minute or two, with head above the current, but he sank to rise no more! The boat remained a few minutes longer on account of the accident, and then we were away as if nothing had happened! His traveling companion came on board, who showed his feelings of sorrow by soon falling asleep. O, how little men are impressed by the passage of an immortal soul into eternity!

We left Lyons at six in the morning, and at a little after five in the afternoon, we were landed at Avignon, under the shadow of the towering cliff which overhangs the Rhone. We went to the Hotel Europe, one of the most neat, pleasant, and agreeable houses we met in our travels.

The history of Avignon gives it an interest it could not otherwise possess. Its streets are narrow, crooked, and uneven; and it presents everywhere the evidence of decline. During the terrible split in the church which boasts of its unity, seven popes reigned here from 1305 to 1377. Two great families arose in the bosom of Italy, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, whose interests came into collision. The family quarrel extended through the state, and through the kingdoms of Continental Europe, and through the church. Princes, people, and kingdoms, as they sided with this family or that, took their names. The family quarrel became, in time, a contest for principles; and the wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines became the struggle between the spiritual and temporal power, through which it was necessary for Western Europe to pass in order to break the power of the pope, which was crushing all national independence. In this quarrel we find the causes of the split in the popedom.

By the bribery and intrigue of Philip the Fair, an ambitious and mercenary man, De Got, was elected Pope, who took the name of Clement V., and to keep away from the influence of the Italian cardinals, fixed his residence in Avignon, which has been subject to the pope since the Albigensian wars. After the death of De Got, there were awful quarrels among the cardinals as to a successor. They finally agreed to elect any one that De Ossa, bishop of Porto, would nominate. He, kind fellow, nominated himself, and he was installed in Avignon, as John XXII. He was succeeded by Benedict XII., a weak man, whose tomb is shown you in the old Cathedral. To him succeeded two or three other men, famed for nothing but wickedness and duplicity, until fear of marauders induced Gregory XI. to remove his court to Rome in order to secure protection. This residence of the papal court in Avignon is called by popish writers "the Babylonish captivity of the popes." What a blessing to the world, if like the ten tribes, they had been lost forever!

And there upon the top of the rock, called De Dons, stands the old palace of the popes, a Gothic building, with high, thick walls, and narrow windows, which might serve for a prison, or for fortification. It is now a palace, and a barracks, guarded by French soldiers from all countries by strangers. It was here the humane butcher, Jordan, perpetrated his fearful murders on men, women, and children.

And there, too, is the old Cathedral by its side, where popes said mass, and then retired to intrigue in the affairs of kings and nations. We saw a part of a mass performed there, and heard, for a few minutes, a lazy looking priest harangue some old women from a pulpit. He seemed earnest, and then sleepy. And by the old palace stands a lofty tower upward of two hundred feet high, from which persons were cast down, for summary death, during the frenzy of the Revolution. It is the Tarpan rock of Avignon. The stains marked by the blood of the murdered are yet pointed out to you by the guide. And in going down to the town, you are led through dark arched ways, with gratings and dungeons on either hand, which once belonged to that "eddy and pious institution," the Inquisition. O, if those gratings and dungeons could speak!

There is here an old museum filled with curiosities, and having many fine paintings; some from the pencils of the Vernets, father, son, and grandson. We saw there an old man copying inscriptions from the stones, who seemed as old as the stones themselves, and not unlike them in color. He looked as if disintegrated with time. He was certainly the Old Mortality of Avignon.

"And where do you go, Monsieur?" said my polite host to me, on paying my bill,

and as I ordered my baggage, and in quite Anglified French.

"To Rome, sir," I replied.

"Be you a Catholic?" he again asked.

"No," I replied, affecting some surprise.

"I am a Protestant; there are not many Catholics in America, save those who go there from Europe. The religion of Popery does not suit our institutions."

With a peculiar shrug of the shoulder, and a peculiar accent, which left you in doubt whether he spoke in fun or in faith, he replied, "You do not understand the religion Catholicism in America. It suits itself to all the institutions in the world." But America and the world is beginning to understand the "religion Catholicism," and to regard it as it deserves.

As this was the residence of Petrarch, and the birthplace of Laura, we made some inquiries about them; but their names were unknown to those of whom we made inquiry, and we had no time to seek those better informed.

For the American Lutheran.

The Temperance Movement and the Church.

(CONCLUDED.)

In connection with the movement for "license or no license," in the 22nd ward of Philadelphia, the citizens of other wards have been holding public meetings, of late, to discover the sense of the taxpayers and voters of those wards on the subject of obtaining similar legislative action, or privilege, next winter, for themselves.

These meetings generally give considerable liberty, or "freedom of speech," and the speakers often go over more than one degree of latitude, on the Temperance question, ere they adjourn. As has very often been done, by Temperance Lecturers and Reformers, since the Temperance cause as a separate organization or Reform, has been started in our country, some of the speakers fall back upon the church as the one great divinely appointed Reformer of all the evils, sins, or crimes, and vices, practiced by men, and sometimes, most uncalculated for and undesired, if not hateful, the church is most unjustly belabored, by men who pretend to lay before her the duties she owes to the world, and the responsibility resting upon her for the slow process of this particular reform.

These same speakers though, are often themselves doing all they can by their influence, against the church, by refusing to join her membership, and, as good Christians, church members, helping forward not only one christian reform, or virtue, but the whole catalogue of christian duties, as appointed by the Great Head of the church.

Said one of the speakers, at one of the late Philadelphia meetings, "He felt that the citizens of his ward, would vote, 'license' unless the interest of the churches was awakened." And after ascribing great power to the church, as almost the sole dependence for the success of the measure in hand, he added, "It is the apathy of the church alone which makes drinking alcoholism." So long as they allow moderation, or wine at all, as among the amenities of respectable society, it will be continued. Whatever might be said to the contrary it is to the church that the masses looked for the standard of morality and it is only when she prohibits the use of liquor as a beverage, that the people would take hold of the movement as a just and proper thing." Another gentleman "favored the views of the last speaker, and pledged himself to canvass the church of which he was a member." Good and noble resolve! Let all church members pledge themselves to do likewise, and no power on earth can prevent their success!

The church should, undoubtedly, always be, or afford a proper standard of morality to the masses, in regard to every private and public duty of action; and, where her ministers are true to their calling, this will ever be the case. For the scriptures the only and infallible source of all true morality—the gospel of Christ and the inspired writings of His Holy Prophets and Apostles—declare that "Godliness" (the sum and substance of all faithful preaching) is profitable unto all things." Hence, also, in regard to this matter of Temperance, the church not only should, but really does, if faithful to her divine mission, present to the masses a proper standard of morality.

That the interest of the church must be awakened and kept awake, if the Temperance movement is to succeed in finally abolishing the curse of drunkenness, from our land, and from the earth, by compelling through her influence, the legislative aid of the different states and governments to disannul all "license" whereby evil disposed and covetous men, can, for a consideration, destroy the peace, comfort, decent subsistence and happiness, of their fellow men, for time, and endanger the life of the weak and strongly tempted, believer for eternity, is another position just as true and important as the preceding. From these two points we think, the relation to, or duty of the church in regard to the Temperance movement is clearly apparent and easily deducible.

Is it, then, true that it is the apathy of the church alone that makes drinking allowable? So far as doctrine or teaching is concerned, we contend that it cannot be truthfully said, of the Protestant portion of the christian church, (if we admit that the Papal church compose part of that church). The Protestant ministry with very few pitiable exceptions, is sound to the core, in its insulations on Temperance; and if we could say as much concerning the practical portion of her duties, or the execution of her discipline in regard to this subject, we could brand such, an assertion as that given above, as a malicious libel upon the church's fair escutcheon.

But, in view of existing facts, we dare not thus characterize that declaration for though it be strong, and perhaps scarcely

allowable to its full meaning yet it must be confessed that the "apathy of the church" is fearfully, if not alarmingly great in regard to temperance—the moderate and (not unfrequently excessive) use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage in her membership.

More especially however is the church chargeable as to the traffic in liquors, by those whose names stand upon the records of perhaps, all christian denominations.—It is here, we fear, "apathy" is most apparent, as well as most deleterious to the Temperance movement; and it is on this point, that the other declaration of one of the Philadelphia speakers touches the fair name of the church most tenderly, yet truly, that "so long as the churches winked at" "business in their members, more we think, than 'so long as they do not proscriber moderate drinking," and allow it "as among the amenities of respectable society," the cause of Temperance, or "no license" will be impeded, and the day of redemption from the curse of drunkenness, for our country and the world indefinitely postponed.

Let, then, the church awake, anew, to a sense of her infinite responsibility, and put away from her fair name the reproaches heaped upon her, by exerting her entire influence in favor of a measure that would go far towards removing that monster evil of intemperance from our fellow humanity.

For the American Lutheran.

The Bible.

(CONCLUDED.)

At the millions of books handed down to us, penned by those leading the van in the rapid march of human progress, the very pages sounding forth deep tones of profound lore, exhibiting mighty monuments of intellect towering in the lofty regions of profound thought, none can vie with the sacred Bible. It originated from a higher Being. It is the book sent to us from heaven. Like its great author, it is pure, holy and all perfect. On a dark sin stained earth like ours, it is not surprising that it has its adversaries to contend with. Strong efforts have been made, in various ages of which the present is no exception, to sweep its pages of sacred truth from the face of the earth; but of no avail. In the dark, benighted hour of its concealment, Almighty God raised up the immortal Luther who boldly restored it to the world, in all its purity. Its mighty defender is the eternal God. Then, who dare threaten its extension? We pity that narrowminded and degraded being, litigious or holding up his hand against such a blessed book; set and sanctioned by a being that has the entire universe in possession and in whom all power is centered. Its truths are too powerful, and the hand of Almighty God too strong to be overcome. As well might a man hold up his hand to stop the rains of heaven; the earth from revolting; or vegetation from clothing the earth. This wonderful book has won its battles, traveled through departed ages, and landed on the shores of the present, where it still warms humanity through the silent page. The unfolding of its vast stores of truth, from the walls of Zion, still sways vast multitudes of eager listeners. It breathes a sweet and holy influence into the human soul, down to the remotest generations. It is adapted to our wants. Without it we would falter and faint by the wayside. It is the instrument through which we hear the voice of our God. In the midst of cruel persecution for the sake of Him who died for our iniquities, a sweet voice whispers into our ears, "rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." In the lonely hour when men, our former friends forsake our company for the sake of being engaged in the service of the Master and disdainfully pass by, looking upon us with horror and contempt, the words, "blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man sake." Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy; for behold, great is your reward in heaven; for thus it was in the days of old. In passing through the dark ways of sorrow and affliction, it speaks words of consolation, hope, and love. The Bible, that blessed book, how sweet and consoling! What treasures of sacred wisdom! It is an infallible guide. Our home is far beyond the abiding place. Our poor pilgrims traveling homeward. God in his great kindness sent us the Bible as a guide on our way. How grateful should we be to our heavenly father for his precious gift! How highly should we prize it and appreciate the lesson it contains. In our prayers we speak to God. In reading the Bible, God speaks to us. Then, with what a reverent feeling should we handle the word of God! Let us not neglect the book of books; but in our every day life study it, deeply into our hearts, and exemplify the graces of the spirit which it develops, in our daily walk and conversation. Let us teach and impress the pure word of God upon the minds of all in our reach, and many will bid an everlasting farewell to dark, blind, hollow symbolism, and embrace the religion of Jesus Christ and the Apostles.

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At the millions of books handed down to us, penned by those leading the van in the rapid march of human progress, the very pages sounding forth deep tones of profound lore, exhibiting mighty monuments of intellect towering in the lofty regions of profound thought, none can vie with the sacred Bible. It originated from a higher Being. It is the book sent to us from heaven. Like its great author, it is pure, holy and all perfect. On a dark sin stained earth like ours, it is not surprising that it has its adversaries to contend with. Strong efforts have been made, in various ages of which the present is no exception, to sweep its pages of sacred truth from the face of the earth; but of no avail. In the dark, benighted hour of its concealment, Almighty God raised up the immortal Luther who boldly restored it to the world, in all its purity. Its mighty defender is the eternal God. Then, who dare threaten its extension? We pity that narrowminded and degraded being, litigious or holding up his hand against such a blessed book; set and sanctioned by a being that has the entire universe in possession and in whom all power is centered. Its truths are too powerful, and the hand of Almighty God too strong to be overcome. As well might a man hold up his hand to stop the rains of heaven; the earth from revolting; or vegetation from clothing the earth. This wonderful book has won its battles, traveled through departed ages, and landed on the shores of the present, where it still warms humanity through the silent page. The unfolding of its vast stores of truth, from the walls of Zion, still sways vast multitudes of eager listeners. It breathes a sweet and holy influence into the human soul, down to the remotest generations. It is adapted to our wants. Without it we would falter and faint by the wayside. It is the instrument through which we hear the voice of our God. In the midst of cruel persecution for the sake of Him who died for our iniquities, a sweet voice whispers into our ears, "rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." In the lonely hour when men, our former friends forsake our company for the sake of being engaged in the service of the Master and disdainfully pass by, looking upon us with horror and contempt, the words, "blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man sake." Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy; for behold, great is your reward in heaven; for thus it was in the days of old. In passing through the dark ways of sorrow and affliction, it speaks words of consolation, hope, and love. The Bible, that blessed book, how sweet and consoling! What treasures of sacred wisdom! It is an infallible guide. Our home is far beyond the abiding place. Our poor pilgrims traveling homeward. God in his great kindness sent us the Bible as a guide on our way. How grateful should we be to our heavenly father for his precious gift! How highly should we prize it and appreciate the lesson it contains. In our prayers we speak to God. In reading the Bible, God speaks to us. Then, with what a reverent feeling should we handle the word of God! Let us not neglect the book of books; but in our every day life study it, deeply into our hearts, and exemplify the graces of the spirit which it develops, in our daily walk and conversation. Let us teach and impress the pure word of God upon the minds of all in our reach, and many will bid an everlasting farewell to dark, blind, hollow symbolism, and embrace the religion of Jesus Christ and the Apostles.

For the American Lutheran.

The Bible.

(CONCLUDED.)

At the millions of books handed down to us, penned by those leading the van in the rapid march of human progress, the very pages sounding forth deep tones of profound lore, exhibiting mighty monuments of intellect towering in the lofty regions of profound thought, none can vie with the sacred Bible. It originated from a higher Being. It is the book sent to us from heaven. Like its great author, it is pure, holy and all perfect. On a dark sin stained earth like ours, it is not surprising that it has its adversaries to contend with. Strong efforts have been made, in various ages of which the present is no exception, to sweep its pages of sacred truth from the face of the earth; but of no avail. In the dark, benighted hour of its concealment, Almighty God raised up the immortal Luther who boldly restored it to the world, in all its purity. Its mighty defender is the eternal God. Then, who dare threaten its extension? We pity that narrowminded and degraded being, litigious or

The American Lutheran.

YORK, PA.
SATURDAY, Oct. 7, 1871.
REV. P. ANSTADT, EDITOR.

We do not intend to send a sample copy of the AMERICAN LUTHERAN. There are quite a number in every church who do not take, perhaps rarely ever see, the paper, and it is for the purpose of bringing it to their notice that we adopt this plan. Send us their names.

NOTE.—We would request every subscriber, when writing to us, to be particular to give not only his name, but also his post office, county, and State, so that all communications may be attended to promptly, and the delay avoided of waiting for a second communication. Any subscriber who wishes to discontinue his paper must also send his name, post office, county, and State. Unless this is done, the paper may be continued, and we to our regret, cannot for neglecting to do that which we could not for want of the proper information. From the manner in which we list our subscribers, as well as from the fact that we have a large number of subscribers of the same name, it is necessary that these requests be strictly observed.

The small amount of editorial matter in this week's paper, is owing to the absence of the Editor.—Pua.

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

John.—Here I have received a very singular tract written by Theodore Tilton. It purports to be a biography of a very strange woman by the name of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull.

Peter.—Suppose you give us a few outlines of the history of this strange woman.

John.—In her childhood according to Mr. Tilton's account she passed through many privations and hardships; in her fourteenth year she was compelled by her parents to marry a certain Dr. Woodhull, a drunken and lecherous man, who abused and maltreated her and from whom she was at last divorced and married another man by the name of Dr. Blood, with whom she is now living in New York.

James.—There seems to be nothing so very strange about this in our days.

John.—Have patience and I will tell you what is strange about her. She professes to be governed in all her sayings and doings by the spirits; even from her childhood up she professes to have been guided by them, but especially by the Greek orator Demosthenes, whom she regards as her guardian spirit.

At night she sits out on the roof of her house, gets into trance, Demosthenes comes and converses with her and her husband takes down her words on paper which are afterwards published in *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*.

James.—The *Heath and Home* has a picture of her sitting on the roof, and Dr. Blood, her husband looking out of the dormer window with paper and pencil in hand, and the ghost of Demosthenes standing before her with one foot on the corner of the roof, apparently suspended in mid-air, as ghosts are not supposed to be affected by the attraction of gravitation. Below is given the likeness of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull in profile from right and left, also a number of likenesses of her which differ very much from Mr. Tilton says her countenance never looks twice alike.

Peter.—Probably this picture in the *Heath and Home* is intended merely as a caricature and her attending ghost Demosthenes, and I am tempted to suspect that the whole so-called biography is intended merely as a cruel satire by Mr. Tilton on Mrs. Woodhull. Have the spirits been of any benefit to her thus far?

John.—O, yes, according to the biography, they have never deceived her, and have enabled her to perform wonderful cures of diseases, on journeying from city to city in the practice of her spiritual art she accumulated up to the year 1859 the sum of \$700,000. After this she went to New York, gave up her cures of diseases and is now principally engaged in "finance and politics." She carries on a bank and publishes a political paper.

Peter.—What are her political views?

John.—They are mainly taken up with women's rights question, and she announced herself as a candidate for the next presidency of the United States. She thinks because her name is Victoria that she will rule on this side of the Atlantic Ocean while Queen Victoria rules on the other side.

James.—What an idea Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull with her two husbands in the White House at Washington! and then our nation ruled by the spirits from the other world! Why that would be the government of Pantomonism. From such a government we may well pray in the words of the liturgy, "Good Lord deliver us."

Peter.—I think there is no present imminent danger of such a calamity. I have confidence in the good sense of the American people that they will never elect Victoria C. Woodhull or the like of her to the presidency of the United States. I suppose her religious views are infidel in their character.

John.—Tilton says, she never goes to church, her reverence for Christ is supreme and ecstatic, yet "the spirits have taught her that he whom the church calls the Saviour of the world is not God but man." Twice she professes to have seen visions of Jesus Christ, and thus having been more highly favored than the apostle Paul who had seen him but once.

Peter.—Such a declaration is presumptuous in the highest degree, it shows also the infidelity of spiritualism and is a direct fulfillment of scripture when it speaks of those who in the last days shall follow the doctrines of devils and lying spirits rather than the word of God. The less we have to do with these lying spirits the better it will be for all.

A remarkable revival is in progress among the fishermen of the Bay of Biscay. Not long since one of the Free Church ministers in that region admitted to the communion for the first time one hundred and sixteen persons of all ages, the whole of whom professed to be fruits of the awakening in the parish.

I am for frank explanations with friends, in case of affront, but sometimes have a perishing friendship, and even place it on a firmer basis than at first; but secret discontentment always ends badly.—*Sydney Smith*.

—As bees breed no poison, though they extract the deadliest juices, so the noble mind, though forced to drink the cup of misery, can yield but generous thoughts and noble deeds.

Communications.

For the American Lutheran, Philadelphia Letter.

We desire to nail the *Lutheran and Missionary*, as engaged in giving false information to its readers; the aggravation of which is caused more because they know better, than it is that they do not know. Ignorance may do for criminals to plead, but for professors of scholars, and daily readers, to be ignorant, and to publish it, is a crime before the bar of justice and decent equity. For a long time we have had these imbecile utterances, and malicious misrepresentations of the moral and unchristian character of the universal and evangelized Fulton Street Prayer-meeting.

I clip this from the paid correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, who resides in the city of New York.

14TH ANNIVERSARY of the Fulton Street Prayer meeting was celebrated at the old North Dutch church, W. 4th and Fulton streets, at noon to-day. The edifice was thronged, and the religious exercises were of a very impressive character. Rev. John Hall, of the Presbyterian church presided, and among others assisting, were Drs. Orniston, Sabine, Aamstrong, Vermilyea, Smith, Steel and Gleason. Here was the fourteenth anniversary of a union prayer-meeting, presided over by one of the pulpits orators, and biblical scholars of the age, and at the same time assisted by the strongest and most eminent scholars and christians of the prominent New York pulpits! and yet if we must believe the *Lutheran and Missionary*, the entire thing is a sham, and all information in regard to answered prayers, and all declarations about the "conversions" that have been accomplished through this means of grace, are bold and bald falsehoods.—There is no question (from the *Missionary* two weeks ago) in the case.

What do these men, in the "livory of Heaven" mean, by publicly asserting false accusations against the friends of Christ, though not members of the Lutheran church? Has bigotry and "eye to eye" fanaticism entirely absorbed the "milk of human kindness," and annihilated all heart charity, which, if we have not, though we may preach with the eloquence of a Chrysostom, and expound with the profundity of a St. Paul, we are "sounding brass," and "dunkling symbols"? Brethren, don't you think it time we should be more pedantic in our writings, and more discreet in what we say relative to each other—"for we unto him from whom offense cometh; and we unto him who offendeth one of these, my 'little ones'."

Better "think twice before we speak once," especially when that once is a misrepresentation, either of a prayer meeting, or of an individual—a "new commandment I give unto you, love one another."

"While the lamp of life holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return." Most we go to Wesley for this thought at this time, although we do not approve of the philosophy of the poetry in all cases. Dear AMERICAN LUTHERAN, I do not think the author of this scandal that appeared in the *Lutheran and Missionary* was from the pen of the Rev. Joseph Smith, D. D. Perhaps it was; but was it? Let see: if that paper will have its manifestoes, and the fortitude, to reply honestly,—"Was it, or was it not, Dr. Sess, who wrote the editorial upon the subject of the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting?" "Silence gives consent," and is at times, a tacit admission of guiltiness, but so great is my respect, and veneration for "old St. John's," and its pastor, that I am loth to believe such a thing possible, notwithstanding my cruel, and unfair, and wrong treatment, not long since, at the suggestion and instigation of a heartless gossip.

What say you Sess? "Oh, I don't want to notice the AMERICAN LUTHERAN!" I am apologetic, but still, as your readers are unaware who Noah is, you can, at least, gratify us who would get no undue popularity, nor feel excessively flattered thereby. Honesty, and self respect will, no doubt, prompt you, but I desire to feel your reply to bestow a compliment upon the refugee of the modern ark. Say, Dr. Sess—did you, or did you not write the article reflecting upon the "Fulton Street Prayer-meeting"? Don't excuse yourself by saying "you don't read the AMERICAN LUTHERAN."

I have good information that you do, and that also, the Philadelphia letters are not the last thing you read, now let me be the truth; did you not write the article in question? if so, why? For I am personally conscious, whether that consciousness is the product of partiality on my part—if you did, you were imposed upon by some crude and ugly customer, who is, as false as a coin, and as malicious as a serpent. I await the reply with modesty; and am ready to do you justice, as I did once before in my unpublished reply to a Lutheran paper, when you were falsely accused of being uncharitable to the South; and of which I could testify to, after setting to your preaching for over one year, and that year, one of those trying ones to men's souls. I have recovered several letters inquiring "Why the?"

TEMPERANCE RESOLUTIONS did not appear in the public and daily press of this city, the same as all the other resolutions offered at the last session of East Pa. Synod?" After diligent investigation I am prepared to say, that it was because the one who always officiates in performing the briefs for the press failed to give or incorporate them in the slips given to the reporters. My name appears as defending the option law, just from the fact that the reporter, Mr. Nelson, of the *Phila. Ledger*, is a fair and honest gentleman, and has from my first debut been a personal and warm friend. He is one of the most reliable, intelligent, and trustworthy and impartial men, who grace that respectable fraternity of our metropolis. I wish to exonerate the corps of reporters that were on hand daily, as every eye witness will testify, to give a true publication of synodical proceedings, from blame and censure by the church; it is the fault of others, and it cannot be too strongly condemned. We have a move in this city in which a certain day is to be set apart for prayer, that the cause of Temperance shall prosper and intemperance therefore shall wane. This is the official announcement—"A meeting of the clergy of the different religious denominations of the city was held yesterday, (Sept. 25th), afternoon in the vestry room of the church of the Epiphany, (Episcopalian)

to consider the propriety of holding a day of prayer for the suppression of intemperance and the success of the Temperance cause in this city. Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., presided. Rev. L. Chure, D. D., opened with prayer. On motion Tuesday, OCT. 7TH,

was decided upon to be set apart as a day of prayer and conference the services to continue the entire day." The amusing feature of the entire thing is, that one of the conductors, whose name I shall not honor here by mentioning, had opposed the Temperance resolutions infelicitously on the floor of Synod. The idea that ministers of the gospel should care at even the most radical measures to extirpate this wholesale and radical evil from society, can better be imagined than told. It seems to us that this is an era of respectable crime, made so by the traffic producing gigantic profits, which enables the friends of the cause, to buy up or influence ostensible and whimsical characters, within the ministry and the State. Oh, how I abominate the want of steadfastness for truth, virtue and temperance; and if I verberate anything about the General Council meeting, it is, that I don't have to look for a "needle in a haystack." I have two addresses on Temperance to deliver next week; and judging by the signs of the times, all persons who are always "on the fence," upon great questions will be "knocked sky high." We mean reformation and restoration of manhood in this city, and God help the right to succeed.

"We praise thee, Lord if but one soul While the last year prolonged its flight, Turn shuddering from the poisonous bowl, To health, and purity, and joy, And shout."

We praise thee if one clouded hour, Where broken hearts despairing plied, Beheld the sire and husband come, Brought and in his perfect mind."

STILL give us grace, Almighty King, Unvarying at our points to stand; Till grateful as thy shrine we bring, The tribute of a ransomed land. NOAH

Meeting of the Hartwick Seminary.

This Synod held its 41st Annual Convention in the Lutheran church in Lockport, N. Y., commencing on Thursday evening, Sept. 21st, and closing on Tuesday evening, Sept. 26th.

The synodical sermon was preached on Thursday evening by the President, Rev. V. F. Bolton, from Mark 11, 20. "Have faith in God."

The first business session of Synod was held on Friday morning. The following were the officers elected:

Rev. V. F. Bolton—President.
P. A. Strobel—Secretary.
N. W. Nett—Treasurer.

The president's annual report represented most of our branches in a favorable condition. There had been some outpourings of the Spirit during the past year, of which the Yonderland charge, had shared most largely. About 80 members were added to this congregation, by confirmation and a number by baptism. There had been a few changes in the pastoral relation. Rev. P. M. Rightmeyer had left Brunswick and settled at West Camp. Rev. W. H. Emerick had resigned at West Camp, and is now preaching at Jacksonville.

Rev. A. P. Ludden, has resigned as pastor at Cobleskill, and Richmondville, and has accepted a call to Brunswick. Rev. A. Bridgman, had vacated the charge at Beartown, and having accepted a call to a church in the bounds of the Frankan Synod, had been honorably dismissed to that body.

Rev. C. S. Sprecher was received upon a letter of honorable dismissal from the Miami Synod, and the Rev. L. D. Wells, upon a similar certificate from the New Jersey Synod. The former had accepted a call from the church at Middleburg, and the latter from the church at Canajoharie, both these young brethren had been installed and are laboring acceptably and successfully.

Rev. J. D. Severinghaus, was received as a delegate from the New York Synod, and Rev. L. Dux from the Frankan Synod. The presence of these brethren and their excellent addresses, before Synod added very much to the interest of the meeting.

The following brethren were received as advisory members—Rev. J. W. Goodlin, Cor. Secretary of the Home Missionary Board, Rev. J. R. Dimm, Cor. Secretary of the Publication Board, Rev. E. Unagast, our missionary to India, Rev. J. M. Rhoads of the East Pennsylvania Synod, Rev. J. Weber of the Frankan Synod, Rev. J. Abele, pastor of the German Lutheran church in Lockport, Rev. D. Himel, pastor of the German Lutheran church in Rochester, N. Y., Rev. D. Segar, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Lockport, and Rev. E. Marvin, pastor of the 2nd Presbyterian church in Lockport.

The parochial reports did not present as favorable a state of things in our churches as is desirable. The additions during the past year by confirmation and baptism were about three hundred, but these additions hardly compensated the losses by death, removals, and other causes. The contributions to the Synodical treasury to Home and Foreign missions, and to education were much below those of former years, but this was accounted for by the fact that some of our most liberal congregations have been engaged in church building, or retarding during the past year. The sums expended for these purposes amounted to nearly \$45,000.

Four new churches are in process of erection, one at Johnston, two in the Yonderland charge and one at West Camp.

Rev. James Pitcher was ordained on Sabbath afternoon, after a very stirring and able sermon by Rev. J. W. Goodlin. We all felt his power.

Rev. J. R. Dimm presented the claims of the Lutheran Publication Board, in a very lucid and satisfactory address. The Board has the sympathy and confidence of this Synod, and the pastors and congregations will do all in their power to sustain this important institution of our church. A resolution was passed to purchase the *Observer* and make it the property of the General Synod.

Rev. J. W. Goodlin delivered an address in behalf of the Home Mission Board, in which he presented a very satisfactory exhibit of the operations of the Board during the past year. He showed that the management of the Home Mission work of the General Synod by the present Board, had been marked by a judiciousness and success almost without precedent. We all felt to say in our hearts to the Board, "Well done good and faithful servants." Rev. E. Unagast represented our For-

eign Mission in India. His address on Monday night, though rather too long, was very interesting and instructive, and will do much to awaken an increased interest in the Foreign Missionary work. It must be confessed that we need to be stirred up to our former standard; for the time when our annual contributions to Foreign Missions averaged nearly \$1,000.

The subject of synodical reunion was brought to the notice of Synod by Rev. J. D. Severinghaus, the delegate from the New York Synod. This matter was referred to a committee of four, Revs. Fels, Strobel, Stover and Swope, who prepared a series of resolutions which were unanimously adopted. These resolutions provide for the appointment of a committee of three to meet annually with committees from the N. Y. and Frankan Synods, at Germantown, N. Y., during the approaching convention of the N. Y. Synod. The joint committee are to agree upon a basis of union and are then to call, at as early a date as practicable, a convention of the three Synods, to consider and pass upon this basis of union. Should this basis be approved by this convention, it is to be submitted to the congregations of the three Synods for their ratification, and when thus ratified, the union shall be considered consummated. The committee in behalf of the Hartwick Synod consists of Revs. P. A. Strobel, P. Fels, and D. Swope.

The Book of Worship was approved and its use recommended to all our congregations. The Synod endorsed the action of the General Synod in discontinuing the publication of the old Hymn Book.

A letter from Rev. G. A. Lintner, D. D. of Sohierie, C. H. N. Y., was referred to a committee of three, Revs. Strobel, and Selmsner, and Mr. Charles Shoudy, who reported the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we have heard with deep regret, of the enfeebled health of Rev. Dr. Luitner, and that he has our heartfelt sympathy in his present afflictions.

Resolved, That we tender him the assurance of the confidence and esteem of this Synod, and are pained by the reflection that he may never appear in our midst again, and that we shall no more enjoy the benefit of his counsel nor be cheered by his genial companionship.

Resolved, That we will earnestly pray that God may sustain our friend and father in the ministry, in his infirmities, by the rich consolations of that Gospel which he has so faithfully, and so ably preached to others, and in the end bestow upon him "the crown of life."

Resolved, That the Secretary transmit a copy of these resolutions to Rev. Dr. Luitner, and that his letter be read before Synod, and published in the *Observer*.

P. A. STROBEL, CHAS. SHOUDY, COMMITTEE.

HARTWICK SEMINARY.

The committee appointed to visit Hartwick Seminary presented a report commending this institution to the fostering care of the churches and obliging Synod to pay its quota of \$500, the amount required toward the support of the Faculty. The report was adopted.

Another committee was appointed to visit Hartwick, consisting of Revs. Lefter, Porter, and Cret.

Rev. A. N. Daniels, was chosen delegate to the Frankan, and Rev. J. D. Wert to the N. Y. Synod.

The committee on Systematic Benevolence reported favorably on the use of the box system, or the "Lord's Treasury" which as far as it had been tried, had worked favorably.

The committee appointed to investigate certain charges affecting injuriously the ministerial character of Rev. P. M. Rightmeyer, presenting a report fully exonerating him from the charges which were adopted.

This was one of the most pleasant and profitable conventions that we have ever held. True, we missed some of the fathers of the Synod, who in consequence of the infirmities of age and other causes, were prevented from meeting with us; yet we felt the influence of their counsels and prayers, and rejoiced to know that they were reopening for their reward. The pastor and his family and other christian friends in Lockport, contributed much to their generous hospitality to the comfort and enjoyment of the brethren. May the Lord abundantly reward them!

The following churches are vacant, Beartown, N. Y., Cobleskill—Richmondville, N. Y.

After very solemn devotional exercises, conducted by the President, Synod adjourned to meet in September 1872, at Berne, Albany county, N. Y., in the pastorate of Rev. James Lefter.

P. A. STROBEL, Secretary.

Athens, N. Y., Sept. 30th, 1871.

The Finley Tragedy.

We cheerfully insert the following correction of an article, which we had copied from an exchange:

ASHLAND, OHIO, Sept. 25th, 1871.
Rev. P. Anstadt.—In the AMERICAN LUTHERAN, of the 23rd, inst., there is a short article on the Finley tragedy, which says, "Mrs. Margaret Finley, near Wabash, Indiana, murdered her three children Sept. 6th. She took the youngest, a babe, by the feet and beat its brains out on a stone, cutting the throats of the two older ones. She is said to show no signs of insanity, and gives no other reason for killing the children than a desire to get rid of them."

Now, for the sake of truth and humanity, please give this correction a place in the AMERICAN LUTHERAN.

Mr. Finley, was formerly, Miss. Margaret Wells, a pious and devoted Christian, and a member of the Lutheran church in Ashland, Ohio. She with her husband, Mr. Henry Finley, left Ashland county about four years ago, for Indiana, last fall Mr. Finley died, leaving Mrs. Finley with two children then, and in due course of time, another was born. Now being left in that situation, her nerves gave way, and it effected her mind.

For during the summer, when ladies would call on her, they sometimes would find her sitting in entire nudity, and the day of the terrible and heart rending tragedy, she took her children to neighboring lady, saying, "you must keep your children, I go away on a visit several weeks," the neighbor-aid to her "you don't want me to keep your little babe so long." Mrs. Finley replied, "O yes, it is the babe you ever saw." The neighbor soon took the children home to her, and found Mrs.

Finley very wild, but left the children with her till she would go and tell her husband, but before they could return again the deed was done, and when they reached her house, they found her dancing and leaping in the street, saying, "Now we will have a dance, where is the fiddle, why didn't you bring him? Where are the keys to the kingdom of heaven?" &c.

And when the whole neighborhood had gathered so that at least there were fifty persons present, they were unable to take hold of her. Still holding the bloody butcher-knife in her hand. They had built a fence across the road, and then prepared a lazo, when she saw the rope, she threw the knife, saying, "if you want that, take it," and then she sat down. They then secured her, taking her to prison for security. Her friends were sent for, and her father and sister, Mr. Wells, and Mrs. Scott Nelson of this place, went immediately, they found her raving in insanity, and still, sometimes praying, and sometimes swearing, to have them bring her the key to the kingdom of heaven.

She died on the 16th, and fifteen minutes before she died she recognized her sister, (Mrs. Nelson) and asked her to take her children, and take care of them. Now Mr. Editor, is there no signs of insanity?

Yours Fraternally,
J. W. SWICK.

Why He Was Opposed.

A young man, who recently became converted, says, "At the very moment I fully believed that Christ could, and would save, I felt the truth of the poet's words."

"Thy presence was as my paradise And where thou art is Heaven."

He now had a heart burning with love for the souls of his friends and neighbors.

As there was no prayer-meeting in the vicinity; he thought he could do nothing, that had a better tendency to arouse his sleeping friends, than to organize one.

The teacher, who had charge of the school house, being in favor of the movement, he invited all in the immediate vicinity to meet on Sunday night. At the appointed hour, thirteen persons had assembled. The object of the meeting was explained. The exercises continued for an hour, consisting of singing and praying. The meeting then adjourned to meet again on Sunday night following. But the old adage proved true in this case, "Where God erects a house of prayer, the Devil builds his chapel." In the space of three days, it was spread around far and wide, that Methodist work was going on, at this school house; and that it would not be suffered. The young men stopped up his signs; and refused to hear. He went on to his wife, rejecting, that he was worthy to suffer for Christ's sake.

But before the end of the week, he was advised by the Trustees of the house to stop his work. He had no house of his own to hold the meeting; so he could not carry on his work. Now, why this opposition? Can persons go to Heaven without prayer? If so, then prayer meetings are unnecessary. But what do we find recorded in the Bible? "Men ought always to pray." Luke 18: 1.

"I will that men pray everywhere." 1 Tim. 2: 8. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that knocketh, shall be opened." Math. 7: 7-8. Many more passages might be quoted, to prove that Heaven is gained by prayer. But the above quoted are the words of Christ. And what He once says is sufficient. And what is more essential to create a spirit of prayerfulness, in a neighborhood, than a prayer-meeting? It is in the prayer-meeting, where Christians are encouraged; and sinners convicted. For God says, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them." Surely, where God is, it is good for man to be. And every true Christian will admit that the prayer meeting is indispensable to the growth and success of the church. Now, then arises the question, why was this young man opposed?

I answer, because his opponents are not yet born again. They are no praying men. They know not what it is to pray.

Their hearts are not on Christ. To worship God in faith, is foolishness to them—they persecute Christians and think they do God's service. Are these men disobedient? Not to their Pastor. For they bring their children to be baptized (which is right) and seldom fail to approach the Lord's Table, on Communion Day; and that is about all that is demanded of them. Why then was the young man actually opposed? Because the minister is not a praying man. If he stands up before his congregation and reads a prayer, it cannot be expected that his members encourage prayer-meetings: "for as the leader so do the flock." Oh, that we could have more Lutheran Preachers! Oh that our people were no longer under the influence of symbolists! Oh that a spirit of prayerfulness, might prevail throughout all our churches! May God speed the day, when prayer meets are as numerous as the common schools Christian readers, let us all cry unto the Lord for a revival of Religion in our sleeping churches. May the Lord have mercy upon all blind guides.

BY A YOUNG CONVERT.

Centennial.

It was my privilege to be present at a very interesting Centennial anniversary celebration, on the 25th inst., at the residence of Martin Herman, Silver Spring township, Cumberland county, Pa. Martin Herman, a native of Germany, and grandfather of the former, landed in Philadelphia on the 12th of July, A. D. 1772 and settled in Cumberland county Pa., on the 18th of April, A. D. 1771, on the tract of land called St. Martin's in Silver Spring township, which tract of land he purchased, and which has been in the possession and ownership of himself and his lineal descendants for one hundred years. Something over three hundred acres was added to the original tract by Christian Herman, his son, and subsequently divided into two farms; fertile and beautiful as in Cumberland county. The old homestead was cultivated on the day referred to, by a general gathering of the families descended through Christian Herman, in all about one hundred and fifty persons, the number now living and comprising the other branches of the original family, is supposed to be over one thousand persons.

At the allotted time, the company present was seated in the yard, immediately in front of the house, presenting a most interesting group indeed, from the gray headed sires, down to the prattling babes, of two summers—representing four generations. The writer being called upon, opened the exercises with prayer, after which all joined in singing that beautiful national air—"My country 'tis of thee" &c. Martin Herman, Esq., of Carlisle now arose and addressed the meeting. The address was read, and I must add, evinced not only care but considerable ability in its subject matter, and arrangement.

The speaker presented to our view, the original deed and other papers which he had in his possession, and then gave a brief account of the several families descended from Christian Herman down to the present generation.

He delineated in a most eloquent manner, the habits and customs of the early settlers, as also, their hardships, and trials, and contrasting their times with the age in which we live, one could not but feel grateful, for the superior advantages in a social, political, and religious point of view, which are now. Oh, that we could say that the morals of the community at large have correspondingly improved—we fear we cannot. The allusion made to the old homestead and its surroundings and especially the old will which fortunately survived the era of the "oaken bucket" was touching and beautiful; all eyes were suffused with tears and especially those which first opened to the light in that dear old home.

Rev. A. W. Lilly of York, with his family were present. Mrs. Lilly is a daughter of Martin Herman the present occupant of the mansion. The Rev. gentleman followed in a most and appropriate speech. He stated that on an occasion like this the thoughts naturally advert to the past, the present, and the future.

The past is gone, but its results are around us; the present consists of the fleeting moments; but the future, ah! the future! what shall it be to us? After referring to the changes and vicissitudes of human life, our possibilities under the guidance of providence—the attainments we might make in the present life if we are true to ourselves and to God, and what might be our glorious destiny hereafter, he closed with—"will it please the Father to unite us in the better world as we are here united to-day?"

From Carlisle discoursed delightful music, and at the close, we all joined heartily in singing "Auld Sang Synod." The company now adjourned to a place under the trees, where a most bountiful repast was served up in the shape of—well no matter—it was a good place for a hungry man, and I know of one at least, who did justice to that particular part of the proceedings.

After a most pleasant and agreeable time as aforesaid, the company adjourned with a few parting words from the writer, a prayer from Manassah Herman, and singing the good old song—"Praise God" &c. We shall not soon forget the centennial anniversary at St. Martin's.

R. H. FLETCHER.

Lock Haven, Sept. 28th, 1871.

Church News.

SOMERSET COUNTY, PA.—The Evangelical church at Confluence, Somerset Co. Pa., was dedicated to the service of the True God, on Sabbath, October 1st, 1871. Rev. J. Tomlinson, preached the dedicatory sermon.

CONFERENCE MEETING.—The West Branch Conference of the Susquehanna Synod, will meet in the Emanuel church, Rev. Geo. Eicholtz's charge, on Monday evening, Oct. 23rd, 1871. Brethren coming by railroad will please inform the pastor or Loei by letter at Laitsville, Lycoming Co., Pa.

A full attendance is requested.

M. MYERS, Sec'y.

MEETING OF THE SYNODS.—We find in the minutes of the Gen. Synod a tabular statement of the time and place of meeting of the district Synods belonging to the General Synod which we will copy for the convenience of our readers:

NAMES.	WILL MEET AT.	WHEN.
Allegheny,	Altoona, Pa.,	Sept. 6, 1871.
East Pa.,	Phila., Pa.,	" 15, "
West Pa.,	Cambria, Pa.,	" 20, "
Hartwick,	Lockport, N. Y.,	" 21, "
New Jersey,	Westerville, N. Y.,	" 21, "
Ohio,	Columbus, O.,	" 22, "
Northern Ind.,	Conatistie, Mich.,	" 26, "
Kansas,	Grasshopper Falls, Kan.,	" 27, "
Iowa,	North Liberty, Iowa,	" 27, "
Central Pa.,	Middsburg, Pa.,	" 28, "
Maryland,	Baltimore, Md.,	Oct. 3, "
Delaware,	New Philadelphia, Pa.,	" 11, "
Pennsylvania,	Washington, Pa.,	" 11, "
Virginia,	Valdosta, N. Y.,	" 10, "
New York,	Germantown, N. Y.,	" 28, "
Franklin,	Chautauque, N. Y.,	June 8, 1872
Susquehanna,	Shunktown, Pa.,	" 6, "

—Rev. George Burrows, D. D., of San Francisco, has given his library, containing many rare and valuable works, to the Board of Trustees of University College, to trust for a theological seminary, to be under the care of the Synod of California.

The Bishop of Manchester at the consecration of a new church in his diocese recently, expressed his alarm at the fact that more of the poor do not attend the services of the Church of England in Lancashire. And the cure which he proposes is the employment of greater extent of the laity in the church work.

—At Heidelberg, in Germany, there is not a language, ancient or modern, without its competent professor to teach it to all comers. A Japanese student, unable to speak a word of German, found here on his arrival, a teacher able to converse with him and give him lessons through the medium of his own language.

Household and Farm.

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

Creak! creak! the lazy old grindstone,
What's the use of grinding at all,
If you have to grind so slow?
Oh! how bright my hoe is getting!
See the water run!
A perfect river. Isn't it funny
That turning keeps it on?
Creak! creak! I tell you I'm going
To hoe my row of peas;
And grandpa's given me some onions—
There, I had to sneeze.
If I could get my breath a minute—
Grandpa bears on so—
This old grindstone is so heavy,
I guess I will turn slow.

LEMON PRESERVES—One pound of
pounded loaf sugar; quarter of a pound
of butter, six eggs, and the whites of
four well-beaten, the rinds of two lemons,
and the juice of three. Mix together, and
simmer till of the consistency of honey.
Stir all the time or it will burn.

CANNED GRAPE—Press the pulps
from the skins, and put the skins in a
stew-pan on the stove. Stew them well.
Then stew the pulps in another kettle with
sugar, and pass them through a colander
to separate the seeds from the pulp. Then
add the skins and pulp, boil five minutes
and can them hot. The grapes are clear
and beautiful and will keep a long time.

A NICK WAX TO COOK IRISH POTATOES—Boil them until done, then remove
the skin carefully, and mash and strain
through a sieve. Add some milk,
butter, black pepper, and salt to suit the
taste; bake half an hour, and serve hot.
A nice custard may be made in the same
way, by leaving out the pepper and salt,
and adding two eggs, sugar and nutmeg to
suit the taste; bake half an hour; serve
hot, with cream sauce.

PORK CAKE—Half a pound salt pork
chopped fine, two cups of boiling water
poured over it, two cups of molasses, four
cups of sugar, two heaping teaspoons of
ground cloves, four of cinnamon, two nu-
megs, two large teaspoons of soda, and
four to make as stiff as ginger bread; and
two pounds of raisins, one of currants,
half a pound of citron. This will make
two large loaves, and the most fastidious
person would not know it from rich butter
cake, though decidedly more economical.

FRUIT CAKE—Wash and drain well
one pound of currants; chop (not fine)
the same of raisins; chop or slice one
half pound of citron. Beat five eggs and
two cups of brown sugar together; add one
cup of butter, and one of molasses; one
half cup of sour milk, with one large tea-
spoon of soda; one teaspoon of all kinds
of spice, and six cups of flour, reserving
half a cup to mix with the fruit last. Put
a piece of buttered letter paper on the
bottom of your baking pan. Make a
cake one large loaf, and will keep a year.

WASHING BLANKETS—Now is the
season for washing blankets; and not
every housewife knows the best and easiest
mode of washing them. Here is a plan
that never fails, if strictly followed. Take
one pint of soft soap, two table-spoonsful
of powdered borax, dissolved in boiling water.
Put this mixture in a tub, and fill half full
of cold water; put in from two to three
blankets, as many as the water will well
cover. Let them stand from twelve to
twenty-four hours. Squeeze and rub them
thoroughly, and put them in a basket to
drain (over another tub) without wringing.
Rinse in clear, cold water, and drain again.
Put a little bluing in for a final rinse,
and hang out without wringing. It
will take longer for them to dry, but they
will not shrink, but look white and smooth.
Be sure and use cold water, and not wring
during the process.

KEEPING WINTER APPLES—With our
orders of saving apples all winter and
far into the spring, we have more than
one suggested that generally adopted in
New England, New York, and the North-
western States which is to pick them from
the trees, sort them out, and put them in
from dry casks, pressing them down close-
ly, and heading them up. They should
be allowed to stand under a shed until cold
weather sets in, and then be removed to a
dry cellar or some place where they will
not freeze. Care must be taken that none
but perfect fruit is barreled. We saw the
other day one of the best farmers of Mont-
gomery county putting up his apples in
this manner, and he told us that they fre-
quently kept until early haying—
Germantown Telegraph.

PUTTY AND PAINT—However much
these two articles may be used to hide de-
ficiencies and cover up faults by dishonest
tradesmen, in the farmer's hands they may
be made to do excellent service. Possibly,
the wagon, plow, and harrow, that have
been in active employment during the Sum-
mer, have had their seams or cracks open-
ed by the sun's heat. Now is the time to
stop those cracks or seams with putty and
a touch of paint, before the Fall rains
soak in, and commence to rot the wood.
Repeated swelling and shrinking do seri-
ous injury to all wooden implements, and
now, when they are well shrunk, is the
time to look after them, and prevent the
swelling which will occur if damp or wet
is allowed to penetrate. Porks, shovels,
axes, and all tools with wooden handles
should be rubbed with linseed oil every-
where, and durability improved thereby.

NOTES FOR BUTTER MAKERS—One
inch and a half—shallow instead of deep-
er—is the proper depth to set the milk.
Zinc pans are better than tin, and the cooler
the place where there is a circulation of
air, the better. Skimming must be done
before curds form, or else after they have
solidified. Better before if you want the
best butter; better if you want the most;
but never half way between, unless you
care more for your convenience in the mat-
ter than your profit.

We advise churning every day if the
cows number half a dozen. Butter washed
in clear cold water in the churn is not
injured, while considerable labor is saved,
and the less manipulation with the hand
while in the churn and while out of it the
better. There is a "grain" to butter, as
well as a detectable something in the taste,
which the hand and even the paddle can
annihilate. Use oak boxes for marketing,
and if these rules are carefully followed
the result must be satisfactory.—*N. Y.*
World.

GRAPE JELLY—Take ripe, juicy grapes;
pick them from the stems; put them in a
large earthen pan, and mash them with
the back of a wooden ladle, or with a potato
beetle. Put them into a kettle (without
any water), cover them closely, and let
them boil for a quarter of an hour, stirring
them up occasionally from the bottom.
Then squeeze them through a jelly bag,
and to each pint of juice allow a pound of
loaf sugar. Dissolve the sugar in the grape
juice; then put it over a quick fire in a
preserving kettle, and boil and skim it
twenty minutes. When it is a clear, thick
jelly, take it off, put it warm into tumbler,
and cover them with double tissue paper
cut to fit the inside. In the same manner
you may make an excellent jelly for com-
mon use, of ripe fox grapes and the best
brown sugar; mixing with the sugar, be-
fore it goes on the fire, a little beaten
white of egg; allowing two whites to
pounds of sugar.—*Miss Leslie's Cook Book.*

PLEASURES OF GARDENING—The pleasures
arising from the culture of flowers are
harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a
shade, becomes a triumph which, though
often obtained by chance, is secured along
by morning care, by evening caution, and
the vigilance of days. It is an employ-
ment which, in its various grades, excludes
neither the opulent nor the indigent; it
teems with boundless variety, and affords
an unceasing excitement to emulation,
without contention or ill will. There is no
other pursuit alike calculated for poor or
peasant to which the distinctions are so
trivial, for the cottagers may possess and
enjoy the same luxuriant rose or fragrant
myosotis in his little plot or his window
that occupies a place in the garden of the
richest. The clear light of heaven, the
sweet, fresh air, the verdure of the fields,
the delicacy of form and richness of
color with which bounteous nature sup-
plies us on every side, in the almost inex-
haustible variety of her horticultural and
floral treasures, are all sources of the most
unalloyed pleasure; and it is a wise dis-
pensation of the Giver of all good that
this gratification of the senses of sight and
smell, whilst beholding the elegant per-
formance of their flowers, is an enjoyment
within the reach of all who choose to seek
it. There are few surer tests of a happy
home within than the flower-decorated
window and neat-kept garden; and there
is no occupation for the leisure hour more
calculated to keep it so, or to soothe the
mind. It yields pleasure without surfeit,
the more we advance the more eager we
become. And how unlike this to most
of our worldly engagements.—*Gardener's*
Magazine.

Children's Department.

LITTLE LIFTERS.

"BEAR TO ONE ANOTHER'S BURDEN."

Did you know, my darling children,
There was work for you to do,
As you tread life's brightest path way,
'Neath skies of brightest blue?

My precious angels,
But they often lighten burdens,
The strongest care can bear.

You all are "Little Lifters,"
Who with loving zeal will try
To help the weak and weary,
And dry the tearful eye.

And though you lift but little,
Point not, but lift again,
The hardest work is worn
By constant dropping rain.

And when you sing to baby,
Till he gently falls asleep;
Or comfort little sister
When her eyes close to weep;

Or tie up Johnny's shoe strings,
And brush his tangled hair;
You are lifting mother's burdens,
And sliding her from care.

And when father, tired and weary,
Comes home to rest at night,
Draw up for him the easy chair,
And make the fire burn bright.

Though small the deed of kindness,
And low the words of love,
The recording Angel writes them
In glowing lines above.

Then love and help each other,
For to you this charge is given,
And in lifting other's burdens,
You lift your soul to heaven.

THE POWER OF A KIND WORD.—A lit-
tle boy named Willie H. used to pass by a
lad's house every day, as he drove a neigh-
bor's cow to pasture and back again. He
was a very bad boy. He used to swear
drunkenly, and was very rude. The lady
who lived in this house always called her
children into the house, if they were play-
ing on the pavement when Willie was going
by. She didn't want them to hear the
terrible words that he swore. One day
this lady thought she would try and do
some good to this poor, neglected boy,
and I want you to notice what she did;
how little it cost her, and yet how much
good it did.

As he was driving the cow past, one
morning, she called him kindly to her and
said:

"Willie, my boy, do you go to school?"

A gruff "No" was the only reply.

"Can you read?"

"Not much; and I don't want to."

The lady pitied the boy. He had no
instruction and no encouragement at home.
His parents were not only poor, but very
wicked. He had no one to help him to do
right.

"Will you stop here a minute on your
way back, Willie?" said the lady: "there
is something I want to give you."

Willie nodded his head with a look of
wonder. He was not used to have any-
thing given to him but kicks and knock-
ings, and cross words. To be spoken to kindly,
and have a present made to him, was
something new.

As soon as he was gone, the lady got a
nice New Testament, and wrote his name
in it. He called on his way back and got
his Testament. The kindness of the lady
and the interest she seemed to take in him
had a good effect upon him. He promised
the lady that he would try to spell out and
read at least one verse every day in his
Testament. He also promised her to come
to the Sunday school next Sunday. And
he kept his promise.

A year passed away. And after that a
great change had taken place in Willie H.
He was always in his place at church. It
was pleasant to see him sit there, with his
eyes fastened on the minister, as if he were
afraid to lose a single word that he was say-
ing. And as often as the Sabbath came
round, Willie would be seen with his little
Testament in his hand, and his clothes
brushed clean, on his way to Sabbath-school.
His lesson was always well learned; and

the rough, ragged, swearing boy, who was
a plague to the village a year before had
become one of the best boys in the neigh-
borhood.

Now how very little it cost that good
lady to speak a kind word to the rude,
swearing boy, and gave him a copy of the
New Testament! And if Willie grows
up to be a good man, a Sunday-school
teacher, and a member of the church, and
lives a life of usefulness, who can tell how
much good will result from this one kind
act of that Christian lady?

THE LENT HALF-DOLLAR.—When
Charles Gleason was about ten years old
a bright half-dollar was given him by his
grandfather, to buy anything he pleased
for a New Year's present. The boy's
mother that morning had taught him the
verse: "He that hath pity on the poor
lendeth to the Lord, and that which he
hath given He will repay him again."
The words were running in the boy's mind
on his way to the store to purchase a new
toy which he had seen in the window
of the shop on the previous day.

Just before Charlie reached the store,
he met a poor woman, who had sometimes
done washing for his mother, and she
seemed to be in great distress.

"What is the matter, Hannah?" said
the kind-hearted child.

"Oh, master Charlie, I've got to be
turned into the street this cold morning,
and my little Bill, so sick too!"

"Turned into the street—you and Bill—
what for?"

"Because I can't raise my weekly rent.
I've just been to see my landlord, and he
says it's three days overdue, and he'll not
wait another day. There go the men to
put my stove, and a few other things, on
the sidewalk. Oh, what shall I do!"

"How much is your rent, Hannah?"

"It's half a dollar," said the woman.

"It will kill Bill to put him out in this
cold, and sure I will die with him!"

"No, you won't—no you shan't!" said
the tender-hearted child; and feeling in
his pocket brought forth his treasured
half-dollar and placed it quickly in her
hands. Seeing she hesitated to keep it,
notwithstanding her great need, Charlie
told her it was all his own, to spend as she
pleased, and that he would rather give it
to her than have the nicest toy in his
store. Then walking away swiftly from
the shop windows, which were all full of
tempting New Year's presents, he went
bravely home to his mother, sure of her
approbation. The first person he met was
his grandfather. He had observed Charlie
go down the street, and waited for his re-
turn that he might see what he had bought.
So his first salutation was:

"Well child, what have you done with
your money?"

Now Charlie's grandfather was not a
religious man, and the boy knew that
though he sometimes gave his money to his
relations, he seldom or never bestowed it
upon the poor, so he rather disliked to
tell him what he had done with his money
but while he hesitated, the verse which he
had that morning learned, came into his
mind, and helped him to answer. Look-
ing pleasantly into his grandfather's face,
he said:

"I've lent it, sir."

"Lent your half-dollar, foolish boy?
You'll never get it again, I know."

"Oh, yes, I shall, grandpa, for I've got
a promise to pay."

"You mean a note, I suppose; but it is
not worth a cent."

"Oh, yes, grandpa, it is perfectly good.
I'm sure about it for it's in the Bible."

"You mean you have put it there for
safe keeping, eh? Let me see it."

Charlie brought him the book and show-
ed him the verse: "He that hath pity on
the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that
which he hath given, He will pay him
again."

"So you gave your money to some poor
scamp? Well, you'll never see it again.
Who has got it, pray?"

"I gave it to Hannah Green, sir," and
Charlie told him the sad story.

"O fudge!" said his grandfather, "you
can't pay poor folk's rent. It's all non-
sense. And now you've lost your New
Year's present—or will, if I don't make
it up to you. Here," he added as he
threw him another half-dollar, "seeing
your money is gone where you will never
see it again, I must give you some more, I
suppose."

"Oh, thank you," said Charlie heartily.
"I knew the Lord would pay me again
grandpa, because the Bible says so; but I
didn't expect to get it so quick."

"That boy's too much for me," said the
old gentleman as he walked quickly away.
—*Early Days.*

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