

Theological Seminary,
LANCASTER, PA.

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Christian Culture

READING ROOM
OF THE
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Of Lancaster.

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CHRISTIAN CULTURE.

A Local Interdenominational Journal, Religious, Literary and Social.

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THE REV. CHARLES L. FRY, }

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LANCASTER, PA., DECEMBER 1, 1890.

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The month of December, when, naked and keen,
The tree-tops thrust at the snow-clouds gray,
And frozen tears fill the lids of day;
When only the thorn of the rose is seen.
—Edith M. Thomas.

Editorial.

If any of our readers have copies of Nos. 1 and 2 of CHRISTIAN CULTURE which they are willing to let us have, they will confer a great favor on us by either leaving them at the Examiner office or notifying us that we may call for them.

SOME one has suggested that it would be a good thing—good for the preachers, at least—if along with the publication of the costly floral decorations,

costly dresses, costly presents to bridesmaids and ushers, at our fashionable weddings, the amount of the preacher's fee were also published. Then, perhaps, the fee would be made commensurate with the ostentatious costliness of the other features of the wedding. As it now is no one knows what the minister gets, and consequently at some of our most showy weddings his fee is most ridiculously and disgracefully small. How would it do to "turn on the light" in this matter? It would be mortifying to some, we know, but then it might be wholesome; and it certainly would be an interesting, not to say astonishing, revelation to most people.

IN presenting a sketch of the life of our venerable and distinguished townsman, S. S. Rathvon, we make an exception to our rule not to print biographies, the subjects of which are still living. We know our readers will not quarrel with us on that account. For Dr. Rathvon's services to science, as an original investigator, an authoritative and voluminous writer, and as one of the founders of the Linnæan Society, and as an inspirer, counsellor and encourager of nearly every younger devotee of science in our community and far beyond it, have extended over a period much longer than an ordinary lifetime. We, therefore, make no apologies for giving to our readers the only portrait and the fullest authentic sketch of him ever published.

OUR city is not without its sins and shortcomings; but it has its virtues, too. And one of these is its open-handed charity. It is liberal and generous towards its poor, as was again emphasized by the hundreds and thousands of well laden baskets that gladdened so many a poor heart and home on last Thanksgiving Day. Our various benevolent societies, soup funds, and other charitable agencies have sprung from noble motives. Indeed so generous are the impulses of our city that we feel constrained to warn against the danger that may come with and through them, namely, the danger of giving, not too much, but to too many. Let us remember that a promiscuous charity is no real charity at all. Feeding and clothing the lazy and shiftless breeds pauperism and encourages vice and crime. To give all an opportunity to feed and clothe and house themselves, and to teach them how best to do this, how to earn a living, to be

economical, and how to "manage" so as to "make ends meet," this is the truest, though not the easiest charity. It is better for the community, and for the deserving poor, to do this, and to have the undeserving go hungry and cold, than to treat all alike, and so harm more than are benefited. Mercy without justice is idle sentimentality. It helps none and hurts all. And it is the besetting weakness of all too much of our private and public charity.

THERE is a good deal of talking and writing about industrial co-operation indulged in by our working people. We, however, believe that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." Why don't some of them simply go to work and co-operate? There is room, yes, there is great need, for more manufactories here in Lancaster. Now why do not some of our laboring men go together and start and carry on some factory of their own. Begin on a small scale, investing as much capital as they can raise themselves, choose one of their number to be their head, and then "run the business for all that is in it," not for wages but for profit, dividing the profits equitably among the members of the concern. If such an enterprise were a success here in our community it would convince the public of the correctness of the principle of co-operation more quickly and thoroughly than all other arguments in the world will ever do. If there is anything in co-operation let it be proved by practical experiment.

THE beautiful old custom of exchanging gifts at Christmas and other festive seasons, and still more that of giving presents at weddings, birthdays and other anniversaries, as mementoes or tokens of love and friendship, is rapidly degenerating into a mere heartless display and vulgar ostentation. Not the feeling prompting the gift, not the sentiment suggested and typified, is any longer taken into consideration, but only its showiness and money value. Probably no one agency is more to blame for this than the altogether vulgar and disgusting fashion, not only of displaying presents for public inspection, with the names of the donors attached, but even of publishing them in full in the newspapers! It is an abuse and prostitution of the heart's tenderest sentiments that can only be deplored, converting some of the happiest occasions of life into coarse advertisements, and making an invitation to participate therein almost equivalent to a highwayman's "Stand and deliver!"

WHAT IT MEANS.

The other day three citizens of Lancaster, who happen also to be pastors of three of the oldest churches in our city, announced that they purposed giving a series of high class popular entertainments, beginning with a

grand concert in the Court House on Thursday evening, December 4th; and that these entertainments were to be exclusively for such of their fellow citizens as were ordinarily debarred by circumstances from enjoying just such forms of recreation and instruction as were to be provided in this series. The announcement called forth various comments; most of them kindly and generous, but some of them mistaken. We therefore venture a word of explanation as to the motive and purpose of the enterprise.

The motive was none other than that expressed by Mrs. Browning's Romney Leigh, springing from the conviction that

"we must be here to work;
And men who work can only work for men,
And, not to work in vain, must comprehend
Humanity, and so work humanly."

Not a desire for denominational or personal gain or advantage, but for justice and equal opportunities for all classes of men, and ultimately for the greater material and spiritual prosperity of this community.

Their purpose is not to devise and dispense a "commendable charity" for the "worthy poor" of the city; but rather to provide certain opportunities essential to right living to which every one has a fundamental right, but which are denied to some by adverse circumstances. They believe that every one has a right, if not to life, yet to a fair and full opportunity of living. And human living is more than physical existence. "Man shall not live by bread alone." He has a spiritual nature whose needs are as real and as important as those of his bodily, and which cannot be satisfied by all the soup of our Soup Fund, or all the garments our Dorcas Society can make. An opportunity to live means, for man, an opportunity for the development by exercise of his intellectual powers, his nobler appetites and aspirations, his finer sentiments and emotions, and his moral faculties, in short, of all the distinctively human part of him, his whole higher manhood. This is his right. If he chooses to neglect it, the responsibility lies with him. But with us lies the responsibility to do our part in offering to each one this opportunity.

Now the purpose of this enterprise is to offer to as many as possible the opportunity of enjoying as good music as Lancaster can afford, as good a rendition of the very best literary selections, as reliable and interesting a presentation of the most important facts of physical science, natural history, astronomy, etc., and perhaps also occasionally a clear, crisp, and popular discussion of general subjects uppermost in the world's thought.

It is the further purpose, also, by this means to counteract directly as well as indirectly many of the evil influences that work so mightily for the physical, mental and moral degradation of individuals and of society. Demoralizing literature and amusements are

often indulged in less from choice than because they are the only ones brought within the knowledge or means of the many. Give people a taste for what is good and you help to create a distaste for what is bad. Then give them a fair chance to choose between the two, and many at least, if not all, will choose the good. It surely is the natural and essential right of every one to have access to the means of moral growth. Some of these means it is proposed to supply in the series of entertainments referred to. Instruction and information are to be made so attractive that the healthy mind will prefer them to ignorance. Character culture is to be made so interesting and enjoyable as to outweigh the allurements of character destruction. The true, the good, and the beautiful are to be so presented as to be clearly recognized by all, and their being confounded with the false, the bad, and the ugly forever rendered impossible.

It is confidently believed that the right-minded and true-hearted men and women of Lancaster will appreciate the motive and purpose of this enterprise, will realize what it means, and will not withhold their interest, encouragement and support.

THE COMING OF THE CHRIST.

As the blessed season approaches of Advent and Christmas, with its joys and its festivities, we love to meditate upon the touching history of the gracious Child in his lowly manger, and to ponder the dread prophecy of the Son of Man in clouds of glory descending; and it is well. Glad indeed is the event to which we look back, and solemn the event to which we look forward. But not less joyous or imposing is the actual contemporary fact that the living, loving, saving Christ is now coming; not here, nor there, not in the desert, nor yet in the secret chambers, but even "as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west;" everywhere, in the hearts of men, in the life of society, in all human occupations and relations, domestic, industrial, social, political—everywhere he is coming, purifying, sweetening, ennobling the natural life and converting it into the eternal.

We miss the deepest and most precious significance of the festive season before us, if we think only of the Christ that has come, or the Christ that shall come, and not of the Christ that is coming even now, to-day, and here among us. It is true he "cometh not with observation," for he is a Spirit and eternal, and the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are the eternal ones. None the less certain, however, are we therefore of the fact. We recognize his saving presence as we recognize the presence of the leaven in the lump—by the leavening that is going on, by the peace on earth and

good will towards men that are steadily growing, the increasing kindness and helpfulness manifest among us, the broadening of human charity, the strengthening of the sense of right and justice, the realizing more and more of the common brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God.

True it is that sin doth yet abound; but no less true that grace doth much more abound. There still is darkness, black and inky as it ever was; but the Light shineth in the darkness, even though the darkness comprehendeth it not.

"Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,
Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
And justice."

For from a million human lives, from many more to-day than ever in the past, are reflected forth the beauteous rays of that Light divine, in purest thought and words of truth, in deeds of mercy, gentleness, and helpful love, bright stars that stud the human firmament, to lighten them still sitting in darkness, to guide the footsteps of the wandering ones, and all proclaiming in a wondrous melody, mightier far than when the morning stars first sang together, sweeter even than the angels' song o'er Bethlehem's plain, the glad tidings of a Saviour coming now, the blessed evidence of ever growing "Peace on earth, good-will to men," the perpetual adoring ascription of "Glory to God in the highest."

A TRIP THROUGH RAMONALAND.

To the traveler passing through Southern California, perhaps nothing in all this wonderful clime is so full of interest as the towns and valleys and mountains that are sacred to the memory of Ramona. Mrs. Jackson's book may, indeed, be taken as a guide-book through many parts of the country, her descriptions being as accurate as they are vivid. It has been my good fortune to spend nearly a month in Southern California and to visit many of the places mentioned in "Ramona."

Santa Barbara was the home of Father Salvierderra, it will be remembered. And it may not be generally known that Father Salvierderra's life and character are modeled on the real life of one of the earliest padres, the well-known Father Junipero Serra, so often alluded to in the book, and who was the real founder of these old Missions, which he established in his wandering on foot along the coast from San Diego to Monterey. His "Life" is extant and I have seen his picture, and his signature in the time-worn "old raw-hide bound book" in San Diego, where Ramona's marriage with Alessandro was recorded by Father Gaspara.

Leaving Santa Barbara at dusk, we sailed in the evening twilight past Buena Ventura, or simply "Ventura," as it is called here, near where the Senora's ranch was situated, where Ramona and Felipe grew up together. It lies inland, and we could not even see its distant lights; but the exact direction was

pointed out to me by one who had visited the house, which is well known in California as the Camulos Ranch, an old Spanish homestead still kept up by the Camulos family, and lying on the road between Los Angeles and Ventura.

In my copy of *Ramona*, bought at the store often patronized by H. H. herself in Santa Barbara, there is an interesting appendix in the shape of an article called "Ramona's Home," or, "A Visit to the Camulos Ranch," by Edwards Roberts, of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which contains a neat little print of the south veranda, where Ramona did her embroidering and where Alessandro played to the feeble Felipe as he lay on the raw-hide Indian bed. At the foot is a vignette of the frame of old bells, brought from one of the Franciscan Missions by the pious Senora and hung behind her little chapel in the garden. I have seen just such a frame of bells in San Diego, behind the chapel where Ramona and Alessandro were married. Several people I met on the boat who had visited the Camulos Ranch assured me that the pictures were exactly like the real place.

It was here, at San Diego, that I met and talked with the living original of H. H.'s poet-priest, Father Gaspara. Her description of him in "*Ramona*," p. 312, is absolutely to the life, as I saw him just a week ago, with only the difference that his black beard had turned iron-gray and that he smoked not a pipe but a cigar. The latter is the only inaccuracy H. H. is guilty of, for Father Ubach has never smoked anything but cigars. He is of Castilian birth, from Barcelona, in spite of his German name; and he has lived in San Diego twenty-seven years, as secular priest among the Mission Indians. It was he who furnished Mrs. Jackson with all the data for her book when she came to San Diego, four years ago. The book is an absolutely true story, Father Ubach says. The characters really lived and suffered as they are said to do in the book. Father Ubach himself married Alessandro and Ramona, both of whom he knew intimately. These are, of course, not their real names; but Ramona is still living in Mexico. Alessandro was really shot on the San Jacinto mountain about six years ago. [I met people from San Jacinto who know by sight his murderer, who still drives a team on the San Jacinto mountain.—J. G.]

When I told Father Ubach how disappointed I was to find what little faith the people I had met in California seemed to place in the historical accuracy of the book—much as they appreciate its literary merits, Father Ubach plucked fiercely at his beard, just as H. H. describes, and strode up and down the room and cried: "Yes! Yes! they have very good reasons of their own for saying it is not true, and more shame to them. But I tell you it is true. I have lived here longer than any one else, and I know that it is true, every word of it. You may tell them that Father Ubach says so!" He could not bear to speak of his beloved Indians, whom he only visits now from time to time at their "Fiestas," held on the various feast-days at the few straggling little Missions left in the mountains above San Diego. He is now only a parish priest in new San Diego and his small congregation are mostly poor Irish.

Two days after my visit to Father Ubach, I went to old San Diego, or "Oldtown" as it is called, about five miles farther North on the coast, and spent the morn-

ing among the melancholy old adobe ruins, and palm trees, visiting the boarding-school for Mission Indian children established only a few years ago by Father Ubach in the very house where Ramona and Alessandro had that memorable interview with Father Gaspara, after their marriage in the little wooden chapel across the way. One of the nuns from the school showed me the chapel. It stands in a neglected weedy open exactly as H. H. says; and I saw in the sacristy the old Spanish chests brought by the Fathers from Spain, where the priceless old white and gold Spanish vestments, of heavy silk and rich lace, are kept, ever since they were rescued from the Old Mission—now an empty ruin four miles up the San Diego river valley—where our troops were quartered in its cloisters, on the outbreak of the Mexican war, nearly half a century ago. I saw too the prayer-book, with Spanish notes on the flyleaf, made by Father Junipero Serra himself, and the gold chalice brought from Spain that he himself had used at the Communion celebrations. I saw the old bells hanging from their frame behind the chapel that are still rung every Sunday morning when mass is said.

Then I walked along the road which crosses the river, which Alessandro and Ramona forded on horseback the night they were married. The three old palm trees on this road are said to be a century and a half old, the oldest palm-trees in the country. Their size is not considerable, but they are fairly white and their rough ungainly trunks are romantic with age. They lend to the landscape a singularly Oriental look.

Another day I visited the old Mission itself, walking there and back along the sandy river road, over which Father Serra's feet had so often wandered to and fro. The olive orchard, spoken of in *Ramona*, is still there and still in the hands of the church. Huge cacti with fruit as large as Bartlett pears flank the road for several yards below the Mission building. The latter is a complete ruin, its graceful Spanish façade alone telling the tale of its former splendor.—*Ida Gæpp, in The Moravian.*

"THE DAY-STAR FROM ON HIGH."

BY H.

There gleams a light far through the night
Of darkness and gloom that envelopes the past;
A single ray of heavenly day,
It pierces the clouds that the world have o'ercast.

A tear in the eye of the Father on High,
That glistens and shines with so wondrous a light;
Men see it afar, and call it a star,
A "Day-Star" to break through the reign of earth's night.

Behold, it grows! So mightily glows
That error and falsehood like mists fly away;
The reign has begun of "Righteousness Sun,"
And Truth pure and holy forever holds sway.

That tear of love, bright star from above,
Is become our salvation from every woe,
The lost setting right, the blind giving sight,
'Tis the "Light of the World" to all here below.

And when we come to our heavenly home,
Its glory still fills all the mansions above;
For there is no night to hide from our sight
The Lamb who fore'er is the sole "Light thereof."

In Social Circles.

THE CONCERT IN THE COURT HOUSE.

The concert to be given in the Court House, on Thursday evening, December 4th, promises to be successful beyond the fondest anticipation. The high character of the music may be inferred from the following programme:

PART I.

Instrumental Selection by Prof. Carl Thorbahn's Orchestral School of twenty-five pieces.

Vocal Solo—Miss Marguerite Potts, of Coatesville.

Selection by the Glee Club of Franklin and Marshall College.

Recitation—The Chariot Race from Ben Hur, Miss Amanda B. Landes, of Millersville State Normal School.

Vocal Solo—Mr. Wm. M. Irvine.

Instrumental Selection by the F. & M. College Mandolin Club.

Potpourri of National Airs by Prof. Thorbahn's Orchestral School, closing with "My Country, 'tis of Thee," in which the audience will join.

PART II.

Selection by F. & M. Glee Club.

Vocal Solo—Miss Adele Matz.

Instrumental—F. & M. Mandolin Club.

Recitation—Miss Landes.

Vocal Solo—Miss Potts.

Instrumental—Prof. Thorbahn's Orchestral School, closing with "Old Hundred," by the entire audience.

THE CLIO.

The first two meetings of the twelfth season of the Cliosophic Club were held during November. The first was held at the house of Dr. E. V. Gerhart, on the College campus, and, in spite of the triumphal parade of the Democrats on that evening, was well attended. Dr. Thos. G. Appel read an essay surveying the whole ground to be covered by the season's essays and discussions on the general subject of "Art, its Nature and History." The discussion that followed was both instructive and suggestive, and characterized by all the freedom and frankness that are so delightful a feature of this part of the Clio's work. The second meeting was held on November 28th, at the home of Dr. Frank Muhlenberg, when an able paper was read by the Rev. Chas. L. Fry, on "Classic and Christian Art."

The two December meetings will be held, the first at J. W. B. Bausman, Esq.'s home, the essayist for the evening being Prof. R. C. Schiedt, Ph. D.; the second is to be on the day after Christmas, the club being entertained by W. U. Hensel, Esq., and the essay read by the Rev. G. M. Zacharias. The season's subject promises to be one of exceptional interest.

At the first meeting of last month it was resolved to buy for the club about forty or fifty volumes bearing on this season's subject. These are deposited in the "Clio Alcove" of the College library, for the use of the members of the club. Prof. J. B. Kieffer was authorized to procure the books, from a list prepared by him and approved by the club.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Glee Club has sung its first concert for the season of 1890-'91 and the boys have had a chance of "sizing themselves up," so to speak. As a football team can never tell its strength and skill until it meets an opposing eleven, so a glee club can never prophesy the rendition of its programme. They must appear before an audience, 'stand under fire' for an

hour or two before all the weaker places will become evident. The opening concert was given at Ephrata on November 19, before a large audience. The latter were highly pleased, so they said. The club sang without any beating time, just as they did in the memorable concert of last May given in this city. The Ephrata performance showed lack of confidence, as was to be expected, on the part of the new men, and an over-balancing of chorus parts in certain songs. The first tenors are a little too strong for the second parts. This fault is a good one and can be remedied by the shifting of one or two voices in those choruses in which the first tenors do not carry the melody. The remaining concerts for this term are: Christiana, December 6; Elizabethtown, December 9; Lebanon, December 17; Reading, December 18; Allentown, December 19. The Lancaster concert will be sung January 22, 1891.

Class day elections will soon be here. It is to be hoped that the class of '91, which by the way is one of the best that ever matriculated at F. and M., will take warning from several of their predecessors and elect men solely on the ground of merit. Fraternity spirit should be sent to the winds when the honor and glory of the class are in question. With proper care and a few needed innovations the Class Day of '91 will easily surpass all former events of the kind in Lancaster.

The gymnasium goes forward one pace. The plans have been adopted and the architect, Mr. Warner, has been instructed to get bids as soon as possible. The building will be forty by eighty feet. It is a great pity that the building is not already under way. The foot ball team and the scrub players are all feeling in the best of health. They daily bewail the fact that, since foot ball practice has ceased, their only recourse is a few gyrations in their rooms with Indian clubs and dumb-bells—a *modus operandi* as interesting as sawing wood!

Work in the Vineyard.

There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations; but it is the same God which worketh all in all.—1 COR. xii. 4-6.

EPISCOPAL.

St. James'—If St. James' chapel had been twice as large it could not have contained the people who wanted to attend the Harvest Festival, on Monday evening, November 23. The fruits and flowers were put to a practical use, serving as refreshments to sick people, and decorations to many gladdened homes.

The Mothers' meetings have been a success. They are attended by between thirty and forty women every Wednesday evening. Some light refreshment is served and the members employ themselves sewing and chatting. The evening is sometimes spent in reading a good book. Thanksgiving Day was observed by a celebration of the Holy Communion, at 8 A. M., and special service and sermon at 10:30.

The sewing-school, under the direction of Mrs. Brinton, Mrs. McMullen and Mrs. S. H. Reynolds, has already outgrown the accommodations at the orphanage. The little girls, who look forward to being wage-workers, take great interest in the instruction

furnished by the managers. It is a blessed work.

St. John's.—A series of Dime Sociables, lately inaugurated by the ladies of the Pastoral Aid Association, is proving to be very popular and successful. Varied and interesting entertainments are provided from time to time, and refreshments are dispensed at small charge. The social features of the gatherings are attractive and useful, while the proceeds are very satisfactory, and for a good purpose.

The Thanksgiving service of the Sunday-school was held on the afternoon of Sunday, November 23, and was largely attended. The chancel had been beautifully decorated for the occasion with chrysanthemums and golden sheaves of grain. The service was a delightful one. There was hearty singing of Harvest Home melodies by the children, an appropriate address by the rector, and the presentation of offerings of provisions and money for the Church Home for Children, at Jonestown, Lebanon county.

Heretofore, these services have been held on the evening before Thanksgiving Day, but the change to Sunday afternoon was thought to be desirable on many accounts, and has resulted well.

LUTHERAN.

Trinity.—Nearly every one of the members of the Young People's Literary Association is a subscriber for a church paper.

The Junior Missionary Society unanimously voted to donate a complete set of chancel furniture, altar, pulpit, lectern and chairs, all made of carved oak beautifully polished, to the newly-erected First English Church of Milwaukee. The pastor of the congregation, Rev. W. K. Frick, was baptized and confirmed in Old Trinity. The society is also preparing a Christmas box of winter woollens for the family of one of the missionaries on the remote frontier of the Northwest. Any donations of clothing or money will be gratefully accepted.

Inasmuch as all the fabrics thus far sent in to the Sewing Circles of the Sunday-school have been made up and dispensed, the cost of new materials will be defrayed by the proceeds of a Chocolataire, to be given at the parsonage on Friday evening, December 5th, from 7 until 10 o'clock. Tickets can be had from any directress of the Circles, or at Fon Dersmith's.

Christmas will be commemorated with the usual notable festivities. The chief service will be rendered from 10:30 till 11:30 on Christmas morning. Preparations have already begun to make this celebration one that shall be worthy of the occasion. Both departments of the Sunday-school will reserve their commemoration of the happy season until Friday afternoon and evening, December 26th: the primary school at 2 o'clock, in the chapel, first floor, and the main department at 7:30 in the upper room. The special feature of the latter festival will be a complimentary stereopticon exhibit, by Mrs. Monroe, of Philadelphia, of her fac simile copies of all the great masterpieces of paintings, by the foremost artists of the world, of scenes in the life of Christ, from the manger to the cross. This pictorial story will be preceded by a brief programme of beautiful Christmas music, sung by the school with orchestral accompaniment.

The Communion of the holidays will be administered on the first Sunday of 1891, January 4th. The New Year Vigils will be kept during the closing hour

of the present year, December 31st, from 11 o'clock P. M. until midnight.

MORAVIAN.

On Sunday, November 30th, 1746, being St. Andrew's Day, the original stone church, on the site of the present brick building, was consecrated. The congregation celebrates the anniversary of this event on the last Sunday of November. There will be confirmation and reception of members in the forenoon; love-feast at 3:30 P. M.; and the celebration of the Holy Communion in the evening.

The "Helping Hand" Circle of King's Daughters will hold a Bazaar, in the hall of the chapel, on Thursday evening, December 4th. They have been working towards it for some time, and deserve liberal support. The bulk of the proceeds go towards the church improvement fund.

On Friday evening, December 12th, there will be a rare treat offered the public by the Huss Circle of King's Sons, in the hall of the chapel. It will be in the form of an informal lecture on the Passion Play of the Ober-Ammergau, by Mr. H. C. Geiger, Philadelphia, who witnessed the famous performance last summer. The lecture will be illustrated by beautiful stereopticon views of the performance and performers, and some of the music used by the peasant-actors will be reproduced. The whole thing will be as novel as it is interesting. Only 25 cents admission will be charged, and the church improvement fund receives the proceeds.

The usual Christmas Eve and Christmas Day services will be held. The Christmas Eve services being participated in mainly by the Sunday-schools, whose hymns and carols are particularly beautiful this year.

The Thanksgiving Box, to be sent to one of the needy Home Missionaries of the Church, is still open for the reception of donations. None should miss the opportunity of bringing a thank-offering.

The annual contributions for the College and Theological Seminary will be received on the first Sunday in December, instead of Advent Sunday.

REFORMED.

First.—The song service, on Sunday evening at 6:15 o'clock, is largely attended. The Choral Union, to which it owes its existence, expects to give a musical entertainment in the lecture room of the church, on Friday evening, December 12th. This entertainment will, no doubt, be a very attractive one.

On Christmas morning there will be the usual song service in the church. This song service has been kept up for over thirty years, and has always been well attended. There are those who say Christmas would lose one of its chief attractions for them if this service were discontinued.

On Sunday evening, December 28th, the Sunday-school will hold its usual Christmas festival. Preparations have already been begun, and there is reason to believe that it will be an unusually interesting service.

St. Paul's.—The pastor and wife gave a reception on Tuesday evening, November 18th, which was attended by nearly four hundred members and others. Among the ministers present were Rev. Drs. E. V. Gerhart, J. S. Stahr, J. M. Titzel, J. Max Hark, H. A. Bomberger, and Prof. Kerschner, Judge Livingston and others.

Local Lore.

SIMON S. RATHVON, PH. D.

LANCASTER'S OLDEST LIVING DEVOTEE OF SCIENCE.

BY S. M. SENER, ESQ.

Simon S. Rathvon was born at Marietta, this county, on April 24th, 1812. His father was Jacob Rathvon, a gunsmith, who settled in that place in 1810, and died in 1839. His mother was Catharine Myers, of York county, who died at Marietta in 1825. His grandfather was John George Rathvon, born December 7, 1747, died August 7, 1799; and his grandmother was Christine Kraemer, died July 21, 1799, of Warwick township. John George Rathvon was a son of Christian Rathvon, who with a brother, George, settled in Conestoga township, this county, in 1740, having emigrated from either South Germany or Switzerland. The old homestead in Conestoga township is still standing and from there emanated all who bear the same family name.

The name Rathvon has been variously spelled by different branches of the family, but the early members seem to have spelled it Rathvon as is evidenced by the records of the Moravian church, this city.

The subject of this sketch did not particularly differ from other boys of the period with whom he mingled and was taught in a day school kept by a man named John Smith. He was eight years of age when sent to school. Subsequently he was placed under the care of school-masters Samuel Ross and George Briscoe. Under all of these tutors he received knowledge of how to "read, write and cypher" for a period of about two years all told, and at ten he hired himself out to various farmers in Donegal and Rapho townships, doing such work as his tender years permitted.

On July 9, 1827, he apprenticed himself to John Bell, tailor, of Marietta, for five years, without any stipulation of *schooling*. He served his apprenticeship out faithfully. Fond of reading, however, he was loaned books by Jacob Grosh, Esq., and Abraham N. Cassel, from their private libraries. In 1832 he commenced tailoring on his own account and subsequently went to Philadelphia, but returned to Marietta and carried on his trade there until he removed with his family to this city in 1848, and to-day may be seen actively engaged at the "bench."

Dr. Rathvon, in the summer of 1842, began the study of entomology, having been attracted to that study by an incident which the Doctor narrates in his own style as follows:

"I was one day sauntering along the banks of the Chiquesalunga when I encountered two men engaged in frog shooting. One of them had just shot a large frog and he called my attention to it, from the fact that, although he had shot the whole head off, the

reptile seemed to toss its body about with unabated vigor. I soon discovered that there was something within it that produced its peculiar movements and on opening it I found its stomach was occupied by a large black, living beetle, also two dead ones, and several fragments of similar beetles. These beetles were entirely new to me, and of no ordinary character. I secured them and when I reached home I impaled them amongst my other insects. Although I had previously been interested in mineralogy, and somewhat in ornithology, I did not know of a collector nor a collection of insects in the world. One day the late Professor Haldeman, of 'Chiques Rock,' came into my shop, as he always did when in town, when his keen eyes immediately fell with delight upon my small collection. He informed me that the large black beetles were *Xyloryctes satyrus*; that they belonged to the order *Coleoptera*, and the family SCARABIDÆ in the division LAMELLICORNIA. That definition was about as 'clear as mud' to me, and he recognized it with a grim smile."



SIMON S. RATHVON, PH. D.

Prior to 1842, in 1837, Dr. Rathvon had evinced a taste for natural science and was a member of the Marietta Lyceum of Natural History. It might be well said that he was born an entomologist, for when but five years of age an amusing incident occurred which he to-day frequently narrates as follows:

"* * * My first entomological experience, and it appears as fresh in my memory as it did the day on which it occurred, was in the month of June, 1817, when I was a little over five years of age. My father led me into an open chapparel, a short distance from our house, containing dwarfed sassafras, paw-paw, locust, wild cherry, and other trees and shrubbery, to show me the "Seventeen-year locust." There were thousands of them on the low plants within my reach. Unknown to him

I captured perhaps a dozen of them which I put into my red-leather hat, and clapped it on my head. When I returned home and took off my hat the locusts were all tangled in the hair of my head, and my mother, and some of the neighbors who were present, indulged in a first-class terror; giving me a rough brushing, expelling the insects and tramping them under foot; of course, I did not know what it all meant, but I was subsequently informed that they could, and would sting, and that thirsting was fatal."

Dr. Rathvon has seen and freely handled the "Seventeen-year locust," in 1817, 1834, 1851, 1868, 1885 and was never stung by them.

Dr. Rathvon has been a busy writer upon scientific and kindred topics and his first composition was published in 1844 in *The Argus*, a weekly paper published in Marietta. Since then his contributions have been numbered by hundreds and they have appeared in the local press, literary journals, magazines, and in State and National agricultural reports.

Dr. Rathvon was one of the founders of the Linnean Society in 1862, and for a period of twenty-

eight years has been treasurer of the same. He also helped to found the Lancaster County Agricultural and Horticultural Society. In addition he is a corresponding member of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, American Entomological Society, and numerous other similar organizations. He has been recognized as an authority on entomological topics by such men as Leconte and Cope, and several species of insects have been named after him. A few years ago he was honored by Franklin and Marshall College by having the title of Ph. D. conferred upon him by that institution.

Dr. Rathvon was married on May 27, 1834, to Catharine Freyberger, and had a family of seven sons and four daughters. His early ancestors were of the Moravian faith, but Dr. Rathvon is a member of the New Jerusalem or Swedenborgian church, of which he has been Reader for some years.

As a scientist he is an ardent student and lover of nature. As a writer upon entomological topics he is justly entitled to rank amongst the first investigators of the country. He is diligent and devoted to the pursuit of his favorite study, and perhaps there is no instance in America of such an incessant, self-sacrificing pursuit of knowledge, under adverse circumstances, as his has been. After the ordinary business labors of the day are finished he spends every night almost in his cosy study, at his home on North Queen street, until eleven or twelve o'clock, and when younger and less feeble than now, until one, two and three o'clock, when he would retire and at the usual hour in the morning be found at his place of business. With his ardor and application, but for adverse surroundings and obstacles, a high niche in the temple of fame would have been his. With all the difficulties which beset his pathway he outstripped others more favorably circumstanced. Of him *The New Era* recently said, editorially: "All honor, then, we say, to such quiet and unobtrusive but useful citizens as Dr. Rathvon, who deserves a fitting testimonial from those whom he has entertained and instructed without reward, or hope of reward."

His has been the school of difficulties and his labors have not been remunerated by *one cent* of pecuniary gain, but, if justly dealt with, he should long ago have received an appointment as State Entomologist. When being instructed in his first lesson in entomology by the late Dr. S. S. Haldeman, that gentleman informed him that he had recently (in 1842) come into possession of the collection of, the late Professor Hentz, of Alabama, and invited him to come and see it. Of course he availed himself of the opportunity to do so, and that visit inoculated him with the *virus* of entomology. Subsequently Dr. Haldeman consolidated the Hentz collection with one that he made himself, the former being mainly Southern species. Long years thereafter Dr. Rathvon came into possession of that consolidated collection and incorporated it with his own, consisting of American and foreign species, so that all that remains of the Hentz-Haldeman collection is now in the collection of Dr. Rathvon, and the specimen of *Xyloryctes satyrus* taken from the stomach of a frog eight and forty years ago, remains intact, and constitutes the nucleus around which cluster ten thousand species of *coleoptera* from Asia, Africa, Europe, North and South America, Australia, and the West India Islands.

Dr. Rathvon has not even labored for applause but for an unselfish love of nature, and freely has he imparted his knowledge to all who sought for information from him, as did the writer of this sketch twenty-two years ago, since which time I have been proud to be classed as an humble friend and pupil of one whose example and life are worthy of imitation, and if a higher reward than mere earthly be the lot of devoted aspiration to science by the subject of this sketch, a large inheritance, in heaven will be his portion.

ANCESTRY OF DR. RATHVON.

The following includes the births, deaths and marriages of the early ancestors of Dr. Rathvon, as compiled by the writer, from the records of the Moravian Church, this city, by permission of Rev. J. Max Hark, D.D., pastor of the church:

John George Rathvon; born December 7, 1747; married to Christine Kraemer on April 10, 1773; had six sons and — daughters, of whom one son died before; lived six miles from Lancaster, in Conestoga township; died August 7, 1799, aged 58 years, 8 months; was a gunsmith by occupation. Was a son of Frederick Rathvon. Baptized January 7, 1748; sponsors, Lou Bender, et ux. Buried in Moravian Cemetery, city.

Christine Rathvon, daughter of Michael and Elizabeth Kraemer, born — — — —; married John George Rathvon, above stated; died July 21, 1799, aged 47 years, 2 months and 18 days. Buried in Moravian Cemetery, city. Had issue:

Christine, born September 20, 1775.

George, born March 21, 1777.

Elizabeth, born November 8, 1779.

Jacob, born June 23, 1785. His grandfather, Frederick, was sponsor. Father of Dr. S. S. Rathvon.

Michael, born August 31, 1787. His grandfather, Michael Kraemer, was a sponsor.

Susanna, born October 23, 1789. Michael and Elizabeth Kraemer, sponsors.

Maria, born February 14, 1792.

Johannes, born August 31, 1794.

David, born November 28, 1797.

A *beatus*—still-born son; born and died in 1783; buried in Moravian Cemetery, city. No record whatever of the eleventh child mentioned in death records of J. G. and C. Rathvon.

Family of John Leonhard Rathvon, son of Christopher; married December 5, 1769, to Christine Kraemer. Lived in Manor township. Had issue:

Christine, born July 21, 1771.

Johannes, born November 5, 1773. His grandfather, Christopher, was a sponsor.

Catharine, born January 23, 1777.

Susanna, born April 10, 1779.

Elizabeth, born November 12, 1781.

Leonhard, born February 12, 1786.

Marriages—George Rathvon, of Yorke-Town, to Louisa Hartaffel, on April 20, 1773.

Michael, sixth child of J. G. and Christine Rathvon, was married on April 20, 1813, to Polly Frey, daughter of Conrad and Elizabeth Frey, nee Stauffer.

Anna Elizabeth Rathvon married to Andreas Grosch, on August 22, 1769.

Birth—Maria Catharine (Christine), daughter of John George Rathvon and Eva Barbara Rathvon (Heygelmans), on February 11, 1774.

By reference to the above list it will be seen that both John George and John Leonhard married a Christine Kraemer, possibly aunt and niece or cousins. The two ancestors, Frederick and Christopher Rathvon, came to this country about 1740. The above compilation will be of value to all who today bear the name Rathvon as it includes the original ancestry of all of that name in this country. Of the two brothers (Frederick and Christopher) who first came to this country, there are not many data in existence, such as death or other records, the entries in the church records beginning with John George and John Leonhard, who were cousins. John George Rathvon was a Lieutenant in the Continental forces during the Revolution.

MOODS.

Lord, in thy sky of blue
No stain of cloud appears;
Gone all my faithless fears;
Only thy love seems true.
Help me to thank thee, then, I pray,
Walk in the light and cheerfully obey!

Lord, when I look on high,
Clouds only meet my sight;
Fears deepen with the night:
But yet it is the sky.
Help me to trust thee, then, I pray,
Wait in the dark and tearfully obey!
—Lucy Smith.

Our Book-Shelf.

The one grand necessity in reading is to be vigilantly, conscientiously select, and to know everywhere that books, like human souls, are actually divided into what we may call sheep and goats—the latter put inexorably on the left hand of the judge; and tending, every one of them, at all moments, whither we know, and much to be avoided.—CARLYLE.

Last month I talked about some recent books I had looked through and considered specially suited for Christmas gifts. To my mind there is nothing so appropriate as a gift to an intelligent, cultured person as the right kind of a book, and none more certain to be appreciated—unless, indeed, it be some really artistic painting, engraving, or etching, such as we all had the privilege of seeing and admiring the other day at Mr. Barr's art exhibition.

What a fine display that was, by the way! As I looked at it, the collection of thousands of dollars' worth of water-color sketches, new engravings, and the latest etchings, the question suggested itself: Do we citizens of Lancaster realize what all this means? Ten years ago such a display would simply have been impossible. People would have laughed at the mere idea of such a thing. To-day they crowd to see it, people of all classes. And not only that, but they buy, and buy of the very best, to an extent that fairly astonished me, when Mr. Barr told me. Why of one picture, "Christ or Diana," he says he has sold more than any other dealer outside of New York city! Of course not all of these were sold to citizens of Lancaster; but, nevertheless, the fact that a Lancaster

dealer sells high class works of art to the extent of many thousand dollars every year, and that his sales increase rapidly and steadily every month means that our community's art-sense has been awakened, that there is a growing love of the beautiful among us, that we are making rapid strides in the direction of the highest and truest culture.

The fact that it pays a local dealer to give such an art display as that referred to, the second within less than six months, is significant and highly encouraging. But probably it is equally significant and just as encouraging that every day of the year you can see the latest and choicest specimens of etching and engraving displayed in the windows of Mr. Barr, Mr. Fon Dersmith, and the Messrs. Baer. These dealers would not display the kind of art works they have if it did not pay them. And the fact that it does pay them proves that the public appreciates what is really good in art. And this again proves that we are gradually outgrowing the merely materialistic, grossly utilitarian stage of our existence. Things of beauty are being recognized as having a legitimate value and claim upon us, as well as mere things of use.

I believe, therefore, and rejoice in the belief, that this year more than ever before, fine pictures will have a large place among the Christmas gifts that will be exchanged here in our community. Let the good work go on! Not only in this direction, but in every other that makes for true culture and refinement. Our art dealers are doing a good work educating public taste. Our musicians are doing the same in their sphere. Concerts like those of Mr. Walker and of the Boston Symphony and Orchestral Club under Mr. Bausman; good, thorough work like that done by Prof. Thorbahn in his orchestral school, and the part he is so generously contributing to the grand concert to be given on December 25th; all this is bound to tell. It may not be appreciated and encouraged as it deserves at first. But it will after awhile. It is elevating, training, refining the public taste. It is cultivating the mind and heart of our community, which too long has given undue care and attention only to sumptuously feeding and clothing the body.

Directly in line with this elevating work that is being done among us is the quiet, unostentatious work that for some years has been carried on by Dr. McCaskey. I don't mean now his professional work as principal of our Boys' High School, though that too is of incalculable value—the work of making *men* of our boys, of planting in their characters the essential principles of true manhood. But what I specially refer to is the work he is doing to elevate the popular musical taste by his series of "Franklin Square Song Collections," in which he is gathering together and preserving, and making the whole country familiar with all the really good popular songs and hymns, old and new, after he has carefully and conscientiously winnowed them, rejecting all the chaff, and perpetuating only that which is entirely pure, wholesome, and sweet. In this alone he is quietly doing a work deserving the thanks of all good citizens and of every lover of the good, the true and the beautiful.

Within the last few weeks, however, he has enlarged his work and the sphere of his usefulness in this direction, by the publication of what is probably the most handsome and attractive book ever put forth by a local author or compiler. I refer to *Christmas in Song, Sketch and Story*, just published by Harper & Brothers, New York, and to be had, I suppose, at any of our bookstores. If you have not seen it yet, by all means go and look at it. It is really a thing of beauty, a large quarto of 320 pages, sumptuously bound in crimson with gilt back and side title and ornamentation; a book admirably adapted for a Christmas gift, and sure to be appreciated by every one with intelligence and taste enough to enjoy fine pictures, good music, and the best of Christmas literature. In fact I cannot now think of anything better suited for a Christmas present than just this rich and elegant volume of our esteemed townsman.

Let me try to tell you what *Christmas in Song, Sketch and Story* contains. First of all, "in song," it gives the words and music of nearly three hundred Christmas songs, hymns and carols, selected from—well, from almost everywhere, for Dr. McCaskey has been gathering this part of the work for many years, and has succeeded in getting together almost everything worth having, I should say, in the matter of Christmas music. Nearly all the old songs and carols our grandmothers used to sing are here; we recognize them as echoes, tender and sweet, wafted down to us from that past, "when Christmas was Christmas," when holly and evergreen, wax tapers and joyous carol meant to children—ah, me! how much they did mean! Here we have them again, those old songs. And in their notes we recognize the tones of many a dear voice we shall ne'er hear again as of yore until we gather around the great tree of life. Above, where angel choirs their alleluiahs sing, and where the Lamb is the light thereof for aye. A precious collection it is, indeed, of old and new. Where can another such garner be found, so rare, so choice, and so full?

There are twenty-two full-page illustrations, selected with fine artistic taste, and some of them, as I happen to know, at great expense of time, trouble and money. They range all the way from Raphael and Murillo to Nast and Gibson. All are on Christmas subjects; nearly all are reproduced from works of art that are immortal; but, I regret to say, that in the reproduction of some of them but scant justice has been done the originals, and as little justice to the usual excellence of the Harpers' press. The exquisite group of cherubs, for example, from Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," is not by any means up to the average quality of the press-work on the illustrations in *Harper's Monthly*; still more inferior is the printing of the "process" plates on pp. 120 and 249. These imperfections, however, are exceptions, and would, perhaps, scarcely seem to be imperfections were it not that everything else about the volume, typography and presswork included, is of so high a grade of excellence as to be well nigh perfect.

When we come to examine the "Sketch and Story" in the book we come to what, I think, is to us all a new revelation of Dr. McCaskey's versatility; we are

almost surprised at the faultlessness of literary taste and judgment displayed. We knew him to be unsurpassed as a musical critic. We were familiar with his unerring artistic sense. But we were scarcely prepared to find him possessed of an equally consummate taste and discriminating judgment in the very difficult field of literary selection.

It is not too much to say of the seven long selections from the great mass of extant Christmas literature which he gives in this volume, that no seven better selections could have been made. They are the very cream of the cream of our literature on that subject, taking contents, purpose, and form into consideration. To have these seven crown jewels brought together into one diadem is alone worth more than is asked for the entire work, to say nothing of the rich setting, musical and pictorial, to which I have before referred. Why, I would gladly have given the \$2.50 for the one selection, "Christmase of Olde," by Dr. N. B. Warren. It gives me just what I have been looking for this many a day, a full and authentic history of the various observances of Christmas from the earliest up to modern times. The other selections are the following. I'll give the titles; read the selections and see whether my high estimate of their value is any too high: "The Overture of Angels," from Beecher's *Life of Christ*; "The Story of the Star," from Ben Hur; "The Land and the Child," from Lyman Abbott's *Life of Christ*; "Gellert's Last Christmas," translated from Auerbach; and Dickens's "Christmas Carol," and "A Christmas Tree."

And now, to close with, let me read to you a part of Mrs. H. B. Stowe's poem "The Charmer," which Dr. McCaskey gives as a kind of introduction to his delightful Christmas book. Perhaps you have read it before; if so you'll be glad to read it again:

"Where is that Charmer whom thou bid'st us seek?
On what far shores may his sweet voice be heard?
When shall these questions of our yearning souls
Be answered by the bright, eternal world?"

"So spake the youth of Athens, weeping round,
When Socrates lay calmly down to die;
So spake the sage, prophetic of the hour
When earth's fair Morning Star should rise on high.

"They found him not, those youths of soul divine,
Long seeking, wandering, watching on life's shore—
Reasoning, aspiring, yearning for the light,
Death came and found them—doubting as before.

"But years passed on; and lo! the Charmer came—
Pure, simple, sweet, as comes the silver dew;
And the world knew him not—he walked alone,
Encircled only by his trusting few.

"Like the Athenian sage rejected, scorned,
Betrayed, condemned, his day of doom drew nigh;
He drew his faithful few more closely round,
And told them that his hour was come to die.

"Let not your heart be troubled," then he said;
'My Father's house hath mansions large and fair;
I go before you to prepare your place;
I will return to take you with me there.'

"And since that hour the awful foe is charmed,
And life and death are glorified and fair.
Whither He went we know—the way we know—
And with firm steps press on to meet Him there."

UNO.

TWO KINSMEN.

I died for Beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb,
When one who died for Truth was lain
In an adjoining room.

He questioned softly, why I failed?
"For Beauty," I replied;
"And I for Truth—the two are one—
We brethren are," he said.

And so, as kinsmen, met a night,
We talked between the rooms,
Until the moss had reached our lips
And covered up our names.

—Emily Dickinson.

Home-Makers' Exchange.

SOME TIMELY RECIPES.

BY A LANCASTER HOUSEKEEPER.

Corn Bread.—1 quart rich milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ -dozen eggs, 1 cup yeast, a pinch of salt and sugar; mixed with sufficient cornmeal to form a stiff batter. Bake in pans in a hot oven. M. P. K.

Dover Cake.—1 pound sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter, 1 pound flour, 5 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda in the milk, 2 teaspoonsful of cream tarter in the flour, 1 pound raisins, 2 pounds currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound citron. It is very good without the fruit.

Lemon Pudding.—2 tablespoonsful of cornstarch mixed smooth with 2 tumblers of cold water, then strain and boil until it thickens, scald 1 pound sugar, when cool add the juice and rind of 2 lemons, 3 eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, bake in crust. This will make four puddings.

Charlotte Russe.—1 ounce Cooper's gelatine; dissolved in the smallest quantity of boiling water, add to it 1 quart new milk, break in 2 vanilla beans, let it boil till the gelatine is well dissolved, take the yolks of 12 eggs and the whites of 8, beat them well together with sufficient sugar to make them sweet, stir this into the boiling milk, put all into the kettle, boil it, stirring it all the time, when thick take it off and strain it through a sieve; when cold place it on ice, keep straining it until it thickens, then stir in a quart of whipped cream which has been well drained through a sieve, line the forms with sponge cake, then fill with the custard and set on ice.

Snow Custard.— $\frac{1}{2}$ box gelatine, dissolved in 1 pint of boiling water, 3 cups sugar, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1 pint milk, 1 large tablespoonful of cornstarch, yolks of 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, the whites of eggs beaten very light and stir in the gelatine before stiff, put the custard in the mould first, then the gelatine.

Ice Cream Cake.—1 cup butter, 3 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 1 cup cornstarch, whites of 8 eggs, $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonsful of baking powder. Flavor to taste with vanilla.

Icing for the Cake.—Whites of 4 eggs, beaten very light, 4 cups sugar, pour $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water over sugar and boil until clear and will candy in cold water, pour the boiling syrup over the eggs, which have been beaten very light, and beat hard until the mixture is cold and a stiff cream, add to it before cold

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pulverized citric acid, 4 teaspoonsful vanilla, spread between layers of cake when both cake and icing are cold.

Jellied Orange.—Peel 1 dozen oranges; cut up small, taking out the seeds, put in a dish larger than they will fill and sweeten, taking $\frac{1}{2}$ box gelatine, dissolve it in a little cold water, then pour on it 1 cup boiling water, stir well till the gelatine is well dissolved; add it to the oranges, mixing thoroughly; wine to taste. When cold and stiff it is ready for use.

Mince Meat.—1 beef tongue, boil well, cut very fine, 3 pounds raisins, 3 pounds currants, 1 pound citron, 8 large apples, the rind and juice of 6 oranges, the rind of 3 lemons, cloves, mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, sugar and brandy and wine to taste.

Croquettes.—To every quart of chopped meat allow 1 pint of cream or milk, 2 tablespoonsful of butter, 2 small tablespoonsful of flour, 2 tablespoonsful of chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ a nutmeg, salt, black and cayenne pepper to taste; put the milk on to boil, rub the butter and flour together and stir into the boiling milk, stir over the fire five minutes, add all the seasoning to the meat, then add it to the milk and stir over the fire until all is hot, when cold form the croquettes. Boil onion with the meat, if you like. Two pounds of meat when chopped make one quart, which makes thirteen or fourteen croquettes.

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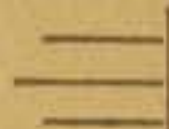
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