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THE REV. CHARLES L. FRY, }

All communications should be addressed to the editors. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications. Every contribution intended for publication must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The editors do not hold themselves responsible for the views expressed by contributors or correspondents.

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"Aprille with his schowres swoote
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertue engendered is the flour."

—Chaucer.

Editorial.

Don't forget to plant a tree where it will do most good on Arbor Day, April 10th.

DON'T think that your belonging to the church is the same as the church belonging to you. It's a mistake.

WE are proud of our advertisers. Not one of them but is a representative business house of our community. Read their cards. There is not a second-class one among them. We have no room for any that are not strictly first-class.

BETWEEN the mud on our streets and the mud from our hydrants, Lancaster has been in a disgracefully muddy condition. When water has to be sieved before you can drink it, it makes it pretty hard for temperance people to get along. Can it be that our water works are run in the interest of the beer and liquor saloons?

THE poem by "Lucy Lark," which we print on another page, will be read with added and saddened interest when we state that the gifted young lady, who wrote under that pen-name, was the late Miss Alice Whitson, who since handing us the poem, four weeks ago, has passed to her eternal rest mourned by all who knew her.

OUR readers will share our regret that, with this month's article on "One World vs. Many Worlds," Prof. Kershner's interesting and instructive series of astronomical papers comes to a close. At the same time we are happy to be able to promise a new series of articles with which our pages will be enriched for some time to come. It will consist of a number of studies of the lives and characteristic works of the great "Musical Masters," from the graceful pen of a young lady who is not only one of the most accomplished musicians in the State, but also a thorough student of music and of its history and literature. The first paper will appear next month.

WE still read occasional descriptions of funerals at which "the floral display was one of the finest ever seen in our city, &c.;" but not as frequently as used to be the case. And how absurd and vulgar it sounds! There was a time when it did not seem to strike any one as such. Now it grates harshly on every one's sense of propriety. It is a sign that the barbarous custom of turning funerals into "displays," floral or otherwise, is dying out. No one but the most ignorant and vulgar any longer indulge in it—those whom the cheap popular attention secured by a showy funeral compensates for their bereavement.

"THOSE who live in glass houses should throw no stones," is a homely old rule, that has, however, a good deal of sense and propriety in it. Like most good rules, moreover, it is seldom obeyed. So seldom, indeed, that whenever you hear some one particularly loud and demonstrative in denouncing another's fault, vice, or sin, you can reckon pretty confidently on that person's being particularly intimately acquainted with that vice or sin in his own immediate experience. You cannot distract attention from the skeleton in your own closet by trying to drag to the light the one in your neighbor's closet. Dwelling on other's failings or misfortunes is always a mean and low business; but it never seems quite as low and mean as when the evils dwelt upon are the very ones to which yourself are most subject. Charitable silence about the shortcomings of others will win your fellow-men's sympathy and esteem. Unkind remarks thereon will cause them to look for like shortcomings, drunkenness, profligacy, worthlessness, among your own kindred. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," was a merciful command—often as merciful to the accuser as to the accused.

SOME of our contemporaries in other parts of the State are considerably exercised over what they call Lancaster's "arrogating to herself the headquarters of the Pennsylvania-German Society." We fail to find any ground for concern in the matter. If there has been any "arrogating" we have not seen or heard it. Lancaster simply started the movement to organize the society while others talked about it. The question as to where its headquarters are to be is for the members to decide when once an organization has been effected; and while we think Lancaster would be as good a place as any, and better than most, there are several other cities in the Pennsylvania-German districts of the State, which would be eminently suitable and whose claims would perhaps be equally strong. Lancaster is not trying to force its hospitality on anybody, but it offers it freely to the proposed society. Whatever "arrogating" has been done has been on the part of others, not of Lancaster. The meeting of representatives from all over the State that is to be held in the Court House, on April 15th, will no doubt settle the question satisfactorily to all whom it really concerns.

AFTER we had written "Don't Leave Well Enough Alone" in our March number, an article appeared in *The Century* giving a sketch of the Century Club and its commodious home in New York, which strengthens us in our conviction that the Cliosophic Club of Lancaster should and easily could have at least such a home as we suggested. The Century Club would never have become what it is to-day, a

centre of artistic and literary culture and influence second to none other in the country, if it had not had a home from within a few years of its birth, where it could pursue its work "for the advancement of art and literature, as well as the promotion of social intercourse" by such means as "establishing and maintaining a library, reading-room, and gallery of art." It is to-day the little leaven that leavens literarily and intellectually the whole lump of New York Philistinism and mercantilism. To some it appears as if the Clio might have a similar mission here among us, and could do equally useful work, if it would rise to the measure of its opportunities.

THERE are a few things in which Lancaster still is pitifully behind the times. One is the way in which she permits her leading thoroughfares to be used as hotel-yards, along both sides of which are ranged, often in double rows, the various and wondrous vehicles, of every conceivable size and shape and kind, in which the farmers come to town on special holidays, sessions of court, circus days, etc. At such times our citizens must tamely submit to have the street in front of their houses blockaded from morning till night, so that no carriage of their own or their friends can come anywhere near their front door. Is there any other city of our size where such primitive customs would be permitted? And is there another city of 33,000 inhabitants anywhere along whose principal streets, crowded with vehicles and pedestrians, herds of cattle are allowed to be driven at all hours of the day and in the busiest seasons? It is not only a source of great inconvenience, and a cause of terror to women and children, but sometimes of real danger—as when occasionally, like the other day, a panic-stricken steer rushes along the crowded sidewalk for half a square or more to the positive peril of hundreds of people. Another thing is the way our city officials permit such brutal "sports" as cock-fights to be indulged in. Another is—but that will do for one time, lest we seem to be finding fault!

It was not only a piece of characteristic injustice, but of penny-wise pound-foolishness on the part of Congress to refuse to grant the appropriation for the payment of the damages and losses to their farms and homes incurred by the friendly Sioux during the late uprising. These losses they sustained because of their loyalty to the authorities. They have already caused positive want and suffering among them, so that most of them are almost in as destitute a condition now as those who were hostile. Recompense for their loyal and efficient help in quelling the uprising was promised them. Now to refuse it, and to make them suffer for having been friendly, is simply to make them regret not having joined the hostiles and to insure their

doing so at the very next opportunity. Their loyalty saved the government a hundred-fold what it would cost to recompense them. The refusal to do so may yet cost a thousand-fold more in money and in human lives; and the blame will rest far less on the deceived and disappointed Indian than upon the ingratitude, lack of honor, and perfidy of the white man and his government; even as it has done hundreds of times before.

AN AFTER-EASTER THOUGHT FOR CHURCH MEMBERS.

The season closing with Easter is generally one of ingathering for the churches. Several hundred new members have been added to the churches of Lancaster within the past few weeks. All Christians will rejoice in the fact, even while they feel deeply the added responsibility that has been placed upon them—though too commonly this responsibility is but lightly regarded.

It is no light thing for the newly received members. They have identified themselves with the cause and work of Christ. They have publicly renounced sin and professed to be followers after righteousness. The task is now before them to make good the words of their lips by the conduct of their lives, not once, or twice, but every day of all the rest of their stay on earth. Their deeds at home, in society, in business, everywhere, all the time, must now be such as to prove to all that they are different from what they were before, and different from those who are not Christians and church members; that they do love the cause of right, truth, goodness, more than money, more than comfort, profit, popularity—more than anything else in the world—Christ more than self. If they do this, they will strengthen the cause of Christianity by just so much. If they do not, they will weaken it by so much, giving yet another occasion to unbelievers to sneer at religion and its professors. The most effective foes of the Church of Christ to-day, and the worst hindrance to the cause of the Divine Truth, are not the open heretics, agnostics, and infidels, but the faithless, insincere, hypocritical servants of self in the ranks of the orthodox membership of the church—they are the Judases betraying their Master with a kiss.

Hence also it is no light thing for the church suddenly to have her membership increased as during the past season. Like every blessing, it brings its dangers and added duties and responsibilities with it. These new members are comparatively inexperienced in the new life upon which they have entered, and liable to inconsistencies and error. Every slip on their part will be eagerly taken up by the enemy and made the most of. It is of the utmost moment, then,

that those who are older in the faith and more experienced should do all in their power to help them. For often the young member after entering the church is not only left severely alone by the older ones, but is even looked at askance, watched with hypercritical eye, or perhaps, still worse, by careless words and example is taught to regard his profession and duties as matters of but little weight or significance.

The new member has a right to look for interest, sympathy, and spiritual assistance to the older ones. And it is the solemn duty of the latter to give these. By doing so they may save the character and soul of the former from ruin, and add a strong, useful member to the church and to the ranks of the true representatives of the cause of Christ. They owe it to the new member and to the church by word and example to do this as their part in the work. If they refuse, and the new convert fails to live up to his profession, they share in his guilt, and in the betrayal of their Master's cause into the hands of the foe.

Old members and new, may they all prove themselves earnest, active, and true,—at no time was it more needed than now;—then will it, indeed, have been a season not only of numerical gain for our churches, but of increased strength, influence, and blessing for the higher life of our community.

THE REACTION.

We knew it was coming; but scarcely expected it so soon. Immorality and vice have been growing too reckless and defiant to be tolerated with impunity and unchallenged much longer. Moral disgust and revulsion were bound to come. That they have set in so promptly is an encouraging sign, a proof that the heart of the American people is clean and its conscience uncorrupted.

It may be that in raising its voice against indecent show bills and trying to legislate against immodest dress on the stage popular sentiment is inconsistent; for worse evils still go unrebuked, and legislation always is a worthless nostrum when applied to moral ills. But none the less it shows that the righteous indignation of the public has been aroused and is making itself heard and felt. Its means and methods may not be the wisest; but the sentiment is right, and that is the main thing. The right means will be found too after awhile. The fact is, the mere expression of public sentiment is usually itself a sufficient means for its own fulfillment. All that is needed to thoroughly cleanse our public and social life is for the great decent majority frankly and emphatically to express itself, as indeed it is commencing to do. Did it but realize its power and exercise it, it would speedily drive into the darkest corners most of those evils that now parade themselves with brazen shamelessness,

corrupting and prostituting public and private virtue and honor.

And if the reaction that has just begun is as genuine as we believe, it will not stop with denouncing show bills and ballet dancers. There are circles of society whose women dress essentially just as immodestly, if not quite as scantily, as any on the stage; where language is used, behavior allowed, and practices indulged in, such as must inevitably debauch and deprave those participating in them. No virtuous woman or pure young man can long associate with them without loss of virtue, purity and self-respect. The clean-lived majority cannot afford to remain indifferent to them. It surely is not afraid to condemn them! For they are but a very small minority. The glitter of their gold and sweetness of their flattery are all that make them formidable, blinding the eyes of fond fathers, sealing the lips of ambitious mothers, beguiling them to yield up their sons and daughters to influences that must fatally blight and corrupt their characters; for nothing is more certain than that

"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

Let but our sensible and virtue-loving men and women assert themselves, refuse to be bribed by gold or blandishment, and withdraw their countenance and sanction from those whom they know to be given to such demoralizing conduct and practices; let them courageously, as independent and true Americans, show their disapproval of the dress and manners imported from the lewd French *demi-monde*; and these will speedily slink away and leave the purity, honor, and good name of our society untainted and undisgraced. Let respectable parents not be afraid to frown the gilded libertine out of their presence, instead of leading their fair daughters into his arms in the dance. Let them refuse recognition to the brilliant woman whose character and practices are known to be abandoned and vile, instead of accepting her luring hospitalities and putting themselves under obligations to her. One or two such expressions of disapproval on the part of members of our really good society would soon bring about the desired end. And unless the present moral reaction is more shallow than we think, this is what will ere long be done.

Have a little patience. After awhile it will be as unpopular to hold one's peace as now it is to speak out against certain disreputable doings and people in the social world. But meanwhile forget not the true and noble words of our manliest poet, Lowell, that

"Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched
crust,
Ere her cause bring fame or profit, and 'tis prosperous to be
just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands
aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied."

THE LESSON OF THEIR LIVES.

When Simon S. Rathvon died on March 19th, and James P. Wickersham followed him on the 25th, our community lost two of its most useful and honored members. Each in his sphere did much for Lancaster and for his fellow men everywhere. Yet their spheres were entirely different. As the readers of Mr. S. M. Sener's excellent sketch of him in our December number, know, Prof. Rathvon did all his thorough and valuable scientific work privately and in retirement, never holding any prominent public position; while on the contrary, Dr. Wickersham nearly all his life served his fellow men in a public capacity as teacher, County Superintendent, Principal of Millersville State Normal School, State Superintendent, United States Minister to Denmark, and until his death as Trustee of our College, member of our School Board, and in various other positions of trust.

But while the life of the latter was as public as that of the former was strictly private, the services of both were characterized by the same industry, sterling integrity, and faithful devotion to duty. Both were educators in the largest sense of the word; not only in their specially chosen fields, but still more by the force of their characters and their example as men. Their specially chosen work is done; but this larger and more important teaching of their lives is still going on, and will go on while their memory lasts among us. Money-getting is not the highest employment of man; nor to miss a fortune a mark of failure. There are better things to work for than riches. To serve one's fellow men is more honorable than the service of self. Integrity is not incompatible with success. Nor are wealth and "position" essential to true and abiding usefulness. A character based on principle, a lofty purpose, untiring industry—these that are free and open to all are the sole conditions of true success, in private as in public life.

"All true whole men succeed; for what is worth
Success's name, unless it be the thought,
The inward surety, to have carried out
A noble purpose to a noble end?"

Of all the rich heritage left us by our two distinguished citizens whom last week we laid to rest, this lesson of their lives is the most precious part, and the most needed now.

THE next Working-people's Entertainment will probably be given in the Courthouse on the evening of April 10th. It will consist of music and a talk, with plenty of illustrative experiments on electricity, by Prof. J. E. Kershner, Ph.D.

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS.

A SONNET.

BY MATTHIAS SHEELEIGH, D.D.

Wherever I abroad may wander far,
 And mingle with the varied tongues of men,
 Or shall essay the task to trace my pen
 In sketching life in marked particular,
 Spontaneous promptings shall me homeward bear,
 To press around your doors and hearths again,
 To note your ways with keener zest than when,
 As one of you, I all your life could share:
 'Twill give fresh joy your quiet life to see,
 'Mid peerless farms, right in our country's heart,
 Where erst our stalwart, pious ancestry
 Sought rest from war and persecution's art,—
 Fresh joy, to use th' old language frank and free,
 And in your soulful worship bear a part.
Fort Washington, Pa.

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN DIALECT.

BY PRESIDENT JOHN S. STAHR, D. D.

Perhaps no body of people has ever been more persistently misunderstood and misrepresented than the descendants of the German and Swiss settlers in Pennsylvania. This, it must be confessed, has not been wholly without their own fault. Modest and retiring as they are they have not asserted themselves as they might have done; industrious and frugal, they have devoted themselves to their daily pursuits and prospered in them, without concerning themselves much whether others appreciated them or not; isolated to some extent by their language and habits, they have been content as a body, although as gifted as any other nationality, to live an unambitious life with inferior advantages of education and culture, and little inducement to strive for high places in church and state. Forgetting the nobility and heroism of their ancestors they have made no effort to place themselves fairly before the world, and many of them, through ignorance, have really become ashamed of their origin. It is no wonder, then, that others should speak of them in terms of reproach if they have not learned properly to respect themselves.

But if the Pennsylvania Germans have been misjudged, much more so has this been the case with their language. It is a very common thing to hear it called mere jargon, a degenerate form of speech, based, indeed, on the German language, but destitute of its noble qualities, and so poor in words and forms of expression that it can serve as a medium of communication only by the free appropriation and use of English words and phrases. *A noble people does not speak an ignoble language.* For this reason, inasmuch as a better day is dawning for the Pennsylvania Germans, it may not be out of place to say a few words concerning their dialect, and show the relation it bears to the cultivated German or High German as it is sometimes called.

The origin of the dialect called Pennsylvania German is to be sought not in America, but in Europe, not in Pennsylvania but in the Palatinate and the adjacent districts of the Upper Rhine. The first settlers, many of whom had first been driven by fierce religious persecution from France, outraged and oppressed in Germany, came to this country to enjoy civil and religious freedom, bringing with them as noble blood, as heroic courage, as patient devotion, as were ever possessed by any people. But they also brought with them their language, the cultivated German as their literary language,

and the peculiar dialect or dialects spoken in the districts from which they came as the medium of communication in the unconventional intercourse of daily life. No doubt this form of speech was modified by the blending of different dialects; for it is easy even now to discern differences between the forms of the dialect which are spoken in Lancaster county, in Lebanon, Berks, Lehigh, &c., according to the proportion of immigrants from Switzerland, Krefeld or Wittgenstein, the Palatinate, Baden, Wurtemberg, or Saxony. But the type of the dialect is South German, and there are now spoken different forms of it in Germany, particularly the Westrich dialect represented by the poet Schandelin, which are almost identical with the Pennsylvania dialect.

We have to do, then, not with a degenerate form of German, but with a real dialect of the German language, and contrary to the popular belief, a dialect is not a falling away from its literary language, but the original, primary source, or one of the original primary sources from which the literary or cultivated language is derived. The dialect is the form of speech historically developed in a given community under the molding power of conditions essentially the same for all who use it. "Individual tribes or families in the history of nations awake to self-consciousness first, and afterward they become conscious of a broader life which they possess in common with the whole nation; and it is the province of history to develop this consciousness in particular cases, binding family to family and tribe to tribe, just as it is the province of education to enlarge a man's idea of existence and make him a citizen of the world—to break down the barriers which hedge him in at first and make him truly *cosmopolitan*. Dialects, therefore, which give expression to particular phases of national life, to the peculiar life of tribes and families, precede in the order of time and the order of their development the cultivated literary languages under which they are included, just as spoken language precedes written language."* The dialect is thus limited to a comparatively narrow sphere. As experience increases and consciousness becomes fuller, as the people realize common interests for the whole nation or nationality and culture enlarges the scope of thought and feeling, a common medium of communication becomes a matter of necessity and the dialects crystallize into a literary language.

From this point of view the Pennsylvania German dialect is above reproach. It expresses perfectly the simple, artless, honest character of those who speak it, the *naïve* heartiness, yea, even the pathos of their daily life, as Harbaugh's poems abundantly prove. But it will not answer for literary culture, science, philosophy or theology, because these presuppose its *literary* language, the High German, which always has been, and is to-day the language of the Pennsylvania Germans (where they do not use the English) as fairly, we mean by as valid a claim, as it was of their ancestors.

But what shall we say of the large admixture of English words and phrases? Does not that confess the weakness of the dialect? We think just the opposite. Such an admixture is not necessary; indeed those who use the dialect best do not require these

* "Pennsylvania German," in *Mercersburg Review*, October, 1870.

words or use them except for a purpose, and the trait is a characteristic peculiarity of the German language. It is perfectly marvelous with what facility the German language appropriates foreign words and forms of speech, giving them its own inflections, prefixes and suffixes, so as to naturalize them perfectly. In this way there is, or there was, a German spoken in the Universities, consisting almost altogether of Greek and Latin roots so as to be wholly unintelligible except to the educated. At the same time there is an abundance of German roots, words German both in *body* and *soul*, so that no foreign admixture at all is necessary. The peculiarity referred to is, therefore, only an instance of the flexibility and adaptability of the German language, giving it greater variety of expression, and, if moderately used, more forceful utterance.

ONE WORLD vs. MANY WORLDS.

BY PROF. J. E. KERSHNER, PH.D.

ARE THEY INHABITED?—III.

The thought that many of the larger heavenly bodies may have other and perhaps higher orders of rational beings than man is also held; but is somewhat dangerous and confusing. Man was created in the image of God, and the breath of life of the Creator was breathed into his nostrils. In whose image and what breath of life brought those superior beings into life and made them living souls; and who saw that it was good? Certainly, the most that could be maintained is that the inhabitants of other worlds could only be like man, if they are creatures equal to man; or in so far as they are different, they must be of a lower order; and if of a lower order they could not fulfil the idea of the Creator so far as creatures of this order are concerned. In this view, then, nothing could be gained, and no requirement satisfied so as to require a modification of the above conclusions.

We are told that God saw that his creation was good. This, we think, means that every created being is good in its place, and for the purposes which it is to subserve in the order to which it belongs. No other creature, strikingly different or only of modified form, could take its place; for in the economy of an alwise Creator there can be nothing of the nature of experiment and trial. Every creature fulfils its purpose and is made to fill that purpose. Therefore, so far as rational and moral beings are concerned, but one pair fulfilling the idea of that creature, that is a living soul, was created in the order of material worlds. These then have power to reproduce themselves and people the earth. This is precisely analogous to the formation of the worlds. There was first a creation of matter. This through its inherent properties produced the universe of worlds. Then one planet was selected and man was planted on it, not a race, but one pair with powers of reproduction, or to include all living creatures, life was planted here, one pair of a kind, and not races, with powers of reproduction. That is, there were not duplicates started on all the worlds, any more than we believe that one world after another was turned out and polished; and then pitched out into space. The Creator starts processes, just as the highest genius does, and clearly could not be satisfied by simply copying and duplicating different ones of his master pieces which each creation must

be in its own order. We may add that it makes little difference here, whether we say created pairs with powers of reproduction; or created a kind of life chaos with powers of differentiation and evolution. Both we believe lead to the same conclusion.

But, finally, what is the meaning of the many globes of matter if they are not inhabited? The answer we believe to have been already implied in what goes before. Magnitude and distance, together with the sharp brilliancy of the fixed star, have afforded many an inspiration for poet and prophet. Indeed, we are more and more impressed with this, as we see, from day to day, the learned and unlearned, when viewing the heavenly bodies, show an almost unbounded interest and appear to feel an indescribable and mysterious arousing of the imagination of the soul. Immortal souls awakened to at least a momentary sense of the greatness of the works of their Creator; is this not sufficient to justify the existence of the masses of crude matter which were formed by His word?

This view might appear to unduly exalt man, and the earth particularly, above the other planets. This little earth is often referred to, by way of contrast, with the other planets. This earth, and particularly man, has a right to be exalted. Because of the magnificent advances in the mechanical arts, or because of his high attainments in art and literature, or because of the great advances of philosophical inquiry in all its various ways, or because of the great social and political systems in which man's moral nature is developed; because, of all these, it is true, but far more because the Son of God came into the world for us men. This proves that man has the highest place in this order; and when the old creation and the new creation are compared with the formation of order out of chaos, in planet building, does it not conclusively prove that the energy put forth on this little earth is as many millions of millions of times greater and of higher order than the energy required to produce the combined masses of all the suns and planets, nebulae, comets and meteors, as the combined masses of these are greater than the mass of the earth. Therefore, the argument runs the other way. These all amount to nothing compared with the earth; and their light, distance and magnitude are well used, and not wasted; because they contribute all that they are worth, as ornaments and landmarks, to show the immensity of the Creator's power, in a very apt way; and in leading men, as they undoubtedly did, to an inquiry into all the mysteries of nature, as well as to give inspiration to philosopher, poet and prophet.

THE EASTER HARE.*

* For an account of the origin and meaning of Easter eggs see CHRISTIAN CULTURE, Vol. I, No. 2.

The following interesting account of the origin of the widespread custom of associating the hare or rabbit with the Easter festival is both timely and instructive. It is taken from an article by Katharine Hillard in *The Atlantic Monthly*:

For more seasons than one cares to count, the Easter egg has been the familiar symbol of the great spring festival; but of late years, owing probably to the immense increase of our foreign population, another emblem has begun to dispute its supremacy in the confectioners' shops, and for some time the

hares at Easter have been almost as numerous as the eggs. The hares are quite as often rabbits, delicate distinctions in zoölogy not being the province of confectioners; but in this case they cannot go far out of the way in confounding the two, because in symbolism the animals are identical, and, moreover, to the American eye the rabbit is the more familiar form.

But why either? What has the "innocent rodent," as George Eliot would say, "with its small nibbling pleasures," to do with the great festival of the Resurrection?

Easter, though apparently a solar festival in its connection with the equinox, in reality, and even as ordered by the Christian Church, belongs of right to the moon. As early as the second century the Western churches began to object to the contemporaneous celebration of Easter with the Jewish Passover, and in 325 A. D. the Council of Nice decided that it should be held in future upon the first Sunday after the first full moon upon or after the vernal equinox; and if said full moon fell upon Sunday, then Easter should be the Sunday after. (This full moon, by the way, is the imaginary moon of the calendar, and neither the real moon nor the mean moon of astronomers.) In spite of the precautions of the Council of Nice, however, from the fact that the Jewish Passover depends upon the first full moon of spring, Easter and the Passover have occurred together twice in this century, and will do so three times in the next.

Why the moon should have been chosen as the measurer of our days rather than the sun is very clearly explained in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 389. In outline this explanation is as follows: When the earliest races of mankind wished to mark off periods of time, some cycle that belonged equally to the starry spheres and to humanity would naturally be that upon which their choice would fall. Such a cycle was found in the physiological phenomena connected with the life of the mother and her child. The lunar month of twenty-eight days (or four weeks of seven days each) gave thirteen periods in three hundred and sixty-four days; equivalent to the solar-week year of fifty-two weeks. The old Egyptians and Hebrews both calculated the calendar by the three hundred and sixty-four days or three hundred and sixty-five days of the lunar year. Thus came the method of measures by lunar time, and through lunar, of solar time.

The moon, as we have already seen, varied in sex according to circumstances. As the new moon, with her brilliant horns and her increasing strength, or as the full moon, in the plenitude of her power, she represented the active element, and was personified as masculine; she was the Lord of Light, the sign of new life, the messenger of immortality. But the waning moon was passive, or feminine, and typified darkness, death, and, in the Egyptian mythology, Typhon, or the Evil Principle, who had the supremacy during his fourteen days' rule, when he tore Osiris (the sun) into fourteen pieces. But with the new moon Osiris came back to life, and at its full the Egyptians sacrificed a black pig (representing the now conquered Typhon) to Osiris. In the planisphere of Denderah, the God Khunsee is seen offering the pig by the leg in the disc of the full moon, and in some parts of England a leg of a pig is still eaten on Easter Monday—a curious survival of this sacrifice.

Having thus traced some of the connections of the moon with Easter, we have still to run down the hare; and him we find directly as a type of the moon itself, across whose disc endless numbers of Hindu and Japanese artists have painted him, while their Chinese brethren represent the moon as a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. The hare was identical with the moon in symbology, for reasons that shall presently be explained; but having been drawn "in the moon," two different versions of one story arose to explain his presence there, as in the case of the barnacle geese.

One was that Buddha once took the shape of a hare that he might feed a hungry fellow-creature, and was translated in that form to the moon, where he evermore abides. But this is a very inferior version of the beautiful story of the starving tigress and her cubs, whom Buddha fed with his mortal body; and the second myth, as told by De Gubernatis in his *Zoological Mythology*, seems more likely to be the genuine one. This legend says that when Indra, disguised as a famishing pilgrim, was praying for food, the hare, having nothing else to give him, threw itself into the fire, that it might be roasted for his benefit, and the grateful Indra translated the animal to the moon.

In Sanskrit, the *cacas*, literally *the leaping one*, means not only the hare and the rabbit, but the spots on the moon supposed to depict the hare of the above myth. There are several other Hindu myths connecting the hare and the moon, notably one in the first story of *Pancatantram*, where the hares dwell upon the shores of the lake of the moon, and their King, Vigayadattas (the funeral God), has for his palace the lunar disc. The hare is often represented in popular sayings as the enemy of the lion (or the sun), as in the Latin proverb, *Mortuo leone lepores insulant* (or *saltant*), the equivalent of another saying, "The moon leaps up when the sun dies." Mary Stuart, in the days of her captivity, adopted for her device a netted lion with hares leaping over him, with the motto, *Et lepores devicto insulant leone*. (See also King John, Act II. Sc. 1.)

There were several reasons why the hare was chosen to symbolize the moon. One was that it is a nocturnal animal, and comes out at night to feed; another, that the female carries her young for a month, thus representing the lunar cycle; another, that the hare was thought by the ancients to be able to change its sex, like the moon. Sir Thomas Browne says that this was affirmed by Archelaus, Plutarch, Philostratus, and many others. Pliny, who is not mentioned by Sir Thomas, gives it the weight of his authority in his *Natural History*. The historian of *Vulgar Errors* devotes a chapter to the subject, but is extremely cautious in his dealing with it, considering it quite possible that such a change might take place, but in exceptional instances only, and certainly not annually, as the ancients asserted.

Beaumont and Fletcher allude to the notion several times, especially in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, Act III. Sc. 1, in the incantation of the Sullen Shepherd:

"Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus altering oft and strange,
Hecate with shapes three,
Let this maiden changed be."

Here we have the hare in close connection with Hecate, or the moon. And the same idea may be found in *Hudibras*, II. 2, v. 705.

But a more important reason for the identification of the hare with the moon lay in the fact that its young are born with their eyes open, unlike rabbits, which are born blind. The name of the hare in Egyptian was *un*, which means *open, to open, the opener*. Now the moon was the open-eyed watcher of the skies at night, and the hare, born with open eyes, was fabled never to close them; hence the old Latin expression, *somnus leporinus*, and the identification of the open-eyed hare with the full moon. The old principle of cure by "sympathies" led to the prescription, in the early English folk-lore, of the brain and eyes of the hare as a cure for somnolency.

The Egyptian word *un* not only meant *hare* and *open*, but also *period*, and for this reason (as well as for the one already given as to its time of gestation) the hare became the type of periodicity, both human and lunar, and in its character of "opener" was associated with the opening of the new year at Easter, as well as with the beginning of a new life in the youth and maiden. Hence the hare became connected in the popular mind with the paschal eggs, broken to signify the opening of the year. So close has this association become with some peoples, that in Swabia for instance, the little children are sent out to look for *hares' eggs* at Easter. In Saxony, they say that the Easter hare brings the Easter egg, and even in America we may see in the confectioners' windows the hare wheeling his barrowful of eggs, or drawing one large one as a sort of triumphal chariot. In some parts of Europe, the Easter eggs are made up into cakes in the shape of hares, and the little children are told that babies are found in the hare's "form." The moon, in her character of the goddess Lucina, presided over child-birth, and the hare is constantly identified with her in this connection in the folk-lore of many peoples, both ancient and modern. Pausanias describes the moon-goddess as instructing the exiles who would found a new nation to build their city in that myrtle-grove wherein they should see a hare take refuge. In Russia, if a hare meet the bridal car (as an omen thus *opposing* it), it bodes evil to the wedding, and to the bride and groom. If the hare be run over by the car, it is a bad presage, not only for the bridal couple, but for all mankind; being held as equivalent to an eclipse, always a sinister omen in popular superstition. In Swabia, the children are forbidden to indulge in the favorite childish amusement of making shadow-pictures of rabbits on the wall, because it is considered a *sin against the moon*.

Among English popular customs celebrating Easter, the only trace of the hare seems to be found in Warwickshire, where at Coleshill, if the young men of the parish can catch a hare and bring it to the parson before ten o'clock in the morning of Easter Monday (the *moonday*), he is bound to give them a calf's head, one hundred eggs, and a groat; the calf's head being probably a survival of the worship of Baal, or the sun, as the golden calf.

The hare-myth has come over to America not only in the shape of the confectioners' Easter hares, but also in the very curious superstition among the negroes as to the efficacy as a talisman of the *left hind-foot of a graveyard rabbit killed in the dark of the moon*. In an article by Mr. Gerald Massey (to whom I gratefully acknowledge my obligations) on the subject of such a talisman, said to have been presented by

an old negro to President Cleveland during his electioneering tour of 1888, Mr. Massey very plainly shows that the two myths have the same origin. The rabbit, identical with the hare in symbolism, is here equivalent to the Lord of Light and Conqueror of Darkness, in, or as, the new moon. In the hieroglyphics, the *khepsh*, leg or hind-quarter, is the ideographic also of Typhon, or personified evil; the *left* side intensifying the idea. Therefore the left hind-foot of the graveyard rabbit stood for the last quarter or end of the moon, a symbol of the conquered Typhon, or Principle of Evil, to be worn in triumph, like a fox's brush, as a token of resurrection, or renewal, or general good fortune. The killing in the dark of the moon is simply a duplication of the victory over evil and death, a sort of symbolical tautology, as it were. As a type of renewal, it was especially suitable as a gift to a President seeking reelection, but in this case, as in the proverbial "dry time," all signs appeared to fail. It is a singular coincidence, and shows the universality of ancient symbols, that in England the luckiest of all lucky horseshoes, says Mr. Massey, is the shoe from the *left hind-foot of a mare*.

So we have hunted our Easter hare (or rabbit, as you chose) through America and England and Germany, all the way back through ancient Egypt and India, till we have run him into his original "form," the moon. The silent, silver-shining planet is the fountain-head of many a myth and the origin of many a mystery, and not half of "the fairy tales of science" of which she is the heroine have yet been told.

THE STRENGTH OF TRIAL.

BY LUCY LARK.

If life were a glow of gladness,
As glad as the summer sun,
With never a tinge of sadness
To shadow the course we run;

We might harvest a field of sweetness,
That was bent by no sigh of pain,
All bright in its joyous completeness;
But we could not gather grain.

For the plants of the surest living
Swell their buds beneath the snow,
Are sown amid humble thanksgiving,
While we drink our cups of woe.

If the troubled earth has grown sin-sick,
Is weary and longing for rest,
If the aching has pierced to the heart-quick,
From the sobs that are swelling its breast,

Give thanks for the woes there are for you,
Through your tears send a radiant smile,
And the promise of hope that falls o'er you
Will lessen earth's sorrow and guile.

Learn the holiest music is ever
The sigh that is turned into song,
That true happiness waits for endeavor
In the triumph of right over wrong.

'Tis faith that is born of our trial,
'Tis peace in the heart that was vexed,
Boundless love that has taught us denial,
'Tis in-linking this life to the next.

And know that the steps which are bravest,
Are those taken slow and in pain;
The force of a purpose the gravest,
Is the goodliest part of our gain.

YEARNINGS.

Could I but see through this dark, length'ning night
 A star of Hope or ray of leading light,
 To guide me through this dreary waste of time
 Unto the borders of that happy clime,
 Where shines the glory of an endless day—
 All pain and earth-born cravings passed away!
 But, oh, the night is dark!—Hope's star has set,
 And Faith lies cold and dead; vague doubts beget
 More clouds of black despair about my head,
 That fill my soul with fear—forebodings dread.
 Oh, Light of Truth divine! appear to me—
 God, Nature's Great First Cause—oh, let me see
 Through this deep, stygian gloom a gleaming ray
 To lead me to the pure and perfect Day!

—Herman E. Hoch.

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's.—The memories of a glorious Easter still linger with us. The beautiful flowers, their very fragrance symbolical of the sweetness of some lives, were tastefully arranged on altar, lecturn, pulpit and font. The fruits of Mr. Bausman's labors during the past year resulted in music thoroughly artistic and in harmony with the exuberant feelings of the worshipers.

We record with satisfaction that the largest number of communicants partook of the Holy Communion on Easter day in the history of the parish, and we rejoice in the fact that the corporation does not owe a dollar.

The Sunday-school children contributed about \$1.10 to Diocesan Missions, the fruit of their lenten discipline.

The Archdeaconcy of Harrisburg meets on Tuesday, April 7th, in Harrisburg. The clergy will be the guests of the rector of St. Stephen's church. J. Edward Pratt, the rector of St. John's church, Lancaster, Pa., the esteemed and energetic Archdeacon, will preside.

The mothers' meetings have resumed after the seclusion of Holy Week. On Wednesday of this week Mrs. George N. Reynolds entertained the members at her house.

The memorial of Mrs. S. H. Reynolds to her beloved husband, unveiled for the first time on Easter day, is not only of intrinsic worth, but adds very much to the beauty of the church. It is significant that the first use made of the baptistry was to baptize a number of the children of St. James's chapel.

LUTHERAN.

Trinity.—Sixty new members were added on Palm Sunday. The floral emblem on the pulpit at this service was an open Bible, and on the altar a psaltery, both of superb workmanship.

The Easter decorations, in point of both profusion and beauty, exceeded anything ever seen in the church. The gallery ledges alone contained two hundred growing plants. The music, too, was surpassingly fine. A matin service of resurrection song was held at dawn, most of the carols being repeated with augmented chorus at the vespers.

One of the most pleasant features of the festival was

the afternoon opening of the handsomely renovated Sunday-school room of the chapel, and unveiling of the magnificent marble tablet memorial of William G. Baker, the late superintendent. The act of the unveiling was performed by S. W. Heinitsh, chairman of the tablet committee, and the inaugural address of the occasion was delivered by Charles E. Long, the present superintendent. A number of handsome gifts were contributed to the new room by various individuals, among them being a pulpit Bible with painted markers, the gilding and plush covering of the beautiful desk, a large oval clock, an elegant damask cover for the piano, a set of illuminated wall-mottoes, etc. The work of renovation was executed by Hager & Bro., and reflects great credit on this department of their house. The tablet was wrought by P. E. Gruger, and both the black slab and the white are of the choicest marble obtainable anywhere.

At the annual election of officers for the ensuing term, held on Easter Monday afternoon, Messrs. Wm. Z. Sener, Chas. E. Long and Edwin E. Snyder were elected as elders, and Frank W. Arnold, William A. McGlinn, William H. Hager and Dr. R. D. McCaskey as wardens. These gentlemen will be installed on Sunday morning, April 5th.

This month's entertainment of the Junior Missionary Society will be held on Thursday evening, the 16th inst. The programme of both the literary and musical parts promises to be thoroughly enjoyable. No charge will be made for admission, but a silver offering will be lifted, for the society's work.

MORAVIAN.

In the death of Brother Mitchell J. Weaver, on March 20th, the church has lost one of its best known members, and one who had at different times been Superintendent of the Sunday-school, member of the Boards of Elders and Trustees, and had represented the church at District and Provincial Synods on more than one occasion.

On Palm Sunday twelve new members were added to the church, three by adult baptism, five by confirmation, and four by the right hand of fellowship.

The services during Passion Week were better attended this year than ever before.

The monthly joint meeting of all the young people's societies was postponed from the last Thursday of March to the first Thursday of April. Two new Circles of King's Daughters have quite recently been organized, and another Circle of King's Sons is about being organized. We will then have no less than eight circles among the young folks of the church, each doing good work "In His Name."

Our Easter services were, as usual, largely attended and very enjoyable. The floral decorations were much admired, comprising besides the main decoration two beautiful memorial pieces, the one given by Mr. H. P. Eichler, and the other by Mr. Edward Sprecher, in memory of the late Mrs. Streaker. The Easter exercise of the Sunday-school in the evening was well rendered and their singing excellent.

Something new, in the form of a "Corn Supper," is one of the social occasions in contemplation for the near future. It will probably be given this month some time in the hall of the chapel.

At the funeral of Miss Alice Whitson, in the church, on March 25th, a feeling address was made by Margaret Walton, of the Society of Friends. The services were

conducted by the pastor of the church, assisted by Dr. Jas. Y. Mitchell, of the Presbyterian church.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The Westminster Presbytery will hold their spring meeting April 13th, at Columbia. The churches will close their annual reports to be sent up to the General Assembly in May.

The Home Missionary Society of the Westminster Presbytery, this year, made two hundred and ninety yards of rag carpet and sent it to the missionaries in the far west.

The ladies of the church hope this month to have a lecture from Layyah Barakat, a Syrian woman. Those who heard her when here before know this will be a rare treat.

The fourth missionary tea was given March 7th, by Mrs. Dr. Underwood, on North Lime street; about seventy-five were present. The exercises were opened with a solo, "Thou Art My Shepherd," by Miss Quinn. Mrs. Alfred Reed, of West Chester, conducted the devotional exercises, making an earnest appeal for missions, after which Dr. Luther, a returned missionary from Burmah, gave a touching account of the mission work in the East. She had with her very curious and interesting costumes, representing the Chinese, Japanese, Karen, Punjabi, Turkish and Feloogon nations. The social entertainment was a delightful feature.

REFORMED.

First.—The services held during holy week were very well attended. On Good Friday evening eight persons were received by confirmation and four by certificate. The Communion on Easter Sunday was unusually large, and the collection for benevolent and church purposes amounted to \$112.

The song service, which is still held at 6:15 P. M. every Sunday, continues to be largely attended.

The ladies of the Aid Society purpose giving an "April Tea" on the 9th and 10th of the month, in Martin's Hall. The object is to raise money for repairing the church. It is contemplated making the repairs during the ensuing summer.

St. Paul's.—Confirmation and services preparatory to the Holy Communion were held on Good Friday evening. On Easter Sunday morning the church was crowded, and between three and four hundred persons communed. The pastor was assisted by Rev. Theo. Apple, D.D., Rev. A. B. Shenkle and Rev. S. Sweitzer. The Sabbath-school celebrated the Easter festival with appropriate hymns, and with recitations by Miss Hoffmeier, Nora Kurtz, Myra Haverstick, and an address by Rev. Meminger. Mr. John Hollinger had charge of the exercises.

The pastor will preach a series of sermons during the spring months, the subjects to be suggested by the young men of the congregation. The Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip will have charge of the midweek service, on the fourth Wednesday of every month. The scholars of the primary department each received a basket of eggs on Easter evening.

Y. M. C. A.

At the annual convention of the York District, held last month at Marietta, delegates were present from the Lancaster and from the F. and M. College Associations. Addresses were made by Mr. John K. Boyle, of the former, and a paper on "How can we draw

students into college Y. M. C. A's?" by Mr. W. D. Hoppel, of the latter. Delegates were also present from the Millersville State Normal School Association.

WOMAN'S INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting held in the Moravian chapel, on March 23d, was very well attended, and the discussion of how to increase the membership, and to what special cause to make the next appropriation, was spirited. The latter subject was referred for advice to Mrs. Quinton, the President of the National Association.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE first number of *The F. and M. Weekly* appeared on March 18th. It is a new venture, edited by Messrs. Bruce Griffith, L. C. Harnish and Wm. M. Irvine, with Mr. Luther D. Reed as business manager, and gives all the college news, at home and abroad, with a well edited editorial department. There is room for such a publication, and a field for usefulness.

COLLEGE opened on March 31st after a few days of Easter vacation.

LARGELY through the efforts of Prof. Kershner a number of new instruments and apparatus has been added to the physical department.

THE Glee Club this month gives concerts at Bedford on the 1st, on the 2d at Bellefonte, and on the 30th in Fulton Opera House, this city.

THE preliminary Junior Oratorical Contest of the Goethean Society will be held April 24th.

A PEDESTRIAN CLUB has been added to the various other athletic organizations. Mr. D. M. Jones, of the Seminary, is President.

MR. WM. IRVINE has been elected president of the Intercollegiate Football Association; and efforts have been made to secure Mr. A. F. Harrold for the Princeton team. This speaks well for the athletics of our college.

NORMAL NOTES.

The Millersville Normal School opened on Monday with the largest attendance for the first day on record. The enrollment for the present session will be larger than at any time in the history of the school. Teachers and pupils are enthusiastic over the successful opening and much good work may be expected.

The gymnasium is ready for the students and is an interesting and inspiring place. Two instructors, Prof. A. P. Pinkham and Miss Belle Fleming, have been secured. The authorities consider themselves very fortunate in securing these teachers. Mr. Pinkham was the head instructor of Bates College, in Maine. He is a fine literary scholar as well as a skilled gymnast, and is fully acquainted with the system of gymnastics used by Dr. Sargent, of Harvard University. Miss Fleming has been prepared for her work at Dr. Anderson's celebrated gymnasium, in Brooklyn, and in addition to the American system, is familiar with light gymnastics for children.

The Normal School Y. M. C. A. is an active organization, and is the source of a good and wholesome influence in the school. Mr. J. B. Wolfgang is the president, and with two other delegates, Messrs. Piper and Charles, represented the association in the convention at Marietta, last week.

IN MEMORIAM.

FRANCES H. SACKETT.

BY E. PAULINE COOPER.

"She is dead," the sunshine of our house, its joy,
Has gone and left it shadowless and drear.
And we? Our hearts have gone with her, and life
Is borne now, not lived. Her great brown eyes
Are closed, and in their place a formless void;
A vacant nothingness. I see her yet,
The sweet form calm and still; the silent mouth,
The broad, white brow, the soft brown hair, and hands
Placid as cut from marble. At her throat
One rose, to tell the story of our love.

They sent her flowers; she had loved them so;
One sent a wreath of violets, odorous, pure;
Full of the gentle sympathy of Spring.
Another sent a crescent and a star,
To tell how she was soon to be the high
And growing happiness of one man's heart;
Others sent lilies, daisies, hyacinths,
And in amongst the mortals, immortelles.
And thus, in death, she had the richest blooms,
The fairest flowers of God's sweet-blooming earth,
Who was herself the fairest flower of all.

And then they buried her. And at the last,
As gently, tenderly, they laid her down,
One sweet, soft bud, as though to bide awhile
And soothe the loneliness of her long sleep,
Broke from its stem and softly followed her.
For she, too, was yet in her "budding-time,"
And that fair flower, sweet emblem of her life,
So short, so kind and tender, pure and true.
And she will always dwell in memory's halls
As a white rosebud, broken from its stem.

Allegheny City, Pa.

Local Lore.

THE JULIANA LIBRARY AND ITS CATALOGUE.

BY F. R. DIFFENDERFFER.

II.

We return to our catalogue, and come now to a preface of eleven pages, and with this the pagination of this little volume begins. This preface is a very elaborate—we are almost tempted to say formidable—affair. The writer of it (and it would be curious to know who he was)* evidently took much care in its composition. He was undoubtedly a very intelligent man, and well acquainted with the best learning of

*If we may hazard an opinion, we would say the author of this learned preface was the Rev. Thomas Barton, then of Lancaster. Mr. Barton was born in county Monaghan, Ireland, in 1730. He was of English descent, his family having settled in Ireland during the period of the Commonwealth, where it had obtained extensive grants. He was educated at the Dublin University, and came to Philadelphia in 1751, where he was for a time a tutor in the college, now the University of Pennsylvania. In 1754 he went to England, and was ordained in the Established church. In the following year he again came to this country, and for nearly twenty years was rector of St. James' Episcopal church of this city. He was a true Royalist, and refusing to take the oath of allegiance, he went to New York, where he died, May 25, 1780. He was married to a sister of the astronomer Rittenhouse. He was a scholar, well acquainted with the polite literature of the time, and was one of the most active spirits connected with the founding of the Juliana Library Company. He was one of the Charter members, and is the person who was instructed to acquaint Thomas Penn of the formation of the association.—F. R. D.

his day. His essay is modeled after the style of the Spectator and the Rambler. The same pompous diction which characterizes the latter work is one of the main characteristics of this essay. The writer seems anxious to impress the reader, not only with the splendor and dignity of his style; but also with his learning. It is what some one has called "Johnsonesque." We hardly know how to convey to the reader a true idea of its long, labored but withal interesting argument. It begins with a definition of the human mind, which is compared to soil, that may lie barren or be cultivated. Knowledge is the greatest of all mental endowments. Uncultured peoples are contrasted with educated nations. Perhaps we can give a better idea of this labored production by quoting a few brief passages, than by pages of commentary; this for example:

"Let us also observe, that as soon as Learning droops, or feels the Tyrant's Hand, its votaries sink back again into their original Ignorance and Roughness. If we cast our eyes towards ancient Greece, to what a Pitch of Glory and Reputation did she raise herself, by carrying the Sciences to Perfection? But as soon as they were neglected or discouraged, how did she dwindle again almost to nothing? And Rome, once Mistress of the World, was no less renowned for her victories than her extensive Learning and Knowledge. But no sooner was she deprived of these, than she shrunk back again into a poor petty State; so that Science and Empire fell together. * * * * * When we see the Ambassador, the Counsellor, the Legislator, the Magistrate, the General, the Physician, the Ecclesiastic, in a word, all the employments, which oblige men to speak in public or in private, to write or give an account of their administration, to manage others, gain them over, or persuade them—when we see such persons acquit themselves with honor, and acquire the applause of the public, we cannot then but perceive the advantages of learning, and feel our hearts beat high with pleasure. How often do we hear of men, who by their attainments in knowledge, raise themselves to the first offices of State, and to degrees of superiority far above their birth; when such marks of honor would ill become the ignorant and illiterate, however nobly born."

In this strain the essay proceeds to its conclusion, bristling with capital letters and italics all along its course to a degree that would make the average reader of to-day lay down the book considerably annoyed and perhaps something more. Coming down to the actual matter under consideration, the essay proceeds as follows:

"AND here we cannot but congratulate the Inhabitants of this *New World*, upon their generous, though humble Imitation of the *Old*, with regard to their Encouragement of *Learning* and *Libraries*. Several of the Colonies have already founded public Seminaries of Knowledge and each seems fired with Emulation to excel.* In this glorious Contest the Province of Pennsylvania claims no small Degree of Merit. Her College at *Philadelphia* has already sent forth several excellent young men, who are become useful Members

*In a lengthy foot note allusion is made to Harvard College, Yale College, King's College, Nassau Hall, Philadelphia College and William and Mary College, and a brief account of each with its several advantages is given.

of the Community, and now serve the Public, in some of the most honorable Stations, with Credit and Applause. She has also distinguished herself in her Attention to public Libraries, there not being less than four in the Metropolis, and in almost every Town of Note, one.

"The *Juliana Library* in *Lancaster* is yet in its Infancy, and has nothing to boast of, except the Notice and Encouragement it has received from *Persons*, whose Names would do Honor to any Institution; and that the Means of Knowledge are thereby brought the nearest *Westwardly*, of any that we know of, to the Borders of *Error* and *Barbarity*; which may excite others, still nearer, to catch the Example, and carry Knowledge by Degrees to the very Doors of the poor untutored and unenlightened *Heathen*.

"THIS Consideration alone, it is humbly presumed, will entitle it to some Regard. But besides this, the County of *Lancaster* is remarkable for the Richness of its Soil, and the Number and Industry of its Inhabitants. The People seem to have a particular Genius for *Agriculture*, and the *Mechanic Arts*;* which may be greatly improved and encouraged by Books."

The accompanying note, which we have copied in extenso, is very valuable in throwing light on the agricultural condition of *Lancaster* county at that time, and also for the interesting facts it sets forth relative to the population, buildings, and other valuable statistics concerning the then borough of *Lancaster*.

Following these eleven pages of preface, page twelve begins with what is perhaps the most valuable

*This County is very extensive; and in Point of Opulence, has the Preference over every other County in *Pennsylvania*, excluding that of *Philadelphia*. Its number of Inhabitants is computed to be 40,000 Souls. The Fertility of the Soil, which is everywhere plentifully supplied with Meadow and Water, renders the Lands here extremely valuable, which are capable of the highest Improvement. The Culture of Hemp, and Hops, seems to be much attended to by the Farmers of this County, who annually send large Quantities of both these Articles to the Metropolis. The Number of Waggoners continually employed in carrying the Produce of this Place to Market is incredible. The Inhabitants are chiefly *Germans*, to whose Economy, unwearied Labor, and Industry, the County is principally indebted for the Wealth and Reputation it so deservedly possesses.

The County Town, (which in the year 1742 was incorporated into a Borough, with a Power of holding Fairs and Markets, &c.) contains at least 600 Houses, many of which are extremely neat, and make a good Appearance, being built of Brick and cut Stone. It contains, at a moderate medium, of five to a Family, about 3000 souls. The Lowness and Unevenness of the Situation, is amply compensated by its Convenience for Trade.

Amongst the public Buildings, there are Seven Places of Worship. Of these, the *New German Lutheran Church* is justly esteemed one of the most elegant and finished Pieces of Architecture in the Province. There are three regular *Fire Companies* established here, who have two good Fire Engines, &c., and meet once a month to examine into the State of the Houses, and to devise Methods for the more effectual Preservation of them from the dreadful Accidents of Fire.

This town has, for many Years, supported a good *Grammar School*, which is now likely to be reduced for want of proper Encouragement; though no place seems better calculated for an Institution of this Kind, as it enjoys a pure Air, a remarkably healthy Situation, and a plentiful Market, besides many New Advantages.

In the *Mechanic Arts* this Place also produces many ingenious Workmen, some of which are deemed not inferior to any in the Province, who have exhibited sufficient Proofs of their Skill in their respective Occupations. On the whole, it may be observed, without incurring the Censure of Partiality, that *Lancaster* stands foremost of all the other *In-land Towns* in the Continent of America.

information contained in the book. As such we unhesitatingly transfer it to these columns entire. It is called

A SHORT
ACCOUNT
OF THE
JULIANA LIBRARY.

IN the year 1759 three or four Persons of the Borough of *Lancaster*, considering the great Advantages of public Libraries, conferred together, and engaged to solicit Subscriptions, to establish one in that Town.

THEIR Proposal was so well received, that a few generous Gentlemen immediately subscribed, and paid *Ten Pounds* each towards promoting this useful Design.

ENCOURAGED by so good a Beginning, it was resolved, that no Subscription under *Forty Shillings* should entitle a Person to a share. The Number of Subscribers soon amounted to 58; and the Sum of *Two Hundred Pounds Sterling* was raised.

THE Subscribers formed themselves into a Company, and agreed to be governed by a Set of Articles or Constitutions, entered into, and signed by the whole.

THE first Parcel of Books and Instruments imported from *England*, amounted to *Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds Sterling*, besides several purchased in *Philadelphia*, &c., and those received as Benefactions.

THE Honorable THOMAS PENN, Esq., one of the Proprietaries of this Province, to whom the Company are much obliged for the Kind Notice he has been pleased to take of them, upon being made acquainted with the Design of erecting a public Library here, wrote the following polite letter to the Directors thereof.

Gentlemen,

I RECEIVED a very sensible Pleasure in being informed by Mr. Barton, that a Number of the principal People of *Lancaster*, and the Country about that Town, had entered into an Agreement, and had remitted so large a Sum of Money to purchase Books, in order to form a Library to be established there. This Undertaking, so useful to the Country, could not but meet with my Approbation, and be entitled to my Assistance, which I shall be ready to give it, whenever it can promote its Utility: and am

GENTLEMEN

Your affectionate Friend

THOMAS PENN.

London, Feb. 11, 1762.

To the Directors of the Library Company at Lancaster.

THIS Honorable Gentleman and his Lady have favored the Company with several generous Donations, as appears by the List.

THE Honorable James Hamilton, Esq., late Governor of the Province, gave them also the Sum of *Twenty Pounds Sterling*, to be laid out in Books.

UNDER these Encouragements the Company, finding their Library increasing, and growing into Credit and Reputation, applied for, and obtained a Charter, in the Year 1763—which was framed and drawn up gratis, by *Edward Shippen*, Esq.; of *Philadelphia*, whose Kind Offices on that Occasion, the Directors take this Opportunity of acknowledging.

IN Honor of Lady JULIANA PENN, and as a Testimony of the high Obligations they are under to

her, the Company desired to be, and were incorporated by the Name of the JULIANA LIBRARY COMPANY IN LANCASTER, and as the Charter empowered them to use the common Seal in their Affairs, they chose the following Devise, viz.: Minerva leading an illiterate Person with one Hand, and pointing with the other to a Shelf of Books, and Pair of Globes—with the motto, *Ecce Comites Itineris*; and round the Margin this Inscription, *Seal of the JULIANA LIBRARY, Lancaster.*

THE Number of Members now amount to *Seventy-Seven*, and are never to exceed *One Hundred*.

EVERY Member has an absolute Property in his Share of the Books and Effects of the Company, and may devise it by Will, or dispose of it to any Person the Directors approve of, provided the member so selling be about to remove from the County of Lancaster.

THE Effects of the Company are now valued at about *Six Hundred Pounds* Currency. So that a Share which at first was obtained for *Forty Shillings*, is at present worth *Eight Pounds*,—and increase yearly in Value *Seven Shillings* and Six-pence. So much being yearly added by each Subscriber to the Capital Stock.

THE Library is at present kept in a large Chamber rented for that Purpose, where attendance is given by the Librarian every Saturday, from Four O'Clock till Seven.

THIS Institution has been managed hitherto with Harmony and Success; and it is hoped that no ill-natured Accidents will intervene to interrupt a Scheme founded on virtuous Principles, and a public-spirited Design.

THE Company retain a proper Sense of, and acknowledge with Gratitude, the Favors they have received from the several Benefactors of this Library; and will ever be ready to enter upon their Records, and to preserve the Names of such Persons as have already, or that may hereafter honor them with any Donations in Books, Instruments, Natural Curiosities, &c., that Posterity may see who have been Patrons and Encouragers of this useful Undertaking.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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.

As a rule the best commentary on an author's work is a reliable picture of the author himself. That is why I have gathered together quite a portfolio full of portraits of the leading authors of the past and present; while from the walls overlooking Our Book-Shelf, where are ranged their works, gaze down upon them and upon me the faces of some of my favorite philosophers, romancers, preachers, and poets. Besides, it is a kind of inspiration to me, since I cannot have the living reality, to have at least the image before me, say, of a Herbert Spencer, an Emerson and a Carlyle, a Hawthorne, a Tennyson, a Longfellow and a Whittier.

The latest addition I have made to this gallery of

helpful portraits is the life-sized one of James Russell Lowell. It is a lithograph made from a photograph by Gutekunst, recently taken, and said to be the most characteristic and lifelike portrait of the poet ever made. It has just been added to the well-known excellent series of "Atlantic Portraits," issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. I have all the rest of the series except Hawthorne, and as far as execution of it is concerned, I consider it the very best of them all. At a few yards' distance you can't tell it from a first-class crayon—not one of your rubbed and stumped ones, but a good, strong, honest line drawing. It is a fine specimen of the highest reach of the lithographer's and printer's arts.

Although his heavy moustache and full beard hide the mouth, which in every face is the most expressive feature, there is enough of the face revealed to show that here we have the poet who wrote the Commemoration Ode, the Cathedral, the Vision of Sir Launfal—yes, and in the slight twinkle of the eyes, that this is the veritable Hosea Biglow—the scholar and critic who gave us the peerless essays on Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare Once More, Spenser, Lessing, and a score of others nearly as good; the statesman who reached the high water mark of American political thought in his noble utterances on Abraham Lincoln, Democracy, the Independent in Politics, and various other subjects, during and since the civil war.

The eyes are the most characteristic feature of the face. They attract and hold your attention. And they are the eyes of a poet, of one who is a poet before and through everything else. Hide his eyes, and you would not guess it. "In person," says Prof. Underwood in his biographical sketch of him written some years ago, "Lowell is of medium height, rather slender, but sinewy and active. His movements are deliberate rather than impulsive, indicating what athletes call staying qualities. The hair at maturity was dark auburn or ruddy chestnut in color, and his full beard rather lighter and more glowing in tint. * * * Lowell's eyes in repose have clear blue and gray tones, with minute dark mottlings. In expression they are strongly indicative of his moods. When fixed upon study, or while listening to serious discourse, they are grave and penetrating; in ordinary conversation they are bright and cheery; in moments of excitement they have a wonderful lustre. Nothing could be finer than his facial expression while telling a story or tossing a repartee. The features are alive with intelligence; and eyes, looks, and voice appear to be working up dazzling effects in concert, like the finished artists of the *Comedie Francaise*."

Speaking of his wonderfully expressive eyes, those who were present when he read his matchless Commemoration Ode, on that 21st July, 1865, say that the poet's face was like transfigured, glowing as with an inward light; so that even though the poem itself was too profound, and too full of condensed thought, for the majority of his hearers to take in all its beauty or even meaning, many could not even hear it distinctly, it being in the open air, yet every one stood and gazed upon the inspired reader as if entranced, after-

wards declaring that it was impossible to look away from his face.

A very pretty incident is also related as having occurred on this memorable occasion. As the poet descended from the rostrum and was going away, a middle-aged, handsome man stepped forward with outstretched hand. Lowell looked, grasped the hand, heartily shook it again and again—it was his old friend W. W. Story, the poet and sculptor. "When did you come over?"—"I landed in Boston this morning. I had heard you were to read a poem; there was just time to make the trip, and here I am."—"And so you have come from Rome merely to hear me recite an ode? Well, it is just like you!" And the two friends went off together.

It is no wonder, by the way, that Lowell was deeply affected at the reading of this poem. For among the "ninety-three sons of Harvard College who have died for their country in the war of nationality" to whose "sweet and shining memory" it is dedicated, there were eight of the poet's own kindred. This glowing love of country was thus reinforced by a still more near and personal interest, so that, perhaps more than any other of his poems it throbs as with the beating and palpitating of his own great and noble heart. Perhaps this is also why it is in some respects his greatest production, aye, the greatest production of any American poet. Indeed, where in our language can we find its superior for sustained power and loftiness of sentiment? It is a grand poem.

His grandest poem, however, using the word according to its real meaning, not in the sense of best, is *The Cathedral*. It is probably the most metaphysical of his poems, sometimes even a little obscure, reminding one, as do a few others, of a certain similarity to Browning's style. It is meditative in spirit and dignified in movement; containing some of the profoundest thoughts ever uttered, some of the most beautiful sentiments, some of the most melodious lines, in all our literature. Listen to this, only one of many similarly profound truths beautifully expressed:

"No man can think nor in himself perceive,
Sometimes at waking, in the street sometimes,
Or on the hillside, always unforwarned,
A grace of being, finer than himself,
That beckons and is gone,—a larger life
Upon his own ensphering, with swift glimpse
Of spacious circles luminous with mind,
To which the ethereal substance of his own
Seems but gross cloud to make that visible,
Touched to a sudden glory round the edge."

Not Poe nor Tennyson ever fitted sound to sense more harmoniously than is done in lines like these:

"As to a bee the new campanula's
Illuminate seclusion swung in air;"

or in this description of

"the sliding Eure,
Whose listless leisure suits the quiet place,
Lisping among his shallows homelike sounds;"

or this of how

"Far up the great bells wallowed in delight,
Tossing their clangors o'er the heedless town."

In this very poem, however, with all its solemn grandeur and lofty thoughts and suggestions, its

Gothic cathedral-likeness, there are also to be found some of the very worst examples of that incongruity of sentiment, and inartistic inconsistency, with which, as Prof. Richardson expresses it, he sometimes quite inexcusably "vexes the refined sense as truly as Whitman and more often than Whittier." It grates upon one, e. g. to read the episode of his being mistaken for a Frenchman, at Chartres, on account of his reddish beard, and the Mark Twain-like joke indulged in about the language. No less inappropriate are lines like these:

"Now Calvin and Servetus at our board
Snuff in grave sympathy a milder roast,
And o'er their claret settle Comte unread."

There are similar undignified lapses into the commonplace, almost the vulgar, in others of his very noblest poems.

Such flaws as these, and they are, after all, quite exceptional, I for one can easily overlook, feeling that they come from that very quality of downright earnestness and manly independence which are Lowell's distinctive characteristics. In all he writes one feels that he "speaks right out;" in his earnest effort to express his convictions as a man he sometimes fails to take the time and trouble to polish and trim their form like an artist. We know that he can do it. For he has done it again and again. A score of his poems could be named as perfect and faultless in every respect as the most finished work of Tennyson or most artistically cut gems of Matthew Arnold.

One of his noblest and deservedly most popular poems was written practically at one sitting, in forty-eight hours. I refer to the *Vision of Sir Launfal*. It may almost be called an improvisation; for the poet wrote it in a kind of poetic frenzy; it gushed fresh from his heart, with all its profound ethical truth, lofty Christian sentiment, and beauty of description of natural scenery; the poet scarcely taking time to eat and still less to sleep. No wonder it goes straight to every reader's heart! It was followed by another, *The Present Crisis*, about the same period, which is likewise on a lofty plane, full of noble seriousness, inspiring and uplifting.

Mr. Lowell is not one of the "art for art's sake" school of poets. With him ever the True and the Good are wedded to the Beautiful, are the very life and soul of it. He may almost be called our poet of the Right. He never writes unless it be to express some truth, some conviction, to urge some good cause. His anti-slavery poems are as fervent and fearlessly outspoken as Whittier's. But his interests and sympathies have even a wider range than those of the dear old Quaker poet. Indeed more than any of our poets Lowell's interests are in the problems and work, the wrongs and the duties, of his fellow men of to-day. Like Emerson he is sometimes a soaring transcendentalist; but like him, too, he is always a practical, clear-headed man of affairs.

Nowhere does this peculiar Yankee combination show more apparently than in his altogether inimitable *Biglow Papers*, one of the most unique pieces of literature in any language, and that which first made him famous. First written for the *Boston Courier* in

1846 when the Mexican war was in progress, they seemed to stun the public. People did not know what to make of them. Soon, however, their spirit and purport were understood. They became immensely popular with abolitionists, while the slavery men hated and feared the long-headed Yankee whose keen satire and well-aimed blows did more to win the masses over to the cause of right and freedom, and against slavery, than all the arguments of Garrison and eloquence of Phillips. In quick succession these well directed arrows of Hosea Biglow were shot off:

"John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wont vote fer Guvener B.,"

was sung by every street urchin, much to the disgust, by the way, of Mr. Robinson himself. Indeed there is a story extant that to escape the sound of the ridiculous yet stinging words he fled to Europe. Landing at Liverpool, he went to a hotel, and hearing a child sing in an adjoining room he listened, when shrill and unmistakable he heard the words—

"John P.
Robinson he, etc."

He speedily left England sailing to the Mediterranean. He stopped at Malta, and while looking at some ruins saw a party of English there. Nearing them, the first sound he heard was the voice of another infantile terror, loud and clear,

"But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee."

Somewhere in his Breakfast Table talks, Dr. Holmes warns against becoming known as a humorist; the world will never accept anything serious from a "funny man." Mr. Lowell experienced the truth of this. His fame as the author of the Biglow papers long kept the public deaf and blind to his far higher merits as a poet of the heart and the conscience. The chosen few indeed recognized his greatness long ago; but it is only within comparatively a few years that the general public has commenced to appreciate him, and to realize that in him we have the highest and most perfect product of American literary scholarship and culture, and the most characteristic expression of what is highest and best in American thought and sentiment. For my part, ever since I learned to know him at all, I have preferred him to all of our other poets. He is not as even and uniform in his excellence as Longfellow, but at his best he soars far beyond Longfellow's reach; while his much wider range puts him out of comparison with Emerson, Whittier, or Bryant.

And remember his poetry is only the smaller part of his literary work. His critical essays are by all confessed to be without their equal in American letters, and with few superiors in critical insight, scholarship, and grace of poetic style anywhere. Nor are his other essays, like *A Moosehead Journal*, *My Garden Acquaintance*, *A Good Word for Winter*, surpassed by any in the language for beauty and accuracy of natural description and charm of manner and style. He is a writer our country may well be proud of, and, what is better than all, he is greater and nobler and more admirable even as a man than as a poet, scholar, or statesman.

The ten beautiful volumes in which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just brought out the "final edition" of his works, in style like their final "Riverside Editions" of Longfellow's and of Whittier's works, are a library in themselves, the study of which is indeed a liberal education. Of these ten volumes four contain his "Literary Essays," comprising "My Study Windows," "Among My Books," and other essays; one contains his "Political Essays;" one his "Political and Literary Addresses;" and four his "Poetical Works" up to 1890. All these have been arranged and edited by Mr. Lowell himself, and are here given in the form and order in which he wishes them to go down to posterity. Where can you find a richer set of books than this? It is the high-water mark of American literature. And the publishers have issued it in a style that puts it equally high in the scale of mechanical skill, taste, and excellence. Mr. Lowell himself must be proud of this beautiful edition of his works. UNO.

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