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THE REV. CHARLES L. FRY, }

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ALL green and fair the summer lies,
Just budded from the bud of spring,
With tender blue of wistful skies,
And winds which softly sing.

—Susan Coolidge.

Editorial.

Is it not about time for the quarterly meeting of the County Forestry Association to be held?

SOME of the proceedings in connection with the recent bitter contest for the Republican nomination for the judgeship were anything but gratifying to our local pride. Lancaster is indeed the "garden spot of the State" agriculturally; but politically—

"Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely."

THE month of May was "circus month" for a considerable proportion of our county's population. For some the circus is almost the only entertainment, the only recreation they enjoy the entire year. We do not grudge them the pleasure. But is it not "paying too dear for the whistle?" The circus every year costs the county about \$10,000. That, we are told, is the sum it carries away with it; while it leaves here comparatively only a small sum for provisions, and a few other expenses. That means that after the circus there are about \$10,000 less money in circulation in our county than would otherwise be the case—that much less for our merchants, bakers, butchers and people in general. It hardly seems to pay, does it?

WITH all the annual protests and ridicule against the disgraceful way in which honorary degrees are conferred by many of the so-called colleges in our land, there seems to be little abatement of the evil. It is only less shameful than the outrageous lengths to which some men will go in order to obtain such degrees. We know of cases where men have written begging letters to the members of boards of trustees, not only of one, but of many colleges, far and near; have personally drawn up petitions and solicited signatures thereto, for the same purpose; have asked other men whom they deemed influential to urge their cause; in short, have stopped at no humiliation to obtain the coveted "honor." If the thing goes on much longer those who have honorary degrees will be ashamed to use them. But, after all, what does any title amount to? As a plain matter of fact no man is respected or honored one whit more after he has his title than before. If he had not his fellow men's esteem and regard before he was a D. D., the mere fact of some college giving him that degree will certainly not gain them for him. The only degree that really counts in the world is the one a man's own character and merit stamp upon him.

THE Clisophic Club seems to have brought the present brilliant season to an untimely end—or, rather it gradually brought itself to an end. The season was unusually long, and more than ordinarily interesting

and successful. An extra meeting is to be called in the near future to decide on the general subject for next season's study and discussion. It ought to be done very soon, if at all, lest the warm weather interfere. Or is it, perchance, the intention to have a special Fourth of July meeting and literary and social celebration of Independence Day? That could be made a great success, would be eminently appropriate, and more worthy of Lancaster than the usual celebration with nothing but noise and fire-works. Why not have it?

EVERY now and then we hear talk about pensioning public school teachers that have become superannuated, or lost their health in the public service. As yet, however, it has gone no further than talk. We wish it would, and that right speedily. We put the teachers' claim on precisely the same basis as the soldiers'. Both serve their country, and the one just as patriotically as the other, as faithfully, with as great self-sacrifice. A nation, such as ours, depends fully as much upon its public schools as upon its army. The work of the latter in times of war is no more essential to our safety and prosperity than is that of the former in times of peace. If we pension the soldier who has been disabled by his work, on what principle of right and justice do we deny such pension to the teacher whom his work has disabled? Moreover, how can we expect any one to take up teaching as a profession and permanent life-work if we neither pay him properly while in the service, nor assure him of anything but the prospect of the alms-house or charity after he is no longer fit for service? Of all people in the world justly entitled to a pension the worn-out or superannuated teacher is the one whose claim is clearest and strongest.

It is a significant and suggestive coincidence that never before has the Christian pulpit been more utterly corrupted and demoralized by every form of sensationalism than it is in the good old city of Philadelphia to day, while at the same time there has never before been grosser corruption and rottenness in that same city's financial circles and business life. There are great and good preachers there, but while their audiences are counted by hundreds or even only by scores, the churches where some clerical rhetorician, dramatic story-teller, and pulpit actor performs, are the ones that every Sunday are crowded with eager thousands. The preacher who furnishes most *entertainment* to his audience is the most popular preacher there to-day; that is, the one who least troubles the reason and conscience of his hearers. There may be no connection between this lamentable fact and the disgraceful financial scandals of the past few weeks; but, nevertheless, the one fact as much as the other

is a sad evidence of a deep-seated and wide-spread demoralization in the religious and ethical life of the community.

THE season of Commencements is once more upon us. If it were not too late, and in vain otherwise, we should like once more to appeal to all the host of prospective commencement essayists and orators to "make it short." No one expects the young graduate to know everything and to tell it all at once. No one expects him to solve the gravest problems in philosophy, theology, political science and what not, with which the most learned men of all time have been wrestling in vain for hundreds and thousands of years; why then expose your callow inexperience by trying to do such impossible things? There are plenty of subjects on which you are justly expected to know something. Tell us of them, simply, naturally, briefly. What a recent writer said to girl graduates is applicable to all, and is so true and good that we quote it here:

"Oh, my sweet girl graduates, if you only knew the virtue of brevity—how it compensates for mediocrity and sheds lustre on merit! If you only knew those laudable old rules in the Rhetoric—to cut out your adjectives and adverbs, to avoid redundant expressions, to stop when you have reached the climax!

"Then, if you could be a little funny sometimes; if you could appreciate how we long to relax our faces in a smile; if you could scold us less and coddle us more; if you could quote less from Dante and Homer and Virgil, whom we do not understand, and give us a familiar line from Longfellow or Mother Goose—oh, if you only could, girls!

"Then, if you would not refer to childhood as if it lay in the dim past—it is only yesterday to us old fogies; if you would revolt less against society's conventionalities; if you would kindly forget to draw a moral; if you would dwell less on the dangers of money—we crude listeners all long for it; if you would accept the United States Government as it is; oh, if you only would!"

OUR OUTING CLUBS.

There are probably not fewer than a dozen in our city, all of them getting ready to spend their week or two in camp during the next few months. Some of them are good, and some are not. All of them might be wholly and only good and beneficial if their members knew how to behave themselves. But the fact is that many, very many, people think that when they lay aside the cares of business and restraints of city society, manners, and dress, they must also lay aside all decency and common sense. For them the annual week in camp means an annual "spree," a week's indulgence in immoderate eating and intem-

perate drinking, besides other morally wrong conduct, such as they would probably never think of doing anywhere else or at any other time. We have known of highly respectable citizens, sober, pure, sensible and dignified at home, condescending to the most disreputable behavior, of which they ought to have been thoroughly ashamed, and excusing or justifying it all on the plea that they were "in camp" and could do what they pleased!

It is this that for a time made really respectable people look with suspicion upon all outing clubs. But we believe that time has passed. We know of at least two such clubs that allow no intoxicants of any kind to be brought into their camps; while we have reason to think that the tendency in most of the other leading clubs is steadily in the same direction, not to make their week of outing a grand debauch, but a season of genuine recreation and wholesome enjoyment.

For those who have this purpose in view there is no cheaper, healthier, and more thoroughly enjoyable way of spending a brief vacation than going into camp for a week or ten days in some quiet, retired spot, like, for example, York Furnace, in the midst of grand scenery, breathing the bracing mountain air so exhilarating with its pungent forest perfumes; drinking of the crystal spring-water, living on plain, wholesome food, sleeping on a rude cot, and for the time casting all care and thoughts of business utterly aside, surrendering one's whole self to nature and her recuperative influences.

We do not pretend to say that it is the best way. But we feel convinced that for the worker of average means, who cannot afford a cottage at the seashore, or a month at the high-priced mountain hotel, there is no better way practicable than to join one of our respectable camping clubs. In no other way known to us can he get as much genuine enjoyment and real rest for mind and body at as small an expense. We are specially favored by our location here at Lancaster. For right here in our magnificently cultivated county, only a dozen or two miles from the centre of our busy city, may be found glens and woodsy nooks as romantic as any in the Adirondacks; with natural scenery around as wild, picturesque and beautiful as any on the continent; and practically as retired and remote from civilization as any in the farthest western wilds.

We can specially recommend this method of recreation to the tired brain-worker. Nowhere can he get a more radical and wholesome change of environment and occupation. We believe a week's camping in our River Hills will do him more good than a month anywhere else. For nowhere can he more entirely lay aside all conventionalities, all restraints; get away from busy people, telegrams, newspapers, correspondence and books, and give himself so fully over to the

simple, passive enjoyment of Nature, and this is what he most needs; for Lowell is clearly right that

"Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes
The student's wiser business; the brain
That forages all climes to line its cells,
Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish,
Will not distil the juices it has sucked
To the sweet substance of pellucid thought,
Except for him who hath the secret learned
To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take
The winds into his pulses."

"HERESY!"

The theological atmosphere appears to be fairly surcharged with heresy, and rumors of heresy. It has broken out in a sulphurous storm over the Presbyterian fold, with Dr. Briggs as the heresiarch. Ominous mutterings have been started in the Episcopalian firmament by the zeal of an English "monk," who, some time ago came with bare-footed ostentation, to convert our godless America, and who has scented heresy in Dr. Heber Newton. Even Dr. Phillips Brooks is suspected of not being altogether "sound." Dr. Bridgman, pastor of a leading Baptist church in New York, has left that denomination because of heretical convictions, which, however, have not prevented his being confirmed and received into the Episcopal faith. Our Congregational brethren still have the Andover heresy on hand. While in many another corner of the vineyard there is unrest, suspicion and fear. We are happy to know, however, that up to the hour of our going to press at least there has been no one burned, unless forsooth, we take the will for the deed.

Perhaps we ought to be very sad about this whole matter. We have tried to be; but for the life of us we cannot. We are glad and full of rejoicing. For we cannot but look back and see how every similar theological storm in the past stirred up to freshness and wholesome activity the stagnant life of the church, cleared the atmosphere, and caused the sun of truth to shine forth more brightly and gloriously than before. We cannot forget how the heresies of Wyclif and Hus, of Luther and Zwingli and Calvin and Knox, mourned, deplored and anathematized in their time, revealed more and ever more of the truth, and mightily advanced the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

If anything were inclined to make us sad, it would be this, that after all this historical evidence and ecclesiastical experience of the past, there are still so many Christians who refuse to learn its lesson; still so many who are ready to put themselves in the position of those who then thought themselves the possessors of the whole truth and deemed it their duty to oppose and oppress as heretics those who ventured to think differently from them and dared to "search the

Scriptures" and interpret them independently of pope, synods, and creeds. It is indeed sad and humiliating to see the same pride of intellect and self-righteousness again manifesting themselves in the Church, forbidding any one to question their absolute correctness for all time; denying that the knowledge of the Truth is something that ever has been and ever must be growing, expanding, increasing; and seeking to retard that growth by violence and force, unmindful that

"Humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands,
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling faggots
burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

On the other hand, we sincerely rejoice because in the prevalent perturbation we recognize the growing-pains of the human mind. The whole trend of theological thought is in the direction of a needed readjustment of its facts and dogmas to bring them into harmony with newly discovered truth. And this is a sign of life and healthy activity.

With every new disclosure of fundamental truth such a readjustment has to be made in every system of human thought, to harmonize such systems with the new truth and then to harmonize them with one another. Now the discovery and formulation of the law or principle of evolution has had just this effect. One by one, after more or less struggle, all the various departments of knowledge have accepted and adapted themselves to it, first the physical sciences, then the psychological, philological, historical, and the other sciences. Theological science naturally strove longest against it; but now it, too, though slowly and reluctantly, is yielding to the inevitable, and is undergoing that internal reconstruction of principles and methods that is necessary to a full adjustment of itself to the newly-found law and to the other sciences, with all which it must be at least in approximate accord if it would live and maintain its hold on the life of man. Every unprejudiced student of events must see, it appears to us, that this is the simple and evident explanation of the whole trouble. We are growing, expanding, advancing. Shall we mourn on that account? Shall we not rather help along the process as best we can, each in his sphere, humbly confessing that our generation may have made some mistakes in our Scripture interpretation just as past generations did, and that there may be yet undreamed of gems of richest truth in the Word of God reserved for our future instruction and enlightenment? The more mistakes of ours or of our fathers are found out, the more clearly will God's truth appear; and the fuller the measure of truth we enjoy, the purer and loftier will be our religion. For every old and false

notion we may have to surrender, we will be compensated by the reception of a multitude of truer, better facts. It has been ever thus; and thus ever it shall be.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they."

MUSICAL MASTERS

BY E. PAULINE COOPER

II. GEORGE FREDERIC HÄNDEL.

"Music, the daughter rather than the imitator of nature, impelling us to pious thought by its solemn, mysterious accents, appeals directly to our feelings, and is mistress of our deepest emotions."

Another of the great classic masters is George Frederic Händel, the subject of our present paper. He was born at Halle, in Lower Saxony, early in 1685. His father, who was a surgeon and sixty-three years old at the birth of his son, was, like a good many old gentlemen of his day and ours, rather a slave to custom, and opposed to progress of any sort. He was what one writer calls an "immediate utilitarian," and when he heard his baby-boy attempting to utter musical sounds, he was so horrified that, as soon as the boy was old enough he at once commenced educating him for the law; thus putting an end to what was then considered such a useless employment as music. However, the boy's talent was God-given, and, like the God in us all, soon made a way for itself in spite of hindrances. He found means to smuggle a dumb spinet, or one the sound of which is deadened by bands of cloth, into his garret, and there, while the rest of the family were quietly sleeping, did the young musician's soul toil away at its divine task. Having been taken by his father to the court of the Duke of Saxe-Missenfelds, where an elder brother was employed as valet-de-chambre, he got a chance to play upon the chapel organ. The Duke, not recognizing the style of his organist, made inquiries, and, learning who he was, he lectured the old doctor upon the crime of stifling so much talent, in such a masterful way, that the astonished old gentleman hadn't a word of reply. Before the latter left the court, he was so thoroughly convinced of the error of his ways that, immediately upon their arrival home, the wishes of the young genius were satisfied, and he was allowed to study with Zackau, the cathedral organist at Halle. They analyzed together a vast collection of German and Italian music, and every week the child, who was then between the ages of eight and nine, was required to compose a sacred motet or cantata. During this time he was practicing diligently upon the harpsichord, the violin, the organ, and above all, the hautboy, of which he was particularly fond. Händel would often take his teacher's place at the organ on Sunday morning, leaving Zackau, who was fond of a good déjeuner, more time for his harmless pleasure. Upon Zackau's honest confession that his pupil knew more than himself, Händel went to Berlin. It was here that the jealous Buononcini composed a cantata filled with difficulties with which he hoped to cause Händel's downfall. But the latter played this formidable cantata at sight as if it had been a mere bagatelle. Here he was

recognized as a prodigy, and the elector offered to send him to Italy to study. His father objected to his being attached to a foreign court, and brought him home rather hastily, where he resumed his studies with Zackau, studying all the more assiduously since he had gained a notion of his superiority and power. In 1703 he went to Hamburgh, where he met the talented young musician Mattheson, with whom he soon struck up a vigorous friendship. We all know the story of the duel which came near ending so tragically, the button on Händel's coat being the good angel that saved the life of the future composer of the Messiah.

It was about this time that Händel began writing his operas concerning which so few people know anything, as they are no longer produced, and we, consequently, have no opportunities for hearing them. Schœlcher considers some of the airs in his operas as fine as anything he ever wrote.

But I am taking too much space and must proceed, barely mentioning his journey to Italy where he visited Venice, Florence, Naples and Rome. Failing to find employment there, he proceeded to Hanover, where he remained rather less than a year, when he left that place for England, arriving in London in 1710. Here he wrote and produced most of his operas. Between the years 1710 and 1720 he wrote thirteen chamber duets, twelve cantatas, the Utrecht Te Deum and Jubilate, the famous Water Music, an early oratorio called The Passion, the two Chandos Te Deums and the twelve Chandos anthems (he was part of this time chapel master to the Duke of Chandos) *L'Intes de pieces pour le Clavier*, a number of operas, etc., etc., there seems to be no end to the fertility of his genius. About this time the London world was split into two powerful factions, those devoted to Händel, and the followers of an Italian composer Signor Buononcini; it was with this violently opposed party that Händel had his future troubles, becoming bankrupt twice through their mean-spirited actions. Through it all, the grand old composer never lost heart, and, though sorely tried, he never compromised his dignity and lofty character.

In 1741 he sought relief from his troubles in Ireland; here, in Dublin, in the following year was composed and rendered the magnificent oratorio of the Messiah. Elise Polko's Musical Sketches are fanciful and imaginative, but who can help loving them, and dreaming with her, that the beautiful woman who sang "Redemptor meus vivit" with such sincerity, and in whose place, at the conclusion of the oratorio, lay a large, pure lily, was one of God's angel's sent to aid the Master in this truly holy work! Who, that have heard the Messiah, have not felt like joining with superhuman strength in the Hallelujah chorus? How majestically rolls the theme "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and how surely peals the echoing "Hallelujah" from the lips of the chorus of rejoicing ones. The touching air "He was despised" was written with the tears of the composer falling upon the manuscript, and the great world-sorrow that is told in that wondrously beautiful music can never fail to rouse man's deepest, holiest sympathies.

Händel returned to England in August of 1742. Other orations followed the Messiah in quick succession. His celerity of composition is unparalleled. Joseph, Semele, Samson, Saul, Belshazzar, Deborah and Judas Maccabeus, interspersed with such works

as the Dettingen Te Deum and Anthem, Hercules, the Occasional Oratorios, Fireworks Music, etc. During this time his eyesight was failing rapidly, and after submitting three times to a very painful operation, he became quite blind. Shortly after, at the performance of Samson, after the touching air, "Total eclipse," expressive of the grief of the sightless Samson, his feelings overcame him, he turned pale and trembled, and when led forward to receive the applause of the audience his sorrows were so perceptible as to move many to tears. In April of 1759, after hearing a last performance of the Messiah, he went home to die. "He lingered until Good Friday, a day when he had expressed a wish to die, and on that day, the anniversary of the first performance of the Messiah, he put on immortality."

Händel's immortal compositions are better than any written eulogy. Among the number are his nineteen English oratorios, his thirty-nine Italian operas, his great organ concertos, Te Deums, anthems, Psalms, chamber duets and trios; his works altogether numbering one hundred and twenty-two. "One feels amazed at that mountain of noble things piled up by a single hand," especially considering the many difficulties with which he contended. He was a most indefatigable worker; for example, the air "How Beautiful," in the Messiah, was rewritten four times. His style above all else is grand, impressive. One feels the religious dignity and power of music in listening to his oratorios. The "universality of his genius" is another point I would mention. "He is the father of us all," said Hayden, and "lyrical Beethoven" called him the "monarch of the musical kingdom."

His violent temper was one of his faults; but after every outburst he would do his best to atone for what pain he had caused. One writer relates how, when Signora Arzzoni refused to sing the air from Otho, "Falca Imagine," he flew at her, and seizing her slight form with his powerful hand, held her out of the window till she, dizzy and terrified, promised to sing anything he wished. Victor Schoelcher says, as to his character, that "George Frederick Händel has done honor to music at least as much by the nobility of his character as by the sublimity of his genius." He was ever proud and intrepid, and disdained stooping so much as an inch toward ill-gotten gains. In his poverty he was charitable and generous, and one thinks of him always as tall and kinglike, holding his proud head high above earth's blackness and working through his mighty genius for the good of all toward the Infinity where

"Earth's insufficiency
Grows to event."

And thus we leave this mighty monarch of music, secure in the Pantheon of Fame where "all the statues are molded in bronze by the hand of the Great Artisan himself, for the eternal delight and instruction of humanity."

NATURE IN HEBREW POETRY.

A very interesting illustration of the development of idea, the broadening and deepening conception of life which, with character, forms the highest achievement of humanity, is to be found in the enlargement of the thought of Nature discoverable in literature.

The three great themes of literature are God, Man, and Nature. About these fundamental conceptions all thought has organized itself, and in them all the arts have their roots. The real history of the world has not been written in dynasties, constitutions, campaigns, and diplomacy; it is to be found in the record of changes of thought concerning these dominant facts. Religions of all kinds have had their origin in conceptions of Deity; and as these conceptions have changed, religious reformations or revolutions have followed. Every form of government has represented an idea of man; and as that idea has changed, governmental overturnings and reconstructions have registered the change. The real difference between monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy is a difference not only of form but of idea; a difference of conception of the character and position of man in the world.

As a middle ground between God and man Nature has been an object of intense interest to men. Her function and influence in the making of civilization and its arts have already been indicated; hardly less important has been her appeal to the intelligence and imagination and the interpretation of her being which different ages and races have accepted. The Hebrew regarded Nature in a profoundly religious spirit, as the garment of Deity; he hardly paused to reflect upon the impressive phenomena which he saw about him, or to receive the full disclosure of their beauty, because through them, as through an open window, his eye sought and found God. In the Book of Job the sublimest aspects of Nature are brought before the mind with a majesty and vividness never paralleled in later literature, but one hardly perceives that he is looking at Nature, so near and awful is the presence of God. These appalling visions of cloud and storm hold one's attention only as the mist through which the mountain is swiftly breaking into view.

The 104th Psalm is perhaps the most adequate and impressive picture of the universe that has ever been made, and it breathes the very genius of the Hebrew race:

"Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;
Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh winds his messengers;
His ministers a flaming fire;
Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved for ever,
Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture;
The waters stood above the mountains.
At thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away;
They went up by the mountains, they went down by the valleys,
Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.

He appointed the moon for seasons;
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night;
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
The sun ariseth, they get them away,
And lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labor until the evening.

These wait all upon thee,
That thou mayest give them their meat in due season."

The sustained sublimity of this poetry is matched only in the Book of Job, and in the words of that prophet of glowing imagination, Isaiah. These great spirits hardly see Nature at all, so near and real is God to them; all visible things are but a mist between them and the Invisible, are but a flowing stream rushing from His hand. "Break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest and every tree therein," says Isaiah in an ecstasy of adoration. The limitation of this poetry as a representation of Nature lies in the fact that Nature is in a way lost in God; it is all profoundly true; infinitely deeper and truer than a great deal of modern thought about Nature; and yet, while it remains unapproached as an expression of the thought of God in Nature, the very clearness and majesty with which it sets forth this thought relegates Nature to a secondary place, and makes her an illustration instead of a theme.

There are two ways of bringing the thought of God to the imagination: by making Nature a transparent medium which is consumed in the vision of deity and rolled away like a curtain; and by dwelling upon and spreading out the glory of the visible world with all its phenomena, its forces, its laws, its majestic harmony, and its perfect adjustment of parts so that a deep and beautiful sense of the infinity of divine resource and range and beauty is borne in upon the soul. The first method was that of the Hebrew poets; it consumes the symbol in searching for its truth; the very earth goes up in flame before the presence of the Lord. There is another and not less spiritual way, which deepens and broadens the impression of Nature until it is pervaded by the consciousness of an unseen presence. The garden is not consumed; it blooms with a beauty deep as the soul of man, and at the eventide God walks in it. This is the poetry of Nature; the Hebrew poetry, notwithstanding the glory with which it crowns Nature for the moment, was the poetry of God. The idea of God shines through Hebrew literature and gives it its unique place. In the development and illustration of that idea it remains unapproached. To that idea all other ideas are subordinated; in the endeavor to receive that idea, and give it fit utterance, the Hebrew genius was absorbed. It was left to other literatures to conceive of Nature as distinct from God, and yet instinct with divine force, radiant with divine beauty, and so charged with divine truth that it becomes a new revelation. There is, perhaps, a clearer and calmer impression in the modern than in the Hebrew use of nature; there is, perhaps, as much to be learned from the deep, patient, reverential study of Nature as from the swift intuition which leaped at once from all natural phenomena to God. There is a mood to which the Hebrew was a stranger: the mood which is born of open-minded fellowship with Nature—

"That blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened; that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

—Hamilton W. Mabie in *Christian Union*.

A HUMMING-BIRD STUDY.

In a study of a humming-bird, in the June *Atlantic*, Bradford Torrey describes the humming-bird's feeding, and training of its young for a first flight. He says:

At seven o'clock, when I made my second visit, the mother was in the midst of another day's hard work. Twice within five minutes she brought food to the nestling. Once the little fellow—not so very little now—happened to be facing east, while the old bird alighted, as she had invariably done, on the western side. The youngster, instead of facing about, threw back his head and opened his beak. "Look out, there!" exclaimed my fellow-observer; "you'll break his neck if you feed him in that way." But she did not mind. Young birds' necks are not so easily broken. Within ten minutes of this time she fed number one, giving him three doses. They were probably small, however, (and small wonder), for he begged hard for more, opening his bill with an appealing air. The action in this case was particularly well seen, and the vehement jerking, while the beaks were glued together, seemed almost enough to pull the young fellow's head off. Within another ten minutes the mother was again ministering to number two! Poor little widow! Between her incessant labors of this kind and her overwhelming anxiety whenever any strange bird came near, I began to be seriously alarmed for her. As a member of a strictly American family, she was in a fair way, I thought, to be overtaken by the "most American of diseases,"—nervous prostration. It tired me to watch her.

With us, and perhaps with her likewise, it was a question whether number two would remain in the nest for the day. He grew more and more restless; as my companion—a learned man—expressed it, he began to "ramp round." Once he actually mounted the rim of the nest, a thing which his more precocious brother had never been seen to do, and stretched forward to pick at a neighboring stem. Late that afternoon the mother fed him five times within an hour, instead of once an hour, or thereabouts, as had been her habit three weeks before. She meant to have him in good condition for the coming event; and he, on his part, was active to the same end,—standing upon the wall of the nest again and again, and exercising his wings till they made a cloud about him. A dread of launching away still kept him back, however, and shortly after seven o'clock I found him comfortably disposed for the night. "He is now on his twenty-first day (at least) in the nest. To-morrow will see him go." So end my day's notes.

Twenty-four hours later, as I stood in the orchard, I heard a hum of wings, and found the mother over my head. Presently she flew into the top of the tree, and the next instant was sitting beside one of the young ones. His hungry mouth was already wide open, but before feeding him she started up from the twig, and circled about him so closely as almost or quite to touch him with her wings. On completing the circle she dropped upon the perch at his side, but immediately rose again, and again flew round him. It was a beautiful act—beautiful beyond the power of any words of mine to set forth; an expression of maternal ecstasy, I could not doubt, answering to the rapturous caresses and endearments in which

mothers of human infants are so frequently seen indulging. Three days afterward, to my delight, I saw it repeated in every particular, as if to confirm my opinion of its significance. The sight repaid all my watchings thrice over, and even now I feel my heart growing warm at the recollection of it. Strange thoughtlessness, is it not, which allows mothers capable of such passionate devotion, tiny, defenseless things, to be slaughtered by the million for the enhancement of woman's charms!

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

BY M. E. ZAHM.

Stars with golden feet are wand'ring
Hushed and anxious high o'erhead,
Lest they wake the fair earth, sleeping
In Night's lap—her downy bed.

Silent stand the listening forests,
Every leaf and emerald ear—
While the hills, so softly dreaming,
Shadow arms stretch far and near.

Ah, that sound! my heart fast beating,
Drinks those echoing tones that fall.
Is it thy voice, heart's beloved,
Or the nightingale's sweet call?

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 diocesan convention meets on June 9th, at Wilkesbarre, Pa. The diocese will be entertained by St. Stephen's parish, of which the Rev. Henry L. Jones is the efficient pastor.

Mr. White, the new organist, has begun work. It is encouraging to place on record the great satisfaction which thus far he has given to the whole congregation. Mr. White will, in the fall, solicit pupils in vocal and instrumental music. He takes up his residence in Lancaster about July 1.

The rector of St. James's church desires to express his thanks to the gentlemen who made response to his open communication for books for the prison library. It is gratifying to state that the library is now assured.

St. James's chapel has received many valuable articles of furniture during the past year. The beautiful brass cross and brass alms-basins and handsomely embroidered altar-hangings are among the list. A recent gift is the altar-hanging for Trinity season, the gift of Mrs. D. McMullen.

MORAVIAN.

The Sunday-school has decided to pic-nic at Penryn Park on Wednesday, July 22.

The regular sessions of Sunday-school from now on until September will begin at 9 o'clock on Sunday mornings.

The Joint Meeting of Circles of King's Sons and Daughters, held in our Hall on Thursday evening, May 28th, was a very pronounced success. The circles of this church had invited all members of the Order in the city to be present, and many came, representatives

from various churches being there and taking part. The meeting opened with brief devotional exercises, presided over by the Rev. Chas. L. Fry, during which the Order's badges were formally bestowed on a number of new members. Reports were made by the various secretaries of the work engaged in by each circle; and the rest of the evening was delightfully passed in social converse, playing games, music, etc. The next Joint Meeting will be held June 25th.

At the instigation of the Huss Circle of King's Sons a Sunday-school orchestra and also a mandolin, banjo and guitar club, have been organized, and have commenced practicing regularly. They are composed of good material, and are bound to succeed.

A large number of our members expect to attend the Mission Festival of the Second District at Lititz, on June 10th. The following is the programme: 10 A. M., in church, Missionary Sermon by Bro. J. Max Hark; 2 P. M., at the springs, addresses by the Brethren La Trobe, of the Unity's Elders Conference at Herrnhut, H. Gerdson, of Lebanon, and Edward Greider, of the West Indies; evening, in church: addresses by the Brethren S. J. Blum, of Philadelphia, describing his visit to the Leper Home at Jerusalem, Edward Wollé, of Philadelphia, and others.

The Peter Böhler Circle of King's Daughters will give a "Lemon Party" in the garden to the rear of the Edison Electric Light Co., next to the parsonage, on the evening of June 23d.

The Misses Bitner and their friends are making preparations for a novelty in the shape of a "Butterfly Fete," to be given during the late summer on their beautiful lawn on Marietta avenue, for the benefit of the Improvement Fund.

Miss Mary Marsch, an active member of our Sunday-school, and of the Peter Böhler Circle of King's Daughters, though belonging to the congregation at Hopedale, Pa., has offered herself and been accepted to go into the mission work among the Indians at Potraro as assistant to Brother Weinland. Our best wishes and prayers go with her. She leaves for Potraro about the end of this month.

METHODIST.

A distinctly denominational monthly journal in the interests of the Methodist churches of Lancaster county, is soon to be published, with Dr. McConnell, pastor of Duke Street M. E. church, as editor. We wish our prospective contemporary all success, and hope to be able to say of it, as did a brother recently in introducing a fellow minister to an audience: "It is strictly Methodist, but with a decided leaning towards Christianity!"

PRESBYTERIAN.

First.—The Sacrament of the Lords Supper will be administered on the morning of June 7th. Preparatory services will be held Wednesday and Friday evenings previous.

"Children's Day" will be observed on Sabbath morning, June 14th; an interesting programme is now in preparation by the Sabbath School.

Dr. Cooper, of the St. Louis Presbytery, occupied the pulpit morning and evening May 24th, the pastor having been called to Philadelphia to visit his son, Dr. James Mitchell.

Mrs. Layyah Barakat's illustrated lecture in the Chapel Thursday evening, May 26th, giving a picture

of life and customs in Syria, was a rare treat and highly appreciated by a good-sized audience.

Memorial.—"Children's Day" will be observed with appropriate exercises on the evening of June 14th.

Rev. Geo. Robinson, former pastor of the Presbyterian church and founder of the Memorial church, now Chaplain in the U. S. army and stationed in Texas, will preach on the morning of June 14th, and also assist in the celebration of "Children's Day" in the evening.

Rev. Thomas Thompson's resignation will take effect the last Sunday in June. He has been pastor eight years.

REFORMED.

St. Paul's.—The Sunday-school will celebrate its 42d anniversary on the second Sabbath in June. The pastor will preach the fourth anniversary sermon of his pastorate on the first Sabbath morning in July.

At the Whit-Sunday communion eighteen persons were received into the church—making sixty-four additions. During the year thirty-four members have been received by letter from Reformed churches. These are persons who have come to Lancaster from different parts of the State.

The Junior Missionary Society and Y. P. A. gave the monthly literary and musical exercises with refreshments on the last Friday evening of May. A very large audience was in attendance, and greatly enjoyed the occasion.

The pastor preached the annual sermon to the G. A. R. at Hummelstown, Pa., delivered the Memorial Day oration at the Millersville Normal School, and will preach the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class at Linden Hall Seminary, June 16th.

The Sunday-school and congregation will spend a day in the woods, going to Rocky Springs on the 9th of July.

NORMAL NOTES.

The Y. W. C. T. U. reception to the teachers and students of the Normal on May 23, was a delightful affair. The guests were received by the officers of the Union, Miss Landes, Miss Barnhart, Miss Hunter, Miss Wike, Miss Macrae and Miss Barr. The reception was held in the chapel and refreshments were served in the rooms back of that. The decorations consisted of flags, fancy lamps, plants and flowers. The school orchestra furnished music during the evening.

The Page anniversary on Friday, May 29, was a grand success. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, of Washington, D. C., who was to be president, was kept away by sickness and Hon. Marriott Brosius, of Lancaster, presided over the meeting; Miss Bertha I. Collins, of Millersville, was secretary; Mr. H. K. Denlinger, of Princeton, N. J., was Page orator and Hon. John M. Reynolds, of Bedford, Pa., was honorary orator; Miss Ada S. Williams, of Philadelphia, was reciter.

A beautiful Memorial Day service was held on the campus on May 30th. The orator was Rev. J. W. Meminger, of Lancaster.

An excellent programme was presented by the Normal Society to a large audience on Saturday evening, May 30th. The subject of debate was "Resolved, That American patriotism is on the decline."

A beautiful large photograph of Dr. Wickersham has been placed in the public office.

The seniors chosen by the faculty to represent the class on Commencement Day are, as follows: Mr. J. M. Ressler, Ronks, Pa., will be valedictorian; Miss E. Mae Bickham, Honey Brook, Pa., will be salutatorian; Mr. G. W. Billett, Andersontown, Pa., will deliver the Normal Oration; Miss Euphan W. Macrae, Delaplane, Va., will deliver the Wickersham Oration, and to deliver orations the following have been selected: Mr. Charles P. Wiles, Lewistown, Md.; Mr. J. M. Mullan, Fort London, Pa.; Mr. W. H. Piper, Lydia, Md.; Mr. G. W. Bickel, Easton, Pa.; Mr. H. W. Weidner, Idaville, Pa.; Mr. J. M. Landis, Dover, Pa.; Mr. J. B. Stauffer, Millersville, Pa.; Miss Lila Beard, Westminster, S. C.; Miss Mary S. Scofield, Strasburg, Pa.; Miss Anna L. Barr, Lititz, Pa.; Miss Minnie Freudenberg, Tamaqua, Pa.; Miss Bessie Templin, Norristown, Pa.; Miss May Oppenheim, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Miss Maybert Hunter, Carbondale, Pa.

OUR COLLEGE.

The "college honors" have been assigned, as follows: The Marshall Oration, which is the first honor in scholarship, and the Valedictory, which is granted for excellence in writing and speaking, were assigned to Mr. W. H. Keller, of Bellefonte, Pa. These two honors are, therefore, united for the present year. The Franklin Oration, which is the second honor in scholarship, was awarded to Mr. Thomas H. Leinbach, of Leinbachs, Pa., and the Salutatory, the third honor in scholarship, to Mr. A. C. Rotharmel, of Fleetwood, Pa.

The following schedule of exercises has been arranged for commencement week:

June 14. Baccalaureate Sermon in College Chapel by President Stahr.

June 15. Junior Oratorical Contest in College Chapel at 8 P. M.

June 16. Meeting of the Board of Trustees in First Reformed church at 2 P. M. Class Day Exercises on the College campus at 3 P. M. Address before the Literary Societies, by Hon. Wm. L. Wilson, of W. Va., in the Court House, at 8 P. M. Subject: "College and State."

June 17. Society Reunions at 8 A. M. Alumni meeting in College chapel at 10 A. M. Alumni Dinner in the Gymnasium at 12:30. Address before the Alumni Association in the College chapel by Hon. John Blair Linn, of Bellefonte, Pa., at 8 P. M.

June 18. Commencement in the College chapel at 9 A. M.

OLD BOOKS.

A thresher prime is Father Time;
When harvest loads his wain,
He beats the hollow husks aside
And hoards the golden grain.

A winnower is Father Time;
The chaff he blows away;
The sweetest seed he treasures up
For many a year and day.

Oh, very wise is Father Time!
His flail is tried and true,
I love the garnered pile of books
He's winnowed through and through.
—Selma W. Paine.

THE LAST RESERVATION.

"The removal of Sitting Bull and his tribe was successfully accomplished. A squaw of the tribe, made desperate by the removal, killed her baby and committed suicide."—*Associated Press Dispatch.*

Sullen and dull in the September day,
On the bank of the river,
They waited the boat that should bear them away
From their poor homes forever.

For progress strides on, and the order had gone
To these wards of the Nation,
"Give us land and more room," was the cry, "and move on
To the next reservation."

With her babe, she looked back at the home 'neath the trees
From which they were driven;
Where the smoke of the last camp-fire, borne on the breeze,
Rose slowly toward heaven.

Behind her, fair fields, and the forest and glade—
The home of her nation;
Around her, the gleam of the bayonet and blade
Of civilization.

Clasping close to her bosom the small, dusky form,
With tender caressing,
She bent down, on the cheek of her babe soft and warm
A mother's kiss pressing.

There's a splash in the river—the column moves on,
Close-guarded and narrow,
With hardly more note of the two that are gone
Than the fall of a sparrow.

Only an Indian! wretched, obscure,
To refinement a stranger,
And a babe that was born in a wigwam as poor
And rude as a manger.

Moved on—to make room for the growth in the West
Of a brave Christian nation;
Moved on—and, thank God, forever at rest
In the last reservation!

—Walter Learned.

Local Lore.

THE JULIANA LIBRARY AND ITS CATALOGUE.

A SUPPLEMENTAL CHAPTER.

BY F. R. DIFFENDERFFER.

There is nothing like investigation and discussion to bring out facts. Once the work is fairly entered upon, there is no telling where and when it will end. Especially is this the case at the present time when almost every second man has a keen nose for historical research, and when the secrets of centuries are dragged from their obscurity and brought to the light of every-day scrutiny.

When the third article of this series was put into the hands of the editor of this monthly, a few weeks ago, nothing was more remote from the mind of the writer than that he would ever again pen a single word concerning the Juliana Library. But the unexpected has once more turned up and a supplemental chapter seems to be demanded to make the early history of this treasure-house of instruction and information complete.

The way all this has come about is as follows: The former articles were read by a student with an antiquarian turn of mind at that well known institution

of learning, Nazareth Hall, at Nazareth, in this State. Shortly after he was making some investigations in the library of that school, when a thin, unbound quarto volume came to his hands. He opened its pages, and in an instant discovered that it was a complete copy, in excellent condition, of the Juliana Library Catalogue, a book I had ventured to doubt the very existence of. But here it is, complete from title-page to colophon, bright and fresh, little showing the effects of time and usage. The blank pages are almost as white as on the day the little book was made. With it before us we have it in our power to complete, to a certain extent, the story of this library.

Our description of the contents of the Catalogue broke off with "Gordon's Geographical Grammar," among the octavos, at the foot of page 40. Not one-half the books owned by the Library were referred to. The little book runs to 56 pages, and all the missing ones save two were devoted to the list of books. The octavos number 199, more even than the duodecimos. I proceed to enumerate a few of the principal ones: Number 114 is "Kennett's Antiquities of Rome," "Gay's Tables," 127 and 128 is an English translation of De Solis' "History of the Conquest of Mexico;" 121 is a translation of "Longinus on the Sublime;" next to it stands "Barclay's Apology;" 155 is "The Antiquities of Palmyra;" 157 to 159 inclusive takes in "Middleton's Life of Cicero;" "The Life of Frederick the Third, King of Prussia" is denoted by 181. The next number 182 is "Egede's Description and Natural History of Greenland;" the purchase of this book appears in the fragment of the Treasurer's account, which is still extant, the price having been £1 3s; the last of the octavos, No. 199, is "Martin's Essay on Visual Glasses."

The first place among the duodecimos is an edition of Shakespeare, in eight volumes. The old British Essayists are all represented, "The Connoisseur," "The Tatler," "The Spectator," and also an edition of Addison's other writings, "The Censor," "The Guardian," "The Rambler" and "The Adventurer." Pope's Homer in ten volumes carries the catalogue from No. 39 to 49. Many other well known books are here: "Doddsley's Collection," "Dean Swift's Works" in nine volumes, "Hervey's Meditations," "Locke's Treatises on Government," "Colden's History of the Five Nations," "Young's Night Thoughts," "Rollins' Roman History." Richardson is represented by Sir Charles Grandison only, but Fielding by Tom Jones, Amelia and his Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon, Fenelon, Fontenelle and Rabelais are all present in translations. There are also four volumes of "Select Trials at the Sessions-House, in the Old Baily." Milton's writings, a history of Louis XIV and several geographical gazetteers also find a place. The last volume enumerated is "The Dispensary," a poem in six cantos, by Dr. Garth.

We are now in a position to estimate pretty closely the size of the library. As given in their Catalogue, the books were divided as follows:

Folios	65
Quartos	58
Octavos	199
Duodecimos	188
	—
	510

Five hundred and ten volumes in the year 1766. The Library seems then to have been in the full tide

of success. Until the rupture with the mother country came along ten years later, we may be permitted to believe, was its highest period of prosperity. As five hundred volumes had been collected during the first seven years of its existence, it is very reasonable to suppose that three hundred more may have been accumulated during the succeeding ten years. This would make a total of eight hundred volumes in the Library at the period of its greatest prosperity. That is the number I assigned to it ten years ago, long before these catalogues came to light to confirm the conjecture. On the whole, we may regard this as an excellent showing for a small provincial town one hundred and twenty years ago. It is a record to be proud of, all the more so because a majority of the men were either Germans or descendants of Germans, a people who in this State have so often and so unjustly been charged with indifference to education and culture.

But we are not quite done with our catalogue. On pages 55 and 56 is "A List of Philosophical Instruments, &c., belonging to the Juliana Library Company." It is fully as interesting as the lists of books, and we give it a place to complete our record.

A small Orrery or Planetarium, being a curious astronomical machine, made to represent the motion of the planets, and their revolutions about the sun, as their center; according to the Copernican system. (Given by the Right Honorable Lady Juliana Penn.)

A pair of compleat Globes, of a new construction, with many useful and valuable improvements, never before published. (Given by the Honorable Thomas Penn, Esq.)

A pair of Globes, terrestrial and celestial, sixteen inches diameter each, fixed in a neat frame or horizon, and supplied with a brass Meridian, and Quadrant of Altitude.

A Reflecting, or Catoptric Telescope, in brass, eighteen inches long, fixed on a neat brass swivel and stand.

A Reflecting Telescope, in shagreen, two feet long, fixed on a neat brass swivel, and mahogany stand. (Given by the Honorable Thomas Penn, Esq.)

A Double Solar Microscope, in brass, with a curious variety of objects in frames, and an Apparatus for examining Liquids, &c., all preserved in a shagreen case.

A Camera Obscura, done in mahogany, with a Plane Speculum, and a Draw-Tube, with two Lens's; fitted also with an Apparatus for viewing Prints; to which belongs a number of fine Prospects.

A Magic Lanthorn, of the best kind, with a number of Images painted on glass, and fixed in sliders.

A large and curious sett of Mathematical Instruments, in a shagreen case.

Godfrey's (commonly called Hadley's) new invented Sea-Quadrant, neatly mounted in ebony and ivory.

Fahrenheit's Mercurial Thermometer, in a neat mahogany case.

A Torricellian Barometer, of the best kind, in a mahogany case, neatly carved and ornamented.

Everard's best Sliding or Gauging Rule.

A Forestaff of mahogany.

A Nocturnal of the best contrivance.

Hull's Instrument for trying the purity of Alloys in Gold, with a sett of directions.

An Ostrich's Egg, preserved in a neat turned case.

An Artificial Magnet, of great power. [Made and given by Dr. William Henry, one of the Directors of the Library.]

Some curious Mines, Minerals, and Fossils. [Given by the Reverend Mr. Barton, one of the Directors of the Library.]

[An Electrical Apparatus, on the model of the ingenious Messieurs. Franklin and Kinnersly, will be added as soon as possible.]

By means of this complete catalogue, I am also enabled to state the extent of Lady Juliana Penn's benefactions to this Library. As I have already shown it was not only named after her, but the Directors in their somewhat obsequious dedication speak of the "generous benefaction" with which her ladyship honored the Library. This catalogue shows she donated one octavo volume and the orrery, the volume being explanatory of the latter. Also the folio Bible in three volumes, spoken of earlier. But this latter was only published in 1770, four years after the catalogue was printed, and could not therefore be counted among her gifts at that time. Her husband, Thomas Penn, seems to have done more for the Library than his wife after whom it was named. I find he gave one folio volume, two quartos and two octavos, five in all, besides a two foot telescope and a pair of globes. On the whole, therefore, I am unable to consider Lady Penn as such a bountiful benefactress of the Library named in her honor. She could not well have done less for it—she might have done much more. It is barely possible that the benefactions spoken of were in the shape of money.

Following the above comes this

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The Directors request the favor of the members to be punctual in making their annual payments, that the affairs of the Library may be carried on with the more success and credit.

They are likewise requested, when they take out books, to be careful in returning them within the time limited by the laws, and to keep them covered with paper, while they have the use of them, that they may be preserved from being sullied or defaced, in which case they cannot be received, which subjects the person who abuses them to pay for the whole sett.

And here we bid adieu to this very interesting little book and the noble institution in which it had its origin. When, in 1876, the Government Bureau of Education endeavored to give a history of this library, all it knew about it was compressed into exactly twelve lines; and in these there were nearly as many errors as lines. It began as follows, speaking of the libraries of Pennsylvania in the order of their founding: "A third library, dating from 1770, is the Juliana Library, in Lancaster, established by Thomas Penn, one of the proprietaries, and named by him after his wife. But this, probably, cannot be classified among the subscription libraries. * * * *

There is little to show that the library ever had any other impetus than that given by the original founder." This shows how very little beyond its name was known of the Juliana Library fifteen years ago. The discovery of the charter led to investigation, and this in due time resulted in bringing to light the few remaining, but mutilated manuscript records of the Library, and now of the complete Catalogue. The

time and labor the writer has bestowed on bringing about a fuller knowledge of this institution have brought with them their own best reward, the pleasure of clearing away the mists of tradition and giving to the literary history of this Commonwealth the true and full story of the Juliana Library, and how great and genuine that pleasure has been only the writer knows.

A CHAPTER OF EPHRATA HISTORY.*

THE PILGRIMAGE TO NEW ENGLAND IN 1744.

BY JULIUS F. SACHSE, ESQ.

I.

One of the most noteworthy events in the history of the Ephrata community was the extended pilgrimage, in the fall of 1744, of the Prior and three brethren to the Sabbatarian communities as far east as Connecticut and Rhode Island.

The strained relations between Beissel and the Prior increased from day to day, and there can be but little doubt that the Prior conceived the pilgrimage for purposes of his own, which did not appear upon the surface; however, when he made his desire known to the Superintendent, adding that possibly a short absence would tend to heal their differences, Beissel at once gave his consent to the scheme, and in addition suggested that he take Brothers Jephune (Samuel Eckerling), Timotheus (Alexander Mack) and Jabez (Peter Miller), as his traveling companions, Beissel in the meantime attending to the Prior's duties at the religious meetings during his absence.

These brethren were selected with special reference to their fitness, to ensure the success of the pilgrimage as well as the welfare and comfort of the participants themselves. Onesimus the Prior represented the Zionitic Brotherhood and theosophists of the community; Timotheus, a son of the founder of the German Baptists, represented the secular congregation and Baptists (Täufer) in general; Jephune, mystic and astrologer, was the physician of the party and was responsible for their physical welfare; while Brother Jabez was the representative theologian and acted as interpreter for the party.

The preparations for the pilgrimage were soon made, all that was requisite being an extra sole under their woolen sandals, a sharp iron at the end of their "pilgerstab," and a day's provisions, in addition to a copy of the Weyrauch's Hügel, and a few Theosophische Episteln.

These simple preparations being complete, a solemn love-feast was held in the Saal of Zion, on Friday night, September 31st, when the bread was broken, and blessings invoked upon the pilgrims. These services lasted until far into the night, and even the hours between the midnight prayers and the breaking morn were passed in prayer and supplication. On the next morning, being the Sabbath, the pilgrims were present at the meeting of the congregation, after which they started upon their long journey accompanied for a short distance by many of the Brotherhood.

Once fairly upon their way they walked, as was their custom, silently in single file, the road being selected which led through the German settlements in eastern

*From the History of the Ephrata Community in preparation by the author.

Lancaster county, to Churchtown, thence northeastward towards their English brethren of the faith at Nantmill, in Chester county, where a stop was made, and several meetings held. From the Falls of French Creek the road was taken which led through Coventry, where visits were made and services held among the many German families of that vicinity. From here the journey led across the Schuylkill to the German settlements scattered along the Reading roadside to Germantown, where a somewhat lengthy stop was made with Conrad Nathäi Seelig, and the Brother mystics on the Wissahickon. The rest of the journey to the city was uneventful. Here, after a short sojourn at the house of William Jung, the Philadelphia agent of the community, and visits to their brethren of the faith in the city, and on the Pennepack, the four pilgrims started fairly on their journey to a new and distant country. They attracted no lack of attention as they slowly plodded their way northeastward, crossing the Neshaminy at the falls, and thence by way of Caryell's ferry into New Jersey. At Amwell, in Hunterdon county, a somewhat lengthy stop was made, as the converts made there some six years before still kept up their organization, and considered themselves a branch of the parent community at Ephrata.* After leaving the brethren in Amwell they took up their journey through the pines and dunes towards the ocean. Their path led for miles through the unbroken forest, where often for hours the monotony was only broken by the note of a bird, or some creeping reptile in their path. Houses were few and far between, and in addition the pilgrims were forced during several nights to bivouac in the woods around a fire to keep off any wild beasts, with no other shelter than the canopy of heaven.

October had now well set in, and the nights were already cold and frosty. This, however, did not tend to cool the ardor of our pilgrims, nor deter them from their undertaking. Their objective point was the part of New Jersey, commonly known as Barnegat, where a small company of Seventh-day Baptists had settled in the township of Shrewsbury, Monmouth county, between the waters of the Shark and Squam rivers. These Sabbatarians had emigrated from Stonington, Connecticut, and Westerly, in Rhode Island, a few years before, and were reinforced by several members of William Davis's family from Pennsylvania. At the advent of our pilgrims this community numbered but fifteen adult members, who, notwithstanding the smallness of their number, met and signed a covenant, shortly after their settlement, binding themselves to live and walk together as a Christian people, although they then had no church organization nor pastor.

The pilgrims were kindly received; meetings were arranged and held in their honor. At these gatherings Brother Jabez preached and admonished them to remain steadfast in their faith. They resulted in a church being organized, and William Davis,† the elder, though in his eighty-second year, was elected pastor.

From Barnegat, or "Squam," as the Church is known in the Seventh-day Baptist records, the Pil-

grims retraced their steps through New Jersey towards Schooley's Mountain, in Morris county, where there was another settlement of New England Sabbatarians. This was in the neighborhood of the Springs, between Suckasunny plains and Hopatcong creek. These people were what were known as "Rogerenes," and were known among the earliest settlers of Morris county. They came from New London, in Connecticut, and were strictly speaking not Seventh-day Baptists, nor were they in fellowship with any of the Pennsylvania or New England churches. It appears that the pilgrims had been invited and were entertained by a "Rogerene," named Colvert or Calvert, who had previously made several visits to Ephrata. This Community received our pilgrims with open arms, looking upon them as holy men. They even brought their sick to the pilgrims, in the hope that they might be healed.‡

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BELL OF LANCASTER.

Fair are the fields of Lancaster,
And rich in corn and grain;
Brightly the sun at Lancaster
Shines over hill and plain;
There in the spring the garden beds
With yellow flowers bloom gay;
The butterflies and honey bees
Surround them all the day.
Oh, bell—sad bell,
Cease thy knell!

And I would go to Lancaster,
And I would happy be!
There are kind hearts at Lancaster,
And hands held out to me;
And voices that I know and love
Salute me as I pass;
But voices I still better knew
I hear no more—alas!
Oh, bell—sad bell,
Cease thy knell!

On a hill-slope at Lancaster,
With fair, out-lying view,
Shadowed by fleecy clouds that pass
Above in ether blue;
There—underneath the grassy sod,
With dandelions bespread,
Waiting the resurrection—lie
The ashes of my dead.
Oh, bell—sad bell,
Cease thy knell!

Oh, birds, sweet birds of Lancaster,
Sing out your loudest strain!
Try if you may not drown the sound
That fills my heart with pain!
For, evermore at Lancaster,
Pulsating in the air,
I hear the tolling of a bell
That calleth not to prayer.
Oh, bell—sad bell,
Cease thy knell!

Oh, tolling bell of Lancaster,
Whatever I may do—
However strive to close my ears,
You vibrate through and through.
Whatever song I listen to
Your cadence throbs apart;
Mid laugh and jest I feel your strike
Beat heavy on my heart.
Oh, bell—sad bell,
Cease thy knell!

*This settlement was some distance from Amwell, and is still known as "Baptist-town" (Delaware township, Hunterdon county). Fifty years ago the descendants of these people still kept up an organization and church; but as the old people died out the younger generation gradually assumed the customs, dress and Sabbath of the other residents.

†One of the organizers of the Sabbatarian churches in Pennsylvania, in 1693.

‡The *Chronicon* states that it was these people who induced the pilgrims to extend their visit to New England.

Oh, cruel bell of Lancaster!
 Bronze hath not ruth of pain,
 Else surely thou wouldst pity take
 And cease thy minor strain.
 Oh, shining sun of Lancaster,
 For me you shine no more!
 Oh, singing birds of Lancaster,
 Ye cannot heal my sore!
 Oh, bell—cruel bell,
 Thou wilt never cease thy knell!
 —Blanche Nevin.

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.

JUST PUT ON OUR SHELF.

Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo., pp. 379. Illustrated. Price, \$1.50. The third of the series on "Heroes of the Nations," and, like its predecessors, able, scholarly and thoroughly reliable.

Lewis Cass. By Andrew C. McLaughlin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo., pp. 363. Price, \$1.25. The twenty-fourth volume of the "American Statesmen" series, one of the most valuable and popular sets of biographies issued. An original, fair-minded, study of the man and his place in American history, by one specially qualified for the task.

The American Revolution. By John Fiske. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cr. 8vo., pp. 344, 305. With maps and hitherto unpublished portrait of Washington. Price, \$4.00. One of the most important of recent contributions to our history, by our most philosophical historian and one of the clearest and most interesting writers in our language. I shall soon have more to say about Mr. Fiske and his works.

Alden's Cyclopedia of Universal Literature. Vol. XV. New York: John B. Alden. 12mo. Miller-Nye. Price, 50 cents per volume. A handy and reliable work of reference, which literary students will find useful. It gives a very brief sketch of every author of note, in every country, with extracts from his writings.

Now that the summer is once more upon us sensible people are beginning to take time by the forelock, so far as their midsummer reading is concerned, and are looking around leisurely for the best books with which to while away their time next month at the seashore or in the mountains. As they find something good, they quickly lay it aside with the rest of their "summer things;" so that when the time for trunk-packing comes they will have a set of carefully selected books, chosen by themselves, wherewith to ballast their luggage, instead of at the last moment rushing off to the nearest book store or news stand and buying at random whatever stuff the dealer may see fit to pass off on them as "the latest."

If my readers will take the advice of one who has had a little experience in this matter, they will do just that very thing, namely, go to work now, while they have time and opportunity, and gradually select their summer reading. To make the task easier, let me tell you of a few books I have found particularly adapted for reading to the accompaniment of the ocean's roar or the more varied concert of warbling birds and insects' chirps, the gentle sighing and

lispering of forest trees, and the rippling and gurgling of mountain brooks.

Before I do so, however, I want to call your attention to an interesting fact concerning the Washington portrait prefixed to Mr. Fiske's "American Revolution," referred to above among the works "Just Put on Our Shelf." The crayon sketch by William Birch from which the miniature was made is believed to have been the last important portrait taken of Washington, being one year later than the Stuart and several years later than the Rembrandt Peale. The face, as given in this portrait, has great strength and dignity; its lines are full of character. The sketch is said to have been taken while Washington was presiding at a cabinet meeting. It shows well what has been called his "human side," without losing the habitual stateliness. By the courtesy of its present owner, Mrs. Mary Hemenway, of Boston, this miniature (enameled on copper by the eminent artist Henry Bone) is now engraved for the first time, so far as is known.

A good many people, by the way, would find these volumes of Mr. Fiske the most enjoyable reading possible for the summer months; for while in no sense "light literature," they yet have nothing "heavy" or "dry" about them—as, indeed, what work of Mr. Fiske has? Still the great majority want fiction, or at least nothing nearer history than a volume of entertaining biography, or of interesting travel. Of one thing I am quite sure, that no novel of the season can be found more thoroughly charming than Alice Mabel Bacon's pretty little book on *Japanese Girls and Women*. In a most refreshingly natural yet refined style it takes up the life of the Japanese woman from babyhood on to old age, tells all about her Childhood, Education, Marriage and Divorce, as Wife and Mother, her Old Age; treating of her Court Life, her Life in Castle and Yashiki; of Samurai Women, Peasant Women; about Life in the Cities, and about Domestic Service. I should like very much to read you just a few sentences to show you how entertaining, novel, and different from other books of the kind this one is—but space will hardly permit it.

I believe I will give you a taste anyhow. After the ceremonies of the first month of a baby's life have been described, we are told that "a quiet, undisturbed life begins for the baby—a life which is neither unpleasant nor unhealthful. It is not jolted, rocked, or trotted to sleep; it is allowed to cry if it chooses, without anybody's supposing that the world will come to an end because of its crying; and its dress is loose and easily put on, so that very little time is spent in the tiresome process of dressing or undressing. Under these conditions the baby thrives, and grows strong and fat; learns to take life with some philosophy, even at an early age; and is not subject to fits of hysterical or passionate crying, brought on by much jolting or trotting, or by the wearisome process of pinning, buttoning, tying of strings, and thrusting of arms into tight sleeves."

"Babies of the lower classes, within a few weeks after birth, are carried about tied upon the back of some member of the family, frequently an older sister

or brother, who is sometimes not more than five or six years old. * * * *

* * * * "One striking characteristic of the Japanese baby is, that at a very early age it clings like a kitten to the back of whoever carries it, so that it is really difficult to drop it through carelessness, for the baby looks out for its own safety like a young monkey. The straps that tie it to the back are sufficient for safety; but the baby, from the age of one month, is dependent upon its own exertions to secure a comfortable position, and it soon learns to ride its bearer with considerable skill, instead of being merely a bundle tied to the shoulders. Any one who has ever handled a Japanese baby can testify to the amount of intelligence shown in this direction at a very early age; and this clinging with arms and legs is, perhaps, a valuable part of the training which gives to the whole nation the peculiar quickness of motion and hardness of muscle that characterize them from childhood. It is the agility and muscular quality that belong to wild animals, that we see something of in the Indian, but to a marked degree in the Japanese, especially of the lower classes."

Even this book is not professedly a summer book. Indeed, as a rule, one had better avoid books thus labeled. The average "summer reading" of to-day is not fit for any one making the least pretension to taste or intelligence. Nor is it at all necessary that you confine yourself to "the latest." A really good book does not deteriorate, but rather improves, with age. For my part I usually devote part of my summer leisure—or used to when I had such leisure!—to the task of "catching up" in my light reading, and I find it much easier to choose among books a year or two old than to select from the brand new ones. The fact is, time does much of the choosing for me.

There are very few of us who have read all the best stories and sketches that were published last summer, or summer before, or during any past season. Is it not much more sensible then to go back and choose some of those known and tried best books in preference to taking the chances with the untried "latest?" For instance, a year or two ago there was published *A Rambler's Lease*, by Bradford Torrey, which is to my mind an ideal book to take along and read in the country, in the woods, meadows or mountains. Now, any one who has not yet read it would certainly be very foolish to pass it by simply because it is a year or two old. As a student, lover of and writer about birds Mr. Torrey has no superior, and only one equal, Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller. In "A Rambler's Lease" he does not by any means write only about birds, but as charmingly about the woods and trees, the mountain pasture, the old abandoned country road, and similar subjects.

It is such books that help us really to enjoy nature, and, after all, what is vacation for if not to return for a while to nature and communion with nature? As Mr. Torrey says in his delightful chapter on "Esoteric Peripateticism:" "There is little danger that the lives of any of us will be too solitary or lived at too leisurely a rate. The world grows busier and busier. Those whose passion for nature is strongest and most deep-seated are driven to withhold from her all but the odds and ends of the day. We rebel sometimes;

the yoke grows unendurable, come what may, we will be quit of it; but the existing order of things proves too strong for us, and anon we settle back into the old bondage. And perhaps it is better so. Even the most simple and natural delights are best appreciated when rarely and briefly enjoyed. So I persuade myself that, all in all, it is good for me to have only one or two hours a day for the woods. Human nature is weak; who knows but I might grow lazy, were I my own master? At least, 'the fine point of seldom pleasure' would be blunted.

"The ideal plan would include two walks: one in the morning for observation, with every sense alert; the other towards night, for a mood of 'wise passiveness,' wherein nature should be left free to have her own way with the heart and the imagination. Then the laureate's prayer might be fulfilled:

'Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music, as before.'"

If you are at all interested in bird-life, and I don't see how any one can be a day in the country without becoming interested, you will take with you this summer another book that is several years old, but which you may never have read. I refer to Mrs. Miller's *In Nesting Time*. The author literally lives with the birds. She has fitted up a part of her own house as an aviary, in which she supplies as nearly as possible all the natural conditions of field and forest for her numerous and various feathered pets. She studies them here systematically, not only their habits and general characteristics, but also their individual traits and dispositions. Her descriptions have for several years been a feature of *The Atlantic Monthly*, as indeed have Mr. Torrey's.

You will find both the books mentioned just the thing for vacation reading. They are, in their sphere, fully as good as Mr. Burroughs's works, which have come to be accepted as a kind of summer classics—and they deserve to be. For my part, I think Miss Edith Thomas's volume of studies and interpretations of nature, entitled *The Round Year*, ought to be reckoned among this kind of classics, too. A more refined, poetic and subtle thinker and writer than she is we have not in our literature. She enters into the heart and interprets the moods of nature as none before her save Thoreau.

I cannot refrain from reading to you a few paragraphs from her beautiful chapter on "A Summer Holi-night," which impressed me particularly a few days ago, when I enjoyed the rare luxury of a night on the borders of an old forest. "A difference," she says, "is to be noted in the unlike effects of moonlight on various leaf surfaces. The foliage of the maple and the elm shows little definition of masses, seeming rather to absorb than to radiate the light, while that of the peach and the pear tree presents a fine polished surface and outline. The leaves of the poplar, stirred by a breath imperceptible elsewhere, look like innumerable small, oval mirrors, constantly shifting to reflect at all angles the lunar majesty. The corn-field seems the repository of all the scythes and sickles that have reaped the summer meadows,—lodged here to be reannealed in moonbeams and whetted into new keenness. The moon is shorn of half her pageantry on the earth if

the dew is not there to cooperate. Is there, or do we only fancy it, an iridescence arising from their union? I am loth to tread on the grass, lest I should destroy the starry system suspended on its blades. The wagon tracks and hoof-prints in the road shine as though they had been traced by a style or pencil dipped in moonlight. And what is the true color of moonlight? not silver, not golden, but something between the two,—argent-aureate."

If you go into camp this summer take this book with you as your best guide into the mysteries and beauties of Nature. I have tried and found true what Miss Thomas says in the following lines even before she told me of it—but how beautifully she tells it!

"At night the air carries a heavier freight of woody and vegetable odors than during the hours of sunlight; the breeze advises us of a new Orient, or Spice Islands, discovered in the familiar latitude of our fields, bringing the scent of blossoming clover and grain. Brushing along some tangled border, we guess 'in embalmed darkness' that the milkweed is in bloom, though its perfume bears a reminder of spring and the hyacinth. Here also is the evening primrose, whose flower ought to be as dear to the night as the daisy is to the day; and why should there not be a night's-eye on the floral records?"

If I followed my inclinations I would read the whole book to you! It is so hard to break off from it when you once commence it.

All the above books are a year or more old. I have on our Shelf also several that are quite new which I can unqualifiedly recommend to you for summer reading. You may search far and near and I know you will not find anything more quaintly charming and thoroughly delicious, with its refined humor and dainty, artistic descriptions and characterizations, than Mr. Hopkinson Smith's exquisite story of *Colonel Carter, of Cartersville*, just brought out in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. Mr. Smith's literary work has the same peculiarly charming quality that distinguishes his work as an artist. You feel the same man behind and in both. Joel Chandler Harris, too, is out in another delightful volume of short stories, character and dialect sketches which takes its title from the first one, *Balaam and His Master*. Of course you can make no mistake in getting that. Neither can you in getting Mrs. Phelps-Ward's collection of short stories just issued by the same firm under the title of *Fourteen to One*. Among the rest it contains "The Madonna of the Tubs," and "Jack the Fisherman," two of the strongest short stories in the language. Another book of good short stories, and the last I can here name, is entitled *Otto the Knight*, and is written by Octave Thanet, whose novel, "Knittere in the Sun," made her an enviable reputation when it appeared a few years ago.

All these books are well and even handsomely bound, volumes worth keeping. None of them costs over \$1.25. You can get them from any of the book-dealers whose advertisements appear in CHRISTIAN CULTURE. And if you do not thoroughly enjoy every one of them—why, the books will not be to blame anyhow!

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