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THE REV. CHARLES L. FRY, }

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LANCASTER, PA., NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

Contents.

EDITORIAL: Notes and Comments	Pages	1, 2
Sheep-stealers	"	2
The First Step	"	2, 3
CONTRIBUTED: One World versus Many Worlds: Planets. By Prof. J. E. Kershner, Ph. D.	"	3, 4
POETRY: Hymn of the Dunkers	"	5
WORK IN THE VINEYARD	"	5, 6
LECTURE: The Industrial Revolution. By Lyman Abbott, D. D.	"	7, 10
POETRY: The Golden Rod	"	11
LOCAL LORE: A Curious Little Book. By J. M. H.	"	11, 12
A Visit to Ephrata in 1753	"	12, 13
Our College; The Clio	"	13
POETRY: Life. By H. B.	"	13
OUR BOOK-SHELF	"	14, 15

The glory has passed from the goldenrod's plume.
The purple-hued asters still linger in bloom;
The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs are red,
The maples like torches aflame overhead.

—O. W. Holmes in *The Atlantic*.

Editorial.

Don't wait till people are dead before you speak well of them. If there is anything kind to be said of or to them, say it now while it can do them good and make them happier. One word of kindness to the living is worth a dozen funeral sermons or a whole page of newspaper obituary.

THERE is one thing our F. & M. foot-ball team can be proud of even more than of its skill and prowess in the game, and that is the fact that, in victory as in defeat, on the field as off the field, every member of it is a gentleman, and speaks and acts like one.

THE full report of Dr. Lyman Abbott's lecture on "The Industrial Revolution," which we give in our special pages, we owe to the skill and courtesy of Mr. John D. Pyott. We believe that our readers will appreciate it. Its philosophical and comprehensive view of the great social question with which it deals; its remarkable clearness of statement, and its unbiassed, frank and earnest, broadly Christian spirit, so characteristic of the editor of the *Christian Union* and pastor of Plymouth church, will commend it to the thoughtful consideration of all classes.

ONE of the leading undertakers of this city, on being asked recently as to the prevalence of Sunday funerals, gave it as his opinion that, while there has been a decline in this highly objectionable custom within the last few years, it is still all too common among certain classes. There is scarcely a Sunday on which there is not at least one funeral. That the custom is an improper one both undertakers and ministers and all right thinking people are fully agreed. But how to prevent it and make it unpopular is the question. If all our pastors would unite in refusing to officiate at any funeral on Sunday, except where circumstances made it absolutely unavoidable, which is very seldom the case; and if all undertakers, then, would use their united influence in the same direction, we believe the city would soon be rid of a custom that is unworthy of a civilized and Christian community.

THERE have within the last few weeks several cases of cruelty to animals been brought before the public attention such as demand public protest, lest outsiders come to think of Lancaster as given over to barbarism and savagery. There used to be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals here. What has become of it? If such a society is needed anywhere it is here, where there are such extensive stock yards and so large a horse market. The mere fact of the existence of such a society would be a check at least to the gross and open brutality now sometimes seen even on our public streets; for cowardice is always the

accompaniment of cruelty. No one but the most dastardly and despicable coward will ever abuse a helpless dumb beast.

NEXT Tuesday the voters of the commonwealth will be called upon to say which of the two candidates offered them they prefer to have as Governor of this great State. Those who may happen not to prefer either are practically disfranchised. The duty of every voter, however, remains, namely, to vote intelligently, conscientiously, or not at all.

IN preparing for the celebration and enjoyment of the glad Thanksgiving Day let us not forget the share of our store that belongs to God's poor. The only true thanksgiving we can render for God's gifts is to make the best possible use of them, to use them according to his will. This best possible use lies not in self-indulgence, but in sharing with others, helping them to be happy as we are. However, as Lowell beautifully and truly makes the Christ disguised as a leper say to Sir Launfal,

"Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare,
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me."

SOME of our citizens seem not to be aware of the fact that the Workingmen's Free Library, in the Stackhouse building, on E. King street, while free only to members of labor organizations, is open to any one paying the nominal subscription fee of Fifty Cents a year. Of the 1200 to 1500 volumes in their library a large proportion consists of the best works of fiction, biography, history, and general literature. New books are continually being added, and readers will find much of the newest and freshest reading matter constantly on hand, to any of which the small subscription fee entitles them. What with the excellent, well known and patronized Y. M. C. A. Library, the Mechanics' Library, and now this younger Workingmen's Library, all accessible to the public, no one need any longer be deprived of the very best that literature can offer. Our city is fairly well equipped as to popular libraries. What it yet sorely needs, however, is a first-class reference library. Why not build one up in connection with our College Library? Who of our public spirited citizens will found such a much needed institution by a good, liberal endowment?

"SHEEP-STEALERS."

That is what they used to call, more expressively than elegantly, preachers and church members who tried to entice members of other churches to join their own. That the name has fallen into disuse we take to be a happy sign that the reprehensible custom itself

is no longer practised, at least not to the extent that it was in former times, in the "good old times" of long ago. It is true, there still are to be found people here and there, and even pastors of churches, whose sectarian zeal or selfish ambition leads them to resort to methods for filling their churches and Sunday-schools that are essentially the same as those of the sheep-stealers of old. But their number is comparatively small, and their efforts in the long run are as futile as they are dishonorable and unchristian.

With the spread of intelligence, and of purer Christian sentiments and broader Christian principles, people are more and more given to use their own independent judgment in the matter of choosing their church homes, and to resent all undue persuasion, inducements and bribery as unfair and unwarranted interference with their Christian liberty. At the same time it has been pretty certainly discovered by pastors that members gained by coaxing, flattering, or any of the old sheep-stealer's tricks, are really not worth having. Membership in church that is not based on conviction and principle is only external. The tie that binds it is rotten, not a genuine, enduring bond of Christian fellowship.

Besides, we are learning ever more fully that essentially the Christian Church is one. Its differences are not vital. Its diversities only those of manifestation, administration, operation, while one and the same Spirit worketh all in all. The tendency, therefore, is, thank God! more and more towards church co-operation, characterized by a spirit of wholesome interdenominational courtesy, kindness and helpfulness. This is the spirit we would foster and encourage. To its exercise more and more frankly and fully we invite all Lancaster pastors and members of whatever name. Among us at least, here in our community, there is no room for sheep-stealers; for One is our Master, and we are all brethren.

THE FIRST STEP.

The greatest foe to the stability of our democratic institutions is the tendency, inherent in all human society, to the formation and growth of class distinctions. Once formed, these distinctions become ever wider differences, and form breaches which eventually it may become impossible to bridge over. Ever more and more the rich become separated from the poor, the educated from the ignorant, capitalists from laborers, employers from employees, with separate interests, differing tastes, feelings, and points of view, until from being only different they become openly antagonistic, and threaten a disruption of the entire social fabric.

It is this tendency that has brought about the present condition of the industrial world—a condition

sought to be ignored by the shallow, the heedless, and selfish, but attracting the most serious attention of all who look beyond the immediate present, and regard the safety of society and welfare of the country as of at least equal interest and importance with their own individual comfort and ease.

Now the mere differentiation of human society is inevitable and not in itself evil. There must be many and various members to every body, but there must be one only body of which all these are parts, and this one body must be animated by one and the same spirit that worketh in all. In other words, underneath all the distinctions and differences of class and class interests, there must ever remain and be consciously recognized and felt the fundamental, essential oneness of our common humanity that is in all and more important than any and than all. It is the disregard or forgetting of this fact that is most harmful. The laboring man ignores it and sees in the capitalist nothing but a grasping, selfish tyrant. The employer forgets it and looks upon his employees only as so many machines for his use and profit. Each regards the other and the other's affairs from his own standpoint, moreover, and refuses to hear or see anything from the other's point of view, or from any but that of his own class prejudices. The consequence is that the two never have anything in common, their tastes, aims, interests are all diametrically opposed; there is apparently not a single point of contact between them. They really do not know each other as fellow men, scarcely as men at all, but only as "bosses" and as "hands."

Before any such thing as a peaceable solution of the great social problems of the age is even remotely to be thought of, therefore, it is absolutely necessary for the members of the different classes, organized or unorganized, to get to know each other simply as men. Wherever this is done in individual cases, by unofficial, personal, familiar contact between them, the result is at once apparent and beneficial to both. It is necessary occasionally to step out of the many and various artificial and temporary relations, formed for a multitude of different reasons, and to recognize and feel the far deeper, eternal relationship of simple manhood, of brotherhood in one family, to feel how God hath made of one blood all nations of the earth, and how all have the same human heart in their breasts, with the same passions and appetites and longings, the same bitternesses and sweetnesses, the same weakness and sinfulness. We all need to put ourselves in each other's places more than we do. We need to leave our various social and industrial planes and meet oftener on the one basal plane of our common humanity, where we can see one another face to face, on a common level, and know each other as we are, men. Then we shall be able, intelligently and fairly,

to discuss our differences, to appreciate our several wants and complaints, and mayhap come to some agreement about them that shall be more truly satisfactory to all than any attempted removal of them could be.

Certain it is, at all events, that one of the chief needs of the times is for men to lay aside their class feelings and prejudices, and get together and learn to know each other simply as men. This must be one of the very first steps to be taken towards the solution of the most pressing problems of our age and country. And it is one in which we all can help.

ONE WORLD VERSUS MANY WORLDS.

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

PLANETS.

We will now take up the planets belonging to our sun, or the solar system. There are eight principal planets revolving around the sun. These are Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Besides these there are so far two hundred and ninety-three known small planets between Mars and Jupiter. Thus we see that the construction of the solar system is somewhat like that of the universe. That is, there are some prominent large bodies with from one to eight satellites revolving around them, together with a great many more bodies which have no satellites, the planets themselves being too small to become centres of secondary systems. It is also worthy of notice that even Mercury and Venus, which are not among the smallest of the planets, also have no known satellites.

The more important question for us here is, are these planets similar to the earth; or are they more or less remarkably different from the earth. They are all spherical bodies ranging from about 3000 miles to about 86,500 miles in diameter. Also their distances from the sun vary from 36 millions to 2792 millions of miles. Their densities vary from 72 per cent. of water to perhaps twelve times that of water. The density of the earth is about 5.58 times that of water. These are simply elements which at first sight might appear to be of little significance except in regard to magnitude and distance. When, however, we take up these points, they will be found to yield important inferences in regard to the real state of affairs on these bodies. For instance, bulk and mass, as well as distance from source of heat and light, have considerable weight so far as this question is concerned.

There are a number of reasons which we will not have room to give, and which can be readily taken from other sources, that point very significantly to the fact that all these planets started on their career as intensely heated masses; indeed, as small companion suns to our sun, just as we saw was the case with the systems of Sirius and Procyon. It is evident that the rate of cooling, or the rate at which a planet becomes fitted for inhabitants, is dependent upon its size. For we know as a matter of experience that small bodies cool rapidly while large bodies cool more slowly. From the relative size, therefore, we may conclude that Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune are still

probably in one of the early stages of geologic development; while Mercury and Mars, as well as the minor planets, are past the present state of the earth. This statement is also confirmed for the planets, from Jupiter out, by their very low density. Their average density is not much above the densest kinds of wood, that of Saturn being not greater than southern pine. The probability is, therefore, that when the diameters are measured we include in these measures also a very dense atmosphere; and thus get a much larger bulk than the planet proper really is; and also that the planet is at least on the surface liquid or even vaporous. Indeed the water on the surface exists probably altogether in the form of clouds. This explains the appearance of the surfaces of Jupiter and Saturn. They seem to be covered by something that is mobile, something of the nature of cloud formations, so that the different parts of the surface change in relation to one another. But, on the other hand, the clouds are much more dense than on the earth; because they appear much more permanent than the clouds of the atmosphere of the earth could appear, as seen from Jupiter. Jupiter must, therefore, be in a state somewhat similar to the earth when it formed its crust. Saturn is probably in the same condition, because in addition to its splendid system of rings, it also has belts surrounding the body of the planet parallel to the equator. The small density, as some think, cannot, however, be entirely accounted for in this way, for the difference in the bulk is not great enough to account for the low density. The matter must, therefore, be less dense throughout, in addition to the fact, that it has not cooled as far as that of the earth.

The two outer planets are so far distant and so little can be learned about them, either by means of telescopes or spectroscopes, that no very definite opinion can be formed of the conditions of their surfaces. Their probable late formation, their comparatively large size and the fact that they both shine with a blueish light, showing bands in the spectra, indicate that their condition is about the same as that of Saturn. Some claim to have seen belts or configurations on Uranus, similar to those of Jupiter and Saturn, but less distinct; indeed, we may say quite indistinct, on account of their very great distance. We may, therefore, conclude that the four outer planets are, perhaps, now forming a solid crust; or, at most, are way back in one of the first ages of cosmic development. Indeed, they can scarcely be supposed to be in any of the early stages when plant or animal life made its appearance on the surface of the earth. Their habitability, so far as rational beings are concerned, is also very doubtful, and they can certainly not be inhabited by men similar to those who dwell on the earth.

What now is the probable condition of Mars? Mars is one of the small bodies of the solar system. The diameter of this planet is 4230 miles, about one-half that of the earth. Its bulk or volume is, therefore, about one-eighth and its mass less than one-ninth. What inferences can we draw from these facts? On the one hand, since Mars is nearer the sun than the other planets before considered and therefore receives a little more heat, its cooling must have been slightly retarded. On the other hand, it must have cooled much more rapidly than the earth; since it is so much smaller and was probably formed earlier, so that its

course of geologic development must be far beyond that of the earth. Mars is, therefore, more like the moon than like the earth. The moon is, as we know, without atmosphere, or at most with an atmosphere so rare that it could not sustain life. This is demonstrated by astronomical observations fully described in any book treating on the subject. For about the same reasons it can have no vapor of water and therefore no water on its surface. The surface must, therefore, be a barren waste of boulders and crater-like formations. Possibly both atmosphere and water were present at first, but as the surface passed through the different æons of development, these were absorbed and in this way the surface of the moon was changed to its present form. Mars is probably not so far advanced as this, but still considerably beyond the present stage of the earth. The divisions of land and water spoken of by some, as seen on the surface of Mars, are somewhat uncertain and so are the ice caps at the poles. If there were as much water as the maps show, or ice and snow in the polar regions, there ought to be clouds covering the surface at times. That is, there ought to be a visible change from cloudy weather to clear weather and the reverse, which are certainly seen very seldom, if they were ever seen at all. Also as is claimed by an eminent geologist, so far as the arrangement of land and water is concerned: "There are too many and too extensive long, slender arms of the sea, and these do not show any conformity to any fundamental planetary cause." The density of the atmosphere is probably considerably less than that of the earth, with some evidence of moisture, so that, taking one thing with another, Mars is probably not so far advanced geologically as the moon; but considerably farther than the earth. Much of its atmosphere as well as much of its water has probably been absorbed; and therefore we may conclude that this body is also at least beyond the habitable age, and is about going into that state of total refrigeration in which the moon is.

The planet Mercury is still smaller than Mars, but, being so near to the sun, it might be somewhat retarded in its development. This body, however, having a volume of about one-nineteenth of that of the earth, must also be more advanced in its process of development, even admitting that it was the last formed according to the nebular hypothesis. Its atmosphere has evidences of vapor of water, but it is probably less extensive and dense. Remembering that the intensity of the heat received from the sun is between seven and eight times as great as that on the earth, it is also exceedingly improbable that this body should now be habitable.

The only planet that now remains for consideration is Venus. Contrary to what is generally supposed, this planet is probably more like the earth than any of the others. Its stage of development is much like the earth, the size being about the same. The heating effect of the sun is, however, about twice as great on Venus as on the earth. The atmosphere is probably from one and a half to two times as dense as that of the earth. Since the reflecting power is great it is probable that the surface of this body is entirely covered with clouds. Few or no configurations showing a resemblance to continents or seas have ever been noticed; indeed, all that has ever been seen is more like cloud formations than like continents and oceans.

The appearance of Venus is, at any rate, not what we might expect to see on the earth as seen from Venus. When the two are near each other we ought to see some evidences of oceans or continents, as well as alternations of cloudy and clear sky. This planet looks, therefore, little like a habitable world; although here opinions may differ, for no decisive conclusions can be drawn from the appearances of the planet.

HYMN OF THE DUNKERS.

KLOSTER KEDAR, EPHRATA, PENNSYLVANIA (1738).

SISTER MARIA CHRISTINA SINGS.

Wake, sisters, wake! the day-star shines;
Above Ephrata's eastern pines
The dawn is breaking, cool and calm.
Wake, sisters, wake to prayer and psalm!

Praised be the Lord for shade and light,
For toil by day, for rest by night!
Praised be His name who deigns to bless
Our Kedar of the wilderness

Our refuge when the spoiler's hand
Was heavy on our native land;
And freedom, to her children due,
The wolf and vulture only knew.

We praised Him when to prison led,
We owned Him when the stake blazed red;
We knew, whatever might befall,
His love and power were over all.

He heard our prayers; with outstretched arm
He led us forth from cruel harm;
Still, wheresoe'er our steps were bent,
His cloud and fire before us went!

The watch of faith and prayer He set,
We kept it then, we keep it yet.
At midnight, crow of cock, or noon,
He cometh sure, He cometh soon.

He comes to chasten, not destroy,
To purge the earth from sin's alloy.
At last, at last shall all confess
His mercy as His righteousness.

The dead shall live, the sick be whole,
The scarlet sin be white as wool;
No discord mar below, above,
The music of eternal love!

Sound, welcome tramp, the last alarm!
Lord God of hosts, make bare thine arm,
Fulfil this day our long desire,
Make sweet and clean the world with fire!

Sweep, flaming bosom, sweep from sight
The lies of time; be swift to smite
Sharp sword of God, all idols down,
Genevan creed and Roman crown.

Quake, earth, through all thy zones, till all
The fumes of pride and priestcraft fall;
And lift thou up in place of them
Thy gates of pearl, Jerusalem!

Lo! rising from baptismal flame
Transfigured, glorious, yet the same,
Within the heavenly city's bound
Our Kloster Kedar shall be found.

He cometh soon! at dawn or noon,
Or set of sun, He cometh soon.
Our prayers shall meet Him on His way;
Wake, sisters, wake! arise and pray!

—J. G. Whittier.

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.

LUTHERAN.

St. John's.—The work on the new church edifice is progressing surely if not as rapidly as desired. The congregation hopes to worship in its new chapel in a few months.

The Ladies' Aid Society presented a novel and unique entertainment in Martin's Hall, on October 30th and 31st. They named it "An Orange Grove Festival." It presented a Southern scene: Orange trees with blossoms and fruit, and such fruit as has never been known to grow on orange trees before; Topsyies to pluck the fruit for the visitors, and genuine Southern Jubilee Singers to enliven the occasion with their peculiar melodies. A walk through this orange grove was delightful, and sources of refreshment and entertainment were to be found in every part of the hall.

The Ladies' Missionary Society have just sent a box of clothing, etc., to one of the needy missionaries on the frontier. The contributions to this box were promptly made, and all the articles are of superior quality.

Trinity.—Painters' brushes have much improved the appearance of the chapel, the parsonage and the sexton's house. In all probability the interior of the church will undergo a thorough renovation next year.

The lecture by Rev. Dr. Jacob Fry, of Reading, on his recent tour of Egypt, was exceedingly interesting and instructive. The whole style of the narrative was so free from any stereotyped stiffness or prosaic heaviness that the audience was quite surprised to find the allotted hour and a half had sped so soon. From beginning to end there was freshness of graphic portrayal that made every scene described seem almost real. A very general desire is entertained that Dr. Fry shall come over again and tell the story of the remainder of his journey, especially through the Holy Land, Greece and Italy.

In spite of the driving rain the reception tendered by the missionary society to the lecturer and the president, on the evening previous, was largely attended and enjoyed by everybody. The parsonage never looked brighter or more tastefully adorned.

On Wednesday evening, the 22d inst., the venerable old sanctuary was thronged by a happy multitude at the marriage of John F. Heinitsh and Miss Florence Keller. The floral decorations were superbly profuse, and the wedding itself was a beautiful service. The pastor was assisted in the ceremony by Rev. Andrew S. Fichthorn, of Lewistown, Pa., a cousin of the bride.

A question-box is placed at the door of the chapel before the devotional service every Wednesday evening. Any question concerning matters of faith or practice, written on a slip of paper and dropped into this box, is answered as prefatory to the lecture of the following Wednesday.

The Western missions, which will be made the special object of the efforts of the Junior Missionary Society during the coming year, are those in the important cities of Milwaukee and Portland, Oregon.

The funds of the past year, amounting to between five and six hundred dollars, were contributed to Christ Church, of this city.

The two entertainments under the society's auspices for this month, which will be given in the chapel, on the consecutive evenings of November 20th and 21st, are Mrs. Monroe's handsome pictorial representations, first of England, second of the magnificent West of our own country beyond the Mississippi. Mrs. Monroe has already given in this city a number of exhibitions of her views on other topics, hence she is widely and favorably known. Both these subjects, however, are entirely new. The former is illustrated by one hundred stereopticon scenes, the latter by ninety-six, each covering four hundred square feet of canvas. Many of the pictures have been taken for these lectures exclusively. Tickets for the course can be had at Fon Dersmith's book store.

MORAVIAN.

Since the opening of our social hall in the renovated old chapel there have been two delightful social occasions which showed the need and great advantage of having just such a hall as ours is. The one was a "Library Reception," enjoyed by all who attended it, and resulting in the acquisition of over one hundred new books for our Sunday-school library. The other was a "Quaker Evening," equally enjoyable, which netted about \$50 for the "Burden Bearers" Circle of King's Daughters, to be devoted to their charitable work and to the Church Improvement Fund.

At both the above occasions the musical part of the entertainments was greatly benefited by the new upright Hardman piano which has been added to the permanent furniture of the hall.

The Huss Circle of King's Sons are making arrangements for an evening's lecture, at an early date, by Mr. Geiger, of Philadelphia, on the world-famous Passion Play of the Ober-Ammergan. Mr. Geiger witnessed this celebrated performance during the past season, and his description will be as reliable and interesting as his impressions will be fresh and original. The proceeds will go to the Church Improvement Fund.

The pastor's Sunday evening sermons on the Life and Work of the Apostle Paul are attended with much interest.

Our Ladies' Home Mission Society will hold its Anniversary Love-feast on Wednesday evening, November 5th, in the Lecture Room, after which the regular meetings of the Society will be resumed every Tuesday.

The pastor has announced that he will be in the Reading Room every Wednesday evening from 7 to 7:30 o'clock, for the purpose of giving an opportunity for private religious conversation with him to any one desiring it.

Catechetical lectures are held in the Reading Room every Friday evening, to which every one is invited.

Mrs. H. C. Ricksecker's "Sunshine Circle" of little Daughters of the King are busily practising for an entertainment to be given in the not distant future.

The Peter Böhler Association has resumed its regular meetings, which for the present are held at the parsonage every alternate Tuesday evening.

The Sunday evening half-hour prayermeetings, 6:30

to 7 o'clock, under the auspices of the Huss Circle of King's Sons are still meeting with much encouragement. The topics and leaders for this month are: Nov. 2—*Obedience*, A. R. Stamy. 9—*Repentance*, I. Long. 16—*Faith*, V. Flinn. 23—*Hope*, F. Heim. 30—*Charity*, G. Geiger.

A very pretty church wedding was that of Hugo B. Hark and Miss Ella B. Greiner, on October 14th. The church was artistically decorated by Rohrer. The bride and groom were preceded in the bridal procession by two little nieces of the groom acting as flower-girls, and attended by two little nephews in the capacity of pages. The ushers were Messrs. John Martin, G. Harry Reed, John Brenner and Hugo C. Hark. The happy couple left immediately after the reception on an extended bridal tour. Before the month is past there will be two more weddings in this church.

In the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Steinman, widow of the late George M. Steinman, our church has lost one of its most loyal, devout and consistent members; the poor and needy a most generous and sympathetic helper and friend; and society one of its noblest, truest ladies, an amiable, gentle, womanly woman. There are few who have more friends than she had, none who have fewer enemies.

REFORMED.

First.—A choral union has been organized, which meets every Friday evening in the lecture-room. In the same place a Song Service is also held every Sunday evening at 6:15 o'clock.

Rev. R. L. Gerhart, of Bedford, Pa., son of Rev. E. V. Gerhart, of the Theological Seminary, of this city, preached for the pastor on Sunday evening the 26th ult. His sermon was interesting and very acceptable to the congregation.

In a few weeks the pastor, Dr. Titzel, will begin a course of catechetical instruction, which will be continued through the winter months.

St. Paul's.—Cards are out announcing the marriage of the pastor, Rev. J. W. Meminger, and Miss Florence Hollinger, at 4 o'clock, on Tuesday afternoon, November 4th. The wedding will take place at the bride's home, in Willow Street. The tour will include a week in Boston.

WOMEN'S INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

This society of earnest workers, now numbering about one hundred members, resumed its regular meetings on October 25th, in the Moravian chapel. It being the annual meeting the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. J. Max Hark; Vice Presidents, one out of each church; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Elizabeth Hager; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Chas. A. Fon Dersmith; Treasurer, Mrs. Chas. Rengier. The chairladies of the standing committees were all reappointed. There was also a Committee on Entertainments appointed, consisting of the following young ladies: Mrs. Chas. L. Gill, the Misses H. Keller, J. Potts, M. Peacock, M. A. Hubley, Mary Hager, L. Frantz, E. Powers, L. Slaymaker, H. Hoch, E. Geist, M. Bowman, Elsie Bair. It is the intention to give a *Chocolataire* in the hall of the Moravian chapel, for the benefit of the Association on Thursday evening, Nov. 6th, from 7 to 10 o'clock. This is a form of entertainment never heretofore given in our city, and as enjoyable as it is novel.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

A LECTURE BY

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.,

Delivered in Fulton Opera House, Lancaster, Pa., October 23, 1890, for the Benefit of the Workingmen's Free Library, established by Hamilton Assembly, No. 6482, K. of L.

[Reported for CHRISTIAN CULTURE by John D. Pyott.]

In view of the brass band and fireworks and other political attractions outside, it is not strange that no more are here—rather it is strange that so many have come to seriously consider the serious topic upon which I am to talk to you. We may say thus much for ourselves—that we have provided no brass band, no pyrotechnics, physical or mental. We have come with an earnest purpose,—recognizing the impending industrial revolution, hoping that it may be effected justly and peaceably—to do what in us lies in the interest of the common welfare, of law and order, of peace and prosperity.

I suppose we are all agreed that there is a Labor Question, which has passed the stage in which it could be pooh-poohed or ridiculed. Some of its upheavals have compelled recognition; and though there be "none so blind as they who will not see," there are now few thoughtful men in America, in England or on the Continent, who do not confess that there is a Labor Problem, and one that must be solved either by teaching the workers to be content with the present system, or by reforming its abuses, or by a revolution which shall entirely change the status of industrial affairs.

Do any of you ask for evidence? It is not so long ago that one of the great arteries of travel and commerce was cut; again, the stoppage of mining in Pennsylvania made us consider how we should warm our dwellings and cook our food; again, a strike in Liverpool keeps our ocean steamers idle at their docks. Everywhere labor of all kinds is organizing. Even the farmers, slowest of all to move, have formed an Alliance including two millions of men, and claiming to control a million votes. The Emperor of Germany, great warlike nation though it is, with an immense standing army, feels it necessary to call together his counsellors to consider this question. What is often miscalled Socialism is in the air; and whether men look upon it with satisfaction or with dread, they must confess that the industrial question is upon us, to stay until settled one way or other.

All the living issues that agitate the civilized world—the saloon question, the "home rule" question, the landlord and tenant agitation,—all touch this Labor problem at one or many points, and are indeed but phases of the one great movement. Even the daily papers—mostly under control of the great corporate enterprises, and therefore slow to admit the existence of the movement, have had the discussion of the question forced upon them. Ministers who announce that they will discuss it are sure of an audience, and if they have anything to say that is beyond the platitudes which every one is tired of, they have only to continue the discussion to be sure of interested hearers. The labor organizations, too, have established journals of their own, some of which have a large circulation. Need I adduce more proof of the

statement that the industrial problem confronts us now, and will continue to do so until it is disposed of?

I may as well say at the outset that I have not come to you with a specific for this disease—a marvelous solution that you can take home with you in your pocket to-night, apply it to-morrow, and set the world right the day after. I am advertising no such nostrum, and believe in none. If this great question is to be settled peacefully, it is time good citizens of all classes should come together face to face and talk it over—the man of muscle and the man of brain, employer and workman, friends and neighbors, should meet together to consider what is their common duty. It is with this view that I have come to you to-night—not to entertain you, to tickle your ears, to repeat aphorisms that we all know are true, but which have in them no power to cure—nor to mirror your opinions. But if you believe the kindly words of the gentleman who introduced me, it will not matter though I find something in both capitalist and workman to condemn—it will not matter whether we approve or condemn—so that we think together and work together toward a solution. Let us then begin by looking briefly over the history of the labor question.

Originally the capitalist owned the laborer—slavery prevailed all over the known world. In the great Roman empire, at the time of Christ, one-half the entire population were slaves, and of the remainder one-half again were in little better condition. Not only the man of muscle, but the historian, the poet, the musician, the educator, all were in perpetual bondage.

But the world moved on: and educated by the growing influence of Christianity the idea of ownership of one man by another became abhorrent to the more enlightened, and the condition of the laborer was correspondingly improved. Feudalism took the place of the old slave system: now the capitalist owned the land around his castle, and the village nestled at the foot of its walls; the villagers tilled the land and supplied the lord of the manor and his men-at-arms, and in case of need rendered military service also—in return for which they were protected against invasion and robbery by others. In short—the capitalist owned the land, and had a lien upon the laborer.

Later, feudalism—no matter how—gave way to individualism; the worker went whither he would, worked when and for whom he would; it was "every man for himself" and the rest of the proverb. Here was realized just the idea of certain people who think all things will regulate themselves by the law of supply and demand, if only you have free competition in an open market; absolute liberty seems to them the universal panacea. Well, in the period of individualism they had it—only it would not work.

Still the world moved on: the use of steam was discovered; machinery was invented; instead of the housewife spinning the wool or flax upon her own wheel, and weaving it into "homespun" fabric on her own loom, a thousand spinning wheels revolve in one great factory, and a hundred looms work up the yarn into cloth; instead of the shoemaker buying his own material, and with his own tools finishing the product and selling it, a great factory, with machines for each process, turns out the shoes by thousands of pairs, and the worker learns but one part of the business, the tending perhaps of a single machine. Labor-saving machinery has made essential the organ-

ization and division of labor; and individualism in its turn has given way to the wages system. Now one class of men own all the tools and implements of industry, and the other class operate them and produce the results. All the land belongs to the few, and the many till it; the railways belong to the few, the many operate them; the cotton-mill, the oil-well, belong to the few, the many do the work in them. So far history has brought us—we have reached the industrial status of our own time, which we may call capitalism.

Now this system has no claim to be the preordained, divine form, of industrial organization: it is scarcely a century old, having become established at the end of the eighteenth century, and I believe it will hardly survive the nineteenth. It is an advance upon its predecessor—each of the great steps I have outlined was above the former one. It is as vain for Ruskin or Carlyle to attempt to make men worship the feudal past, as it would be for one to make us Americans wish to go back to the tolerance of slavery from which we have come out. Not the Golden Age is in the future, not in the past: we shall take no step backward. Never before were so many men well fed, well clothed, well housed, or so happy, as in our working America. The workman is better compensated, too; and even were he not, better poor and free than pampered and in slavery. There is no question about the world being better to-day; the only question is, Shall we go back from the nineteenth century to the eighteenth? and I for one say no.

But if we would not recede, we must advance—for we have not reached the Promised Land. The Christian millennium has not yet begun. Let us look at the present status a little closer. We indict capitalism, not because it is worse than what has gone before, but because it hampers growth. We have no quarrel with rich men. As I have found them, they have generally made their money by probity and fair dealing—I say "generally," for we all know there are rich thieves as well as poor ones, and rich beggars, too; for there is more than jingle in the old nursery rhyme, where the

—"beggars are coming to town
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns."

We would not say one word to inflame class prejudice, but we must condemn a system which runs a line through society, putting all the owners on one side and all the laborers on the other. Such a line would be less likely to be drawn if we could make the house of the rich man transparent as glass, that the laborer might see him tossing upon a sleepless bed, refusing the choicest food, bearing on his brain the weight of impending bankruptcy as he strives in vain to stem the tide; often the workman would see in his employer his best friend, who kept his business running long after it ceased to yield him any profit, for the sake of his people. It is not the man that is wrong oftentimes: it is the system. And the rich man would see this better if we could also make the poor man's house transparent, and let him see the sick wife or child, the father knowing that a month of good food and light and air, in the sweet country, would save the precious life, yet at last he must follow the pine coffin to the grave—the rich man would understand why the laborer felt hurt and angry, and would sympathize and try to help him. At least he would feel

that for his own sake it would be well to make the conditions of life easier to the worker. Such a mutual understanding would do much toward the peaceful solution of our problem.

Our fundamental Declaration claimed for every man "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." If these rights are truly inalienable, any system that denies or abridges any of them is a bad one. Now, life is more than mere existence; men, women and children herded together in the tenement houses of cities, where they can enjoy neither of God's four great gifts—air, sunlight, earth, or water—not ground enough to raise a rose, no direct ray of sunlight, not a drop of pure water, nor a breath of fresh air—can scarcely be said to *live*. Yet there are thousands of these in the one great city of New York.

Every man has a right to work. To earn one's bread by the sweat of one's brow is no curse, but a blessing; and no system is right which says that the willing worker shall *not* earn his bread by his labor. Yet in the year 1885 the U. S. Labor Bureau told us of one million willing laborers in that enforced idleness which Carlyle well characterized as "an Englishman's hell."

Not only has the working man a right to life and labor, but to share the profits of his labor. The individual shoemaker, after paying for his material and tools, and the cost of living, had something over, which was his own profit; but under the wages system, after the employer has paid the laborer what he must have to support life, all the profit remains with the capital—and this we say is not just or fair. I know this proposition is often denied even in our country, but any broad view of the subject will find it true. The workman puts in his all, working from eight to sixteen hours a day for little more than his bread and butter, and is fortunate if in the end he escapes starvation to the poor-house.

You cannot judge from what you see in Lancaster, or in Pennsylvania; our country is young and rich, and the system has not yet worked out its results; but go across the water where it has had the time and conditions for development, and you see the difference. The Italian ministry urge their people to remain in their own country, and they reply "What do we owe our country? We raise your cattle, yet rarely taste of flesh; we cultivate your vineyards, yet do not taste the rich wines made from our grapes; we work continually, yet receive barely enough to keep us alive. We do not even get enough to eat. What do we owe to our fatherland?" Go to England. The workman eats his coarse bread and cheese, and drinks his poor cider. His living accommodations are miserable; out of 309 cottages in one of the richest parts of Lancashire, 137 had but one bedroom, 102 had two bedrooms, with an average of from five to seven persons in each room. In Scotland one-third of the working people's houses have but one room, and another third two rooms. Even here at home we can not boast when we remember that in 1885 over five million workers earned less than \$200 a year. With \$4 per week to pay house rent, food, clothing, fuel, and education, what will be left to lay by?

Every man has a right to an opportunity to grow. God put us here not to make money but to make men; and any system that grinds up men to make money is neither a divine nor a Christian system. Yet we sub-

divide labor so that a man may do nothing but point pins, and do not remember that among the sand are the particles of a human soul. The car-driver who stands fourteen, fifteen, or even sixteen hours on his little platform, or the baker working thirteen hours—what chance have they to educate and make men of themselves? I have visited furnaces in Pennsylvania where the puddlers worked twelve hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, without a holiday, eating their meals from one hand while they attended to their work with the other: how under such circumstances shall men grow in knowledge, wisdom, and grace?

I am not here to advocate any eight or nine or ten-hour law, but to plead for a chance for every man on the face of the globe to develop his heart, and head, and home. I am against any system which grinds up *men* to make *things*. The optimist shrugs his shoulders and says "Why worry about the matter? The world is growing better, and these things will right themselves." But the world does not grow better; it is *made* better. Things will not take care of themselves: we are put here to *take care of them*. Liberty and happiness do not come to a nation by means of the man who never opens his mouth to protest nor ever draws his sword to fight for the right.

Is the present industrial system working toward the best consummation? Do we not hear every day that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer? And is there any promise in the history or logic of the present system that these wrongs will ever right themselves? It is easy to understand why a man who began life earning fifty cents per day and who now receives ten thousand dollars a year, should think that wages are going up; but we must not take his statement alone. Statistics show that from 1860 to 1881, while the increase in wages was 31.1 per cent., the increase in prices was 41.3 per cent.—a clear loss of ten per cent. in the purchasing power of the working-man's wages. In England it is conceded by the best authorities that the working classes have at length barely regained the standard of wages that prevailed in the 15th century. You have all heard over and over again how in twenty-five years the wealth of the United States increased over 200 per cent. while the population increased but 60 per cent. What became of this great surplus? It did not go to the farmer, the mechanic, the toiler. The very best that can be said is that their wages may have appreciated a little.

I do not think it necessary to characterize a system which puts all the wealth into a few hands—and which results in the plutocracy against which DeTocqueville warned us long ago. This leads directly to corruption of the ballot, and you know it is already said that in some States of our country the railroad corporations own the Legislature and dispose at will of the land of the people. History tells us that while the rich are enervated by luxury, the poor become more ignorant and degraded. Even among ourselves pauperism and crime are increasing; in New York city one in fifteen, and in the country at large one in twenty, belongs to the dependent classes—beggars or thieves and those depending on beggars and thieves.

But let us now turn from this picture, painted intentionally in dark colors, and look to the future. Slavery prepared the people for feudalism, feudalism for individualism, individualism for the wages system,

and the wages system will in turn be followed by an *Industrial Democracy*. Let me explain what I mean by this.

Abraham Lincoln in his great speech at Gettysburg, which has become one of the classics of the language, referred to ours as a "Government of the people, for the people, and by the people." There could be no better definition of democracy—and Americans believe in democracy in government, though we have not excluded all things undemocratic; we still have our rings, bosses, and kings of one kind or another, but we fight against them and condemn them—and some of us will never be silent until the last ring is broken.

We believe in democracy in education; that man as man is competent for education. We have repudiated the old notion that education is for a privileged class, and claim it should be free like the air and water. We believe in common schools, because that is education by the people, for the people. We will never suffer them to fall into the hands of any power, Protestant or Catholic, political or religious, which is not controlled by the people themselves—all the people.

On the same principle I believe in industrial democracy—the control of wealth and the management of industries for the people and by the people. Mr. Blaine tells us that the wealth of this country grew in twenty-five years from fourteen thousand millions to forty-four thousand millions. Whence came all this wealth? From the mines of coal, iron, and precious metals; from the fertile soil of the prairies, from the rivers which afford such magnificent highways for commerce, and the great forests of valuable timber. We Americans did not create these; God put them here for His children.

We have employed the natural forces—electricity, steam and water power: all these, too, are gifts from God. Is He the God of the few or the many? Did He put these things here for the few, or for His whole family? We do not believe in a God of the few, but of all. See the result of employing these natural forces: while it used to be as much as a farmer could do to support his family and perhaps save a little, now (Atkinson says) seven men can feed a thousand. It is right that we should pay a man for his discovery or invention, but neither belongs to him alone—and this our government recognizes in giving a patent for only a term of years.

Another element of wealth is found in the great franchises. The railroads of this country are estimated at eight thousand billions of dollars; this is not the value of the rails, ties, station buildings, etc., but of the *privilege* of carrying the commerce of the country. It has been said that in former times the means of locomotion were poor, but the highways were free; now the means of locomotion are good, but the highways are private property. It is right that we should pay those who carry us or our property or messages, but the great franchises of a nation belong to the people.

Nothing is more common than to hear some one say "What is mine is *mine*." I say no. Henry George tells us land is not a subject of private property; he is not radical enough—*nothing* is a subject of private property. All wealth is the *common-wealth*—it comes from the people and ought to be for the people. We ask no crass division, but that the common wealth be

used for common ends, and this because no man has anything that is truly his own. He simply holds a trust; for into everything that we make and call our invention, goes the work and brain and heart of men now gone and forgotten—and shall we give nothing in return? I do not urge that rich men should scatter their wealth among beggars in the streets, but that it be used for the best good of all. We are told that forty thousand people own one-half, and two hundred and fifty thousand families own three-fourths of the wealth of the United States; and the discrepancy is even greater abroad, where the wages system has been longer in operation.

The Scripture says that "Naked came we into the world, and naked shall we go out of it." No one is so skeptical to doubt the first part of the proposition, but many live as though they doubted the last. We may make money by work, or by exchange of the product of our labor, we may beg it, we may take it without leave (commonly called stealing), or we may take it from the common fund by what is called speculation. Jay Gould began with nothing, and in twenty-five years owned one hundred millions; so he is now paid four millions of dollars a year salary out of the product of industry. Will you not all agree that we pay him too much? I do not believe that the railroad brakeman objects to a good salary for the president of the road, or thinks that all men should have the same price for the same hours; but if a man makes but 75 or 80 cents per day and cannot keep himself and family in proper food and clothing, is it any wonder that when he hears of a salary of four millions a year, he feels that there is injustice somewhere, he knows not where, that ought to be righted, though he knows not how. I for one agree with him!

We ask that the wealth of the people shall be administered for the people and by the people. Is it because they are most competent for the trust? No, not exactly; but they are more competent to take care of their own interest than any one else is to take care of it for them. On the same principle I uphold universal suffrage; not that the colored people are thoroughly competent to take care of themselves, but they will do it better than their ex-masters will for them. Looking back over twenty-five years of unrestricted suffrage, and comparing this period with the last twenty-five years of restriction, we can afford to say that when liberty has produced as bad results as bondage, it will be time enough to go back to the government of the many by the few. We can trust the people; if we cannot, our whole political system is ill-founded, for it stands upon the capacity of man for self-government. It has been asked, "Are the people competent to settle great religious problems for themselves?" We say yes; they are better able to judge of their own needs than others for them. So in political matters, we are asked, "Are the uneducated masses fit to make and unmake rulers? without knowledge of law, shall they select law makers?" Again we answer yes; they will manage their own affairs better than others for them. History has justified our position in these two great departments of human experience. If then the people have been proven competent to deal with religious and political problems, why are they not competent also to deal with industrial questions? If in the great crisis of a civil war the people can select a great captain, and in a political crisis select their

leaders, why should they not be competent to select also their captains of industry?

"The argument ends either in aristocracy in government or democracy in industry; and as we are taught that every man can take care of himself, the conclusion is plain. As Lincoln said long before war had made emancipation a necessity, that "America will be all free or all slave, and I do not believe it will be all free or all slave,"—so I say that we must become either all aristocratic or all democratic, and not remain as now, democratic in government and aristocratic in industry. We must learn to formulate a new industrial system, corresponding with the governmental.

I would say to workmen, therefore, in seeking industrial democracy you are right—go on; organize, educate yourselves; but do not forget the fundamental principles of honesty and truth. You must not attempt to control what you do not own. You ought to own the tools of industry, and the time is coming when you will. Looking forward from the present state of affairs into the future, we see a time when labor will no longer be a commodity to be bought or hired in the cheapest market by capital, but capital will be, as it ought to be, the servant and tool of labor. Then it will be not men for money, but money for men; not brain here and hand there, but both welded together. All this may be accomplished peacefully—not by battles between labor and capital, but by an honest, firm demand for justice, enforced at the ballot box. Thus by rectifying unjust laws, by thrift, economy, and justice, we will arrive at the solution of our problem.

In conclusion, let me say that I should not have come to you from a doubly busy life, as pastor of a great church and editor of a great newspaper, if I were not a Christian man and a Christian minister. I did not come to talk politics or sociology, but Christianity. In every fiber of my brain and every globe of my blood I am a democrat of the democrats—or what is the same thing, a republican of the republicans. I believe in man because I believe in God—God as our Father, and men as a universal brotherhood; and thousands of other Christians believe with me, and so the kingdom of God is marching on. I cannot more fittingly close than by quoting from an article in the October *Forum* on "Social Problems and the Church," by Bishop Huntington, of the Protestant Episcopal Church:

"There is no beatitude that reads, 'Blessed are the rich, for they shall inherit the kingdom of heaven'; no rule of selection proclaiming, 'I have chosen the rich of this world.' There is no malediction or threat saying, 'Woe unto you poor men, ill-clad men, untended men; men that are managed, bought and sold; men at the mercy of capitalists and corporations; men dictated to, kept down, taken advantage of, with small chance in a lawsuit or if accused of a theft, forced into a class whether you like it or not.' It is all the other way—the whole Gospel, from the lowly yet triumphant *Magnificat* of the virgin mother, to the unbounded and impartial invitation to free waters of eternal life at the end of the Apocalypse. We all know it would not be a Gospel if it were otherwise, but an absurd mockery of a Gospel. Out of this oracle, constitution and personal life alone the church is to take its answers to the question as to what its duty is respecting social problems."

THE GOLDEN-ROD.

O rod of gold!
 O, swaying sceptre of the year—
 Now frost and cold
 Show Winter near,
 And shivering leaves grow brown and sere.
 The bleak hillside,
 And marshy waste of yellow reeds,
 And meadows wide,
 Where frosted weeds
 Shake on the damp wind light-winged seeds,
 Are decked with thee—
 The lingering Summer's latest grace,
 And sovereignty.
 Each wind-swept space
 Waves thy red gold in Winter's face—
 He strives each star
 In stormy pride to lay full low;
 But when thy bar
 Resists his blow,
 Will crown thee with a puff of snow!

—Margaret Deland.

Local Lore.

A CURIOUS LITTLE BOOK AND WHERE IT WAS WRITTEN.

BY J. M. H.

It is not easy to picture to ourselves the silent and peaceful halls of the antiquesly dignified and beautiful old Moravian chapel at Lititz, occupied by any but a congregation of devout and reverent worshippers. Yet for months, during 1777 and 1778, they were filled with a motley throng of sick and wounded warriors, for whom the old stone building, then the "Brethren's House," was made to serve as hospital by order of Gen. Washington himself. And there it was, amid the groans and curses and prayers that disturbed the Sabbath-like calm of this modest and secluded little village, that the first pharmacopœia ever published in America was compiled and written—a little work highly prized then for its learning and usefulness, but to-day valued above price for its antiquarian interest and great rarity.

Only a few copies of this rare and curious publication are known still to be in existence, and of one of these Dr. Charles A. Heinitsh is the fortunate possessor, which through his courtesy I have been allowed carefully to examine. It is a small 12mo. of thirty-two pages, excellently printed, from clear type, on hand-made paper, and originally was bound in paper covers. It is, of course, all written in Latin. It is of interest enough to warrant the transcription here of the entire title-page, as follows:

"PHARMACOPOEIA | Simpliciorum & Efficaciorum,
 | in usum | Nosocomii Militaris, | ad exercitum | Fœderatarum America Civitatum | pertinentis; | Hodiernæ nostræ inopiæ rerumque | angustiis, | Feroci hostium sævitiae, belloque crudeli ex | inopinato patriæ nostræ illato debitis, | Maxime accommodata.
 | Auctore GULIELMO BROWN, M.D. | Editio Altera. | Philadelphia: Ex Officina CAROLI CIST | M.DCC.LXXXI."

This being translated reads thus: "Pharmacopœia of simple and efficacious remedies for the use of the military hospital belonging to the army of the United States of America, especially adapted to our present

poor and needy condition, which we owe to the fierce cruelty of the enemy, and to the bloody war unexpectedly brought upon our country. William Brown, M.D., author. Second Edition. Philadelphia: at the office of Charles Cist. 1781."

A second copy of this edition is said to be in the library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Philadelphia; while the Library Company of Philadelphia is in possession of a copy of the first edition, bearing the imprint of "Styner & Cist, 1778," and described as a "small octavo," though evidently both editions are printed from the same plates.

In the preface, which is dated "Lititz, Mart. 12, 1778," attention is called to the distinction indicated between such remedies as are "to be prepared and compounded in the general laboratory," and others "to be mixed for the occasion at the offices of the hospitals." There is also complaint made of the lack of sufficient phials, on account of which many prescriptions "made use of only for the sake of elegance" are omitted. A cursory examination of the eighty-four recipes for internal and sixteen for external remedies, shows that not a few of the roots and herbs found in the vicinity of Lititz were made use of at the hospital, together with other simple and so-called home-remedies. Of course the list of prescriptions is almost ridiculously small when compared with those of modern pharmacopœias. To this may be owing the fact—and it may not—that during the little more than six months that the hospital was at Lititz, no less than one hundred of its inmates died. It is true, most of them were taken off by the "camp fever," or "hitziges fieber" as the diarist of the church, a copy of whose journal I have before me, calls it.

From this official diary we learn that this fever was epidemic, especially during January, 1778, when not only many soldiers, but also a number of the devoted Brethren who helped as volunteer nurses, fell victims to it. The soldiers were all buried together somewhere immediately to the east of the Lititz church. Diligent search has been made to find the exact spot of their interment, but thus far without satisfactory results. Not even the names of those hundred patriot heroes are known. Surely they should not be left thus, their names forgotten and their resting place unmarked and unknown.

Turning now to the records to find out a little more about this hospital and its learned Dr. Brown who gave America her first pharmacopœia, I find this entry in the church diary before referred to, under date of December 14th, 1777: "This afternoon Dr. Kennedy from the army arrived with an order from Gen. Washington that in all the villages in this vicinity hospitals should be established, and that 250 sick men should be brought here. . . . He selected the Brethren's House, and directed that it should be vacated this week." This is the large old stone house, with gambrel roof, just west of the church, in which the unmarried men of the congregation lived. Later it was used as an academy, and now it is the chapel and Sunday-school room of the church. The diary further tells us that the Brethren retained for their own use the cellar, kitchen, and weaving-room. Having thus vacated their quarters, the Brethren had to be lodged elsewhere. The shoemakers moved into the store house; into the school-house Brother Dreyspring and Keller with some others and some

boys. "Brother Grube retains his dwelling and will for the present only keep the girls' school."

On the 19th "About 80 sick soldiers arrived from Jersey. It seemed very singular to have our houses taken from us and used for such a purpose." The hospital was now crowded. None of the church services, however, were omitted, but we read that on Christmas-eve the usual impressive services were held, and, it is added with evident satisfaction, "Our new inhabitants, although very close, make no disturbance." Nor are the soldiers neglected by the good Brethren; for on the 28th, we are told, "Br. Schmick preached yesterday and to-day to the sick in their rooms, which was acceptable to them." It is added that "The misery in the hospital is not to be described. One must see it for oneself. Both the doctors are themselves sick, and Br. Adolph Myer must attend them. The sick get no medicine." By New Year's day, 1778, "As the two doctors are very sick, a third arrived. He is a German from Saxony." Up to this time seven soldiers had died and been buried; while on the 9th of January "About 20 well soldiers marched off to the army." Thus it went on almost daily, convalescent soldiers leaving only to make room for other sick and wounded ones. The fever raged terribly. By the last of the month 60 were buried from the hospital, while two of the Brethren, Schmick and Oerter, also fell victims to the disease while nursing the soldiers.

"Jan. 18, 1778. Dr. Brown arrived from Bethlehem with a letter from Br. Ettwein. Dr. Brown wishes to live here with his family. He has the general oversight of the hospitals in this region." This is evidently the "Gulielmus Brown, M. D.," who wrote our pharmacopœia. But unfortunately that is all we know of him. Where he was from originally, and what became of him afterwards, is not stated in any of the records accessible to the writer. That he was at Lititz for some time, and that he diligently and usefully employed his time while there, is amply proven by his publishing the quaint little volume before referred to.

The Dr. Kennedy who established the hospital may have been the same referred to several times in old Christopher Marshall's diary about this time. If so, then he was a Lancaster man, or at least temporarily lived here. For, a few days after Marshall's arrival at Lancaster, he writes, under date of July 14, 1777, "This day Dr. Kennedy sent me two wagon loads of firewood, he calls them cords. I let him have two entirely new Octavo volumes of Brooks's *Practice of Physick*, for which he is to pay me when I settle for this wood and what more he brings me." This was the summer before the establishment of the Lititz hospital. Then we hear nothing more of him until the summer after, Aug. 16, 1778, when Marshall and he start to drive to Philadelphia together, where they arrive on the 18th, and the doctor "put up at the Indian Queen," near the south-east corner of Fourth and Market streets, he having been "taken violently ill with purging and vomiting" the night before. Possibly he was still weak from the attack of camp-fever of the previous winter, if he was one of the surgeons at Lititz at that time, both of whom suffered from it, as we saw, and had finally to be reinforced or relieved by the Saxon surgeon mentioned, and by Dr. Brown.

Much more might indeed be quoted from the old diarists about the hospital, the poor sufferers there, the boisterous conduct of the convalescent, and the wild revels indulged in by visiting sleighing-parties from Lancaster; but of Dr. Brown and of his interesting little book no further mention is made. It behooves, therefore, the present chronicler to yield to discretion and likewise be silent, rather than to follow the promptings of curiosity into bootless speculations that would but tire the reader.

A VISIT TO EPHRATA

IN THE SUMMER OF 1753.

The following extracts from an account of a visit to Ephrata and its cloisters in August, 1753, by the Rev. Israel Acrelius, Provost of the Swedish churches in America, and Rector of the Old Swedes' Church, Wilmington, Del., is taken from his "History of New Sweden," published by the Pennsylvania Historical Society in 1874, a volume that is now somewhat rare. The glimpses given us of some the inner life and arrangements of the Ephrata Brethren will, we believe, be both new and interesting to the most of our readers.

The interior of the hall in the Brethren's Convent is thus pictured by Magister Acrelius: "In the middle of the church was a broad seat, or place for a chair for Father Friedsam; this was turned towards the congregation; back of this were two others turned towards each other and making a square; this was said to be intended for Eleazar, the Superior of the Convent, and the oldest of the brethren. Back of this again was an altar, or a small and high table, and a pulpit to lay a book on. The altar stood somewhat away from the aisle, so that he who ministered there might always turn himself towards the congregation; on the right side of the altar there was also a little room, screened by a curtain, within which no one was to enter except their Minister, which was called the *Sanctuary*. There were also places for benches on both sides of the church, which were used for the brothers and sisters of the congregation. Above there was a gallery on both sides, so arranged with extending lattice-work that one could look through the openings and see down through the church. Müller said that that was built for the sisters, so that if they should come to look at the brothers' service, they should, for the sake of modesty, be concealed, as also that the woman's place in the temple at Jerusalem was arranged in the same way. * * * * *

"We went into the sisters' convent, and saw their rooms in some parts. The church was arranged in the same manner as that of the brethren above described, with the exception of the gallery. Upon the one side were benches for the brethren of the cloister, when they wished to come thither. The Lord's Supper is administered at the altar in both churches by Father Friedsam, so that they come one by one each time. He is also the minister in both churches. . . ."

The refectory and meals of the brethren are described as follows: "The time came for the cloister brethren to go to their evening meal, and thereupon each one came out of his room immediately, and all went, one after another, up a pair of stairs into the refectory. This was large enough for one hundred persons, with two long tables; but now they were most

seated at one table, as the number of the brethren at that time was scarcely twenty. Around the hall in the passages were small cases, each large enough to hold a Bible, for which, indeed, they were intended, and each had a small white linen curtain before it. The cloth was spread on the table, the food placed in deep stone dishes. The courses were pealed barley boiled in milk, with bread broken into it; another course was pumpkin mush, with slices of soft-crust bread on a plate. Between these was butter, but only for me, as the brethren for themselves had a kind of cheese-curds on [wooden] platters all around the table. Each one took his place, and I was shown to mine, where the greater part of the brethren were behind my back. After they had sat for some time with down-cast eyes one of the brethren at the table read a passage out of the Bible, after which they sat still for some moments; then each one took out of his pocket a bag in which there was a wooden spoon and a knife. The spoon and knife given to me were taken out of a drawer under the table. We all ate with a good appetite, first of the barley, then of the pumpkin mush; and finally of the butter, in which this economy was observed—that when, at the finishing of the dish, one could no longer use the spoon, the remainder was taken up with pieces of bread. There was no other use for a knife than to take the butter and cut the bread; neither was any plate needed; as, in fact, none was there. I did not see that any piece of bread was broken. At the close, each one licked his knife and spoon, dried them with a cloth which they had in the same bag, and then the knife and spoon were restored to their former place. During the meal not a word was spoken; at its close another chapter was read out of the Bible."

This frugal meal seems to have been a good sample of their usual fare; for, when asked whether they regarded the eating of meat sinful, "Müller answered, 'Nay; but the brethren do not incline to the eating of flesh. Our food is usually of vegetables, such as cabbages, roots, greens, also milk, butter, cheese, and good bread always. At the love-feasts, the provision may be somewhat better than usual. We forbid none among us who desire it to eat meat. Wine is used when some one is sick.'"

OUR COLLEGE.

The eyes of the alumni at present seem to be on the college foot ball team. Congratulations have been received from many of the graduates, men from so great a distance as Mexico. Mr. Walter C. Camp, Yale '80, the father of foot ball in this country, writes, "I congratulate you on the wonderful success of your team. It is noted everywhere by everybody." Many challenges have had to be refused, most notably among such being the challenges from Cornell University and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The sweaters supply a long-felt want in the outfit of the team. These cold days they are especially appreciated by the boys, who from the very depths of their hearts feel most grateful for the thoughtfulness and generosity of Lancaster's business and professional men.

The new chemical and biological laboratory is receiving the final touches of the builders. Prof. Schiedt is, in consequence, the happiest man in the faculty. Let all the cats, frogs, grass-hoppers, and bugs which

would "a-promenading-go," beware of the college campus!

The New York *Tribune*, of Oct. 13, contained a letter from Franklin and Marshall. It was given a place of honor, standing in the first column, immediately after the Yale letter. Mr. D. Nicholson, the Managing Editor of the *Tribune*, has decided to give space for Franklin and Marshall notes every few weeks. Why can't we have a regular correspondent to the *Philadelphia Press*? The other colleges of the State receive weekly recognition in the columns of the *Press*.

With what different prospects from those of last year will the Glee Club enter upon the second season of its history! One year ago the club made its debut. Those who predicted its failure could not be named in a breath by a good deal. Several very creditable concerts were given prior to the Christmas vacation, but, owing to slim audiences and poor management, the organization was over two hundred dollars in debt before January 1. The discontent in the club stopped at little short of a mutiny—the only remaining bond being the above-mentioned debt and the engagement of the opera houses for the Maryland trip. The alumni, too, in a number of places did not seem to be in the most enthusiastic mood. In one city they said, "Don't come down here, you will only disgrace us and disgrace the college!" Those same graduates, after the concert in that city, came to the boys with the hearty greeting, "We are proud of you, and of our Alma Mater, to-night!"

This year all is changed. Letters are received from every quarter asking the boys to come and favor them with a concert. It was not intended at first to sing in Pittsburg on the April trip. Immediately, the Rev. John H. Prugh, of that city, writes that the club must by all means stop in Pittsburgh, and that a chapter of the Andrew and Philip brotherhood in his church will manage the whole affair. Invitations have also been received for the club to spend Sunday in two of the places visited i. e., Washington, D. C. and Butler, Pa.

THE CLIO.

The twelfth annual season of the Cliosophic Literary Club will be inaugurated this month. The theme selected for the discussions of the Winter is "The Fine Arts as a Factor in Civilization and History." The introductory essay, taking a broad survey of the field, as a whole, will be read by the president, Rev. Dr. Thomas G. Apple, on "The General Principles of Æsthetics." Rev. Charles L. Fry will take as the topic of the second paper, "Classic Art and Christianity."

LIFE.

BY H. B.

Life is earnest, life is brief,
Let not cares thy soul o'ercloud,
For if thou wouldst find relief,
Earth must not thy love enshroud.
Gold that's hidden in the earth,
Cannot gleam, or shine, or glare;
Neither can a soul whose worth
Burdened is with load of care.
Thou must raise it from the dust,
Though it be with earnest toil,
Thou canst do it, and thou must,
If thou wouldst the tempter foil.

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.

People that are wise are looking about them for suitable Christmas gifts for their friends. And those that are wisest are not giving all their attention only to the show-windows of our shops, but are reserving a good share for publishers' catalogues and book news and announcements everywhere. For no class of gifts is more enduring and useful, and none more generally acceptable to intelligent persons, than books—provided always that they are the right kind of books.

In selecting books for presents, however, it is, in the first place, not enough that the book you choose is a so-called "holiday book." The fact is, there are more books of indifferent merit, not to say absolutely worthless books, put on the market as holiday books than good ones. Many a literary failure is made a success commercially by a little extra binding and a few catchy illustrations and then being advertised as a "sumptuous holiday volume."

In choosing for gift purposes it is well to remember that neither binding nor illustrations make a book. A book is a piece of literature. But while the printer's, binder's and engraver's art can never take the place of the author's wisdom and skill, they can add very much to the latter, and by worthily clothing and adorning the book make it more acceptable, useful and valuable than it would otherwise be.

I have before me now a truly beautiful volume that exactly illustrates this. It is a holiday book, too, but an exceptionally excellent one. It is a new edition of Lowell's *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, which I consider one of the half a dozen best poems in our American literature. The binding is simply exquisite, scarlet sides and white vellum back, with richly designed side-title stamped in gold. The paper is superfine, and printed only on one side of each leaf. The typography and letter press are as perfect as everything that comes from the "Riverside Press" of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Nine perfect little gems of illustrations in photogravure embellish the volume, making it one of the daintiest and most charming we have ever seen. It is a rare combination of the highest literary and the finest mechanical arts. I admire particularly the landscapes illustrating the lines "And what so rare as a day in June?" "Now is the high-tide of the year," "Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak," while the old man of "So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier cline," is beyond praise. The book costs only \$1.50, but for my part I would rather have it than the more pretentious \$10 quarto edition of the same noble poem issued by the same firm two or three years ago. The most striking feature of the volume, perhaps, and to some the most valuable, is the frontispiece, giving a portrait, ideally beautiful, of the poet, taken from a crayon made in 1842, and so far as I know never before published.

The book is one worthy of being held in the daintiest hands, or of a place in the richest parlor. You will make no mistake in ordering it as a Christmas present for your most fastidious friend.

The same publishers have also just brought out a new volume of poetry, exclusively elegiac, from the pen of our most gifted living woman poet, Edith M. Thomas, on whom, if on any one, has fallen the poetic mantle of the late Helen Hunt Jackson. Its appropriate title is *The Inverted Torch*. I cannot now think of any volume of elegiac poetry in our American literature that can compare with it for profound thought, purity of sentiment, and sustained loftiness of tone. Is there anything of the kind in English literature superior to it except Tennyson's "In Memoriam?"

Listen, for instance, to this, next to the last poem in the volume:

"Oft have I wakened ere the spring of day,
And from my window looking forth have found
All dim and strange the long-familiar ground.
But soon I saw the mist glide slow away,
And leave the hills in wonted green array,
While from the stream-sides and the fields around
Rose many a pensive day-entreating sound,
And the deep-breasted woodlands seemed to pray.

Will it be even so when first we wake
Beyond the Night in which are merged all nights—
The soul sleep-heavy and forlorn will ache,
Deeming herself midst alien sounds and sights?
Then will the gradual Day with comfort break
Along the old deeps of being, the old heights?"

I can imagine no more poetic conceit than the following with which the volume concludes:

Threading a darksome passage all alone,
The taper's flame, by envious current blown,
Crouched low, and eddied round, as in affright,
So challenged by the vast and hostile night,
Then down I held the taper;—swift and fain
Up climbed the lovely flower of light again!

Thou Kindler of the spark of life divine,
Be henceforth the Inverted Torch a sign
That, though the flame beloved thou dost depress,
Thou wilt not speed it into nothingness;
But out of nether gloom wilt reinspire,
And homeward lift the keen empyreal fire!

The volume is appropriately bound in a sober, subdued dress, in keeping with the serious tone and subject of its contents. As a gift to a recently bereaved friend nothing could be more suitable, while it could not be other than welcome with its comforting and helpful strains.

While I am talking of books of poetry let me also call your attention to another new and dainty little volume whose title is taken from the name of its hero, *Piero da Castiglione*. The author has a weakness for old Italian characters and history, as his previous volumes, "Angelo" and "Giorgio, and Other Poems" show. I am not acquainted with these, I confess, but if they are anything like as good as his latest, I do not hesitate to recommend them highly.

The volume is really a metrical romance, a deeply pathetic heart-tragedy. The deep and heaven-pure love of Piero and Maria, and their renunciation thereof

for what they imagine to be love of God and obedience to duty, are beautifully, touchingly described. The eloquent, stern preacher, Fra Girolamo, is strongly, clearly drawn. The religious sentiment of the times depicted seems to be faithfully and accurately reflected. And while the tone and spirit of the poem are elevated and reverent, the reader lays down the book thankful that he lives in a time and country where men are not less true and heroic, nor women less devoted and self-sacrificing, but where faith in God is more rational, and love to him not less pure and true, because instead of separating human hearts it ever binds them more closely together.

Do you know that Mrs. Margaret Deland's latest novel, *Sidney*, is out in book form now? What a strong piece of literary work it is! Every whit as skilful and strong in its way as was her famous "John Ward, Preacher," though, of course, lacking the special theological interest that made the latter so popular, in spite of the fact that there is another theological problem involved in "Sidney" not less deserving of popular interest.

The circumstance that it has just been finished as a serial, running through *The Atlantic Monthly*, reminds me that there is probably no other magazine published from whose pages has come forth so much of what is recognized as the best in American literature. How much of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell, to say nothing of novelists like "Charles Egbert Craddock," poets like Aldrich and Edith Thomas, historians and philosophers like Fiske, and essayists like Whipple and Scudder, how much of the very highest and best in all departments of our literature do we not owe *The Atlantic*? Here, besides "Sidney," I have just been looking through a volume of critical and literary essays by Prof. Woodberry, entitled *Studies in Letters and Life*, nearly all of which first appeared in this magazine, and which in collected form make a volume of more than ordinary interest and literary importance. Every essay is a real study, scholarly, original, and beautifully written.

Even now *The Atlantic* is giving its readers, in the November number, which begins a new volume, serials by Frank R. Stockton—of whom, by the way, I am heartily tired!—and by Fanny Murfree, "Charles Egbert Craddock's" younger sister, while Dr. Holmes closes his charming series, "Over the Teacups;" papers of exceptional interest and value on "The Legend of William Tell," on "Robert Morris," and on "The Fate of a Japanese Reformer;" a delightful sketch of "Maryland Women and French Officers" during the Revolution, and a curious one on "An American Highwayman;" a trenchant criticism on "The Christ in Recent Fiction," in which Mrs. Phelps Ward's "Come Forth" is treated without much mercy; and what to me is almost the best thing in the number, "Along the Frontier of Proteus's Realm," a characteristic essay by Edith Thomas; besides choice poetry and a number of other papers. Surely *The Atlantic* is the literary magazine of our country. There is none other can compare with it in this respect. It is a literary education in itself, and a training in style and taste, to read its pages from month to month.

But as the clock has just struck 2 A. M.,—I had no idea it was so late!—I think I had better bid you good night and stop, though first I will read you the following pretty little fancy contained in the paper of Edith Thomas just referred to, and entitled

SEA FOAM.

Light as the air
It lies on the sands the tide has left bare;
Ay, lighter than air
Flutter its loose flakes here and there.
Now it seemeth to me
Lamb's wool shorn from the flocks of the sea,
And now there's a hint
That it bears Aphrodite's imprint,
Yet never a gleam
Is clearly discerned of that beauty supreme;
Only this, and no more,—
A wreath of salt foam on the wind-swept shore!

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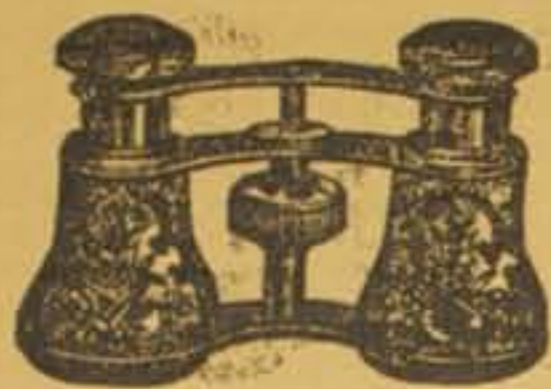
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