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CHRISTIAN CULTURE.

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

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THE MESSAGE OF THE NEW YEAR.

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet;
I asked and paused; he answered, soft and low,
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried;
And ere the question into silence died,
The answer came—"Nay, remember, too,
"God's will to do."

Once more I asked, "Is there no more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell—
"Yes! this one thing, all other things above,"
"God's will to love." —Selected.

Editorial.

We want more subscribers. We need them in order to improve our paper. We can get them if all our friends will show their friendship by helping us in word and deed. In order to make it worth their while to do a little pleasant canvassing among their neighbors and acquaintances, we make the following offers, good only until March 1st:

To any one sending us *three new subscriptions* we will send CHRISTIAN CULTURE free for one year.

To any one sending us *six new subscriptions* we will send CHRISTIAN CULTURE free for one year and either a cloth bound copy of the "Higbee Memorial Volume," or of any one of Dr. McCaskey's Franklin Square Song Collections, or Dr. Hark's translation of Loskiel's quaint "Extempore on a Wagon," or his "The Unity of the Truth."

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Don't be content with having wished your friends a Happy New Year. Do your part now towards making it happy for them.

For a bad man to aspire to be leader in a good cause is the grossest kind of hypocrisy. A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit. That Parnell never cared as much for Ireland as he did for gratifying his own ambition and worse is clearly brought to light by his indecent and blindly selfish course since the exposure of the rottenness of his character. Poor Ireland!

We notice that in the laudable efforts that are being made to "boom" our old town, while much stress is laid on our abundant churches, our libraries, banks, markets, etc., as attractions that should induce manufacturers to come here, there is never anything said about our still more abundant liquor and beer saloons. What is the reason? Can it be that these are not reckoned among the "advantages" of a city?

THE concert for the working people given in the Court house last month demonstrated several points

about which there seemed to be considerable skepticism on the part of some people. It showed, first, that the working people will patronize first-class entertainments if the opportunity is offered them; secondly, that they can appreciate good music and literature when they hear it; and thirdly, that they know how to conduct themselves at a public entertainment better than a good many other people who seem to imagine that the proper thing at any entertainment is to attract as much attention to themselves and away from the performance as possible.

For a long time there has been complaint made by the members of the liturgical and historic churches at the way they are ignored by the International Sunday-school Lesson Committee in the arrangement of the International Series of lessons. It does seem decidedly incongruous to be studying about the death and resurrection of Christ, for instance, just at the season when all Christendom has been contemplating and celebrating the joyous truth of the Saviour's birth. But mere complaining evidently does no good. Why don't the churches that are dissatisfied "get together" and arrange a series of Sunday-school lessons of their own more in accord with the requirements of the church year? A little energetic and practical co-operation on their part is all that is needed. And, indeed, how many other more important and necessary ends could be accomplished if but we had a little more earnest and hearty co-operation among the churches!

SOMETIMES important historical facts come to us unexpectedly. Sometimes they appear altogether past finding out. An example of the former we have in the interesting biographical sketch of Dr. William Brown printed in our "Local Lore" department. When the article on "A Curious Little Book" was published in our November number, we had little hope of ever learning who the "Gulielmus Brown" was to whom belonged the honor of having written the first Pharmacopœia in our country. Our article, however, fell into the hands of Mr. Wilson, a gentleman in Denver, Colo., who happens to be a descendant of the same old family of Alexanders into which Dr. Brown had married, who very kindly responded to our request to prepare a sketch of Dr. Brown for our columns. The patriot, surgeon and author deserves to be gratefully remembered in Lancaster county.

BACK of all the immediate occasions of the latest Indian outbreak, the selfishness of a few ringleaders, religious fanaticism, or savage fierceness and love of bloodshed, there are deeper and stronger causes for which not the Indians nearly so much as the white

man and his government are to blame. Centuries of bitter experience of the white settlers' greed, of broken treaties and promises recklessly ignored, with unscrupulous government agents, of fraud, robbery, cruelty on every side, all working hand in hand with the folly and abuses of the reservation system—these are the true cause of nearly every Indian outbreak for years past. That there still are savages in our land is a disgrace to our professions of Christianity. That "Indian outbreaks" are still possible is a shame to our civilization. That the Indians are not all American citizens, as good and law-abiding as the average, is a pitiful commentary on the imbecility or criminal guilt of our statesmanship.

THE State Board of Health has issued a neat pamphlet, "Addressed to the Clerical Profession," urging upon ministers to use their influence against the holding of public funerals in all cases where the death resulted from an infectious or contagious disease, such as cholera, small-pox, typhus fever, diphtheria, yellow fever, scarlet fever, or measles. It calls attention to the great danger to public health arising from public funerals in such cases, and gives an appalling array of facts and illustrations to strengthen its plea. Ministers certainly have some influence in the matter. But individually it does not amount to very much where it opposes an ancient custom. The way to stop the unquestionably great evil would be for the ministers of every community to combine and coöperate in its suppression. Let them unitedly resolve not to officiate at any public funeral of a person who died from such a disease, and it would settle the matter. Why have any public funerals? There is no valid reason to be adduced against making all funerals private. Publicity on such occasions is always out of place and a violation of good taste and the finer feelings of man.

OUR NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

This is the time when nearly every one makes good resolutions. Some of these are carried out; some are not. Of those that fail of fulfillment not a few owe their failure to the fact that they undertook too much. We do not intend making this mistake, though we, too, have made new resolutions for the new year.

Among the rest, we have resolved *not to change the character or purpose of this journal*. We have every reason to believe that there is room in Lancaster for just such a journal as CHRISTIAN CULTURE is trying to be. We have met with much encouragement at home and abroad. Our efforts to stimulate the study of local history and foster antiquarian research have not been in vain. Our editorial comments on current local events, social practices, and questions and happenings in our midst, have aroused only such criticism

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

as we expected, and as has assured us of the need and benefit of a frank, honest and independent expression of opinion on matters pertaining to the higher life and real welfare of the community, such as we have tried to give, not from a denominational or partisan, but from a broadly Christian standpoint. There shall be no retrogression in this respect on our part.

By distributing about ten thousand copies of CHRISTIAN CULTURE within the past months we have given the public a full and fair opportunity of becoming acquainted with our principles and aims. Our readers ought to know us by this time, and should be able to make up their minds as to whether they will give us their support or not. If a sufficient number do think well enough of us to give us their subscriptions, we have made the further resolve to *increase the number of our pages from twelve to sixteen*, exclusive of the cover, with the beginning of our second volume, on March 1st. This will make our several departments considerably fuller and more interesting than heretofore; notably those of "Work in the Vineyard," in which we hope to give all the "prospective news" of the various churches and benevolent associations and institutions of our city; and "In Social Circles," which we expect to put in charge of one of our brightest young ladies, who will keep our readers thoroughly informed, not only of what has transpired, but what is going to take place in Lancaster's social life. We will have more room for "Local Lore," too, for which we already have the promise of some exceptionally interesting and important papers.

But it was not our intention now to give a prospectus for the new year. We only meant to tell of some of our New Year resolves which we felt might interest our readers, and the last one of which, that relating to the enlargement resolved upon, is made contingent upon the public's coöperation and support. We can enlarge only if we get enough new subscribers to warrant it; for this too we have resolved: *not to change our price of subscription.*

Now, in view of all the foregoing, we want to ask our readers this practical question:

DO YOU CONSIDER CHRISTIAN CULTURE WORTH FIFTY CENTS A YEAR TO YOU?

Our agent will call for your answer in the course of a day or two. If you happen to be a subscriber already, we hope you will renew your subscription. If you are not yet a subscriber, we hope you will become one by giving him your name and address together with fifty cents; or, if you prefer, send them to the office, No. 9, North Queen street; but do it at once or you might forget it!

With next month's number many of our readers' subscriptions expire. Does yours?

Why not renew right away?

Are you better and happier now that the holidays are over than you were before they commenced? If not, why not?

The Christmas holidays certainly have missed their sole legitimate end in every case where their observance has failed to bring into our life new elements of contentment, courage, hope, fresh and new conditions of happiness and health in body and in spirit.

That this end has not been gained in the case of thousands, right here in Lancaster, is a fact few will be bold enough to deny. And what is true here is at least equally true of most other places. All which gives color to the saying we have often heard, that Americans do not know how to use a holiday; but it does not furnish any sufficient reason for the opinion held in some quarters that, therefore, we ought to have fewer holidays, as few as possible during the year. Rather should it constrain thoughtful persons to inquire into the cause of so deplorable a state of affairs. Why is it that for so large a proportion of people a holiday means simply an occasion for letting loose in riotous excess every appetite and passion of the animal nature? Why is that gluttony and drunkenness are then indulged in if at no other time, to the impairment of physical health and mental soundness?

While we do not presume to have a fully satisfactory answer ready, we venture to suggest, as at least worth considering, that perhaps it is because we have not enough holidays, we are not used to them. That is to say, in the struggle for existence and scramble for wealth, which are waged with such intensity of earnestness, such all-absorbing passion and impatient haste, we give and take so little time for recreation, and the cultivation and training by moderate exercise, of those powers, faculties and appetencies that are not immediately engaged in our daily occupations, but which are nevertheless essential to the formation of a symmetrical, evenly-balanced character, that when a holiday does come, with its leisure time, its freedom from care, its absence of all toil, the reaction is too sudden and great for us. The extreme tension being taken off our thinking and willing powers, there follows as extreme a relaxation of these, and a consequent unbridled activity of all the irrational part of us, the lower, chiefly physical appetites and desires. They hold sway over us, uncontrolled by reason or will. We stop thinking, planning, carefully watching ourselves; we simply eat and drink. Our human nature lies inert; our animal nature runs riot.

We believe there is something in this theory. If we had more time to evenly develop every part of our nature; if we were less intense in our work, less impatient, less immoderate; we would also be more

rational and less excessive and intemperate in our pleasures. It is because, as a people, we have too little free time, that we fail properly to use and enjoy the little free time we have. A little less haste in money-getting and a little more in mind-enriching, would make us a less partial and one-sided, and so a healthier, better and happier people.

THE CHARITY PROBLEM.

Methods of charity have not kept pace with the growth of the spirit of charity. Indeed the chief problem now is no longer where to get means for the relief of the needy. Contributions for this purpose were never more freely and abundantly given than now. But the great question is how to disburse these so as not only to relieve the really deserving but at the same time to do it without injury to them and to the community.

This is one of the most difficult problems involved in our modern civilization. It must be solved, unless our charity is to become wholly wasteful and sinful—as too much of it is already. We must stop supporting the lazy, shiftless and worthless vagrant in his lazy worthlessness. That a man is hungry is not a sufficient reason for our feeding him. We must know also why he is hungry, whether our feeding him will be likely to be beneficial to him or harmful, whether there are not some other things he needs more than food, and so forth. In short, every gift to the poor in order to be truly charitable must be a contribution not only of food, money, clothing, but also of time, study, thought and careful investigation.

Few individuals can afford this. Hence our various charity organizations. Their only excuse for being is that through their agents they can do what few individuals can, namely: make and keep themselves thoroughly posted as to the needs, character, circumstances, etc., of every proposed object of charity. Their great purpose is to prevent indiscriminate, merely sentimental, unintelligent, wasteful charity, and to so distribute the means contributed by a charitable public as to make them do least harm and most good.

While it may justly be questioned whether all our local charity organizations subserve this end, whether some of them, with best intentions, are not more injurious than beneficial to the real welfare of our community, there is no question that our City Dorcas Society is earnestly striving to do just the kind of work that needs to be done. Its workers are conscientious and intelligent. They do what they can to avoid waste, injustice and imposition. It deserves the confidence and generous support of the public; and its field of work and range of usefulness ought to be enlarged, so that our citizens' charitable motives may be carried out by truly charitable methods.

ONE WORLD VS. MANY WORLDS.

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

ARE THEY INHABITED?—I.

From the inferences drawn in our former article we are very much inclined to doubt the conclusion that any of the planets of the solar system are habitable, except possibly Venus and the earth; while for Venus the evidence drawn from the appearances of the planet are certainly not favorable to the habitability of this planet. This, however, raises a question, which, it is true, is very difficult to answer. Why are so many planets formed when only one is habitable? More than this, since probably other suns, as Sirius and Procyon, have also planets circling around them, might not at least one planet for every one of these suns be inhabited. This would still make room for many, perhaps millions of habitable planets. All we can say right here is that this is also, as we see the matter, very doubtful; and in spite of the fact that it makes the question, why so many suns and planets without inhabitants, even more difficult. When we come to consider this phase of the question of one world versus many worlds, many metaphysical questions arise; and although in these times, physics and metaphysics are often treated as incompatible, it is possible that with something of physics and a little of metaphysics a plausible solution for even this great difficulty can be found. At least it is quite evident that analogies both in the sphere of nature and of grace can be found.

The first observation to be made on this question is that nature in every kingdom on the earth, in mineral, vegetable and animal, is extremely lavish in its supplies. More minerals, more vegetation and more animal life are supplied and produced than can ever be in any sense utilized for man's purpose. This is true of ores and fuels as well as of plants and animals. In fact each kingdom has more of a lower or equal kind as a supply than it can ever utilize. This it is to be observed is more so as we go to lower orders. That is, in the lower orders there is a more lavish supply than there is in the higher orders. Therefore, it is quite reasonable to suppose that of the crude world stuff, immensely more is supplied than is really utilized.

For instance, we sometimes see the statement made that the earth receives only one two thousand two hundred millionth part of the solar heat. Could it be possible then that the two thousand one hundred and ninety-nine million parts are wasted? Certainly not, for all the planets are inhabited and the sunlight is there utilized. But this scarcely makes the argument any better; for the whole solar system, including even comets and meteors, could not possibly take up so much as one hundred millionth part of the sun's heat and light; and therefore ninety-nine million parts against one part are still wasted, and the same relative proportion is probably wasted in other systems. Therefore this difficulty is very little more satisfactory on the supposition that all the planets of the solar system are inhabited, than that only one, and that a small one, is alone inhabited.

Again, so far as the material is concerned, there is a similar difficulty. Even admitting that Venus and Mars are inhabited, for no one who consid-

ers the other planets in the light of modern telescopic and spectroscopic observations believes that they are habitable or inhabited, there is a great apparent waste of material. Only about one part in two hundred and twenty is used to build habitable worlds. Therefore, we repeat, there is here also a great waste of material, if the fact that these planets are inhabited is to be a test for wasting or utilizing planets and the material of which they are composed.

We have said in several connections that the material of sunlight is wasted. This term is used by many, but it is a fair question, whether the term is not very likely misunderstood or misinterpreted. Wasted, so far as we can see; or as far as the subject immediately in hand, viewed from a material standpoint, would lead us to believe. In a broader sense neither the material nor the sunlight may be wasted, for it may serve a purpose which is quite commensurate with the amount of energy that it takes to create such crude stuff as uninhabitable planets are made of. Again, very often those who speak or write on these questions are apt to depend very largely on size and distance for their estimate of a planet's importance. They will speak of the insignificant little earth of only eight thousand miles in diameter and of the magnificent proportions of Jupiter which has a diameter of eighty-four thousand miles, and a surface about a hundred times as great as the area of the earth. If mere bulk is to decide the question of relative importance, it must be decided in favor of Jupiter; but if other considerations, such as surface preparation for inhabitants, are concerned, it may be largely in favor of the earth. Even admitting that nothing but natural forces were at work, such as tidal and erosive action, nevertheless the results show that the energy was used and consequently vastly more may be represented by the earth's surface than by other larger planets; so that in a very true sense the earth may be of vastly more account than other less developed or even more advanced refrigerated planets. Or, in another sense, can ninety-nine million parts of sunlight poured out into space, which show the superabundant powers of the Creator to supply vastly more than his creature, man, can utilize, be said to be wasted? In fact, is not that sunlight which stirs the soul utilized to as great advantage as that which simply feeds the body?

This question may, however, and ought to be approached from another side which has a very important bearing and quite a conclusive intimation of what is likely true. There is an allwise and powerful God of love who created the heaven and the earth. This creation was the result of the love of God, because "God glorifies His love to Himself through His love to the world," but does not make the world only for his own glorification without constituting it as an end to itself. This is substantially Dr. Martensen's view. The creative act consisted in calling the worlds into existence, or perhaps it would be more in accordance with modern scientific thought to say at this point, called the matter into existence. Then by intelligent direction of the natural forces with which matter was originally endowed, the worlds were formed out of chaotic matter in so far as it was chaos. When man was created it was, however, not simply a calling into existence by word; but we read in addition: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his

nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Here, whether we can definitely see the extent of it or not, there is a clearly implied difference in the mode of creation. Man is created in the image of God and God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and thus he is far above all other creatures, in this that he becomes a living soul. There was here a new process superadded to the old, the breathing of life into the creature in addition to the calling into existence. In view of the fact that man was created in the image of God, there is also something of a prescribed form for a man. That is, an infinitely intelligent creator moved by an infinite love created a being which could respond to this eternal love. This creature in order to be in the image of God, and in order to respond to the love of God by love, was required to have certain well defined and somewhat limited conditions in which and by which only this creature could exist. For instance, man could not have been created with a body composed largely of entirely different elements from what it now contains. It might be supposed that an infinitely powerful and wise creator might have created a body for man and animals almost entirely of iron, aluminum or gold or any combination of elements not now present, or present in very small quantities. Still this is not probable, for God could not thus, as it were, play at creating living rational beings. There was an eternal necessity or fitness which required that certain elements, and certain well defined proportions of these elements, be selected in order to make a body that was suitable for a creature in which this living soul could dwell and respond in love to the love of the creator. This body requires equally well defined conditions in which only it can thrive. These are found only in one place in the solar system, on the earth, and there alone can he thrive and develop; for on all other bodies the conditions are evidently, as before stated, more or less strikingly different, and thus render it impossible that man or any creature which could respond to the idea of creation existed there. To suppose that a creature which could thrive on our sun, could as well have been created to fulfill the idea and high purpose of the creation, would be to say that the results of creation were taken at random or are more or less accidental. This we believe to be a mistake. The results are the best for the purpose, they are the result of omniscience and omnipotence and therefore only one form could have been the result. Therefore one pair was made with powers to reproduce their kind, and no other form could have been taken to suit a combination of matter and spirit in the same creature. Angels or purely spiritual beings, it is true, exist, and it may be live in entirely different circumstances and surroundings; but even their forms cannot be chosen at random, but according to the fixed purpose of their order and kind.

THE oldest living native of Lancaster is William A. Krug, now living in Crawfordsville, Ind., who was born September 17th, 1790. A few weeks ago a dinner was given in his honor, at which five other old men sat down at the table, each one of whom was over eighty-two years. Mr. Krug made a pleasant speech, in which he attributed his longevity to the fact that he had never used strong drink, nor tobacco, and had always placed his dependence and trust in God.

A WINTER BURIAL.

BY H.

Dark clouds hang low,
Thick falls the snow,
The storm-wind moans with groanings drear;
But darker still,
And yet more chill,
Our hearts that follow mother's bier.

How! on thou storm!
Thou canst not harm,
Her whom to rest we sadly lay;
Fall faster snow!
Hide all the woe
Of her and us on this dark day.

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.

Trinity.—Eleven weddings were solemnized by the pastor of this church during the past month.

One of the chief features of the Christmas festival of the Sunday-school was the orchestration. All the principal brass, reed and stringed instruments were represented, and contributed very largely to the enjoyment of the occasion. This orchestra is a regular integral part of the school, and plays the accompaniment to the chants and carols every Sunday afternoon.

The copies of world-renowned paintings of various scenes in the life of Christ, which Mrs. Monroe, of Philadelphia, exhibited by a stereopticon at this festival, constituted a series of unexceptional masterpieces, as instructive as they were beautiful. The scholars never celebrated a Christmas-tide with more pleasure or profit.

Report of the school's missionary contributions for the past half-year will be made next week. These collections of the fourth Sunday of each month have aggregated nearly a thousand dollars during the past four years.

The towering and elaborate Christmas tree of the infant department, with its snow-scene at the base, was the handiwork of a score of young ladies and gentlemen of the literary society. The members of this same society also gave the pastor a surprise, as complete as it was agreeable, in the shape of a handsome gold-headed silk umbrella, which was presented at a special private meeting, with a neat impromptu speech by Charles L. Leonard.

The class of catechumens, preparatory to confirmation on Palm Sunday, was organized in the chapel on the evening of New Year day, to meet every Thursday evening at 7.30 o'clock.

The festival of the Epiphany will be celebrated by a special service in the church on Tuesday evening, January 6th. Schilling's superb *Te Deum* will be sung between the Epistle and Gospel, and Clark's melodious anthem, "Though poor be the chamber," during the offertory.

In the death of Wm. G. Baker, both the congregation and the school have lost a most faithful and devoted official. His whole soul was constantly engrossed with their interests.

The Gospel for the Sunday on which he died was the story of the aged Simeon, whose exemplary character found a remarkable reflex in his own. "A just man and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel, and the Holy Ghost was upon him." Looking up to Heaven, with his heart full of living faith in Christ, he said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

MORAVIAN.

The semi-annual opening of the Missionary Boxes of the various classes of the Sunday-school showed that over sixty-two dollars had been collected. The entire amount is to be donated to the work of the mission in Alaska.

The annual business meeting of the congregation will be held on Wednesday evening, January 14th, at 7.30 o'clock, in the Lecture-room. At the same time the annual election of Elders and Trustees will take place.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated on the first Sunday in Epiphany, January 11th, at 3.30 P.M. There will be no evening service.

Monday, January 26th, will be the tenth anniversary of the pastor's entrance upon his present pastorate.

Besides opening their Missionary Boxes each of the classes of Sunday-school made up a basket of Christmas good things and took it to some poor family. It was much better and more enjoyable than for the scholars to get presents.

The "Christmas Box" sent to one of the needy ministers of the church by the Ladies' Home Mission Society, contained at least \$75.00 worth of goods, besides \$25.00 in cash.

REFORMED.

St. Paul's.—This congregation held its first early Christmas service at 6 o'clock. The church was most beautifully decorated for the occasion. The choir rendered Mozart's Gloria and several fine anthems. The pastor read the gospel in Luke, the choir chanting the Magnificat, after which a short address was delivered.

At 2 P.M. the primary department of the Sunday-school rendered a fine programme of music and recitations to a large audience, and at 6.30 P.M. the advanced school, nearly four hundred strong, rendered some beautiful Christmas anthems interspersed with appropriate dialogues and addresses. The school brought gifts for Bethany Orphans' Home, and in return each received a box of candy.

The lecture-room, library and side-rooms of the church have been completed and present a very fine appearance. A new church building is being talked of, as the present structure is not large enough to accommodate the rapidly growing congregation.

WOMEN'S INDIAN MISSION.

The net profits of the *Chocolataire* given in the hall of the Moravian Chapel, last month, amounted to \$47.00. Otherwise, too, the occasion was a great success and very enjoyable.

The efforts of the Association are this year to be specially directed to procuring a larger number of associate male members. Any man can become such a member by paying \$2.00 per year. There ought to be at least one hundred procured without much exertion.

The active membership now numbers over one hundred, of whom sixty-five are subscribers to *The Indian's Friend*, the organ of the Association published at Philadelphia.

The Association received a contribution last month of \$5.00 from the Sunshine Circle or little Daughters of the King, part of the proceeds of the latter's recent delightful entertainment.

The regular meeting of the Association will be held on Saturday, January 17th, at 3 P.M., in the reading-room of the Moravian Chapel.

DORCAS SOCIETY.

The excellent work of this association of devoted women is steadily and quietly going forward. The Society has had many more calls made upon it for help than it could meet. Its members have been and still are busy visiting the homes of applicants, investigating their condition and needs, and gathering such information as is needed to enable them to do their work justly and with discrimination. The Society could do very much more good if its funds permitted. Its usefulness is limited only by the amount of contributions from the public. The charitable need not hesitate to intrust their donations to it; they will be wisely and conscientiously disbursed.

TO PYRRHA.

TRANSLATED FROM HORACE, BOOK I., ODE V.,
BY MARY ZAHM.

Sprinkled with the rose's fragrance
In the grotto's grateful shade,
What fair youth is held in durance
By thy glances, fickle maid?

For whom, now, those locks so shining
Dost thou bind with graceful art?
For one who, in sorrow pining,
Shall bewail thy faithless heart.

He, who now so trustful, deems thee
Fair and true as purest gold,
Soon, alas! shall feel too plainly
All the scorn thy glances hold.

Hapless they who think thee lovely!
I, as one from shipwreck free,
Thanks to Neptune give, who hears me
From the caverns of the sea.

Local Lore.

AN EPHRATA LEGEND.

THE GREAT COMET OF 1741-2.

By JULIUS F. SACHSE, Esq.

In the May number of CHRISTIAN CULTURE the important announcement was made that a hitherto unknown and unique Ephrata print had been discovered. This little pamphlet of sixteen pages, 16mo., 3½x6 inches, was among the earliest products of the first small, we may say temporary, printing press acquired by the Ephrata Community about 1742-3,* and is the only copy of this work known to be in existence. The subject is the "Great Comet of 1743" which was first seen on Christmas night of that year.

In connection with this subject there is a curious tradition or legend relating to the brilliant comet which flashed upon the sky in the winter of 1741-2 which may prove of interest at the present day. Looking back to the condition of affairs on the Cocalico at that date, we find that "Peniel" (the Saal of to-day) the prayer-house of the Households, as the Sabbatarian Congregation at large was called, had been finished after more than a year's labor, and was dedicated in December of that year. The reorganized Sisterhood occupied "Kedar." The Brotherhood of Zion (Zionitische Bruderschaft) then at the zenith of their power, had their own convent and prayer-house on the hillside of Mount Zion; while their Prior, the crafty Israel Eckerling, was scheming for the overthrow of Beissel and his own elevation to the supreme control of the whole settlement on the Cocalico.

It was at this period when the celestial phenomenon occurred which was destined to cause such great consternation among the German settlers throughout the province but especially to affect the superstitious residents of Germantown, to say nothing of the Hermits on the Wissahickon, or the Mystic enthusiasts on Mount Zion at Ephrata.

The old tradition tells us that, Monday, February 22d, 1742, as the midnight bell was tolled as usual, as its sharp tones ceased to reverberate among the wooded hills and valleys of the Cocalico, the Brotherhood of Zion, in response to the summons, cloaked and cowed, slowly filed out of their narrow corridors and "Kammern" and silently took up their march towards the hall of prayer, on Mount Zion, as was their custom, to keep their vigils (Nacht-metten) at the ghostly hour of midnight (Geister-stunde). The night was moonless, cold and clear, the air frosty, the stars sparkled in their settings of deep azure, not a leafless twig stirred, all was silent; Kedar and Zion loomed up darkly on the hillside, while in the meadow below, the sharp angles of Peniel nestling amid the silent graves,† were outlined dimly against the horizon; the only sound heard, after the notes of the convent bell had died away, was the creaking of the Brethren's wooden sabots on the icy ground. Half the distance to the "Beth-haus" had hardly been traversed by the drowsy Brethren, when suddenly a bright light was seen, and the Brethren to their great surprise saw in the eastern sky a blazing star, with a bright fiery tail, which had suddenly flashed upon the sky.

That the Mystics were struck dumb with fear and amazement may be surmised. The Prior Onesimus at once fell upon his knees on the frosty ground, and commenced to pray for mercy that the great calamities portended by the fiery messenger in the sky might be averted, and that the deity would notice their prayers and penance. After the first surprise was over, the

*The first press, upon which this work was printed, soon proved too small for the community, and a larger one (now in the Pennsylvania Historical Society's rooms) was procured, and the first one sold, but to whom is not known. The following extract from a Bethlehem Diary is the only documentary evidence we have on the subject: "1758, July 8. George Klein returned from Ephrata where he wished to examine the printing press which was for sale, but it was already purchased."

†The first graveyard of the Community was in the meadow where "Peniel" was built. Not a vestige of this God's acre remains at the present day. The present graveyard on the roadside dates from about 1750-60.

Vorstehcr, who was sent for, ordered the bell rung to alarm the Community, with orders to assemble in Peniel, for religious services, which were held under his personal direction.

The sudden appearance of this erratic celestial visitor naturally had a marked effect upon the peculiar temperament and superstitious minds of these Germans who were wrapt in their religious enthusiasm and speculations. The comet for the time engrossed all their time and attention, as it was supposed to be the forerunner of war, pestilence and other dire calamities; some even thought that it augured the end of the earth, and that the long-looked-for millenium which had been so earnestly prophesied by Brother Agonius before his death, was near at hand.

As soon as the first surprise had subsided, the Prior ordered the reciting of the special prayers or liturgy for such occasions, as set forth in the kabbalistic ritual of the Zionitic Brotherhood. Brothers were also detailed to read the prayer at the services of the Sisterhood, and the Congregation of the Households at Peniel. This special Liturgical service consisted of the reading of the IV. Psalm, closing with the invocation:

"O great and mighty Lord, whose ineffable name is contained within this Psalm, Thou that hearest the supplications of those who repeat this Psalm, have mercy upon us, and heed our supplications on this the third day of the week, whose heavenly signs are the Ram and the Scorpion, its Angel 'Sammael,' and servant 'Moadim' (Mars), Amen."

According to Brother Jephune, who was the astronomer of the Community, the comet was supposed to be near the equinoctial of the heavens. On the next night he observed the celestial visitor to be in the tail of the Eagle; on the following nights the heavens were obscured by heavy clouds; and when it was again seen, on Saturday night, it stood near the head of Lyra, having taken a northward course; on the next night it was seen in the tip of the Swan's wing. So rapid was its flight that it had traversed five degrees northward within twenty-four hours. The night following it was just entering the head of the Dragon, after which it vanished again into space.

Before the fear inspired by this celestial visitor was quite forgotten another star of similar nature appeared in the heavens to renew their fears and excitement. It was on Christmas night, December 25th, 1743, just after sunset, that another comet was discovered. This time it was in the west. At first it appeared but small to the naked eye, no larger than a star of the second magnitude, but it rapidly increased in size and brilliancy, and stood in the heavens for about two months, during which time the scenes of the preceding February, 1741-2, were re-enacted in the community. It was in relation to this celestial visitor that the above mentioned pamphlet was printed.

† The Signs, Guardian Angels and Planets were varied each day according to the table as provided by the secret ritual of the Zionitic rite, viz:

	SIGN.	ANGEL.	SERVANT.	PLANET.	
Sunday:	Lion,	Raphael,	Chamma,	Sun.	☉
Monday:	Crab,	Gabriel,	Lewanna,	Moon.	☾
Tuesday:	Ram and Scorpion,	Sammael,	Moadim,	Mars.	♂
Wednesday:	Twins and Virgin,	Michael,	Chochab,	Mercury.	☿
Thursday:	Archer and Pisces,	Eldziel,	Zedak,	Jupiter.	♃
Friday:	Stier and Scales,	Annuel,	Nogah,	Venus.	♀
Sabbath:	Waterman and Buck,	Chophiel,	Sabbathal,	Saturn.	♄

On account of its long visit and brilliancy, great dread and fear were everywhere inspired among the ignorant. Even Christopher Saur, the printer, of Germantown, prophesied that the fiery visitor portended "much sickness and death, but little conversion or improvement."

Doctor Christopher Witt, of Germantown, one of the Mystics on the Ridge and former associate of Magister Johann Kelpius, thus describes this celestial visitor, as viewed a few days after its appearance through his eight-foot telescope, wherein it then appeared as large as the planet Jupiter:—

"His atmosphere or tail is not long but directing itself to S. E.; his motion but slow, making to the N. W. He rises about $\frac{3}{4}$ past 10 in the morning in the E. N. E., and passes our Meridian $\frac{1}{4}$ after 5 p. m. in Latitude 15.30 N.; and sets $\frac{1}{4}$ after night in the W. N. W. His latitude with respect to the ecliptic is 21d. 30m. His Longitude from Aries 14d. 30m."

Even if we take into consideration the strained nervous condition of these religious enthusiasts, whose minds were almost unbalanced by their mystical speculations, and ascetic mode of life, their bodies mortified by vigils and fasting until they were mere shadows, we at the present day can form but little conception of the effect of these celestial phenomena upon our Ephrata recluses. Sincere as they were in their convictions, the comet was to them a fiery sword, sent by the Almighty as a warning to a wicked world, foreshadowing war, scourge and pestilence; and for months proved a fruitful theme for discourse in the Prayer-saal, as well as in the Kloster Werkstatt, the Convent Spinn-stube and kitchen, and on the "Ofenbank" in the Households.

Berwyn, Pa.

WILLIAM BROWN, M. D.

AUTHOR OF THE FIRST AMERICAN PHARMACOPOEIA.

BY POSEY S. WILSON.

Dr. William Brown, referred to in Vol. I, No. 9, of CHRISTIAN CULTURE, as the compiler of the first Pharmacopoeia in America, while physician in charge of the Continental Hospital at Litzitz, during the Revolution, was a son of the Rev. Richard Brown. The latter was a son of Gustavus Brown, a Scotch physician and surgeon, and was born in Virginia; his father having come to that State when a young man, and made an enviable reputation as a physician and as a man in the Northern Neck of Virginia, where he lived, a friend of the Thorntons, Washingtons, Lees, Fairfaxes and Alexanders. The son, the Rev. Richard Brown, settled on the now famous stream of Bull Run. He was the father of several sons, one of whom owned the Bull Run Mills. One son was Dr. William Brown, the subject of this sketch, born in 1748, who after the fashion of his time was taught by a private tutor at his father's house. Later, he was sent to Edinburg, in Scotland, where he finished his academic education, attended medical lectures, and returned to Virginia to practice his profession in the vicinity of Alexandria, where he intermarried with the Alexander family.

When the war for independence came on he offered his services, and, although but twenty-eight years of age, soon rose to a responsible position, having charge

of the hospital at Lititz, where he compiled the first pharmacopœia, as shown by Dr. Hark in the article to which I have already alluded.

There is little to be said, of popular interest, in the life of a physician, even in time of war. In peace the members of this noble profession are called upon to "set their breast against the thorn," as Tom Hood expresses it; their sacrifice of personal comfort and wishes is constant; their charities innumerable, and their humanity as freely extended to the poor as the rich. In war these things still follow them; and, in addition, they must go into any danger that may present itself, as gallant as any soldier, and that, too, without the sustaining sense of the compensation of glory for them who die for home and country.

Dr. Brown's services and qualities raised him to the position of Physician General to the Hospitals of the United States, which would at the present time be equivalent to Surgeon-General of both the Army and Navy.

The public services of Dr. Brown told even on his vigorous constitution, for he died at the comparatively early age of forty-three years. He is buried, together with his wife, previously a Miss Alexander, and their daughter Helen, in the quiet old family burying-ground of the descendants of John Alexander—a younger son of the Earl of Sterling—for whom the town of Alexandria was named. The story was repeated to me at his grave that, out of his tender love for his little daughter, who had preceded him in death by some seven years, he requested that her body should be disinterred and buried by his side in his own grave. On his tombstone is the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF

WILLIAM BROWN, M. D.,

Formerly Physician General to the Hospitals of the United States, who died on the 11th of January, 1792, in the 44th year of his age.

This Tablet is inscribed

by

his affectionate and afflicted widow.

His zeal and fidelity as a patriot;

his patience, diligence and skill as a Physician;

his benevolence, courtesy, and integrity as a man;

secured him

the applause of his country,

the honor and endowment of his profession,

the respect of the wealthy,

and

the veneration of the poor.

Let

the grateful witness of his virtues in domestic life add

that as a husband, father and master,
he was tender, instructive, and humane;
that he lived without guile,
and died without reproach.

This is the daughter of

Dr. William Brown, who lies by his side,

HELEN BROWN,

Died 27th April, 1785, aged 3 years and 15 days.
Denver, Colo.

WINTER THOUGHTS.

I.

I hail thee, Winter! Let the croaker sing
Of summer skies and richly scented flowers,
And wail for Autumn's fruits, or rural bowers
Decked by the hand of rosy-fingered Spring;
My muse shall upward soar on snowy wing
To mountain summits, where, on spotless snow,
Old Winter sits enthroned as nature's king,
And where his robes with icy jewels glow.
I love thy frosty crown, thy hoary hair
That waves beneath, so stately and so grand;
I love the golden basket in thy hand,
Full of October's fruits, so soft and bland.
I bid thee welcome; for with honest cheer
And warm affection thou dost crown the year.

II.

Nature, of late, was like a maiden fair
That lolled on sunny swaths the livelong day,
Decking with blushing flowers her flowing hair,
Watching the buzzing insects' merry play.
O'er her fair breast she spread the new-mown hay,
Then smiling turned her to the morning sun;
She loved his shining face, and every ray
She welcomed with a heartfelt benison.
But now with winter's blast the flow'rets close,
The summer birds depart as once they came;
Earth's face is tawny, for the blushing rose
Has left her cheek; then, like full many a dame
Whose face is sunburnt, she, to hide her shame,
Adorns her tarnished brow with wintry snows.
—Joseph Henry Dubbs, D. D.

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.

Beginning a new year is very much like opening a new book. It is done with an interest amounting almost to a mild excitement. We are full of curiosity, expectation, supposition, hope and anticipation. There is so much we want to know that it will tell us; but will the new knowledge be agreeable or unpleasant, gratifying or disappointing? We can scarcely wait for the daily turning of the pages. How will the plot unfold? How will the story turn out?

But so is closing the old year like closing a book that we have finished reading. It has been an interesting book, an instructive one, and, with all its disappointing passages, a pleasant and entertaining one. Indeed, as we shut it up a feeling half of sadness and regret creeps over us. We are sorry that we are done with it and would fain linger over its pages yet a while ere we turn to the new. What is the reason? Is it because to each of us it brings the reminder that we are steadily, inexorably growing older? Such is the common explanation. But for my part I don't believe it.

The sound and healthy mind does not regret the years that are past, nor look forward to old age with reluctance. As that thoroughly "sound and healthy" old man, Dr. Holmes, says in his latest volume, *Over the Teacups*: "At eighty a man has had just about time to get warmly settled in his nest. Do you suppose he

doesn't enjoy the quiet of that resting place? No more haggard responsibility to keep him awake nights—unless he prefers to retain his hold on offices and duties from which he can be excused if he chooses. No more goading ambitions—he knows he has done his best. No more jealousies, if he were weak enough to feel such ignoble stirrings in his more active season. An octogenarian with a good record and free from annoying or distressing infirmities ought to be the happiest of men."

I believe every word of that is true, provided always that one has "a good record" and "knows he has done his best." This is an essential condition. Where it is wanting, there old age cannot be other than a burden to be dreaded and deplored.

It therefore all comes back to this, that our tomorrow is determined today! The character of our future is fixed by our use of the present; the kind of seed we sowed in the old year decided the crop, of happiness or unhappiness, we shall reap in the new.

Speaking of Dr. Holmes,—what a wonderful man he is! At more than four-score years of age writing with as sprightly a pen, singing with as clear a voice, as he did sixty years ago when some of his first and best poems appeared. In every respect his latest volume, *Over the Teacups*, just issued from the Riverside Press of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is as good, as wholesome in spirit, full of fresh humor, and as finished in literary style and form, as any of the books he has ever written. It worthily closes the series of unique volumes begun nearly forty years ago when he published the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." His last work is as good as his first. In his old age he is even dearer to us, because even more tender and true, than he was in his youth or his prime. Did he ever, for example, in his "best years" write anything more perfect than this in the new volume before me on

"THE ROSE AND THE FERN.

"Lady, life's sweetest lesson wouldst thou learn,
Come thou with me to Love's enchanted bower:
High overhead the trellised roses burn;
Beneath thy feet behold the feathery fern,—
A leaf without a flower.

"What though the rose leaves fall? They still are sweet,
And have been lovely in their beauteous prime,
While the bare frond seems ever to repeat,
'For us no bud, no blossom, wakes to greet
The joyous flowering time!'

"Heed thou the lesson. Life has leaves to tread
And flowers to cherish; summer round thee glows;
Wait not till autumn's falling robes are shed,
But while its petals still are burning red
Gather life's full-blown rose!'

Of course poetry is the exception in *Over the Teacups*. There is just enough of it to pleasantly variegate the volume; although in sooth! there is an abundance of variety in the prose. The "Dictator's" talk ranging over all conceivable subjects, from grave to gay, profoundly philosophical to tenderly sentimental, with a gentle humor, twinkling through and over it all. It is this last quality that is most distinctive of the author, and the one that will give longevity to his writings, just as surely as the cheerfulness from which it springs has helped to give longevity to the man himself.

He himself recommends it for this. He says, since I "have reached the age of three-score and twenty, I am requested to give information as to how I managed to do it. . . . The first thing to be done is some years before birth to advertise for a couple of parents both belonging to long-lived families." Then he continues, "I give you the precept, *Be cheerful*, for just what it is worth as I would recommend to you to be six feet, or at least five feet ten in stature. You cannot settle that matter for yourself, but you can stand up straight and give your five feet five its full value. You can help along a little by wearing high heeled shoes. So you can do something to encourage yourself in serenity of aspect and demeanor, keeping your infirmities and troubles in the background instead of making them the staple of your conversation."

Another one of his prescriptions for longevity is this: "*Become the subject of a mortal disease*. Let half a dozen doctors thump you, and knead you, and test you in every possible way, and render their verdict that you have an internal complaint; they don't know exactly what it is, but it will certainly kill you by and by. Then bid farewell to the world and shut yourself up for an invalid. If you are threescore years old when you begin this mode of life, you may very probably last twenty years, and there you are—an octogenarian." I know not a few people who are following this prescription diligently; but I am quite sure the Doctor doesn't owe his longevity to it.

I wish I could induce some people I know to follow his advice to "Be cheerful." Even if it did not make them live longer, I am sure it would conduce to the longevity and comfort of their friends; for in all the world there is nothing more chilling and killing to comfort to be about people who do nothing but growl and snap and snarl at everything and everybody in general and in particular.

Another thing he says, I would recommend to everyone, for I firmly believe in it: "If you mean to keep as well as possible, the less you think about your health the better."

I should like yet to read you some capital extracts from this treasure-house of wit and wisdom on such subjects as Pie, Smoking, Temperance, what he calls "Brain tapping" and a dozen others, on every one of which the Dictator talks as soundly, brightly, and freshly as ever did the Autocrat on kindred subjects. To confess the truth, there is nothing Dr. Holmes has written since his "Breakfast-Table" talks that I have enjoyed as much as these chats of his "Over the Teacups."

The volume is one of the very best specimens of a kind of literature that seems easy to write and is attempted by many but in which few, very few, are successful. Indeed, I cannot now think of any that have been truly and permanently successful with its familiar conversational style besides Holmes and Warner and Mitchell.

Among the newer and younger writers there are none that can now pretend to equal them, while there are a number who in other kinds of essay writing are winning high places for themselves. Two notable

specimens I have put on Our Book Shelf only within the last few weeks. One is a little volume of *Studies in Letters and Life*, by Prof. George Edward Woodberry, the chief literary critic of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and they are of the very highest order of excellence. It is not yet a year since Prof. Woodberry almost startled the literary world by his exquisite "North Shore Watch," a book that at once placed him close to the very head of our later American poets. And now this volume of essays assures him as high a place among literary and art critics and masters of literary style.

These *Studies*, however, are not so much of a surprise as his poems were; for readers of *The Atlantic* have for some time been aware that it was a master's eye and hand, a clear, ripe thinker, a just and impartial judge, a forcible yet graceful writer, that gave us such unsigned essays as the one on Landor, on Shelley, on Darwin's Life, and on Browning's Death, all of which are now included in this volume, together with a number of others equally admirable and important. Surely while we have critics like Prof. Woodberry among us there is little cause for the gloomy views some are taking of our literature. It is a long time since a volume more thorough, more graceful, and more valuable to students of literature has appeared in our country.

And now following close upon its heels comes another that in its way is equally thorough and important. It is called *Essays in Philosophy*, Old and New, and is from the pen of Prof. William Knight, of St. Andrews University, N. B. In his criticism Prof. Knight confines himself to such profound subjects as the Classification of the Sciences, Ethical Philosophy and Evolution, Eclecticism, Personality and the Infinite, Immortality, and the Doctrine of Metempsychosis; but he treats these so freshly and untechnically, with such literary skill and grace, as to make his essays highly interesting even to the lay reader. Even though I don't agree with the author's main philosophical position, I have seldom come across a similar volume that was more suggestive, mentally and morally invigorating, and wholly interesting, than is this one. The first essay especially, on "Idealism and Experience, in Literature, Art, and Life," appears to be a rare gem. It has been eminently helpful to me, stimulating and uplifting. Nowhere else have I found a clearer statement or more satisfactory treatment of the principles underlying the whole broad question of the relation of idealism to realism, with all that is involved therein, than in this thoughtful and scholarly paper, unless it was in C. C. Everett's "Poetry, Comedy and Duty," a remarkable book of essays that appeared more than a year ago.

The great charm of Prof. Knight's volume is its fair and tolerant, broadly catholic, spirit. As the author finely says, "The great desideratum is the frank admission by every one of the value of other lines of thought and sympathy and action, while he pursues his own; the recognition, not only of their importance to those who follow them, but of their use to the world at large; so that whether we were born Platonists or Aristotelians, whether we are now idealists or experientialists we may attain to the catholicity and the tolerance that shun the falsehood of extremes."

What a pity it is that we cannot all have this spirit, in all our thinking and discussions! How much less of error and misunderstanding there would be among theologians, philosophers, artists, in church and school, yes, and among professional and business men as well! How much more of "sweetness and light" would the world contain, and surely not less of truth and right on that account! Uno.

THE CLIO.

At the meeting of the Clisophic Club at the home of W. U. Hensel, Esq., on December 26th, the essay of the Rev. Geo. M. Zacharias was very agreeably illustrated with a number of valuable and interesting works of art representative of the various stages in the development of the idea of the Christ Child in art. There were several carvings typical of the archaic idea, a painting of virgin and child in the Greek style, and one very fine one illustrating at the same time the Greek or Byzantine doctrinal idea and the Spanish style of art.

The next essay, on January 9th, will be a discussion of the question whether art is declining by Dr. J. Max Hark, at the meeting to be held at the house of Mrs. L. Brenneman. The second meeting of the month, January 23d, will be at the house of Mr. Chas. F. Hager, with John W. Apple, Esq., as essayist.

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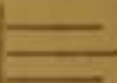
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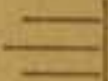
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