


Holiday Number. 

Christian Culture

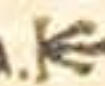
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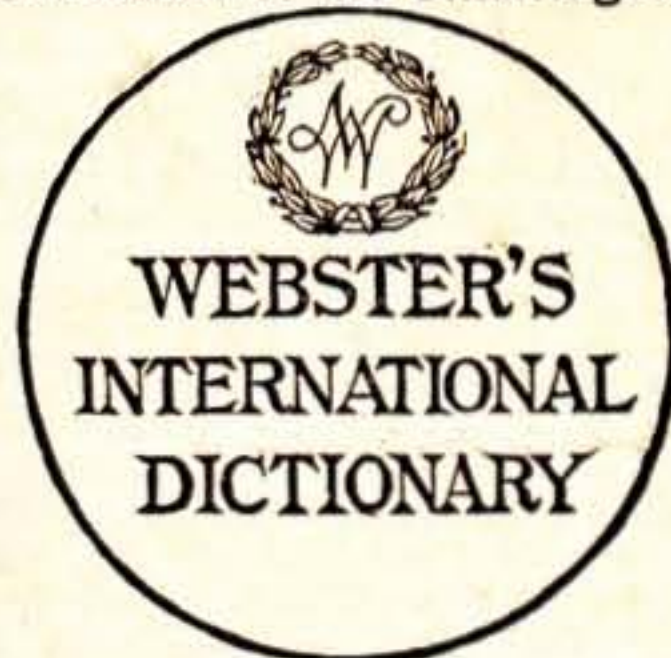
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Old gray December, Patriarch of the year!
The world forgets what homage is your due;
In its mad haste to usher in the new,
Whose coming footsteps we can faintly hear.
Your sister months did each with gifts appear,
With gracious largess did our paths bestrew;
Their treasures garnered, what is left for you
But bare boughs tossing 'neath skies cold and drear?
A gift surpassing all. Yours was the night
Filled with the radiance of that heavenly light;
Your stars beheld the angels bending down
Above the glory in the white walled town.
Oh! glad December, let your clear chimes ring
The Christ-child's message, which is yours to bring.
—Ada Stewart Shelton.

Editorial.

"A MERRY Christmas and a Happy New Year to all!"

It is a good thing at this season to wish your friends and neighbors happiness and good cheer. It is still better to help make them cheerful and happy.

PLENTY to eat and drink is not the sole condition of true Christmas happiness. Herod had all of that and yet "he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him." The Judean shepherds probably had but little of either, yet they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. It depends upon one's inner attitude towards Him whose birth as man we celebrate.

THE chief advantage of the new year over the old is that it offers us a multitude of new opportunities for greater usefulness and truer manliness, while those of the old are all past, forever dead and buried. It is for each of us to say whether 1892 is to be the grave of those new opportunities, or by their use and cultivation is to be made a beauteous garden, full of the fragrant bloom of hope and rich in the ripe fruits of well-doing.

BEFORE the holidays are over the Pennsylvania Chautauqua will be a fully organized and solidly established institution, with a bright and promising future before it. On December 28th the first meeting of the stockholders will be held, at Lebanon, at which a Board of Managers will be elected, which will at once choose its officers and Executive Committee of five, upon whom, with the Chancellor to be chosen, will then devolve the work of getting all things ready for next summer's assembly at Mt. Gretna. The earnestness and ability of the men at the head of the movement, the enthusiastic encouragement and support it has already been freely offered from every section of the State, and above all the evident need there is for such an institution and the work it proposes to do, are sufficient guarantee that it has come to stay and is bound to be an unqualified success. We are happy to know that so large a number of our best citizens have identified themselves with it.

WE are sorry that the four cities which with Lancaster have formed a University Extension circuit did not see their way clear to decide on a twelve-weeks' course in English literature, instead of only a six-weeks' course. The subject is far too large a one to be satisfactorily treated in so limited a time, no matter how skillful a lecturer and entertaining a speaker Dr. Clarke Robinson be. Our local centre had unanimously agreed on a twelve-weeks' course, and we believe and hope that the others will realize their mistake in not joining us in this, and will extend the course to the full twelve lectures. The course promises to be even more largely attended here than was the one on Economics, though that was thoroughly enjoyed by all the class. Prof. Devine proved himself an admirable instructor and a most courteous and pleasant man personally.

It is worth going a considerable distance to see the beautiful display of Christmas greens we have spread out for us on Centre Square at this season. So far as known to us, it is a distinctive peculiarity of Lancaster, and certainly is a very pleasant one. It gives the whole city a festal aspect, and helps to put every one into a holiday mood.

THERE are few communities where the holidays are more fully enjoyed than ours. There is an open-hearted hospitality and an abundance of Christmas cheer that bear witness to our Saxon descent; as does the fact that the festival is largely one of domestic observance. Christmas among us is distinctively the home festival. Yet in the midst of our social and home celebration we must not forget that the heart and life of all true Christmas observance must be the religious element. To ignore that is to rob the festival of all its meaning. Hence we must deplore every agency that would tend to secularize the season. Above all others it is the most sacred season of the year. It is a sacrilege and prostitution to drag it down into a time for mere carnal feasting and indulgence of the grosser appetites, or even for gluttony and intemperance. He whose birth we so joyously celebrate came to help us rise superior to those very vices and evils to which some would make the day pander. By all means keep Christmas a Christian festival, or else keep it not at all,—a season of peace and good-will, purity, chastity, sobriety, and so of glory to God in the highest.

OWING to the number of holiday articles in this issue, we will have to hold over until our next the interesting closing paper of the series on "Old Time Hostelryes," by S. M. Sener, Esq. We believe, however, that our readers will not complain after they have read through our Christmas number.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

In all sincerity do we extend our heartiest good wishes to all our readers.

Yet we are painfully aware of the utter futility of mere wishes. Otherwise should there be no hungry mouths, no shivering bodies, and no hearts sad and cheerless and desponding in all the world this blessed, holy season.

None the less, however, do we wish all a very happy Christmas, such as would follow the banishment of greed and impurity and intemperance from our business and social relations, our politics and our homes. If wishes could bring it to pass, in every house in our goodly city a pleasant Christmas should be celebrated, the real birth of that Saviour-spirit of absolute unselfishness that alone can bring "peace on earth and good will to men;" there should be a holiday observance free from envy, malice and discontent, from drunkenness and gluttony and indulgence of animal passions; an observance over which the sweet spirit of love, to God and man, should preside, with all contentment, gentleness and joy;—in short, we would have a happy Christmas for all.

So merry should it be, so gratifying to all that is purest, highest and best in the human heart, that there would be no need of further wishing a happy New Year. With the Christ-spirit in all our relations, there would be no more hatred and suspicion between employer and employed; no more over-reaching, defrauding and wrong-doing in business; no more self-seeking, injustice and corruption in politics; no back-biting, slanderous gossip, and lying shams in society; no skeletons in closets, no drunken husbands or wives, no domestic infelicities in our homes; and in our churches no hypocrisy, no grudges, no partisan hatred and prejudices, but only charity serene, sublime, and "glory to God in the highest." The new year would be happy indeed in the purity, honesty, justice, and public spirit of our citizens,—so happy as never to want to return to the old regime of hatred, fraud, greed and corruption. Therefore,

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, and kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

CONCERNING THE GIVING OF GIFTS.

No more beautiful and wholesome custom exists than that of the exchange of gifts among friends and loved ones, particularly at this holy Christmas season. It appeals to the tenderest sentiments of the human heart, keeps alive the feeling and exercise of unselfishness and charity, and, above all, symbolizes with every returning Christmastide the giving unto man of God's most perfect Gift, even His own well-beloved Son.

Even this noble and ennobling custom, however, has gradually come to be so utterly diverted from its real purpose and abused in its exercise as to have assumed the character of an unpleasant, almost dreaded, social burden. Extravagance, ostentation, vanity, envy, have stepped in and converted what was originally a token of esteem and expression of Christian love into a mere vulgar means of display, of "paying off one's obligations," of arousing others' envy, and in general advertising one's riches and bad taste. Especially has this been the case in our cities. Christmas gifts have from year to year been growing in elaborateness and costliness, until every sentiment and association connected therewith has been swallowed up in the oppressively ostentatious sense of money-value and money-cost. The recipient of such gifts is overwhelmed with the feeling of their mercantile price. They stand for so many dollars and cents. And to receive them is to incur a kind of mercantile obligation to repay them with their market equivalents. All finer, loftier sentiment in the matter is crowded out and wholly lost sight of. And just in so far the entire purpose and meaning of gift-giving is missed.

What gives its only true and worthy significance to a gift is the sentiment of which it is the token and expression. The more it expresses the inner mind and heart, the personality of the donor, the more valuable is it to the recipient. And this is shown, not in its costliness, but in its appropriateness, its significance, its ability to interpret the feeling of the giver and appeal to the peculiar, characteristic tastes and preferences of the recipient. It should cost the former care and study in the selection, and show good taste and affection. It should ever remind the latter of the donor's spiritual traits and character, of what he is, and not only or mainly of his wealth, of what he merely has. Any one can give a costly gift; only the loving sympathetic heart can give a truly appropriate one. The amount of the giver's self that is manifest in his gift is what makes it precious, not the amount of money he put into it. Not only of alms is it true what the leper said to Sir Launfal, but of all gifts, that

"He who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,

That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Nor is what we have said applicable only to Christmas gifts. It is equally so to all other presents that are meant to be tokens of affection, expressions of the heart. As soon as the market value of the gift enters into the consideration the gift becomes an alms, a charity, something which the self-respecting, generous character must feel like resenting rather than being grateful for. It puts him under money obligations and demands a mercantile equivalent in return. But at no time should this element be more utterly kept out of sight than at this holy season, this festival of love, on which heart speaks to heart, and when love and friendship should hold precious commerce and sweet communion together through the most delicate mediums and the purest symbolism. At Christmas more than ever

"The gift without the giver is bare."

And if your heart goes not with your offering let the offering be omitted, lest it bear witness of your insincerity and brand you a slave to a mere outward custom; and surely of all days of the year this is the one on which to be honest, true and genuine.

THE INCARNATION.

They miss the chief blessing of the feast of the nativity who celebrate it only as the anniversary of a past event. To be a truly vital blessing for us it must become a present event in us. Only that home can enjoy an adequate Christmas in which is enacted over again the great transaction that took place there in Bethlehem's lowly stable, whereat the stars bowed down in homage and the angel hosts broke through the skies to adore and sing their songs of praise and exultation. Only that heart can enter into the fullest joy of Christmastide which itself becomes a manger-throne for the divine Love to be born and reign forever.

The incarnation of God is not a fact of long ago. It is a fact of to-day. Only so can the world be saved thereby, and the promise fulfilled that through it should come "on earth peace and good will to men, and glory to God in the highest." The incarnation of God in us, so that "it is no longer we that live, but Christ that liveth in us," is what saves us and the world. It is this alone that converts our animal nature into a truly human nature, and lifts us out of the merely natural kingdom into the eternal.

This saving process of the Word being made flesh and dwelling among us is going on all the while and all about us. More and more is the divine Spirit,

the Love of God, becoming incorporated as the life and soul of our every human relation and institution, into our laws and political relations, our social and domestic life, our industrial and mercantile realms. Wherever man enters into relationship with man, the God-incarnation is going on, very slowly and gradually it sometimes seems to us impatient ones, yet very really and certainly, eliminating more and more the brutal, savage, and selfish, and substituting therefor the gentler, juster, divine principles of unselfish, self-sacrificing love, drawing all into one common Brotherhood with the Son of Man, under the one common Fatherhood of him who "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

A CHRISTMAS MASS.

BY VIRGINIA L. WENTZ.

Lo, the altar burns with candles,
And the marble gleams as day,
And the flowers and the incense
Burst in odor as we pray;
Hush! A voice—of man or spirit?—
Seems to come from far away.

And it floateth toward the people;
'Tis a glad, exultant cry—
"Bethlehem!" It is not spoken;
'Tis a sound voiced in the sky:
Mighty space, with sweetest cadence
It is filled,—now low, now high.

And a chorus of white-robed ones
Breaks forth in that matchless strain—
"Adoremus! Adoremus!"—
It is borne to heaven again;
"Venite, venite!"
Hark unto that sweet refrain,

Which for century upon century
She, the Church, hath loved to sing;
With her joyful salutation
Making Heaven's portals ring,
Telling how the infant Jesus
Came to be our Christmas King.

Then the air grows dim with incense;
Lost in wondrous praise we kneel;
Nothing is distinct—a tremor
Of delicious love we feel,
And we wake to hear the anthem
Which from lute and harp doth peal:

"Unto us a child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,"
Comes the swell of that grand chorus,
From the very organ riven;
And we almost see the Christ-child
Carried down to us from heaven.

It has ceased, and there is silence;
All in that vast place is still.
Then the gospel recitation—
"Unto men, all men, good will;
Let the little Jesus enter,
Peace will every bosom fill."

Peace! Ah, peace, the priceless jewel!
He, the Christ, has come to stay.
See! Upon the great white altar
Gleams a vivid, quickening ray,
Like the star of old "that stood
Over the place where the young child lay."

EVERGREENS AND CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY A LANCASTER WOMAN.

Grandfather sits in his arm-chair before the fire, and the light plays around him, brightening his silver locks and showing a dreamy, far-off expression in the eyes that were once so brilliant and full of fire, but now somewhat dimmed in their lustre, for he had passed his three-score years and ten. He leans his head on his hand, and memory, that friend or that foe who visits us in our quiet home, is very busy, and in fancy he is young and vigorous. First a little child, just beginning to walk and learning to express the thoughts that dance through his baby brain, then a boy at school ambitiously striving for a prize that seemed to him the most important thing to be desired. Then reaching manhood he had to fight the battle of life, until now in his old age he was cared for lovingly and tenderly by a son who was to him the embodiment of true living. A happy smile played around his lips and the old man's face seemed transfigured, as if to him was revealed more than mere mortals can know.

Suddenly the sounds of happy children's voices and hurrying feet were heard, and the door opening, in they came, a merry throng, and crowding around the old man, petitioned for their evening treat, one of Grandpa's stories. He raised the youngest and pet of all, little Lilian, in his arms and said:

"It is my little girl's turn to ask for a story to-night. What shall it be about?"

"Tell me, please, about Christmas and the dear Christ-child, something different from what people always do."

"Yes," added Richard, a tall lad whose manly face and carriage spoke of a gentle and brave nature. "Yes, that will please us all and baby will have her wish."

"Well," said Grandpa, "let me think;" and for a few minutes busy tongues were quiet and curious eyes were eagerly watching the old man, while the same dreamy expression came back to his face and he seemed to forget the request that had been made. Little Lilian, tired of waiting, put up her soft white hand and patted his cheek as a gentle reminder.

"Yes, darling; I have not forgotten you. I was thinking of a Christmas Eve many years ago, and I will tell you all about it."

"Several miles from one of the large German towns and on the edge of the forest stood a little cottage. Everything about it betokened the greatest care, from the well-thatched roof to the door yard where two boys of eight and twelve years of age had been playing. Karl, the eldest, had one of those rare faces that poets and artists love, finely-cut features, and a peculiarly lofty and spiritual expression. Looking at him, one would say his was to be no common destiny. And he had one great desire—to be a painter; to put upon canvass the beautiful thoughts that came to him even in his merriest hours. Once he had attended an exhibition of pictures, and since that time the idea had never left him, that some day he too should do some work that would fill his soul with happiness."

"Fritz, the younger, was a bright, rollicking little fellow with an air of sturdy independence. He always wanted to play soldier, and would talk of the day when he, like Alexander the Great or Napoleon Bona-

parte, would conquer men and nations,—and perhaps, who knows, he might be king. But now all the ambitious thoughts are forgotten, as they are intently regarding two little evergreen trees on either side of the path leading down to the road.

“‘Karl,’ said Fritz, ‘how much money do you think we will get for our trees in the market place? If I can get enough I am going to buy a pair of skates, and a sled, and a new coat, and a goat, and—and—’”

“‘Stop, Fritz,’ laughingly interrupted the other, ‘you must think that the purse you put your money in will be like that of Fortunatus. You will not get enough to buy even one of these articles. Remember there will be so many Christmas trees that our little ones may be overlooked entirely.’”

“A rather crestfallen expression appeared on Fritz’s face as he asked: ‘Well, what will you buy?’”

“A thoughtful and even sad look accompanied the words as Karl replied: ‘Nothing but white chrysanthemums,’ and he added in a subdued tone—‘No stone marks our sister’s grave, and I would like to cover it with the flowers she loved so well in life.’”

“‘How good you are, Karl! I will do the same as you.’”

“A voice was then heard calling—‘Children, come in to supper;’ and forgetting the grave thoughts of a minute before, in they rushed, only stopping at the door to kiss the loving mother who waited for them. ‘Do not wait, my boys, your father may not be home until late,’ and with a sigh she added, ‘I almost dread his coming, for if he has again been unsuccessful he will say again, ‘he is only a burthen.’”

“Quietly the frugal repast was eaten, and then, separating for the night, Karl said, ‘Fritz, we must be up early to-morrow morning to get our trees ready to take to market; for you know to-morrow night will be Christmas Eve.’”

“The morrow dawned, dark and stormy and cold, but yet there might be heard from passers-by words of merry greeting exchanged as they spoke of the Christmas time so near, and the good cheer it would bring; and the little children talked of how that night St. Nicholas with his reindeer and sleigh loaded with goodly gifts would travel over all the land, leaving treasures at every house. So all hurried on, laden with boxes and bundles, and carrying baskets filled with all sorts of goodies. From one a turkey’s head protruded, and it seemed to cast a despairing glance around, as if seeking refuge from the fate that awaited it. But in all that throng was one little heart so sad that the tears came, and my soul is filled with pity that with so much happiness on earth there should be so much misery. A wee, wee child stood in the corner of the market place looking longingly, not at the chickens and ducks, nor at the flowers and candies, but at a little Christmas tree. Forgotten was cold and hunger, forgotten the aching feet and frost nipped fingers as he thought,—‘Oh, for a tree, no matter how little, so I can keep Christmas too! How I would love it and keep it with me all winter, and then my mamma would not cry for the green trees and fresh grass,’ and in his earnestness tears rolled down his cheeks, and, in spite of his efforts, great sobs shook his little frame.”

“Just then our two boys, each bearing his tree, came along, and hearing the sad sound, stopped and

inquired the cause of so much grief. They listened attentively as the little waif told of the suffering in his home, of a sick mother who yet managed by sewing to earn enough to keep them from starving, although sometimes they had gone for an entire day without anything but a dry crust—a tale of sorrow which made our little merchants think they were wealthy in comparison. Impulsively they cried: ‘Poor boy! We have no money, but we were going to sell our trees. Now we will give you one tree, and if we can sell the other you shall have the money and you can buy something nice for your sick mother. You stay with me for a little while and see what we can do.’”

“So they stood in a corner by one of the doors, offering their evergreens; but the passers-by either laughed or pushed them farther out of the way, until their hearts grew heavier and heavier, although they bravely tried to speak encouragingly of their prospects of success. But hope was dying rapidly, when a gentleman, tall and fine-looking, who unobserved had been watching the curious little trio, said: ‘Boys, what are you doing here?’”

“A glow of hope overspread the faces of the three as in one breath they eagerly told the story of their coming and meeting in the market place, and of the earnest wish of the two to help the one. As he listened to the manly little fellows his face changed from one of tender sympathy to strong resolution, and he asked each one in turn his history. Then he said: ‘Boys, I am rich and childless, will one of you come and live with me. I will teach you all that you will learn, and I will give you what you most desire. You, Karl, if you choose, shall have teachers in painting, and when you are old enough I will send you to Italy, where among the old masters of whom you dream, you may work, and perhaps some day realize the ambitions of your heart. If you, Fritz, will be my son, after a proper education you shall receive a commission in one of our best regiments. And you, my little Paul,’ and the man’s eyes glistened with something like tears, while a suppressed eagerness appeared in his accents, ‘if you will come you shall have everything that is in my power to give you.’”

“The childish faces turned from their would-be benefactor to each other slowly and questioningly, and then spoke Karl:

“‘You are very kind, sir, but neither my brother nor I can leave our home and live in ease, while those who have loved and cared for us all our lives are in want and suffering. No, sir, we cannot say yes.’”

“‘But,’ said the gentleman, ‘your parents do not need you both, and there will be one less to care for if you will come with me.’”

“‘No, no,’ ejaculated both, ‘they will not be willing to let us go, and we will not leave them now.’”

“‘And you, Paul, will you leave your mother and be my child?’”

“Where did he get that proud look and that flashing eye as he replied: ‘No, never so long as I live, will I do as you wish. Soon I shall grow to be a man, and then my mamma shall never work, for I will support her and care for her and make her life happy.’”

“‘Very well,’ said the gentleman, ‘go back to your hard lives and be miserable.’ So without another word he left them; but himself unseen watched the little group as they left the market place with slow

and weary steps, and followed them at a distance as they walked through the storm to the miserable tenement where lived little Paul.

"After helping him up three flights of rickety stairs with his Christmas tree, Karl and Fritz started on their homeward path, for they had a long distance to travel before they should reach the little cottage. As they neared home they passed the little graveyard, and, a sudden thought striking Karl, he said: 'Come, Fritz;' and entering they stood by a little mound in one corner. It was so protected by the wall and some large tombstones that stood near that very little of the drifting snow had fallen on it, and the ground was not frozen so hard that the boys, with the help of a flat stone they found, could not dig into the earth. In a few minutes the little tree stood at the head of the grave, and Karl, stooping, kissed the cold ground that hid the form of her he loved so well, saying: 'Little sister, we could not bring you white flowers, but our love for you is as green and fresh as the evergreen we have planted.' Then, taking Fritz by the hand, they went home and told their mother of all that had happened.

"That night Karl had a dream. He saw the little boy of the market-place, and he was dressed in white, so dazzling that he could hardly look on him. There was a halo around his head, and as he advanced towards him he said:

"Karl, many hundred years ago I was born in a manger in a country far away. I came to save people from their sins and give a gift of love, joy and peace to all who would accept of it. I taught them the beauty of a holy life, and every year at this time, as the wise men brought me gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, do those who believe on me exchange gifts of good will and charity. Karl, you have been faithful and pitied one of my little ones, helping as well as you could, and the day will come when you with your brush shall cause men to admire your gift and love my name. Take these flowers, they are emblems of purity and truth, and plant them with the evergreen on the little grave.' Then there was a burst of sweet music, and the sound of many voices singing, 'Hosanna, Hosanna! Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.'

"Karl awoke with a start and said, 'It was the Christ-child. What a lovely dream!' And with a smile he slept again until the morning dawned. When he arose and saw the sun shining, a deep peace filled his heart and he prayed, 'Father in heaven, make me strong and good, and I will glorify Thy name.' When he went into the room where were his father, mother and Fritz, they all greeted him with 'Merry Christmas!' He looked anxiously at his father, and was relieved to see a quiet expression instead of the troubled look that had been there for so long a time. The father answered the look with a smile and said, 'It is all right, my boy; I have no work yet, but God is good and in His own time He will work His purpose.' Then with thankful hearts they ate their humble breakfast.

"Suddenly there came a loud knocking at the door, and opening it the gentleman who had been in the market place stepped in. He greeted them without noticing the surprised looks, and said: 'I have a story to tell you, but my time is short and I must make my words as few as possible. I have but lately come into

possession of my property, of which this cottage is a part. Having a great fancy for studying human nature and seeing all phases of life, I have been accustomed to wander in crowded cities, and wherever there were many people together I would continue to be in the thickest of the throng. Yesterday I went to the market, and through the instrumentality of your boys I have found a great happiness. I saw the little fellow sobbing, but the crying of a child has always annoyed me, and I would have turned aside, but I saw Fritz and Karl, each bearing a little tree, stopping to speak to him, and motives of curiosity made me listen, and as I listened I became interested and determined to help them. Then the thought occurred to me that I would tempt them and see whether they were proof against the dazzling allurements of wealth, but it was better than I thought; they resisted the temptation. Then I thought I would wait a little and find out the truth of their stories, so I followed them to the home of the poor widow. When talking to Paul I was impressed with a familiarity of look and gesture, and his name, Paul, being the same as mine, I was doubly interested. I found that his mother was my sister, who married a number of years ago without the consent of my father, and he was stern and unforgiving, although I pleaded for her against the decree that had gone forth that henceforth she must be to us as a stranger. In a few years we heard that she had died and that her husband had sailed for America. The truth I discovered yesterday. My brother-in-law was kind and good but unfortunate, and not having the strength to bear up against misfortune, he died, leaving my sister a widow with one child. Of course they will be my charge now, and,' addressing himself to the father, 'I have a proposition to make to you. I want you to be my agent. You shall collect my rents and exercise a general supervision over my tenants. And these boys shall come to me every day and share with Paul in his lessons. I will see you again in a few days to make the final arrangements, but until then please make use of this envelope. It contains a month's salary in advance.' Then without waiting for the thanks that would come from grateful hearts, he left the cottage.

"There was silence for a few minutes, broken by little Fritz, who said: 'Hurrah for my sled and all the other things! Isn't this the jolliest Christmas you ever saw?' There was a laugh and merry conversation for a while, when Karl left the house and visited the little mound. Here he started and turned pale. 'It is the Christ-child!' he exclaimed.

"On the grave was no earth to be seen and no snow, but a solid mass of white chrysanthemums, while at the head stood the little tree. Karl fell on his knees and said: 'Lord, make my life as pure as these flowers; let no falsehood nor meanness stain it, and when Thou takest me to Thyself may my memory be as green and fresh as this tree which I have planted as a token of my love for her who is buried here.'

"Many months and years passed by, and one Christmas Eve three men were seated in a room lighted only by the fire, which, as it gayly burned, revealed the many articles of luxury with which they were surrounded, and which seemed to tell that these were familiar faces. They were the three boys now grown to man's estate.

"Karl's pictures of the 'Madonna and Child'

were famous. The Christ always made the gazer stop and marvel at his wonderful beauty, and there were many who turned away with tears in their eyes.

"Fritz, young as he was, had been promoted on the field of battle for great bravery of action; and Paul's compositions were rapidly attaining great popularity, and many of them had been sung so that multitudes were entranced. All three had more than fulfilled the promise of youth. As they sat together they talked of the events of their lives, how rich they had been in happiness and success in spite of many discouragements.

"Paul, glancing around the room, said: 'Karl, why do you deck your home with chrysanthemums instead of the holly and mistletoe?'

"The grave face of the man was beautiful as he told of his dream, and said: 'Often when tempted and almost yielding I would think of that time and gain renewed strength to lead a true and noble life.'

"A hush fell on the three as each one was busy reviewing the past, and the silence was not broken until the clock in an old tower slowly struck the hour of twelve, and then a merry peal of all the bells told again the old, old story—'Christ is born'—and the sound of distant voices chanting the 'Gloria in Excelsis.' They came nearer and nearer, swelling joyfully on the midnight air, until it seemed as if the 'glorious walls of heaven must ring with the melody.' Then as they died away again in the distance the three men clasped hands and said: 'God willing, we will act our parts faithfully and well, for thus can we best glorify the One who has so exceedingly loved us.'"

* * * * *

Grandpa stopped to find that baby Lilian was fast asleep, but the other children's faces were grave and earnest. Richard asked, "Grandpa, was that a true story?"

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "Karl was my father, and I will tell you more about him some day. And now to bed with you all. I wonder who will be the first one to wish me a Merry Christmas to-morrow morning?"

Sleepy Lilian roused herself and said, "Why don't you tell the story, Grandpa?"

There was a shout of amusement from the other children, and with merry "good-night" they hurried off to dream of good St. Nicholas and the pleasures of the morrow.

LITTLE DAVID'S CHRISTMAS STAR.

BY HELENA HOCH.

Christmas Eve had never had much meaning to David.

It is true there were some things peculiar to this time of the year which he did always thoroughly enjoy. The shop windows were beautiful enough to charm any child, and David certainly came under their magic spell. They were all lovely, but this year there was one particular one,—oh, how David's heart leaped when he saw it!

It was not the large window in which Santa Claus with his spirited team of reindeer was riding over housetops in a most hazardous way. David had not had much experience of Santa Claus, for Santa had

never visited his home; and although formerly he had gazed with delight on the prancing reindeer and their jolly-faced driver, he had now lost all interest in them.

Farther down the street was a small, unpretending window which contained a most beautiful star. The first evening David caught sight of that star he stood amazed. It seemed to shine on him so lovingly, to look at him so tenderly, so differently from the way in which he was usually treated, that David's starved soul responded to it.

That very night, as he lay in his bed thinking of the beautiful star, what should he see but another star peeping into his window at him, and twinkling so pleasantly that it really seemed to smile.

It made David think of a story his mother had often told him of a wonderful star and a still more wonderful Babe. He knew they both had something to do with Christmas, but just how he did not quite understand. His mother had died when he was only three years old, and since then David had heard nothing more of the wonderful story. He remembered that the Babe's name was Jesus, but one time when he asked his father to tell him more about it, his father said gruffly that he did not know anything to tell him. So David had almost forgotten the beautiful story, but to-night the star seemed to bring parts of it back to him. He would like to know more of it, but his father did not know, or if he did know, he did not care, and how could David find out?

But the star in the window by day, and the star in the sky by night, still held their power over him; and the nights were made happier by the one and the days were made brighter by the other.

"Christmas Eve! I wonder what it means?" thought David. "I'd like so to know. There's a star in it, I remember, and there's Jesus in it, I know. Oh, there's a big light! I wonder what that is?" and, following the beckonings of the bright rays, David soon came to a plain, little church. He could not help opening the door and peeping in. Then he rubbed his eyes and peeped again. "It must be Christmas Eve in there. I'm goin' in to see," he said, in expectant and surprised delight.

The kind man by the door smiled pleasantly and beckoned to the little lad with the wistful face and hungry eyes. David followed him, almost dazed, and sat down where the man told him to sit. "Smells like supper," he mused, "but can't be that. It *must* be Christmas Eve!"

"Oh!" The exclamation could not be suppressed; then David relapsed into awe-struck silence.

The people were eating and drinking; it could not be supper, but it did smell good. There were beautiful green trees and green wreaths, but, best of all, high up was a beautiful star. It seemed to David like a combination of his two other stars, so bright it was, so loving, so tender. "Seems like I've found it now," thought David.

The kind man soon came back, with a cup of coffee and a cake for David, and said something about "Christmas Eve" and "love feast." The latter term sounded strange to David, but his heart thrilled at the mention of Christmas Eve. He took the coffee and cake, and though he did not understand anything about love feast, he celebrated it very truly, for he loved the kind man, and he loved the beautiful green

trees and wreaths, but, most of all, he loved the bright, beautiful star.

Presently the children sang, and, listening eagerly, David heard them sing of "Jesus and His love." His breath came fast, and he felt he was coming nearer and nearer to Christmas Eve. He listened still more eagerly as the minister read some wonderful words about shepherds and angels, and the wonderful Babe. His heart filled with happiness, and he longed to have heard the song of the angels and to have seen the Babe.

But would wonders never cease? The lights became dim, and in through two doors came not only one star, but what seemed to David hundreds and thousands of them. How sweetly the children then sang about a star and Jesus shining like a star! David could hardly believe it,—it seemed too beautiful to be true.

But the stars were coming nearer; and oh, could it be true? Yes, yes, some men were giving them to the children. Oh, would they give him one? A star for his very own, that he could hold in his hand! He must have one. He could not sit still and wait for one. Suppose the men should not see him! Eagerly he ran down the aisle, with his soul in his eyes, and a world of craving in his voice, as he implored, "Oh, please give me a star! I've found Christmas Eve at last, and I do want a star for my very own."

In the thin, outstretched hand was placed one of the lighted tapers, which form so beautiful a part of the Christmas celebration of the Moravian church. And David rejoiced in the possession of it—his Christmas star. He could not blow it out as he saw others do when the singing was over, and the tapers all given out, and the lights turned on again. He wished it would shine forever.

Soon the service was over, and David turned to go out with the rest of the people. How could he leave the beautiful place? "I hate to go 'way from Christmas Eve, but I've got my star, and that's one thing."

The kind man was near him again, however, and David could not go just yet, for the kind man wanted to talk to him.

"I'll just ask him what Christmas Eve is. I'm sure he knows" thought David.

Simply and earnestly the kind man told David, in answer to his request,

"The old, old story
Of Jesus, and His love."

And there, in the empty church, with the bright star shining on him from above, and his own star shining in his hand, the Christmas star arose in David's heart, and he found Christmas Eve, and he found Jesus.

EVERY sane person must rejoice that a beginning, at least, has been made this season to free the beautiful custom of exchanging Christmas gifts from the abuse to which for some years it had been subjected, and so restore to it more of its true significance. Costliness is "going out of style." Intrinsic merits, good taste, appropriateness, beauty,—these are coming to be the main considerations, as they always should be, and it is gratifying to know that this salutary change for the better is making itself felt also in the matter of books—especially books for Christmas presents.

AT CHRISTMASTIME.

BY ELIZABETH CARPENTER.

Long time ago in crowded Bethlehem
As Mary bent to greet her new-born child,
Glad angels sang, while watching over them,
Of peace and love to men. Pure, undefiled
The holy Babe within her bosom lay
Unmindful of the strangers' low-bent knee;
But deep within His gaze there shone the ray
Of wondrous love, and peace that was to be.

* * * * *

At evening's close up in the dark'ning sky
A single star will send its quivering beam
Across the heavens; ere long in swift reply
To its first glow there starts a sudden gleam
Athwart the far-off blue; and by and by
The awak'ning fire doth tinge the dusky night,
Until full soon the shadowed earth doth lie
Relumined 'neath a starry crown of light.

So love and peace (bred from the heavenly spark
That dwelt within the soul of Mary's child,)
Have touched the hearts of men, and all the dark
Of strife and wrong and hate unreconciled
Is fading fast away. From East to West,
From soul to soul, the sacred fire hath spread,
Until at last in holy radiance drest
Its light o'er all the world is softly shed.

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.

CHRISTMASTIDE AMONG THE CHURCHES.

All the churches of the city, without any exception, will celebrate the Christmastide by special commemoration services at various times during the sacred week. Their music and decorations promise to be finer than ever. The sermon in every pulpit also on the Sunday after Christmas will be based on the birth of Jesus as its theme. The following are the announcements of particular services.

EPISCOPAL.

St. James's.—Holy Communion, Christmas morning at 8 o'clock. Morning prayer, sermon and Holy Communion at 10:30. Hour of carols by the combined Sunday-schools, on Holy Innocents' day, Monday evening, December 28th, from 7 to 8. Merrymaking afterwards in Eshleman Hall.

St. John's.—Matin service at dawn on Christmas morning, 6 o'clock, with sermon and Holy Communion. Sunday-school festival on Holy Innocents' day at 7 P. M.

LUTHERAN.

Christ.—Full liturgical service with sermon on Christmas morning at 8 o'clock. Children's hour at 7 o'clock in the evening, during which a number of members of the school will take prominent part.

Grace.—Congregational worship at 10:30 on Christmas morning, with sermon. Exercises of the main department of the Sunday-school at 6:30 P. M. Illuminated motto gradually unveiled. Infant festival on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

St. John's.—The published cantata entitled "The

King's Birthday," will be rendered by the school on Christmas evening at 7 o'clock.

St. Stephen's.—Adults' service at 10 o'clock on Christmas morning, with sermon. Children's occasion at 7 o'clock P. M. Celebration of St. Stephen's day, Saturday, December 26th, at 10:15 o'clock A. M. Second festival of the Sunday-school and Bible-class on Sunday evening, December 27th, at 7 o'clock, with singing of cantata. New Year's eve Thanksgiving service on Thursday evening, December 31st at 7:30 o'clock. New Year's day devotions on Friday, January 1st, at 10:15 A. M. Holy Communion on the second Sunday of the new year, January 10th.

Trinity.—Congregational praise service with sermon on Christmas day, at 10:30 A. M. Infant festival in the upper room of the chapel on Saturday afternoon at 2. Representation of "all nations shall call Him blessed," using the national flags, etc. Main school vespers on Sunday evening, December 27th, at 7 o'clock, introducing for the first time in Lancaster the beautiful vesper liturgy of the Reformation era. Devotion during the closing hour of the old year on Thursday night, from 11 until 12. Preparatory service on New Year evening for the Holy Communion of the following Sunday, January 3d.

Zion's.—Morning praise on Christmas day at 10 o'clock. Both departments of the Sunday-school will assemble at 7 in the evening.

METHODIST.

Duke Street.—The Christmas exercises of the Sunday-school will be rendered in connection with the opening and consecration of the new chapel, on Sunday, December 20th. Bishop Foss, who will preach in the morning, and Dr. Reed, in the evening, will also address the school in the afternoon. An early prayer-meeting will be held as usual at dawn on Christmas morning, 6 o'clock.

St. Paul's.—The entertainment of the school will take place on Christmas evening at 7 o'clock. No special programme has been arranged, but an enjoyable social time may be expected.

MORAVIAN.

The old-time Christmas-eve vigils will be celebrated on the evening of the 24th, at 6 o'clock. They consist mainly of the singing of Christmas hymns and carols by the Sunday-school, this year augmented by the young men's orchestra. A love feast is served according to ancient custom, and near the close, during the singing of an appropriate hymn, trays of burning wax-tapers are brought in and distributed among the children. On Christmas day there will be the usual festal litany and an appropriate sermon, with special Christmas music, at 10:30 A. M.

On New Year's Eve, at 8 P. M., there will be a service for hearing the Memorabilia of the congregation read; and at 11:30 P. M. the New Year's vigils will be held, at which farewell is bidden to the old and welcome to the new year. On New Year's Day there will be held the usual service at 10:30 A. M.

The various classes of the Sunday-school this year again prefer to forego the pleasure of receiving Christmas gifts from the school, and instead enjoy the higher pleasure of preparing and distributing Christmas baskets, on Christmas eve, to several dozen poor and needy families in our city.

PRESBYTERIAN.

First.—The celebration of the Christmastide will be held on Tuesday evening, December 29th, at 7 o'clock, with the customary programme.

Memorial.—Recitations, dialogues, carols, etc., appropriate to the day will be rendered at 7 o'clock on Christmas evening.

REFORMED.

First.—The repairs preventing the occupancy of the sanctuary, there will be no special observance of the festival this year, other than the singing of familiar carols at the usual service of the school on Sunday afternoon, December 27th, with a collection for the orphans' home.

St. Paul's.—The well-known early service which has been sung for years in the First Reformed church on Christmas morning at 6 o'clock will this year be rendered by the combined choirs and congregations at the same hour in St. Paul's. At 2:30 P. M. the infant school will hold its meeting, and at 6:30 P. M. the main department will conclude the exercises of the day.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Since the close of the foot ball season there has been little to ruffle the surface of under-graduate life at the college. The work of the eleven this year, though not so phenomenal as heretofore, has been fully as good as could be expected by any person taking into consideration all the difficulties under which the team labored. During the two preceding seasons F. and M. played with practically the same team both years. This year she began with the loss of four star players. At all of the institutions which comprise the Pennsylvania Association foot ball was played as a pastime, and the attention was not put upon it by any means that was bestowed on the game at F. and M. But with the formation of the Association every team that was represented secured the services of efficient coaches, established training tables for the first time, hired professional trainers, made practice compulsory, and threw more than double the amount of energy into the work than they had done heretofore. All this had much to do with the great improvement of their teams, which were almost all made up of identically the same material as on the previous year. The home team, however, in the Thanksgiving game, fully vindicated itself of the charges of inefficiency of which it was accused, and the captain, whose judgment in the selection and handling of the men had been severely criticised, showed that the material was the best ever put upon the field by F. and M.

The athletic interest is centered upon the opening of the new gymnasium, which will be held formally on February 22d, with a day of indoor sports. Class work in the gym. will begin under Mr. Irvine with the opening of the next term. The apparatus is the finest manufactured, and is being placed in the building now by A. J. Spaulding & Bro. Mr. H. S. Williamson is fitting up the bowling-alley and is making it a very handsome as well as a good piece of workmanship. Work in the gym. will be compulsory for the college students.

The Glee Club has given several concerts in the county and made its first trip this week, singing at Sunbury, Lewisburg, Danville and Shamokin. The work of the boys will be up to the former standard in

all except perhaps in soloists. Mr. Smith, as a soloist, has given evidence of becoming a favorite, especially in humorous renditions. The Serenade Club, under the leadership of Mr. Goodell, '94, is taking the place of the Mandolin Club, with a great deal of success.

The Glee Club prize debate will be held in the college chapel on the morning of February 22d. The question is, *Resolved*, "That the free coinage of silver would be advantageous to the United States." Debaters: Gæthean Society, H. H. Ranck, '92, and W. D. Happel, '92; Diagnothian Society, J. H. Apple, '92, and Harvey Newcomer, '92.

A large bust photograph of Lewis Audenreid, who endowed the chair of history and archæology, has been presented to the college by Mr. W. G. Mayberry, of Philadelphia.

At the last meeting of the foot ball team, Griffith was elected captain for the ensuing year. The athletic association has elected the following officers: President and manager of the foot ball association, D. S. Fouse; advisory committee, Kieffer, '93, Sangaree, '94, and Price, '95; president and treasurer of the athletic association, Krick, '92; secretary, Brown, '93; captain of base ball team, Apple, '92; manager, Bright, '92.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

BY E. PAULINE COOPER.

Once, long ago, in Bethlehem was born
A little Jewish babe, on Christmas morn.
Bright sang the angel's at the young child's birth,
Good-will to all mankind, and peace on earth.
So runs the legend. Then the child grew up,
And drank full deeply of Life's sorrow-cup.
He grew a man, and from his humble place
He viewed in pain the sorrows of his race.
He heard the pagan world once and again,
Groan 'neath the curses sent by gods and men.
He saw it under Rome's imperial sway,
And heard low plaints of nations passed away.
And then, with his grand soul all full of love,
He taught the sad-eyed world to look above
All earthly pain. Taught how the sacrifice
Of life brought peace: to gladly pay the price.
He helped to bind man's holy Brotherhood,
And scattered wide the seeds of "doing good."
He told one nation, warring with another,
To cease all strife; and man to love his brother.
He spread abroad the tidings of great joy
That peace on earth should be without alloy
When man should hold his neighbor's good more worth,
Than that he should himself possess the earth.
So taught the Christ. Oh, gentle Nazarene,
Oh, great and loving soul; oh, Man serene!
Come back to earth and let thy love again
Pervade, as long ago, the hearts of men.
Let us again feel as the seers of old
Thy wondrous presence our cold hearts enfold,
So that, warm, beating with great love to man,
They may expand, and realize thy plan.
Oh, grand soul of the Past! Thy figure stands,
Bright and majestic 'mid Time's moving sands.
So may our purpose ever steadfast be,
To thus attain an immortality.

Local Lore.

History herself, seen in her workshop.—LOWELL.

CHRISTMAS AT LITITZ IN OLDEN TIMES.

BY P. P.

Wherever the German goes the observance of the Holy Night goes with him. Around this season cluster a multitude of home and church associations from which he never separates himself willingly, and the rudest and most ignorant settler, in the most inhospitable surroundings in a strange land, renews for himself and his family the cheery and humanizing influences of this great festival of the Divine Saviour who came into the world as a child. Eminently the festival of the home, of the family in its indoor life, to us it would seem to have lost its characteristic charm if the season came in the summer, with the warm sun shining and the trees in full leaf and fruit-bearing. But the sacred, genial Christmas feeling must not be sacrificed and cannot be ignored, and so the German settlers in Australia or South Africa erect their trees in the house and church, manufacturing as best they can a pine or spruce, and hanging on it ripe cherries or plums. Just the kind of Christmas to which many of us have all our lives been accustomed is to be found only amongst the Teutonic nations. The Italian, or Spaniard, or Scotchman or Frenchman's Christmas is a very different thing from the German or the Englishman's. It would be an interesting thing to trace out, if we could, the causes for this difference. It would, I apprehend, be found to lie in the radical differences of original national temperament, and perhaps of ancient mythological beliefs and practices.

This, however, is not to be my subject. A description of Christmas as it was celebrated in former days in the German settlement of Lititz, which dates from the year 1746, is invited. I know of no detailed description of the festival. The diary of the Moravian church always mentions the observance of the festival; the only special mention being the introduction of the custom of presenting a lighted wax taper to each child at the love feast on Christmas Eve. Mention is made frequently of the disorderly crowds of young people from the country who flocked to Lititz on Christmas and New Year's Eve, making attendance at the services in the Moravian church an excuse for coarse carousing afterwards. So annoying and disreputable was their conduct that the services were omitted at different times in the hope of breaking up this custom. It still prevails, however, though not to the same disagreeable and shameful extent.

The church services were simple enough. In the afternoon of Christmas Eve there was the Children's Vigil, the "exercises" consisting entirely of singing by the children, choir, and parents, alternately. There was a love feast, and lighted wax candles were distributed towards the end of the service, symbolizing Christ as the Light of the world. It was a pretty sight when the trays with these candles were brought into the church; and the service itself was in another respect unique, namely, it was one of two services in the year in which the smallest child, even babes in the arms, were not only admitted but expected, and

the babble and even the crying of the little innocents were not considered out of place. To the service in the evening at six o'clock, which was of a similar character, the children under twelve years did not go. After it was concluded and the whole family was gathered in the house, the Christmas tree or decoration was displayed to the anxiously expectant children, and the presents, very simple ones in those days, were distributed. The children enjoyed their tree and their gifts as long as the candles burned, then off to bed, and up again early in the morning in the darkness, to repeat the illumination. On Christmas morning there was a liturgical service with a sermon in the church.

I do not know whether the Christmas "Putz," or decoration, as distinguished from the tree, is a peculiarity of German Moravians or not. I have always supposed that the idea had its origin in necessity. Spruce trees at Lititz, for example, could not be procured at all, and the cedar is not well fitted for the purpose and is an uncomfortable tree to handle with its prickly needles. Hemlock could be procured easily, but the nature of its growth fits it only for wreaths or forming walls of green against the side of a room. So, instead of a detached single spruce tree, standing on the floor, the hemlock branches were fastened against a wall, sometimes rising from the floor to the ceiling, but more often from a table, forming a pretty green, bower-like covering to that part of the room. The floor or table was covered with moss, the gathering of which in the late autumn was always a delightful excursion for father and children. The boughs were hung with gayly colored paper or other ornaments, and fitted with little holders for wax candles.

The filling of the space in front of the boughs was often very curious, a delightful defiance to every principle of art which the character of the festival sanctioned, and which never, at that season, seemed out of place. It was part of the charm of a "putz," a thing you looked for. There was always a pond of water, made with a piece of looking-glass, a cave for a bear or panther, a church and some houses, a green meadow with grazing cattle, on a rock a lion looked down on the scene, usually a stable with a Holy Family, sometimes water falling in a little cascade, or a mill running by sand-power and hoisting up bags of flour, or a hunting scene, or Noah with his family and the animals of the ark walking, two by two, along a silver-sand path. What matter that the rooster in the barnyard was taller than Noah's giraffe, or that the stable roof was higher than the top of the church steeple, or the goose in the pond twice the size of the lion, or that the figure of Krist Kingle towered above the landscape like a giant? A Christmas "putz" had other uses than an education in perspective. Each toy figure represented somebody's gift and somebody's ownership. It was saved from one Christmas to another, and would have been missed if it had been rejected simply because it was out of proportion to other figures.

The "putz" was often quite an elaborate affair, the preparation of which occupied many hours of hard work in the evenings or late into the night. The room in which it was placed was carefully guarded, and none of the children were permitted to enter it until Christmas Eve after service, and thus expectation was kept keenly and tantalizingly active. To be allowed to take part in this work meant that one had stepped out of childhood, and yet the contriving of the decoration and working at it were a deeper

enjoyment than had been the child's curiosity and surprise. It is more blessed always to give than to receive. It is very much "worth the while" to take trouble to give children innocent pleasure—in pleasing them we are blessed ourselves—to lay up for them a store of sacred home memories, to bind them fast to father and mother, to brother and sister, by associations that shall live as long as life lasts, and live perhaps also in the other world where love shall survive and never die.

"MATZABAUM" AND "METZEL SOUP."

BY S. M. SENER, ESQ.

Years ago, about Christmas time, there used to be manufactured in this community a cake or confection locally called "Matzabaum," and considerable discussion has arisen at divers times as to the origin or derivation of the name. The confection was of two kinds, those which could be eaten and those which had been made especially as a Christmas tree decoration.

The former were made out of flour, sugar, egg, spices and some variety of powdered nuts, such as peanuts or almonds, and when baked formed a delightful tidbit not unlike "macaroons." The latter were made of starch and were of divers designs, such as birds, fish, butterflies and the like, and were usually gorgeously painted. Both varieties were formed in clay or wooden moulds by pressing the plastic material into the design. There were quite a number of local manufacturers of these Christmas tree ornaments, but prominent among them was the father of the late Samuel J. Demuth, who lived on South Duke street.

As to the origin of the name it was supposed to have been derived from "Matza," a name applied by the Hebrews to unleavened bread, used in the feast of the "Passover." Evidently "Matzabaum" is a corruption of the German "Marzipane" (pronounced "Marr-tsee-pahn), or "Marcus-bread," a form of sweet bread (*panis Marcius*), probably in honor of the inventor, or some distinguished citizen of Venice. By the French it is called "masse pien," and in English "marchpane."

The second part of the word is evidently the Latin *panis*—bread. The first part has been identified by Professor Mahn as identical with the Latin *maza*, which Diez and M. Hayne approve of, and which means "mush."

The same idea is coincided in by Dr. Oswald Siedensticker, of Philadelphia, who further states that the name was in use in Germany during the XVIth Century, and in support thereof quotes *Grimm's Wärtter-buch*. The English "marchpane," was evidently in use in England in the XVIth Century, also, as the following, quoted from Shakspeare shows: "Good, save me some marchpane!" It seems strange that such a delightful confection as the eatable variety is said to have been should have been called "mush-bread" by the Latins. A Christmas tree loaded down with the starchy varieties and illuminated with tapers, presented a very handsome sight. "Matzabaums" are unknown to the young folks of to-day, but the elder portion of the community remember them. Their manufacture ceased years ago, when the now common tinsel and paper Christmas tree ornaments came in vogue.

THE METZEL SOUP.

Round about the Christmas holiday season most people killed the porkers which they had raised and fattened during the year, and this period or season became known locally, and in Berks, Dauphin, York and Lebanon counties, as the *metzel soup* season. The metzel soup, as most readers know, was a portion of sausage, pudding or small cut of spare ribs, and was as much a courtesy among the rural people as an elegant present of jewelry or wine and cake among the residents of the city.

In quite early days it was customary to invite numerous friends to assist in the killing and dressing of the porkers, and the broth in which the pudding meat was boiled was used as a soup. Rye bread was broken into the savory liquor and the guests were then invited to partake of the metzel soup.

In time this custom became offensive, because with the intoxicating drinks added to this soup the people became beastly drunk. To escape such orgies and scenes the metzel soup became converted into a present of sausage, pudding and meat, which the neighbors enjoyed as much as anything else.

The metzel soup, as originally known, was customary in Germany, and had been brought to this country by our forefathers. It is related that on one occasion the father of Frederick the Great was riding near Strasburg, and, seeing the drunken revelry attending the supping of a metzel soup, became so incensed that he sprang from his horse and, grasping a cudgel, began belaboring the men and women indiscriminately, breaking a number of arms before he was induced to desist.

A DOUBLE UNIT.

The following wise words and true are taken from a recent number of the Home Department of *The Christian Union*, and we commend them to the thoughtful attention of our readers:

"Women have been credited for generations with exercising a great moral influence over their husbands. If a man becomes a moral wreck, his downfall is attributed to some lack in his wife: she is too weak to exercise an influence, or so strong as to drive him from home. Always the wiseacres wag their heads, saying, 'If his wife were different!'"

"No one disputes that a wife has great influence over a husband, but is it not true that a husband exerts just as much influence over a wife? If she does not meet the promise of her girlhood, and becomes, instead of a happy, calm, helpful woman, a fretful, uninteresting woman, is it not largely the husband's fault? Is it not the office of love to lead out into a fuller life? If a woman who in girlhood gave promise of intelligence; possessed gifts that were marked, and considered worthy of cultivation; who read, and kept in touch with the times, develops into a woman who hardly knows the name of the President, who cannot make use of the gifts that once gave herself and her friends pleasure, who neither reads nor maintains any social relation—is not the husband in fault for permitting her unrestrained to stunt her mind and soul until middle life finds her either a figure for the display of clothes, or an animated duster and brush, a slave to her household possessions? Degeneracy in either husband or wife is a reflection on the other. 'With

all my worldly goods I thee endow,' means more than material things. The unit of marriage is the purpose of two lives lived in active, not passive sympathy.

"The resistance of evil, the cultivation of good, in the home means the development of those who work for a common end. Weakness may be as fatal as wickedness in its influence, and may require as radical measures to overcome it. Where there is true love there is spiritual ambition; but without this quality the love is of the earth, earthy; a weight instead of wings. The moral responsibility of husband and wife is equal; it is not a question of sex. God gave the commands to man and woman, and endowed them to meet his standards.

"The husband who lets a wife drift into a line of life that saps her powers has not fulfilled his duties as a husband; he has not made his love a shield to ward off evil, but a cloak of which he frequently avails himself by way of excuse to his own conscience."

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

BY HERMAN E. HOCH.

The bells of Yule are ringing
Christmas cheer,
And the happy children singing
Christmas cheer.
As we listen to the chiming
Of the bells that keep a-timing
With the merry, merry rhyming
Of joyous Christmas cheer,—

Our hearts are set to beating
Christmas cheer,
And we begin repeating
"Christmas cheer,"
And our friends, where'er they meet us,
With their smiling faces greet us,
As they heartily entreat us,
To share their Christmas cheer.

The frosty air is keen with
Christmas cheer,
And holly boughs are green with
Christmas cheer;
While in mirth our senses steeping,
And our hearts with joy are leaping,
We forget that some are weeping,
Who have no Christmas cheer.

Oh, while our hearts are beaming
Christmas cheer,
And through our halls is streaming
Christmas cheer,
Dreary homes let us make brighter,
Gloomy lives let us make lighter,
And the heavy burdens sligher
Of those who have no cheer.

The Prince of Peace who brought us
Christmas cheer,
By deeds of love has taught us
Christmas cheer
Is not for the *few* meant solely—
Should be shared with high and lowly—
For His precious birth so holy
Gave *all* men Christmas cheer.

Then, merry bells, keep ringing
Christmas cheer,
While glad some hearts are singing
Christmas cheer;
And while love divine is flowing
Oh, let love to man be growing
Until all the earth is glowing
With fellowship and cheer.

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.

Let me now read you a few sentences from a recent editorial in *The Christian Union*, before I tell you about some recent books suitable for Christmas gifts.

"Nothing is more significant of national life and growth than the character of the books which a people read. For books represent not only what we call literature distinctively, but also the entire higher life of a people. They stand for its scholarship, its historical interest, its political development, and its artistic progress."

"It cannot be said that among the younger writers of verse any great or distinct power has been manifested which predicts the coming of another great poet. There are, however, a multitude of small volumes of verse, full of nice feeling, of delicate fancy, and characterized on the whole by excellent workmanship. Some of these volumes disclose a distinct poetic quality. Taken as a whole, they show a marked advance on the minor verse of any preceding period, and they discover so general an impulse toward melodious expression and such a steady gain in art that one cannot but suspect that they are prophetic of the dawn of another era of American poetry."

It is comforting that less than ever before you need this year not be afraid to choose the books you intend giving your friend from the whole realm of literature, without taking into special consideration whether they be "holiday books" or not. Moreover, this latter class appears to me this season to be composed of a better kind of books, on the whole, than ever before. Publishers have not given all their attention to the mechanical make-up of the volumes, but some also to the right choice of the volumes' contents. And, finally, there are, I think, more really beautiful works that are low-priced to be had than for some years past. The next time you are down town just go into our leading bookstores and look over their shelves, and you will say I am right.

Of course, you will see and be attracted by a few such handsome holiday books as "The Garfield Edition" of Ben-Hur, which is the Harpers' *tour de force* this season, and which certainly is a sumptuous work in two 8vo volumes, for which the price of \$7 is reasonable. But for my part their three-volume edition of Prof. Lounsbury's *Studies in Chaucer*, which is not a special holiday edition, at \$9, is comparatively worth much more; at least I would much rather have it myself, though perhaps most people would not. These are among the most costly books that you will find.

More nearly within ordinary people's reach, and equally good and beautiful, are Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s elegant edition of Howells's *Venetian Life*, in

two beautifully illustrated, printed and bound 8vo volumes, which you can get for \$5. For a dollar less is offered an entirely new, copiously illustrated holiday edition of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by all odds the handsomest and most elaborate edition of that wonderful story that has ever been issued. Yet for not a few of your friends you will prefer, at the same price, Justin Winsor's *Christopher Columbus*, which is not in any sense a gift book, though as handsome as one and more enduringly valuable and important than most. For \$2.50 you can get our townsman Professor McCaskey's beautiful 8vo volume of *Christmas in Song, Sketch and Story*, with its rich store of literary, pictorial and musical gems, about which I told you a year ago when it first appeared. It is a book that doesn't grow old, but is just as good and appropriate for Christmas this year as it was last year. It is worth double the price asked for many less meritorious books, as, e. g., Wallace's *The Boyhood of Christ*, which sells for \$3.50, and yet outside of a few of its pictures is worth hardly anything. If you or I had written it, it would scarcely sell at Fifty Cents!

I don't know whether you feel about it as I do or not, but if I had enough money to buy, say the "Ben-Hur" above referred to, I wouldn't buy it! But instead I would manage to get a few more dollars besides, and then would buy for my friend, if I thought a great deal of him and of his literary taste, the whole set of the Riverside Edition of *Lowell's Works*, or of *Holmes's*, or, if he had them not already, of *Longfellow's*, *Whittier's*, *Emerson's*, or *Hawthorne's*—about all of which I have told you ere now.

What specially reminded me of these ideal sets of works was the fact that I just got the last volume of *Lowell's Works* in this edition, containing his "Latest Literary Essays." It makes the eleventh in the set, and contains his hitherto uncollected papers, which have only been gathered together since his death, though all of the seven essays save one had the benefit of his own personal revision with a view to publication in their present form. The volume is, of course, uniform with the rest of the series, beautifully printed, and bound in wine-colored cloth, with gilt top, though its price is only \$1.25. As frontispiece it has an excellent steel portrait of Mr. Lowell from a recent photograph.

Among the contents are some of his most finished later literary essays. The first one, on Gray, is to my mind equal to anything the author ever wrote. The one on Walton is full of that quiet humor, kindly sympathy, and yet keen critical insight, which made Mr. Lowell the prince of critics and reviewers in our language. The same may be said of the matchless papers on Some Letters of Walter Savage Landor, Milton's *Areopagitica*, Shakespeare's Richard III., and not less of those on The Study of Modern Languages, and on The Progress of the World. Altogether the volume is one our literature could not afford to miss; would be distinctly poorer for not possessing.

Of the Riverside *Holmes*, equally beautiful, I have the first six of the thirteen volumes in which it is soon to be completed.

Nothing more artistic can be found than the illustrated \$1.50 edition of Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal* that came out last Christmas. It belongs to a class of dainty, delicate, altogether beautiful little holiday volumes, which may almost be said to be the peculiar production of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and to many of which I have from time to time called your attention. All of them are exquisitely printed and bound, and while no two are exactly alike in style, every one of them is a veritable gem and a true work of the book-maker's art.

Among the most recent, and the latest always seems more beautiful than anything before it, I need only refer you to Whittier's *Snow Bound*, and Dr. Holmes' *One Hoss Shay* and its Companion Poems, both of which I recently described to you. They are as different in their form as they are in their contents, the make-up of each exactly appropriate to the spirit and character of the poems it contains,—so much so that to compare them is simply impossible. Each is perfect in its way. So also is the chastely beautiful little collection of *Odes, Lyrics and Sonnets* from the poetical writings of Lowell, which is just published—a most dainty present it will make to one who can appreciate the simply beautiful. It is not illustrated, as are the others I have named, but it contains the very cream of Lowell's shorter poems, including the Commemoration Ode, Agassiz, and Under the Old Elm, with all his most famous lyrics.

The volume belongs to the "White and Gold Series" of selections from Browning, Mrs. Browning, Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier and Wordsworth, which are sold at the uniform price of \$1.00 each, or can be had sumptuously bound in half levant at the price of \$3.00 each.

Of course I need not tell you about *Walter Graham, Statesman*, and its merits as a Christmas present. You have probably all seen it by this time; at least everybody is talking about it, and guessing as to who wrote it, though so far the secret is still safe.

By the way, some one said to me the other day that Walter Graham, the hero, was none other than our eloquent Congressman, Mr. Brosius himself. Is there anything in that? UNO.

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SOMETHING THAT EVERY HOUSEHOLD SHOULD HAVE.

THE "H. D. K."

Lancaster Examiner, December 9th.

The "H. D. K." is the name of a patent window shade fixture invented by our well-known townsman, Dr. H. D. Knight, who, although kept so busy at his professional work, yet found time to discover this wonderful little article. The fixture is now being manufactured and is in the market, although the Doctor is not pushing it as yet. You can attach it to any window shade, and, after it is attached, you can do anything with the shade you want to—lower or raise, hang it in the middle of the window or at the bottom, literally anything.

A NOTABLE INVENTION.

Lancaster Examiner, December 12th.

Dr. H. D. Knight, the popular dentist, of No. 334 North Queen street, has long been recognized in this community as a mechanical genius, as well as being "at the top" in his profession. Years and years ago we had the pleasure of describing some of his ingenious Christmas devices in connection with the entertainments of St. John's Lutheran Sunday-school, in which he has taken such an active interest. Later on we described a patent ventilating apparatus of his own invention and construction for making his office cool in the heated weather; and now we find him the inventor of the greatest fixture for window shades that has yet made its appearance. By its use blinds can be placed just where you want them—pulled up from below, lowered from the top, gathered in a roll in the middle, anything and everything. The advantage is that you can have light or air just where you want either of these desirable things. How often is the free passage of air obstructed by a window blind? Yet, with Dr. Knight's fixture you can have the light exactly where you want it, and you can have the air and the light too, with the blind so placed as to keep out the sun. And, what is still better, you needn't throw your window shades away, for this fixture can be attached to any of them.

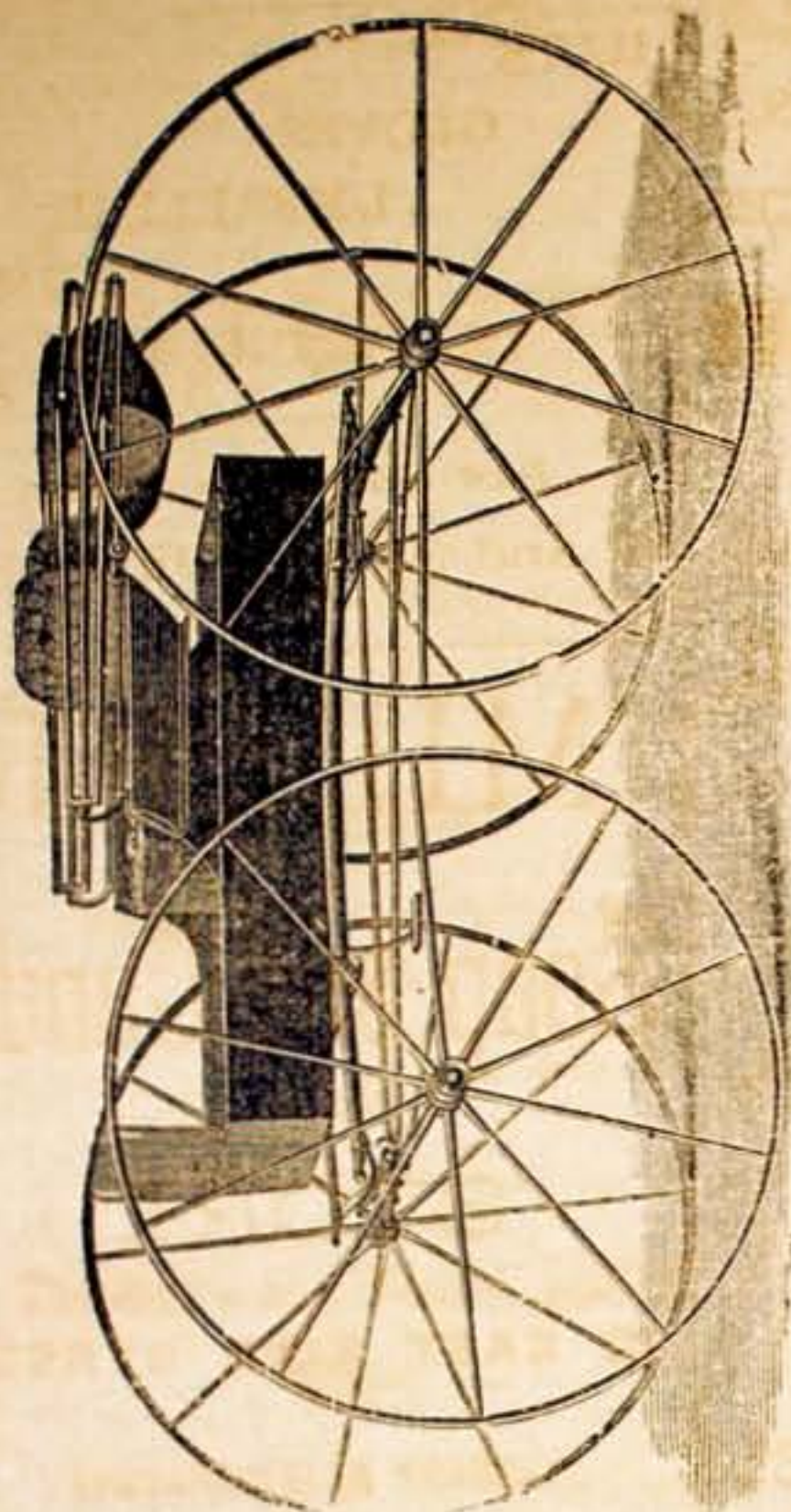
DR. H. D. KNIGHT'S NEW PATENT DROP-CURTAIN FIXTURE.

Lancaster New Era, December 11th.

The writer purchased the first "California Drop Curtain Fixture" brought to Lancaster several years ago, and after a fair test of its advantages adopted them for use in his house, where they have done satisfactory service ever since. The advantages of a "drop-curtain fixture" is that the curtain can be raised or lowered, rolled to any depth, and held at any point of the window that may be desired, so as to exclude the glare of the sun and at the same time admit light and give ventilation either from top or bottom of the window. But the "California fixture" had its disadvantages as well as its merits. It is so complicated with cords, ratchets, pawls, catches and tensions that it required a person with considerable mechanical aptitude to keep it in order. When a cord wore out or broke it so disarranged the mechanism that an expert had to be called in to rearrange it. This was expensive as well as annoying to the housekeeper, and though many of them were sold at one time very few of them are now in use; in fact, they are out of the market. Several attempts have been made by inventors to simplify the "drop" principle, but we had seen nothing superior to the original until our townsman, Dr. H. D. Knight, who is an expert mechanic as well as an accomplished dentist, invented the "H. D. K.," which he is now putting on the market. It was patented August 26, 1890, but since then Dr. Knight has been experimenting with details of construction, in the meantime having the fixtures in constant use in his own house. The "H. D. K." seems to fill the bill in regard to simplicity, durability and economy. The fixtures can be attached to any of the spring rollers in general use, which saves the cost of the rollers to those who already have them in use. The mechanism is exceedingly simple, consisting of two lugs attached to the ends of the cords operating the blind, in which the ends of the rollers are secured, and a couple of common screw eyes in top of the window frame and a screw hook in the side to which the operating cord is attached when holding the blind in position. After a careful examination of the mechanism and testing its practical operation we have no hesitation in commending it to the favor of housekeepers and dealers in curtain fixtures as incomparably superior to anything we have seen. It is one of those simple and inexpensive inventions which cannot fail to meet with a large demand when its merits are known, as it fills a vacancy that has long been apparent to those who appreciate window light, free from sun-glare, combined with ventilation.

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