

ELNATHAN ELISHA HIGBEE, D. D., LL. D.,  
STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION OF PENNSYLVANIA,  
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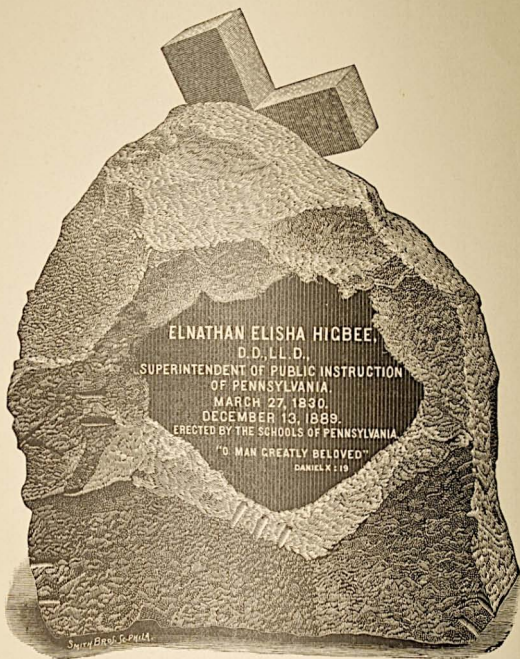
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DR. HIGBEE MEMORIAL STONE: FRONT VIEW.

HERMAN STRECKER, SCULPTOR.



DR. E. E. HIGBEE MEMORIAL STONE.

INSCRIPTION.

MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY, EMMITSBURG, MD.

# CHRISTIAN CULTURE.

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THE REV. J. MAX HARK, D. D., } EDITORS.  
THE REV. CHARLES L. FRY, }

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LANCASTER, PA., MAY 1, 1890.

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May, with all thy flowes and thy green,  
Welcome be thou, faire, freshe May!

—Chaucer.

## Editorial.

CHRISTIAN CULTURE is not published for the purpose of making money. Whenever any profits may accrue, our readers are to be the chief gainers thereby. It is in accordance with this policy that we present them in this number with a portrait of the late Dr. E. E. Higbee, so true to life, and so excellently engraved and printed, that we believe it will be cherished by all who receive it as a worthy memento of the great and good man whom Lancaster was privileged to have as one of its citizens. The sketch of Dr. Higbee as "Arbor Day Superintendent," by Prof.

McCaskey, accompanying the portrait, is particularly appropriate at this time, May 5, being one of the alternative Arbor Days ordered by the Governor of our State.

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THE park of bare and ugly crooked poles leaning in tipsy fashion across our sidewalks, is hardly the park we have been yearning for.

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It would be to the interest of some of our citizens who keep their horses at livery stables to examine pretty closely and often into the kind of treatment their animals receive there. We say this because we have on several occasions recently had to see the brutal cruelty with which the proprietor of a certain livery habitually treats the animals under his care. We feel sure that if their owners knew it, they would not leave them there another week.

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If some villain were to throw candysticks containing some deadly poison into our front doors so that our children should find and eat the deadly sweets, would we have no redress against the poisoner? Then why is there no redress against the soul-poisoner who throws into our houses vile story papers filled with matter deadly to the virtue and honor, fatal to the characters, of our boys and girls? If there is law against the killer of the body, why is there none against the ruiner of the soul?

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Is it Christian in merchants to keep their saleswomen at work until ten and eleven o'clock on Saturday and other nights, and then expect them to walk home at that unsafe hour alone and unprotected? Many of them have long distances to go, through lonely and secluded parts of the city. They are virtuous, sensitive, and many of them truly refined ladies. Is it right to subject them to risks and dangers to which you would not for a moment think of permitting your own daughters to be subjected? Most of our leading business men are professing Christians and church members. As such Christ's "golden rule" is the principle that must govern their conduct. How does that fit the case in question? Will they not give the matter their serious consideration, and see that right is done unto others as they would have others do it unto them and theirs.



## A NEW LIBRARY FOR WORKINGMEN.

"Of the making of many books there is no end," exclaimed Solomon, nearly four thousand years ago. Yet more than twenty-five thousand volumes are now published each year, and many more than a million have been published since the invention of Gutenberg. The vast growth of this industry is not the least impressive fact which distinguishes modern times; and with it, libraries have increased until many in Lancaster contain more books than could be found in all the world when the wise king exclaimed impatiently against the fecundity of the writers of his day.

Yet books were so rare only four hundred years ago that they were the peculiar treasures of kings, princes, and the highest dignitaries of the church. Three or four volumes constituted the entire library of several of the wealthiest monasteries of Spain. These were chained to the walls and guarded with the most jealous care. And no wonder, for it required to produce a single Bible, the life-long labors of the most industrious monkish copyist. In those dark days, many of the nobility and even of the higher clergy were unable either to read or write. Every schoolboy is familiar with the boast of the stout Earl of Douglas—

"Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,  
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."

It goes without saying that the great body of the people were absolutely ignorant of these profound mysteries. But God said once again, Let there be light; Gutenberg came, and the printing press was invented.

Considering these facts, is it not significant—is it not full of golden promise for the future—that the laboring men of Lancaster, of their own motion, have organized a Workingmen's Free Circulating Library—that since March 1st, when the movement began, they have secured a commodious room, furnished it handsomely, and erected shelves for their books; that they have already obtained many volumes, procured a library fund, and a committee to supervise the selection of books; and that they have secured Dr. Lyman Abbott, one of the most distinguished of the clergymen, editors and thinkers of the land, to deliver a lecture in this city for its benefit? Is it not significant, also, that in this undertaking, they have met with no opposition; that not only have our own citizens encouraged it with liberal contributions, but that all over the land, authors, clergymen, merchants, lawyers, editors and statesmen, of all creeds, opinions and parties, have not only commended it in the highest terms but given it their substantial assistance? Truly the world moves.

The room chosen for the library is the large, well-

lighted apartment upon the third floor of the Stackhouse building on East King street. A reading-room will be established in connection with the library in an adjoining apartment, and the advantages of both will be open to all every day in the week—to the members of organized labor free of charge, and to all others upon the payment of a nominal fee. Geo. Reimensnyder, Esq., a gentleman familiar with books, will act as librarian and devote all his spare time to its interests.

This undertaking has been unanimously endorsed. Let it be as generously sustained! We most heartily commend it to our readers, and to all liberal men and women everywhere. It is a step in the right direction, and at its beginning needs our help more than, we hope, it may ever need it again. Let us help it with generous words and open hands.

## THAT PARK OF OURS.

It is very gratifying to know that our City Councils have created a Park Committee which seems to "mean business." As our recently organized County Forestry Association is apparently no less earnest and energetic in the matter, there appears to be good reason to hope that after awhile we may be enabled to stop talking about a park and commence enjoying one.

We believe the city is rapidly ripening for it. Public sentiment has been aroused, and people are seriously discussing the question, not only as something we "ought to have," but as something we "are going to have." Let the discussion go on; for if we really are to have the park soon it will be because it is the will of the people. As soon as that will is positively and strongly expressed the park must come. It is not a thing that Councils alone can give, or that the Forestry Association can create. It is for the people, and must come from the people. Councils and associations are only the media through which the public sentiment and will are expressed. They are nothing and can do nothing without the moral support and the money of the public. If, therefore, any reader is in favor of our soon having a public park, let him, or her, say so, among the rest, by joining the Forestry Association, remembering that each new member brings the park just that much nearer.

There is no other city we know which has natural advantages for a park equal to those of Lancaster. The banks of the Conestoga are fairly beckoning us to turn them into the means of health, pleasure, and enjoyment, for which they seem to have been specially created. If we want it, we can have a finer park, for less money, with less work, and in a shorter time, than any city in the State! Every spring and summer and glorious autumn that passes without our having it, is a rebuke to our lack of enterprise and

want of public spirit. Each precious day that passes now, when everywhere

"The opening buds breathe sweetness as they cluster,  
lips apart;—"

when we within our city walls of brick and stone,  
amidst the noise and clatter of our poor money-making  
life, scarce hear

"From the lawn the blackbird's cheery tone,  
From the wood the ring-dove's plaintive moan,  
Mingling all the day;"—

these beautiful, fragrant, vocal days of spring, all cry  
out against our sordid selfishness and sinful blindness  
that make us refuse to enjoy God's gifts so lavishly  
scattered about us. Or if careless of our own highest  
good, how dare we deny our children their right to a  
park, a place where they can breathe the sweet, cool,  
life-giving breath of the forest, where they can with-  
draw from the city's dust and din, and rest their  
wearied senses and overtaxed nerves, may roll in the  
grass, lie on the moss, dig in the earth, laugh and  
shout, and romp and run, to their heart's content, and  
their soul's and body's lasting health? Our children  
demand a park from us, our boys and girls, it is their  
right. Our children's children will call us blessed if  
we heed the demand—will forever and justly reproach  
us if we refuse.

#### TO A FRIEND

ON HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY, 1880.  
BY THE LATE DR. E. E. HIGBEE.

The autumn of our year,  
The twilight of our day.

How rapidly the years have fled!  
How little of life's mission done!  
Soon every blossom will be shed,  
And all the forest leaves be dead,  
And darken'd all the glory of the summer sun.

Will not sweet memories be mine,  
Recalling all the bloom of Spring?  
Will not fond eyes look into thine,  
And still their tender love-light shine  
With a warmer glow than ever summer suns can  
bring?

Who loves the garish light of day?  
The dewy twilight's tenderer far.  
The summer blossoms fade away,  
But Autumn is as sweet as May,  
And oh, the winter snows! how soft and white  
they are!

Then let the hurrying years pass by,  
And all the blushing bloom of May;  
And let the Summer's green leaves die,  
And all the splendor of its sky  
Fade as the setting sun goes southward day by  
day.

Thou art still here—so true, so fair!  
The years have made no change in thee;  
Thy smiles—no flowers can springlike bear  
More softly bright. The Summer air,  
With all its murmuring leaves, is not so sweet to  
me.

ONE of the favorite sayings of Augustine was this:  
"Every saint is God's temple, and he who carries his  
temple with him may go to prayer when he pleaseth."

#### DR. HIGBEE, THE "ARBOR DAY SUPERIN- TENDENT," AND HIS LOVE OF NATURE.

BY PROF. J. P. McCASKEY.

Of the ten poorest men in Lancaster probably six  
live in big houses and have a good bank account.  
They don't suspect their hopeless poverty; but the  
shrewd world makes its own comment while they live  
and when they are gone. Few human hearts, if any,  
care whether they live or die. But when a good man  
goes beyond, whose life has been one round of loving  
benefaction; whose smile has been sunshine because  
"his heart has had a look southward to the whole  
noon of nature;" whose thoughts have dwelt much  
upon eternal things; and whose desire has been only  
for whatsoever is true, honest, just, pure, lovely and  
of good report—what a contrast is presented! Then  
again poverty and sham stand forth revealed; and the  
dignity of man, "made in the image of God," is once  
more vindicated.

It is good to know good men, to be near a man who  
has been a great blessing to his fellows. We have  
been very near to such a man. One of the best things  
this man ever did was to introduce the observance of  
Arbor Day into the great State of Pennsylvania, with  
its cumulative benefits through the years and, I trust,  
through the generations.

Other men gave him their generous aid in this great  
work, but the enduring honor of being our Arbor Day  
State Superintendent of Public Instruction belongs to  
him alone, and as such he will continue to be grate-  
fully recognized in the years to come. Hon. B. G.  
Northrop, who has probably visited more than half  
the States of the Union, in the interest of tree plant-  
ing and forest preservation, and who knows well what  
has been done in the different States, says of Dr.  
Higbee in this connection, "It is due to his enthu-  
siastic efforts that Pennsylvania has observed Arbor  
Day in the schools more generally, more successfully  
and more frequently than any other State in the Union,  
for Pennsylvania is the only State that observes Arbor  
Day both in the spring and in the autumn. No other  
State Superintendent has, during the last five years,  
written so much or so ably on this subject as Dr.  
Higbee. Arbor Day is now observed in several for-  
eign countries, but no other educational journal in the  
world has published so many articles on the aims and  
advantages of Arbor Day as *The Pennsylvania School  
Journal*. A large share of these articles was evidently  
from the facile pen of Dr. Higbee. The statement  
that over 300,000 trees have been planted on the ten  
Arbor Days observed in Pennsylvania hardly suggests  
the broad and wide-spreading influence he thus ini-  
tiated."

In Lancaster city and county perhaps more planting  
has been done since the introduction of Arbor Day than  
in any other like city and county in the State. Thou-  
sands of trees are now growing in the city that would  
not have been planted but for this day—nearly two  
thousand of them having been planted by the boys  
and girls of the High School. Many thousands more  
have been planted throughout the county, and the  
planting has been so general that we are told by nur-  
serymen that they have difficulty in supplying the  
demand for certain kinds of trees. But I wish now to

speak of Dr. Higbee in a relation very different from this.

His love of nature was an inborn trait in his strong personality, an instinct which was the secret of his keen powers of observation, as well as his quick apprehension of truth and beauty and goodness wherever found. The first notes of the spring songsters would strike his quick ear and send him hurrying forth to greet them. He had a tender regard for the birds, and could tell them every one, knew their habits, where they nested, etc. At Mercersburg there was an old tree in his yard rapidly falling into decay, and an eyesore to his cultivated taste, but he would not cut it down because it was the favorite nesting-place of a Baltimore oriole, for whose return he eagerly looked at the opening of every summer. He took out a brick from under his library window that a wren might be tempted to make its nest there, and for years this sheltered retreat was occupied by the little bird. This nest was to him an object of very great interest. Year after year he looked for the coming of the wren, and welcomed it gladly. He put up small boxes all about in suitable places for the convenience of his little feathered neighbors and acquaintances; and they went to housekeeping everywhere as if they appreciated his good will and felt themselves safe under his protection. The robin, the oriole and the scarlet tanager were among his especial favorites, and every springtime he watched for the return of these and other birds with keen expectancy.

His was that close and real kinship with nature which the heart recognizes more than the head. It was a perennial spring of gladness to himself and those about him. The daisy and the buttercups starring the meadow with their dewy blossoms; the columbine nodding among the rocks; the liverwort, the violet, the spring beauty, unfolding to the sun amid the green grass—how he loved them all! He would laugh over them with boyish glee and talk—he couldn't help it!—to them and of them as though they were old friends come back after long absence or delay. One bright morning a year ago—how well we recall it!—he took us quite out of our way to the garden of a gentleman in another part of the city to see whether his ferns were yet unrolling their crozier-like fronds; at another time last spring we must see with him, for our enjoyment and his own, the star-eyed chickweed unfold its blossoms to the sun, just inside the railing by St. James' church, which he had been observing for days as he passed it near his home, and of which he had been talking with much interest and pleasure. Now a tree must be noted and described, now a shrub, as he watched the swelling bud and the growth of the tender leaf. How often would he return from traveling over the State, eloquent of the beauty of the late spring landscape when the Judas trees were "purpling all the hillsides with their bloom!"

Is all this over now, and ended quite? and nothing left but rosemary and rue, which "keep seeming and savor all the winter long?" Rue—for sorrow, is it? And rosemary? "That's for remembrance."

God's love is greater than your sin, if you have broken all the commandments every day you have lived since your birth. Soul of man, God's love is not new to thee, it is an eternal solicitude.

## ONE WORLD VERSUS MANY WORLDS.

BY J. E. KERSHNER, PH. D.

Although our nearest neighbor among all the heavenly bodies is two hundred and thirty-nine thousand miles distant and can have but little influence upon the earth and its inhabitants; still there is a constant effort made by the educated and uneducated to comprehend, according to their mental strength, the magnitude and peculiarities of the distant worlds. This spirit of inquiry prevails among those more especially interested, as well as among those who look at the questions connected with these worlds only as a matter of general information. The specialist always works in the more strictly scientific aspect of the subject. The questions for him are more particularly those relating to their distances, magnitudes and their motions, as represented by exact algebraic or trigonometric formulae. But among those who do not study astronomy in this way, there is still a spirit of inquiry and of interest of a very high order. Many seem to long for information about the distant worlds. It is something of a mystery why this should be so. It is possible that the constitution of man's spiritual nature involves this. Man is evidently not destined to remain in this world, or certainly not in this present state; and consequently, even before the time for taking leave has arrived, there is a longing for that which is beyond and apparently above us. Then also the immense distances and the large masses seem to arouse curiosity and even give a kind of inspiration for greater thought and higher purposes, which at first sight would seem to be impossible when we remember that after all nothing but magnitude and distance are involved.

But whatever the cause of this inquiry, it is sufficient for our purposes that it exists; and therefore we will attempt, in as brief a compass as possible, to give an account of the many worlds which seem to fill all space. When, however, this is accomplished, then arises the still more difficult question, what is the meaning of all these? Are they also filled with living beings? Do plants and animals flourish there? If so, can we know anything about them; or if we cannot know their peculiarities, can we ever reach a satisfactory conclusion in regard to the question of their existence? And finally, do races of thinking and moral beings live and flourish there? In other words, are those worlds simply large bulks of matter sweeping through space; or are they the abodes of men like the earth? Possibly also they may be the abodes of intelligent beings which are of a higher order than man, and consequently take a place in the scale of relative importance and spiritual capacity much higher than the earth and its inhabitants. This is, indeed, sometimes maintained; because they are generally larger than the earth and therefore might also be inhabited by beings which are larger both physically and spiritually.

So far as the physical peculiarities of the distant worlds are concerned, considerable information has been gathered. Still the information is not very extensive, and not sufficiently precise, so that up to the present time no very definite answer can be given to these comprehensive questions. Especially about the question of their habitability information is very meagre indeed; so much so, that it is sometimes con-



sidered quite unscientific to attempt to say anything on this subject. Still speculation also has its value, and by way of encouragement we may add that if any one had attempted to describe or even give some hint of how the citizens of Lancaster would be able to talk to one another from their homes by simply connecting their houses with a somewhat slender wire, he might have been ruled out of order by those who will only stand by the facts, even not more than thirty years ago. This does not mean that facts, measurements and experiments, are to be ignored. They are to have full weight; but on such questions, the facts do not always go far enough, and then we must depend on what is reasonable and probable in so far as intelligence may guide us.

Before we are prepared to attempt any remarks directly on the questions raised, there are certain preliminaries required. That is, a general knowledge of the peculiarities of the heavenly bodies must be called up in review. For even among those fairly well informed there is sometimes considerable misapprehension about the main facts. This is particularly so on the side of practical astronomy, that branch of astronomy which applies to the use of instruments. For instance, when visitors to our observatories learn that perhaps only one or two, on a certain evening, or at most only seven of the many bright lights set in the heavens, can be magnified sufficiently to show a disc; and that all the others are only made brighter, but still are only points of light, it appears to be a considerable disappointment to them. Although this is precisely what the books teach, still in the presence of the telescope this all seems to pass out of mind, and it often appears to be very disappointing and like something of a discredit to even a very refined instrument, that it can do apparently so little in the way of showing the peculiarities and nature of the distant worlds. This, however, is perhaps the wrong point of view. The arts and sciences had to struggle on through many centuries of doubt and disappointment until even this much was accomplished. This again suggests the thought mentioned before in a somewhat different way. Is it not something remarkable that so much wealth as well as the highest kind of mental effort should be put forward to fathom the depths and heights of space in order to find new members, if possible, or to study the minutest details of those bodies known already to the ancients.

This is a very striking fact, particularly so when it is remembered that in many other directions investigation might prove much more profitable in a material sense. The work done and the information gathered is, however, great, and out of it much may be taken which is rich food for reflection and thought. Now, in order to get our bearings, we will attempt to enumerate as far as known the different classes of bodies which form the universe; whether they be viewed with or without a telescope.

In popular terms these are the sun, moon and stars with an occasional comet as well as the more minute, although none the less interesting, shooting stars or meteors. The term star is, however, somewhat misleading since generally it includes two very different classes of bodies. These it is very important to distinguish, especially for our purposes. Therefore we prefer to say that the bodies of the universe are suns, planets, nebulae, comets and meteors.

## In Social Circles.

The Assembly had its last meeting for the season in Eshleman Hall on Easter Monday evening.

April 17th seems to have been a kind of red letter day in social circles. So much so that the various "events" of the day rather crowded one another. There was Miss Nauman's brilliant reception at which several hundred of our society people were present. Then there was the lecture in the Courthouse on the East Siberian convict mines by Mr. George Kennan. And finally there was the concert of the United States Marine Band in the Opera House. All these on the same evening. Neither the concert nor lecture had anything like the audience it deserved. The lecture was not the less interesting for being almost a literal repetition of one of Mr. Kennan's articles in *The Century*. The lecturer made a very favorable impression by his evident earnestness and sincere interest in the subject, as well as by his unostentatious manner. The concert by the Marine Band was one of the best things the Opera House has afforded us this season. The same evening still, by the way, there was also a very excellent organ recital given in the Moravian church at Lititz. None of these very high class entertainments did more than barely clear their expenses financially.

What miserable dramatic and operatic performances Lancaster has had this entire winter! The week following Easter, and again last week, we had operatic companies here who gave us the lightest kind of opera, and rendered it in a most slipshod and commonplace manner. Our art-loving citizens ought to protest against having such inferior performances served up to them. Lancaster is old and large enough to be treated with a little more respect by the purveyors of its amusements. It ought to be able to afford a higher class of performances than are given in little country towns, such as nine-tenths of those during the past season have been. We could and would have them if we were not so good-natured about tolerating trash and so slow in demanding our rights.

On April 18th a party of ladies and gentlemen from this city made the trip from Columbia to Peach Bottom on a raft. It was an ideal day for it, and the novel experience was thoroughly enjoyed. Next day the same pilot and crew in taking a raft down the river struck a rock and had to abandon their raft until the following Monday, when they succeeded in getting it off.

The Closopic Club closed its regular season at a meeting at the house of Dr. J. H. Dubbs, which was devoted to the selection of a general subject for next season's study and essays. After an animated discussion of the various topics proposed, the subject of Art, its idea, mission, and history, was chosen by ballot. The meeting was largely attended and highly interesting.

The Clio at its last meeting broke through its usual conservatism and decided on an innovation in the form of a lecture on Nihilists and Novelists of Russia, by Prof. H. H. Boyesen, of Columbia College. The lecture is to be delivered before the club and its invited guests some evening of this month, in the large room or hall in the second story of the Foltz building on East Chestnut street. The innovation is a whole-some one, and we should rejoice if it were followed



by another, of still greater public benefit, in the shape of a literary and social open air meeting on the Fourth of July.

The orators who are to hold forth at the anniversaries of the Diognothian and Gæthean Literary Societies, both to be held this month in the Opera House, are hard at work. The building and campus resound by day and by night with their practising!

The Diognothian oratorical contest on May 3d bids fair to be both close and eloquent.

Mr. B. J. McGrann's reception to the Glee Club was much appreciated by the boys, and so was Mr. Hensel's assurance that \$2,500 could be reckoned on for the gymnasium building. It is likely that by November the much needed building will be ready for use.

The concert of the Glee Club on May 6th promises to be a big success as all the concerts of this live organization thus far have been. If the boys study as well as they sing songs and kick football our college and city may well be proud of them.

#### USEFUL HINTS.

WHERE it is necessary to have every-day hats, overcoats, umbrellas, etc., in the sitting or dining room, a corner closet will be found a convenient place for shielding them from view, and protecting them from dust; besides, it is often an improvement to the appearance of the room. A triangular board is fastened in the corner at the proper height, and a curtain made of cretonne, or dark Canton flannel, hung from it on a piece of stout wire, and brass rings. A number of hooks are nailed on each side of the closet, and a narrow band across the bottom to keep the rubbers in. A pocket is made for the umbrellas, canes, etc., and tacked in the corner. An old straw hat, gilded or painted, is placed on the top, filled with grasses and cat-tails.

INSTEAD of throwing away the pieces of soap which become too small for convenient handling, make a small flannel bag of suitable size; leave one end partly open, and put in the pieces as they collect; when it is full, baste up the opening, and it makes a nice bathtub arrangement. Another way is to add a little water, set them in a tin on the stove, and let them simmer slowly. When cold you have tolerably good soft soap, just the thing for putting in your wash-boiler or washing tins with; or by evaporating part of the water you may make the soap hard enough to be molded into small cakes, which can be dried for use.

#### SOME MORE RECIPES.

*Lemon Custard.*—Half pound butter; 1 pound sugar; 6 eggs, whites and yolks, beaten separately; rind of one, and juice of two, lemons. Bake on crust, and then beat the whites of two eggs with pulverized sugar and put on the top. P. M.

*Frozen Custard.*—Let 1 pint good milk come to a boil, then add 5 eggs beaten very light with enough sugar to make very sweet, stir until it thickens, but do not let it boil. Add 1 pint of cream and flavor with vanilla; then freeze. P. M.

#### OUR FELLOW-WORSHIPPERS.

Think not that thou and I  
Are here the only worshippers to-day,  
Beneath this glorious sky,  
Mid the soft airs that o'er the meadows play;  
These airs, whose breathing stirs  
The fresh grass, are our fellow-worshippers.

See, as they pass, they swing  
The censers of a thousand flowers that bend  
O'er the young herbs of spring,  
And the sweet odors like a prayer ascend,  
While, passing thence, the breeze  
Wakes the grave anthem of the forest-trees.

And, lo! the hills around,  
Gay in their early green, give silent thanks;  
And, with a joyous sound,  
The streamlet's bubbling waters kiss their banks,  
And, from its sunny nooks,  
To heaven, with grateful smiles, the valley looks.

The blossomed apple-tree,  
Among its flowery tufts, on every spray,  
Offers the wandering bee  
A fragrant chapel for his matin-lay;  
And a soft bass is heard  
From the quick pinions of the humming-bird.

—Bryant.

#### 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.**—Four hundred copies of a church publication are distributed every month in this congregation.

The annual donation day of the orphans' home this year has been appointed for May 22.

One of the young people's associations will erect a May pole and crown a May queen, in one of the neighboring groves, on the afternoon of the 20th inst.

The date of this summer's excursion of the Sunday-school has been fixed for July 16, at Mt. Gretna.

Synod will meet in Bethlehem, Pa., during the last week of this month.

"Children's Day," in the interest of English Home Missions of the West, will be observed in the Sunday-schools connected with the General Council of the Lutheran Church, on May 18.

#### METHODIST.

**DUKE STREET.**—On Friday evening, April 25, an enjoyable concert was given church for the benefit of the new building. It was a success financially as well as musically.

#### MORAVIAN.

The Sunshine Circle of little folks intend shortly visiting the inmates of the Witmer Home, each child taking with it a growing plant for the adornment of the grounds.

A circle of young people last week gave a very excellent presentation of the parlor drama "Esmeralda," in a parlor on Duke street. They cleared a neat sum of money, which is to be used in fitting up the proposed church hall.

The Rev. Paul Greider, of Macedonia, Mo., is to preach on Sunday morning, May 4, and take a collection for building a parsonage in Macedonia.

The Bishop Boehler Association intend giving a Dairy Maids' Lawn Party some time early in June, and have secured the large garden belonging to No. 38 West Orange street for the purpose.

## PRESBYTERIAN.

FIRST.—The chapel memorial tablet was unveiled on Wednesday, April 23, after prayer meeting.

The young people gave a fine musical and literary entertainment on Friday, April 25. The proceeds were devoted to the furnishing fund.

The close of the fiscal year of the different societies shows the following results:

Collections by Woman's Home Missionary Society, \$452.33; by Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, \$174.00; by Young Ladies' Missionary Society, \$62.00; by Girls' Mission Band, \$104.07; Boys' Mission Band, \$75.00.

Of these amounts the following specific gifts were made: To Miss Sue MacBeth, a teacher among the Nez Percés Indians, \$100; to the Girls' School, Mexico City, \$25; to an Indian school, Indian Territory, \$60; to Mission School, Nauvuk, China, \$25.

The rest of the funds were directed by the Missionary Boards of the General Assembly. The Sunday-school, from its annual collections of \$260, appropriated \$30 to the Board of Home Missions, and a like amount to Foreign Missions. The church collections brought the whole amount given to the causes named by the General Assembly to \$1,700.

## REFORMED.

ST. PAUL'S.—Lancaster Classis of the Reformed Church, which met in this church last week, adjourned on April 29, after a very edifying session. An adjourned meeting will be held in this church on May 19. The next annual meeting is to be held at Hummelstown, Dauphin county, Pa.

## OTHER ASSOCIATIONS.

Y. M. C. A.—The special series of Young Men's Sunday afternoon meetings, in the hall of the Association, will be continued during May and June. On May 4 the topic will be "The Young Man and His Business," with address by Rev. Thomas Thompson. May 11, "The Young Man and His Duty to the Church," by Dr. B. F. Alleman. May 18, "The Young Man and His Duty as a Citizen," by Dr. J. Max Hark. May 25, "The Young Man, His Duty as a Follower of Christ," by Dr. J. Y. Mitchell.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—This new organization is doing good work. It holds meetings at different places for different sets of young women, of a social and instructive character. Thus far the attendance of young women from the various factories has been very large and encouraging. Mrs. S. M. Vernon is president, assisted by women from the different churches.

WOMEN'S INDIAN ASSOCIATION.—The membership is steadily on the increase, already numbering over 80. There is to be a public meeting, under the auspices of the Association, in Trinity Lutheran chapel, on Tuesday evening, May 13, at which Mr. Thomas J. Miles, an Indian of the Sac and Fox tribe, about to graduate from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, is to make an address, describing Indian life and character, and the needs of the Indian. A musical programme of unusual excellence is also being prepared for the occasion.

## A XVI CENTURY SPRING SONG.

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu-wee, to-wita-woo!

The palm and may, make country houses gay;  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And hear we aye birds tune their pretty lay,  
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu-wee, to-wita-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit;  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu-wee, to-wita-woo!

—Thomas Nash (d. 1600).

## Local Bore.

## EVENTFUL CAREER OF THE REV. JOHN BAPTISTE CAUSSE,\*

## ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF FRANKLIN COLLEGE.

BY S. M. SENNER.

The writer begs leave to present a sketch of a clergyman who helped to found Franklin College, but of whom and his deeds but little is known by Lancasterians.

On Monday, December 11, 1786, Colonel Hubley, of Lancaster, presented a petition in the Assembly of Pennsylvania, in session at Philadelphia, praying for the incorporation of a "German Charity School and College" in Lancaster, to be known as "Franklin College." The petition was allowed, and finally passed as a law on March 10, 1787. It was signed by a number of prominent residents of Lancaster, and among them was "———, minister of the Catholic church at Lancaster." Among the first appointed trustees of the College was this same "———, minister of the Catholic church at Lancaster."

The writer of this article came across the above memoranda some few years ago in looking over a file of the *Independent Gazetteer* of the year 1786-87, in the Yeates' library, preserved in the court house in this city.

Subsequently he also found the following from "Philanthropos" in the *American Museum*, vol. iv. (1788), page 308, "the means whereby information may be disseminated among our German fellow citizens," especially in "elegant literature and science," were in this respect "happily commenced by Franklin College of Lancaster. The Calvinists, the Lutherans, the Moravians and the Roman Catholics have each a share of its honors and its powers. \*\*\* We have founded our seat of German literature on the broad basis of Christianity."

Being struck with the above notes of history, and not finding any account of the Catholic element in the founding of Franklin College mentioned in detail in any of the histories of this city and county extant, the writer proceeded to gather together some information in regard thereto. An examination of the min-

\*The writer acknowledges his indebtedness to John Gilmary Shea, LL. D., M. I. J. Griffin, the Archives of Baltimore, and to other early Church records, the minutes of Franklin and Marshall College, and other sources, for much valuable information and many data upon which this sketch is based.

utes of Franklin College showed that the "minister of the Catholic church at Lancaster was the Rev. John Baptist Causse, or Caussey, as some writers mention him, known in the Recollet branch of the Franciscan Order as Father Fidentianus. The minutes in question show that he was one of the first board of trustees, and is mentioned as attending many of the meetings from the first one up until June 17, 1813, when he resigned his position as trustee.

An old German copy of the charter of the College, printed by Melchior Steiner, Philadelphia, 1787, as well as an English reprint of the charter printed by Bryson & Fornie, Lancaster, 1847, mention John B. Causse as trustee. The old programme of the consecration ceremonies of the college, held in the court house, June 6, 1787, places the "officers of the Catholic congregation" as occupying the ninth place in the line of parade attendant on the ceremonies.

John B. Causse was pastor of St. Mary's church here in Lancaster from some time in 1785 up to the beginning of 1791.

From Lancaster he went to Conewago, and subsequently was stationed in Baltimore. Causse was a man of education, spoke French and English, and had won many friends by his good behavior. He was of a restless disposition, and had come first to Philadelphia, but was deluded by misrepresentations and went to Boston. Finding that he had been deceived, he set out for Quebec, but was shipwrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia. Wintering at Halifax, he got to Quebec in the spring of 1784, but, owing to a vacancy in the See, could not find any position there, and finally drifted back to Philadelphia, where we find him first under date of August 5, 1785. A short time afterwards he came to Lancaster, where we meet with him in the same year.

Father Causse seems to have been led away by the factious party among the Germans in the Catholic Church of the period of 1790-91, and he finally left Lancaster and drifted to Baltimore, and became involved in the troubles of the Church there.

In 1791 a diocesan synod was held in Baltimore, at which several degrees of discipline were adopted. The synod was attended by twenty priests, being the whole number of Catholic clergy in this country at that time. Sometime after the adjournment of this synod a painful duty devolved upon Bishop Carroll by the misconduct of Father Causse, who had become a fit subject for discipline under the rules adopted at the synod in question.

The records of the time state that he (Causse) was "a German or Dutch priest who, being irregular, was suspended by Bishop Carroll." Causse was refractory, and having, after suspension, assembled some of his old congregation together, said mass in a building which had formerly been a theatre. On suspension, his church had, as a sequence, been taken from him. Bishop Carroll at length decided, as a necessary measure in order to preserve proper discipline among his clergy, to excommunicate Causse. Accordingly, on the appointed day (some time in July, 1791), Bishop Carroll proceeded to excommunicate him, and preached a sermon on the occasion, taking as his text 2 Cor. iii.

In resorting to this *dernier* measure Bishop Carroll manifested great sensibility. Sentence of excommunication was formally pronounced against Causse, whose followers immediately deserted him. The ex-

communication took place in the old cathedral at Baltimore, and was the first in this country.

After his excommunication he drifted aimlessly around, and among other things exhibited a panorama of Jerusalem.

While at Lancaster it is said of him that he walked to a settlement in Pennsylvania, in 1789, where St. Vincent's Abbey now stands, in Westmoreland county; and in March of that year, purchased for five shillings an acre and twenty perches of land. This was the beginning of the settlement of Catholics in western Pennsylvania which subsequently resulted in the founding of St. Vincent's by the Benedictines. Causse said mass first on the tract at the house of John Probst, in June, 1789.

How Causse came to remain upon the records of Franklin College after his excommunication, as one of its trustees, and representing the Catholic Church for so long a period, we cannot imagine; as between 1791 and 1813 at least a dozen other clergy had officiated at St. Mary's church.

Be that as it may, we have no means of ascertaining, and the reader cannot help but regret the sad termination of the bright prospects in the life of one who manifested such a strong interest in the early educational movements in Pennsylvania as to be connected with St. Vincent's famous college and old Franklin College. Some writers contend that before death Causse became reconciled, after recognizing his error, and submitted to the Bishop. (Letter to Dr. Carroll, June 4, 1793; Rev. Wm. Elling to same, August 6, 1792. Preserved in archives at Baltimore.)

Of this we cannot speak definitely, but the fact remains that there is no record of his death or burial, and all the early records of the Church in this country contain after his name, in the catalogue of clergy in the United States at that time, a Latin phrase which being translated means "Is lost." The chances are that what in the beginning bid fair to be a noble life, replete with good acts and deeds, turned out to be one which ended in shame and disgrace, and terminated in an "unknown and unnamed grave."

## A UNIQUE EPHRATA PRINT.

BY J. M. H.

The announcement that a hitherto unknown, and probably unique, Ephrata publication has just been discovered, will cause a stir among collectors. Such a discovery, however, seems to have been made. I have before me now a thin little pamphlet of sixteen 16 mo. pages, 3½x6 inches in size, printed on the old handmade paper and from the peculiar type so familiar to Ephrata collectors—unquestionably genuine, yet never before met with, or even known to have existed, by such veteran and thoroughly informed antiquarians and Ephrata specialists as Judge Samuel Pennypacker, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Samuel H. Zahn, of our own city. The little volume, worth much more than its weight in gold, was found and belongs to Messrs. S. H. Zahn & Co., through whose courtesy I am enabled to give this brief description of it.

A literal translation of the title page is:  
 "Earnest | *Awakening-Voice* | Composed into a  
 Hymn | Concerning the Long Standing and Great |



COMET | Which showed itself for the first time | in the X Month of the Year 1743, | and stood visible for 10 Weeks. | Sent by a Friend, | And, | at his Request | Put into print. | At EPHRATA, MDCCCLV."

The preface, moreover, informs us that the hymn is printed unknown to the author, at the request of a friend, and because such calls to repentance are very much needed in those times. The hymn itself is really the smallest part of the book, consisting of only sixteen seven-lined stanzas, which are preceded by a prologue or preface of five pages, and followed by an epilogue or conclusion of two pages. The latter is a characteristic homily full of the peculiar Ephrata theology, closing with the prayer, "Therefore, O Heaven, condescend to us, and thaw out what has been frozen so hard by the hellish cold and midnight darkness!" etc.

The comet referred to was that discovered by Klinkenberg in September, 1743. In March of next year appeared the still more magnificent six-tailed comet of Cheseaux. What must our poet have thought of that!

As to the poetic quality of the hymn, it is scarcely up to the average even of its class. It is doggerel, and in the ungrammatical German peculiar to the Ephrata Brethren, and indeed to most of the peasant immigrants and settlers from the Palatinate so numerous in this region at that time. The theology is most marvellous of all. Let me try to give a stanza or two in English, merely as specimens of the queer production:

"The Lord his signs makes to appear,  
To call us to repentance;  
A monstrous comet standeth there,  
That we our sins should flee from.  
But we, alas! scarce give it thought,  
For each one thinks it cometh not,  
The punishment and danger."

"Comets (believe't!) are not for nought,  
In heaven thus appearing;  
A judgment surely shall be wrought,  
Such mighty signs succeeding,  
O, be not scornfully inclined,  
Nor treat it with a careless mind,  
Lest you too soon forget it."

There is, of course, much repetition in the verses. The burden of the song is that the comet is come to announce war, plague, famine, etc., here in America, like unto the similar judgments visited upon Europe; the world is too godless and wicked to be spared any longer; let all therefore repent in sackcloth and ashes as did they in Nineveh, that so like them, you may yet be saved.

"Let then the star a warning be,  
Else comes an evil  
END."

On Friday evening, March 28th, a Lancaster County Forestry Association was organized in the Orphans' Court room, by the election of S. P. Eby, Esq., as President; J. F. Kieffer, Ph. D., and J. P. McCaskey, A. M., as Vice-Presidents; Recording Secretary, F. R. Diffenderfer; Corresponding Secretary, M. W. Raub, M. D.; Treasurer, C. S. Foltz, and Librarian, S. M. Sener. A committee was also elected to examine the country on both sides of the Conestoga, and report at the September meeting. Now let every one in Lancaster city and county who takes any interest in the cause to join the Association. *Do it!* It costs only one dollar, and it will do you good as well as your fellow men now and hereafter.

## BOOKS.

I love my books as drinkers love their wine;  
The more I drink, the more they seem divine;  
With joy elate my soul in love runs o'er,  
And each fresh draught is sweeter than before!  
Books bring me friends where'er on earth I be,—  
Solace of solitude, bonds of society.

I love my books! they are companions dear,  
Sterling in worth, in friendship most sincere;  
Here talk I with the wise in ages gone,  
And with the nobly gifted in our own;  
If love, joy, laughter, sorrow phase my mind,  
Love, joy, grief, laughter in my books I find.  
—Francis Bennock.

## Our Book-Shelf

The serene ignorance of a certain class of "churchmen," on all subjects not immediately concerned with their own little circle of denominational affairs, almost passes belief. It would be ridiculous if it were not pitiful. And yet the persons themselves do not deserve our pity any more than they are conscious of their own absurdity. They are absolutely ignorant of their ignorance. They were sure to feel a kind of stupid pride at not knowing anything outside of their ecclesiastical rubrics. They feel so supremely superior to everything outside of their narrow little church world, as actually to imagine themselves superior to knowledge itself!

We have quite recently had an illustration of this "utterly utter" ignorance in the much laughed at self-exposure of Bishop Knight and his remarkable assertions about Lancaster and its "peasant class," his lament that here in our State "God is not recognized in the constitution," and the "laws do not recognize such a thing as religion," and his devout wish for "a law requiring instruction to be given in the language of the country." Indeed the learned and pious bishop's letter of explanation "*en route*" was scarcely less funny. I confess, however, that funny as the whole thing was, and pitiful too, for various reasons I need not mention here, it was not as surprising and unexpected to me as was another very similar and equally inexcusable case that came to my notice about the same time. I refer to the latest volume in Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s series on "American Religious Leaders;" *Dr. Muhlenberg*, by William Witherforce Newton, D. D.

Open this truly remarkable work at page thirteen, and the words you read sound as if Dr. Knight himself had quoted them in his bright remarks before alluded to. Dr. Newton is speaking of Muhlenberg's being called to St. James' parish here in our city—then the fourth city in size in the United States. He says: "The Lancaster to which he was called was a crude section of the peasant and middle class Germany of the eighteenth century, transplanted to the soil of the New World, where, by the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, it presented a curious specimen of arrested development."

This is curious enough. Evidently the learned Dr. Newton has somewhere heard of the Ephrata community of those days, and thinks it was Lancaster, an

"uninspiring and sordid community"—"Low-German society without ideas, without refinement, almost without language." But what in the world has he in mind when he quite seriously affirms "Its vocabulary to this day numbers not a thousand words?" He is evidently a little confused. Indeed he must be, else how could he have penned what follows: "Its ideal of an Eden was a Dutch (sic) farm, with a Dutch village in the background, such as Washington Irving has described with such subtle humor in the vivid sketches of his 'Knickerbocker's History of New York.' Everything moved on the earthly plane, and the air was heavy with the vapors of a dead and decomposing materialism." Again I ask, what does he mean? Does the man himself know what he is talking about? "A Dutch farm" in Lancaster, or anywhere in Lancaster county, would be a curiosity indeed—and especially such an one as Irving has described in his "Knickerbocker's History of New York!" I wonder whether Dr. Newton ever read Irving's History. I wonder what else he can have read to give him the ideas he has of Lancaster.

We all know, of course, that Lancaster in 1820 was not distinguished above all other cities for its learning, culture, and refinement; just as little as it is today. But that it was "a Low-German society, without ideas, without refinement, almost without language," is as stupidly false as is the silly assertion that "its vocabulary to this day numbers not a thousand words." If Dr. Newton had condescended to read a little history before he tried to write it, he would have found that the simple facts are that Lancaster in 1820, when young Muhlenberg, just twenty-four years old, came here, was fully up to the average of American cities of its size in all the elements of civilization, and no more "a curious specimen of arrested development" than any one of the great majority of inland towns of that time.

Nor do we at all believe that "the young prophet" Muhlenberg himself felt so altogether out of place and lonesome on his lofty heights of ecclesiastical superiority, unless he was a good deal more of a prig than I take him to have been. There were at that time pastors in charge of the Lutheran, Reformed, and Moravian churches at whose feet he need not and probably would not, have been ashamed to sit and gather wisdom from their lips. The company of artists like Jacob Eicholtz, and jurists like Judge Hayes, who at that time were representative citizens of "this uninspiring and sordid community," need not have, and I am quite sure did not, "vex the soul of the poet" whose foolish biographer is trying to exalt him by belittling everyone else.

Dr. Newton forgets, or more likely never condescended to know, that this very "uncongenial, unimpressible, and unappreciative element of stupid and obstinate conservatism" had been the source of inspiration for a Benjamin West and taught him to be a painter even before Eicholtz; that in midst of it, finely cultured gentlemen like Jasper Yeates had flourished, who were scarce three years dead at the time; scholarly and finished authors like the historian Dr. Ramsey, who had died scarce five years before; or botanists of national repute, nay, of world-wide fame, like young

Muhlenberg's grand-uncle H. E. Muhlenberg, and Benjamin S. Barton; or inventors like Robert Fulton, soldiers, lawyers, authors like John Joseph Henry. In the same county "without ideas," etc., was living at the time a scientific investigator and writer like S. S. Haldeman and an educator like John Beck, while Linden Hall at Lititz was then known as an educational institution for girls that had scarce a peer in the United States;—and was not Franklin College then already in the city itself? It was the same community that since has produced journalists like Forney, statesmen like Buchanan and Stevens, and theologians and preachers like John W. Nevin,—this poor community whose "vocabulary to this day numbers not a thousand words,—stolid, immobile, unresponsive!"

It is possible that the other parts of the book I am talking about may be good. I sincerely hope so. But the first sixteen pages are enough for me. I don't care for the rest. If anybody else does I'll sell him my copy, cheap! I wonder whether "the Bishop of Milwaukee" has a copy of it? I imagine he would be better able to appreciate so superior a work than we folks of the "peasant class," who still have to struggle along in "this uninspiring and sordid community." I guess I had better stop for to-day, however, else my vocabulary of "not a thousand words" might become exhausted, especially if I were to try adequately to characterize the book I've been telling you about.

UNO.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

"M. H." is the only one whose answers to our questions in literature in the March number were correct, though the answers sent in by Alice G. Clark, Bertha Snyder, and Alice E. Spindler showed these young ladies to be exceptionally bright and diligent students of literary lore. We give the answers of the successful competitor, and send him CHRISTIAN CULTURE free for one year.

1. Of Christ our Saviour, by the poet Thomas Dekker (1575-1641). 2. Milton and Young. 3. Chaucer. 4. Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton. 5. Sept. 25th, 1690; Boston; by Richard Pierce. 6. Kubla Khan, by Coleridge. 7. Mose was the nickname of Dickens's younger brother; pronounced through the nose it became Boze, or Boz; this was then taken by Dickens as his pseudonym when writing for the *Morning Chronicle*. 8. Elizabeth Barrett Browning; an old tradition says that when the angel host announced the birth of Christ, a groan was heard through all the Grecian isles, telling that the great god Pan was dead and all the Olympian gods dethroned. 9. Edmund Clarence Stedman; "The Diamond Necklace;" the challenger, a Cuban, withdrew the challenge on the ground that the poet was beneath him in social rank. 10. "A Fable for Critics;" Lydia Maria Child; because she had written a Greek romance entitled "Philothea."

THE following is the only correct list of artists received in answer to the very ingenious chess puzzle by H. H.:

- |             |            |
|-------------|------------|
| 1 Corregio. | 41 Gibson. |
| 2 Raphael.  | 42 Cesari. |
| 3 Durer.    | 43 Mona.   |

- 4 Angelo.
- 5 Titian.
- 6 Rembrandt.
- 7 Rubens.
- 8 Fischer.
- 9 Holbein.
- 10 Van Eyck.
- 11 Achenbach.
- 12 Ghiberti.
- 13 Van Dyck.
- 14 Millet.
- 15 Nast.
- 16 Tadema.
- 17 Hunt.
- 18 Hudson.
- 19 Turner.
- 20 Poussin.
- 21 Aa.
- 22 Vinci.
- 23 Vignole.
- 24 Angelico.
- 25 Romain.
- 26 Lorrain.
- 27 Pillon.
- 28 Cellini.
- 29 Acier.
- 30 Ames.
- 31 Bellini.
- 32 Meyer.
- 33 Pisano.
- 34 Steinbach.
- 35 Ach.
- 36 Abel.
- 37 Bache.
- 38 Bacon.
- 39 Absolon.
- 40 Boughton.
- 41 Arbasia.
- 42 Araldi.
- 43 Brand.
- 44 Brandi.
- 45 Brea.
- 46 Aretino.
- 47 Baan.
- 48 Aertsen.
- 49 Angeli.
- 50 Duran.
- 51 Cano.
- 52 Bree.
- 53 Saut.
- 54 Metsu.
- 55 Moran.
- 56 Nicol.
- 57 Stone.
- 58 Dyce.
- 59 Cot.
- 60 Beraud.
- 61 Cole.
- 62 Loth.
- 63 Billet.
- 64 Icas.
- 65 Bles.
- 66 Gill.
- 67 Traver.
- 68 Norl.
- 69 Sain.
- 70 Jerome.
- 71 Hill.
- 72 Beranger.
- 73 Michis.
- 74 Isabay.
- 75 Pollet.
- 76 Simoni.
- 77 Amber.

## TWO ARBOR DAY PUZZLES.

Appropos of Arbor Day and the interest that is being taken in trees and tree culture we offer the following puzzles for our readers to try their skill and ingenuity upon. Both of them have been printed before, but never here in Lancaster; and both are good enough to bear repetition:

## THE LOVER'S GROVE.

I am constrained to plant a grove  
To please the lady whom I love;  
This ample grove is to compose  
Nineteen trees in nine straight rows;  
In each row five trees I must place,  
Or I shall never see her face.

## TREES IN RHYME.

From Good Housekeeping.

(The answer is a play upon the words of the names of the trees and plants, and has nothing to do with their habits, etc.)

1. What is the social tree,
2. And the dancing tree,
3. And the tree that is nearest the sea?
4. The dandiest tree,
5. And the kissable tree,
6. And the tree whereon ships may be?
7. What's the tell-tale tree,
8. And the traitor's tree,
9. And the tree that is warmest clad?
10. The languishing tree,
11. The chronologist's tree,
12. And the tree that makes one sad?
13. What's the emulous tree,
14. The industrious tree,
15. And the tree that will never stand still?
16. The unhealthy tree,
17. The Egyptian-plague tree,
18. And the tree neither up nor down hill?
19. The contemptible tree,
20. The most yielding tree,

21. And the tree that bears a curse?
22. The reddish-brown tree,
23. The reddish-blue tree,
24. And the tree like an Irish nurse?
25. What is the tree that makes each townsman flee,
26. And what round itself doth entwine?
27. What's the house-wife's tree,
28. And the fisherman's tree?
29. What by Cockneys is true to wine?
30. What's the tree that got up,
31. And the tree that was lary,
32. And the tree that guides ships to go forth?
33. The tree that's immortal,
34. The trees that are not,
35. And the tree whose wood faces the north?
36. The tree in a bottle,
37. The tree in a fog,
38. And what each must become ere he's old?
39. The tree of the people,
40. The traveler's tree,
41. And the sad tree which schoolmasters hold?
42. What's the tree that has passed through the fiery heat,
43. That half given to doctors when ill,
44. The tree that we offer to friends when we meet.
45. And the tree we may use as a quill?
46. What's the tree that in death will be nigh you,
47. The tree that your wants will supply?
48. The tree that in travel invites you,
49. And the tree that forbids you to die?

## FOR MIRTH OF MAY.

For mirth of May, with skips and with hops,  
The birds sing upon the tender crops,  
With curious notes as Venus' chapel clerks;  
The roses young, now spreading of their knops,  
Are powdered bright with heavenly beryl drops,  
Through beames red, burning as ruby sparks;  
The skyes ring for shouting of the larks;  
The purple heaven o'erscailed in silver sops;  
O'erlight the trees, branches, leaves, and barks.  
—William Dunbar (XV Century).

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