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Lancaster, Pa.

INTRODUCING THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH SPIRITUAL

When Methodism invaded the Pennsylvania Dutch Country, shortly after the American Revolution, a whole series of new and native American churches arose, to complicate and enrich the denominational groups, including the United Brethren, the Evangelicals, the Church of God folk, the United Christians, the United Zion's Children, and the Mennonite Brethren in Christ, were Methodist in policy and spirit, but German in tongue. As I like to put it, "The hands were Esau's, but the voice was Jacob's."

In the decade 1800-1810 these Pennsylvania Dutch revivalists appropriated unto themselves the "camp meeting" which has singed its fury way across the Appalachians from Cane Ridge, Kentucky, and soon became a established evangelistic institution in the East as well as the West and South. Only in the Pennsylvania Dutch Country we renamed it the "bush meeting."

Out of the "bush meeting" has come an equally fascinating American hybrid—the Pennsylvania Dutch spiritual, German or Pennsylvania Dutch in language, but American as mush and milk in content and music. The familiar choruses of the South and West, shouted into the air by "happy" Methodists and Baptists, were translated into "Dutch" for our people. "O Lord, send us a blessing," sung to the infectious "O dear, what can the matter be?", is still reverberating throughout Southeastern Pennsylvania as, "O Ha, schenk uns die Gnadi!" And the Negro spiritual about Martha and Mary going to ring "then charming bells", which peal forth the refrain "Free Grace and Dying Love", has become in Pennsylvania, "Freie Gnad, unendliche Lieb."

Among the songs which I have gathered from the "bush meeting" folk of ten southeastern counties, there are songs of invitation and warning, which invite the sinner to "Come to Jesus" or attempt to scare him from sporting on the brink of everlasting woe. Others are pilgrim songs, and in them we see the white-clad, palm-waving pilgrims (Pennsylvania Dutch Farmers in disguise) marching along the narrow

way, now and then mounting the Old Chariot and rolling over the Devil, or crossing the wide waters in the Old Ship of Zion — all in the richest, purest Pennsylvania Dutch possible! At last the great Jordan (or as we call it, the "Yadden") is reached, and across the river twinkle the lights of the new Jerusalem—a city whose geography and street-plan were more familiar to the bush meeting people than Reading or Allentown or Lancaster. Finally they reach the Golden Gates, and as the waiting angels sing their "Welcome Home", loved ones usher the pilgrims into the heavenly homeland.

The themes are of course the same as those of the white spiritual of the southern highlands, as recorded and studied by George Pullen Jackson. They are similar also to the Negro spirituals, except, as I have pointed out on several occasions, the Pennsylvania Dutchman did not face the blind alley which awaited the Negro slave. Hence he did not sing of chariots swinging low to remove him from an impossible situation, and his tunes were therefore rarely minor. But he walked and worked with the confidence that somehow he was working out his salvation, in fear and trembling, and the work as well as the reward was part of the whole pattern.

Let us then recognize the contribution Eastern Pennsylvania has made to American hymnody in these unpretentious yet charming "bush meeting" spirituals. They are undoubtedly the only significant native contribution which Pennsylvania made to Christian hymnody before the advent of the "gospel song" in the days after the Civil War. And even here the spirituals led naturally into the "gospel song" period, for it was men like Lorenz, Baltzell and Hoffman, who grew up in the "bush meeting" denominations, who wrote some of the most popular gospel songs produced by Pennsylvanians. Certainly, compared with native American Lutheran and Reformed hymnody, the contribution of the "bush meeting" groups must be accorded first place.

Dr. Don Yoder

Note: This article concludes our series based on the lectures given at the 1951 F & M Institute of Religion. —Editor

SUMMIN' UP WHAT'S CUMMIN' UP

The Seminary sacred songsters take to a chartered bus tomorrow for an evening concert at Trinity Church, Pleasant Valley, Coopersburg R. 1. Rev. George Herbert will be host pastor.

Our own Masatoshi Ogasawara (Ogie) will be featured in piano concert at 4 p.m. next Sunday, April 29th, in St. Paul's Church, Lancaster.

At 1:30 p.m. the next day, chapel period, Dr. Silas P. Bittner, secretary and treasurer of the board of Pensions and Relief, will address the student body.

The Safe Harbor picnic grounds will be the scene of the Society of Inquiry Spring Party on Wednesday, May 2nd.

Thursday, May 3rd, Horace T. Allen, representing the Presbyterian Ministers' Fund, will visit the Seminary beginning at 1 p.m. He will be available for consultation in the Board Room.

Another picnic has been scheduled for Thursday, May 19th. The outing, sponsored by the Seminary Women for members and their families, will be held at the home of Kitty Dunn's grandparents.

Now, for a note of general interest from the recent past: Rev. William Daniels, Class of '45, arrived home from the China mission field last Thursday.

SEMINARY SPORTSCOPE by Dick Masters

The softball season is in full sway and the Seminites have carded a busy schedule in the F & M Intramural League. So far the competition has been torrid and the boys from Richards Hall have displayed a good brand of ball despite the 1-3 record. With just a few breaks the standings might be reversed.

After the initial contest which the Seminites dropped 14-11 to Chi Phi, they continued their losing streak by bowing to Delta Sig, 7-5. Mel Palmer was on the hill and was the victim of a couple of very tough breaks in this close contest. There was no great display of power from the Seminites in this battle.

The Seminary Students did themselves proud, however, as they trounced previously undefeated Phi Psi. Albright recorded the win. The seige guns really opened up in this affair. Glatfelter smashed a triple with the bases loaded to add to the scoring punch of Rader's triple and Titus' round-tripper.

But the Seminites fell back into bad luck in the next game as they were victimized by Phi Kappa Sig in extra innings. The frat. boys did it 6-5 in overtime with Palmer losing another heartbreaker.

When the boys hit their stride there will be quite a few more wins recorded. Good Luck to them.

THERE IS

In the last issue of the Seminarian, there was a brief account of the deplorable conditions faced by the Christian Theological students in China. The question was raised as to whether there is anything we can do to help them. There is something we can do.

All of us are aware of the growing tensions which are increasing the distance between the U.S. and China. The U.S. is throwing up barriers for China and China is doing the same for the U.S. This makes it difficult for the Christians of these two great nations to help each other.

We could very easily recognize this difficulty, shake our heads, express our regrets for our unfortunate brethren and try to forget about them. Such actions are scarcely in accord with what we profess. Fortunately, in British controlled Hong-Kong, there is a friend of Chinese Christian students in the person of Bishop Hall. Bishop Hall has distributed World Student Service Fund aid to needy students for many years. At present he is conducting a campaign in Hong-Kong to raise funds to assist students both in Hong-Kong and inside China, specifically at Hua Chung College. Supporting the relief work of Bishop Hall is worth our best efforts.

When we are asked to contribute funds to the World Student Service Fund next week, let us remember that there is no limit to the demands laid upon our fellow Christians, while we are asked to give relatively little. The Christian students in China are invaluable. Will you give five dollars toward keeping them alive and in school?

Dick Shellenberger

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

Neighbor: (Angrily) - "Professor. I'm surprised to hear that your chickens have been over the wall scratching up my garden."

Professor: (Dignified) - "My dear sir, that can hardly be regarded as a phenomenon. If your garden had come over the wall and scratched my chickens, I could have understood your astonishment."

"I cannot understand you," said the spinster's nephew. "you seem so happy and contented, and yet I've been under the impression that unmarried ladies usually are grouchy and irritable." "Well," she explained smilingly, "I've got a fireplace that smokes, a parrot that swears, a cat that stays out half the night, and a dog that barks. What more do I want?"

- Collected from Sunshine Magazine
by Jack Busler

HUMOR ESQUIRE

Everything turns green in the spring, the trees, bushes, Christmas jewelry, and the grass. Especially the grass. Now I don't mind the grass putting on a new color, but it doesn't have to get so big about it. But that is the way it is every year. It turns green and grows. The grass in the South has been up for some time and the people at home are having growing pains. That is, there are a lot of pains caused by the growing of grass. Take my lawn at home for instance, it has already caused a lot of pain. My Dad sharpens and oils the lawn mower at the first sight of the green grass. This causes him much pain but not near so much as it does my sister, Ann, who cuts the grass. This spring when my Dad put the lawn mower into shape and uttered his French command to "mow de lawn," Ann rebelled. She refused to push that old thrasher another two feet. Very thoughtfully, my father bought a power lawn mower for my sister. Somehow I don't think this is going to work out so well. I'll tell you why.

Novin Feather and I went to the Old North State the other week-end seeking employment. As I mentioned above, the grass has been up for some time in the South. On Saturday morning, Dad started the motor on the power lawn mower, very patiently explained how the machine worked, very firmly set the handles in Ann's hands and very calmly climbed a tree. The first time around the one acre lawn went fine. As a matter of fact it took only one minute and twenty-six seconds. I think the throttle was pulled out a bit too far. As the lawn mower passed dangerously close to the base of the tree Dad was in, he yelled, "slow it down, slow it down." Ann took hold of the throttle and just as she did, she stumbled. This brought the throttle out even farther. Away it went. The farther it went, the more the throttle was pulled out since this was the only thing she was holding to. The more the throttle was pulled out the faster it went. I didn't time it but I don't believe it took a minute and twenty-six seconds to get around that time. Perched in the very top of the tree, Dad yelled, "Turn it loose, turn it loose." She did. But the mower did not stop. It headed straight for the rose bushes....zzip....no rose bushes. It headed for the dog kennels. Through the open door it roared. Down at the other end of the lot lay my bird dog, Sandy. She looked up lazily and yawned. Nothing seems to bother her since my cousin gave her a hot foot with a blow torch. On roared the lawn mower. Again she yawned. I was biting my nails when she stopped out of the way very smoothly. The mower turned. Sandy looked a bit worried. She began walking but the mower zigged when

seemed as if it would also climb so Sandy jumped and headed for the door of her house. It was a race to see. It was nip and tuck. Nip went the mower and tuck went Sandy's tail. The mower headed Sandy off and she tried to go under the house. She made it just as the lawn mower ran up her back and crashed into the kennel. That stopped the motor.

I don't know what Dad is going to do with that lawn mower since Ann obviously can't control it. But that doesn't bother me so much. Do you know where I can sell a bald headed bird dog?

Mel Palmor

WOMEN'S PAGE

The women of the Seminary had their April meeting at the home of Colleen Gockley on April 16. Dr. Dunn was the guest speaker. He gave an excellent talk on the background of the Evangelical and Reformed Church. Dr. Dunn had several charts on which were drawn the various stages of development and growth of the Church up to its present form. The women are very grateful to Dr. Dunn for his helpful talk on the growth of their Church.

On April 17, Miss Florence Partridge spoke to the women of the Seminary about the work of the Women's Guild in the Church. I am sure all of those who heard her realize how important the work is which she and the other staff members are doing. To the women who did not hear Miss Partridge, might I pass on an important bit of information which she kept stressing - the office of the Women's Guild is in Cleveland, Ohio.

If any members of the Seminary family have any old clothes they wish to be rid of, the women of the Seminary will be glad to take them off your hands. They are collecting old clothes for Japan, and the campaign is on 'til May 5. A box has been placed in the ping-pong room to receive all your contributions.

The last meeting of the women will take place on May 19. This gathering will be in the form of a picnic to be held at Kitty Dunn's grandparents' home. All the women of the Seminary are invited to attend, plus any extra husbands, children, dogs, cats or what have you. It will be the last get-together for the year, girls, so let's make it a real one.

Ruth K. Muthard