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Legend of Strasburg Cathedral.

There is a quaint old tradition which comes down to us from ancient times, tottering under its load of age, and replete with the superstitions of the past.

On the borders of Alsatia there lies a great city, dating its foundation far back to the old Roman days, and rich in those architectural relics of the olden time which are ever so dear to the antiquary. "Quaint offspring of centennial years, the town of Strasburg stands, Rich in the lore of a mighty past, in legend and in story; Rich in high-hearted men, honest sons—a country's truest glory; Rich in its old Cathedral Church, with clustering ivy spread, The Santa Croce of the land, where sleep her noble dead."

The story runs that, once in every twelvemonth, on the eve of St. John, when the quiet burghers of that ancient city are wrapt in peaceful slumber, and when the hour of midnight clangs out from the loud tongued bell which hangs in the old Cathedral tower, the spirits of the stone masons by whose hands the sacred pile was erected arise from the tomb and once more re-visit the scene of their former labours. Up from the dark and gloomy crypt, along the columned aisles and vast dim nave, across the white gleaming marble floor, checkered with ghostly shadows that stream from picture oriel, past the stone carved statues that keep watch and ward with their swords and sceptres, comes the long train of death like, night wandering shadows. Clad in their quaint old mediæval costume, the masters with their compasses and rules, the craftsmen with their plumbs and squares and levels, the apprentice lads with their heavy gavels, all silently greeting their companions, old and dear, with time honored salute and token, as of yore.

While the last note of the deep month-old bell is still trembling in the air, reverberating from arch to arch, and dying away amid the frozen music of the traceried roof, forth from the western portal streams the shadowy throng. Thrice around the sacred edifice winds the waving floating train, brave Old Erwin him self leading the way; while far up above, above the sculptured saints who look down upon the sleeping city—up where, at the very summit of the feathery, fairy like spire, the image of the Queen of heaven stands—there floats a cold, white robed female form, the fair Sabina, Old Erwin's well beloved child, whose fair hands aided him in his work. In her right hand a mallet, in her left a chisel, she flits among the sculptured lace work of the noble spires like the Genius of Masonry. With the faint blush of dawn the vision fades, the phantom shapes dissolve, and the old masons return to their sepulchre, there to rest until the next St. John's eve shall summon them to earth.

Being in need of a line we set this.

The Religion of Amity and the Religion of Enmity.

HERBERT SPENCER.

It would clear up our ideas about many things if we distinctly recognized the truth that we have two religions. Primitive humanity has but one. The two are opposed; and we who live midway in the course of civilization have to believe in both—the religion of enmity and the religion of amity. Of course I do not mean that these are both called religions. Here I am not speaking of names, I am speaking simply of things. Nowadays, men do not pay the same verbal homage to the code which amity dictates. The last occupies the place of honor, but the real homage is paid in large measure, if not in the larger measure, to the code dictated by enmity. The religion of enmity nearly all men actually believe; the religion of amity most of them merely believe they believe. In some discussion—say, at our international affairs—remind them of certain precepts contained in the creed they profess, and the most you get is a tepid assent. Now, let the conversation turn on the "tanding" at Winchester, or on the treatment of Indian mutineers, or on the Jamaica massacre, and you find that, while the precepts tepidly assented to were but nominally believed, quite opposite precepts are believed undoubtingly and defended with fervor. Curiously enough, to maintain these antagonist religions, we have adopted from two different races two different cults. From the books of the Jewish New Testament we take our religion of amity; Greek and Latin epics and histories serve as gospels for our religion of enmity. In the education of our youth, we devote a small portion of time to the one, and a large portion of time to the other; and, as though to make the compromise effectual, these two cults are carried on in the same places by the same teachers. At our public schools, as also at many other schools, the same men are priests of both religions. The nobility of self sacrifice, set forth in Scripture lessons and dwelt on in sermons, is made conspicuous every seventh day, while, during the other six days, the nobility of sacrificing others is exhibited in glowing words. The sacred duty of blood revenge, which, as existing savages show us, constitutes the religion of enmity in its primitive form, is the duty which, during the six days, is deeply stamped on natures quite ready to receive it; and then something is done towards obliterating the stamp, when on the seventh day, vengeance is interdicted. As the intelligent child, propounding to his seniors puzzling theological questions, and meeting many rebuffs, eventually ceases to think about difficulties of which he can get no solution, so a little later, the contradictions between the things taught to him in school and in church, at first startling and inexplicable, become by and by familiar, and no

longer attract his attention. Thus, while growing up, he acquires, in common with all around him, the habit of using first one and then the other of his creeds, as the occasion demands, and at maturity the habit has become completely established. Now, he enlarges on the need for maintaining the national honor, and thinks it mean to arbitrate about an aggression instead of avenging it by war; and now, calling his servants together, he reads a prayer, in which he asks God that our trespasses may be forgiven as we forgive trespasses against us. That which he prays for as a virtue on Sunday, he scorns as a vice on Monday. Of these two religions taught us, we must constantly remember that, during civilization the religion of enmity is slowly losing strength, while the religion of amity is slowly gaining strength.

Good Advice.

Encourage your county newspapers. Assist by kind words, prompt settlement of bills and encouragement to the enterprise the editors of all the papers which are helping to herald improvements, great or small. There never was a news paper, says an exchange, no matter how small or what its price, that was not worth more than the price asked for it. As light is to time, to growth and ripening of fruit, so is the press to thought and progress. No man is rich enough to do without one, and more if he can obtain them. Food for the stomach, food for the brain, are alike necessary to perfect growth. The editor who is encouraged will be a better editor next year, unless he be a snarling, selfish, growling, miserly, egotistical old bundle of cross-grained antagonisms, begotten in spite and at natural enmity with all the world. But such abnormal monstrosities are few. The ordinary editor is a man of brain, thought, power, intelligence; a student of life; a thinker, a sympathizer with his fellow men if they will permit him to grow to them.—*Deekertown, (N. J.) Independent.*

THE HUMAN VOICE.—Oh, how wonderful is the human voice. It is indeed the organ of the soul. The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead, and in his eye, and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only, as God revealed himself to the prophet of old in the still small voice, and in a voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain invisible to man.—*Long-fellow.*

Mr. Sampson, of North Adams, Mass., contradicts the story that he is going to discharge his chinese shoe-makers. He says that he is satisfied with them.

"The evil-doer mourns in this world, and he shall mourn in the next; in both worlds has he sorrow. He grieves, he is tormented, seeing the evil of his deed."

PEN AND SCISSORS.

- .... Very few people know how to grow old.
.... Bronchitis is at present the prevailing disease in England.
.... He who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks.
.... Six women married a Tennessee sewing machine agent.
.... A mill at La Crosse sawed 688,840 feet of lumber in six days.
.... Measles are raging as an epidemic in Illinois.
.... Philadelphia has more fat women than any other city in the Union.
.... Off Nova Scotia 25,000 sparring lobsters are captured in a day.
.... Sheep are selling at from sixty to eighty cents a head in California.
.... Rosewood is so called from the rose-like fragrance of the fresh cut tree.
.... A brick in your hat is not the best safeguard against sun-stroke. A cabbage leaf is better.
.... An American girl declared that she likes fellow citizens better than any other kind.
.... California farmers think they can raise almonds enough to supply the market.
.... One of the Kalamazoo college orators forgot what he had to say, hesitated and retired. No applause, no bouquets.
.... Six nuns have been imported from Europe to act as teachers at the convent school in Meriden, Conn.
.... Nearly 200 persons in Portland, Me., have gone out of the liquor business within the past year and a half.
.... The girl students of chemistry, mineralogy and botany at Harvard are pronounced by the Professors fully equal to the men.
.... A conscientious farmer in Berlin, Wis., wiped the mud from his cart wheels before permitting his load of hay to go on the scales to be weighed.
.... Over one hundred tons of American beef, prepared by the cold air process, is brought weekly into the London market.
.... A Minneapolis lady found a little package that contained 17 diamonds secreted in a desk which had once belonged to her great-grandfather.
.... One thing can be said in favor of the late A. T. Stewart's relatives; they made no demand on him while he was alive.
.... A Boston physician says that blowing cornets or trombones is the best exercise for women, expanding their lungs and making them straight.
.... A girl 21 years old has 233 chances to marry out of a thousand. She has got to take the 233d offer or die an old maid.
.... A warrant has been issued in Reading for the arrest of "twenty young men who sit on a fence and insult ladies going by."
.... A gentleman of 28 married a spinster of 61 at Keene, N. H., the other day. What a dear, darling little pootsey wootsy of a bride she must be!
.... Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking for in his neighbor what he sees in himself.
.... The young man who can't swing a cane so that it will hit thirteen people in the face, in the course of a block, can claim no standing in the best social circles.
.... An English colony of 70 families have purchased 8600 acres surrounding Wells, Minn. Stock raising, butter and cheese will constitute their business.
.... Opportunity is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone forever.