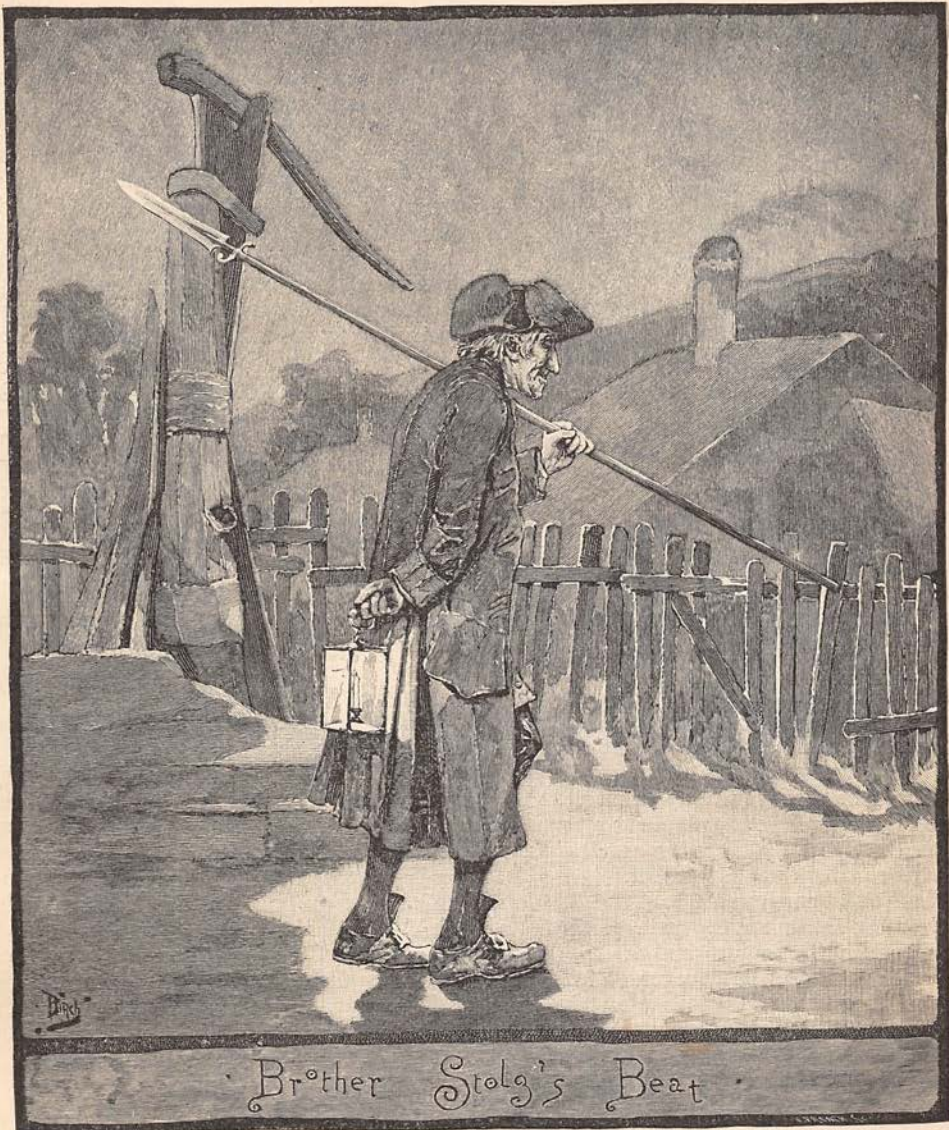


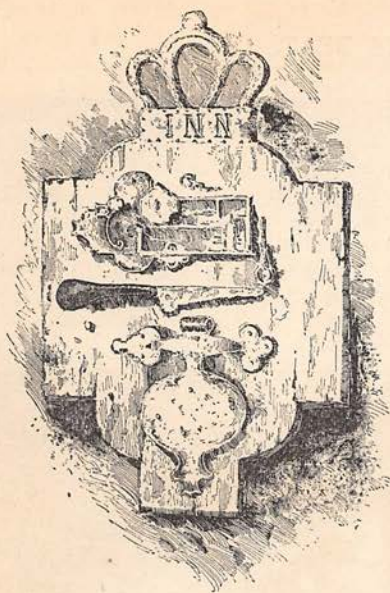
BROTHER STOLZ'S BEAT.



Brother Stolz's Beat

It is one hundred and thirty-eight years since the Moravian Bishop Nitschman, with his missionaries, and his handsome niece Anna, and Count Zinzendorf, kept their first Christmas in Pennsylvania, in a stable in a forest, which they had named Bethlehem; and it is eighty years since Brother Stolz walked for the last time his watchman's beat in the Bethlehem paths, and called aloud at six in the morning, "*Der Glock hat sechs schlag*"—that is, "*Die Glocke hat sechs geschlagen.*"

If he were to walk there now, he would be as unhappy as the white-haired Rip Van Winkle in the village of Falling Waters, and doubtless would lose his way at every turn; but to the stranger of to-day, visiting Bethlehem for the first time, it would seem nothing strange to meet him halting before some one of the quaint old stone houses, and saluting newcomers in the name of the Lord. In fact, it seems strange not to meet him, or "Brother Rose," who succeeded him, the records say, in



RELICS OF THE CROWN INN.

1801; what could be more natural, in streets where all lights are put out at ten o'clock every night, than to meet a holy watchman carrying a spear, and singing sacred hymns softly to himself?

Instead of this, however, it is a modern policeman you meet, with all the modern appliances for first deafening people and then knocking them down; but the policeman looks out of place and superfluous, and as often as he crosses your path seems a reminder of the old past by the very emphasis with which he marks the new present.

The North Pennsylvania Railroad has done its best to obliterate every trace of the Bethlehem which Zinzendorf knew; it has cut down the forests, planted forges, and furnaces, and rolling-mills, and warehouses, clattering and black and unsightly, crowding up and

down the Monocacy Creek, shriveling its willows and polluting its waters, till the stream has come to have the resigned and dejected look that always settles on the face of a free brook after it finds itself hopelessly hemmed in by a town.

This same North Pennsylvania Railroad will carry passengers now from Philadelphia to Bethlehem in two hours, and comfortably; but that seems a small atonement for the audacity of having pulled down the old Crown Inn to make room for their fine union depot. This old inn was the first which the Moravians built. It was separated by the Lehigh River from their settlement—it being their invariable custom to build inns at a distance from their towns, “to keep their people free from contact with the world, and to avoid as much as possible the prying curiosity of travelers.” On a panel of its double-door was painted the crown of one of those good friends of America, the royal English Georges, and in the bar-room hung the inn’s license, granted in 1746—“in the thirty-third year of the reign of the sovereign Lord George the Second, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, Ireland,” etc. Living was cheap at the inn: “Breakfast with tea or coffee, 4 pence; dinner, 6 pence, and with a pint of beer, 8 pence; supper, 4 pence, or if hot, 6 pence; lodging, 2 pence; a night’s hay and oats, 12 pence.”

With food and lodging to be had at such prices as these, there could be no doubt that it must have been genuine religion and not economy which made the Moravians of that day carry all their food with them on long journeys, and eschew public inns. The wonder is that they ever took journeys at all, since the rules of the society forbade their leaving home, even for one day, without their clergyman’s permission; and when a man was bold enough to desire to go so far as New York or Philadelphia, it became a still more serious matter, for the question of his going or not



THE FIRST HOUSE IN BETHLEHEM.

going had to be decided by the Overseers' College assembled in conference with the clergy. It was customary, also, for journeys of such dangerous length to be made in a private stage owned and run by a member of the society; and as it was manifestly impossible for him to run his stage all the way to New York and back for the sake of transporting the body and protecting the soul of a solitary passenger, it was the habit of these patient people to wait, sometimes for weeks, till seven or eight persons could be found all carnally bent on the same journey. Then the stage of one Adam Luckenbach

This grave-yard is the pleasantest spot in all Bethlehem. It lies in the very heart of the town, shaded by great trees, and looking toward the sunset as a grave-yard should. It is simply a field of solid green turf, with wide, well-kept walks, and rows of green mounds, close together, and all of the same size. Here, without distinction or separation, except of sex, the dead Moravians lie, in the order of their dying. A man might happen, thus, to lie at last by the side of his worst enemy—if such a thing could be as enmity under the banner of the "Unitas Fratrum," and, doubtless, they did have their quarrels and dislikes,



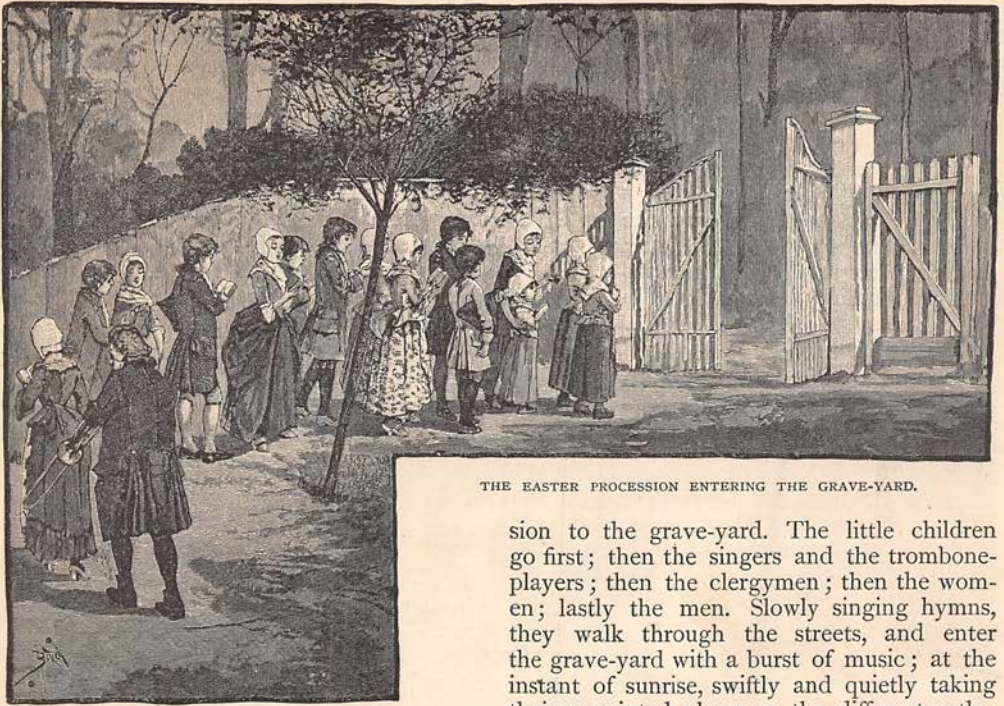
IN THE GRAVE-YARD.

was hired for the trip, and the good Moravian wives were thrown into a bustle of preparation. Pies and cakes, and meats and bread, and coffee—all the food that could possibly be required for the journey—were cooked and stowed in baskets. Not once would this stage-load of embodied consciences stop at an inn of the world's people. Adam carried the feed for his horses, and a bucket to water them with; at noon the travelers kept a holy picnic by the road-side, and at night they asked for shelter at farm-houses, warmed up their tea and coffee by the kitchen fire, and ate the food from their baskets. It is a picture of incredible simplicity, and is not without a certain fine pathos, also, of reproach to our present methods.

It is only a few years—not a hundred—since these good men did this thing. They were the grandparents of the men who are making and selling iron, building and running railroads, buying merchandise, and bartering land in Bethlehem to-day, and who can go and come at their pleasure from wicked city to wicked city all over the world. Is it absolutely certain that the grandchildren have the best of it? Walking at sunset in the old Moravian grave-yard, one thinks it over, and doubts.

like the rest of us. One would think, however, that the every-day seeing of this common and undivided final dormitory must have been a great check upon neighborhood squabbles—sometimes, also, a pang to weak human hearts that would like so much better to be buried close to their own beloved, than by the side of people for whom in life they had cared but little. On every one of the old mounds lies a small marble slab, bearing either a number or an inscription of a name, dates of birth and of death—nothing more; the harsh word "died" is never seen; always the kinder and truer word "departed," for which there is the authority of the Apostle Paul, as well as of all poets.

It is an unconscious tribute to the beauty of the old Moravian faith, and the inalienable truth of their view of death, that the townspeople of Bethlehem find this grave-yard pleasant to sit in; women bring their sewing, children their toys, and spend whole afternoons there in the summer; and lively social chat goes on with a sort of home-like freedom, which would seem impossible in any public park, but seems inexplicably natural in this sunny old grave-yard. Part of this strange atmosphere of good cheer may be owing to



THE EASTER PROCESSION ENTERING THE GRAVE-YARD.

the effect of the joyous ceremonies which are held in this grave-yard at sunrise on every Easter morning. It would seem in no wise unlikely that their deep-seated gladness should outlast a short twelve months' time, and linger from Easter round to Easter again and again, in a sacred bond of worship and triumphant contentment.

If the influence of the North Pennsylvania and the Lehigh Valley railroads, and the institutions and occupations kindred and incidental to them, should ever crowd out or degrade these beautiful Easter ceremonies, the loss to the Bethlehem people would be greater than they perhaps dream. But up to this time, the ceremonies have suffered no change. Long before daylight, on Easter morning, men playing trombones go through the town. They play a sweet and solemn tune, to which are set the words :

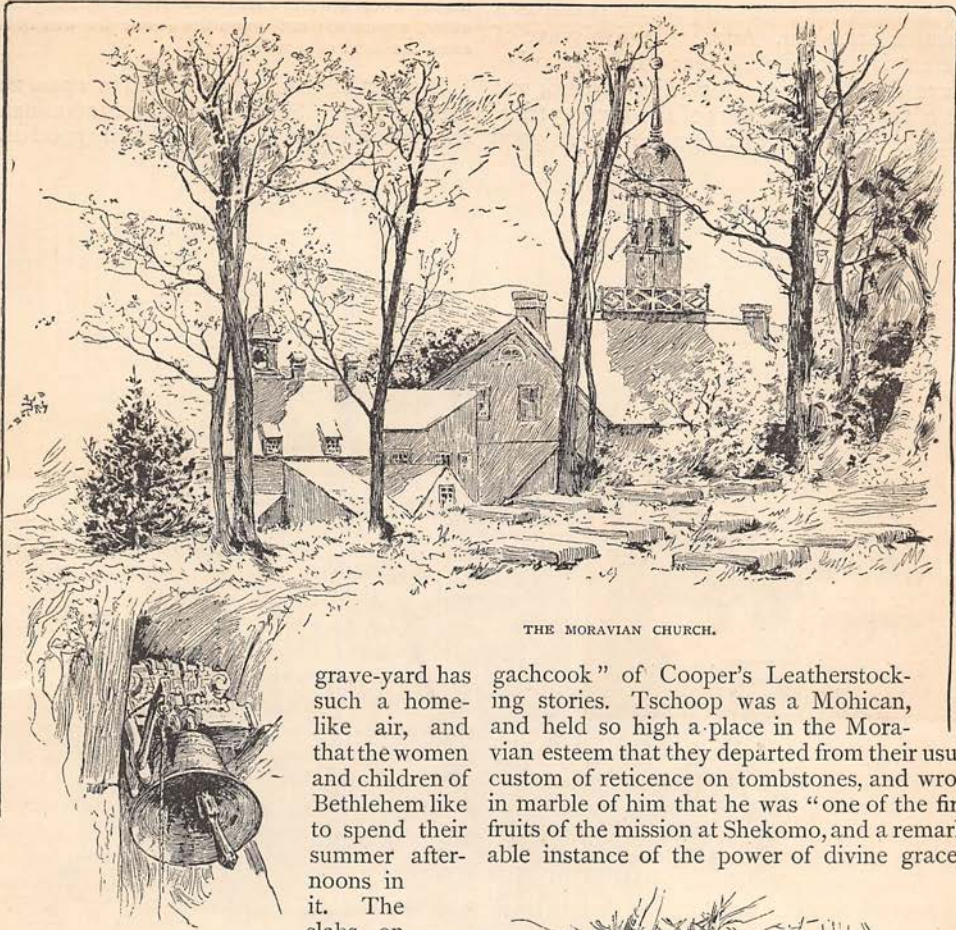
“ Christ is risen from the dead,
Thou shalt rise, too, saith my Saviour—
Of what should I be afraid?
I with him shall live forever;
Can the dead forsake his limb,
And not draw me unto him? ”

Waked by this music, the Moravians gather in their church, where a part of the Easter Litany is said. At the passage, “Glory be to him who is the resurrection and the life,” the congregation rises and moves in proces-

sion to the grave-yard. The little children go first; then the singers and the trombone-players; then the clergymen; then the women; lastly the men. Slowly singing hymns, they walk through the streets, and enter the grave-yard with a burst of music; at the instant of sunrise, swiftly and quietly taking their appointed places on the different paths, the women still separated from the men, they sing and chant the remainder of the Litany. Sometimes, there are present at this service more than two thousand persons.

Another sunrise service, not ecclesiastical and not amenable to the Overseers' College, has much to do with the cheer of the old grave-yard. It is a summer service, held daily for many weeks, beginning in June. No trombones are heard, only voices—the voices of orioles, cedar-birds, thrushes, flickers, black-birds, and robins. They live in the trees, knowing they are safe; they gather and brood and multiply and return, as much at home as in a forest. The place is full of them; and some are so tame that they come down and hop about with the children, in the afternoon.

Song, and sunshine, and shade against heat; flowers and green turf, and a beautiful outlook to far-off wooded hills,—all Nature joins hand in hand here with the Moravians in their loving wisdom about death. From first to last they accept it, and recognize its triumph of deliverance. They hold it a sin to wear black for the dead; their funeral services and hymns are full of joy, and not sorrow—of hope, and not desolation; each death in the congregation is announced to the town by a burst of melody from the trombones in the church-belfry, and bells are rung, and not tolled, as a summons for the burial services. After all, it is not so strange that the old



THE MORAVIAN CHURCH.

grave-yard has such a home-like air, and that the women and children of Bethlehem like to spend their summer afternoons in it. The slabs on

gachcook" of Cooper's Leatherstocking stories. Tschoop was a Mohican, and held so high a place in the Moravian esteem that they departed from their usual custom of reticence on tombstones, and wrote in marble of him that he was "one of the first fruits of the mission at Shekomo, and a remarkable instance of the power of divine grace,"

the more modern graves are larger, and betray a tendency to the modern vice of wordy inscriptions. If this should increase, the spell of the charm of the old grave-yard would be broken.

Fifty-eight of the Indian converts to the Moravian Church are buried here. Their quaint names seem still quaint carved on marble. One of these is "Tschoop," said to be the father of Uncas, who was the "Chin-



EASTER MORNING SERVICE.

which might not be so unqualified praise as it looks at first sight. Another Indian grave of interest is that of "Brother Michael," who, before the Moravians took him in hand, was one of the fiercest warriors of the Munsey tribe. After he became a Christian, he was so good

taken; upon his left cheek two lances, crossing each other, appeared; and upon the lower jaw was delineated the head of a wild boar."

Brother Michael was baptized in 1742, and died in 1758. Sixteen years' test of a man's conversion ought to be held a fairly good one.



VIEW IN BETHLEHEM.

and pious that he was known as "the crown of the Indian Mission." An old record of his burial says:

"The serenity of his countenance, when laid in his coffin, formed a singular contrast to the warlike characters scarified and tattooed upon his face when he was a noted Indian brave. On his right cheek and temple was the representation of a rattlesnake; from the under lip a pole was drawn, passing over the nose and up between the eyes to the top of his forehead, ornamented at every quarter of an inch with round marks, intended to represent the number of scalps he had

Governments which can discover to-day no way of dealing with Indians except to kill them, might find profitable matter for reflection in the early records of the Moravian churches. In an old memorandum of the statistics of a "certain religious society in Bethlehem" is the following clause: "There are eighty-two Indians, besides those young Indian women who live with our young women, and besides the savages who are going and coming and staying longer or shorter



A FAMILY TRIO.

with us." And in the early winter of 1756, Bishop Spangenberg wrote to the Governor of Pennsylvania:

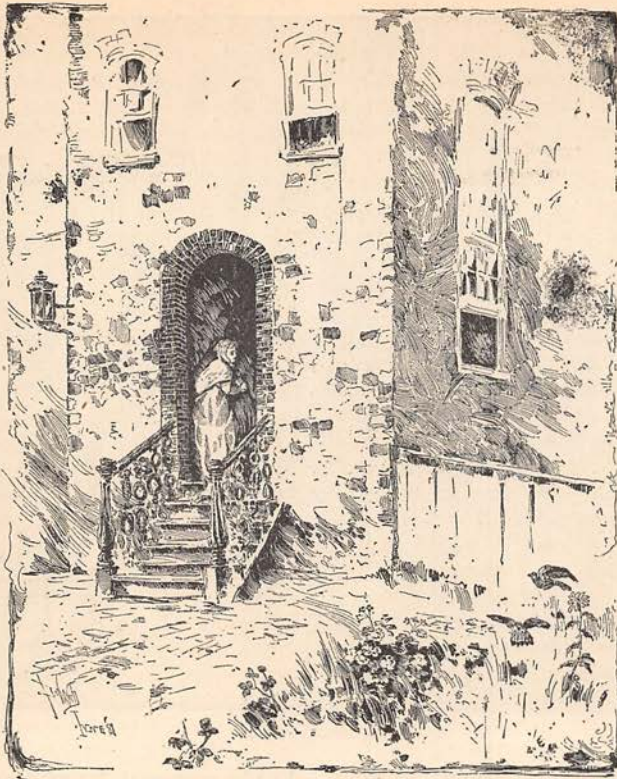
"We are at a loss how to act with those Indians that come out of the woods, and want to stay at Bethlehem. They are very troublesome guests and we should be glad to have your Honor's Orders about them. Our Houses are full already, and we must be at the Expences of building Winter-Houses for them if more should come; which very likely will be the case according to the account we have from them who are come. And then another difficulty arises, viz. we hear that some of our neighbors are very uneasy at our receiving such murdering Indians; for so they stile them. We, therefore, I fear, shall be obliged to set watches to keep of such of the neighbors who might begin quarrels with or attempt to hurt any of them."

It is on record, also, that the hostile Indians in Pennsylvania found the Moravian towns great hinderances to their warfare, "because they could not prevail on the friendly Indians to destroy the missionary establishments, nor prevent them from informing the Brethren whenever any attempt was to be made on the settlements." And in the record of a petition which the Moravians made, in 1757, for a "Relaxation of Taxes," we find stated as one reason of their especial impoverishment at that time "the extraordinary expense the Brethren are and must still be at, in maintaining the Indians who fled to them from Gnaden Hutten (now wholly thrown upon their hands and left unprovided for by

the Government), for whose subsistence alone this year they have been obliged to let them have upwards of fifty acres of their best land (cleared and fenced for them at the Brethren's own expence), to plant their Indian corn," etc.

The first building in which the Moravians worshiped in Bethlehem is now called the "old chapel." It was a house built of hewn logs, two stories high, with a steep roof, in which there were two stories, again, of garrets. It was the second house they built, and was intended as a house for ministers and their families, as well as for a place of worship. It was called the Gemein House, and a large room on the second floor, where the congregation assembled, was called "Der Saal." The ceiling of this room was supported by four wooden pillars, which can still be seen in the walls of the four rooms into which it has been partitioned.

Ten years later, "the town having a population of two hundred souls," it became necessary to have a larger place of meeting; and a stone addition to the Gemein House was put up, and dedicated on the 10th of July, 1751, by Bishop Nitschman, the father of the famous Anna Nitschman, Count Zinzendorf's second wife, about whom it is impossible not to speculate curiously when one puts "two and two together," as he prowls about among the old



THE OLD CHAPEL.

archives in Bethlehem, and looks up at the handsome face of Anna's old portrait.

The present church is comparatively modern, having been built in 1806; but even this has in its turn been modernized, and is now in its interior not unlike the majority of plain meeting-houses of the Congregational sects. There are still living many graduates of the "Boarding-school for Females"—as the Moravians called their young ladies' school—who recollect vividly the bare floors, the white-curtained windows, the hard pine benches, and the round tub of a pulpit, high up in the air, with a canopy above it—in place of which now are bright red carpets, cushioned pews, and a low reading-desk; all changes for the better, so far as physical comfort goes, but changes which mean a loss of sentiment—a loss so subtle that it cannot be stated, but so positive that nothing can compensate the soul which knows what it is, and the places whence something has fled. In those old times the men sat by themselves on one side, the women on the other; and though this fashion of separation of the sexes has become obsolete, there are some old Moravian women in Bethlehem to-day who cannot yet bring themselves to sit by the side of their husbands in church on Sunday.

Much more interesting than this modernized room for worship is a room in the second story where are kept the old records of the society, and its library, numbering about two thousand volumes, all relating to the past or present of the "Unitas Fratrum." Here are treasures indeed. A rare set of old Bibles, in many tongues; records of the early history of Pennsylvania, and the treaties with the Indians; the diaries of the church, kept from 1742 to the present day, and recording with great minuteness not only church affairs, but the affairs of the town; quaint old narratives of the journeys of some of the early travelers in America, and closets full of original letters and documents written in the last century, bearing invaluable autographs.

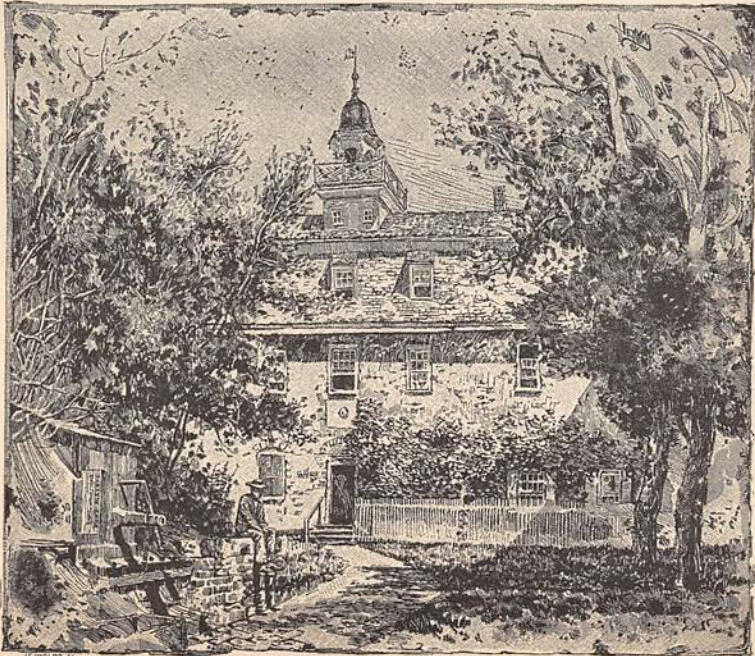
Among these treasures is Benigna de Watteville's old hymn-book—a thick, clumsy little volume, bound in fine scarlet leather, with more gilding than one would suppose Benigna would have thought it right to possess, she being Count Zinzendorf's daughter and the wife of a bishop of the church. Six years before her marriage to Baron de Watteville, she traveled in America with her father, and was present with him at that memorable Christmas celebration in the stable, in the year 1741, by reason of which the name of

Bethlehem was given to the town, which had before been called "Bethlehem," or "The House on the Lecha." It must have tried Benigna's eyes if she sang hymns from this hymn-book on that Christmas night in the dimly lighted stable, for the print is fine and none of the best.

Another still more interesting hymn-book is one that belonged to an old Moravian, Paul Muenster by name, and was held by him so dear that, when he fled from Moravia to Herrnhut, in 1729, he carried the volume strapped on his back, as his greatest earthly treasure. It was printed in 1606, "By the Elders and servants of the Churches of the Bretheren in Bohemia, Moravia, and Poland." At Herrnhut, Muenster gave the book to Anna Nitschman, and she in turn gave it to another Anna, well known in Moravian history—Anna Johanna Seidel, a clergyman's wife. A rare token of friendship for Mistress Seidel it was in Deaconess Anna to give away this old quarto, even then one hundred and twenty-three years old. Ultimately, Paul Muenster removed from Herrnhut to Bethlehem; there he found and reclaimed the old hymn-book, and kept it until the 4th day of October, 1792, when he bequeathed it to the library of the church, and himself "entered into the joy of the Lord."

High up on the walls of this room of the archives hangs a row of queer, stiff old portraits of the Moravian men and women who

were famous in the early days of the church. The women all wear the severe and unbecoming white caps of the order—a cap fitting as close as possible to the head, covering all the hair, and held down flat on the forehead by a tight band passing around the head. At twelve years of age all the Moravian girls had to put on these caps: dark red strings were worn at first; pink after the age and dignity of "single sisters" had been attained; blue after marriage, and white by widows. One is led to wonder if the precise date was fixed, by the Overseers' College, at which the red strings marking the period of "great girl"-hood were to be replaced by the paler pink of the "single sisters," or whether it was left to the humility and discretion of the individual to make the change at the suitable time. The name of this cap was "Schnepfen Haube"—from the resemblance of its shape to that of a snipe's bill. No wonder that there is said to have been great rejoicing among the married women and sisters when this hideous and unbecoming head-gear was abolished from the American congregations, in the year 1818. How ludicrous must have been the discussions among the fathers when this momentous change was under consideration; and how easy to fancy what a tremendous home pressure must have been brought to bear on all of them to induce them to vote in the right way. No doubt, if one could get at the Moravian family statistics of that time, all the young



THE FIRST MORAVIAN SEMINARY AT BETHLEHEM.



BISHOP SPANGENBERG.

and handsome wives and daughters would be found on the side of "no caps": only a very bold man could have had courage to vote that the caps should stay on.

No face in all the long rows of portraits in this room compares in interest with that of Anna Nitschman, Count Zinzendorf's second wife. Handsome, determined, it compels one's instant attention, and awakes a strong curiosity to know the details of her life. Underlying all the spiritual devotion, holy self-denials, and enthusiastic proselyting of the lives of those early Moravians, there were doubtless strong currents of human

emotion, warfares with the flesh, and storms of passion; and looking from the face of Anna Nitschman to that of Count Zinzendorf on the opposite wall, one cannot forbear wondering what the count thought of Anna that Christmas night in the stable, and whether she and his daughter Benigna "looked over" together in the fine scarlet-and-gilt hymn-book. Anna was a person of mark, having been appointed "eldress" at Herrnhut when she was only fifteen years old. She came to America with her father, in 1740, and it appears from the records that she accompanied Zinzendorf and his daughter in their travels in

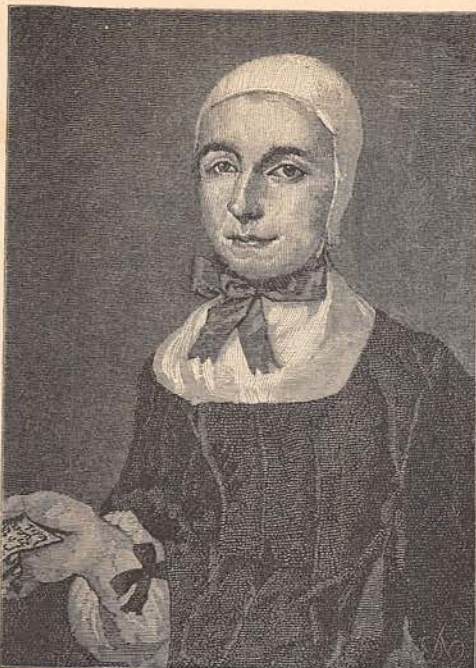


PART OF THE SISTERS' HOUSE.

America. At this time Zinzendorf's first wife, Dorothea, the Countess Erdmuth, was at home, on the estate of Berthelsdorf, and consoled herself during her husband's absence by devoting all her energies to "the counsel and assistance" of the Moravians at Herrnhut. It was in the year 1741 that the count traveled in America with Benigna and Anna, and it was not until 1756 that the good Countess Dorothea died—fifteen years; but Anna had waited, and the count had remembered; and in 1757 they were married, Zinzendorf being then fifty-seven years old, and Anna most certainly no longer young. They lived together only three short years, "died within twelve days of each other, in 1760, and were buried side by side in the cemetery at Hutberg."

In the same year in which this significant marriage took place, there was a rare great marrying in Bethlehem—a most curious incident in the history of the congregation. Owing to the strict separation of the sexes, the "single sisters" not being permitted to pass the "Bretheren's Home," nor the "single bretheren" the "Sisters' Home"—the sisters being forbidden to mention the name of one of the brethren or to look toward them if they accidentally met,—owing to these restrictions, and to the absurd practice of selecting wives

for men and husbands for women by lot, and assigning them to each other by the authority of the elders' conference, marriages were growing fewer and fewer in Bethlehem. This fact being reported to the authorities at Herrnhut caused much uneasiness there, and the Rev. Bishop John, Baron de Watteville (husband of the Benigna who had the handsome scarlet hymn-book), was sent from Germany to America to see what could be done about it. The result of his visit must have given great satisfaction all round, for it brought about that on one day, the 20th of April, 1757, no less than fourteen couples were married out of hand, "in the face of the whole congregation, in the old place of worship, 'Der Kleine Saal.'" This ceremony was called "The Great Wedding Act," and was put on record, with the names of the couples married and the ministers who performed the ceremony. Twelve ministers there were, two of them bishops. Each bishop married two couples; the other ministers, one apiece. As the fourteen couples, accompanied by the twelve ministers, entered the hall, the trumpets and trombones were played, and the sight must have been indeed what the old record calls it—"a very respectable prospect," and "a triumph for the young people of both sexes." After the ceremony, Bishop Spangen-



ANNA NITSCHMAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. B. EGGERT, BETHLEHEM, OF THE OLD PAINTING.)

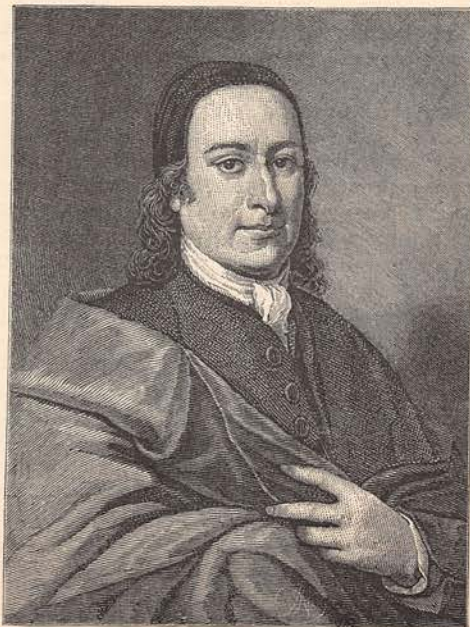
berg delivered a sermon, several of the other ministers read addresses, and "Brother Petrus Boehler sang an original ode." Brother Petrus Boehler evidently was not above turning his hand to anything, for it was he of whom an old traveler recorded that "when the grandfather of Doctor Huebner came to Bethlehem he had to cross the Lehigh River, and he hailed a person on the other side who was watering linen on the bleach [then linen was worn altogether]. The person came and took him across. It proved to be the noted Brother Petrus Boehler who tended the bleach. All were required to be busy; and he, as the minister of the congregation, set a good example to the others."

The boat in which Brother Petrus carried the stranger across the river was a flat-boat, large enough to carry six horses. It was run on a strong rope stretched across the river, and made fast on each bank. By the mere force of the current of the river, the boat was pulled across. This was the only way of crossing the Lehigh until the year 1792, when the Lehigh Bridge Company built a bridge, and did away with the ferry. Since then, what with spring freshets and the breaking of huge dams put up by canal companies, bridges have had a hard time of it on the Lehigh, and have gone down stream, sometimes, much faster than the old ferry-boat ever did in the roughest of weather. And nobody thinks of

singing songs, either for his daily crossing or for the hours of storm, as Father Petrus did, and Massy Warner, also, who was the regular ferryman, but happened to be away on the day when "Doctor Huebner's grandfather" arrived. Indeed, the old Moravians sang songs on every occasion; all their work was set to music. Bishop Spangenberg, writing in 1746 about the "bretheren and sisters of Nazareth," says: "Never since the creation of the world were there made and sung such lovely and holy shepherds', plowing, reapers', thrashing, spinners', knitters', sewers', washers', and other laboring hymns, as by these people." He does not add, "ferry-men's," but we, thinking of the old ferry, add it at once, and imagine Father Petrus pacing slowly to and fro on the boat, leaning against the straining rope, as if to set his weight athwart the current, and chanting such words as these—might they not have been?—

Downward current, I shall stem thee;
In Jehovah's name restrain thee;
Rushing water, seek the sea!
Yonder green shore lureth me.
Banks of Canaan, Jesus' land,
Where the singing angels stand,
Downward current, vain to draw me,
In Jehovah's name I stay me;
Rushing water, seek the sea!
Yonder green shore lureth me.

Downward current, like my sinning;
Out of thee I win my winning;
Sinners seek the burning sea;
Heaven's green shore lureth me;

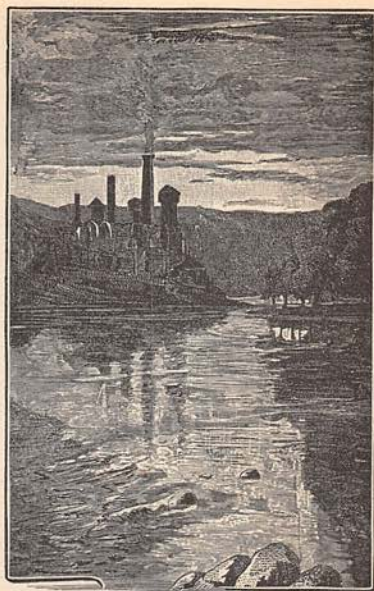


COUNT ZINZENDORF.

Banks of Canaan, Jesus' land,
 Where the singing angels stand,
 Downward current, vain to draw me,
 In Jehovah's name I stay me,
 From the sinner's burning sea
 Christ the Saviour saveth me!

The "Sisters' Home" is still devoted to the same purpose for which the thoughtful Moravians built it in 1742, *i. e.*, the shelter of lonely single women, who have not money enough to make for themselves homes. It is a quaint low building of stone, with heavy buttresses, and a high, steep roof, in which are tiers of dormer-windows. It walls in three sides of a green court-yard in front, and has at its rear another green inclosure, where each sister may have, if she likes, a tiny flower-garden of her own. The halls are low, narrow, and cross and intersect each other by arched ways; their floors are of square red tiles such as were baked in Bethlehem a hundred years ago; the stairs, balustrades, and all wood-work are of old oak, shining brown, and worn to a surface like satin; such smooth spotlessness, such record of a century of cleanly fashions, was never seen in wood before. The walls are of white plaster seemingly as durable as the oak—not a break, not a crack, in it. The mechanics of to-day in Bethlehem wonder when they pull down an old house to find plaster as firm as timbers; but the explanation is simple: "The Moravians prepared their plaster in the fall of the year in a pit in the ground, where it remained all winter, covered only by a few boards to keep out the dirt, so that all the lime became thoroughly slacked by exposure to the winter, and, when used, became as soon as it was dry a cement as hard almost as stone."

The floors are sunken in places almost into hollows, yet not a sill has a chipped edge or corner, and the fine old dull red color is as handsome in its way as anything in Pompeii. The walls of these passage-ways are lined with cupboards, wardrobes, narrow tables, hanging-shelves, boxes—all the little devices and accommodations of a snug spinster housekeeping. Each sister has right to all the space along that part of the passage-way wall which bounds her own rooms, and the story which the passage-ways tell is the whole story of the plan of the sisters' living. It is, after all, only an apartment-house on a humble and economical scale. But the scale which would, anywhere else in the world, seem so narrow and uncomfortable that it would surely sink into untidiness and squalor, is here lifted, by simple cleanliness, with its allied "godliness," into a dignity that is more elegant than mere splendor could ever be. One cupboard which I remember was swung



BLAST-FURNACES ON THE LEHIGH.

on the wall, and had sides of open wire. With touching unconsciousness of neighbors' prying eyes, some sister had set away here, in plain sight, among her little stores, a tiny strip of cheese,—certainly not more than two mouthfuls,—one tumbler with perhaps three mouthfuls of currant-jelly in it, and another with a table-spoonful of cranberry. The exquisite neatness of the place took away from this little hoard every suggestion of the sordid, and merely gave one a thrill of tender sympathy at the thought of the lonely noon or night meal at which these tidy bits of savings would be set forth. Here and there, in corners, or at the turning of a passage-way, stands an old-fashioned high clock; some of them silent, as better befits the place—heirlooms, no doubt, belonging to sisters who cannot spare space for them in their little parlors and bedrooms, but who like to see them standing outside, like faithful sentries over the past. It is a token of the inalienable dignity of the lives lived in this place that one sees here, without any thought of offense or sense of the ludicrous, an old broom and dust-pan, or even a well-worn pail and scrubbing-brush, hanging on the wall by the side of a clock of fine old mahogany, inlaid with yellow satin-wood.

The rooms in this house are not bestowed as charities, although none but Moravian women may occupy them. They are rented at low prices, and the rent-money goes to the church. Some of the sisters who have sufficient means occupy apartments containing



HALL-WAY IN THE SISTERS' HOME.

several rooms, and furnish them comfortably. Others live in a single room in the roof, but, up to the very ridge-pole, extend the same exquisite cleanliness, order, and sense of protection.

It is the one spot left in Bethlehem, besides the grave-yard, where the old Moravian atmosphere still lingers—the one place where, if Brother Stolz were to return for an evening ramble over his old “beat,” he would find himself at home. One can easily fancy him pausing any night in the shadows of the old stone buttresses, and, resting on his spear, looking up at the dark and soundless chambers, singing a watchman’s hymn :

“Lie still in the darkness,
Sleep safe in the night.
The Lord is a Watchman,

The Lamb is a Light.
Jehovah, He holdeth
The sea, and the land,
The earth, in the hollow
Of His mighty hand.
All’s well! in the darkness,
All’s well! in the night.
The Lord is a Watchman,
The Lamb is a Light.

“Awake! Day is dawning!
The Lamb is the Light.
The Lord has a vineyard,
His harvests are white.
Jehovah, He holdeth,
By sea and by land,
His saints in the hollow
Of His mighty hand.
Awake! It is morning.
The Lamb is the Light.
The Lord has a vineyard,
His harvest is white.”

TO A DEAD WOMAN.

Nor a kiss in life; but one kiss, at life’s end,
I have set on the face of Death in trust for thee.
Through long years keep it fresh on thy lips, O friend!
At the gate of Silence give it back to me.