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REV. P. ANSTADT, EDITOR, YORK, PA.

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removing and leaving them uncollected, is PRIMA
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Poetry.

THE NAME OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

1 COR. I. 10.

Lord Jesus Christ, Oh! wondrous Name,
Peace with my God by it I claim;
Revealer of Redemption's plan,
Heaven's Messenger to guilty man.

Lord Jesus Christ, Oh! worthy Name,
Of all that revenue of Fame
Gathered from our apostate race,
By dying in the sinner's place.

Lord Jesus Christ, most blessed Name,
Rock of my refuge it became,
When lost, despairing, wretched, I
Looked to a Saviour lifted high.

Lord Jesus Christ, Oh! lovely Name,
Toward it my soul with gladness came,
How thrills my heart with joy divine,
When Jesus tells me, 'He is mine!'

Lord Jesus Christ, thrice precious Name!
Past, present, future, all the same!
In his dear hands my cause I place,
To plead before his Father's face.

Lord Jesus Christ, this only Name,
As I descend to Jordan's stream,
Will bear me safely through the flood,
Will stand before the throne of God.

Lord Jesus Christ, this glorious Name,
I'll praise with more than seraph's flame,
When I shall stand before his face,
A trophy of his matchless grace.

—JELIA.

Communications.

Men and Things as seen in Europe.

LETTER XIV.

Exile from Paris.—A Diligence.—Beaune.—Chalon.—Aldred and Heloise.—Face of the country.—French Villages.—The Peasantry.—The Soane.—Ladies' Dress.—Old habits retained.—American Peculiarities.—A Digression.

Having spent what time we had to spare in Paris, we started for Italy by the way of Lyons and Marseilles. We were packed into diligence at the Messageries Gen-
erales, Rue St. Honoré. This is a travelling
concern which can scarcely be described to
a person that has not seen it. It contains
four kinds of places—the coupe in front,
the best and dearest; the interior, or
middle apartment; the retende, or hind-
er; and the banquette, on the top of the
vehicle. The seats are all numbered, and
your receipt informs the conducteur where
to place you. Thus all scrambling for seats
is prevented. It will hold fifteen or twenty
persons. There is any amount of bag-
gage on the top. It is a far more comfort-
able conveyance than any would take it to
be at first sight. In one of these coaches
we were driven out of the city to the rail-
way depot, when it was swung bodily from
the wheels by a crane, and placed on the
railway car all retaining their seats. We
were yoked to the iron steam-horse, and
away we went through a level country,
the beautiful woods and villages of Fon-
tainebleau, to Tonnerre, near the termina-
tion of the "chemin de fer." There we were
again swung on the wheels of a coach,
and yoked to two tier of horses, three
or six; we trundled along at the rate of
six or seven miles an hour, day and night,
to Beaune. We were dropped a little after
daylight at, I presume, the best hotel in
town; but every thing looked so uncer-
tain for that I called for eggs. If fresh, I
knew they would be clean. After as
much of breakfast as surrounding circum-
stances would permit us to take, we spent
a few hours in viewing the old town.
Here is the noble hospital of Nicholas
Rollin, once chancellor to the Duke of Bur-
gundy; here, also, is a college, which
seemed neglected; here are strong ramparts,
planted with trees, which form a
magnificent promenade; but the chief
celebrity of the town is owing to its being
the centre of trade in the wine which it
gives its name, which is a species of the
Burgundy. Julien says that the wines
of Beaune have the justly acquired repu-
tation of being "le plus franc de gout de
toute la Bourgogne."

By railway we proceeded from Beaune
to Chalon, on the Soane, which we reached
in a short time. This was for many
years the capital of the ancient kingdom
of Burgundy, and is yet a place of con-
siderable business. The streets seemed
dirty, and the place looked as if it might
be unhealthy. It is low, marshy, and the
country very level. It was here the famous
Abelard died in 1142, whose varied and
romantic history is yet a subject of inter-
est to the world. His intrigues with
Heloise show to what an extent passion and
religion, faith and falsehood, love and mon-
kery, were mixed and mingled in the lives
of the ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages.
Heloise begged his body after his death,
and had it buried in her own monastery,
with the view of reposing in death by his
side. In 1800 the ashes of both of them
were removed to the Museum of French
monuments at Paris, and the exquisite
monument in Pere la Chaise is erected to
both of them, as the martyrs of love! At
Chalon we took a steamer down the Soane.

In this ride from north to south we had
a fine opportunity of seeing the country
portions of France. In the main, the face
of the country is very level, and is well
cultivated. The people live in villages,
and neither horses nor cattle are seen dis-
persed over the country, as in Britain or
with us. If now and then you see a cow
feeding by the wayside, it has always an
attendant to keep it within bounds. There
are no fences to be seen anywhere; and
the vines are trained about as far apart as
the hills are all vine-clad, and are often
prettily terraced for its cultivation. The
vines are planted about as far apart as
our hills of corn: the old stumps seemed
only a foot or two high, and the branches
from the stump are only permitted to grow
four or five feet high. Thus the strength
of the tree is thrown into the fruit, instead
of being permitted to expend itself in the
production of long branches and many
leaves. Vineyards thus cultivated were
everywhere to be seen. They ran up the
sides of the hills of the most steep ac-
tivities, and capped the summit of the highest
hills. Because they can stick a vine
anywhere, the entire surface of the coun-
try is producing something.

The villages through which we passed
present a very strong contrast to our
American villages. The streets are so nar-
row as often to make it impossible for two
carriages to pass one another. The houses
are built directly on the street, without
door-yard or pavement in front. Some-
times the horses are eating on the first
floor, while you are driving or sitting on
the second. And the air of neatness,
cleanliness, comfort, which is worn by our
best American villages, is generally absent
from those of France.

The peasantry also seemed uncultivated,
and in a low state of cultivation. Women
everywhere were working in the fields,
and were doing all kinds of manual labor.
And all along a canal, on the borders of
which we traveled many miles, men were
drawing the boats. The women seemed to
be doing the work of men, and men the
work of horses. In countries which sup-
port large standing armies, the men are
needed for arms, for the deadly branch,
as food for the cannon; hence the cultivation
of the country must, of necessity, devolve
upon women, if it is done at all. And, as
we shall narrate by and by, we have seen
men directing gangs of women in the
field, as it is said drivers superintending
gangs of negroes in our Southern planta-
tions. When there, France was a republic,
and yet soldiers were met everywhere.
The people wanted a republic, and legions
of armed men were needed to induce the
people to respect it! What a riddle are
the French people!

The sail down the Soane to Lyons was
very fine. The steamers on these rivers
are very narrow and very long, and with
very little to interrupt a promenade from
stem to stern. We stopped at many places
to give out and take in passengers, which
was done adroitly and rapidly. At one
place we took on several females with head
dresses which excited the wonder of those
of us who were travelers and strangers.
Their bonnets I then likened to a large
circular mat with a tumbler placed on the
centre of it. The tumbler was placed over
the head, and the leaf was tied on by very
wide and gorgeous ribbons. Their neck-
scarves were very short, and their dresses
quite in the masculine order. I asked the
captain who these strange-looking persons
were, who told me that they were very re-
spectable ladies of the place, wearing the
dress peculiar to that locality.

There is nothing which strikes an Ameri-
can traveler in Europe more strongly than
the attachment to old habits, fashions, and
forms everywhere visible. The guides
through the Tower of London are dressed
as harlequins. The Lord Chancellor of
England is buried in an enormous wig,
with sleeves. The advocates pleading in
court must wear their gowns and wig.
Welsh women wear hats like men. The
people in many of the departments of
France are distinguished by their dresses.
They will tell you in Rome to what village
the people from the country belong by the
fashion of their garments. Mountains, and
rivers, and other imaginary lines divide
kingdoms, nations, and tongues. On one
side of a river you find one set of customs;
on the other, a very different set. On one
side of a mountain you hear the Italian;
on the other, the German, or the French,
or a patois peculiar to the people. The
British Channel is some twenty miles wide,
and how different the people, the language,
the religion on either side of it. In a few
hours you may fly from Liverpool to Wales
and see the Isle of Man, and three hours
bring you among a people who speak the
Burgundy. Julien says that the wines
of Beaune have the justly acquired repu-
tation of being "le plus franc de gout de
toute la Bourgogne."

South, over a country thousands of miles
in extent, and find among all our people
the same language, customs, and habits.
These distinctions tend to keep up old
jealousies, to foster prejudices, to retain the
dividing lines of race and religion, and
thus to obstruct the march of civilization
and Christianity. They form strings upon
which kings, princes, and priests can play
so as to suit their own purposes. The
people of Europe need to be taken together,
and to be kept together long enough,
as it were in some chemical retort, in which
they would lose their peculiarities, and
from which they would come forth one
people. The great peculiarity of our
country is that we take all the varying
people from all the varying nations of
Europe, and cast them into our mill, and
they come out in the grist, speaking our
language, Americans and Protestants.

What a digression, caused by those
curiously dressed women seen on our way
from Chalon to Lyons!

For the American Lutheran.

The Temperance Movement and the Church.

Temperance—the greatest cause to-day
of nations, communities, families and in-
dividuals—has so often been portrayed in
all its destructive bearings and fearful as-
saults, that it would seem to become a work
of supererogation to write much upon this
damning crime against body and soul, in
this period of light and knowledge, to
American readers. It is admitted, we be-
lieve, by all intelligent men, professional
or unprofessional, clerical, medical, judicial
and mechanical, to be the direful source of
seven eighths of all the poverty, degradation,
distress, taxation and crime, over which
nations and states seem unable to
effectually spread their governing shields,
on account of which innumerable families
and friends bear constant signs of distress,
disgrace and mourning, and, for the want
of a more extensive influence and power to
check and eradicate which, the Christian
church has frequent cause to put on sack-
cloth and cover herself with humiliation.

This is the great question of the day:
The eradication and removal of the sin of
drunkenness from the conscience of the state
(government) and the church of Christ.
How this can be most effectually accom-
plished has been a subject of long contin-
ued study and reflection by many men of
the first order of intellect, knowledge (sci-
entific, medical, judicial and theological)
and most matured judgment, in all parts
of civilization and Christendom. And
though doubtless much has been done, here
and there, by various restrictive measures
and persevering efforts of the friends of
Temperance, strictly so-called, as well as by
the efforts of the friends of the Christian
Church, Advocates, Judges and Christian
Ministers, so little seems to have been
actually effected to warrant the final triumph
of the Temperance cause, the total prohibi-
tion of intoxicating liquors, or the sale
thereof as a beverage and the consequent
eradication of the vice of drunkenness,
with all its dreadful consequences—that
the foregoing question still looms up, as if
just from the beginning; and every friend
of humanity, as well as every lover of that
which is divine in man, must feel himself
called upon to aid, to the utmost of his abili-
ty, in dividing and carrying into execution
the most effectual means by which this
greatest of all evils to and among men may
be removed.

The Legislative powers of the state and
national governments have been called upon
time and again, to interpose and, at once,
put a stop to the destruction caused by
King Alcohol, by issuing a legal mandate
to prohibit entirely the manufacture and
sale, as a beverage, of all intoxicating liq-
uors. This has, to a very small extent,
been complied with, in our beloved United
States; and the effect, considering the nar-
row bounds to which the effort was confined,
whilst the liberty granted all around
these restricted boundaries was working
fearfully to undo all that was being effected
even there, was remarkably for the better.
But, unless this measure can be made gen-
eral in the whole land, we fear it will be a
long, long time, before the end aimed at is
accomplished. Still this must finally be-
come the *Law of the Nation*, if drunken-
ness is to be abolished in our country.
But the question, here, again arises; how
can this be most speedily effected, and in
what way?

In our own dear Old Keystone State men
are now moving, in various ways, to
bring about this much to be desired object;
but we fear, with very slim prospect of
speedy success. In the city of Brotherly
Love the privilege has been given to the
inhabitants of one ward (what is that
among so many?) to vote, at the coming
election, on the question, whether *licensing*
shall or shall not hereafter, be granted, in
that ward, to sell liquor as a beverage.
This, to say the least of it even if carried
by a mere mock at Prohibition. Imagine, if
you please, the first ward of our Borough
prohibiting license; or even the fourth ward
east of the creek, and what would be the
result? Come to the Fifth ward in the
outer limits, and to Bottoway, or go to
Frystown, (in High or Low street) on the
Sabbath, when no license prevails over the
whole state, and you may form a pretty
good idea of what would be the result of
one ward having no license in Philadelphia.

This subject, however, is so prolific of
matter, and the temptation to place it, in
its fearful, damaging aspects, civilly and
morally, widely and plainly before the eyes
of the common mass, is so great, that we
have hardly reached our main object,—the
relation of duty of the Church with the
Temperance movement,—ere we are ad-
monished, by the end of the sheet, that
our article is already almost, long enough
for one issue of the AMERICAN LUTHERAN.
We will, therefore, now ask your forbear-
ance with our prolixity, and promise, if
possible, to write in another article what
we had intended to crowd into this, hoping
that what is here written may be a source
of profitable reflection to all who may read
it.

[Conclusion in our next.]

For the American Lutheran.

Letters from Town and Country, Between Aunt Phoebe and Cousin Martha.

SPRING VALLEY, Sept. 20th, 1871.
My dear Martha! I embrace this opportunity,
while the children are asleep, to take
my pen in hand, in order to write a few
lines to you, to inform you that we are all
well, and I hope this letter will find you
and yours in the same state of health.

John is very busy during this month in
ploughing and seeding, and the weather
has been very dry with us. For some time
past he don't spend his evenings at the store
and shop, as he used to, talking politics
with the neighbors, but he spends his eve-
nings at home. I am so delighted with
this change that I must tell you how it
came to pass. About six weeks ago, when
our minister, Mr. Bright, preached his
Harvest Sermon, he spoke a good deal
about benevolence, and how that church
members should feel an interest in their
own church; that in order to become in-
terested they must be informed about the
history, character, institutions and wants of
their church, and in order to become thus
informed, they must read a good church
paper. He even went so far as to say that
no one can become an intelligent, liberal
Lutheran Christian without subscribing,
paying for, and reading a good church pa-
per. Then he recommended the AMER-
ICAN LUTHERAN, as in his opinion the best
and most practical paper for the common
people. He said he was agent for this pa-
per, and he wanted to have in introduced
into every family in the congregation, and
requested all those who had no church pa-
per in their families, to come forward after
the benediction and subscribe for the
AMERICAN LUTHERAN. About a dozen
or fifteen came forward and subscribed, and
as John is a deacon in the church now, he
didn't wish to be behind hand, but after
he had counted the penny collection he
stepped up and subscribed also. And he
did more too, he paid his two dollars straight
in advance which all of them could not do,
because as they said, they had no money
with them. But John always carries a
little money about him, as he says he don't
know what may turn up when he may need
it.

Well, ever since that time the paper
comes to our house every week, and now
John stays at home of an evening and
reads the AMERICAN LUTHERAN to me
while I am knitting or sewing. He has
become very much interested in it. He
likes the letters from Europe and Henry
Ward Beecher's Lecture Room Talk, and
some of the editorials and communications.
He says he wouldn't give up the paper any
more and if it cost twice as much money,
he would still have it. He has enjoyed
our family since we are married, like
those Conversations in the Sanctum, and
that Kate Hunsicker, I think, is a smart
woman, I have learned some useful things
from her. There is one column in the pa-
per that would interest and benefit you
very much, and that is the Sunday school
column, because you are a Sunday school
teacher and take such an interest in the
Sunday-school. I advise you to subscribe
for the AMERICAN LUTHERAN too.

Willie and Susie are also very much
pleased with the children's column and
there is generally a little contest when the
paper comes, which one shall read it first.
But now I must tell you of a great mis-
fortune that befell me. Last night some
body left the garden gate open, or did
not fasten it sufficiently, and what do you
think the cows got in and ruined my
garden! I had taken so much pains with
it, and the people when they passed by
looked over the fence and admired it, and
saw this morning to get up and find the
cabbage eaten or pulled up by the roots;
my nice sweet corn pulled off the stalks
and destroyed, my nice tomatoes trampled
in the ground, and even my flower bed de-
vastated! Oh it is enough to try the pa-
tience of Job! But I try to be resigned
and believe it is all intended for my good.
You know we are not to set our hearts
on the things of earth, "where moth and
rust corrupt and where thieves break
through and steal." But my sheet is full
and I must stop.

Now, Martha, do answer soon and write
me a good long letter.

From your affectionate friend
PHOEBE RUTTERFIELD.

For the American Lutheran.

What I Thought.

One pleasant day, while at work in a
certain orchard, I perceived that some of
the young trees, promised to yield a rich
harvest of fruit; as some of their branches,
from the heavy burden they bore, rested
upon the green earth. Directing my eyes
upon others, I beheld nothing but leaves.
As I looked at the different trees for a mo-
ment, thoughts arose in my mind, which
caused me to forget my work.

I now hastened to my pen and wrote
what I thought. At first I thought, that
the fruitful tree, was just like the faithful
Christian, who goes about doing good,
persuading sinners to repent; who with his
own seeks the eternal happiness of his fel-
low beings; who spends much of his time
on his knees, longing, sighing, and praying
for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon
all men. The unfruitful tree, thought I,
is the very image of the symbolist, who
tells from day to day, and when the year
comes round brings forth nothing but leaves.
Nothing but leaves, the Spirit grieves over
a wasted life; over sins indulged while
conscience slept, over vows and promises
unkept, and reaps from years of strife—
nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves.

Again, I thought that the unfruitful
trees were bearing some resemblance to the
body of ministers, who said: "We do not
believe in any modern inventions of men,
for the regeneration and conversion of souls;
but that holy baptism is the gift of a new
and spiritual life." I thought it was as-
tonishing that intelligent men should climb
up, and tumble over the walls, instead of

entering the little gate, that Christ, for all
that are willing to enter, eighteen hundred
years ago.

Age 1. I thought if less stress were laid on
infant baptism, and more upon the spiri-
tual, our churches would soon become more
fruitful, and the world were another aspect.
Lastly, I thought, what a blessing it is that
there are so many fruitful Christians in this
world, and that many who are now unfruit-
ful, might soon change, and no longer
bring forth "nothing but leaves."

"Nothing but leaves,"
No gathered sheaves, of life's fair ripening
grain;
We sow our seeds,
So tires and weeds,
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves, and memory weaves,
No well-laid plans, of life's fair ripening
grain;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and mispent day,
Sighing we go at last—nothing but leaves,
Nothing but leaves.

Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Dealing with withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment seat,
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves?

Backs County

Poetry.

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH.

O North, with all thy tales of green!
O South, with all thy palms!
From populous towns and fields between
Thy voice of praise,
Rise, ancient East, the anthem high.
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo, in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-lorded Son!
He brings a train of brighter years,
His kingdom is begun.
He came a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father hark the promised hour,
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
When He shall reign, from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words he said,
And their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led
Shall strive to pattern there;
He who conquered death shall win
The mightier conquest over sin.

—LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG.

The Pulpit.

From the Christian Union.
Lecture-Room Talk.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE PARABLE OF THE LABORERS.

I will comment upon, and draw in-
struction from, the parable contained in the
sixteen verses of the twentieth chapter of
Matthew's Gospel.

"For the kingdom of heaven is like unto
a man that is a householder, who went
out early in the morning to hire laborers
into his vineyard."

Our Master was accustomed to compare
the kingdom of God to almost everything
in nature, in one way and another. By
that kingdom he evidently meant the di-
vine moral administration in this world—
not the kingdom of nature, as we are ac-
customed to consider the material universe,
and not the church, except so far as the
church partakes of the spiritual administra-
tion of God over men. The kingdom of
God in this world is a kingdom of truth
and justice and love. The kingdom of
God is within you. And here the adminis-
tration of this kingdom is compared to a
scene which took place in the East, but
which could not very well have taken place
anywhere else.

"A householder went out early in the
morning to hire laborers into his vineyard;
and when he had agreed with the laborers
for a penny a day, he sent them into his
vineyard."

The Jews divided the day, between sun-
rise and sunset, into twelve parts, or hours;
and as there was the same number of hours
in every day (exclusive of the night, which
was divided into watches), they were, of
course, of different lengths at different sea-
sons of the year.

"And he went out about the third hour
[somewhere not far from nine o'clock], and
saw others standing idle in the marketplace,
and said unto them: Go ye also into the
vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will
give you. And they went their way."

Travelers tell us that there are places in
the East where laborers are gathered in the
morning for the purpose of being hired.
One relates that on a certain occasion he
saw a company of laborers, and asked them
why they were not at work, and they made
the same reply which is recorded in this
narrative further on—

"Because no man hath hired us."

It was a bazaar for labor, instead of a
bazaar for goods. We may see an illustra-
tion of this on South street, in New York,
where on some days you will find long lines
men standing in groups waiting for a job.
They have no ships, and no stores, and no
business of their own, and nothing to do,
and they wait to be hired. And that
which occasionally takes place in a com-
munity where business is organized as it is
among us, was a thing of regular occur-
rence in Oriental lands, in ancient days.

"Again he went out about the sixth and
ninth hour, and did likewise. And about
the eleventh hour he went out, and found
others standing idle, and said unto them:
Why stand ye here all the day idle? They
said unto him, Because no man hath hired
us. He said unto them, Go ye also into the
vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall
ye receive."

You will observe that in the beginning
of the day he hires for a penny a day.
This at the time was the regular price for
a day's labor. But further along in the
day he hires without a stipulated price,
and says, "I will give you what is right."
So when even was come, the lord of the
vineyard said unto his steward, Call the
laborers, and give them their hire, begin-

ning from the last unto the first. And
when they came that were hired about the
eleventh hour [and who had worked but a
single hour, therefore], they received every
man a penny. But when the first came,
they supposed that they should have re-
ceived more; and they likewise received
every man a penny."

The laborers who first came, seeing the
man who had toiled but a single hour re-
ceiving a penny, reasoned in this wise: "So
that is a just payment for one hour's ser-
vice, then we may expect that our wages
will be much more; for we have toiled
twelve hours, and have borne the severest
part of the day. If these men who have
toiled the coolest part, and the least part
of the day, receive a penny, how much
more will we receive!"

"But when the first came, they supposed
that they should have received more; and
they likewise received every man a penny.
And when they had received it, they mur-
mured against the good man of the house."

They were careful not to say anything
about it until they had the penny in their
hand. They were going to make sure of
so much, at any rate.

"When they had received it, they mur-
mured against the good man of the house,
saying, These last have wrought but one
hour, and thou hast made them equal unto
us, which have borne the burden and heat of
the day. But he answered one of them, and
said, Friend, I do thee no wrong: dost
not thou agree with me for a penny? Take
that thine is, and go thy way. I will give
unto this last even as unto thee. Is it not
lawful for me to do what I will with mine
own? Is thine eye evil, because I am
good?"

If the question had been whether these
men who had worked but an hour deserved
as much as those that worked the whole
day, there would have been occasion for
complaint. It would have been a sort of
imputation upon the men who had been
working the longest. It would have been
saying to them, substantially, "Twelve
hours from you are not worth to me more
than one hour from these other men." If
that had been the point of controversy,
there would have been equity in this ob-
jection. But the ground taken is this: I
paid you according to your own estimate
of your services; I paid you what you re-
garded your work as worth; I made a fair
bargain with you. But these other men,
whom I put on at the last, I pay, out of
my generosity, what I please; and you
have no right to envy their good luck. It
is not a question of whether their work is
worth as much as yours. It is not a ques-
tion of whether I am interfering with the
regular commercial customs of the com-
munity. My heart is not bound of com-
mercial customs. I act on the principle of
generosity. And what business have you
to step in between me and my generous feel-
ings? I do not take from you anything
agreed upon with you. I deal with you ac-
cording to the custom of the country.

And have you any business to find fault
with me because I choose to do better by
others than I do by you? Am I to regulate
my dealings with you by your selfish-
ness, or by my own sense of what I consider
right and proper?" He asserted his liberty
to be generous. And he says,

"So the last shall be first, and the first
last."

Now, what could have been the object of
such a parable as this? What was the
Saviour attempting to illustrate? We are
to remember that the Jews then had very
much the same feeling in respect to other
people that a sect in our day has with re-
gard to the other sects. It was the habit
of the Jews to think, not only that they
had a better knowledge of God, and that
they had inherited the laws and the insti-
tutions in a purer and wiser form, than any
other nation, but that no others in the
world had any business with religion but
them, unless they would take it as prose-
lytes from them. And to declare that the
Gentiles were going to have life and im-
mortality brought to light in the promises
of God, was enough to bring stones on a
man's head. Nothing could be more offen-
sive to the Jews than the thought that
Christ came to give the same truth to the
Gentiles that he gave to the Jews. The
Jews assumed to be favorites of God. They
claimed a sort of pre-emption right to all
the religion in the world, and felt that no-
body else must have any part of it unless
they pleased to lend it to him, or unless he
took it on their terms. Others besides
Jews might have some hope, some share in
the promise, provided they became Jews;
but whoever had it must take it at the
hands of these favored people of God. No
one had any right to it on any other
ground.

"That which we see in the Jews at large
is a part of human nature. Every sect
think they have that doctrine, the govern-
ment and the ordinance. All the world,
they think, may have religion and salva-
tion; but they must take them according
to the right place. If you are in the true
church, if you have received the ordina-
nces, according to the truest creed, you
shall be saved; but outside of the true
church there is no covenant mercy of
God for the world. You must take it just
so, or it is very doubtful whether you can
have it at all. Conformity to the church
is the condition of salvation. So Christians
feel to-day; and so the Jews felt in their
day. We can interpret the state of things
which existed in ancient times by our own
times. There was a special reason for this
general feeling of the Jews, and we find
the disciples, who were Jews

