

GIVING keys, you may be sure, and fat geess DAY dawned coldly and reminiscent of Michaelmas feasts at cheerlessly two hundred bome. There was feathered game a and eighty-five years ago plenty, and venison for the killing, when from the deck of the Oysters lay before their very doors, and wark the Pilgrim Fathers gazed fish go we. Then there were the homeupon the forbidding line of the New made barley loaves and cakes of In-Eugland coast. Even to-day the shores dian meal-a dainty borrowed from of Cape Cod present an anything but the aborigines. For vegetables they cordial face to the ocean, and what had peas and, of course, beans; parsmust the 102 venturesome passengers nips, carrots, turnips, onlons, cucumon the Mayflower have thought as they bers, beets, cabbages and "coleworts." saw the sand dunes rising up out of the sea that chilly morning of Novem- and strong," history tells us-with ber 21, 1620? Stern and deterring is melons and other toothsome products their own religion, lay that New World of the vine. And last, but by no means to which they had salled to find liberty least, copious supplies of what the of belief; inhospitable, wind-swept, Indians called "comfortable warm treviess, loomed the land. It must water," but what the grim Puritans have taken dire necessity or flauntless knew as "Hollands." So some broad trage to make a landing at such a leather belts were loosened, probably,

But the Pilgrims were made of stern stemmed pipes were lighted. stuff, and what lay behind them was It was on such a day that the Purlinfinitely worse—to them—than what tan housewives were in their glory. lay before. So they stoutly called their Cunning recipes, handed down from women and children together and ven-tured ashore to plant the banner of a James I. was king;" rare cordials, made the mighty race which now, from the meats, preserves and jellies, all fresh

after the meal was over, and the long

gloomy religion upon a still more from berries and herbs; compelling shore. From that landing "pasties," most excellent tarts, wheat sprung the town of Plymouth, and en biscuits, calculated to lead men's from those men and women sprang thoughts away from holy things; force-Atlantic to the Pacific, gives thanks and sweet from the spotless kitchens each year for the blessings of the last of Dame Brewster and Priscilla Alden.

Edward Winslow, historian of the Nevertheless, with all the feasting, of mankind.

For Peace, Plenty and Happiness Let a Grateful People Bow in a Prayer of Chanksqiving

firm the blessings we experienced.
"Deeply penetrated with this sentiment, I, George Washington, President of the United States, do recommend to all religious societies and denomina-tions, and to all persons whomsoever, within the United States, to set apart and observe Thursday, the 19th day of February next, as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, and on that day to meet together and render sincere and hearty thanks to the great signal mercles which distinguish lot as a nation; particularly for the possession of constitutions of governnent which unite and, by their ut establish liberty and order; for the preservation of our peace, foreign and nestic; for the reasonable control which has been given to a spirit of disorder in the suppression of the fate insurrection, and generally for the pros-perous condition of our affairs, public and private, and at the same time humbly and fervently beseech the kind Author of these blessings graciously to prolong them to us; to imprint on our hearts a deep and solemn sense of our obligations to Him for them; to teach us rightly to estimate their immense value; to preserve us from the arro-gance of prosperity, and from hazarding the advantages we enjoy by delusive pursuits, to dispose us to merit the continuance of His favors by not abusing them, by our gratitude for them, and by corresponding conduct as citizens and as men to Pender this country more and more a safe and propi-tious asylum for the unfortunate of other countries; to extend among us true and useful knowledge; to diffuse

and establish habits of sobriety, order,

morality, and piety, and finally to im-

part all the blessings we possess or

ask for ourselves to the whole family

adequate cause for all phenon underlying and eternal reality. Or you may put the argument in this No thought without a thinker. There is thought in the universe. Therefore there is a thinker in the As the universe is practically infinite

THE PULPIT.

SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. DR. FRANK O. HALL

Subject: The Spirit Beareth Wilness.

Dr. Hall said:

we must believe that in and through the universe lives an Infinite Thinker, and inasmuch as we cannot conceive of an impersonal thinker we must conceive of God as a personal being. To be sure, our words are inadequate to express the qualities of the Divine Life. As the heavens are high above the earth so are His thoughts higher than our thoughts. The mode of His existence may be infinitely higher than what we name personality. But these are the best words at our command. We are obliged to use them or nothing. So we have a right to say that God is

an intelligent personality.
You may find such arguments elaborated at great length in scores of learned books on theology and theism. But when you have read them and agreed with the conclusion, what does it amount to? Very likely men and women have come along this dreary pathway of logic to the more beautiful realm of faith, but I am convinced that a mere intellectual belief in God is practically worthless. Ninety-nine out of every hundred convicts in our states' prisons believe in God. James states the case still stronger. "Dost thou believe in God? The devils also believe and tremble." There is neither comfort nor strength nor enthusiasm in mere intellectual belief in the exist-

One may find an intellectual delight in listening to a clear and convincing argument for theism as he might in listening to some skilled mathematical talk about geometry. But something more is necessary. Every one of us knows what it is to long for the consciousness of a personal relationship with God the Father. "O God," cried Augustine, "Thou hast made me for Thyself and I cannot rest until I rest in Thee." O, to know God personally; to come into touch with Him; to feel His love and His pity; to be able to say, "Within Thy circling arms I lie," and feel the sentiment of the words: to know that He is my Father and my friend! O, to have His Spirit bear vitness with our spirits that we are children of God!

Now, one can no more gain this conof the reasoning faculties, than he can learn to love Tennyson by going through the process of counting the number of words or letters in his comolete works. One might gain a certain intellectual satisfaction in doing that. But if you are really to get good from Tenuyson, then his spirit must bear witness with your spirit; that is, his response in you. So, if God is to be an ever present help in trouble, a staff for the hand and a guide for weary feet, then one must have something nore than a mere intellectual belie in His existence. What the world needs, what each one of us needs, is not so much an intellectual assurance of God's existence as spiritual assurance of His personal relationship to

us as His children. I know that I am appealing to comnon experience and a common longing. Not one of us who does not know what it is to desire with a mighty yearning for a personal assurance of the love of

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infanc crying for a light
And with no language but a cry.

Just as the child wakes in the night and, feeling the blackness huge and empty about him, cries out into the gloom for companionship and love, and the father comes and takes the child in his arms and, with confident voice, soothes away the childish fears, so of-tentimes we children of earth feel the darkness of life oppress our souls and cry out for the strong arms of a heav-enly Father. Why should we be ashamed to acknowledge this hunger of the soul any more than we are ashamed to acknowledge the hunger of the body? How aspecially the body? How, especially in the midst of trouble, the heart hungers for its Father. When the clods fall upon the coffin lid, how the soul cries, "My God-my God." How, when the clouds of adversity gather dense—when the cherished ambitions of a lifetime prove futile; when the fortune which was to make the years of old age bright takes to itself wings; how, when the familiar friend lifts up his heel against one—the heart cries out. "Oh. God—my God!" And even in the sunshine and the joy of life, when everything seems to be bright and beautiful and full of promise of future joy, there will come moments when it all seems empty and meaningless and the soul cries out for

God.

Aly memory goes back to my own young manhood, and I recall a day that was more than usually beautiful, when I stood alone by the sea. I had every reason to be happy. I bad found my place in the world; had a work to do and the future seemed full of promise. My health was perfect, and I had not been disappointed, even in my boyish dreams. And yet I recall the awful loneliness and emptiness of the hour. I had but to walk a mile to be welcomed by true and tried friends. But I stood there, lonely and homesick. There flashed into my mind the dreary words:

O we poor children of nothing, alone on this lonely shore, Born of a hrainless nature who knew not that which she bore.

that which she bore.

And I remember that I threw myself in the grass there with the sunshine of the remember that I threw myself in the grass there with the sunshine shows a sunshine shows the sunshine shows a sunshine state of the sunshine state in the sunshine shows a sunshine state of the sunshine shows a sunshine sunshine shows a sunshine sunshine

ing else ever can satisfy the deep bunger of the human heart. One might say that such a youth was abnormal, lusane, if this were an

extraordinary esperience, but is an ex-perience common to us all. Here is a song composed by some unknown sing-er 4000 years ago, a singer of a differ-ent race, in a far away land, under entirely different circumstances from those in which we live, but this song has been taken up and repeated by millions of human belogs because the words express the ever recurrent sentiment of the human soul is all ages and New York City.—Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, pastor of the Church of the Di-vine Paternity, preached Sunday morn-ing on "The Spirit Beareth Witness." He chose his text from Romans vili-18: "The spirit itself beareth witness with all lands. "As the bart panieth for the water brooks so panieth my soul after Thee, O God." You shall find this sentiment expressed in ten thou-It is easy to build an argument for the existence of God. The process of reasoning may be briefly stated thus: We are compelled to think that there can be no effect without a cause. But sand bymns. In a million churches on this Sunday morning it is being sung. In a million mosques it is being chanted. In a million Buddhist temples it is being uttered. All around the earth

if we trace an effect back to its cause and find this in turn to be an effect, then trace that back to its cause and find that also to be an effect, we must all classes and conditions of men, rich and poor, wise and foolish, good and, bad, high and low, are longing and praying to have His Spirit bear wit-ness with their spirits that they are at length predicate the existence of an children of God.

And not only do the people who be-lieve in God testify to this. The most remarkable and pathetic testimony comes from those who intellectually deny that there is sufficient reason to believe in the existence of God. It seems to me that almost the wreariest words that ever fell from human lips were uttered by Professor Clifford when he felt himself compelled intelectually to take the atheistic position. "I have seen the spring sun shine out of the empty heavens upon a soulless earth, and have felt with utter loneliness that the great Companion was dead." And you will remember that Professor Romanes, though at the last he saw a great light and went to his death full of trust "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams," at one time wrote a book called "A Candid Examination of Theism," and in this examination found no rational ground for a belief in God. He closed his book with these words; "I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual denial of God the universe has lost its soul and loveliness, and when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast be-tween the hallowed glory of the creed

that once was mine and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it at such times it will ever be impossible to avoid the sharpest pangs of which my nature is susceptible." Take note of these words of an absolutely sincere and fearless man, "The sharpest pangs of which my nature is susceptible Now why should one feel like that? Suppose there is no God, what of it? Suppose it should be proved that this world has been produced by the opera-

tion of physical forces working in acwhat of it? Is not the sky just as blue A friend told me this incident the other day: There was a family consist-

ing of an aged man and woman, a number of sons and daughters and a little group of grandchildren. The aged One night the aged man, as usual, took his evening paper and sat in his accustomed place to read, wiped his glasses, made a comment or two to the white Now one can no more gain this come halred wife knitting opposite, and af-sciousness or the power that comes ter a little, as his custom was, fell into is a dealer in bottles, and he has had

> and joked till one said, "Father seems to be sleeping very soundly," and, place filled with interest was there, nothing panions in their shady and sheltered was apparently changed. Was not the sky just as blue and the grass just as en and did not the stars shine as thily? What difference did it make? Why, if he was dead his spirit Abe, and they are glad when thesun could no longer bear witness to the goes down and permits them to see spirit of the aged wife that he loved clearly the objects around them her. His spirit could no longer respond to the loy of his grandchildren. There is a difference between a dead body and a living man that makes one stand.
>
> The neighbors say the White boys in the presence of his living friend will have to be taught in night schools with joy and in the presence of the as they will be anable to study during friend's dead body with unutterable the daytime. misery. There is a difference between

That is the reason for these utterances of black dawe's from those who do soul longeth-yea, even fainteth or the courts of the Lord."

a dead universe and a living universe.

Now I want to call your attention to the testimony of this hunger siter God, to the existence of God. Whence came this universal and insatiable desire? It came from the same source as the mighty longing of a woman for a child, the longing of the child for a mother's love. It was wrought into man by the same power that makes the man search through the world for the one woman to whom he can give himself in love; by the same power that makes the maiden desire above everything else the love of one strong man. All these are wrought by nature into human na-ture. David was right and his analogy was complete. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." As the thirst of the bart for water, as the fact that the bart suffers and dies without water, is testimony enough for him that somewhere there must exist water to satisfy his thirst, so the thirst of the human soul for God, this mighty cry that goes up from every human soul, is inexplicable except upon the ground that God is and that somehow His spirit can bear witness with our spirit that we are children of God. When you have convinced me that the love of you have convinced me that the love of man for woman, of mother for child is without meaning or purpose then I will believe that this longing of the human soul for God is not to be trusted. Until that time I know that I have evidence in myself that God is and that I am related to Him. May we not trust this deepest and divinest instinct of laman unture? If not, what can we

You tell me that you will trust your cyresight. But why? If the thought of God is a delusion, why may not the whole visible universe be a delusion. whole visible universe be a deliasion? If my instinctive outreaching after that which is holy is a lie, why may not what I seem to see be another lie? Youssay that you will trust your reason? May not that also be another deliasion? "Two times two are four," your car, "always have been, slways will be." But how do you know? Have you any right from your own petity experience to assume that something was true a million years ago and will be true a million years hence? But you do assume that. You must trust your reason. Then why not trust this deeper instinct of the human soul which cries out for God and can be satisfied with nothing least Religion in its own evidence. The man who trusts and surrenders himself to God does

But you will say, "Prove it to me."
I ask you to prove it to yourself. I cannot prove it to you. No man can. You must make the experiment for Annot prove it to you. No man can, You must make the experiment for yourself. You must prove it yourself. Here is a man with his eyes bandaged tight, who cries, "You say that the sunshine is beautiful, the grass green, the roses red. Prove it to me." What will you do? There is no possible way in which you can prove the beauty of the world to this man with bandaged eyes, "Off with the bandage?" you cry. "Open your eyes and look. Trust the evidence of your own senses. Then you will believe." "How does opening the eyelids alter the relation between my eyes and the light? Why, the glorious revealing light comes in, a thing it cannot do to shut eyes. How does breathing in alter the relation of my lungs to the air? Why, it brings the

lungs to the air? Why, it brings the air that was before outside of me inside of me. Just where I absolutely need it for very life, that is all. The open soul takes Ged in, The shut soul keeps God out, that is all. The immutable, eternal laws of light and air are not chaused, they are illustrated there. not changed, they are illustrated there by. The immutable love of God is not changed. Its glorious working is illustrated when the believing soul opens its gates and lets the King of Glory in. Oh, friend, you who are hungry and thirsty and have tried in a thousan ways to find satisfaction and hav found it not, make another experiment—make the supreme venture o faith. Try trusting in God to the ut-most. Surrender yourself to the guid-ance of His divine will. I believe that thus you will find strength, comfort, satisfaction and that your faith shall prove itself in the deep experiences of your life. You want me to prove to you that prayer is effective and rea-sonable. I will not try. I ask you, rather, to prove it to yourself. Pray. Talk to your Father. Listen to His-voice. Then you will no longer be ask-

ing for proof that prayer is effective. You will have evidence in yourself. There is a God and He is our Father, and He reveals Himself and His love to men; not to a few men, but to all men. His spirit will bear witness with your spirit if you will open the eye and ears of the spirit to hear and see. Sorrows may encompass you, temptations may horass you, disappointments may come to you. Still trust, poor soul; trust as never before. Trust in the Lord and He shall bring it to pass. Cast thy burden on the Lord and He shall sustain thee. Out of the depths of the soul's experience were these words uttered. They can be proved true in the deep experience of

BOYS CAN SEE ONLY AT NIGHT

Seek Darkness During Daylight, but at Nightfall See Like Owls.

the soul to which they appeal,

In Hartford, Conn., live two broth ers who during daylight are nearly the grass as green? Are not friends as blind as owls, but at night can see as dear? Why should we not get along without God? Why should we care whether God is or is not?

The shot the say just as blind, as blind as owls, but at night can see like cats. When the sun in shining without God? Why should we care whether God is or is not? a half years old and his brother three years younger seek the darkest and shadlest places they can find, to avoid the glare of light that makes vision practically impossible for them. When grandfather was enjoying a screne and happy old age, loved by all, and the home was one of peculiar brightness. One picht the screen was the condition of darkness that prevents their little friends from seeing anything around them Hyman and Abe are perfectly at home.

The father of the two boys named one of those quiet siumbers peculiar to the eyes of his two sons examined by old age. Around him the other mem-bers of the family talked and laughed Nothing that has been done has helped their condition. The boys are not depressed in spirits by their affliction. ing his hand upon the old man's shoul- depressed in spirits by their affliction. der. discovered that he was deed. They are sorry they are unable to Now, ask me, will you, what difference play with other boys in the bright day. is made? The home was left, the lamp light, but they remain cheerful and ourned as brightly, the newspaper are usually able to find some comretreats in Riverside Park

The darker and more shaded the did it spot the better it suits Hyman and clearly the objects around them

GOOD AND HUMOROUS EXCUSE

Debtor Really Deserved Grant of E tension of Time. A prominent business house in Baltimore placed a bill in the hands of a

collector, who, in response to a re-

quest for settlement, received the fol owing in reply: "My Dear Sir: Absence from the city prevented my writing in answer to yours of recent date.

"It will be utterly impossible for me to settle the claim you mention at present, for the very simple but good reason-I haven't got it.

"I lost every penny I had in the world, and considerable I had in the future, in a theatrical venture last September. Up to the present time I have not recovered from the shock. "I think if you lay this fact before your clients they will not advise you to proceed harshly against me. From their past experience with my modes of procedure in days gone by I do not think they can recall any auspick mannerisms which could lead them to suppose I am a debt dodger.

"I have simply been initiated into the Lodge of Sorrow, Hard Luck Chap-ter, Fool Division No. 59. amall grass-covered plot in the Rue Franklin, near the Place du Troca-"My picture, hanging crape-laden of

the legend, 'Sucker No. 33876493.' "My motto is briefly: 'I would if could; but I haven't, so I can't." "Fortune may smile, however; up to the present writing it has given me the

laugh. I have hopes. "Directly I am in a position even re-totely suggesting opulence. I assure motely suggesting opulence. I assure you your balance will receive my very prompt attention. —Montreal Heraid.

EMPRESS OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.



THE CZARINA IN COURT COSTUME. SHE IS THE MOTHER OF FOUR LITTLE GIRLS AND A BOY, THE HEIR, BORN LAST SUMMER.

WINDOW SHADE HOLDER.

An Objo man has devised an entirely new idea in shade-holders, an illustration of which we show here. His holder has quite a few advantages in that it can be changed to fit any ordinary window frame without destroy ing its future usefulness in case of change of residence with change in size of window frame. The body of this holder is made of a bar divided in the centre, the two parts being adjustably attached to a grooved binge by means of thumbscrews passed through slots in the hinge plates. On one side of the slots are projecting teeth or a roughened surface to pre vent the bar from slipping by undue pressure. On the ends of the bars tre pivoted metal heads, having rough ened surfaces, which bear against the window frame when the holder is in place. Projecting from the ends of the bars are adjustable journals to hold the shade rollers and are held in place and regulated by thumbscrews. put the holder in place in the window frame, the bars are first adjusted so Then the heads are placed in the corners of the frame by holding the bars with both hands. By pressing upward the holder is immediately sprung firmly in place. Next the tournal

BASILY SPRUNG INTO POSITION.

justed to fit the roller without having

IN HONOR OF FRANKLIN.

When the two hundredth anniver

sary of the birth of Benjamin Frank-

lin is celebrated, on January 17, 1906.

of Franklin, given to the city by John

H. Harjes, at present the resident

member in Paris of the firm of Mor-

John J. Boyle. It will be a replica of

the one in front of the Philadelphia

Postoffice and will be placed in the

the roller.-Philadelphia Record.

frame, the bars are first adjusted so as to tighten it in the window frame. Then the heads are placed in the cornthen the heads are placed in the cornbright-colored cloth. — Philadelphia Record.

BROWNIE PINCUSHION.

NEW PHILIPPINE SEAL.

Armortal Device Adopted by bearings for the shade roller are adthe Insular Government Several years ago, writes a Washing-

ton correspondent, French E. Chad wick discovered that the great seal of the United States had been heraldically faulty for a bandrod years, and forthwith experts and

If the devices used by the other Federal Departments, and new designs were soon made for the Army and Navy and for the customs service of the Treasury. Even the flag of the President had to be altered. The experts who were consulted in these cases about the same time devised a new coat-of-arms for Porto Rico and new seal, which gave some indicaflon that the island had russed from Spanish sovereignty to that of the





the name of the fact t



Plymouth Colony, has left us an ac- religious things were not forgotten. count of the first Thanksgiving Day. The first harvest festival was ushered It was celebrated in 1621, after a year in with prayer and the giving of of cruel cold, hardship, and difficulties thanks. The Indians were mainly en hard, and the houses, of rough- retainers were bidden to the festivities January, 1795. hawn logs, had risen slowly. Exposed with that New Engaland hospitality to the fury of a New England winter, which has continued ever since. Long-offering suffering from hunger, con- winded prayers there were, without a stantly threatened by roving bands doubt, to which the impassive Indians of Indians, those heroic sonis, with listened with stolid calm. A man who me faith, could and thank God for could not pray for one solid hour withbroofits received. A row of graves iny out repenting himself was not consid-near the sea, almost half the number ered of much account those days, and se who had landed the previous it is pretty certain that the endurance

With hearts and lips in worshipful accord .

Do we recount the blessings on us poured

And lift our voices hymns of praise to sing

For all Thy care."

The first national observance of the day followed the proclamation of President George Washington, issued in January, 1785. It will be read with interest, as it was the first real "crow" that our forefathers permitted them-selves after the stirring times of the

Revolution. It was as follows:
"When we review the calamities which sillict so many other nations, the present condition of the United States affords much matter of comolation and satisfaction. Our exemption hitherto from fureign war, an increasing prospect of the continuance of that exemption, the great degree of internal tranquility by the suppression of an lusurrection which so wantonly threatened it, the happy course of our public affairs in general, the mexampled prosperity of its classes of our citizens, are circumstances which particularly mark our situation with the indications of the Divine beneficence toward us. In ition. It was as follows:

"In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of the United States of America to be affixed to these presents, and signed the same with my hand, done at overcome. The work of settlement had friendly, and King Massasol! and his the city of Philadelphia the first day of "GEORGE WASHINGTON.

E . C. 20

"By the President: "Edward Randolph." Thus did the eagle scream in 1795 and the noble bird has been lifting up

his voice annually ever since.



Roast Turkey, Giblet Gravy, ashed Turnips, Browned Sweet Potatoes Lettuce, Prench Dressing Cheese Straws, Salted Almonds Ice Cream, | Ginger Wajers