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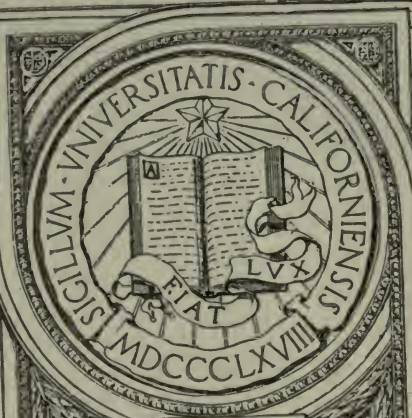


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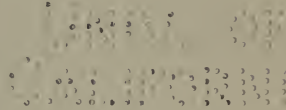
THE

SERVICE MANUAL.

BY

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.,

OF THE REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL.



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PHILADELPHIA.

1892.

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PREFACE.

THE fixed Order of Worship has been departed from in this MANUAL, but merely in form. The spirit of the traditional service has been sacredly preserved. Its devotional sentiment has been brought nearer to the modern mind by the use of a number of the most approved liturgical aids. The gems of Biblical, Apocryphal, and Rabbinical literature have been freely introduced in the form of Responsive Readings and Choral Chants, and have been incorporated in the Meditations and Exhortations.

To each Sabbath a distinctive purpose has been given by assigning to it a special significance, which is made the theme of that day's service. The purport of each Festival is likewise made the central thought, which is elaborated in all the parts of the Festival service. To quicken the fervor of the worshipper, to ensure his participation in the service, and especially to awaken the interest of each individual, the Responsive Readings, Congregational Singing, and the various themes of each separate week have been provided.

In the preparation of this MANUAL the writer has been greatly aided by the embodiment of copious extracts and adaptations from a number of the most eminent masters in verse and in prose, and by selections from the standard liturgies. These have materially lessened his labor, and have greatly heightened the style and thought of the work. The writer's thanks are due them, and are hereby cheerfully expressed.

The necessity of publishing THE SERVICE MANUAL in time for the dedication of the new temple of the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel has prevented its completion. Of the intended fifty-two different Sabbath services, but twelve are published. The remaining forty services will be issued within a short time, when copies of the MANUAL now distributed will be collected for the insertion of the omitted part.

PHILADELPHIA, August, 1892.

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DIRECTIONS FOR THE USE OF THE MANUAL.

The "Evening Service" (pp. 5-14) is to be read at every evening gathering for worship—Week-days, Sabbaths or Holidays.

After the Organ Voluntary indicated at top of page 12, add "The Additional Service" required for that special evening. Then return and conclude the Service, pp. 12-14.

On the evening of Week-days add, after the Organ Voluntary indicated at the top of page 12, "The Additional Service" pp. 15-19.

On the Eve of Sabbaths add, after the Organ Voluntary indicated at the top of page 12, "The Additional Service" pp. 15-19, or any one of the "Additional Services For Sabbaths" beginning page 48.

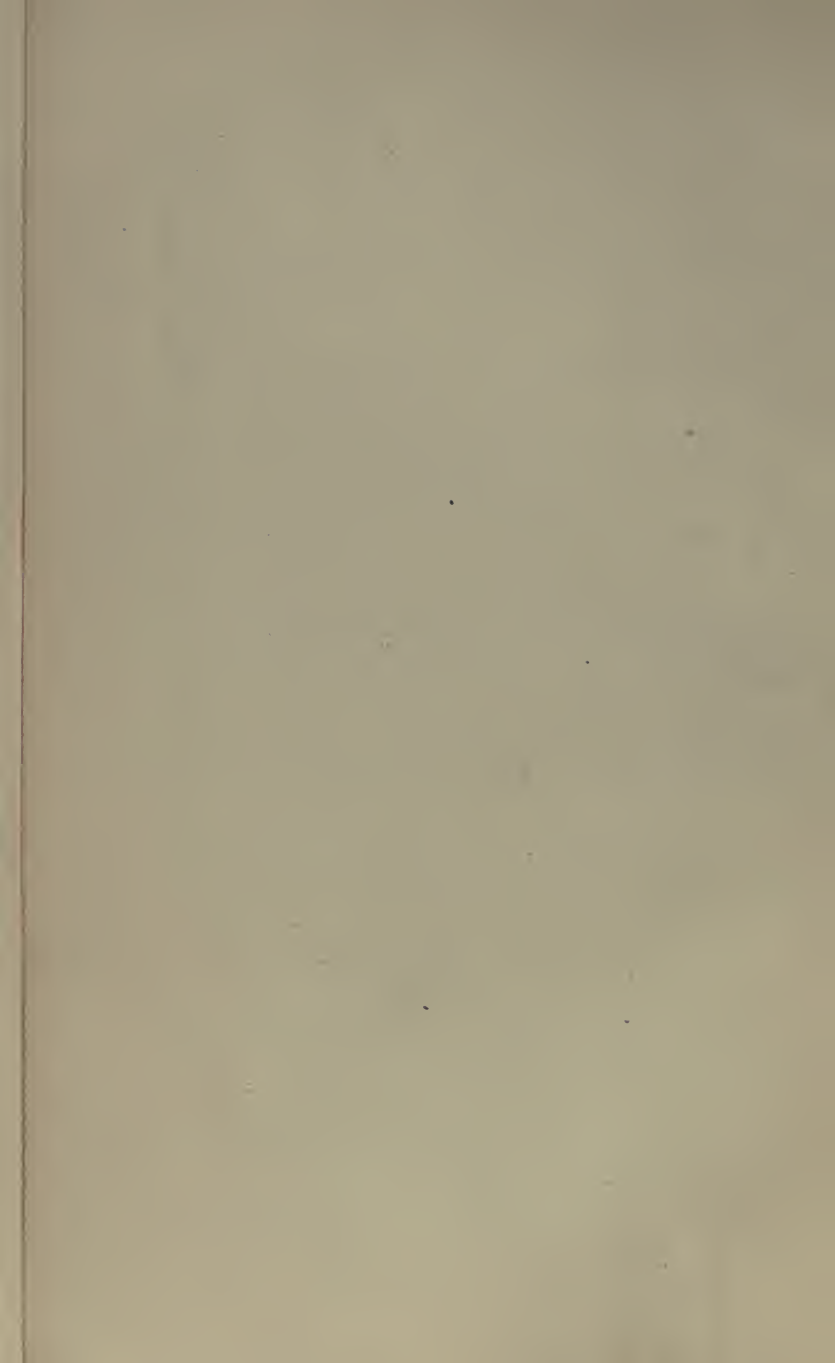
On the Eve of Holidays add, after the Organ Voluntary indicated at the top of page 12, "The Additional Services" designated in the Table of Contents for that special evening.

The "Morning Service" (pp. 20-47) is to be read at every morning gathering for worship—Week-days, Sabbaths or Holidays. On Week-days omit pp. 27-30.

After the Organ Voluntary indicated at the top of page 27, add "The Additional Service" suitable for that special day. Then return and conclude the service pp. 27-47.

On Sabbath Morning add, after the Organ Voluntary indicated at the top of page 27, one of "The Additional Services for Sabbaths" beginning page 48.

On Holidays add, after the Organ Voluntary indicated at the top of page 27, "The Additional Services" designated in the Table of Contents for that day.



Evening Service.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

INVOCATION.

ברוך אתה " המעריב ערבים:

Minister :

O THOU who art our Guardian and our Guide, the silence of the evening has fallen upon the earth; the sweet hours of rest have returned once more. The cares of another day have ended, and we draw nigh unto Thee with our offerings of praise and thanksgiving. Separated from the din of the busy world, we draw near to Thee to hear Thy voice in the silence that now pervades; by Thy light, that makes the night brighter than the day, to re-view our day's doings and blessings, and to see whether they have brought us by a day's length nearer to Thee.

Draw nigh unto us, O Lord, as we draw nigh unto Thee. Enter Thou the sanctuary of our hearts, as we have entered the habitation of Thy holiness. Let the words of our lips and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in Thy sight, O Thou to whom every soul is bare and every heart is open. Amen.

Choir :

Bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, who by night stand in the House of God.

Ps. cxxxiv. 1.

בְּרַכּוּ אֶת־יְיָ כָּל־עַבְדֵי יְיָ
הָעוֹמְדִים בְּבַיִת־יְיָ בַּלַּיְלוֹת:

Congregation :

The Lord will command His loving kindness in the day-time, and in the night His song shall be with me.

Ps. xlii. 9.

יוֹמָם יְצַוֶּה יְהוָה חַסְדּוֹ
וּבַלַּיְלָה שִׁירָה עִמִּי:

ADORATION.

אֲרוֹן עוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר מֶלֶךְ

Minister :

Lord of the Universe, Thou hast reigned before yet any being was created, and till now hast Thou ruled all to which Thy creative will has given life. And though the universe should vanish and all life pass away, even then wilt Thou remain the Lord and Creator Supreme. Thou wast, Thou art, and Thou wilt for ever be great and glorious. As Thou wast without beginning, so wilt Thou be without end. Thou alone holdest sway; besides Thee there is none. Thou governest in everlasting dominion. Thou art mighty and adorable, and Thy greatness is unutterable. Thine are the heavens, and Thine the earth. Thine is the day, and Thine the night. Thou hast spread out the firmament, and laid the foundations of the earth. Thou ledest forth the sun, paintest the sky with the brightest azure, deckest the earth with inexpressible loveliness. Thou drawest in the genial light of day, and ledest forth the silvery moon and the millions of stars that stand as faithful sentinels over us while Thou wrappest us in peaceful slumber. Thou art our God, our Redeemer, our Sheltering Rock in distress, our Guide and Protector when we invoke Thy aid. Into Thy care we commit our bodies and souls, sleeping and waking. If Thou art with us, O God, we have nothing to fear.

Choir :

Day unto day uttereth
speech, and night unto night
showeth knowledge.

יוֹם לְיוֹם יְבִיעַ אִמְר וּלְיֵלֶה
לְלֵילָה יַחֲוֶה־דַעַת

Ps. xix. 3.

Congregation :

He that dwelleth in the
secret place of the Most
High shall abide under the
shadow of the Almighty.

Ps. xci. 1.

יֵשֵׁב בְּסִתְּרֵךָ עֲלֵיּוֹן בְּצֵל
שְׁדֵי יִתְלוֹנֵן:

THANKSGIVING.

טוֹב לְהִדּוֹת לְיְהוָה

Minister :

Though the shades of evening have again descended, yet no shadow obscures Thy loving kindness. Though the light of day has gone to awaken and bless other lands, yet Thou, O God, abidest with us still. Marvellous is Thy goodness, O God. Every moment brings us tokens of Thy love. The day that has now closed, how rich has it been in the demonstration of Thy goodness! At home and abroad, in our several ways and amid varied exposures, Thy sheltering wings have been over us. Thou hast continued to us the use of our powers and faculties, and enabled us to go through the trials required by duty and necessity without injury to mind or body. Thy loving hand has tenderly smoothed for us the rough and thorny paths. In Thee we have found an unfailing support when, wearied and fainting, we felt our own thoughts insufficient to our need. How shall we thank Thee, who possessest all and wantest nothing, for the bounty with which Thou hast supplied, for the strength with which we have borne our burdens, for our escape from seen or unseen perils, for the instruction we have received through our outward experience and Thy inward admonitions, for every social and domestic comfort we have enjoyed, for whatever other blessings imparted to our souls? We

cannot requite Thee with gifts, nor render recompense to Thee with even our most cherished treasures. We can but worshipfully offer unto Thee our praises and thanksgiving.

Choir :

Praise ye the Lord, the Praise-deserving.		בְּרַכּוּ אֶת־יְיָ הַמְּבָרֵךְ :
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Congregation :

Praised be the Lord, the Praise-deserving, for ever and aye.		בְּרוּךְ יְיָ הַמְּבָרֵךְ לְעֹלָם וְעַד :
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SUPPLICATION.

(Congregation reads in silence.)

With what gladness should we welcome the hour that calls us to Thy Sanctuary! But, alas! we know, O Father, that many a time and oft we have proved ourselves unworthy of Thy many and great mercies. We feel that in the eagerness of our pursuits we have not always thought of Thee, nor of what Thou wouldst have us do. We mourn that we have not better improved Thy gifts, and that we have not a better account to render of the day that has passed by. Fervently we pray Thee, forgive all that has been wrong in our actions. If we have yielded to temptation, if we have been unfaithful in any of the relations and duties of life, if we have swerved from integrity, if we have been unthankful or ungenerous, if we have shown a retaliatory or unforgiving spirit, if we have severed or wounded trusting affection, or in any way disobeyed Thy will, help us to see and feel our sins, and improve us with a new spirit, that we may live henceforth as becometh Thy children.

Oh, that we might feel that steadily, one after another, our days are passing away, and no entreaties of ours and

no power on earth can recall or arrest them! What we have done remains done for ever. What we have omitted to do, we cannot supply. May we do the good that is yet in our power to do. May we strive for the right and pursue it with all our might. May we this hour enter upon a life acceptable to Thee, and remain faithful to it all our days. If the slightest disposition to do wrong is formed within us, be it instantly overcome by the remembrance of Thine infinite kindness, and by our mindfulness of Thy law, which Thou hast graven on our hearts. Let us not seek refuge behind the plea of ignorance, for, though we cannot know the essence of Thy being, nor understand the purpose of many of Thy decrees, yet we know what Thou wouldst have us do. May Thy will be done, and may Thy commandment be obeyed, now and for evermore. Amen.

Choir :

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good, and what the Lord doth require of thee.

הַגִּיד לְךָ אֲדָם מַה־טוֹב
וּמַה־יְהוָה דּוֹרֵשׁ מִמֶּךָ

Congregation :

Nothing but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Thy God.

Micah vi. 8.

כִּי אִם־עֲשׂוֹת מִשְׁפָּט
וְאַהֲבַת חֶסֶד וְהִצְנַע לְכַת
עִם־אֱלֹהֶיךָ :

CONSECRATION.

Minister :

Giver of all! Surrounded by Thy never-ending mercies, and awed by Thy splendors, we are overcome by a vivid sense of our obligations. Thy mercies continually beseech us to make our lives holy and acceptable unto Thee. Thou hast placed us here not only to be served from the fountains of Thy grace, but also to serve those

sacred interests which Thou hast implanted in our souls, and for which Thou hast fitted our minds and hands and hearts. Thy providential care over our fathers, their many and marvellous deliverances from the hands of powerful adversaries, the mighty streams of civilization which Thou hast permitted to issue from them, confirm within us the belief that they were spared by Thee for the establishment of Thy reign over a united and enlightened humanity. Grateful unto Thee for Thy past bounties, and eager to prove ourselves worthy of our illustrious ancestry, we consecrate ourselves anew this evening to continue the blessed mission our fathers have taken upon themselves, like them to carry the banner in the van of civilization, inscribed with our creed :

*ONE GOD OVER ALL;
ONE BROTHERHOOD OF ALL;
PEACE AND GOOD-WILL AMONG ALL.*

Unto the realization of this goal we hallow all our powers and possessions. Everywhere and every moment may we watch for opportunities of well-doing, considering no place so high or so low that it may not be made to shine with the light of Thy truths. In every scene of life may we hold ourselves ready to aid every good cause, to lift up the fallen, to relieve the suffering, to comfort the sorrowing, to guide the erring, to enlighten the ignorant. And though the world should set itself in array against us, may we keep on with unfaltering feet, unconquerable in the assurance that Thou art with us, immovable in the belief in Thy unity, holiness, and eternity, untiring in its proclamation to all the world, till the prophets' hope will be realized, till the dawn of that blessed day when Thou alone wilt be King over all the earth, and all mankind in unison will acknowledge Thee their God and Father.

*(Congregation Standing.)**Choir :*

Hear, O Israel: the Lord is our God, the Lord is One. Deut. iv. 4.	שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְיָ אֶחָד:
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Congregation :

Praised be the Lord, the Praise-deserving, for ever and aye. Deut. vi. 4.	בְּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מַלְכוּתוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:
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Choir :

This is an eternal truth with us: God is everlasting, and His rule and truth en- dure for all generations.	אֱמֶת אֱלֹהֵי עוֹלָם מְלַכְנוּ לְדוֹר וָדוֹר הוּא קַיִם וּמְלֻכוֹתוֹ וְאֱמוּנָתוֹ לְעֶד קַיִמָּת:
---	--

Congregation :

A sacred creed it is with us, that God alone is our God, and none beside Him.	אֱמֶת שְׁאֵתָהּ הוּא יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאֵין לָנוּ עוֹד אֱלֹהִים זוּלָתָהּ:
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Choir :

The Lord will be King over all the earth.	וְהָיָה יְיָ לְמֶלֶךְ עַל-כָּל- הָאָרֶץ:
--	---

Congregation :

On that day God will be One and His Name will be One.	בַּיּוֹם הַהוּא יְהִיָּה יְיָ אֶחָד וְשִׁמוֹ אֶחָד:
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(Congregation Seated.)

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

(*Congregation turns to the ADDITIONAL SERVICE specified for the Evening.*)

(ANTHEM.
SERMON.
ANTHEM.)

MOURNERS' SERVICE.

Ye who mourn a recent loss, and ye who commemorate to-day the anniversary of the loss of some near and dear departed, listen to the consolation of religion.

God has given, and God has taken. Your dear departed are at rest.

"They have landed on that other shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar."

The strokes of death are hard, yet there is healing in their stripes. Death lays his hand upon many a heart and heals it for ever. Often, very often, death is not a calamity, not a punishment, but a blessing. It is so for the dead, and no less for the living. Our best virtues often develop only in the darkness and trials of death. Shallow and loose-rooted is the tree that has known only sunshine, that has never felt the wrench and shock of the gale. Your dear ones have entered the higher sphere, while we still struggle on, doing imperfectly the noble and disinterested things we are enjoined to do. Enthralled with care, we drudge on in this material life, but they have heard the call and gone before. God grant that we may be ready to follow whenever He beckons for us.

Rise, ye mourners, and, as ye piously honor the memory of your dead, pray with us that virtue and piety may be more and more perfectly shown in our lives; that we may feel that we are not altogether of this world; that while our feet press the soil here, our hearts and minds may be in the spiritual realms with God; that when at last all temptation is over, all sufferings past, all trials ended, we may go to our eternal sleep, taking with us the regrets and the blessings of all who knew us or knew of us. Amen.

KADDISH.

Exalted and Hallowed be the name of the Lord.

Man is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not. All are of dust, and all turn to dust again. There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest. There the fettered are free; there they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there. The dust alone returns to dust; the spirit returns to God, who gave it. In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death.

May the Lord of the Universe grant plenteous peace, and a goodly reward, and grace and mercy, unto Israel, and unto all who have departed from this life. Amen.

May He who maintains the Harmony of the Universe vouchsafe unto all of us peace for evermore. Amen.

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא:
 אָדָם קָצָר יָמִים וְשִׁבְעָרְגוֹ
 כְּצִיץ יֵצֵא וְיִמָּל וְיִבְרַח כְּצִל
 וְלֹא יַעֲמֹד: הַכֹּל הָיָה מִן־
 הָעֶפְרָר וְהַכֹּל שָׁב אֶל הָעֶפְרָר:
 שָׁם רְשָׁעִים חָדְלוּ רְגֹז וְשָׁם
 יְנוּחוּ יִגְיעֵי כַח: יַחַד אָסִירִים
 שְׁאֻנָּנוּ לֹא שָׁמְעוּ קוֹל נִגְשׁ
 קָטָן וְגָדֹל שָׁם הוּא: וְיִשָּׁב
 הָעֶפְרָר אֶל הָאָרֶץ כִּשְׁהִיָּה
 וְהָרוּחַ תָּשׁוּב אֶל הָאֱלֹהִים
 אֲשֶׁר נָתַנָּה: בְּאַרְחַ צְדָקָה
 חַיִּים וְדָרְךְ נִתְּיָבָה אֶל־מֹות:
 עַל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל־כָּל־מִן
 דְּאִתְפָּטֵר מִן עֲלָמָא הָרִין
 יְהֵא לְהוֹן שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא
 וְחוּלְקָא טָבָא לְחַיֵּי עֲלָמָא
 דְּאִתֵּי וְחַסְדָּא וְרַחֲמֵי
 מִן־קִדְם מָרָא שְׁמַיָּא
 וְאַרְעָא. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:
 עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו
 הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵינוּ
 וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן:

(Mourners Seated.)

EVENING HYMN.

Welcome, ye deep and silent shades,
That veil the glowing West !
Hour of repose,
Softly it flows,
Diffusing balmy rest.

Author of all the countless worlds
The vault of heaven displays,
Awed by Thy power,
Thee we adore,
And chant our evening lays.

Under those eyes which never close
We lay us down to sleep ;
Hearer of prayer,
Make us Thy care,
And safe our slumbers keep.

Soon as the sun, with new-born rays,
Relumes the Eastern skies,
Source of all light,
Beam on our sight,
And bless our waking eyes.

BENEDICTION.

Additional Evening Service.

MEDITATION.

(Read in silence by Congregation.)

LIFE MEASURED BY VIRTUE, NOT BY YEARS.

THE day is done, and darkness follows on the wings of night. In her starry shade of dim loveliness I learn the language of another world. How sweet and soothing is this hour of calm! The darker it grows without, the brighter shines the light within. Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

Darkness has divinity for me. It is the felt presence of the Deity. It strikes thought inward. It opens the book of life, that I may see whether, in being a day older, I am richer by a day's virtue. If I compute my life according to the measure of the time which I have lived, it is now, indeed, very long; but if I judge it according to the good and laudable actions which it contains, it is exceedingly short. For the exercise of all the virtues which I am conscious of having practised, scarcely so many days would have been requisite as I have spent years. How much more good might I have performed, had I employed all the opportunities which God granted me for that purpose! He has presented to me many an occasion for doing good: have I well applied all these opportunities to that great end? Many an object of commiseration has been placed before me: have I, on my part, so far as has been in my power, acted as the charitable helper and deliverer,

the friend and comforter, of the unfortunate? I must confess that, in proportion to the sum of days to my life, scanty are the good actions I have accomplished. I have, it is true, lived a large number of days; but can I also maintain that I have really lived them?

What avails to me a lengthened life in which I hardly raise myself above the lower species? A life void of virtue is no life. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is short if it do not. That life is long which answers life's great end. The time that bears no fruit deserves no name. A man's time, well husbanded, is like a cultivated field, of which a few acres produce more of what is useful to life than extensive provinces, even of the richest soil, when overrun with weeds and brambles. A useless life is only an early death. He lives long who lives well, and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by cure; but lost time is gone for ever. We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on the dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks the most, feels the noblest, acts the best. Time is the life of the soul. To live is not merely to breathe: it is to act; it is to make a right use of our organs, senses, faculties. The man of largest wisdom and of greatest deed is the man of longest life.

Oh, that I might never forget that time is the warp of life! Oh, that I might weave it well! From this evening shall the better disposal of my existence date its commencement. God of my destiny, remember not my former days, which I have partly slumbered and partly squandered away. So rule me that I may ever keep in mind the fleetness of time. May I spend my days in nothing which must be repented of, in nothing which I could not review with a

quiet conscience. May no day pass whose slow descending sun shall view from my hand an unworthy action done. I entreat Thee, O Lord, not for a prolonged term of years, but for the wisdom properly to employ those which are appointed to me, however few they may be, so that the manifold amount of my virtues may compensate the short duration of my life. He that loves God and man, and nobly labors for both, lives long—lives well.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(The following selections to be read alternately by the Minister and the Congregation.)

Minister :

Before retiring, banish ill will against thy neighbor ;
As thou wouldst have thy sin forgiven, pardon his.

Congregation :

*A good life hath but few days,
But a good name endureth for ever.*

In the hour of death, wealth will prove no companion ;
But virtue attends the righteous even beyond the grave.

*Happy the man who is great in good deeds,
For he shall be honored in life and in death.*

Be not wise in words, but in deeds ;
Not the learning, but the doing, maketh the true life.

*Some are old in their youth,
And others are young in their old age.*

Judge a man by his deeds,
And thou wilt not be led to false judgment.

*Say little and do much,
For by thy action shalt thou be judged.*

Let not your wisdom exceed your deeds ;
Like a tree, you will have many branches and few roots.

*Have regard to thy name,
For that shall continue above the treasures of gold.*

The righteous need no epitaphs :
Their deeds are their monuments.

*Burden not thyself with the cares of to-morrow ;
Live to-day, and live it well.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

ORISON.

הַשְׁכִּיבֵנוּ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ לְשָׁלוֹם

Minister :

O Thou to whom the night shineth like the day, who never slumbereth or sleepeth, fervently we beseech Thee, let no peril invade our repose while the shades of night pass over the earth. Let our lying down and our rising be in peace. With the entire confidence of children resting in a parent's arms, may we resign ourselves to Thy care, not only this night, but also at all times. Bring us, we pray Thee, to the dawn of morn, still surrounded with Thy mercies. May Thy blessings also extend to others. Give rest to the weary, strengthen the weak, heal the sick, comfort the afflicted, bring hope to the despairing, and solace to the sorrow-laden.

And while we beseech Thee to bless Thy children, may we not be unmindful of the blessings which we ourselves can dispense. Incline us to sympathy with suffering humanity, hasten our feet at its cry, open our hand to its wants, and sweeten our lips for its consolation.

May sincerity dwell in our souls and verity in our thoughts, and truth animate our tongues. If we suffer wrong from any, make us ever ready to forgive. Though

our motives be aspersed, our characters slandered, our persons injured, and our rights violated, may we not return injury for injury. May we love one another with pure hearts, and unite our endeavors to promote each other's happiness, that we may experience how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Cleanse us from secret faults. What is low in us, do Thou raise; what is evil, do Thou purify. To whatever trials our integrity may be exposed, may we have strength to preserve it uncorrupted. In our prosperity keep us from pride, and in our adversity keep us from rebellious thoughts. Make us willing to give up every indulgence that will oppose the interests of our best good.

May we live while we live, and live for nobler pleasures than those of the senses, and for higher glories than any which man can offer. May sleep remind us of death, and keep us from too great attachment to this world. May we remember that a time must come when all earthly possessions will be of no avail—a time when we must part from this life and all its pleasing pursuits, and go where the only distinction recognized will be that of virtue. In mercy accept these our prayers, and answer them in Thine own way, at Thine own time, for our and all mankind's good. Amen.

Choir :

The labor of the righteous
tendeth to life; the fruit of
the wicked is for sin.

Prov. x. 16.

פַּעֲלַת צְדִיק לַחַיִּים
תְּבוֹאֹת רָשָׁע לַחַטָּאָה :

Congregation :

The fear of the Lord tend-
eth to life: and he that hath
it shall abide satisfied.

Prov. xix. 23.

יִרְאֵת יְהוָה לַחַיִּים וּשְׁבַע
יֵלֵן בְּלִי יִפְקֹד רַע :

(Return to page 12).

Morning Service.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

INVOCATION.

מֵה־טִבּוֹ אֱהַלִיךָ יְעֻקֵּב

Minister :

O LORD, with faith in Thy grace we enter Thy house, with awe we bow down before Thee in Thy sanctuary. We love Thy habitation, O Lord, we cherish the sacred abode of Thy glory. Here we humble ourselves before Thee. Here we breathe a holier atmosphere, and feel the blessed influences of Thy divine spirit. Here we loosen the fetters that hold us fast to the material world, and lift ourselves on the wings of lofty aspirations and pious meditations into Thy celestial realms. Here we unlock our souls and open our hearts to Thee. Here we offer before Thee our fervent prayers: in mercy accept and answer them, our God and Creator. Amen.

Choir :

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.

Ps. c. 4.

בָּאוּ שְׁעָרָיו | בְּתוֹדָה
חֲצִרְתּוֹ | בְּתִהְלָה

Congregation :

Happy are they that dwell in Thy house. They will never cease to praise Thee.

Ps. lxxxiv. 5.

אֲשֶׁר יוֹשְׁבֵי בֵיתְךָ עוֹד
יְהַלְלוּךָ | סֵלָה:

ADORATION.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה

Minister :

Unto Thee, O Lord, we render praise, honor, and thanks. Mighty things hast Thou done for us, and in us hast Thou magnified Thy greatness and Thy goodness.

Praised be Thou for the souls and minds with which Thou hast ennobled us, and which render us capable of comprehending the excellence of Thy works, and of understanding the noble mission Thou wouldst have us fill on earth.

Praised be Thou for our endowments and faculties, for the health of our bodies, for the soundness of our senses, for Thy bountiful provisions for our necessities and comfort, for the faithful monitor which Thou hast placed within us, to warn us against wrong and to approve the right.

Praised be Thou for the many dangers averted, for the frequent rescues without which we should long since have perished, for the pleasures of our homes and associations, for all the means through which Thou hast sweetened our life and hast prospered our ways.

Praised be Thou, also, for the troubles which Thou hast allotted to us, and which have rendered us both wiser and humbler; for the consolation which Thou hast imparted to us under them, and for the happy issue which Thou hast opened to us out of them.

Praised be Thou for the joys and gratification with which Thou hast so abundantly enriched us; for every sunbeam that cheers our hearts, for every draught that refreshes us, for every morsel that nourishes us, for every token of peace and good-will, for every advance of progress and enlightenment that gladdens our hearts and inspires our minds.

For all these, and yet other blessings which Thou hast vouchsafed unto us, and for those which, in Thy superior wisdom, Thou hast been pleased to deny us, we render praise and glory unto Thy name, now and for ever. Amen.

Choir :

Praise ye the Lord, the Praise-deserving.	בְּרַכּוּ אֶת־יְיָ הַמְּבַרְךְ :
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Congregation :

Praised be the Lord, the Praise-deserving, for ever and aye.	בְּרוּךְ יְיָ הַמְּבַרְךְ לְעֹלָם וָעֶד :
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THANKSGIVING.

הַכֹּל יוֹרֵךְ ' נִשְׁמַת כָּל־חַי

Minister :

Creator of All, unto Thee all should offer thanks, unto Thee all should render praise. For the universe and all contained therein are Thy glorious works, and their awe-inspiring excellence declares Thy greatness and Thy goodness. Thou, O Lord, givest unto nature her law. Thou openest the gates of heaven, and showerest Thy blessings upon the earth. Thou leadest forth the sun in all his glory, and the moon and stars in all their beauty, to give warmth and light to man and beast.

Were our mouths filled with sacred song as is the sea with water, our tongues with melody as are its roaring billows, our lips with praise like the boundless firmament; were our eyes as brilliant as the sun and moon, our hands extended like the eagle's wings, our feet swift as the hind's—even then would we be unable worthily to praise Thee.

Fountain of all our joys, Thou art never-ceasing in Thy beneficence. Each day reneweth Thy bountifulness of yesterday. Each day Thou providest anew unto the stars

their light, to the fountains their water, to the earth her fertility, to the flowers their fragrance, to nature her beauty, to man life and health and reason. Thou dost anticipate our needs before yet we call, and dost more and better for us than we can even ask or think. Thou dost adorn the summer and cheer the winter with Thy presence. Thou guidest all the worlds which Thou hast made, and warmest with Thy breath every mote that peoples the sun's beams. There is no boundary to Thy beneficence. Vaster than space, more infinite than time, art Thou. Thou dwellest not only in temples made with hands, but art a perpetual presence in every star that shines above, in every flower that blooms beneath, in every heart that throbs, in every mind that thinks. Thou art the Infinite, nature's Lord, God in the earth below, God in the worlds circling above.

Choir :

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork.

Ps. xix. 1.

הַשָּׁמַיִם מִסְפָּרִים כְּבוֹד־
 יְהוָה וּמַעֲשֵׂה יָדָיו מִגִּיד
 הַרְקִיעַ :

Congregation :

Who is like unto Thee, O Lord? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, awe-inspiring in praise, wonder-working?

Exod. xv. 11.

מִי כַמֶּכָּה בְּאֵלֶם יְהוָה מִי
 כַּמֶּכָּה נְאֻדָּר בְּקִדְשׁ נֹרָא
 תְהַלֵּת עֲשֵׂה פְלֵא :

SUPPLICATION.

רְבוֹן כָּל־הָעוֹלָמִים • יְהִי רְצוֹן מִלְּפָנֶיךָ

Minister :

Lord of all Worlds, not our righteousness, but Thy bounteous mercy, draws us unto Thee with our fervent

supplications. Thou seest the inmost thought and purpose of every soul. Thou art acquainted with all our ways, and there is not a word in our tongues but lo! O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether. And what is it that we can say to Thee, O Father? What are we, and what is our life? Are not even our heroes as naught in Thy sight, our men of fame as if they had never been, and our learned men as if they were void of understanding? Profitless is our handiwork; vain are the days of our lives; and but for the blessed light of reason which Thou hast planted within us, we would in nowise differ from the brute. Oh that we might make noble use of this light! Incline us, O Lord, to walk in the way of Thy law, and to cling steadfastly unto Thy commandments. Lead us not into temptation, and deliver us from sin. Let not evil inclinations have control over us. Let our senses be good servants unto us, and not our evil masters. Keep us from sinful companions. Imbue us with noble aspirations. Make us eager after good deeds. May we find this day, and every day, grace and mercy in Thy sight, and in the sight of all who come in contact with us. Amen.

Choir :

What is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?

Ps. viii. 5.

מֶה-אִנוֹשׁ כִּי־תִזְכְּרֵנוּ
וּבֶן-אָדָם כִּי תִפְקֹדֵנוּ:

Congregation :

Lead me in Thy truth and teach me, for Thou art the God of my salvation.

Ps. xxv. 5.

הַדְרִיבֵנִי בְאֱמֶתְךָ וְלִמְדֵנִי
כִּי־אַתָּה אֱלֹהֵי יִשְׁעֵי

CONSECRATION.

Minister :

Thou, O God, hast led Thy servants with unchanging love. From the very beginning of our existence hast Thou destined us for a noble mission. For it Thou didst prepare our fathers in the school of trial and tribulation, and through it they were enabled to render valuable service in the spread of a knowledge of Thee and of Thy Law. And unless they had suffered, they never would have achieved. Those whom Thou choosest for Thy service, Thou moulded in the furnace of affliction and hardened on the anvil of adversity, to keep them vigilant at their posts and mindful of their duty. Thou heedest not their sighs and tears. Thou knowest that, in the fullness of time, they will tune a thanksgiving hymn for every sigh, and the world will bless those who suffered and achieved.

Joyfully do we consecrate ourselves anew to-day to the work our fathers have begun. Ours, too, shall be the constant aim and effort to bring ever nearer that blessed age, when all mankind's goal shall be our creed :

ONE GOD OVER ALL;
ONE BROTHERHOOD OF ALL;
PEACE AND GOOD-WILL AMONG ALL.

In joy and in sorrow, in victory and in defeat, in light and in darkness, wherever we may be and whatever be our lot, we shall acknowledge Thy unity and holiness, and pray and toil for the speedy dawn of that day, when Thou wilt be revered and obeyed the whole world over, and all mankind will live in peace and unity.

(Congregation Standing.)

Choir :

Hear, O Israel: the Lord
is our God, the Lord is One.

Deut. iv. 4.

שִׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ
” וְאֶחָד:”

Congregation :

Praised be the Lord, the
Praise-deserving, for ever
and aye.

Deut. vi. 4.

בְּרוּךְ יְשֵׁם כְבוֹד מַלְכוּתוֹ
לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

Choir :

Holy! Holy! Holy! is the
Lord of Hosts; the whole
earth is full of His glory.

Isaiah vi. 3.

קָדוֹשׁ וְקָדוֹשׁ קָדוֹשׁ
זְבֹאוֹת מְלֵא כָל־הָאָרֶץ
כְבוֹדוֹ:

Congregation :

The Lord shall reign for
ever, even thy God, O Zion,
unto all generations. Hal-
leluiah.

Ps. cxlvi. 10.

יְמֻלֵךְ יְיָ לְעוֹלָם אֱלֹהֶיךָ
צִיּוֹן לְדָר וָדָר וְדָר הַלְלוּיָהּ:

Choir :

Have we not all One
Father? Hath not One
God created us? Why doth
brother deal treacherously
against brother by profaning
the covenant of our fathers?

Malachi ii. 10.

הַלּוֹיָהּ אֵיב אֶחָד לְכָלֵנוּ
הַלּוֹיָהּ אֵל אֶחָד בְּרָאֵנוּ
מִדּוּעַ נִבְגַּד אִישׁ בְּאָחִיו
לְחַלֵּל בְּרִית אֲבוֹתֵינוּ:

Congregation :

Behold how good and how
pleasant it is for brethren to
dwell together in unity.

Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

הִנֵּה מְה־טוֹב וּמְה־נְעִים
שֶׁבֶת אַחִים גַּם־יָחַד:

(*Congregation Seated.*)

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

(Congregation turns to the ADDITIONAL SERVICE specified for the Day.)

ASPIRATION.

*(Minister facing the Shrine.)**Minister :*

It will come to pass, in the fulness of time, that the Lord's house will be exalted above all the heights; and all nations will stream unto it; and many people will say: Come ye, and let us go up to the house of God, that He may teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths; He will judge between the nations, and arbitrate for many peoples; and they will beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation will not lift up sword against nation, neither will they learn war any more.

Isaiah ii. 2-4.

Choir :

They will not hurt nor destroy, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Isaiah xi. 9.

לֹא יִרְעוּ וְלֹא יִשְׁחִיתוּ
בְּכֹל־הָרַקְדָּשִׁי בְּיַמְלֹאֲהָ
הָאָרֶץ דַּעַה אֶת־יְהוָה
כַּמַּיִם לַיָּם מְכַסִּים :

Congregation :

They will sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree; and none will make them afraid.

Micah iv. 4.

וַיֵּשְׁבוּ אִישׁ תַּחַת גַּפְנוֹ
וְתַחַת תְּאֵנָתוֹ וְאֵין מַחְרִיד :

(Read in silence by Congregation.)

Merciful Father, hasten the coming of that blessed age when peace will dwell in every heart and truth on every

lip. Speed it, O God, on account of Thine own great mercy, for we are deeply conscious that the evil of our way has but delayed its coming. O Thou Who art acquainted with all our ways, and from Whom no secret can be hid, we humbly confess our sinfulness before Thee. We have followed too much the devices and the desires of our heart. We have allowed passion to mislead us, and presumption to delude us. In the eager pursuit after our own pleasures and profits, we have not always considered the rights and needs of others. We have been quick to judge the faults of others, and to excuse our own. We do earnestly repent of these our misdoings. Forgive us, O Lord. Create in us clean hearts. Teach us to know ourselves. Keep our tongues from evil, and our lips guard Thou against deceit. Teach us to love one another with pure hearts, to exercise forbearance and forgiveness, to recompense no man evil for evil. With our faces set heavenward, may we resolutely press on to do Thy will; making each new day better than the days that are gone, and ready at any moment to greet Thy summons to Thy nearer presence and higher service. Amen.

Choir :

The Lord is merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and in truth.

Exod. xxxiv. 6.

יְהוָה יִהְיֶה אֱלֹהֵינוּ רַחוּם
וְחַנּוּן אֲרֹךְ אַפַּיִם וְרַב־חַסֵּד
וְאֱמֵת :

Congregation :

He shows kindness unto the thousandth's generation, forgives sin, but He will not wholly clear the guilty.

Exod. xxxiv. 7.

נִצְרַח חַסֵּד לְאַלְפִים נֶשֶׁא
עֵינַי וּפִשְׁעֵי וְחַטָּאתָה וְנִקְוָה
לֹא יִנְקָה

EXHORTATION.

(Congregation Standing.)

(Minister facing Congregation, holding up the Scroll.)

Minister :

This is the Torah, the banner under which Israel has battled for the One and Eternal God.

Choir and Congregation in Unison :

The law of the Lord is perfect, quieting the soul. The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

תּוֹרַת יְהוָה תְּמִימָה
מְשִׁיבַת נֶפֶשׁ עֲדוֹת יְהוָה
נֶאֱמָנָה מַחְכִּימַת פְּתִי :

Ps. xix. 7.

Minister :

This is the Scripture, on which civilization has founded the strongest pillars of right and truth.

Choir and Congregation in Unison :

The precepts of the Lord are upright, rejoicing the heart. The commandment of the Lord is clear, enlightening the eyes.

פְּקוּדֵי יְהוָה יִשְׂרָיִם
מִשְׁמַחֵי לֵב מִצֹּת יְהוָה
בְּרָה מְאִירַת עֵינַיִם :

Ps. xix. 8.

Minister :

This is the Law, that first proclaimed the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and first enjoined Peace and Good-Will on earth.

Choir and Congregation in Unison :

The fear of the Lord is pure, enduring for ever. The ordinances of the Lord are true, they are just altogether.

יְרֵאת יְהוָה וְטְהוֹרָה
עוֹמֶדֶת לְעַד מִשְׁפַּטֵּי יְהוָה
אֱמֶת צְדָקוֹ יַחְדָּו :

Ps. xix. 9.

Minister :

Let us be truly sensible of the debt of gratitude we owe our fathers for this blessed heritage, and for the valor they displayed and for the martyrdom they suffered in its defence.

Let us show our gratitude by a true appreciation of the instruction it imparts.

Let us guard against straying and erring by turning to its pages for inspiration and guidance.

Let us cling to its teachings always, for—

Choir and Congregation in Unison :

It is a tree of life to those who grasp it, and happy are they who lean upon it; its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace.

עֵץ חַיִּים הִיא לַמַּחְזִיקִים
בָּהּ וְרוֹמְמָהּ מֵאִשָּׁר:
דְּרָכֶיהָ דְּרָכֵי נֹעַם וְכֹל-
נְתִיבוֹתֶיהָ שְׁלוֹם:

Prov. iii. 17, 18.

(Congregation Seated.)

(Reading of Scriptural Selection.)

ANTHEM.

SERMON.

ANTHEM.

SPECIAL PRAYERS.

(One or more of the following Special Prayers to be read at each Service, concluding with the Kaddish.)

SPECIAL PRAYERS.

I. PRAYER FOR THE COMMUNITY.

O GOD, be graciously pleased to take us under Thy Fatherly care. Imprint upon our hearts such a grateful sense of Thy goodness to us as may make us ashamed to offend Thee. Dispose us to dedicate our souls and minds and hearts to Thee in a righteous and useful life. Keep us temperate in our desires and ambitions, and diligent in our avocations. Incline us to be just and upright in all our dealings, full of compassion, and ready to do good to all. Make our thoughts, our words, our deeds, testimonies that Thou alone rulest within us, and that the peace and the well-being of our fellow-men lie nearest to our hearts. These things, and whatever else may profit the ends for which we have been placed on earth, we humbly beg of Thee, our God and Father. Amen.

Choir :

O put your trust in Him alway, ye people ;
Pour out your hearts before Him ;
For God is our refuge.

Psalm lxii. 9.

Congregation :

Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness ;
Make straight before me Thy way.

Psalm v. 9.

II. PRAYER FOR THE COMMONWEALTH.

Lord God, Father of All! Humbly we approach Thee this morning with fervent thanks for the peace that abides in our midst, and for the plenty that abounds. We thank Thee that the sound of the anvil rings through the land, that loom and forge and furnaee, that plough and ship and locomotive, send forth to millions of people here, and to the nations beyond the seas, the glad tidings of our country's safety, and of our nation's prosperity.

And we approach Thee, O God, this morning, not only with our thanks, but also with our supplications. Despite abundance, want lodges in our midst; and, despite peace, the voice of discontent is not yet hushed in our land. We pray Thee, O God, enable the people's representatives, wherever assembled, to wrestle with this harassing foe, and to conquer him. Fill their minds with a consciousness that in them is centered a nation's trust, that to them the people look for a solution of problems that perplex them, and of difficulties that beset them.

And we pray Thee, O God, dispose the hearts of our people to aid their representatives in the work upon which they are engaged. Unless the people earnestly seek to walk in the way of righteousness, in vain will their representatives legislate, and in vain will be the blessings which fields and mines lavish upon us.

With these our thanks, with these our supplications, humbly we approach Thee. Accept our thanks, and hear and answer our prayer, as seemest best in Thine eyes, for Thy people's sake. Amen.

Choir :

Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits,
Even the God of our salvation.

Congregation :

O praise the Lord all ye nations,
 Praise Him all ye people.
 For his merciful kindness is great toward us ;
 And the truth of the Lord endureth for ever.

Psalm cxvii.

III. THE THANKSGIVING OF THE PROSPEROUS.

We approach Thee, O God, this day not only as a community and as a people, but also singly, each one of us with our own individual thank-offerings, and with our separate supplications. Among us there are those to-day, who seek Thy gracious presence to render praise for the peace and plenty that abound in their homes, and for the success that crowns their labors. May it please Thee to bless them with a continuance of Thy favor. But may the uses they make of it show them deserving of Thy kindness. Keep them in their present spirit of grateful acknowledgment. May not worldly prosperity estrange their soul, in ingratitude, from Thee, binding their hearts in the fetters of selfishness. Since it has pleased Thee to bestow abundance upon them, enable them to use it for Thy glory and for the good of man. If riches increase, let them not set their hearts upon them. Let them remember that the duration of them is short at best, and that in the grave there is no enjoyment of them. Enlarge their hearts with the enlargement of their fortunes. Make them rich in good works, and ready to distribute, according as Thou hast prospered them. Teach them that their wealth is Thine, even as is their life, and that only then is wealth good when blessed use is made of it. Make them willing instruments in founding and sustaining institutions of education and learning and charity, willing to aid in bringing light to those who stray in darkness, in assisting the needy, in

comforting the suffering, and in furthering every cause that tends to promote Thy glory, and peace and good-will among men. Amen.

Choir :

Let the Lord be magnified,
Who hath pleasure in the prosperity
Of His servant.

Psalm xxxv. 27.

Congregation :

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous,
And shout for joy all ye that are upright in heart.

Psalm xxxii. 11.

IV. PRAYER FOR THOSE LABORING UNDER ADVERSITY.

But not the blessed alone, the heavy-laden also are with us this morning. With sad hearts, and with tearful eyes they look up to Thee, merciful Father, and implore Thy aid. Though Thy judgments are unsearchable, and Thy way past finding out, still we inwardly feel that Thou art too wise to err. When Thou sufferest evil to come upon man, it is to make him wiser and better, to bring him forth more glorious for his trials, as is the gold that is tried in the furnace.

And we pray Thee, O Lord, incline them to trace the cause of their adversity to the neglect of man rather than to the punishment of God. Lead them also to remember their mereies, for the days of their comfort have far outnumbered the hours of their sorrow. For every tear there have been a thousand smiles, and for every cloud a thousand sunshines.

Lord, have pity on those who labor under personal infirmities. Avert yet greater misery and affliction from these smitten ones. Draw around them the sympathies of all,

who are exempt from these evils. Bless those charities which seek to ameliorate and to remove these calamities of life. And, if it please Thee, give wisdom to devise such modes of cure, as shall greatly lessen, or entirely remove, these afflictions from the earth. Amen.

Choir :

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage,
And He shall strengthen your heart.

Psalm xxvii. 14.

Congregation :

Many are the afflictions of the righteous,
But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

Psalm xxxiv. 20.

V. PRAYER FOR THE SICK.

O Thou, Helper of the Helpless, fervently we beseech Thee in behalf of those afflicted, who cannot join us in our service to-day, who are fastened to their sick-bed with painful disease. Whatever be the cause that has brought suffering upon them, we pray Thee let it not overwhelm them. Let Thy blessings descend upon the means used for the restoration of Thy servants, and give success to the efforts of human skill. Make them patient under their trials, and restore them to health and usefulness. Turn their suffering into joy, and may they re-enter life purified, glorifying Thee, and Thy wondrous help, by lending willing hands towards abating the sorrows and sufferings of others.

But, O God, if Thou, in Thine infinite wisdom, hast decreed otherwise than we desire, grant us a spirit of filial submission. Be Thou with the stricken in their last painful moments. Let not despair seize upon their departing souls. Render the darkness that encompasses them luminous with radiant hope. May their closing eyes catch glimpses of the more beautiful world, and of the more

blessed life, which, we trust, shall crown their earthly existence. Be Thou with the stricken family. May their fears be quieted. Whether their dear ones remain or depart, let their faith in Thee abide; and by all events, whether joyous or sorrowful, may they show themselves equally trusting, and equally willing to render praise and thanks to Thee, our God and Redeemer. Amen.

Choir :

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee ;

He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

Psalm lv. 23.

Congregation :

Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.

Psalm ciii. 13.

VI. PRAYER FOR THE MOURNERS.

O Thou, Father of Life and Death, humbly we entreat Thee to comfort those who have come here this morning to seek consolation in Thy holy habitation. Hither they have fled to escape the painful void which death has caused within their homes.

Grant them, O Lord, that comfort here which they have not found at home. Whisper into their anguished souls words of peaceful submission and of strengthening hope. Give them the assurance that there is some meaning in their visitation which they cannot now comprehend, but which some day may prove to them that there was more of blessing in their affliction than of sorrow.

Lead them to think of the departed rather as living than dead,—living in the hearts of their dear ones, in the blessed memories they have left behind, in the noble deeds they have wrought, in the sweet and happy influences they have exercised, which neither death nor time can efface.

Lead them to look upon the bright side of death. May their tears not so blind them as not to see that the departed are at rest, that pain can no longer rack them, nor care harass them, nor wrong grieve them—that they have passed beyond the reach of frown or threat or blow, that they are now in Thy loving care and blessed keeping.

May it please Thee, O Lord, speedily to turn these mourners' affliction into blessing. May they recognize in their visitation a secret call for higher work. May the tears they now shed be to them as stepping-stones, on which they may rise to a larger usefulness, to a fuller understanding of the real purposes of life, so that when, in the fulness of time, their summons comes, their departure may be as deeply mourned as now they themselves mourn those, who have already obeyed Thy call. Amen.

Choir :

Precious in the sight of the Lord
Is the death of His saints.

Psalm cxvi. 15.

Congregation :

So teach us to number our days,
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Psalm xc. 12.

(Mourners Rising.)

KADDISH.

Exalted and Hallowed be the name of the Lord.

Man is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not. All are of dust, and all turn to dust again. There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest. There the fettered are free; there they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there. The dust alone returns to dust; the spirit returns to God, who gave it. In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death.

May the Lord of the Universe grant plenteous peace, and a goodly reward, and grace and mercy, unto Israel, and unto all who have departed from this life. Amen.

May He who maintains the Harmony of the Universe vouchsafe unto all of us peace for evermore. Amen.

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא:
 אָדָם קָצָר יָמִים וּשְׁבַעֲרָגוֹ
 כְּצִיץ יֵצֵא וּיִמַּל וְיִכְרַח כִּצְלָה
 וְלֹא יַעֲמֹד: הַכֹּל הָיָה מִן־
 הָעֶפְרָה וְהַכֹּל שָׁב אֶל הָעֶפְרָה:
 שֵׁם רַשָּׁעִים חָדְלוּ רָגְזוּ וְשֵׁם
 יְנוּחוּ יִגְיַעֵי כַח: יַחַד אֲסִירִים
 שְׂאֲנָנָנוּ לֹא שָׁמְעוּ קוֹל נִגְשׁ
 קָטָן וְגָדֹל שֵׁם הוּא: וַיִּשָּׁב
 הָעֶפְרָה אֶל הָאָרֶץ כִּשְׁהָיָה
 וְהָרוּחַ תָּשׁוּב אֶל הָאֱלֹהִים
 אֲשֶׁר נָתַנָּה: בְּאֶרֶח צְדָקָה
 חַיִּים וְדַרְךְ נִתְיַבֵּה אֶל־מֹות:
 עַל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל־כָּל־מִן
 דְּאִתְפָּטֵר מִן עֲלָמָא הָרִין
 יְהֵא לְהוֹן שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא
 וְחוּלְקָא טְבָא לְחַיִּי עֲלָמָא
 דְּאִתֵּי וְחֶסְדָּא וְרַחֲמֵי
 מִן־קָדָם מְרָא שְׁמֵיָא
 וְאַרְעָא. וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:
 עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוּמֵי
 הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵינוּ
 וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:

(Mourners Seated.)

SILENT DEVOTION.

(A short interval for silent private devotion.)

CLOSING HYMN.

When this song of praise shall cease
 Let Thy people, Lord, depart
 With the blessing of Thy peace,
 And Thy love in every heart.

Oh, where'er our path may lie,
 Father, let us not forget
 That we walk beneath Thine eye,
 That Thy care upholds us yet.

Blind are we, and weak and frail :
 Be Thine aid for ever near ;
 May the fear of sin prevail
 Over every other fear.

BENEDICTIONS.

The Lord will give strength
 to His people, the Lord will
 bless His people with peace.

Ps. xxix. 11.

יְהוָה עֹז לְעַמּוֹ יִתֵּן יְהוָה
 יְבָרֵךְ אֶת-עַמּוֹ בְּשָׁלוֹם :

Or this :

Commit your way unto
 the Lord ; trust in Him, and
 He will give you success.

Ps. xxxvii. 5.

גֹּל עַל-יְהוָה דְּרַכְךָ
 וּבִטַח עָלָיו וְהוּא יַעֲשֶׂה :

Or this :

The Lord shall guard your
 going out and your coming
 in from this time forth, and
 even for evermore.

Ps. cxxi. 8.

יְהוָה יִשְׁמַר-צְאוֹתֶיךָ
 וּבֹאֶיךָ מֵעַתָּה וְעַד-עוֹלָם :

Or this.

Trust in the Lord and do good; place your delight in the Lord, and He shall give you the desires of your heart.

Ps. xxxvii. 3, 4.

בטח ביהוה ועשה טוב
והתענג על יהוה ויתן לך
משאלות לבך:

Or this:

Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be you dismayed, for the Lord your God is with you.

Deut. xxxi. 6.

חזקו ואמצו אל-ה' יראו
ואל-ה' תערצו כי יהוה
אלהיך הוא ההלך עמך:

Or this:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up His countenance to you, and give you peace.

Num. vi. 24-26.

יברכך יהוה וישמרך:
יאר יהוה ופניו אליך
ויחנך: ישא יהוה ופניו
אליך וישם לך שלום:

(The following prayers to be offered by the Minister when requested by those concerned.)

VII. MEMORIAL PRAYER.

(On the anniversary of the death of a member of the family.)

O Thou Comforter of the Comfortless, with saddened, yet with grateful, feelings, those whom death once smote heavily, seek Thy presence, on this anniversary-day of their great loss. Grateful are they that their hearts, to-day, are not wrung with agony, nor their souls overwhelmed with grief. Thou hast poured healing balm into their bleeding wounds, and their hearts are healed. Where, for a time, all was darkness Thou hast sent light again. Where once all was despair, hope again sits enthroned. Time has wrought the cure which on that calamitous day reason could not bring.

If not yet wholly reconciled to their great loss, they are at least contented to-day that they were permitted, for a considerable time, to live in the closest bonds of love with their dear departed. They find infinite comfort in the thought that, though their dear ones were too soon summoned from their side, they lived at least long enough to make their absence felt in their home, and in the larger circle in which they moved, and that all who came in contact with them were made the happier and better for having once enjoyed their associationship. They find soothing evidence in this Anniversary-Memorial that their departed are not dead, that their memory lives in the heart of their survivors, and in the blessed fruition of their noble thoughts and deeds and aspirations, that not yet have their sweet countenances passed out of their memory, nor has the music of their voices died away, nor has their beautiful example lost its power, nor their cheerful word its comfort.

Grant them, O God, Thy further aid. Remove yet every lingering vestige of their great sorrow. Make the spiritual union between the living and the dead all the closer for their separation in the flesh. May they show their truest appreciation by developing and ripening the noble seed planted by their departed. May this Memorial-Day stimulate in us all such worthy conduct in the future, that when, in due time, our summons comes, we may leave behind a name deserving of grateful commemoration by kin and friend. Amen.

Choir:

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Psalm cxxvi. 6.

Congregation: : They that sow in tears
Shall reap in joy.

Psalm cxxvi. 5.

VIII. THE THANKSGIVING OF THOSE DELIVERED FROM DANGER.

Graciously, O Lord, regard those assembled here to-day to offer praise and thanksgiving for the marvelous deliverance Thou didst vouchsafe to them, or theirs. When sickness overwhelmed them, when destruction seemed almost to have engulfed them, when great calamity drew nigh unto them, when despair seized upon them, and they, or theirs, seemed already to have passed into the shadow of the valley of death, Thy mercy suddenly appeared, and drew them back to life, to health, to safety, and restored them to their dear ones, or their dear ones unto them. Gratefully they confess before Thee, that unless Thou hadst helped, they would not have been here to-day to tell of Thy marvelous deeds, and that instead of joy, sorrow might have filled their household.

We beseech Thee let not these fervent emotions of their heart subside with the fading of the remembrance of their wonderful escape. Make them ever as truly sensible of Thy mercy as they were then of their danger, and give them the heart always readily to express gratitude, and not only in words, but also by their lives. Since their exceeding danger has opened their eyes to the value and the blessing of life, and to the frailty of man, and insignificance of human power, may they henceforth give their life a meaning commensurate with its worth. May they feel that they have been spared for some noble purpose. May they consecrate their days, henceforth, with double diligence to work of duty, and show their life-long gratitude by a more thoughtful walking in the way of Thy will. Amen.

Choir :

Offer unto God thanksgiving ;
And pay thy vows unto the Most High.

Psalm l. 14.

Congregation :

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in time of trouble.

Psalm xlv. 2.

IX. PRAYER FOR THE ABSENT.

Gracious Father, we pray also for those who are not in their customary seats to-day, who have left their homes for distant parts. Since Thou fillest all space with Thy presence, and art God afar off as well as near, be pleased to take them under Thy protecting wing. Guide them in their journey, and keep them in health and safety. Grant, we beseech thee, that with their leaving home, they may not leave Thee, but always keep up holy communionship with Thee, by holy thoughts and righteous life, wherever they may be. Keep them from besetting temptation. Shield them against folly and sin. Prosper their under-

taking so far as may be conducive to thy glory and to their good. Return them in safety, and in happiness reunite them with their own.

Defend also, most gracious Father, those friends of theirs from whom they are for a time separated. Grant that the absent and those at home, by drawing nearer unto Thee, may be drawing nearer unto each other, held together in spirit by the unseen chain of a common trust in Thee, and by a common faith in Thy Fatherly care and kindness. Amen.

Choir :

The Lord will preserve and keep alive.

The Lord guardeth all them that love Him.

Psalms xli. 3; cxlv. 20

Congregation :

The Lord shall guard thee from evil :

He shall preserve thy soul.

Psalms cxxi. 7.

X. PRAYER AT CONSECRATION OF CHILD.*

Graciously, O God, look down upon the mother, who, for the first time after perilous weeks, revisits Thy House to-day [at the side of her husband], to offer thanks for Thy Fatherly protection, for the sweet blossom with which Thou has blessed them as parents, to consecrate it to Thy service, and to enroll it in the household of Israel.

Well they recognize the responsibilities, which now devolve upon them as parents. They know that it is the home, which is the first and the most important school of character, that it is there, where every child receives its best—or its worst—training, where every child first imbibes those principles of conduct which endure through life.

Grant, O God, that the home, which this new blossom of

* Request for Consecration, and name of child, to be sent to minister in advance.

humanity has entered with taintless brow, and with sinless heart, may ever exercise the most helpful influence upon it. May piety and love, peace and sunshine, and virtuous examples, ever pervade it.

And now, in accordance with the spirit of our religion, we admit the child into the covenant of Israel, under the name of We consecrate its life to noble service to God and man. Accept, we beseech Thee, O Lord, this child in Thy loving care. May it rest peacefully under Thy sheltering wings. May it grow in virtue as it grows in years. Grant unto it health of body and health of mind, and rich measures of Thy Love and Wisdom, so that it may ever be steadfast to the cause of truth and right, which Israel teacheth in Thy name, for the good of all. Amen.

Choir :

O give thanks unto the Lord ; for He is good :

For His mercy endureth for ever. Psalm cvii. 1.

Congregation :

Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants,

And Thy glory unto their children. Psalm xc. 16.

XI. PRAYER FOR NEWLY-WEDDED COUPLE.

Graciously, O God, look down upon the couple, who, to-day, for the first time, since they joined their lives in holy wedlock, enter Thy sanctuary with their thank-offerings and supplications. From the very depths of their hearts rise their thanks to Thee for the happiness, which Thou hast vouchsafed unto them, in permitting them, henceforth and for ever, to walk unitedly through life. Eager that their happiness shall continue unto the end of their joint lives, that no shadow of misunderstanding or discontent shall darken the sunshine that now floods their hearts, they appear before Thee, this day, with their fervent supplica-

tions for Thy further counsel and direction. Aid them, O God, to be seriously and lastingly conscious of the vows they have made, of the pledges they have given, of the duties they have taken upon themselves. Bestow upon them Thy grace, that the things which they have promised to do may never seem burdensome to them, but that the doing of them may bring continually increasing joy. Keep them in health and peace, in mutual trust and in loving companionship. May they live for each other, and never weary in promoting each other's good. May they exercise patience and forgiveness with respect to each other's frailties, and strive to conquer them with increased love. May they be to each other counsel and strength, light and comfort, sharers of each other's joys, consolers in each other's sorrows, and helpers to each other in all the changes and chances of life. Hand in hand, and heart with heart, trusting in each other, and in Thee, may they tread in peace the path of wedded life. Amen.

Choir :

O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men.

Psalm cviii. 31.

Congregation :

Except the Lord build the house,
They labor in vain that build it.

Psalm cxxvii. 1.

XII. PRAYER FOR THE BETROTHED.

Graciously, too, look down upon the twain, who, having plighted to each other their hearts and hands, beseech Thee this day to grant them Thy blessing. We pray Thee, from whom no secrets are hid, judge Thou their hearts, and the motives that draw one to the other, and their fitness for each other. Fill them with a proper sense of the seriousness of the step, which of their own free will they have

decided soon to take. May they not enter blindly upon a path, which, though abounding with blessing and happiness, has also its snares and its dangers. May they realize that it is a new epoch upon which they propose to enter, and that the entrance means a taking upon themselves many a care and burden and separation they have hitherto not known, means a painful severance of loving heart-strings, means a parting from dear ones, who loved them tenderly and watched over them faithfully, and cheerfully sacrificed for them comforts and pleasures.

Let not love blind their reason, nor their ardor turn deaf ear to counsel. May they have a clear conception of the purpose of their prospective union. May they prepare for it betimes, by faithfully studying their own and each other's virtues and follies, merits and failings, and learn to increase the good and diminish the bad, so that, when, in due time, they approach the marriage-altar to make their vows, they may not only love each other dearly, but also know each other well, and be fitted for each other and for the new obligations they take upon themselves.

In the mean time, may it please Thee to continue their hearts' May-Day of love unbroken. Keep threatening clouds and alarming storms from them. May the happiness of their present state be but a foretaste of the still greater happiness to follow. Amen.

Choir :

He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness,
And speaketh truth in his heart,
He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Psalm xv. 2, 5.

Congregation :

Truly God is good to such as are of clean heart.

Psalm lxxiii. 1.

Additional Services for Sabbaths.

SERVICE I.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

THE SABBATH.

HAIL, sacred Sabbath, that rests the individual, blesses the family, prospers the community, secures the state, exalts the nation, pours light and life on earth! Thou art the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week. Thou art the keystone in the arch of public morals: without thee the whole structure falls!

What a precious boon the Sabbath is to the sons of toil and the children of care! However much men may be divided on questions of religion, there exists almost perfect unanimity among all in their belief that a whole day of rest, after every six days of toil, is the indispensable requisite for the health and progress of humankind. The Sabbath has humanized man. It has secured for society the largest amount of labor which man is capable of rendering. Where the Sabbath is best observed, there work is best performed. Where hand and brain relax one day in each week, there tasks become easier when resumed. The bow that soonest breaks is the bow that is never unstrung. Day after day records an excessive waste of tissue and of vital force. Unless we allow ourselves one whole day of freedom from all work, both manual and mental, so that the waste may be repaired, ill health is the consequence, and we are disabled from rendering the best service to society, from reaping the best harvest from our toil,

and, saddest of all, we are hastened into an untimely grave.

The Sabbath is like the green oasis in the wilderness where, after the week's journey, the pilgrim halts for repose, where he rests beneath the shade of the lofty palm trees, and, refreshing himself with the waters of the calm, clear stream, recovers his strength, and goes forth again upon his pilgrimage with renewed vigor and cheerfulness.

The morality and spirituality of a community constitute the most important factors in the promotion of civilization, and these blessings come to us almost exclusively through the observance of the Sabbath. The heart needs training, and the soul needs opportunity for spiritual elevation, but these cannot be acquired in the mine or in the quarry, at the loom or at the forge, at the plow or in the shop. Uninterrupted toil not only undermines the health and dwarfs the intellect, but also blunts the virtues and deadens the nobler sensibilities in man. As the diver has need to come occasionally to the surface in order to fill his lungs with fresh and invigorating air, so, too, must we, from time to time, raise ourselves from the stifling depths of toil and care that we may breathe a pure and spiritual atmosphere, and thus save the heart and soul from suffocation. We need the Sabbath to purge us from the dross of life and to purify our moral and spiritual nature. We need the Sabbath to give life its true interpretation, to teach us that man is not a mere machine, placed here solely to toil and to drudge. We need the Sabbath to teach us that there is a God above us and a future before us, and to acquaint us with the sacred duties we owe to self, to others, and to our own family circles.

The sweetest blessing which the Sabbath brings is the joy of the family reunion, which binds the hearts of the parents unto the children and the hearts of the children

unto the parents in the tender bonds of an affection which gives to life its purest joy. It affords the opportunity for receiving moral and religious instruction, for social intercourse with friends and neighbors, for visiting the sick, for comforting the mourning, for aiding the helpless. Take the Sabbath from man, and his heart will turn to stone and his spiritual nature will be crushed. To abolish the Sabbath would be to annihilate one of the mightiest agents in civilizing and socializing mankind—would be to dry up a fountain of purifying influences, and to deprive human life of one of its most sacred and refining pleasures.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

Six days were given us for labor, and one for rest :
As the former is a duty, so is the latter a necessity.

Congregation :

*Toil and wrath shorten a life,
And care bringeth age before the time.*

As the Sabbath is distinguished from the other six days,
So let thy use of it differ from thy weekday occupation.

*Constant toil draineth the body of strength :
There is no riches like health.*

Better a poor man, sound and strong of constitution,
Than a rich man that is afflicted in his body.

*Health and a good constitution are above all gold,
And a strong body above infinite wealth.*

There is no riches above a sound body,
And no joy above the joy of the heart.

*Death is better than a bitter life,
And eternal rest than continual toil.*

Gladness of heart is the life of a man,
And the joyfulness of a man prolongeth his days.

*Love thyself and comfort thy heart ;
Remove worry far from thee.*

Ceaseless toil hath killed many,
And there is no profit therein.

*They who delight in the Sabbath
Shall find peace and health and joy.*

Ben Sirach.—Mediæval Rabbis.

HYMN.

THE DAY OF REST.

Come, O Sabbath day, and bring
Peace and healing on thy wing,
And to every troubled breast
Speak of the divine behest :
Thou shalt rest !

Earthly longings bid retire,
Quench our passions' hurtful fire ;
To the wayward, sin-oppressed,
Bring thou the divine behest :
Thou shalt rest !

Wipe from every cheek the tear,
Banish care, and silence fear ;
All things working for the best,
Teach the one divine behest :
Thou shalt rest !

(Return to page 27.)

Additional Services for Sabbaths.

SERVICE II.

MEDITATION.

(Read in silence by Congregation.)

RETRIBUTION.

Psalm xlv. 2.

“Be still, and know that I am God!” Thus speaks the voice of the Lord to us from out of the great events of the world. Not man’s but God’s will is done. Something different from what we expect is ever occurring. Many changes have taken place which mortals in their blind folly would fain have prevented. In vain are the ravings and the fury of man. What is to be, comes to pass. Everything has its limit, which no man can overstep. The mightiest are checked in their career by the ruling hand of God. He has struck down the exalted, and raised up the humble. Of what avail were the mightiest fleets that ever rode the waves? Of what avail were powerful hosts of men? Of what avail were the cunning plans of leaders, the valor of the commanders? No one is mighty before the Lord. Wise men have been left to sigh in dungeons, yet have changed the destinies of entire continents. He has saved innocence when condemned, and drawn the secret criminal into the light of day, and laid bare his hidden sufferings. Often one hour, one minute, has sufficed to bring to light the sins, which have been committed in secret by evil-doers, who have long succeeded in hiding in darkness their nefarious acts.

That which is culpable can never escape its condemnation. To every secret sinner comes the day of judgment; and were he to heap mountains on the evidences of his misdeeds, though only dark night or silent walls or solitary forests were the witnesses of his crime, the mountains will be disposed like dust before the wind, and discover what was hidden beneath them; the stones of the wall will speak and reveal his guilt; the leaves of the forest will become rustling witnesses, and the avenging flash of lightning will descend from the cloudless sky.

Recognize the ruling hand of God. Neither in heaven nor on earth is there any such thing as the rule of accident; there is an all-seeing, wise, loving Power, which guideth all things to good, not along the paths of chance, but according to the eternal law of goodness.

That which is hidden will at last come to light; crime will be unmasked, and all evil will meet with its deserts. Only that which is good in itself and just and true will eventually conquer and prevail.

Recognize the rule of God in all thy unfilled wishes; recognize it in all thy hopes fulfilled. Even when thy heart bleeds most painfully, even when the most sacred bonds are severed—even then it is God's hand that ruleth for thy good.

Weak, sensuous persons, strongly attached to what is earthly, are fearful of the future because they have set their hearts on things which must perish. The truly God-fearing and God-trusting, on the contrary, look cheerfully toward the future. Whatever God may have ordained, whether it be war or peace, riches or poverty, joyful association with our beloved or the death of the latter, storm or sunshine, he knows that God rules. And when he sees the dark thunder-cloud rolling toward him, it is God's voice that says to him, Be still, and know that I am God.

Why then should I fear, O Lord? Give or take, exalt me or abuse me, let me be the joy of my friends or fall the victim of mine enemies, I accept with thankfulness whatever fate may befall me. I am trustful and joyful, for I know that Thou art God, my God, for ever!

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(The following selections to be read alternately by the Minister and the Congregation.)

Minister :

They that fear the Lord will not disobey His word ;
They that love Him will strictly keep His ways.

Congregation :

*He searcheth out the deep, and the heart,
And considereth their subtle plans.*

Say not, I will hide myself from the Lord,
And who from above will be mindful of me?

*No thought escapeth Him ;
And not one word is hidden from Him.*

The Lord hateth every abomination,
And they that fear Him love it not.

*He has given unto man free choice ;
And to act with fidelity is matter of liking.*

Before man is life and death ;
Whichever he liketh shall be given him.

*His eyes are upon them that fear Him,
He knoweth every work of man.*

He commandeth no one to be godless ;
He gave not one license to sin.

*Marvel not at the works of a sinner ;
Trust in the Lord, and abide in thy labor.*

The blessing of the Lord is the reward of the godly;
 In a swift hour He maketh His blessing flourish.

*Pronounce none blessed before his death;
 By his children will a man be known.*

Ben Sirach, ii. xi. xv. xlii.

HYMN.

GOD'S OMNISCIENCE.

Psalm cxxxix.

O Lord, Thy all-discerning eyes
 My inmost purpose see;
 My deeds, my words, my thoughts, arise,
 Alike disclosed to Thee!
 My sitting down, my rising up,
 Broad noon and deepest night,
 My path, my pillow, and my cup
 Are open to Thy sight.

Before, behind, I meet Thine eye,
 And feel Thy heavy hand;
 Such knowledge is for me too high
 To reach or understand;
 What of Thy wonders can I know?
 What of Thy purpose see?
 Where from Thy Spirit shall I go?
 Where from Thy presence flee?

If I ascend to heaven on high,
 Or make my bed below,
 Or take the morning's wings and fly
 O'er ocean's ebb and flow,
 Or seek from Thee a hiding-place
 Amid the gloom of night—
 Alike to Thee are time and space,
 The darkness and the light.

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Additional Services for Sabbaths.

SERVICE III.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

THE BIBLE.

THE whole civilized world bows down with reverence before the book of all books, the Bible. It is read in every clime and zone of the globe. It constitutes the only literature, the only code of laws and ethics, among many peoples. For thousands of years it has gone hand in hand with civilization, has led the way toward the moral and intellectual development of humankind, and, despite the hatred of its enemies and the still more dangerous misinterpretations of its friends, it still maintains its firm hold upon the hearts and minds of the people; its power for kindling a love of right and duty, of justice and morality, within the hearts of men is still supreme. Were it possible to annihilate this book, and with it all the influences it has exercised, the pillars upon which civilization rests would be knocked away, and we would deal the death-blow to our morality, to our domestic happiness, to all we value highest and cherish most.

It is the one book that has a balm for every wound, a comfort for every tear, a ray of light for every darkness. Its language all people can understand, its spirit all minds can grasp, its moral law all hearts can obey. The truths contained in it appeal not only to the humblest, but also to the highest intellect.

There never was found, in any age of the world's history, either religion or law that so highly exalted the public good as have those of the Bible. It contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more important history, more fine strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written.

It teaches us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the serenest way of dying. It is welcomed equally in the cottage of the peasant and the palace of the king. The bark of the merchant is guided by it, and the discoverer in the darkest wilds is strengthened by it. It directs men's conduct, and mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life.

Place the most celebrated systems of philosophy or the most famous codes of ethics in the hands of the masses, and see whether the subtlety of their reasoning, the profundity of their learning, the elegance of their diction, will touch hearts as deeply or influence lives as thoroughly as does the Bible. All the genius and learning of the ancient world, all the penetration of the profoundest philosophers, have never been able to produce a book that was as widely read, as numerous translated, as voluminously commented upon, as dearly loved, as has been this one Book of Israel; nor have all the lawgivers of all lands and of all ages been able to produce a code of laws and ethics that was as universally and as beneficially followed as that of the Jewish lawgiver Moses.

The Bible belongs to the world. It has outlived all other books as a mighty factor in civilization, and still stands peerless as a work that is identified with the promotion of liberty, that is the companion or pioneer of commerce, the foundation of civil government, the source and support of learning.

There is not in the whole compass of human literature another book which deals with such profound topics, which touches human nature on so many sides of experience, which relates so especially to duties and sorrows and temptations, and yet which looks over the whole field of life with such sympathy and cheerfulness of spirit.

Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties. Write its precepts on your hearts and practise them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for all the progress in true civilization, and to it we must look as our guide in the future.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

He that practises the Law
Is better than he who merely studies it.

Congregation :

*Guard the Scriptures above thy life,
For it alone gives peace and safety.*

The Bible speaks in the language of man :
As many as are the verses, are the interpretations.

*The Bible is written for man,
And by man is it to be observed.*

Make not a burden of the study of the Law :
Let it teach thee the performance of duty, not its neglect.

*He who studies the Law avoids temptation,
And obtains deliverance from sin.*

The care of the soul is the life of man's heart ;
The study of the Law is the life of the soul.

*The study of the Scriptures is better than sacrifice,
The teaching it to others is better than prayer.*

The study of the Scriptures is compared to fire :
Unless it be kept alive, virtue will become extinct.

*The study of the Scriptures is compared to wood :
As one piece kindles another, so one student inflames others.*

The Scriptures is compared to water :
It descends to the lowly as water to the plains.

*The Scriptures is compared to wine and milk :
These are kept in earthen vessels, the Law in humble hearts.*
Talmud.

HYMN.

THE BIBLE.

Here is the spring where waters flow
To quench our fire of sin ;
Here is the tree where truth doth grow
To lead our lives therein.

Here is the judge that stays the strife
When men's devices fail ;
Here is the bread that feeds the life
Which death cannot assail.

The tidings of a brighter sphere
Come to our ears from hence ;
The fortress of our fate is here,
The shield of our defence.

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Additional Services for Sabbaths.

SERVICE IV.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY.

AFFLICTION is a stern teacher, but the best. From it alone we know how to value justly things below. He who wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and increases our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world, for it surrounds us with friends, who tell us only our merits, and it silences enemies, from whom alone we can learn our defects.

Much depends upon how we acquit ourselves under our crushing trials. According to the spirit and temper with which we receive them will be the help given and the benefit derived. The sharpest sting of adversity is borrowed from our own impatience. He that can heroically endure adversity will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul, for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former is not likely to be transported with the latter. Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue, where patience, honor, sweet humility, and calm fortitude take root and flourish. There are chemical solutions that deposit their precipitates in the shade and stillness of night; so in the dark hours of trouble the latent virtues of noble character are developed.

Trial is a great revealer; it exhibits the real worth of

man. No man is truly happy who has never felt adversity's lash. The greatest affliction of life is never to be afflicted. Genuine morality is preserved only in the school of adversity; a state of continuous prosperity may easily prove a quicksand to virtue. The soul that suffers is stronger than the soul that rejoices. No man's character is truly known till he is tried. The lance of affliction, when it probes the heart, often reveals how bad the blood is. On the other hand, affliction often brings hidden graces to light. The precious diamond must be cut in order to show its lustre. The sweet incense must be burned in order to exhale its fragrance. Adversity is like the periods of the former and the latter rain—cold, comfortless, unfriendly, yet from such seasons the flower and the fruit have their birth. Stars may be seen from the bottom of a deep well when they cannot be discerned from the top of a mountain. So in adversity are learned many things which the prosperous man dreams not of. We ought as fervently to pray for a blessing upon our daily rod as upon our daily bread. Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents which prosperity would permit to lie dormant. Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a greater. Possession pampers the mind; privation trains and strengthens it.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify us for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties—excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager. The martyrs of all times, in bracing their minds to outward calamities, acquired a loftiness of purpose and a moral heroism worth a lifetime of ease and security.

It is not the so-called blessings of life—its sunshine and calm, its comfort and ease—that make man, but its rugged

experiences, its storms and tempests and trials. Early adversity is often a blessing in disguise. Wherever souls are being tried, there God is hewing out the pillars for His temple.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

In prosperity there is forgetfulness of adversity ;
In adversity there is no remembrance of prosperity.

Congregation :

*It is easy for the Lord, in the day of death,
To reward a man according to his ways.*

Prosperity and adversity, life and death,
Poverty and riches, come from the Lord.

*Many an one is in need of help, and weak in strength,
And the eyes of the Lord look upon him, and he is helped.*

In great wisdom the Lord made a difference among men,
And made their lots diverse.

*The mercy of a man is toward his neighbor,
But the mercy of the Lord is toward all flesh ;*

He reproveth, and disciplines, and teaches,
And brings back, as a shepherd his flock.

*Set thy heart aright, and be steadfast,
And despair not in time of visitation,*

For gold is tried in the fire,
And acceptable men in the furnace of affliction.

*All the works of the Lord are exceeding good,
And every command shall be executed in its season.*

One may not say, What is this? wherefore is that?
For in due time shall all be known.

*One may not say, What is this? wherefore is that?
For all things have their purpose.*

Ben Sirach.

HYMN.

LEAD ME ARIGHT.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;

I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;

I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, our God, I plead:
Lead me aright,

Tho' strength should falter and tho' heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here:

Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my fate to understand,
My way to see:

Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

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Additional Services for Sabbaths.

SERVICE V.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

DUTY.

As a result of his nature, man is hedged about on all sides with obligations and responsibilities. He must act, and every act will be followed by some result, and every result will in some way affect him. Such is the law of his nature. If he refuses to act, then the elements of his being will begin to decay. Inaction is death. Our span of life was lent for lofty duties, not for selfishness; for service to mankind, not for aimless dreams. There is not a moment without some duty. The sense of duty is a power that rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow that cleaves to us, go where we will. Nowhere can a man turn to escape the responsibility which is the direct outcome of his nature. We do not choose our own parts in life. Our simple duty is to do our parts well.

The brave man wants no charm to allure him to duty, and the good man scorns all warnings that would deter him from it. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things that you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them. The best things are nearest—light in your eye, flowers at your feet, duties at your

hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's common work as it comes. Do the duty that lies nearest to you. You are apt to mistake your vocation by looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over the ordinary opportunities that lie directly in the road before you. One's vocation is never some far-off possibility: it is always the simple round of duties which the passing hour brings.

Except the consciousness of disregarded duty, there is no evil which we cannot face or from which we cannot fly. Men do less than they ought unless they do all that they can. Every duty that is bidden to wait hastens forward with fresh duties at its back. If we are faithful to the duties of the present, God will provide for the future. Human existence is a battle in which there can be no retreat. But the enemy has never yet proven invincible.

He is a true man who, mindful of the demands of duty, shapes his life accordingly. Duty is above all consequences, and often, at a crisis, commands us to throw them overboard. It enjoins us to look neither to the right nor to the left, but straight onward. Every act of duty is an act of faith. It is performed in the assurance that God will take care of the consequences, and will so order the course of the world that, whatever the immediate results may be, good will be the final reward.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections which the thoughtless may cast upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and should not be your concern. He who escapes a duty misses a gain. Do the duty, do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right. Let us do our duty in the shops or in the street, in the kitchen or in the school, at the home or on the farm, just as faithfully as if we

stood in the front rank of some great battle, and knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength, and skill. When we do this the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world. Reverence the highest; have patience with the lowest; let each day's performance of even the meanest duty be thy religion.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

If thou hast a duty to perform,
Do it, whether it be great or little.

Congregation :

*Every good deed awakens one better,
As every evil calls forth another still more evil.*

The discharge of a duty is more praiseworthy
Than the performance of a voluntary good deed.

*It matters not whether thou doest much or little
As long as thou doest it in the name of God.*

Though thou canst not perform all thy duties,
Thou art not free from doing all thou canst.

*Prayer is preferable to sacrifices,
And good deed is preferable to both.*

If thou hast taken upon thyself a duty,
Thou art no longer free to waver.

*What is commanded thee, think thereon;
For thou hast no need of what is concealed.*

Fail not to be with them that weep,
And mourn with them that mourn.

*In discharging thy duties to God and man
Forget not those thou owest to thyself.*

God asks such deeds of man as are in the power of man,
Not such as are in the power of God.

*Be not rash in undertaking the task,
But be swift-footed when once it is entered upon.*

Talmud.—Ben Sirach.

HYMN.

PRESENT DUTY.

Look around thee! Say how long
Shall the earth be ruled by wrong.
When shall error flee away,
And this darkness turn to day?

When will evil from the soul
Render back its dread control?
When shall all men duty see,
And the world be pure and free?

Rouse thee from the mental strife;
Gird thee for the task of life!
With the sword and with the shield,
Forward to the battle-field!

“On!” a thousand voices cry
Through the earth and from the sky;
“Up! Heaven’s light is on thy brow!
Let thy work be here and now!”

(Return to page 27.)

Additional Services for Sabbaths.

SERVICE VI.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

DIVINE MIND IN THE WORLD OF MATTER.

EVERYWHERE in the world of matter we perceive intelligence—a something which knows and wills. It is not brute force acting without knowledge and will, but an intelligent power working by means well understood, and continually directed to certain ends. This intelligence displays Supreme Mind. The evidences of this mind are to be seen on every hand. We see them in the structural plan of the whole solar system, for each star moves in its prescribed orbit, rushes along with breathless speed among a world of worlds, yet never clashes, never interferes with the others. The evidences of Divine Mind are seen also in the structure of the earth, in its complicated form, in the arrangement of its great divisions of matter, and in the fitness of each for its special function. And we see the same power of mind in the formation of the crystal, in the growth of plants, and in the insects which live on them. Study the leaf of a tree. What wisdom is displayed in its structure! How admirable its architecture! What perfect framework, what exquisite finish! How intelligibly are the elements combined in its composition! How the power of vegetation assimilates the particles of earth, air, and water whereby the plant grows! Look at the insect which has its world on the little leaf. See with what intelligence this minute creat-

ure has been fashioned! What organs satisfy its individual wants! How wonderful the means which combine to form the insect life! How admirable the constitution which gives unity of action to all its members, and individual freedom to each!

Turn over the great volume bound in stone, study through this oldest testament of ages past, and in every page, in every line, in every letter, you will find the same mind, the same power, the same will. And that power is constant in all time of which this great earthen book keeps record, and is continuous in all space whereof its annals tell. The more things are studied, the vaster appears this mind in its far-reaching sweep of time and space; the more minutely things are examined, the more delicate appears its action. The solar system is not too large for it to grasp and hold, nor the eye of an insect too small for it to model and execute. The whole universe of matter is a mundane psalm to celebrate the reign of Power, Law, Mind. Fly through solar systems from the remotest planet to the sun—power, law, mind, attend your every step. Study each planet—it is still the same: power, law, mind. Ask every leaf; ask the insect that feeds thereon; ask the petrified remains of creatures that lived millions of years before man trod the globe,—they all, with united voice, answer still the same: power, law, mind. In all the space from Neptune to the sun, in all the time from the day of creation unto the present moment, there is no failure of that power, no break of that law, no single error of that mind. Thus the whole world is witness to continual force, to never-failing law, to ever-present mind; is witness to that eternal Power which men call God. On this world about us He has inscribed His thought in those marvellous hieroglyphics which the senses and the sciences have been these many thousand

years seeking to understand. Every rose is an autograph from the hand of God. The universe itself is the scripture of the Almighty.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

All wisdom cometh from the Lord,
And is with Him for ever.

Congregation :

*Who can number the sands of the sea, the drops of the rain,
And the days of eternity ?*

Who can tell the measure of the world,
And the depth of God's wisdom ?

*To whom was the root of wisdom revealed ?
And who knew her subtle plans ?*

The universe was known to Him before it was made :
So also after it was completed.

*To none gave He power to make known fully His works ;
And who will trace out His mighty acts ?*

Who will measure the strength of His majesty ?
And who will set forth His mercies ?

*One cannot take from or add to,
Neither can he trace out the wonderful things of the Lord.*

The sun that giveth light looketh down upon all things ;
And the work thereof is full of the glory of the Lord.

*Oh, how beautiful are all His works !
They are as flowers to look upon.*

The sun when it appeareth proclaimeth Him ;
Its rising a marvellous work of the Most High.

*We may speak much, and reach Him not ;
And to sum up, He is All.*

Ben Sirach.

HYMN.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

God, thou art good ! each perfumed flower,
The waving field, the dark green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour,—
All things proclaim that God is good.

Each little rill, that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song that God is good.

The restless sea, with haughty roar,
Calms each wild wave and billows rude,
Retreats submissive from the shore,
And swells the chorus, " God is good."

The countless hosts of twinkling stars
That sing His praise with light renewed ;
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, " God is good."

The moon, that walks in brightness, says
That God is good ; and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should still repeat that God is good.

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Additional Services for Sabbaths.

SERVICE VII.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

THE GRANDEUR OF MAN.

MAN is the crowning wonder of creation. The study of his nature is the noblest study the world affords. He is of the earth, but his thoughts are with the stars. Mean and petty his wants and desires, yet they serve a soul exalted with grand and glorious aims, with immortal longings, with thoughts that sweep the heavens and wander through eternity. A pigmy standing on the outward crest of this small planet, his far-reaching spirit stretches outward to the infinite, and there alone finds rest. Man is greater than a world—than systems of worlds; there is more mystery in the union of the soul with the body than in the creation of a universe.

The grandeur of man's nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions. His power of intellect, of conscience, of love, of knowing God, of perceiving the beautiful, of acting on his own mind, on outward nature, and on his fellow-creatures,—these are glorious prerogatives. He is variously and richly gifted with noble faculties, and amply furnished with material means to exercise them, so that, with eternity for his work-day, he may achieve his highest aspirations.

Man is the jewel of God, who has created the universe as a casket in which to keep this treasure. All the material world is made to minister to man's development.

Earth and air, fire and water, are his servants. The sun ripens the fruits for his food and paints the flowers for his delight. The winds drive his fleets across the waters, bearing the tribute of one land to another. The lightnings take his thought on their wings and bear it over land or underneath the sea. The long-pent-up forces of nature come forth at his bidding to do his toil, to bear his burdens, to drive the wheels of industry, to bridge the oceans, and to bind the continents. Among all the wonders of God, none is as admirable as man. Other things in comparison seem only as the sparks which flew when God's arm beat the anvil on which he fashioned man. The material splendors of the world, grand and gorgeous as they are, seem insignificant when measured by the spiritual glories of the humblest man. High and brilliant are the stars. What a flood of mysterious beauty do they pour through the darkness! But the civilized man who walks under them—nay, even the savage who looks up at them only as does the animal he slays—has a fairer beauty, is a more profound mystery. Man's love of truth, justice, and faith are higher manifestations of God than are the greatest glories of all the sky. These virtues are seeds from the garden of God; they take root in the soul of man, and can never be dislodged or torn out. A great man rises, shines a few years, and presently his body goes to the grave and his spirit to the home of the soul. But his thoughts and deeds are never lost. Let a man have more truth, more justice, more love, more piety than have other men, and the world cannot cast him aside: he towers above the shoulders of mankind, and they cannot hide him. Nothing can keep him down. Not a single truth, not a single thought to which he has once given expression, is lost: it is recorded in the Book of the Infinite God.

Oh, that every man would consider that God has made

him the crown of creation, destined him for lofty aims, fitted him with the means for their attainment! Oh, that every man, thus made keenly conscious of the grandeur of his nature, would use his marvellous powers for the blessing of the race and for the glory of God!

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

Think, O man, of all thy great gifts,
And make use of them according to their worth.

Congregation :

*Consider whence thou comest and whither thou goest,
And thou wilt not easily be led to sin.*

The plant is robed with beauty, the animal with strength;
But God has distinguished man above them both.

*He filled him with intelligent insight,
And showed him good and evil.*

He set His eyes upon his hearts,
That He might show him the greatness of His work.

*Though man is but dust and ashes,
Yet is his soul the image of God.*

Man's bones and flesh link him to the animal;
But his soul unites him with the spirit of the Lord.

*Because mind has been given to man, much is expected;
Miserly use of his blessings is returning ill for good.*

God has revealed unto man what is good,
And hath given him choice between right and wrong.

*Free will and a heart God gave to man,
That he might consider his ways and keep pure.*

Honor man for what he has ;
 Yet more greatly honor him for the use he makes of it.

*Honor man for what he is ;
 Yet more greatly honor him for what he does.*

Talmud.—Ben Sirach.—Medieval Rabbis.

HYMN.

MAN.

Oh, what is man, great Maker of mankind,
 That Thou to him hast drawn in love so near ;
 That Thou adornest him with such a mind,
 Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer ?

Oh, what a busy life, what heavenly power,
 What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
 How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower,
 Dost Thou within the mortal frame inspire !

Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of Thine,
 But Thy whole image Thou in man hast writ ;
 There cannot be a creature more divine
 Except, like Thee, it should be infinite.

Nor hath He giv'n these blessings for a day,
 Nor made them on the body's life depend ;
 The soul, though made in time, survives for aye,
 And, though it hath beginning, sees no end.

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Additional Services for Sabbaths.

SERVICE VIII.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

EDUCATION.

EDUCATION leads the human mind and soul to what is right and best. It awakens a love for truth, giving a just sense of duty, opening the eyes of the soul to the great purpose and end of life. It is not so much giving words as thoughts, not so much mere maxims as living principles. It is teaching the individual to love the good for the sake of the good; to love and serve God not from fear, but from delight in His perfect character. It should be the aim of education to regard mere learning as subordinate to the development of a strong and well-rounded moral character.

It is not through books alone, or chiefly, that one becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully every duty that comes in your way. Stand to your post; silently endure the disappointments of life; love justice; control self; swerve not from truth or right; be one that fears and obeys God and exercises benevolence toward men—and in all this you shall possess true manliness. Not how much a man knows, but what use he makes of what he knows; not what he has acquired and how he has been trained, but what he is and what he can do determines the worth of the man.

It makes little difference what the trade or business or branch of learning—the educated is always superior to the

untaught man. One who is in the habit of applying his powers in the right way will carry system into any occupation, and it will help him as much to handle a tool as to write a poem. Education is a companion which no misfortune can estrange, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave—at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament.

Work upon marble, the inscription will perish; on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal mind, and imbue it with principles, with the just fear of God, and the love of our fellow-men, we engrave on its tablets something that will brighten to all eternity. What a grand and noble satisfaction is the delight of intellectual power, of thought, of reflection, of imagination! It is a sublime pleasure to read the great book of nature, the oldest testament of God, written not on two but on millions of tablets of stone, all illuminated with those fires that burn night after night through the world; to know the curious economy whereby a rose grows out of the dark ground and is beautiful and fragrant; to learn the curious chemistry whereby nature produces green and golden ornaments. What a glorious thing it is to understand man, the wonderful structure of his body and the marvellous mechanism of his mind!

The man of letters has the sublime joy of welcoming the incoming of new thought. How great are the delights of science to the naturalist, the astronomer, the geologist! What a joy there is in a good book written by some great master of thought who bursts into beauty as in summer the meadow bursts into grass and flowers! As an amusement, that of reading is worth all the rest. What pleasure in science, literature, and art for any man who will but open his eyes and his heart to enjoy it! With what de-

light does an audience listen to some great orator who looks into their faces and speaks into their hearts—who so brightens and warms his audience that every manly and womanly excellence in them will bud and blossom with beauty and fragrance, in due time to bear most luscious fruit!

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

When fear of sin is greater than wisdom,
Then wisdom will endure.

Congregation :

*When good deeds are greater than knowledge,
Then knowledge will remain.*

Wisdom is a tree that grows in the heart,
And its fruit is in the tongue.

*Silence is the first sign of wisdom, and listening the second ;
Comprehension is the third, and acting the fourth.*

The end of wisdom is good conduct,
And there is no piety like reverence.

*Study not for the sake of gain or name :
Wisdom is to do justly, to think nobly, and to love purely.*

The greatest wisdom is to know thyself ;
Let thy tongue learn to say : I do not know.

*All wisdom is the fear of the Lord,
And in all wisdom is the keeping of the law.*

The knowledge of evil is not wisdom ;
The counsel of sinners is not prudence.

*There is a cleverness, and it is an abomination ;
And there is a simplicity, and yet pleasing to the Lord.*

Better to be weak in insight, yet God-fearing,
Than to abound in prudence and transgress the law.

*There is nothing better than the fear of the Lord,
And nothing wiser than to heed His commandments.*

Talmud.—Ben Sirach.—Mediæval Rabbis.

HYMN.

THE MIND HAS NO TO-DAY.

The mind has no to-day ! The present things
Are for the senses, never for the soul ;
Backward or forward, on its restless wings,
It flits for ever, yet without a goal,

Like one that's bent on seeking out the lore
Of things to come in things that were before,
Stealing the taper from the old world's tomb
To light it through the future's deeper gloom.

It is the hidden principle of soul,
Which will not sleep amid a noon of light,
Which ponders still upon a doubtful scroll,
And spurns the lessons that are read at sight ;

Which, more than present waters, loves to hear
The music of an unseen fountain play,
And, better than the trumpet that is near,
The echo of a trumpet far away.

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Additional Services for Sabbaths.

SERVICE IX.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

THE WORTH OF A GOOD NAME.

THE two most precious things this side the grave are reputation and life. Regard your name as the richest jewel you can possess. Reputation is like fire: when once you have kindled it, you may easily preserve it, but once extinguished, it will be an arduous task to rekindle it.

The slanderer and the assassin differ only in the weapons they use: with the one it is the dagger, with the other the tongue. The latter is worse than the former, for the one kills the body, while the other murders the reputation and peace.

If slander be a snake, it is a winged one. It flies as well as creeps. There is nothing which wings its flight as swiftly as calumny. Nothing is listened to with more readiness, or dispersed more widely. What enemy mightier than slander! What poison more fatal! What weapon sharper! The slanderer whispers but a word or two, utters a monosyllable, points his finger, shrugs his shoulder, raises his eyebrow, and a fair name is sullied, a happy home is blasted. One's good name gone, and all is gone. Other losses may be restored, but the name that has become slander's prey can never be wholly recovered. We may deny and defend, and prove the slander a base invention, but the report that has once gone abroad is

beyond recall. Of the hundred that have heard the slander, ten may hear the denial, and five of these may believe it. The foul finger-marks will remain. The scar which the serpent's tooth has left will abide for ever. The shaken confidence, the broken union, though restored, will for ever show the signs of mending. Suspicion will linger, and will grow again into slander when its victim is in the grave, and no longer able to defend himself.

Believe nothing against another but on good authority; report nothing that may hurt any one unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it. The worthiest people are the most injured by slander, just as the best fruit is most pecked at by birds. The slanderer inflicts wrong by calumniating the absent, and he who gives credit to the calumny is equally guilty. Next to the slanderer we detest most him who bears the slander to our ears. Listen not to the talebearer, for he tells you nothing out of good will.

Close your ears against him that shall open his mouth against another. If you receive not his words, they fly back and wound him who speaks them. If you receive them, they fly forward and wound him who lends ear to them.

Close your ears to slander, and you will soon close the slanderer's mouth. Bar your doors against it, and it will soon starve and freeze to death upon the street. Even though you be free from the sin of slander, if you listen to it and repeat it to others, you are as guilty as the slanderer. Your credulity encourages him to murder other innocent names, and your aid thus makes you an accessory to his crime. If you wish to preserve the honor of your name, you must sacredly guard that of others. If you wish to be fairly dealt with by others, even so must you deal with them.

Only by leniently judging the failings of others, by making just allowances, by carefully concealing another's shame with one hand while trying to correct it with the other, can you fairly expect similar treatment. The world is a faithful looking-glass; as you look at it, it looks back at you.

So live that a blameless life may be your answer to slander's tongue. So live that noble deed may give the lie to the calumniator's detraction. So live that the traducer's persecutions, instead of disheartening, shall inspire you with the sense of your worth. So live that even though the world deny you justice, your own conscience may approve your purpose as holy, your character as spotless, your name as unstained.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

Be ruler over thy speech by keeping silence,
And this shall give thee control over thy words.

Congregation :

*Withdraw thy eye from the blemish of thy neighbor ;
But know thine own fault, and mend thy way.*

Deliver thy tongue from speaking falsehood :
Who speaketh it will be spoken against.

*Speakers of falsehoods are despised by all ;
But honored in the sight of man are the faithful.*

The blemishes of another discover to no man,
And go not about as a talebearer and slanderer.

*Bridle thy tongue and muzzle thy mouth,
And thine and thy neighbor's honor will be safe.*

Whosoever findeth fault with people undeservedly,
Will be found fault with deservedly.

*Question thy friend : he may not have sinned ;
And if he did, that he do so no more.*

Question thy neighbor : he may not have slandered ;
And if he did, that he may not do so again.

*Question a friend : for many a time it is a slander ;
And believe not every report.*

Who slippeth with his tongue and meaneth naught,
He hath not sinned against his fellow-men.

*Question thy neighbor before thou threatenest,
And give place to the law of the Most High.*

Ben Sirach.—Mediæval Rabbis.

FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER.

Cherish faith in one another
When you meet in friendship's name ;
In the true friend is a brother,
And his heart should throb the same.

Oh, have faith in one another
When you speak a brother's vow ;
It may not be always summer—
Not be always bright as now.

Yea, have faith in one another,
And let honor be your guide ;
Let the truth alone be spoken,
Whatsoever may betide.

Tho' the false may reign a season—
And doubt not it sometimes will—
Yet have faith in one another,
And the truth shall triumph still.

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Additional Services for Sabbaths.

SERVICE X.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

INDUSTRY.

Two men deserve to be honored, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman who with earth-made implements laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's vassal. Venerable is the hard hand, but therein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, thou son of hardy toil, for us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed. Thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert thou so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor must it stand. And thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toil-est for the indispensable—for daily bread.

The second man deserving honor, and still more highly, is he who toils for the spiritually indispensable—not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavoring toward inward harmony, revealing this, by act or by word, through his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all it is to be an artist; not earthly

craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who, with heaven-made implement, conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, and immortality? These two, in all their degrees, are to be honored; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when we find both dignities united, and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimest of all God's beings is a peasant sage. Such a one will lift you to heaven itself.

Industry is not only the means of support, but also the foundation of pleasure. He who is a stranger to it may possess, but cannot enjoy, for it is labor only which gives relish to possession. It is the indispensable condition of possessing a sound mind in a sound body, and is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. Industry keeps the purse full, the body healthy, the mind clear, and the heart whole.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us, from all the petty vexations that meet us, from the sin-promptings that assail us, from the world-sirens that lure us to ill. There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Be he ever so benighted, there is always hope in a man who actually and earnestly works. Nature is just toward men. It recompenses them for their sufferings. To the greatest toils it attaches the greatest rewards. If you have great talents, industry will give them scope; if moderate abilities, industry will improve them. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be obtained without it. It is to labor, and to labor only, that man owes everything of value. Labor is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of the savage, that

has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities and the oceans with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort, and elegance in place of want, misery, and barbarism.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

Honor the laborer, for he betters the earth,
And increases the joys of the children of men.

Congregation :

*Great is labor, for it honors the laborer ;
Great is labor, for it employs the hand and feeds the body.*

Famine may rage, and yet not enter the laborer's house :
The industrious erect a bar against want.

*To supply one's self with the necessaries of life
Is as great a deed as the dividing of the Red Sea.*

Industry is preferable to inactive piety :
Scholarship without a trade does not profit.

*Rather the lowest vocation even in a public place
Than through idleness to depend on charity.*

Hunger never crosses the threshold of the diligent ;
But the indolent languishes for want of food.

*Idleness is the root of vice ;
Labor is a shield against temptation.*

He who raises a child without teaching him a trade
Is like a father who trains his child to be a thief.

*Let no honest calling be deemed low in thine eyes :
The world needs both the low and the high.*

Industry is the mate of study ;
The latter confers knowledge ; the former, power.

*See first to thy trade, then to thy study ;
Happy the man that can see to both.*

Talmud.

HYMN.

HEADS, HEARTS, AND HANDS.

Heads that think and hearts that feel,
Hands that turn the busy wheel,
 Make our life worth living here,
 Round it out with joy and cheer.
Heads to plan what hearts shall do,
Hearts to bear us bravely through—
 Thinking head and toiling hand
 Are the masters of the land.

When a thought becomes a thing,
Busy hands make hammers ring
 Until honest work has wrought
 Into shape the thinker's thought,
Lifting men to loftier height,
Filling all the age with light,
 Spreading truth and rousing thought,
 Loving God and fearing naught.

Hail to honest hearts and hands,
And to the head that understands—
 Hands that never touched a bribe,
 Hands that dare to truth subscribe ;
Hearts that hate a deed unjust,
Hearts that other hearts can trust ;
 Heads that plan for others' weal,
 Heads that rule o'er hearts that feel.

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Additional Services for Sabbaths.

SERVICE XI.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

*BETTER FAILURE IN RIGHT THAN SUCCESS IN
WRONG.*

AMBITION is the salt that preserves the mind from stagnation and the body from decay. It is the spur that makes man struggle with destiny. It is Heaven's own incentive to make purpose great and achievement greater. But for it our greatest powers would never come to light, our noblest faculties would rust unused. It is the baton that holds our best energies harmoniously together and starts them off in rhythmic motion. It is the lash that drives our blood into healthful flow and our mind into useful activity. It is the source of all that the mind values highest and all that the heart cherishes most. It has laid the foundation of the first place of worship and the corner-stone of the first school, and there has not been a church or school since that owed not its existence to it. It has steeled the arm of the first warrior, and has made the brave soldier laugh at danger ever since. It has guided the pen of the first writer, and of every writer since. It has inspired the mind of the first reformer, lawgiver, discoverer, inventor, and of all their countless successors. It has taken the first ship across the ocean, and the first locomotive across the land; sunk the first shaft into the earth, stretched the first telegraph over the continents, laid the

first cable under the seas. It has started more enterprises than mind has knowledge of, and has brought more blessings into the world than man can count. For all the comforts of life we are indebted to it. It has lightened our burdens and heightened our joys. It has widened our horizon and deepened our knowledge.

But on ambition's wings great minds are sometimes carried to extremes—either to soar to fatal heights, or to drop into the abyss of ignominy. Unless you maintain your mastery over your ambition, it will make a slave of you. Keep it well in hand. Learn to discriminate between noble ambition and evil covetousness. A wide chasm separates the two. On the one side is honor, right, emulation, blessing; on the other side is shame, wrong, avarice, crime.

There are as many good things yet to be had as ever were acquired. Not all the discoveries have yet been made, not all the good words have yet been said, not all the great movements have yet been inaugurated, not all the earth's treasures have yet come to light. Before, however, you entertain a new ambition, measure your aim by your strength. Ambition is a weakness when it is disproportioned to the capacity. To have more ambition than ability warrants is to be at once weak and unhappy. Aim high, but never attempt an eagle's flight with a sparrow's wing. You will either drop exhausted or resort to tricks to attain your aim. Better an unheralded benefactor in the valley beneath than a notorious marauder on the mountain-top. Weigh well the purpose of your ambition. You may have the power of a giant, yet the object may not deserve the strength of a dwarf. The accidental possession of a giant's strength is no reason for its being used giant-like in an unworthy cause.

If great powers are yours, believe that they have been

given you for great and good works. Cherish a noble ambition, and seek to attain it by noble means. Be right, and you need have no fear of ultimate success. Few men fail who deserve success, who heroically toil for it, who patiently wait for it. And even if they fail, far better is it to fail in the right than to succeed in the wrong.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

Occupy the body and mind, though not to excess ;
And trust not to thy family inheritance.

Congregation :

*Work with zeal, not with greed ; yet only to supply thy wants ;
He who is contented with his portion shall be blessed.*

Be not avaricious for another's possessions,
Lest thou be filled with bitterness.

*Covet not that which is in the hands of others,
Lest thy days be wasted in pain and grief.*

He who is too eager to rise above his position
Will never be free from care.

*If thou canst not attain what thou desirest,
Seek enjoyment in what thou hast.*

Let not the love of riches be stronger in thy sight
Than a promise made either in public or private.

*Refrain from sharp practice and evasions :
Thou wilt lose all thou gainest thereby.*

If thou desirest what thou needest, a little will suffice ;
If more than thou needest, nothing will suffice ;

*Woe to him who buildeth his house upon what is not his :
In a swift hour it will bury him under its ruin.*

Seek not to enjoy what is not thine ;
 For in the end thou wilt lose joy in what thou hast.

*Flee far from acquiring possessions unjustly ;
 But help others to establish their own.*

Medieval Rabbis.

HYMN.

OUR LIFE IS LIKE A HASTING STREAM.

Oh, let the soul its slumber break,
 Arouse its senses and awake,
 To see how soon
 Life, with its glory, glides away,
 And the stern footsteps of decay
 Come rolling on.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
 Alike the humble brooklet's glide,
 To ocean's wave ;
 Death levels poverty and pride,
 And rich and poor sleep side by side
 Within the grave.

Our birth is but the starting-place,
 Life is the running of the race,
 And death the goal ;
 There all life's glittering toys are brought.
 The path alone of all unsought
 Is found of all.

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Additional Services for Sabbaths.

SERVICE XII.

MEDITATION.

For the Sabbath preceding the Feast of Esther.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

GIVE LIBERALLY BUT WISELY.

IT has been the custom in Israel to heighten the joys of the Feast of Esther by remembering friends with gifts and the poor with deeds of kindness. It is a beautiful practice, and deserving of faithful continuance. So great a blessing is friendship that we should miss no opportunity which may tend to strengthen its bonds; and so needful and ennobling is charity that we should let slip no chance to alleviate the distress of the needy.

The virtue of charity, especially, should find fullest exercise this week. The severities of winter have caused painful want among the poor. They have taxed the charity funds to the utmost. We must replenish these. Our poor yearn, especially during this festive week, for a brother's sympathizing word and helping hand, and for his counsel how, at this season of industrial revival, they may become self-supporting and partake of the enjoyments of life. May our joy over our own past deliverances find its highest expression in delivering the needy from their present trials and tribulations. Every act or word of assistance given to another is a deed of charity; and there is scarcely any man in such a state of poverty that he may not, on some occasions, benefit his neighbor. He that cannot re-

lieve the poor may instruct the ignorant, and he that cannot attend the sick may reclaim the vicious. He that can give little assistance himself may yet perform the duty of charity by influencing those who have means to bestow or employment to give. But, necessary as charity is, we must consider well to whom we give. To encourage degraded idleness and extravagance is wrong, and in very many cases that is the only effect of indiscriminate giving. As far as is possible, all petitions for relief should be investigated, and assistance given or withheld according to the worthiness or unworthiness of the one who asks for aid. This process involves expenditure of time and trouble, but its performance is a duty which we owe to the world, to the person asking assistance, and to ourselves. We owe it to the world because the welfare of society demands that all its members shall be engaged in some useful work; we owe it to the person because, otherwise, we might prevent the worthy poor from attaining self-helpfulness; we owe it to ourselves as a matter of protection against impostors.

The numerous benevolent associations, and other means of systematically alleviating the condition of the poor, are deserving of all praise and support. Having large amounts of money at their disposal, and making charity a business, to be conducted upon business principles, they are able to cover the field of want much more thoroughly than could be done by unorganized individual effort. They reach a great many cases that private benevolence could not. But notwithstanding all this, it is desirable that every man should use organized help only to aid his own charity. If we give indirectly, half the blessedness of giving is lost. We need to come into close contact with the wretchedness of the poor. It is only thus that we can derive the full personal benefit from our almsgiving. Our souls are made richer by the personal knowledge of exist-

ing misery, and by the gentle glow of feeling which follows every good action.

Alms should be given cheerfully and pleasantly, as if the whole heart went with the gift, and not grudgingly, with an air that seems to say that it is given only for the purpose of getting rid of a disagreeable person. The pleasant word that shows a genuine good-will often helps the poor heart more than could any material assistance; while an abundant gift gruffly given carries with it a poison which counterbalances any good it might otherwise do.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

Make the poor to rejoice in thy joy,
In thy festivals share with them thy blessings.

Congregation :

*At the gates of the wealthy, friends are frequent ;
At the gates of the poor they are seldom seen.*

Cease not doing good to whomever you can ;
Befriend the deserving, whoever he may be.

*Assist the needy, nurse the sick, comfort the mourning,
No matter whether they be of thy creed or not.*

Strengthen the weak, and satisfy the hungry :
Be to them a tower of strength and a fortress.

*Entertain the stranger, rejoice the little ones ;
Cause your face to shine upon the humble.*

Look upon thy wealth, and see what thou canst spare ;
Look upon the poor, and see what they need.

*He who gives charity in secret honors the poor ;
Better not to give at all than cause shame by giving.*

Let thy alms-giving not encourage alms-asking.
It is better to lend to the poor than to give.

*There is nothing so great as love,
And nothing so good as acts of loving kindness.*

Charity contains its own reward ;
And according to its love is its recompense.

*Do as thou wouldst be done by is the root of the law ;
All other precepts are its branches.*

Talmud.—Mediæval Rabbis.

HYMN.

LIVE NOBLY.

While on this earth ye stay,
 Oh, nobly live !
Strive ye, from day to day,
 Some joy to give,
Some hopeful word to speak,
Fresh strength to give the weak.
By constant effort seek
 Nobly to live.

Turn ye with generous heart
 Toward those who need,
Eager to sow some part
 Of life's good seed.
Forego some selfish gains ;
Think ye of other claims ;
Make e'en your simplest aims
 Noble indeed.

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Additional New Year Eve Service.

MEDITATION.

(Read in silence by Congregation.)

AS WE SOW, SO WE REAP.

A NEW YEAR has opened. Behind me lies my past life, like a long dream; before me the future, like an unknown country, veiled in impenetrable mystery. I look forward to what the next days or months may bring. I would fain catch a glimpse of the fate which lies concealed in the dim future, as the seed lies germinating in the dark bosom of the wintry earth.

O my heart, discard all useless fears, and await with calm trust the gifts of the beneficent Providence that watches over thee and thine. Be not alarmed. The fear of future evil is in itself the greatest of evils. Thou sufferest more from thy fears than thou art likely to suffer from misfortunes, should they come upon you. Thou poisonest therewith thy health, and killest many a joy which may be blooming for thee in the present. The prudent man is calm in mind; he enjoys the pleasures of the present, holds care in check by hopes of better things in the future, and when the hour of misfortune comes, he meets it with resolute action. The sailor borne on the billows of the ocean rejoices with tranquil mind in the favorable wind and cheerful sunshine. Would it be better that he should be fearing storms and looking forward to shipwreck while everything is calm around him? When the sky becomes overcast, when the raging wind

lashes the ocean into fury, rends the sails of the ship, and threatens him with destruction, fear would only hasten his ruin. But, trusting in God, he gathers up his strength, wrestles with wind and wave, and by his resoluteness and prudence saves himself from the threatened danger.

If hitherto thou hast not been quite happy, reflect that things are ever changing. If thy present position be unfortunate, take courage, for surely it will not ever remain the same. If darkness reigns around thee at present, be comforted: in a few days all may be bright. Why shouldst thou despair because one sun sets? Will not a new morn dawn for thee beyond the night? Take a full survey of thy present sad lot, reflect on the blessings that have been spared thee, and then ask whether thou hast lost all.

And should even every happiness in life be lost to thee, thou wilt still not be quite impoverished, for the source of every joy, of every good, the loving kindness of God, has not deserted the world. If the hand of death has robbed thee of one of thy cherished treasures, why shouldst thou for ever mourn? Consider that the trials that fell upon thee were for thy good. Thou art created for a higher life, and not alone for this fleeting dream of earthly existence. It is only through heroic conflict, through matured virtue, through tried wisdom, through greatness of soul, that thou canst become fit for a better world. Evils exist, that in struggling with them and in conquering them we may strip the dross from our hearts and immortalize our souls.

Fear only such evils as thou bringest upon thyself by thine own fault. There is nothing man has to dread so much as his own errors, his own neglect. By far the greater number of misfortunes and troubles are brought on man by himself. Look back over the past year, review

its events, and see whether the success it brought was not, in a large measure, due to thy merit, and its failures, to a considerable degree, to thy neglect.

To shift responsibilities is an old weakness. What is so easy and so safe as to bury our sins in the coffin of the dead year, and then pose as innocents and martyrs? What more comforting to the dreamer and idler and improvident than their dictum that all is a matter of chance and luck? Yes, luck there is in this world, if thou goest out to find it with industry, economy, patience, circumspection, culture, self-control, in thy hand. Be assured the years, whether going or coming, have never brought so much to man as man has brought to them.

The greatest streak of luck that can ever happen to man is his recognition that there is no luck. Seeking the cause of failure in himself, he will stumble across success. If the year's balance-sheet indicates failure, make not failure double by finding the cause of it outside thyself. Though accessories there have been, permit them not to condone thy own shortcomings. Rather be unjust to thyself than encourage responsibility-shifting. In severity to thyself lies thy salvation. Self-excuse is prosperity's tomb. Hast thou failed, wail not over un- toward circumstances or unpropitious fortune, but grasp the helm with a firmer hand, set the sails to the winds, keep the goal clear in sight, and then for it will all your might. If, despite care and courage, thy bark is dashed against the rocks, then go down like a hero, with the proud consciousness that no blame rests on thee.

Life is an ocean, not a brooklet on which one may stretch himself in his boat and drift along aimlessly. It is because so few have definite goals before them that so many fail. It is because so many aim at impossibilities that so few succeed. It is because there is too much wishing for suc-

cess, with so little unremitted striving after it, that so many end with wishing. It is because there is too much eagerness for speedy triumph that so many end in defeat. The unsuccessful often forget the intermediary steps that lie between the base and pinnacle of glory; they storm the tempting heights at once, and sink exhausted at the foot. They that toil with the right means, at the right time, in the right spirit, for a reasonable and possible success, generally attain it—if not in one form, then in another, even if in no other form than in the satisfaction of having nobly striven and nobly failed. Few men have ever earnestly striven after a competence, after health, home-happiness, love of relatives, respect and confidence of fellow-men, and not attained them. Few men that have so lived have had occasion to part from the old year with regret and to greet the new with fears. If tears there were at all, they sprung from the memory of some recent bereavement. They were tears of sorrow, tears of affection, not tears of a conscience-stricken mind. Though not free from pain, still, free they were from consciousness of personal responsibility.

Thus to live means living. Thus to strive means succeeding. Thus to stand on the threshold of a new year means gratitude to the old, means honor to the new. Thus let us live; thus let us strive; looking forward to the new year's end without fear, reaching it without regret—with the help of God. Amen.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(The following selections to be read alternately by the Minister and the Congregation.)

Minister :

Do not evil, and evil will not befall thee;

Depart from sin, and it will turn away from thee.

Congregation :

*Say not : Through the Lord I fell away ;
For thou oughtst not to do what He hateth.*

The Lord endowed man with reason,
And left him the choice of his free will.

*He hath set fire and water before thee :
Thou shalt stretch forth thy hand to whichever thou wilt.*

He that laboreth and taketh pains,
Upon him the eyes of the Lord will rest for good.

*Keep not idle in hope of miracles ;
Only he that labors will have his daily bread.*

A beam bound into a house will not be moved by a storm ;
So a firm heart will not tremble at the crisis.

*If thou hast not gathered at the beginning,
Thou canst find nothing at the close.*

Be not alarmed about the future,
For thou knowest not what to-morrow may bring forth.

*There may be no to-morrow for thee ;
Why worry about what is not yet ?*

Trust in the Lord, and He will espouse thy cause ;
Make thy way straight, and hope in Him.

*Ye that fear the Lord, hope for good,
And for enduring joy and mercy.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

ORISON.

Minister :

O Thou in whose sight a thousand years are but as a day, all things on earth are passing away, but Thou remainest One and the same. Thy providence has brought

us to the close of another year, and we come before Thee acknowledging Thee as the Fountain of all our mercies in days past, as the Source of all our present comfort, and as the Hope of future good. Thou hast given us the autumn with its bountiful fruits, the winter with its icy mantle, beneath which Thou didst prepare the earth for a new life of beauty and pleasure, the spring with its fragrant verdure, the summer with its golden harvest. Oh, what a series of bounties present themselves to our minds as we look over the year that has just passed! Health, food, raiment, home, friends, pleasures, have all been furnished by Thy bounteous hand, so that day unto day uttered speech concerning Thy goodness, and night unto night brought forth knowledge of Thy mercy.

We have indeed had our toils and trials, but when compared with our mercies, they have been few in number and short in duration. And they have been merciful in design, and we trust that some of them have been blessings to us in their results.

It is true that the parting year in its course has carried with it the hopes and treasures of many hearts. Friends, with whom at its beginning we exchanged affectionate greetings, have disappeared. Many who welcomed the past year with hopes as confident as ours have entered the silent mansions of the dead, never to return.

Merciful God, open our hearts to hear the solemn voice that now addresses us. Thou alone knowest how near is the last hour that we shall spend beneath the sun. Bring home to us a sense of our mortality. Teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts with all diligence to the search after wisdom. We deplore that the closing year bears hence so scanty a record of our spiritual growth, that it testifies to many broken vows, to resolutions fervently formed one moment, and disregarded the next.

Another leaf in the book of time has been turned by us, and what is written there we cannot erase; and we mourn that it has so much to fill us with shame. We are humbled under the sense of our many deficiencies and our repeated transgressions, and filled with a desire to forsake them for ever. And we pray Thee, O Lord, let this not be one of our speedily-forgotten wishes. Guard us against believing that regret alone will wash our sins away. May we consider that no repentance which does not reform the whole life is acceptable in Thy sight.

Breathe, O God, a divine life into our hearts, that we may obtain a lasting dominion over the evil that is in the world and in ourselves. Help us to form that habit of mind which reads lessons of wisdom in all changes of life. The past and the future admonish us of the infinite value of the present. Let not another of our precious years be lost in the pursuit after profitless pleasures, but enable us by diligence and care to redeem our misspent time, and to become better prepared for the higher ends and aims of life. As the years advance, unfold the true virtues of our hearts and minds. Lead us in the path of righteousness during our brief pilgrimage on earth. Guide us with Thy love. Teach us to practise justice and goodness. Cleanse us from all impurities. Sincerely we promise, in this solemn hour, to consecrate our lives to Thee, to watch over the inclinations of our hearts, to strive to be humble, good, and kind toward others. Oh, that we may deserve Thy protection during the coming year! Hear our prayers, fervently offered at the threshold of this new year. May it please Thee to forgive us whatever we have done amiss, and to be to us in the year now opening, as Thou hast been in the past, our Stronghold and Support. Amen.

HYMN.

GONE ANOTHER YEAR.

Gone another year—
Gone beyond recall;
Closed its smile and tear,
Closed its joy and thrall.

Vain is now lament,
Naught thou canst efface;
Though thou now repent,
Naught thou canst erase.

Dawns another year—
Open it aright;
Thou shalt have no fear
In its fading light.

Live that not a stain,
Live that not a deed
May awaken pain,
May erasure need.

(Return to page 12.)

Additional New Year Morning Service.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

A NEW YEAR—A NEW ERA.

ANOTHER year has sped. Another year has hastened our feet onward toward our destined goal. We have reached another mile-post along life's journey. It is a fitting time to rest our feet awhile on the wayside before we resume our course, to cast our eyes backward over the field we have traversed, to measure the progress we have made.

For some, a pleasant journey has stretched between the last mile-stone and this. Their path ran smoothly along under a sunny sky and past fruit-laden fields. Rich were their harvests; bountiful were their blessings. Their minds knew no care, their hearts, no sorrow. They saw their brightest dreams fulfilled, their fondest yearnings turned into heart-gladdening realities.

For others, the path was rugged and thorny, steep and stormy. Past weeping willows and past mournful cypress trees led their way. Their disappointments were many, their sorrows frequent. They saw their fortunes wrecked, their health or that of their dear ones shattered, their names aspersed, and they wept. They stood at the brink of the open grave, and thought of the loving eyes that were closed for ever, and of sweet voices hushed for ever, and of warm, affectionate hearts cold for ever, and they wept.

The widow contrasts her mourning-garb with the bright colors she wore when she welcomed the last New Year; the lonely husband, encircled by his little band of mother-

less children, vainly longs for her whose presence made the advent of the departed year so happy; grief-stricken parents, who a year ago gave their blessings to children in whom all their hopes and pleasures were centred, vainly yearn for those whom a cruel fate has torn from their loving embrace; children brood over the melancholy change the past year has wrought—a sweet mother's voice silenced for ever; a father laid to rest, after weary years of anxious toil for those dependent on him; a devoted brother, a loving sister, a faithful friend, gone, gone for ever.

Nor is it the memory of painful bereavement alone that begets this feeling of sadness which now holds so many of us in its power. Not all sorrows and regrets flow from the fresh grave of dear departed ones. Perhaps but the fewest come to us from this source. There are occasions when even bereavements may well be deemed blessings instead of calamities. Could we but peer into the future, and see how much the dispensations of God are wiser than the wishes of man, and know the tortures, the trials, the disappointments the departed have been spared, many a one would be inclined to bless the departing year more for what it has taken than for what it has brought.

Nay, bereavements, and be they yet so painful, are not the worst that man is called upon to endure. Many a wrong, many a secret sin, many a burning guilt, gnaws upon the heart and lashes the conscience, and could it only be exchanged for a grave, the thus afflicted would thank God for it as a mercy.

There are still other reasons for the deep solemnity and for the tearful sadness of this hour than those that arise from bereavement. For many, the lettering of the milestone just reached tells a sorrowful story. The one finds that he has made but little progress; the other, that he is

not upon the right path at all; the third, that he has strayed, and is now further back than he was a year ago.

Much I fear that this latter class includes me. Have I toiled for the promotion of my own and of my fellow-man's best interests? Have I striven to eradicate evil, to pursue righteousness, to execute justice, to practise charity, to spread light and truth? Can I point to those to-day whom I have forgiven, though they have wronged me, or whose forgiveness I have sought, though I wronged them? Can I point to those whose distress I have allayed, whose wounds I have healed, whose sorrows I have comforted? Can I say: There is no one whom I have wronged, hated, envied? Can I say that of my passions, of my ambition, of my will and desires, I have always proven myself master?

The misspent year is past: lament will not recall it. Past neglect remains neglect; past misdeed remains misdeed; and repentance, however sincere, cannot make them otherwise than neglect and misdeed.

"The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

Unless there is a change for the better, repentance is like continual pumping in a leaking ship without an effort to stop the gap. The true blessing of looking backward lies in rightly looking forward. The true way of mending the errors of the old year is in rightly beginning the new; and that is not achieved by mere hoping and wishing and praying for better things, but by actual striving and doing; not by merely turning a new leaf, but by writing upon it a different story from the last.

They who walk the first day aright, find the second day's walking easier, and the third day's easier still. On

the first day of its existence the tiny spring cuts for itself a channel in which it is sure to flow the next day, and every other day, and each day wider and smoother than at first. They who suppress the lower passions and cravings on the opening day of the year will find the task, if continued, easier the following day, and easier still in the succeeding days and weeks and months.

If a proper use I would make of the year now opening, I must this day resolve upon a great life-purpose. No one can be good and useful whose life has not an object, and that object: Noble Service for Humanity. Without some purpose as motive power we can as little make a safe voyage of life, and land honor-crowned on the other shore, as can a ship cross the ocean without sail or steam.

Mere prolongation of life or gratification of the senses does not constitute a purpose. If rightly I would live, I must strive for learning, that the world may be the better for my knowledge; I must strive for power to help toiling humanity onward and upward; I must strive for truth, for right, for justice; I must strive for the suppression of evil, for the conquest of sin; I must strive to make of every home a paradise, and of this earth a heaven. If thus I live, when another year shall have passed and another mile-stone shall have been reached, and I pause again to read the record of my year's doing, there will not be a stain to awaken pain, nor a deed to cause regret.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(The following selections to be read alternately by the Minister and the Congregation.)

Minister :

Let thy dealings cause no blush to visit thy cheek;
Commit no sin in the hope of repentance.

Congregation :

*Blessed is he whose conscience hath not condemned him,
And who is not fallen from his hope in the Lord.*

Turn unto the Lord and forsake thy sins ;
Purify thyself in His presence, and mend thy ways.

*Flee from sin as from before a serpent ;
For if thou comest near, it will bite thee.*

If the work is great, great will be thy reward ;
And thy Master is faithful in his payments.

*He who practises justice and mercy
Establishes the kingdom of Heaven in this world.*

Unhappy is he who mistakes the branch for the tree ;
Unhappy he who misjudges the shadow for the substance.

*Life is but a loan to man ;
Death is the creditor who will one day claim it.*

Though thou canst not complete the work,
Thou must not therefore cease from pursuing it.

*Thy yesterday is thy past ; thy to-day thy future ;
Thy to-morrow is a secret.*

The best preacher is the heart ;
The best teacher is time.

*The best book is the world ;
The best friend is God.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

HYMN.

RESOLVE.

Into the tomb of ages past
Another year hath now been cast ;
Shall time unheeded take its flight,
Nor leave one ray of higher light

That on man's pilgrimage may shine
And lead his soul to spheres divine ?

Ah ! who of us, if self-reviewed,
Can boast unfailing rectitude ?
Who can declare his wayward will
More prone to righteous deeds than ill ?
Or, in his retrospect of life,
No traces find of passion's strife ?

With firm resolve your bosoms nerve
The God of right alone to serve ;
Speech, thought, and act to regulate
By what His perfect laws dictate ;
Nor from His holy precepts stray,
By worldly idols lured away.

Peace to the House of Israel !
May joy within it ever dwell !
May sorrow on the opening year,
Forgetting its accustomed tear,
With smiles again fond kindred meet,
With hopes revived the festal greet !

CONFESSION.

(Read in silence by Congregation.)

All-Just and All-Wise Ruler of all Creation ! Thou art exalted above space and time, above chance and change. Thou hast hidden the future from the sight of mortals. We know not what the next moment may bring forth ; much less can we know the events which the year now opening may conceal in its bosom. We know not, O Lord, whether Thy paternal love will vouchsafe life, health, peace, unto us ; whether Thou will continue the prosperity of our country and the happiness of our homes. We can-

not peer into the future ; therefore do we look with anxiety upon the dark portals of the opening year.

When in this season of the year we look about us, we behold that nature herself proclaims aloud that we are standing upon a threshold which separates two epochs in her domain. Field and moor, the orchard and the vineyard, have finished their year's task. Soon the earth will resume her winter's sleep. Leaves are falling, and the wind's melancholy moaning through the branches silences the song of birds.

We pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also will be our condition. The blossoms of our spring, the harvest of our summer, will also fade and decay. Yet a few years, and all that now blesses or all that now convulses humanity will also have passed away. The mightiest pageantry of life will vanish, and the loud notes of triumph will be silent in the grave.

In this change of seasons, thoughts arise within us which rise not at other times. On this day life stands before us in bold relief. Who of us can solve its mysteries? Who can say what it is and why it is, whence it comes and whither it goes, why its blessings, or why its cares and burdens, its sorrows and bereavements? O Lord, Thou alone knowest, not we. We can but trust that all is for the best. Unto Thy guidance we surrender ourselves ; do Thou with us as Thou deemest best.

But we pray Thee, O Lord, let not the things which we cannot know hide from our view the abundance of things that are within the grasp of our comprehension. Our earth prepares herself for her winter's rest. She has yielded golden harvest ; she has rejoiced with her plenty all that lives and moves. She can sink to rest ; her task is done.

So, too, stand we at the end of the year; but we cannot look back with the same satisfaction, and as truthfully declare that we also have done our duty. We, too, have been blessed; but what crops have we matured? what harvests have we yielded? Have we made good use of the gifts with which Thou hast blessed us? Have our efforts extended beyond the mere pursuit after our own happiness? Are we older by a year of wisdom and good deeds? Have we felt for suffering humanity? Have we dried the tears of the grief-stricken and sorrow-laden? Have we aided the needy, corrected the erring? Have we elevated ourselves? have we become purer and better? have we stifled envy and hatred? have we forsaken arrogance and selfishness? have we pointed out to those dependent on us for guidance the true path of life? Can we say to ourselves to-day: There is no one in this wide world with whom we live in enmity, to whom we have done a wrong thing, or of whom we have said a wrong word?

At these thoughts our dormant conscience awakens, and the voice that has been silent these many days and nights now speaks in tones loud and mighty, like cornet sounds. It speaks of sins of omission and of sins of commission. It speaks of wrongs to others and of wrongs to self. It shows us how we have entangled ourselves in the follies of life, how we have deafened our ears, stultified our intellects, hardened our hearts.

O Lord, fervently we beseech Thee, let Thy love enter into judgment. Judge us not according to our deserts. May the sins of our past be blotted out in the abundance of Thy mercy, and in the future be condoned by our nobler lives. Be Thou with us during the year upon which we now enter. Let it be a year of true striving after the higher ends and aims of life, a year of triumph over

human errors, a year in which we may perfect the divine endowments of our natures, in which we may count all things as dross in comparison with purity of heart and nobility of mind, in which we may exert our utmost, so that disinterested love and impartial justice shall triumph over selfishness and wrong-doing.

We beseech Thee, O Lord, grant us these fervent wishes, and keep these solemn thoughts ever alive within our minds. May Thy voice, the voice of conscience within us, never sleep nor slumber, but, whenever we are about to stray from Thy path, may it send forth sounds of admonition, that we may keep our hands from wrong-doing, our lips from deceit, our hearts from folly, unto the end. Amen.

Choir and Congregation :

Our Father and King,
we have sinned before Thee.

אֲבִינוּ מֶלְכֵנוּ חַטֵּי־אֲנוּ
לְפָנֶיךָ :

Our Father and King,
pardon our iniquity.

אֲבִינוּ מֶלְכֵנוּ סִלַּח וּמַחַל
לְכָל־עֲוֹנוֹתֵינוּ :

Our Father and King,
remember that we are but
dust.

אֲבִינוּ מֶלְכֵנוּ זְכוֹר כִּי
עֹפָר אֲנַחְנוּ :

Our Father and King,
make the New Year a blessed
one for us.

אֲבִינוּ מֶלְכֵנוּ חֲדָשׁ עֲלֵינוּ
שָׁנָה טוֹבָה :

Our Father and King,
in mercy receive our prayer.

אֲבִינוּ מֶלְכֵנוּ קַבֵּל
בְּרַחֲמִים אֶת־תְּפִלָּתֵנוּ :

PRAYER.

Minister :

Almighty God, with solemn feelings Thy servants approach Thee to render thanks and homage to Thy name. Another year has become engulfed in the rapid torrent of time, leading us onward toward the end of our earthly career. Thus days are added to days, and years vanish like a dream, till we ourselves at length disappear.

As the weary traveller stops awhile on his way to assure himself that he is on the right road, and to measure the distance he has passed with that he has yet to traverse, so we, in our earthly pilgrimage, halt at the year's opening, and cast our eyes over the time that has passed, to seek therefrom lessons for future guidance. Many and varied have been our experiences in the year now passed. Pleasure has sometimes smiled on us, and, being blindly captivated, we forgot all else, thinking that its charms would never fade. Yet they have passed away as a dream, and the only trace left is this sad truth: No joy is lasting here below. Grievs, too, have afflicted our souls. Our hopes seemed gone, our strength seemed to fail under the weight of woe. Yet grief also passed, and time healed the wound of the heart, and hope returned again. Thus time is the consoler, and hope remains the bright star illuminating our earthly pilgrimage. However impenetrable the secret of the future, he who hopes in Thee walks onward to the end without fear.

Therefore, on the entrance of another year, we appear before Thee and ask Thy blessing. May the coming year prove a new year indeed, bringing new thoughts and better resolutions than we ever yet have made, and better deeds than we ever yet have performed. Should it bring us trials and troubles, may even our sorrows be unto us instruments for good. Should it strip us of our

dearest earthly possessions, may our losses prove to us larger spiritual gain in the end. Oh, in this momentous change of season, we pray Thee give us new convictions of the priceless worth of a godly and righteous life. May we no longer be in bondage to sin. May we no more be led astray by the hollow promises of a mere earthly life. May we know that true peace can be found only in making Thy will our supreme law. Plain as is the way of life, we are prone to forsake it, and to follow false pride and to take counsel of our own blinded minds, of our own sinful thoughts. Vanity and passion, the desire of the eyes and the pride of the heart, ensnare and mislead our understanding, and cause us to neglect the things which it most solemnly concerns us to know and to do. We do not live, but dream, walking in a vain show, ruled by the fear of the world.

Merciful Father, as another year opens unto us, awaken within us new aspirations. Regenerate our affections. Give us strength to break away from evil habits, and to cling steadfastly to the rule of right and to the law of duty. Let not this year be marked by broken vows, by a surrender of our souls to sin, but may it be for ever memorable as a year rich in noble purposes and good deeds. May we turn all the changes of life—abundance and want, sickness and health, darkness and light, loss and gain—into opportunities of grace, and thus be raised above the power of time, and breathe the air of a celestial realm even while we sojourn in this vale of shadows. Oh, let Thy mighty power, which controls the courses of the universe, upholding worlds and systems of worlds, descend and inspire us, that, like the stars of the firmament, we may show forth Thy glory in the coming year, and in all the other years which Thy goodness may yet vouchsafe unto us. Amen.

HYMN.

ANOTHER YEAR.

I know not what the year may bring,
 Nor know I what the year may take,
 But, take or bring whate'er it may,
 I know that there can come no day
 In which I may not trust and sing
 "The Lord my soul will not forsake."

Should care be mine, or loss of health,
 Or poverty, or loss of friends,
 Since God the Lord of All is mine,
 My soul shall never fear or pine;
 For happiness comes not of wealth,
 Nor joy on earthly source depends.

With God's forgiveness for the past,
 And with His grace for days in store,
 Though short or long those days may be,
 The future hath no dread for me;
 He will be with me to the last,
 His love be mine for evermore.

Come bane or blessing, good or ill,
 All things are under His control;
 The boundless Universe His care,
 I none the less His mercy share,
 And all things serve to work His will
 For the best welfare of my soul.

So will I start the year with song,
 And bless God's name from day to day;
 Both when the sky is clear and bright,
 And 'mid the darkness of the night,
 Through all, I will His praise prolong,
 And praising pass from earth away.

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Additional Atonement Eve Service.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

THE NEED OF ATONEMENT.

BLESSED Atonement Eve! Sacred Eve of the Lord! Welcome, thrice welcome, art thou, solemn Eve of Penance, that biddest me to look within, that revealest unto me my heart and soul, that showest me the evil of my ways, that pointest out to me the path that leadest to betterment, that reconcilest me with my conscience and my God. But for thine annual presence and unsparing search and warning message, I, who am so prone to sin, could never abide in the grace of God, nor live at peace with self or fellow-men.

My soul longs, impatiently it yearns, for thee, thou Sabbath of Sabbaths. Guilt-laden, conscience-stricken, sin-parched, I have urgent need of thy forgiveness to relieve my burden, of thy atonement to calm my conscience, of thy refreshing springs to instil into my heart the cleansing and reviving waters of purity. The solemn New Year service, in directing my thoughts inward and backward, has opened to my eyes a dismal view. Of misdeeds it had many to show; of virtuous acts it counted but few. Under the influence of strong emotions, and deeply touched by the fervor of the hour, I determined from that day forth to change my mode of life, to adopt higher principles, to become, as it were, a new being with the new year. But though only ten days have passed since I resolved upon a better course, I have already observed with sorrow that my zeal is cooling. What seemed so easy when my heart was touched, seemed difficult when I attempted to execute it

As I became immersed again in my daily duties, I began, after but a brief struggle, to think an adoption of my former ways necessary and a recommencement of my previous mode of life unavoidable. I, who had resolved to make a sinful world adapt itself to my higher principles, have fallen back again into adapting my mode of life to that of a sinful world. And unless I check my evil course sometimes, much I fear that by the end of the year I shall have returned to the point whence I started, or have fallen still further behind.

Oh, how much easier it is to be good in the House of God than in the busy world! In solitude, or whilst engaged in worship, I am permeated with noble and benevolent feelings; but when I mix with others and am engaged in my ordinary vocation, I become a different being. However hard I try, I find it impossible to be at all times and in all places the same. As long as I am alone or in the House of God, as long as no one tempts me or irritates me, as long as my mind remains calm and my soul is lifted up into purer regions, it seems very easy to resolve never again to do wrong, never again to be angry, never again to entertain feelings of hatred, never again to listen to the temptings of the senses. But one step out into the real world, and everything is changed. Our desires are again awakened, our passions are again aroused. We resume our former mode of action toward other men. We are even provoked by them into being far worse than we would desire to be. Is there one of us who has not felt this? Is there one of us who has not often seemed inspired by a different spirit when in worship or solitude and when in the midst of the busy turmoil of life? Observe the congregation when assembled in the House of God! What earnestness, what solemn devotion in all! Who would believe that these hearts, now so deeply

touched by divine love, will beat in enmity toward each other as soon as the threshold of the sanctuary shall have been crossed? Who would believe that these same eyes, now so reverently cast down before the Omnipresent, frequently look with pride and disdain on fallible man? Who would believe that the very lips which are here giving utterance to fervent prayers or are pouring forth solemn hymns of devotion could, at other times, give vent to slander and contempt, to flattery and deception? In the House of God we seem full of virtue and holiness, while in the outer world we are a prey to passion and vice. In the temple we seem to belong to eternity; in our daily life, to this world only.

Almost every human being is in contradiction with himself; in one place he sins, in another he repents. Disheartened and discontented with himself, he despairs of the possibility of reaching that perfection which God wills that he should attain, and which his own conscience tells him that he ought to attain. Then, finding this inward strife intolerable, he begins to comfort himself with false reasonings. He says to himself, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; the will to do right I have, but the power to carry out my will fails me. It is impossible to become a saint in this life. Every human being must have some failings. God will not demand more than man is capable of rendering. It is not possible that amid the ordinary dealings and distractions of life we should always be able to remember the duties which religion imposes upon us; it is not possible that in our intercourse with persons of various characters we can always be thinking of God and of eternity, and of the solemn promises that we have made."

How shall I account for this contradiction between good resolves and worthless actions, between the desire

to do what is right and the doing of what is wrong? One of the answers that suggest themselves in explanation of our failings is that our organization will not permit us to become at once wholly master of our cravings and passions. Our failings are often the natural consequences of our constitution, of the nature of our temperament, or of the conditions of our health. We cannot possibly prevent our passions and feelings from being aroused, for they are as much a part of our being as is every organ of our body.

But by the strength of our wills we can prevent these passions from striking their roots too deep and from growing too wild and too poisonous. This we may do in various ways, the most important of which consists in thoroughly examining ourselves, in undauntedly facing our every misdeed and our every passion, in fearlessly tracing the consequences of our actions to their very end, in humiliating our pride, in acquainting ourselves with that which is evil in us, and in tearing it up, root and all, by means of sincere regret and repentance.

And unless this be done, we cannot hope for amendment. Unless the research is thorough and the penance sincere, the promise of betterment will be hollow and the reform of short duration.

Of such a transient reform the results of the last New Year Service give me proof. Though well meant, my resolves did not take firm hold because they did not penetrate beneath the surface. They sprang from strong emotions, not from mature judgment. In endeavoring to render constant and permanent those feelings and emotions which in their nature are fleeting, I forgot that in domestic and public life I can only carry into effect those reforms which I have calmly matured within myself, and of whose needs I am thoroughly convinced. For the attainment of

such results the New Year Service is both too brief and too superficial. It is excellent as a forerunner, but powerless by itself alone to effect the needed reform. It is beneficial in preparing the heart and mind and soul for the desired change, but insufficient by itself alone to bring about the needed betterment.

For these grander and more permanent results I need, soon after the New Year's Day, the solemn, the searching, the cleansing *Atonement Day*—the sacred day that from eventide to eventide withdraws us from the world, from its enjoyments, its pursuits, its snares, and its sins, that assembles us in the House of God, there from even unto even to examine our ways, to search our hearts, to afflict our souls, to repent of our past misdeeds, and to make atonement for them by piously resolving to re-enter life purer and better than before.

Such is the nature of the New Year Day and of the Day of Atonement, and such their relationship toward each other. The one is like the light summer shower, the other like the drenching storm that drives the refreshing and fructifying water down into the parched roots and sends new life, new growth, into every fibre of the plant. The one but loosens the soil at the surface; the other sinks the plow deep into the earth, casts up the weeds, and imbeds the wholesome seed that ripens into luscious fruit.

Merciful Father, impressed with the solemnity of this day, in holy fear do I approach Thy sanctuary; as the fervent voice of prayer ascends, I implore Thee to cause Thy spirit to descend on my soul, that it may inspire me with pure and holy devotion. Oh, that prayer could express all that my heart feels at this moment of awe, when my whole life is unveiled before the Supreme Judge!

Sovereign King! If, on this solemn day, the righteous

appear trembling before Thee, how can I, self-condemned by my conscience, present myself before Thy tribunal? Alas! I have no merit or good deeds to offer in expiation; only in the trust in Thy clemency can I implore pardon.

Since childhood have I fallen from sin to sin. Temptation has too frequently blinded me with its charms. Often have I made solemn vows to follow Thy way, to obey Thy precepts, to avoid evil, to suppress impure thoughts, and yet have I always relapsed into my old sins.

O Lord, preserve me from the delusion and weakness of my heart. Enlighten my mind, that I may be able to discern aright. O Thou who searchest all hearts, teach me to see within mine own. Dispose me to faithful self-examination and to honest confession. Let this be a day of true self-knowledge and of sincere repentance, so that, purified from guilt, my soul may be freed from its sorrow and my heart be at ease. Amen.

HYMN.

FROM EVENTIDE TO EVENTIDE.

To Thee we give ourselves to-day;
 Forgetful of the world outside,
 We tarry in Thy house, O God,
 From eventide to eventide.

From Thy all-searching, righteous eye
 Our deepest heart can nothing hide;
 It crieth up to Thee for peace
 From eventide to eventide.

Who could endure, shouldst Thou, O God,
 As we deserve, for ever chide?
 We therefore seek Thy pard'ning grace
 From eventide to eventide.

Oh, may we lay to heart how swift
 The years of life do onward glide ;
 So learn to live that we may see
 Thy light at our life's eventide !

EXHORTATION.

CALL FOR REPENTANCE.

Minister :

In this solemn hour pious fervor awakens in hearts long closed to devotion and to serious meditation. Many among us, who, by their thoughtless or frivolous mode of life, have evinced a total disregard of divine thoughts, feel now in their souls that the hour of religious triumph has arrived, that the faith which has lain slumbering for a time is now taking firm root in their hearts, and that the conscience long fettered by earthly passion is breaking its bonds and is winging itself heavenward. It is a blessed feeling that now holds you in its embrace. Make its blessing double and lasting by yielding yourselves wholly to it. And that ye may the better surrender yourselves to it, and derive the speedier all its good, begin at once to make peace with yourselves and with your God by lightening your conscience through sincere repentance. While the heart is open, bid penance to enter. Defer not repentance beyond this hour if a holier life you would lead hereafter. Delays in reform are dangerous. An opportunity lost may mean a life's virtue squandered. By delay of repentance sin strengthens and the heart hardens. The longer ice freezes, the harder it is to be broken ; the longer the heart congeals, the more difficult will be its thawing. The more we defer, the more troublesome our amendment must needs prove ; every day will both enlarge our task and diminish our ability to perform it. Sin is never

at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance with it, and the further on we go, the more we have to come back.

Vice, as it grows in age, improves in stature and strength. From a puny child it soon waxes a vigorous stripling, then rises to be a sturdy man, and after a while becomes a massive giant, whom we shall scarce dare to encounter, whom we shall hardly be able to vanquish. It grows taller and stouter; we dwindle and prove more impotent. It feeds upon our vitals and thrives by our decay. It waxes mighty by stripping us of our best forces, by enfeebling our reason, by perverting our will, by corrupting our temper, by debasing our courage, by forcing our passions to a treacherous compliance with itself. The power and empire of sin encroach by degrees till we are quite subdued and enthralled. First we learn to dare it; then we dote upon it; at last we become enslaved to it in a bondage which we shall hardly be able or willing to shake off. Not only are our necks fitted to the yoke, our hands manacled, and our feet shackled thereby, but our heads and hearts conspire in a base submission thereto. When vice has made such an impression on us, when this poisonous weed has taken such deep root in our mind, it will demand an extremely toilsome labor to extirpate it. The longer the heart and sin converse together, the more familiar they will grow; and the stronger the familiarity, the harder the separation.

How that which now creeps and begs for entrance, having once gained admission, will command and domineer! Though it gets into power like a fox, yet it will reign like a lion. How few know those many windings and turnings, the sly excuses that the heart will suggest to rescue from the summons of repentance the sin to which it is endeared and bound fast by inveterate continuance!

The commission of sin is like the effusion of water—easily contained in its bounds, but uncontrollable in its course. We, indeed, may give it vent, but God alone knows where it will stop. Is not that man, therefore, sadly ignorant who chooses to encounter his sin by future repentance? If he finds that he has scarce power enough to resist sin at present, shall he not have much less when time shall give it growth and strength and render it unconquerable?

The Rabbis of old conceived seven kinds of penance, and illustrated them by enumerating seven repentant men: one who repents his misconduct as soon as he becomes aware of it; one who has for some time led a life of sin, yet who, in his prime, gives over his evil ways and conquers his wrong inclinations; one who was prevented by some cause from the commission of a contemplated sin, and who truly repents his evil intention; one who repents when his sin is pointed out to him; one who repents when trouble befalls him; one who repents in old age; one who repents when the hand of death is laid upon him. Of these seven kinds of repentance they valued the first the highest.

And the worth of timely repentance they illustrate by the following beautiful fable:

There was once a great ship which had been sailing for many days upon the ocean. Before it reached its destination a high wind arose which drove it from its course, until finally, becalmed close to a pleasant appearing island, the anchor was dropped. There grew upon this island beautiful flowers and luscious fruit in great profusion; tall trees lent a pleasing, cooling shade to the place, which appeared to the ship's passengers most desirable and inviting. A number of them determined not to leave the ship, for, said they, "A fair wind might arise, the anchor may be

raised, and the ship sail on, leaving us behind ; we will not risk the chance of missing our destination for the temporary pleasure which this island offers." Others went on shore for a short time, enjoyed the perfume of the flowers, tasted of the fruit, and returned to the ship happy and refreshed, losing nothing, but rather gaining in health and good spirits by the recreation of their visit. Others visited the island, but they delayed returning till reminded by the rising of a brisk wind. Hurrying back, they reached the ship just as the sailors were lifting the anchor, but, having lost their places, they were not as comfortable during the balance of their voyage as at the outset. They were wiser, however, than the fourth party ; the latter stayed so long upon the island and tasted so deeply of its pleasures that they heeded not the ship's bell of warning. Said they, "The sails are still to be set ; we may enjoy ourselves a few minutes more." Again the bell sounded, and still they lingered, thinking, "The captain will not sail without us." So they remained on shore until they saw the ship moving ; then in wild haste they swam after it and scrambled up the sides, but the injuries which they sustained in so doing were not healed during the remainder of the voyage. But alas for the fifth party ! They ate and drank so deeply that they did not even hear the bell, and when the ship started they were left behind. Then the wild beasts which were hid in the thickets made prey of some, and they who escaped perished from the poison of surfeit.

The "ship" denotes our good deeds, which bear us to our destination. The "island," which the first set of passengers refused to look upon, typifies the pleasures of the world, which, when enjoyed temperately, make our lives pleasant without causing us to neglect our duties. These pleasures must not be allowed, however, to gain too

strong a hold upon our senses. It is true that, like the third party, we may return while there is yet time, and suffer but little inconvenience; or even, as the fourth party, we may be saved at the eleventh hour, but with injuries which cannot be entirely healed; yet, like the last party, we are in danger of spending our days in the pursuit of vanity, forgetting the future, and perishing of the poison concealed in the alluring sweets.

While you are still master of your will, mend your ways; show your authority over your passions before they make a slave of you. Look within and learn to know them, and pluck them out before it is too late. When your whole life's happiness depends upon it, you cannot afford to delay a day. Say not that it is time enough to settle your accounts with your conscience and your God when the hour of death arrives. Is it because death is a suitable and convenient period for seeking the pardon of sin that we propose to delay the matter till then? Does death send us warning of his approach, giving due and timely notice that after so many weeks or days we may look for the coming of the Monarch of the Tomb? Like other kings, is he always preceded by messengers to prepare the way and make all things ready for his reception? He comes under the cloud of night, steals quietly into your house, treads the floor with muffled feet, and before you are aware he has cut the thread of life.

Who can look on a dying scene to make resolutions such as these: "I will delay seeking the Lord till my body is racked with pains, my mind reeling in wild delirium; not till I cannot lift my head from its pillow will I seek the Lord"? The hour of death is a time not to seek but to enjoy the comforts of religion; and if there is one impression which life's closing scene makes most strongly and deeply on the spectator, it is this: The present is the

accepted time; defer not amendment till the hour of death.

Learn to know yourselves. No one can become truly great or truly good until he has gained a knowledge of himself and learned more of his failings than of his virtues. To reach perfection we must be made sensible of our shortcomings. The first step to self-knowledge is self-humiliation; self-humiliation leads to self-accusation; and self-accusation leads to repentance. He who knows himself has compassion with others, and, being compassionate, is not easily led to sin against his fellow-man. Nothing will make us so charitable and tender to the faults of others as a thorough knowledge of our own. If we hope for improvement, whether mental, moral, or religious, we must know ourselves, our weaknesses, errors, deficiencies, and sins, so that, by divine grace, we may overcome them and turn from them all. A humble knowledge of ourselves is a surer way to God than is a deep search after learning. The height of all philosophy is to know ourselves, and the end, to know God. Know yourselves, that you may know God. Know yourselves, that you may love Him and in a measure be like Him. In the one knowledge you are initiated into wisdom, and in the other perfected in it. Thoroughly knowing ourselves means knowing our transgressions and our shortcomings, and knowing these means repentance and betterment.

For such betterment by means of repentance through self-knowledge is this Day of Penance given us. Let its moments be precious unto us. Let our first question be, "Have I been and have I done what I ought to have been and done? When and where and how and why have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I left undone which I ought to have done?" If thus we begin, our repentance must follow and our amendment will be

assured. Of all acts of man, repentance is the most divine. The gravest of all faults is to be conscious of none. There is greater depravity in not repenting of sin when it has been committed than in committing it at first. What is past is past; there is a future left to all men who have the virtue to repent and the will to atone. Our greatest glory exists not in never falling, but in rising each time we fall.

ANTIPHON.

(The Choir and Congregation chant and read alternate verses.)

Psalm xxxiv. (abridged).

Choir :

Come ye, hearken unto me :
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Congregation :

*What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good ?*

Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.

*Depart from evil and do good ;
Seek peace, and pursue it.*

The Lord is nigh unto the broken-hearted,
And saveth such as are of a contrite spirit

*Many are the afflictions of the righteous ;
But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.*

Evil shall slay the wicked ;
And they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.

*The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants :
None of them that trust in Him shall be condemned.*

EXHORTATION.

CALL FOR RECONCILIATION BETWEEN MAN AND
MAN.

Minister :

Speaking of the penance of the people of Nineveh and of God's forgiveness, one of the ancient Rabbis taught: "Brethren, neither sackcloth nor fasting will gain forgiveness of sin, but repentance of the heart and good deed; for it is not said of the men of Nineveh that God saw their fasting and sackcloth, but, 'God saw their *work*, that they had turned from their evil ways.'"

A great truth is taught in these words. It is the lesson that sincere repentance shows itself only in deeds. Few errors are so common and so pernicious as the belief that mere sorrow over past misdeeds, mere contrition and humiliation, is sufficient to cleanse us of all our sins and to set us aright with our conscience and our God. Repenting means bettering, means turning from the commission of evil deeds to the performance of good works. We repent not if we reform not. To mock God and to deceive ourselves with a penance that is not followed by betterment is a greater wrong than any of which we have repented.

Some often repent, yet never reform; they resemble a man who, travelling in a dangerous path, frequently starts and stops, but never turns back. Mere sorrow which weeps and sits still is not repentance. True repentance is a sorrow converted into a movement toward a new and better life. It has a double aspect: it looks upon the past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watchful eye. When sincere, it consists of four parts—self-examination, contrition, confession, and amendment—which, being set together, may be likened to a short and easy ladder whereby we may climb from the lowest sin to the highest virtue. There is scarcely a person who at some time

has not exercised repentance, scarcely a child who needs to be told what is meant by being required to repent; and in the emotions of a child when he feels sorry for what he has done, and resolves to confess it and abstain from future wrong, we have the elements of all that is required of man as a condition of betterment.

A son has broken the commands of a father whose law was reasonable and whose will was clear. After the deed has been performed he reflects on what he has done. He sees that the commands were right, that he did wrong by disobeying them and thereby incurring his father's just displeasure. He feels ashamed and distressed, and resolves to confess and to sin no more. This is repentance, and this is the whole of it.

You have a friend. He has a thousand times and in a thousand ways laid you under obligations. He has helped you in distress, shared your losses, attended you in sickness, defended your reputation when attacked. He himself, in turn, suffers. Wicked men defame his character, and slander overwhelms him. In an evil hour your mind is poisoned; you forget all that he has done for you; you join in the prevalent suspicion and error in regard to him, and give increased currency to the slanderous reports. Subsequently you reflect that it was all wrong, that you acted an ungrateful part, that you suffered your mind to be too easily influenced against your benefactor, and that you have done him great and lasting injury. You are pained; you go to him and make confession and implore forgiveness, and as far as possible endeavor to undo the evil. This is repentance, and this is all.

When wrong has been done among men, the only way to obtain again the favor of those who have been injured is by repentance. No man, who has done evil, can be restored to forfeited favor but by just such a process—

a process involving all the elements of grief, shame, remorse, confession, reformation, that are demanded in religion. Let us recur to some of the former illustrations: You are a parent. A son does wrong. He violates your law, offends you, treats you with disrespect or scorn. Toward that son you still cherish a parent's feelings, but would you admit him to the same degree of confidence and favor as before, without some evidence of repentance or betterment?

You have a friend. You thought him sincere, but he has betrayed you, and in feeling and property and character you have been made to suffer by him. You cannot receive such a friend again to your bosom and press him to your heart unless he has given some evidence of regret for his action and some proof that he will offend no more.

One of the first indications of sincere repentance is the effort made toward becoming reconciled with those of our fellow-men who either have wronged us or whom we have wronged. Since this constitutes the most frequent of our offences and sufferings, our desire for betterment, if sincere, must surely show itself in our asking for, and in our granting of, forgiveness before yet we can think of any other amendment, even before we can think of asking forgiveness of God. So true is this that already in ancient times the Rabbis taught, "The Atonement Day only effaces sins against God after man has become reconciled with his neighbor." Nor could it well be otherwise. Since our self-examination shows us how much we ourselves have to be forgiven, why should not we therefore be willing to show to others that forgiving spirit which we so much desire for ourselves? If it reveals our own imperfections, why should we be unrelenting if such imperfections we discover in others? Tell us, ye men who take sudden fire at every insult, and suffer

the slightest imagination of another's offence to chase from your bosom every feeling of happiness, and in whom every fancied wrong awakens a thirst for revenge—tell us, how will you stand the rigorous application of that test of human forgiveness by which the forgiven of God are ascertained, by which it will be pronounced whether you are indeed the children of the Highest?

When we descant on the faults of others it is well to consider whether we be not guilty of the same. The best way to gain a true knowledge of ourselves is to convert the imperfections of others into a mirror for discovering our own. People in general are very much alike, and though one has one prevailing passion and you have another, yet their operations are very much the same; whatever offends you in others often offends others in you. Nor is everything an offence that we construe as such. We often interpret a well-meant advice or friendly censure as an open and hostile affront. We often read wrong where good is meant. We often allow ourselves to have the tender love of sincere friends and devoted dear ones crowded into oblivion by the hasty word that is no sooner uttered than it is regretted. Thus, children often become estranged from their parents, and parents from their children, brother and sister from each other, and friend from friend, while in their heart of hearts they really love each other, and only a false pride prevents them from becoming reconciled.

And even if a real offence or a real wrong was intended, all the readier should we be to forgive, seeing that we ask the same of God. It is vain for you to expect, it is imprudent for you to ask, of God forgiveness for yourselves if you refuse to exercise this forgiving temper toward others. Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness or else forgiving another. To err is human;

to forgive, divine. If the injury began on another's part, let the kindness begin on yours: a more glorious victory than this cannot be gained over another man. Have any wronged you? Be bravely revenged—slight it, and the work is begun; forgive, and it is finished. He is below himself who is not above injury. To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great reason, and to forgive it is proof of a great mind. That man who, when he has it in his power to revenge himself upon an enemy, drops his wrath and stifles his resentment manifests a spirit great and heroic. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy, and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of thus forgiving it. Only the brave know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue at which human nature can arrive. Cowards have done good and kind actions; cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave—it is not in his character; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security.

The duty of forgiveness does not require you, nor does it allow you, to look on injustice or any other fault with indifference, merely because it is you who have been wronged; but even where we cannot but censure, in a moral point of view, the conduct of those who have injured us, we should remember that such treatment as may be very fitting for them to receive may be very unfitting for us to give. To cherish or gratify haughty resentment is not to be justified by any offence that can be committed against us. We shall best fortify our patience under injuries by remembering how much we ourselves have to be forgiven. An old writer says, "To return evil for good is fiendish; to return good for good is human; but to return good for evil is godlike."

Let your heart be as wide as the world, but let there be in it no room for the memory of a single wrong. Forgive many things in others—nothing in yourselves.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

Minister :

At first sin is an indifferent stranger,
Later a welcome guest, and at last the master.

Congregation :

*Better to suffer the derision of man
Than to be a sinner in the eyes of God.*

Humble thyself before death is nigh ;
In the days of thy might repent of thy sins.

*Repent ye to-day,
Lest to-morrow ye might be summoned.*

Even when the gates of heaven are shut to prayer
They are wide ajar to the penitent's tear.

*Unto them that repent He granteth return,
And comforteth those whose confidence faileth.*

If thou art penitent for the wrong thou hast done,
Thy sins will be forgiven thee.

*Return unto the Lord, thou sinner ;
Mend thy ways, and be forgiven.*

He that is merciful to his fellow-creatures
Will obtain mercy from Heaven.

*Whosoever forgives is forgiven in his turn ;
Hardheartedness is a heavy burden of sin.*

With the same measure that we mete,
It shall be measured to us again.

*He that judges his fellow-men in mercy,
In mercy will he be judged by God.*

He who wrongeth not those who wrong him
Will shine forth as does the noontide sun.

*Where there is no peace, nothing flourishes ;
Revenge produces sorrow ; pardon, gladness.*

Rejoice not when thine enemy falls,
And let not thy heart be glad when he stumbles.

*Say not, " I will avenge the wrong ;"
Do thou the right ; leave judgment to the Lord.*

When a man has atoned for his sins, greet him kindly ;
Reproach him not, for no one is free from sin.

*Of all things that man can do,
The most beautiful is to forgive wrong.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

ORISON.

Minister :

O Lord, Who understandest the secrets of every heart, Who art of infinite perfection and purity, and claimest not only the outward service of Thy creatures, but requirest truth in the inward parts, we, who in thought, word, and deed have transgressed against Thee, desire most humbly to confess our sins and to implore Thy merciful forgiveness.

O Lord, we acknowledge our forgetfulness of Thee and our rebellion of heart against Thee, which have been the cause of so many failings in our lives. We have not honored Thee as God, but have set up our own will as our law, choosing to follow our own vain imaginations. We have neglected Thy command ; we have not duly attended to Thy instructions. Thou hast called us by many dispensations of Thy providence ; Thou hast shown us the vanity of all our earthly hopes, and hast taught us lessons

of wisdom, both by the mercies and by all the various afflictions and trials and disappointments with which Thou hast visited us. But we have too often repined at Thy dispensations instead of profiting by them, and have complained of our condition in life instead of turning our thoughts to a happier and better world. Or if Thou hast multiplied our comforts, how prone have we been to place our chief happiness in these, and not in Thee, Who art the Giver! How many have been our sins, both secret and open, from our youth until this time! How often have we injured our neighbors, judging harshly of others while we hope to be judged mercifully by Thee; not willing to forgive, though we ourselves hope to be forgiven!

We would confess, O Lord, the ungodliness of our hearts and lives and the frequent impatience of our spirits. Thou hast appointed our lot in life, and hast ordered all things concerning us; but how little have we adorned the stations in which Thou hast placed us! How unfaithfully have we employed the talents entrusted to us! How soon have we been weary in well-doing!

O Thou Searcher of hearts, by Whom alone actions and words and thoughts are justly weighed, we most humbly beseech Thee, defend us from these evils in the time to come. Save us from the sins which most easily beset us. Let us command our tempers and restrain our tongues. Let us add to faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, patience; and to patience, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. Keep far from us the disposition to judge and censure our brethren. Standing in constant need of Thy forgiveness, may we not deprive ourselves of the appeal to Thy mercy by uncharitably judging our fellow-men. Grant us Thy grace, that we may entertain no feelings of vengeance or bitterness toward those who have injured us. Keep us

from rejoicing over their sorrows or from sorrowing over their joys, but may we pardon all who have offended us, as we hope Thou wilt pardon all our offences against Thee. Give us such control over our natures that we shall be enabled to act with gentleness and charity even toward those whose conduct is injurious or displeasing to us. Thou forgivest our misdeeds; let us imitate Thee, and forgive our brethren. Thou endurest us with forbearance; let us moderate the impatience to which the ingratitude and the follies of our fellow-men so lightly rouse us. Thou providest for our bliss with infinite kindness; let us be as charitably solicitous for the welfare of our associates, and let us think with heartfelt commiseration on such of them as pass their moments in sorrow and misery. Let us be rich in good works, to the praise and glory of Thy name. And while we are thus receiving Thy truths into an honest heart, and are endeavoring, by the assistance of Thy grace, to walk according to Thy precepts, may Thy providence watch over us and direct our steps. Defend us, we beseech Thee, to the end of our lives, and let Thy spirit abide within us, that we may not tire in our course nor become weary of well-doing, even unto the end. Amen.

HYMN.

DAY OF THE LORD.

O Day of God,
 Thou'rt nigh,
 And my heart is awed,
 And terror seizeth my spirit:
 It remembers its iniquity;
 It remembers that its Judge is nigh,
 And trembles;
 With fear and grief without relief
 Tears of woe are flowing.

Cheer thee up, thou heart oppressed ;
 Heavenward turn with comfort blessed.
 Merciful is He,
 Forgives iniquity,
 Comes in peace to meet us.

Lord, behold
 My heart's profound contrition !
 Oh, lend Thine ear ;
 Lord, accept,
 Accept my fervent prayer.
 As we stand here,
 Do Thou our guilt remove,
 And thro' the gate of love
 Bring to Thee us near.

Hark ! the voice of the Lord !
 He calls
 Thro' the zephyr's whisper.
 Devotion reigneth, and stillness.
 Brethren, hark ! how sweet the voice and mild !
 "Mortals, children, oh, be reconciled ;"
 Forgive ye ; oh, heed that call !
 Obey that voice !
 Dry all tears of anguish.

Brethren, come !
 Approach God's shrine ;
 Come and join us in love benign ;
 From your hearts efface
 Ev'ry hatred base ;
 Haste ; be ye reconciled.

(Return to page 12.)

Additional Atonement Morning Service.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

SINS OF OMISSION.

Wash you, make you clean ;
Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes ;
Cease to do evil ; learn to do well.

Isaiah i. 16, 17.

THUS bids the ancient prophet. It is a solemn lesson that is commanded to me in this message. On this sacred Atonement Day, and ever after, I am not only to cease to do evil, but also to learn to do well. On this day of self-examination I am to guard my heart exceedingly against self-satisfaction if I find the number of my misdeeds few and trivial. Even though I may seem guiltless in mine own eyes of a direct crime or sin, yet may my soul be sullied in the sight of Him who knoweth every motive and before Whom every soul is bare. Even my very virtues may not have been free from blemish in the sight of God. He alone knows how much there was of personal vanity or interest in these actions, apparently so charitable and so virtuous, as He alone knows how much unknown merit lies concealed beneath characters often censured and condemned by the world.

Be not too self-satisfied, O soul, because thou art unconscious of the commission of any punishable crimes. If thou seest anything in thyself which may make thee proud, look a little further, weigh thy best parts with thy imperfections, and thou shalt find enough to humble thee.

Thou hast not slain a life, yet thou mayest have spread

calumny, and thus have slain thy neighbor's character. Thou hast not appropriated to thyself the possessions of others, and yet thou mayest have increased thy fortune by having taken unjust advantage of thy neighbor's ignorance or poverty or helplessness. Thou hast not been deaf to the cry of the needy, and yet thou mayest have despised or humiliated the poor and humble even whilst bestowing alms, or thou mayest not have considered whether thou gavest deservedly or sufficient for the need.

Thou must not think thyself sinless even if not guilty of any direct sin. There are sins of *omission* almost as culpable as the sins of *commission*. We generally deem ourselves justified in considering as below us in worth any person who has committed some act of which we have not yet been guilty, or which in our actual circumstances and frame of mind we are not tempted to commit, or which in our special position we could not commit. But are we therefore better than he who has erred in this direction?

There are undoubtedly persons who, judged according to the circumstances amid which they are placed, are more virtuous and pure-minded than I am, yet who have justly incurred the contempt of their fellow-men by actions which my education, temperament, and surroundings render it impossible for me to perform. But am I therefore better than they? Have I been exposed to powerful temptations, and victoriously proved the strength of my principles in spite of the force of outward allurements and of the excitement of inward passions?

It is true that in common life those persons who have no decided blot upon their characters are termed good and enjoy unblemished reputations. And many no doubt think that it is sufficient merit to be able to assert that no one can bring a complaint against them, and that this entitles them to the esteem of their fellow-men. But is the

wealthy man deserving of praise because he is not a thief? Can we appear before God with light hearts, feeling sure of His approbation, when we can say no more in our favor than that we have not deceived or betrayed others? Are acts which we have not committed really actions?

Nor can any one complain with justice that he lacks opportunities for performing meritorious acts and for being useful to his fellow-creatures. Not a day passes without many such occasions occurring, had we but the will to avail ourselves of them.

It is true that we may not be able to carry out all the good which we may wish to effect; but let us beware not to fix our attention so exclusively on the aim which we cannot attain as to neglect that which lies nearer to us, and which we may accomplish with far smaller means. It is a common fault with many to look far beyond their appointed sphere of activity and to deplore that they cannot engage in this or that beneficent undertaking because their circumstances will not admit of it; or that they are not in the place of some other person, in which case they would be much more useful and active.

I must confine my views to my own sphere: it is wide enough to allow free scope to all my virtues. I must not say, "Were I as rich as such a one, I would make a much more worthy use of my money." If so, why do I not make a more worthy use of the smaller means that are at my command? I have sufficient to allow of my giving away a portion of my earnings without injuring myself and my family. Why do I not at least apply the small amount, which I can spare, to assuage the sufferings of others, instead of using it to increase my own comforts, to swell the number of my luxuries and amusements, or to gratify my appetites? Or, if my circumstances be so re-

stricted that I cannot spare anything for others, have I not the power of speech? Have I not wealthy acquaintances, from whom I might, by exerting myself a little, obtain help for those who need it? It is always easier to speak for others than to speak for ourselves.

I ought not to say, "Had I the power of the great sovereigns, I would establish peace and prosperity and concord among the nations." For why do I not carry out such laudable work within my own sphere? Why do I not make peace with my own enemies? Why do I so proudly refuse to offer my hand to those who have offended me? Why do I not resist the temptations to scoff at the failings of others? Why am I so weak as to hold my peace when others are slandered in my presence, or to look with indifference at the misunderstandings existing among my friends, instead of endeavoring to persuade the angry ones to be mutually indulgent and forgiving?

I ought not to say, "Had I chosen this or that profession, did I hold this or that office, I might have been active and useful now; but in my present vocation I am hampered and am unable to do the one-thousandth part of that for which I feel the capacity within me." Why, then, am I not, with this superior capacity, the foremost of all in my narrow sphere? Why do I not prove, by the way in which I fill the place I occupy, that I am worthy of a wider field of action? He who knows not how to make his one talent productive, why should he have more entrusted to him?

There is no human being who may not find in each day of his life at least one opportunity for doing good; but in order to discover this opportunity he must be intent on doing so. Unfortunately, this is what I am not, and this is omitting to do good. I cannot, therefore, accuse Provi-

dence of having placed me in circumstances which allow of no opportunity for exercising my virtues. I had rather accuse my own indifference, which prevents me from opening my eyes and seeing what lies nearest to me.

It is not the opportunity, but the qualities for doing good—*sincere love of my fellow-creatures, and a true desire to be useful*—which I lack. He who possesses these will not fail to discover some means of doing a kind service to every one, and of being useful even to the absent. He will always be able to save something from his necessities, so as to help others or to promote some public undertaking for the general welfare; and if he has not money to bestow, he will at least give kind words, good advice, and comfort and consolation where needed.

The easier it would have been for me to do the good which I have omitted; the greater is my sin in the eyes of God, and the greater also in the judgment of my own conscience. For not only is every mortal endowed with a knowledge of what is right, but each one has an especial aptitude for some particular virtue.

He who is by nature tender-hearted and full of feeling can have no difficulty in performing the noble duty of showing sympathy and pity for the unfortunate. Why, then, does he not cultivate the divine instinct of his heart? Why does he even do violence to it by endeavoring to smother its utterances? Alas! at one moment he is held back from performing some act of kindness by vanity, by fear of what others will say; at another moment he is prevented by his love of ease from visiting the homes of the poor of whom he has heard, or from obtaining further information as to the best means of helping them out of their misery. At another time it is unpardonable levity that interferes with the fulfilment of his duty; and then, again, it is his love of luxury which

absorbs the means with which others might have been helped.

He who is by nature courageous and determined cannot find it difficult to adopt the cause of the oppressed. Why, then, does he, being an enemy of all injustice, act so little in accordance with his noble disposition? Alas! it is self-interest which causes him to be silent in spite of his better feelings; it is consideration for persons whose favor he would be sorry to lose which induces him to allow injustice to pass for justice.

For him who enjoys general esteem, and who exercises an influence over the opinions and the will of his fellow-men, it must be an easy matter to start or to promote numerous undertakings in regard to which others, with their best will and utmost endeavors, could effect nothing. The mere expression of his approbation, a single word of encouragement from him, will often suffice to accomplish a useful object. Why, then, does he not speak the word? Alas! because, after all, he is indifferent to the matter, and would not take the trouble to reflect upon its importance, or because his indolence is satisfied with the counter-question, "Why should I interest myself in things that do not concern me?"

He is undoubtedly responsible who omits to do not only the good which he has frequent opportunities of effecting, but also that which his natural capacities and the means he possesses render it especially easy for him to accomplish. In such cases neglect of the higher duties evidently springs from some vice which has grown strong within him, whether its name be self-love or envy, pride or indolence, frivolity or thoughtlessness.

I love those who love me and who flatter me; I do good unto those from whom I expect services in return. I do not commit crimes, I do not deceive, slander, steal, or per-

secute my fellow-men. But what merit is this? Not even a dead stone does this.

How poor will I be if my undying soul, gifted with great capacity for a higher and eternal existence, with knowledge of truth and falsehood, with a strong will to effect what it wishes, can boast of nothing more than of having remained unsullied by gross crimes! How poor will I find myself when this fearful self-deception ceases! I have thought that, though not graced with many virtues, I am nevertheless free from any great wrong; but there have been innumerable occasions on which I have omitted to do what I knew to be right and good. A solemn hour will one day strike, when I will shudder at my own indifference in regard to all this good that has been left undone; for indifference toward a virtue which I had in my power to exercise is indifference toward the God of Holiness. Every opportunity to do good is an invitation from God to my heart to devote my life to Him.

But my life is not yet at an end. I have perhaps before me a long series of days during which I may show more than a barren repentance, during which I may give proof of a will stronger in virtue and more pleasant in Thy sight. My life is not yet at an end, and henceforth I will look joyfully for every opportunity to contribute to the welfare and happiness of others, be it by word or by deed. O Father, Thou dost not demand more of Thy children than they can perform; why, then, should I not gladly do all that my strength will admit of? Every day lays upon me new obligations of which I must never lose sight. I am not to be a mere spectator in the world; I ought to contribute the utmost in my power toward the diminution of evil and the promotion of virtue and of happiness. If only God and my conscience prevail with me, if

only a true affection for mankind animates my bosom, it will always be possible for me to operate some good, however trivial it may seem.

Principally must I, however, occupy myself with my own reformation; my own faults are those which I must first, and can most easily, correct; and if I take pains to render myself better, I shall engage with zeal in the task of advancing the true happiness of my brethren. Oh, then, let this be my endeavor on the present day, and on each day which God may still permit me to behold! I will go into the world with the firm determination to live blameless and undefiled. I will direct my research to discover what motive impelled me when I fulfilled my duty: whether selfishness or vanity swayed me; whether the wish to be seen and commended by men reigned in my heart; whether flattery is dear to me; whether the fear of public opinion prompted me; or whether I had the courage to despise praise and censure, loss and gain, and to maintain my conscience unwounded.

I dare not boast that I have arrived at this elevation of virtue; that my heart is free from vanity and selfishness; that the noblest principles have always guided me, the purest views inspired me, and the best ends presented themselves to my mind when I acted uprightly for the common good, and swerved not from the path of my duty. I confess to myself and my conscience that much good which I have done with zeal and fidelity I did only because it promised the satisfaction of my aspiring notions or because I calculated on reward. With penitence do I perceive the imperfection of my virtue, but with a sincere determination I avow to Thee amendment, my God and my Lord. Reverence for Thee shall never again depart from my heart. It shall lead me in all truth, and strengthen me for the strictest fulfilment of my duties; it shall be the

support of my frail heart, and its protection and its vigor,
as long as I live.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(To be read alternately by the Minister and Congregation.)

Minister :

Love made the world in the beginning ;
By deeds of love it must be preserved.

Congregation :

*He that turns away from the works of love,
Turns away from God.*

He who doeth good because of love,
Obeyeth the Lord, and is the friend of man.

*Let none serve the Lord in hope of reward,
But from pure love for Him and His commandments.*

He is the true man, who, though unobserved,
Fulfils the will of God.

*Do your whole duty,
And leave the consequences unto the Lord.*

If the thoughts of thy heart be pure,
Even so will the works of thy hand.

*Thou mayest deceive men by outward appearance ;
But remember that the Lord looks into the heart.*

Accustom thyself to do good ;
Before long an easy task it will be unto thee.

*Never forget the merits which thou laekest,
Nor think too much of the good thou hast done.*

Whenever night falls, whenever day dawns,
Search well into the nature of thy dealings.

*As God's mercy is great, so is His correction also ;
He judgeth a man according to his works.*

There is no good for him that is bent on evil,
Nor to him that giveth not alms gladly.

*As water will quench a flaming fire,
So will alms make atonement for sins.*

The righteous say little and do much ;
Precept without example is no precept.

*If wise thou art and rich,
Let thy good deeds display thy wisdom and thy wealth.*

He that gives alms in good health, gives gold ;
In sickness, silver ; in his last will, copper.

*Be as a father unto the fatherless,
And thou shalt be as a son of the Most High.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

HYMN.

FORGIVENESS ASKED FOR.

Words that stabbed and looks that smote
Haunt us with their wrongs remote ;
Little deeds of petty harm
Now the wakened souls alarm ;
For the word ungently said
To the heart's-loved, sainted dead
To its bitter dregs we drain
Memory's cup, in ceaseless pain.
To omissions great and small,
Summoned at our conscience' call,
Answer, soul, that hitherto
Only blinded self-love knew.

For the cold, averted eye,
Heart closed to earth's suffering cry ;

Selfish limits of design
 Drawn around the "me and mine;"
 Friendship's service left undone,
 For the worldly pleasures won;
 For the flash of anger swift
 As the storm-wave's blinding drift;
 Ills of grievous portent wrought
 By the selfish lack of thought;—
 Grant that expiation's aim
 May Thy love's forgiveness claim!

EXHORTATION.

THE POWER OF THE CONSCIENCE.

Minister :

In every human breast a mysterious and holy voice speaks at times, and its utterances are understood by all. "Man," saith this voice, "be just!" and no flattery, no displeasure, no reasoning can silence it. Ever and ever it repeats, "Man, be just!"

In vain the sceptic who mocks at religion would make himself believe that everything is the effect of chance, that the promptings of prudence, cunning, and self-interest are the highest law; in vain would he deny the existence of a God in the infinite creation: the inward voice cries, "Man, thou speakest false." The earth trembles, and temples and palaces sink into ruins; friends by his side descend into the grave, and become dust and ashes; amid a fearful conflict of the elements the thunder rolls through the heavens, and the lightning flashes, and flames consume his dwelling. The scoffer scoffs no more. "There is a God!" cries the voice within; and in faltering accents he repeats, "There is a God!"

In vain the sinner sneers at the holy voice within his own bosom, and asks, "Where is the Judge who is to judge

me?" The inward voice cries, "Hide thy sins beneath a world, still, sooner or later, they will come forth into the sunlight." In vain he rushes into the turmoil of the world; in his heart he carries the firebrand which secretly consumes him. In vain he tries to free himself from the laws that govern the sacred order of the universe, and according to which only the good can prosper and the evil can only generate destruction: he is carried along by an unknown power, which links him and his deeds to this eternal organization. Destruction springs even from his most secret sins: he cannot prevent it. He is ever fleeing from himself; his whole being is annihilated by unceasing, gnawing anxiety; the inward voice is ever crying, "God is omnipresent!"

In vain thou persecutest the truth with slanderous tongue, and strivest to wrest from merit its well-deserved crown. What thy lips traduce, thy heart is forced to honor, even against thy will, and thou endest by heaping upon thyself the contempt of the world.

In vain, heartless tyrant, dost thou hunt down the innocent in order to justify thy own crimes; in vain dost thou persecute them by means of false oaths and false witnesses, by means of suborned judges, dark dungeons, and cruel tortures; thou canst not conquer them. They look in thy face with a fearless smile; they are serene in the midst of their sufferings, while thou tremblest in the midst of thy triumphs; they repose full of joy in their dismal dungeon, while thou sittest full of dread at the luxurious banquet. Thou may'st drag them to the scaffold, but their death will be their triumph and thy condemnation.

Such is the power of conscience, which, like an invisible angel, is ever present, supporting truth and justice and innocence though they be deserted by all men; laying hold of the criminal though he fly into the most hidden

caverns; and wrestling with the sinner though he be seated on a throne.

Conscience is a teacher. It guides even the most ignorant in the path of right. Let no one endeavor to excuse himself with the pretence that he knew not how to distinguish between right and wrong. Conscience is incorruptible and just. If thou follow this holy voice within, thou wilt never willingly go astray, and thou wilt never knowingly do evil. Listen to the voice of this monitor, however loudly and temptingly thy senses may clamor against it. Listen to its voice, particularly in doubtful places, when contending desires threaten to mislead thee; when what thou considerest thy own good cannot perhaps be maintained without injustice to others; when thou may'st perhaps have it in thy power to do much good, if thy self-interest and self-love will but consent to a sacrifice. Perhaps thou may'st be plotting vengeance against one whom thou hast reason to dislike: thy conscience says, "Be nobler than he, and put him to shame by thy magnanimity!" Perhaps thou covetest another man's property, or some great advantage which might be secured by a slight deception; thy conscience cries, "Hold! seek not an advantage that would make thee despicable in thine own eyes!"

Conscience is an earnest and just teacher, and only in following its hints and warnings canst thou find true happiness. Do not persuade thyself that it is otherwise; seek not by subtle argument to find the means of satisfying thy forbidden wishes without violating thy sense of right. Thy reasonings are false. It is an evil deed that thou art tempted to commit, and behind it lurks secret remorse. The conscience admits of no compromise. Thou thinkest that thou canst bargain with it; but, weak man, thou art only bargaining with thy own shame.

Conscience is a teacher endowed with divine authority. It says, "Do this and avoid that for it is right and because it is right, and not because it may be to thy advantage or because it may bring down shame upon thee. Thou must do what is right and good even should it not be conducive to thy worldly interests. Thou must do it even should it be injurious to them."

Conscience also warns. All men have erred, and in erring have heard the warning voice of the inward accuser. The thief hears it before he stretches out his hand toward property that is not his; the perjurer hears it before he opens his lips to utter the false oath; the traitor hears it before he goes forth to betray his friend or his country. With fearful earnestness conscience warns them of their sin, and the nearer the time for its consummation draws, the more earnestly the admonishing voice is raised.

Could we read people's hearts, we should find many a person, when alone, tortured by his conscience and deeply despising himself; we should see how every recollection of an upright character reminds him of his own degradation; how the most harmless word spoken by another may pierce his heart like a dagger; how the most insignificant circumstance will startle him out of his feigned feeling of security. Verily, the pain caused by the serpent tooth of remorse far outweighs any gratification that may have been felt in the hour of sin.

The tortures of an evil conscience embitter every pleasure. And even should the evil-doer succeed in stifling its voice during the distractions of the day, at night the consciousness of his misdeeds stands like a ghost by his bedside. He longs for sleep, but remembrance haunts his dreams. Manifold and great are the sufferings to which man is subject, but the most terrible of all is remorse. It

hates the light of day, which may reveal its cause, and shudders at the darkness, in which treachery may be lurking. It shuns solitude, where the memory of the misdeed speaks the loudest, and flies from society, that it may not betray its own secret.

The heart, conscious of guilt, is ever anticipating with trembling the moment when its secret will cease to be one. But the pain of this constant fear and of its unceasing self-reproaches at length reaches such a point that the sinner, in order to escape from these torments, comes forward and confesses his guilt.

Such is the mighty power of conscience! It may for a time be lulled to sleep, but it can never be entirely destroyed, and the later it awakens, the more vehement is its action. The sinner becomes a prey to remorse. He reaps the fruit of his shame, even though it be not before he finds himself on the very brink of the grave into which, in his hopeless despair, he fears to descend.

Conscience rewards, and its rewards are as precious as its punishment of wrong is terrible.

He who has a clear conscience avoids no one, and fearlessly faces all he meets. He pities the vicious, he loves the righteous, and to both he is open and candid. His mind is cheerful. Each pleasure that the passing hour may give he enjoys in full draughts, and when misfortune overtakes him, he bears it with manly courage, strengthened by the feeling that he is worthy of a better fate, that his sufferings are not owing to his own misdeeds.

Behold persecuted innocence! supported by a pure conscience, it leaves the palace which is the abode of injustice, and chooses in preference the beggar's staff. No earthly shame can diminish its dignity. No sufferings can deprive it of its heavenly peace. To it the dark prison is converted into a place of bliss; when it mounts the scaffold

it celebrates the greatest triumph, and humanity weeps above its tomb.

A man who can act with a cheerful and easy conscience is trusted by high and low. He is independent, and may stand forth like a prince, though clad in a garb of poverty. Whoever knows him, honors him; and he stands without fear before the tribunal, and looks death steadfastly in the face.

Merciful God! May the peace of a good conscience be ours evermore. May our actions never cause us to blush before Thee or before our fellow-men. May we never know the harrowing terrors of guilt, never feel the serpent tooth of remorse. May we walk through life innocent and pure.

We are weak, and we are conscious of our weakness. Perhaps we may in our thoughtlessness allow ourselves to be in some measure misled; perhaps we may in the strength of passion forget for a moment Thy holy will. If so, then, O conscience, be thou the guardian of our virtue and our peace. May the divine sentiments of the true and the noble ever guide us so that we may not become unworthy of ourselves, so that we may not fall away from God.

Not all the sweetness of a forbidden deed can compensate for the pang of never-ceasing fear and inevitable self-contempt. The evanescent pleasure of a moment, enjoyed with anxious heart, can afford no compensation for long hours of remorse.

Our God and Heavenly Father, not in vain hast Thou implanted in our bosoms this judge of our thoughts, our words, and our deeds. The voice of conscience is Thy voice; how then can we refuse to listen to it? However much it may cost us to curb our evil passions, yet we shall earnestly try to remain pure and free from reproach; to endure rather derision, poverty, hunger, mis-

ery, nay, even death itself, than to bear the burden of one evil deed which dishonors us in our own eyes. What is man's scorn to us if we can look up fearlessly to Thee?

Oh, may these sentiments and resolutions, which now already spread such sweet joy in our hearts, never vanish from our memories. Joyfully may we then receive the happiness of life from Thy hands. Cheerfully shall we meet all that may befall us; hopefully shall we then close our eyes in death. Be this Thy will, as it is our prayer. Amen.

ENTREATY.

THE TREASURE OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

(Congregation reads in silence.)

WHEN I consider the great happiness that is connected with a good conscience, I know nothing on earth which I should more zealously implore from God, or for which, should He grant it to me, I ought more earnestly to thank Him. All the joys of this world derive their value originally from a good conscience. The more tranquil my mind, the more pleasing will be the gratifications of life and the more supportable its disappointments. I may possess everything that, according to the judgment of mankind, appertains to a happy and agreeable existence—health, riches, honor, wisdom, and pleasure; but what will health avail me while my heart struggles with doubt and sadness, and is infected by the poison of sin? What will riches procure, if the tears of the widow and the orphan bedew them, and if an agonized bosom goads me with my iniquities? What will honor serve me, if my soul tells me that I am rejected in the eyes of God? What will understanding yield me, if my heart reproaches me with weakness? What will my very life profit me, if I am compelled to view the past, the present, and the future with anguish and vexation, and everywhere discover my own wretchedness?

And if, too, the adversities of this mortal state should overtake me, how insufferable would they appear, since I should be obliged to regard them as the effect of my own transgressions!

How unfortunate would I be if such should ever be my sad lot! Preserve, then, my soul, O Lord, that it sin not against Thee. Grant unto me a good conscience, that I may walk before Thee with a pure heart. Then shall I never have cause to be grieved; I shall ever enjoy the pleasures of life without being tortured by the reflection that I have abused them. In all my calamities this will then be my comfort: that I suffer under the providence of God, and that no trouble can separate me from His love.

O God, vouchsafe me this felicity. Give me strength to keep my conscience pure. Cleansé me from all my past transgressions. Lighten the burden that now rests heavily upon my soul. Thou knowest my trespasses; my guilt-stained conscience is bared before Thee, for verily I have sinned, openly and secretly. Enable me to effect my own forgiveness by my own endeavor. Aid me to abstain from all further transgressions, and to drown all past errors in the abundance of future good deeds, so that from this day forth I may look with a clear countenance into the eyes of all men, and lift up a pure heart and clean hands unto Thee. Amen.

Choir :

May it please Thee, O Lord, to pardon our sins, to forgive our iniquities, and to erase our transgressions.

יְהִי רַצוֹן מִלְּפָנֶיךָ	שְׁתַּסְּלַח לָנוּ אֶת כָּל חַטֹּאתֵינוּ וְתִמְחַל לָנוּ אֶת כָּל עֲוֹנוֹתֵינוּ וְתִכְפֹּר לָנוּ עַל כָּל פְּשָׁעֵינוּ׃
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Congregation:

For every sin which we committed under compulsion;	עַל חַטָּא שְׁחַטְאֵנוּ לַפְּנֵיךָ בְּאוֹנִים:
For every sin which we committed of our own free will;	עַל חַטָּא שְׁחַטְאֵנוּ לַפְּנֵיךָ בְּרִצּוֹן:
For every sin which we committed in secret;	עַל חַטָּא שְׁחַטְאֵנוּ לַפְּנֵיךָ בְּסֻתְרָא:
For every sin which we committed in public;	עַל חַטָּא שְׁחַטְאֵנוּ לַפְּנֵיךָ בְּגַלְיָא:
For every sin which we committed through error;	עַל חַטָּא שְׁחַטְאֵנוּ לַפְּנֵיךָ בְּשׁוֹגְגָא:
For every sin which we committed through presumption.	עַל חַטָּא שְׁחַטְאֵנוּ לַפְּנֵיךָ בְּמִזִּידָא:

PRAYER.

וּבְכֵן תִּזְכֹּר

Minister:

O God our Lord, may the awe of Thee extend over all Thy works, so that every mortal may bow before Thee, and all people sincerely do Thy will; for Thine is the dominion, and the power, and the glory, and Thy name is exalted over all the earth. We beseech Thee, O Lord, give honor to those who follow Thee, praise to those who fear Thee, hope to those who inquire after Thee, courage to those who proclaim Thee, and joy to all who dwell on Thy earth. Then shall all people gather in Thy sanctuary, and walk in Thy light, and be guided by Thy truth. Then the righteous will rejoice, and the upright will be glad, and iniquity will turn mute, and evil will disappear.

We thank Thee, O Lord, for this sacred Atonement Day which our fathers have ordained for self-examination and penance, enjoining in their Sacred Writing: "On the tenth day of the seventh month ye shall abstain from all manner of work, and ye shall assemble yourselves before your Lord, and afflict your souls, that ye may be cleansed of all your sins. It shall be unto you a Sabbath of Sabbaths throughout all your generations."

Lord God, Thou searchest our hearts; nothing is hidden from Thee. Make this day of self-examination and humiliation a sacred season to our souls, by impressing upon us every motive to sincere repentance and a holy life. If we have yielded to temptation; if we have been angry without cause and beyond bounds; if we have been uncharitable, unjust, undutiful, or unkind; if plenty has been abused by luxury; if our ease and safety have only led to strife, envy, and hatred; if we have been indifferent to Thy worship; if we have thus broken the ties which should bind us to one another and to Thee,—do Thou, Merciful God, convince us of our sins and folly, and lead us back to virtue and to peace. May we no longer be hardened and blinded; but let it please Thee to look in tender compassion on Thy frail and forgetful children, who would now turn to Thee with sorrowing and penitent hearts.

Compassionate Father, we ask Thy favor on the purposes of this solemn day. May a spirit of seriousness and self-reflection pervade all classes, and may the humiliation professed be felt in truth. Forbid that we should confess sins which we do not feel, or cling to those which we confess. Do Thou give us such a deep persuasion of the evil of sin that we shall wholly forsake it. Order all things in mercy for us. We remember the sorrows and the disappointments we must bear, and we pray that the spirit of religion may lift us up when we are bowed down,

and strengthen us when we are weak, and give joy to our souls when the mortal flesh weeps.

In our sorrow and sadness we look up to Thee; when mortal friends fail us, when the urn that held our treasured joys is broken into fragments, and the wine of life is wasted at our feet, O Lord, we rejoice to know that Thou understandest our lot, and wilt make every sorrow of our life result in our endless welfare and our continual growth; and whatever earthly good Thou shalt deny us, deny us not Thy heavenly grace; and whatever cherished possessions Thou shalt take from us, take not from us the power to endure Thy decrees, nor the vision to see that whatever Thou doest is either according to our deserts or for a future good which our finite eye cannot now behold. Teach us always to keep in mind Thy judgments, and to own Thee continually as our Lord and Father. Make the works of our hands acceptable unto Thee, and keep us in the right way, so that through us Thy name may be glorified.

To Thee alone be praise and honor and worship for evermore. Amen.

HYMN.

THE WAY TO PEACE.

Thy faithful servant, Lord, doth yearn
For Thy consoling grace;
Spread over him its shielding wing,
His guilt do Thou efface.

Were not Thy word, "Turn back from sin
And I will turn to thee,"
I, like a helmsman in the storm,
Would, helpless, face the sea.

To Thy despondent servant show
The path of penitents:

He striveth painfully for words
To tell how he repents.

O God, I tremble when I mark
How day on day is lost,
And yet my heart, by passions ruled,
Still to and fro is tossed.

Oh, let my penitence to-day
Be my soul's surety ;
Contrite I vow to serve Thee well ;
Be merciful to me !

ASPIRATION.

(Minister facing the Shrine.)

Minister :

It will come to pass, in the fulness of time, that the Lord's house will be exalted above all the heights ; and all nations will stream unto it ; and many people will say : Come ye, and let us go up to the house of God, that He may teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths ; He will judge between the nations, and arbitrate for many peoples ; and they will beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks ; nation will not lift up sword against nation, neither will they learn war any more.

Isaiah ii. 2-4.

Choir :

They will not hurt nor destroy, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Isaiah xi. 9.

<p>לֹא יִרְעוּ וְלֹא יִשְׁחִיתוּ בְּכָל־הָאָרֶץ קִדְשֵׁי בְּיַמְלֵאָה הָאָרֶץ דָּעָה אֶת־יְהוָה כַּמִּים לִים מְכַסִּים :</p>	<p>לֹא־יִרְעוּ וְלֹא־יִשְׁחִיתוּ בְּכָל־הָאָרֶץ קִדְשֵׁי בְּיַמְלֵאָה הָאָרֶץ דָּעָה אֶת־יְהוָה כַּמִּים לִים מְכַסִּים :</p>
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Congregation :

They will sit every man
under his vine and under
his fig-tree; and none will
make them afraid.

וְיֵשְׁבוּ אִישׁ תַּחַת גִּפְנוֹ
וְתַחַת תְּאֵנָתוֹ וְאֵין כֹּחֲרִיד :

Micah iv. 4.

CONFESSION.

חַטָּאנוּ עֵינֵנו פִּשְׁעֵנו :

(Read in silence by Congregation.)

All-Mighty God, Judge of all men, I acknowledge the manifold sins which by thought and word and deed I have from time to time committed. I do earnestly repent my misdoings, the remembrance of which is grievous unto me. As I look up to the light of Thy excellence, the shadows of painful remembrances fall upon me. I remember wasted hours and lost opportunities, unrequited benefits and unreturned friendships, unfulfilled duties and unheeded admonitions, unkept promises and unanswered appeals, unforgiven injuries and unatoned wrongs. From Thee have all my blessings flown, yet I remembered Thee not whilst enjoying them. Thou hast placed me on earth to strive after the God-like—to sanctify my soul, to elevate my reason, to spread peace and good-will among humankind—and for this end hast Thou plenteously endowed me with noble faculties and ample capacities, but I have neglected many and turned others into instruments of evil. Thou hast permitted me to partake of all the advantages of that peace and progress and enlightenment for which the noble martyrs of all ages have suffered and bled and surrendered their lives, yet I have not, in appreciation of their heroic sacrifices, remembered those of my fellow-beings who still pine in bondage, still slave in misery,

still walk in darkness, nor have I sought to share with them those many priceless blessings which have been bequeathed unto me. Thou hast surrounded me with affectionate dear ones and with disinterested friends, yet often have I returned their devotion with neglect, their love with coldness, their confidence with distrust. I have sacrificed the eternally good to the fleeting pleasure, and heavenly purity to earthly corruption.

O God, deeply I mourn that, gifted with a nature so large, and surrounded with opportunities so admirable, I have stained my soul with transgression. Pardon my iniquity ; grant me the spirit of true contrition ; turn me not from Thy presence ; look upon me according to my need, not according to my poor deservings. When Thou art nigh, I am weary of selfish desires, of unresisted temptations. Wasted moments and vain ambitions rise up in judgment against me. Already am I chastened by their rebuke. Oh, that I might never again have occasion to be made the object of their censure ! Here, in Thy presence, I resolve never more to yield to sin, never more to succumb to temptation, never more to stifle the voice of conscience, never more to spurn justice, never more to trample upon right, nor to turn a deaf ear unto Thy law, nor to be blind to human suffering, nor to take advantage of my neighbor's ignorance or helplessness. I am resolved to take every proper measure for a thorough amendment of my thoughts, words, and deeds. I will labor incessantly against every sinful tendency ; I will no longer resist Thy promptings nor disobey Thy warnings ; there shall be no more remissness in my duty, nor languor in my devotion.

All this I resolve ; but Thou knowest my frailty, and if Thou assist me not with Thy grace, all my resolutions will prove ineffectual. How often already have I framed such resolutions ! Often have I promised unto Thee obedience,

and unto my fellow-men fidelity, and even as often have I left my promises unfulfilled. Often has the very next day after I had consecrated myself to Thee turned me aside, and I have relapsed into the same state of sinfulness which I so lately deplored.

O Lord, hasten with Thy grace to my assistance. I am now profoundly imbued with a desire for betterment: let me not again stray into evil ways. I vow to Thee a new and faithful obedience: let me not again become the violator of my sacred promise; let me not, when I have re-entered into the world's snares and temptations, forget the solemn promise I now make in Thy sanctuary. Let not the obedience which I now pledge to Thee and the love which I now promise to my fellow-men pass away with the impressions of this day. May every day give practical evidence of my desire to please Thee, asserting itself in a cheerful trust in Thy providence, in a readiness to sympathize with the troubled, to help the needy, to strengthen the weak, to encourage the despondent, to correct the erring, and to do good in every way to all men. Wherever I may be and whatever I may do, may I feel that Thou art with me, and may this sense of Thy presence keep me from sin and inspire me to faithfulness. May I not be eager for worldly things, for honor and fame and riches, but, having food and raiment, may I not greedily crave for more, but use well what I have, and do well what I find to do. Give me patience to bear the several trials and vicissitudes of life with a contented mind. Let me not be perplexed with oppressive cares nor overwhelmed with disheartening fears, but let me ever trust in Thy gracious providence and hope in Thy goodness and mercy. Make me more resolute under temptations and more steadfast in Thy service. Under the support of Thy grace, may I henceforth live more

acceptably before Thee, and thereby obtain the exalted felicity which those may expect who continue dedicated to Thee in changeless fidelity even unto death. Amen.

Choir :

The Lord is merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and in truth.

Exod. xxxiv. 6.

יְהוָה יִהְיֶה לָנוּ רַחוּם
וְחַנוּן אֲרֹךְ אַפַּיִם וְרַב-חֶסֶד
וְאֱמִתּוֹ:

Congregation :

He shows kindness unto the thousandth's generation, forgives sin, but He will not wholly clear the guilty.

Exod. xxxiv. 7.

נִצַּר חֶסֶד לְאַלְפִים נִשְׂא
עוֹן וּפְשָׁע וְחַטָּאת וְנִקְרָה
לֹא יִנְקֶה:

EXHORTATION.

(*Congregation Standing.*)

(*Minister facing Congregation, holding up the Scroll.*)

Minister :

This is the Torah, the banner under which Israel has battled for the One and Eternal God.

Choir and Congregation in Unison :

The law of the Lord is perfect, quieting the soul. The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

Ps. xix. 7.

תּוֹרַת יְהוָה תְּמִימָה
מְשִׁיבַת נֶפֶשׁ עֲדוֹת יְהוָה
נְאֻמָּה מְחַכֶּמֶת פִּתִּי:

Minister :

This is the Scripture, on which civilization has founded the strongest pillars of right and truth.

Choir and Congregation in Unison:

The precepts of the Lord are upright, rejoicing the heart. The commandment of the Lord is clear, enlightening the eyes. Ps. xix. 8.

פְּקוּדֵי יְהוָה יִשְׂרִים
מִשְׁמַחֵי לֵב מִצֹּת יְהוָה
בְּרָה מְאִירַת עֵינַיִם:

Minister:

This is the Law, that first proclaimed the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and first enjoined Peace and Good-Will on earth.

Choir and Congregation in Unison:

The fear of the Lord is pure, enduring for ever. The ordinances of the Lord are true, they are just altogether. Ps. xix. 9.

יְרֵאת יְהוָה טְהוֹרָה
עוֹמֶדֶת לְעַד מִשְׁפְּטֵי־יְהוָה
אֱמֶת צְדָקוֹ יַחֲדוֹ:

Minister:

Let us be truly sensible of the debt of gratitude we owe our fathers for this blessed heritage, and for the valor they displayed and for the martyrdom they suffered in its defence.

Let us show our gratitude by a true appreciation of the instruction it imparts.

Let us guard against straying and erring by turning to its pages for inspiration and guidance.

Let us cling to its teachings always, for—

Choir and Congregation in Unison:

It is a tree of life to those who grasp it, and happy are they who lean upon it; its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace. Prov. iii. 17, 18.

עֵץ חַיִּים הִיא לַמַּחְזִיקִים
בָּהּ וְתוֹמְכֶיהָ מֵאִשָּׁר:
דְּרָכֶיהָ דְּרָכֵי־נֶעֱם וְכֹל־
נְתִיבוֹתֶיהָ שְׁלוֹם:

SCRIPTURAL SELECTION.

(Isaiah lvii. 14 and lviii.)

Minister :

Cast ye up, prepare the road,
 Remove every stumbling-block from thy people's way.
 For thus saith the high and lofty One
 That inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy ;
 I dwell in the high and holy place,
 With him also of a contrite and humble spirit,
 To revive the spirit of the humble,
 And to revive the heart of the contrite ones.
 For I will not contend for ever,
 Neither will I be always wroth :
 For the spirit should fail before me,
 And the souls which I have made.
 For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth,
 And he went on frowardly, in the way of his heart.
 I have seen his ways, and will heal him :
 I will lead him also, and restore comforts
 Unto him and to his mourners.

Peace, peace to him that is far off, and that is near,
 Saith the Eternal ; and I will heal him,
 But the wicked are like the troubled sea,
 For it cannot rest,
 And its waters cast up mire and dirt.
 There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.

Call aloud, hold not back ;
 Lift up thy voice like a trumpet,
 And tell thy people their transgressions,
 And the house of Jacob their sin.
 Yet they seek Me daily,
 And delight to know My ways,

As a nation that did righteousness,
And forsook not the ordinances of their God.
They ask of me the ordinances of justice ;
They desire to approach unto God.
Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and Thou seest not ?
Wherefore have we afflicted, and Thou heedest not ?

Behold, in the day of your fast ye seek pleasure,
And exact all your dues.
Behold, ye fast for strife and debate,
And to smite with the fist of wickedness ;
Ye shall not fast as ye do this day,
To make your voice to be heard on high.
Is such then the fast that I have chosen ?
That a man should afflict his soul for a day ?
Is it to bow down his head like a bulrush,
And to spread sackcloth and ashes under him ?
Wilt thou call this a fast,
And a day acceptable to the Eternal ?
Is not this the fast that I have chosen ?
To untie the bands of wickedness,
To undo the burdens of the yoke,
And to let the broken-spirited go free,
And that ye break every yoke ?
Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry,
And to bring the poor that are cast out to thy house ?
When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him,
And that thou hide not thyself from thy own flesh ?
Then shall thy light break forth as the morning ;
And thy cure shall spring forth speedily ;
And thy righteousness shall go before thee.
The glory of the Eternal shall be thy reward.
Then shalt Thou call, and the Eternal shall answer ;
Thou shalt cry for help, and He shall say : Here am I.

If thou remove from the midst of thee the yoke,
 The putting forth of the finger, and speaking iniquity ;
 And if thy soul dispense to the hungry,
 And thou satisfy the soul of the afflicted,
 Then shall thy light shine in the darkness ;
 And thy thick darkness be as the noonday.
 And the Eternal shall guide thee continually,
 And satisfy thy soul in drought,
 And invigorate thy bones :
 And thou shalt be like a watered garden,
 And like a spring of water
 Whose waters fail not.
 And thy children shall build the ruins of the old.
 Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations ;
 And thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach,
 The restorer of paths to abide in.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord ?
 Or who shall stand in his holy place ?
 He that hath clean hands and a pure heart,
 Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceit-
 fully.

Ps. xxiv. 3, 4.

Taught by the word of Thy prophet, I will strive to direct my heart toward Thee, and to comprehend the conditions on which I may obtain Thy pardon.

Yes, the prophet hath spoken truly ; true repentance is neither in empty words nor in fruitless resolves ; repentance must be shown in the acts of man.

We must remember that God is just in all His ways ; He is just above all and in all. Error brings its own punishment, for he who commits evil must suffer from the evil ; but the penitent sinner will be pardoned, because repentance leads to a better life.

Let us not think that fasting and prayer alone lead to salvation ; nor can we hope for pardon if repentance lead not to good results, to deeds pleasing in the sight of the Lord.

He alone is pleasing to God who puts his whole trust and hope in Him ; who regards happiness as a gift of divine grace, and evil as a trial of virtue ; who bows with resignation beneath the outstretched arm of God, and blesses the chastening hand.

He is deserving of pardon who, returning from his errors, obeys the commands of God and occupies himself with sacred thoughts in His Holy House.

He will be pardoned who is conscientious in the performance of his duties, benevolent in judgment, faithful in friendship, and honorable in his actions.

He acts according to the will of the Eternal who believes that goodness consists not only in merely abstaining from evil, but also in the doing of good. We must not only relieve the wants of the needy, but must also compassionate their sorrows and sustain their courage ; we must pardon and forget injuries received, and remove from our minds every feeling of vanity and pride, every unholy or impure thought ; and when temptation besets us, we must endeavor to arrest its influence and turn our hearts toward Heaven. And we must likewise remember that the truly penitent strive to atone for the evil done to others, and also endeavor to obtain the pardon of those whom they have offended.

O God, may my repentance merit Thy pardon. Guide me, I beseech Thee, that I sin no more. Give me strength, O Lord, that I may be enabled to conquer my spirit and control the evil of my heart. Be Thou my help, O Lord. Amen.

ANTHEM.
SERMON.

Atonement Afternoon Service.

EXHORTATION.

THERE IS A DIVINITY THAT SHAPES OUR ENDS.

Minister :

“THERE’S a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.” In vain are the plots and schemes and plans of men ; if they fit not into Divinity’s ends, they will not prevail. Man may propose, but God will dispose. It is a universal law. It is the permanent element in all history. What we call coincident or accident is often decree. What we name good or bad luck is often but design. Divinity is never idle. Now it avenges the wrong or thwarts the ill, now it rewards the wronged and turns the ill into good. Man’s hand is at the helm of his life-bark, but God’s design is at the prow. Whither He directs, it must go. He may let it run adrift awhile, but in time He brings it back again into its channels. “Except the Lord build the house,” says the Psalmist, “they labor in vain that build it.” And when He builds, neither nations nor men can prevent. Even their rough-hewing turns into artistic shape and becomes instinct with beauty.

They that look below the surface, they that watch the turn of events in their own careers, can hardly escape the conclusion that there is some power guiding their destiny. Mere trifles often prove crises in men’s lives. One man turns one way, and is led to fortune and to fame ; another turns another way, and meets disgrace and ruin.

Who can tell how much of chance and how much of destiny there may have been in turning into either of these

ways? Do we not often see our wishes thwarted only for our own good? One man misses his train or boat, to escape a wreck. Another falls, receives an injury, and the necessitated delay saves his life. A third is turned aside from his yearned-for object, only to reach something better. Our wishes are often granted to us at a better time and in a better manner than we ourselves desire. Our own way might often have proven our ruin. Our worst defeats are often our greatest victories.

“So weak is man,
 So ignorant and blind, that did not God
 Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
 We should be ruined at our own request.”

At the bottom of the sea lies a little grain of sand, greatly dissatisfied with its lot. It longs to be raised to some field, there to bask in the light and air. A shifting current washes it into an oyster-shell, and louder than ever it bewails its cruel fate. But gradually the oyster turns it into a precious pearl. Divers bring it to light, and as ornament of a beautiful diadem it sees its wish fulfilled better than ever it had dared to hope. Thus Providence answers our request better than we asked, but slower than we hoped and less pleasantly than we wished. The way from the gloom to the light often winds through a long and labyrinthal passage of total darkness.

Often, again, the wishes of some men are granted more speedily than they expected, and even their follies turned into good account, while the best-laid plans and the wisest preparations and the most patient labors of others utterly fail.

From painter's brush, from sculptor's chisel, from writer's pen, from orator's lips, there sometimes slip strokes and figures, lines and words, of such excelling grandeur as to aston-

ish them as much as the world. It is Providence shaping their ends, guiding their hands, touching their lips, inspiring their minds. It is Divinity leading them into the temple of Fame.

For others, however, a different fate is reserved. They strive heroically, but fail. They scheme and plan, invent and discover, but others are crowned with the glory of their achievement. They sow in tears, and others gather the rich harvests. They cast themselves into the breach; others pass over them to fame and glory. But upon their destinies, too, Divinity's shaping hand is at work. They are commissioned for a higher Temple, the entrance to which leads through years, ages, of struggle, defeat, and suffering.

'Tis a fatal error, that of compressing success into the narrow space of threescore years and ten. We figure in minutes; Divinity reckons in ages. Our measure of life begins at the cradle and ends at the grave; Divinity takes it through a thousand births and burials before it stamps "finished" upon it. The sun-dried vase, painted with fading colors, enjoys its brief hour of admiration and is no more; the one that has fast colors laid upon it again and again, and is made to pass repeatedly through the hot furnace, is the joy of the earth even after the lapse of centuries. It is thus that Divinity proceeds. For the shaping of one man's destiny it requires but a fleeting moment; for that of others it needs whole ages. Man beholds but the brief hour's enjoyments of the one and sufferings of the other. Into the future he cannot peer. He cannot see Divinity's finished product in the temple of the Giants of Immortals.

There is yet another serious error. There are those who fail to see that Divinity only shapes what man creates. They sit with idle hand, believing that what is to be will

be, whether they help or not. It was this doctrine of predestination that proved so disastrous to man. It chained his free will, throttled his independence, and turned him into an irresponsible being. It taught him that it was from necessity, not from choice, that man became a saint or a sinner, a menial or a monarch, a knight or a knave. It led to the belief that there was no need of taking special care of life or goods: everything was predestined, and nothing that man might do or omit to do could change the decree by a hair's breadth either one way or another.

But for human nature's fortunate provision of making man's actions often wiser than his beliefs, civilization might have found its grave in this pernicious dogma. Man must help Providence if Providence is to help man. Divinity shapes our ends, but we must give Divinity something to shape. We are not will-less automata, heaps of flesh and bones and nerves, fashioned as the potter fashions a lump of clay. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends," but we create what it shapes. If we cannot determine the consequences, we can at least prepare the way for the best. Of our faculties we may be masters, if not of our destinies. If we ourselves resolutely hew out our careers, we can safely leave the shaping of them to Divinity. In the long run we will find its will our will; if not, it is because its will is better than ours. If instead of success it brings us failures, and instead of joy sorrow, it may be because it has in view an ultimate success or joy infinitely greater than any for which we hoped. On the wrong side of an artistic piece of tapestry-work, with which the weaver is engaged, the eye sees only a mass of confusion; on the right side it is charmed with the beauty of color and harmony of design. Gazing upon a building in course of construction, upon walls half built, arches half sprung, floors half finished, it

is impossible to detect beauty or plan or purpose; but beholding it when completed, its artistic design and finish ravish the eye. So it is with our destinies. In this present life we often see but the wrong and confused side of Divinity's weaving—see but the half-finished walls, and the half-sprung arches, and the half-laid floors.

“All nature is but art unknown to thee;
 All chance—direction which thou canst not see;
 All discord—harmony not understood;
 All partial evil—universal good;
 And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear: whatever is, is right.”

What we need is patience and trust and resoluteness. We must strive for the best, and trust that whatever happens is for our good. Then our failures will not dishearten us, our sorrows will not weigh us down. They will appear to us methods used by the divine Husbandman to secure healthier growth and richer products through frequent trimming and pruning and cutting. Then we will not tremble before a blind chance, but feel that

“Behind the dim unknown
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.”

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(To be read alternately by the Minister and Congregation.)

Minister:

Blindness of the heart is real blindness,
 And grief is the sickness of the soul.

Congregation:

*Ye that fear the Lord hope for good,
 And for everlasting joy and peace.*

Ye that fear the Lord wait for His mercy,
 And go not aside lest ye fall.

*Ye that fear the Lord trust in Him,
And your reward shall not fail.*

No evil shall happen unto him that feareth the Lord;
From every trouble He will deliver him.

*Trust in the Lord and He will espouse thy cause;
Make thy way straight, and hope in Him.*

Trust in the Lord, and abide in thy labor;
In a swift hour He maketh His blessings flourish.

*Riches and strength lift up the heart;
But the trust in the Lord is above them both.*

Honored in the sight of men are the faithful;
God recompenses those who do His will.

*The Lord is with those who trust in Him:
A mighty protection and a strong stay.*

MEDITATION.

THE DESTINY OF MAN.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

What is life? What is my destiny? What is the purpose for which God called me into being? Am I born merely to fill a brief existence, to be the plaything of an hour, and then to wither and pass away like the flower in the garden, like the grass in the field? How can I reconcile such an idea with the conception of the infinite goodness of God? Why do I feel within me the yearning after a higher perfection, after nobler ends, for the attainment of which this life is too short and our present faculties are too limited? Our imperfections require perfecting. Our wrongs must be righted. Suffering innocence must be requited. There are innate within us latent capacities which are prophetic of a future, since they cannot be developed in our present state. There must be a future that shall

afford scope for the realization of that perfection after which our souls aspire. If matter is indestructible, if force is persistent, shall the life-principle that is superior to both perish in the grave? When developing-time comes the caterpillar-chrysalis shuffles off its old and uncouth coil and becomes the golden-winged butterfly. So, too, when developing-time comes in the slow unfolding of our life the mortal body is returned to its primal elements, while the spirit passes on to an existence that must be the complement of this.

Thus even our instinctive longings and our daily observations point to contradictions which would necessarily arise were we to suppose that our destiny is comprised within the narrow limits of this life.

We know that what is highest and purest in man is his spirit; that the body is only a material vestment used by the spirit for its temporal existence. The body changes as years accumulate; the spirit, though ripening in knowledge, remains the same in its essence. The body clings tenaciously to the earth from which it came; the spirit never finds rest, is never content with what it has attained, but when one wish is satisfied longs for the fulfilment of another, and again another, and so on without end.

The spirit, therefore, is the essential and the enduring part of man. That which is unseen and eternal constitutes its life. Its origin is divine, and hence imperishable; and as the body will one day return to its mother earth, so will the spirit return to the divine bosom whence it emanated.

If my spirit be the essential part of me, then when I speak of the destiny of man I can only refer to the purpose for which his spirit was created. But how can I know what future God has in view for it after it has ended its earthly career? So far my eye does not reach. And

yet, in unequivocal language, the voices of nature and of reason intimate what I am to hope for concerning the hereafter. With wonderful harmony they proclaim that *my destiny is to become like unto God—to let my spirit grow in the divine likeness through infinite progression in knowledge and in virtue.*

The truth of this is confirmed by my experience. My nobler life impels me in that direction. All things encourage the spirit to increase its knowledge and its wisdom and to extend its mastery over the senses. Man is born weak and helpless, that he may exert and develop his mind for his own sustenance and protection.

The animal enters life ready clothed, and provided with unconscious instincts through which it seeks and finds the food required for its nourishment. Thousands of years have passed since the creation and peopling of this globe, and yet the animals have made no progress. Not so with man, who is ever impelled forward by the wants and sufferings and cravings of his nature. At first he lived in caverns, next in huts, then in more or less well-contrived, comfortable dwellings. At first his only aids were his hands and nails; then the rude wooden and stone implements were used; finally he descended into the earth and brought forth the numerous metals which doubled his strength and helped him to subjugate the animals. At first he clung timidly to the spot where he was born; but soon he roamed into other regions and acquired a knowledge of other tongues; and next he crossed the wide ocean from one quarter of the globe to another, and by means of written symbols communed with people dwelling in far distant lands.

And thus the human spirit, driven by the necessities of life, progressed unceasingly from invention to invention, from knowledge to knowledge. That which in the present

day is known to every youth, would, thousands of years ago, have excited the wonder of the most learned sage. Already we faintly grasp the immeasurable magnitude of the universe, the size and orbits of the stellar bodies in our solar system, the wonderful powers of heat, of light, and of other laws and forces of nature. But God, the Omniscient, knows all, while the wisest of mortals has scarcely gathered as much as a drop from the vast ocean of knowledge. To grow like unto God in wisdom, in power, must be the destiny of the spirit.

Toward this end the whole organization of the universe is impelling us. Everything tends to widen the dominion of the spirit and to check the desires of the flesh. In the flesh originate all tendencies toward sin, toward pride, toward envy, toward revenge; in the spirit originate our longings after holiness, our yearnings for the divine, the unseen. The spirit seeks in vain contentment in the material world. It is ever repelled. Forgetting its destiny, in vain it seeks its happiness in the gifts of this life. Beauty and strength perish; fame is overshadowed; luxury creates disease; riches and worldly goods are ever changing hands, and cannot follow us beyond the grave. Nothing on earth can secure to us lasting happiness; all things impel us to turn away from the seen to the unseen.

Sin is spiritual slavery; virtue, spiritual freedom. Sin is dominion of the flesh; virtue is dominion of the spirit. In vain would the spirit resist the warnings of conscience; in vain would it forget that it is free, and should govern the desires arising from the flesh; in vain would it give itself up to sensual pleasures, and seek no higher happiness than the enjoyment of that which is exciting and agreeable; in spite of all, the entire order of the universe incites us again and again to reassert our dominion over debasing influences, and to hold light all that is of this

earth. Every sin meets its own peculiar punishment. Deceit is followed by fear of detection; dissipation, by disease; intemperance, by enervation. For the spirit there is neither rest nor peace until it has conquered the passions that war against it, until it has learnt to be just, truthful, and independent, until it has found the highest bliss in the consciousness of virtue. This is *striving to be like unto God*.

Toward this likeness to God everything impels the spirit, raising it not only above the enchantment of the senses, but also above the power of fate. The various fortunes that befall men are but God's agencies sent to instruct and improve. When avalanches fall, when nations are subjugated, and war lays countries waste, when flames devour our possessions, when illness comes upon us without any fault of our own, and friends breathe their last in our arms,—then the spirit is bettered by the belief that trial is a divine discipline, and has for its purpose some high ulterior good.

Without these and similar visitations the spirit, never lashed into activity, would have remained stagnant, and its stagnation would have precluded every possibility of progress. It is to them that we owe much of our science, many of our inventions. The affliction they brought spurred the mind on to conquer them. We have reduced to a minimum the dangers of ocean voyage; of mining, of famine, of drought. We have learned to take preventive measures against pestilence and tornado. We have learned to deaden pain with anæsthetics. We are on the verge of conquering some of the most fatal diseases. With the aid of steam we have diminished the hardships of toil and have increased the comforts of life. We have learned something of the eternal and immutable laws of nature, and we are beginning to understand how to regulate life

in accordance with their requirements. And as in the past, so in the future. Suffering will still continue to spur our minds on, and we shall yet discover law after law and blessing after blessing, until the darkness, so long hovering over the human race, will gradually disappear before the breaking of a glorious and blessed dawn.

The more independent the righteous is of all earthly things, the more exalted he is above the events connected with them. He may be rich or poor, he may be living in superfluity or in want, he may meet with friendship or with persecution—nothing can impair his love of virtue and of God. In his eyes life itself has not more value than duty. He fears not death; and he who fears not death, nor poverty, nor the judgments of men, what power can fate have over him? His spirit is becoming God-like. Like unto a divinity, he stands above all the storms of life, fearing them not in the consciousness of his innocence and his righteousness. This is to be like unto God; this is the Destiny of Man!

EXHORTATION.

ALL THINGS WORK FOR GOOD.

Minister:

When we think of the trials and burdens of life it is hard for us to believe that all things are for the best. We ask ourselves, "Can such things as we see around us every day be good? Can they be consistent with a theory that makes God merciful?"

Here, for instance, is a happy family. The father has become prosperous and has built a home for the household. The mother has touched everything into life and tasteful form within. Children play on the stairs, and in the nursery the baby's crib is the family throne, around which circle all love and service.

To such a home as this comes death. The father of the household breathes his last. Around the open grave the crushed mother stands with her clinging children, and, as the clods fall, their light goes out in a darkness that seems pierced by no single ray of happiness or of hope.

Is this good? Is it merciful? Is it kind? Is it better thus than if the father had lived and had cared for and trained his children, and led them into noble manhood and womanhood? No! it is not good. In itself it is an evil, a misfortune, a curse. It is not something to be accepted willingly. To accept all things with indifference is not resignation. The heart must be killed before you can reach that condition. God gave us our affections, and they will abide with us for ever.

Let us suppose another instance: An able and upright man had gathered great riches until he had houses and stores and barns. Being generous and humane, he was the helper of all good causes. Churches, schools, asylums, reforms, and all the movements of our modern civilization felt the impulse of his wealth. His home was the seat of refinement, of culture, and of all humane and god-like graces. A fire came with the sunset, and the dawn looked on his desolation. Every good cause was injured by his misfortune—churches were poor, schools were weak, and children were unfed and untaught because of the calamity that had overtaken him.

Was it a good thing that he was thus crippled and overthrown? No! it was a terrible evil—something to be shunned and fought against, and accepted only on compulsion. Because God can bring the dawn out of darkness it does not follow that midnight must become mid-day. Even though a general can wring victory out of overthrow, still the first defeat does not become a triumph.

Such are the trials that render faith in God so difficult.

The evil is never good. It is to be endured only because we must endure it. It does not seem consistent with the loving kindness of a Sovereign God. Particularly is this true while the freshness of our grief is upon us. We are then hardly in condition to reason: we can only weep.

And yet, withal, we cannot but believe that God would not be God were He not good—that there must be something that shall both account for our sorrows and heal our wounds.

Such, then, being the presumption, let us see what we know of fact. It must all turn on the meaning of the word “good.” If health be necessary to the “good” of life, then life is a failure, for only the few enjoy any continued condition of health. If wealth be necessary to the “good” of life, then the existence of many of us is fruitless, for the rich are rare among the masses of mankind. If freedom from affliction, bereavement, or loss be necessary to the “good” of life, then are we still unhappy, for—

“There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe’er defended,
But has one vacant chair.”

It follows, then, that either God is not strong and wise and good, or else that sickness and poverty and death are consistent with His being such; and they can be thus consistent only when it is true that *freedom from them is not necessary to our highest welfare.*

This is the source of confidence. We may lose health and property and friends in this world, and yet have left the best part of life. Our greatest ambition should be to become holy and pure and true. Whatever is needful to this is needful to our “good.” Whatever is not, God may take away, and still show Himself fatherly

and kind. Nay, more than this, He may prove His benevolence and love by taking them away if, as sometimes happens, they impede us in our pursuit after the higher good.

The playthings, the companions, and the home are invaluable to a child; but he who attains a true manhood without them is far more fortunate than he who, having them all, fails of the manhood. Books and tutors are of great advantage to a boy; but he who acquires culture and self-mastery without their aid is blest beyond him who, with their assistance, is still unfit for the contest of life. So he who finds God through the loss of all things is rich beyond conception, while he who goes through life in health and wealth, happiness and peace, and yet misses true knowledge of himself and of God, is poor beyond expression. Whether worldly goods come or go is a matter of comparative indifference. By and by it will be of little importance to us whether we were granted this or denied that. Then the all-important question will be, "How did I live? and what have I become?"

In the great problems of character and eternity these difficulties find their solution. Since the great "good" of life is God-likeness, we are able to understand why God permits affliction while He still loves, cares for, and watches over us.

But unless there is a "trust in and a love of God," affliction will scarcely prove an instrument of good. Every day we can see how a trial renders one man better and another worse. Temptation strengthens one and fells another. Wealth makes one man generous and another sordid and mean. Power ennobles one and makes him a helper of his fellows, while to another it is only the means of exercising a sordid and selfish nature. It is true, then, that affliction effects "good" only in those that "trust in God and truly love Him."

But what is meant by "trusting in God and truly loving Him"? We cannot limit this phrase so that it shall include only those who are conscious of some personal affection for God. It must be broadened so as to embrace all those *whose sympathies and whose conduct are directed toward righteousness and truth.*

They, then, to whom affliction comes only as an evil have no just cause of complaint against God. Responsible character necessarily implies the free choice of the will. This character is the highest gift that Heaven can bestow. If we will not take it, if we will not look toward and struggle toward God, nothing can work good for us. The limitation is not because God does not want to bless all alike, but because the constitution of things is such that His blessings can be blessings only to those inclined toward good. That the same cause produces opposite results on opposite things is a truism of nature. The sun makes one spot of ground a garden and another a desert; not because the sun is partial, but because of soil and water and seed—differences all pertaining to the ground. The same sun lifts a rain-bringing and health-bestowing cloud from the surface of a clear lake, while, if the water be impure, it fills the region with disease and death. The wind settles and strengthens one tree, causing it to shoot down and to run out its fibres through the ground until it defies the tempest. The same wind up-roots and blights for ever those trees that have no depth or grasp of root. Carbon becomes, in one set of circumstances, charcoal; in another, a diamond. A father's kindness kindles gratitude and devotion in the heart of one boy, and encourages rebellion and disobedience in another. Severity chastens one, and maddens another.

However fierce, then, the fire of trouble may be, the love of God can quench its flame. However sharp the dart

that flies out against you, the love of God can turn its point. However impassable the gulf, the love of God can bridge it. The love of God turns every storm into a wind to drive our vessel homeward. Every wild beast that would desolate and devour, it harnesses to our chariot, compelling it to grace our triumph. Poverty helps us win the true riches which neither flood nor fire can ever seize from our grasp. Sickness can only hasten us to that land where the cheek of health never fevers nor turns pale. Death only leads our friends and ourselves to a door that it can never enter, and introduces us to an immortal company that never trembles at its name. There is no evil left to those who trust in God.

But our faith in the Father must continue even through the keenest adversity. He who has never seen a wheat-field would hardly think that the way to develop the beauty is to cast the grain into the ground, there to crush it under the harrow and make it die. But soon the glory of the fields display the wisdom and the goodness of Him who ordained that out of death should spring up new life.

In the same way, it appears unkind of God to cast us into sorrow, to whelm us in waters of affliction, to bury our blooming hopes under the sod. But tarry till the process ripens. Fruits that are green and bitter in June are soft-cheeked and sweet in September. Wait till God's work is finished. The turning-lathe that has the sharpest knives produces the finest work. Wait for the harvest-hour. The snows of the North are not yet gone. The winter's storms have raged above the fields, but they have only protected the buried grain, and the spring melting shall nourish the soil, and paint the fields with brilliant colors, and ripen blessed fruit.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

*(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)**Minister :*

Affliction is the eternal law ;
 No one has escaped it, and no one shall.

Congregation :

*All that cometh unto thee accept,
 And be patient in thy trials and thy adversity.*

Brood not too much over adversity ;
 Think of the end and be hopeful.

*Be resigned under thy sufferings ;
 Bless God for evil as well as for good.*

There are evils which, if compared to others,
 Are real blessings in disguise.

*Gold is tried in the fire,
 And acceptable men in the furnace of adversity.*

Whatever the Almighty doeth is for our best ;
 The balm was created by God before the wound.

*All the works of the Lord are exceeding good ;
 And His decrees no man can alter.*

One may not say : This is worse than that ;
 For in time they shall all be approved.

*The doings of the Lord are for the best ;
 And He gives every needful thing in its season.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

SELF-DENIAL A SOURCE OF VIRTUE.

Man is not wholly reason and conscience. We have various appetites, passions, and desires, all of which refer

to our present being and are expended chiefly on ourselves or on a few beings who are identified with ourselves. Such inclinations are to be denied or renounced—not necessarily exterminated, but suppressed as masters or lords and brought into strict and entire subordination to our moral and intellectual powers. False is the idea that religion requires the extermination of any principle, desire, appetite, or passion which our Creator has implanted within us. Our nature is a whole, and no part can be spared. You might as properly and innocently lop off a limb from the body as eradicate any natural desire from the mind. All our appetites are in themselves innocent and useful, ministering to the happiness of the soul. They are parts of a wise and beneficent system, but they are beneficent only when restrained.

Our passions and desires do not carry within themselves their own rule. They are blind impulses. Present their objects, and they are excited as easily when gratification would be injurious as when it would be useful. We are not so constituted, for example, that we hunger and thirst for those things only which will be nutritive and wholesome, and lose all hunger and thirst at the moment when we have eaten or drunk enough. We are not so made that the desire of property springs up only when property can be gained by honest means, and declines and dies as soon as we have acquired a sufficiency for our needs and duties. Our desires are undiscerning instincts, generally directed to what is useful, but often clamoring for a gratification which would injure the health, debilitate the mind, or oppose the general good; and this blindness of desire makes the demand for self-denial urgent and continual.

Our appetites and desires carry with them a principle of growth. They expand by indulgence, and, if not restrained, they fill and endanger the soul. For this reason

they are to be strictly watched over and denied. Nature has set bounds to the desires of the brute, but human desire partakes of the illimitableness of the soul to which it belongs. In brutes, for example, the animal appetites impel to a certain round of simple gratifications, beyond which they never pass. But man, having imagination and invention, is able by these noble faculties to whet his sensual desires indefinitely. He is able to form new combinations of animal pleasures, and to provoke appetite by stimulants. The East gives up its spices, and the South holds not back its vintage. Sea and land are explored for luxuries. Whilst the animal finds its nourishment in a few plants, perhaps in a single blade, man's table groans under the spoils of all regions. Thus it is that not infrequently the whole strength of the soul runs into appetite, just as some rich soil shoots up into poisonous weeds.

The love of property furnishes another illustration of the tendency of our desires to usurp the mind. If left to itself, if not denied or curbed, this craving for wealth gains dangerous strength. It is a thirst which is inflamed by the very copiousness of its draughts. Anxiety grows with possession. Riches become dearer as man becomes older. The love of money, far from withering in life's winter, strikes a firmer and deeper root in the heart of age. He who has more than he can use grows more and more eager and restless for new gains; he muses upon wealth by day and dreams of it by night. In this way the whole vigor of his soul, his intellect, and his affection shoots up into an unconquerable passion for accumulation.

It is an interesting and solemn reflection that the very dignity of human nature may become the means and instrument of degradation. When pressed into the service of appetite and passion, the powers which ally us to God exaggerate desire into monstrous excess, and appetite into

tumultuous fury. The rapidity of thought, the richness of imagination, the resources of invention, when enslaved to any passion, give it an extent and energy unknown to inferior natures; and when this usurper establishes its empire over us all the nobler attainments and products of the soul must perish.

Here we see the need of self-denial. The lower principles of our nature not only act blindly, but, if neglected, grow indefinitely and overshadow and blight and destroy every better growth. Without self-restraint and self-denial the proportion, order, beauty, and harmony of the spiritual nature are subverted, and the soul becomes monstrous and deformed just as would the body were all the nutriment to flow into a few unimportant organs, and there break out into loathsome excreseences, whilst the eye, the ear, and the active limbs should pine and be palsied, and leave us without guidance or power.

It is true that, as we are now made, our appetites and desires often war against reason, conscience, and religion. But why is this warfare appointed? Not to extinguish these high principles, but to awaken and invigorate them. It is meant to give them a field for action and means of victory. True, virtue is thus opposed and endangered; but virtue owes its vigor and hardihood to obstacles, and wins its crown by conflict. We would have the path of virtue smooth and strewn with flowers; and would this train the soul to energy? We would have pleasure always coincide with duty; and how, then, would we attest our loyalty to duty? We would have conscience and desire always speak the same language and prescribe the same path; and how, then, would conscience assert its supremacy? God has implanted the blind cravings which combat reason and conscience that He may give to these high faculties the dignity of dominion and the joy of vic-

tory. He has given us strong desires of inferior things that the desire of excellence may grow stronger than all. Make such a world as you wish, let no appetite or passion ever resist God's will, no object of desire ever come in competition with duty, and where would be the resolution, the energy, the constancy, the effort, the purity, the self-surrender, the devotion—all the sublimities of virtue which now throw lustre over man's nature and speak of his immortality? You would blot the precept of self-denial from human life, and in so doing you would blot out almost every inspiring passage in man's history. When you read that history, what is it which most interests and absorbs you, which seizes on the imagination and memory, which agitates the soul to its very depth? Who is the man whom you select from the records of time as the object of your special admiration? Is it he who lived to indulge himself, whose current of life flowed most evenly and pleasantly, whose desires were crowned with every means of gratification, whose table was luxuriantly spread? Are such the men to whom monuments have been reared, and whose memories, freshened with tears of joy and reverence, grow and flourish and spread through every age?

He whom we love, whose honor we covet, is he who has most denied and subdued himself; who has most thoroughly sacrificed appetites and passions to God, to virtue, and to mankind; who has walked in a rugged path, and clung to good and great ends in persecution and pain; who, amidst the solicitations of ambition and ease and the menaces of tyranny and malice, has listened to the voice of conscience, and has found sufficient recompense for blighted hopes and protracted suffering.

Who is it that is most lovable in domestic life? It is the martyr to domestic affection, the self-sacrificing mother

who is ready to toil, to suffer, to die, for the happiness and virtue of her children.

Who is it that we honor in public life? It is the martyr to his country; not he who serves her when she has honors for his brow and wealth for his coffers, but he who clings to her in her greatest danger and fallen glories, and thinks life a cheap sacrifice to her safety and freedom.

Whom does religion retain in most grateful remembrance and pronounce holy and blessed? The self-denying, self-immolating men who have held fast the truth even in death, and by their blood bequeathed it to future ages.

Thus all great virtues bear the impress of self-denial; and were the present constitution of our nature and life so reversed as to demand no renunciation of desire, the chief interest and glory of our present being would vanish. There would be nothing in history to thrill us with admiration. We should have no consciousness of the power and greatness of the soul. We would love feebly, for we would find nothing to love earnestly. Let us not, then, complain of providence because it has made self-denial necessary, or of religion because it summons us to this work. Religion and nature here hold one language.

If at death reason is spared to us and memory retains its hold on the past, will it gratify us to see that we have lived not to deny but to indulge ourselves, that we have given the reins to lust, that through love of gain we have hardened ourselves against the claims of humanity, or through love of man's favor have parted with truth and moral independence? Shall we then find comfort in remembering our tables of luxury, our pillows of down, our wealth amassed and employed for private ends, our honors won by base compliance with the world? Did any man at his death ever regret his conflicts with himself, his victories over appetite, his scorn of impure pleasures, or

his suffering for the right? Did any man ever mourn that he had impoverished himself by integrity or worn out his frame in the service of mankind? To whom is the last hour most serene and full of hope? Is it not to him who, amidst perils and allurements, has denied himself and has lived a pure life before God and man?

To deny ourselves is to renounce whatever interferes with our conviction of right or with the will of God. It is to make sacrifices for duty or for principles. But what constitutes the singular merit of this self-inflicted pain? Mere suffering, we all know, is not virtue. Evil men as well as good often endure misery, and are evil still. The real worth of the sacrifice consists in that suffering which enters into self-denial, and which springs from and manifests great moral strength. It is the proof and result of inward energy. Difficulty, hardship, suffering, sacrifices, are the tests and measures of moral force and the great means of its enlargements. Self-denial, then, is the will acting with power in the choice and prosecution of duty. Here we have the glory of self-denial, and here the distinction of a good and virtuous man.

EXHORTATION.

GAIN FROM PAIN.

Minister :

Suffering has its purpose. While it is an indisputable truth that much of our misery is needless, and exists only because of man's wanton ignorance or wilful disregard of the laws of life and health, the fact nevertheless remains that much of it is beyond man's control, and is manifestly needed for the unfolding and developing of that which is noblest and best in the human mind and heart and soul.

Civilization took its root in suffering. As long as man sojourned in zones where fruit-bearing trees provided him

abundantly with the needs of life, and where the hot climate made clothes and shelter unnecessary, his condition was little higher than that of the beast. But when he was forced into colder climes and into regions where nature no longer dealt with lavish hand, where hunger and cold and ferocious beasts caused great suffering, then the need of conquering pain arose, and from that instant civilization began. The mind was put to work. Agriculture was invented, fire was drawn into service, efficacious weapons were contrived, and, degree by degree, the mind saw its efforts crowned with an abatement of misery. Soon it no longer contented itself with mere lessening of pain. It began to think of increasing the comforts and pleasures of life, and with that thought civilization made a vast stride forward. The mind became active and productive. Invention followed upon invention. Improvement succeeded improvement. Greater ease and comfort were rapidly increased by still greater ease and comfort, until now the pleasures of life far exceed the pains.

The home, too, with all its sacred influences and blessed happiness, took its root in suffering. It is to the painful entrance into life, to the long helplessness and frequent suffering of the infant, that we owe the institution of the family and the affection between its members. The new-born of the lower animals, though they enjoy an apparent advantage over those of the human species, scatter soon after birth. There is no home, no affection, for them. Their kind has been multiplied, but not their happiness. The early suffering and long helplessness of the new-born of the human species demand a mother's constant care and a father's unceasing toil. They awaken love and self-sacrifice. Long contact with one another under the same roof and under the same parental care engender reciprocal affection between the parents themselves, between the

parents and children, and between the children themselves, and thus the home is maintained and its blessing secured.

Suffering, too, is the school that has graduated most of our men of genius. Had they never felt affliction's scorching blasts, had they never tasted of the bitter cup of sorrow, had they never been immersed in the seething waters of tribulation, never been hammered into strength and endurance upon the anvil of misfortune, never been rasped and filed into finished form by malice and defeat and neglect, their glorious work might never have come to light. They were not the men who were cradled in luxury or who were fed by fortune with a silver spoon. Their entrance into the Temple of Fame was not heralded with loud hosannas. They had to bare their backs to the lash of failure, of abuse, of scorn, before they could pass, robed in glory, under the arch of triumph. They had to eke out a pitiable existence in the miserable alleys before their statues could find honored places upon the public squares.

Suffering, too, has been the wise teacher of those who were impatient under their long-deferred success, disheartened at their failures, dissatisfied with their humble state, restive under their restraints and oppositions. The sunlit heights of eminence tempt the ambitious and render insufferable the dark and lowly plains beneath. Youthful men in the professions would fain be at the head while still deservedly at the foot—would be leaders ere yet they have learned to follow. 'Tis well that they have not their way. Unprepared by necessary experience, unhardened by the school of bitter trial and hardship, they would soon break down under the strains and burdens and responsibilities which they dreamed not of when wistfully gazing at the alluring height. Far better for them if they are content to begin at the lowest round of the ladder of fame and climb step by step to its topmost rung. Far better for

them if, now and then, when fairly up the ladder, they are thrust back again, to climb anew with quicker and surer step. Better a dozen failures below than a single one at the top. The dozen failures below make the struggler more circumspect and cautious, and thus prevent the one at the top. Honorably falling while climbing is no shame; climbing anew, though fallen, is everlasting glory, and in it lies the prophecy of ultimate success.

It is not the straight and unbroken path that is always the easiest and the best. Moses required forty years to make a journey which he might have made in as many days. But they were not years wasted. They laid the foundation of that strength of character, of that unconquerableness of purpose, that have enabled Israel alone, out of all the nations of antiquity, to survive to this day.

Far better to wrestle with adversities early in life than late. Youth has at its command strength and hope with which to combat them. It is during our early life that difficulties turn will into iron and purpose into immovable rock. It is because of such early difficulties that most of the world's great men have risen from the lowest stations, from the haunts of poverty, from the hovels of misery, where bread and light and books were scarce, and means for study scarcer still. Without these difficulties they never would have achieved their greatness. A dead calm would have left them where it found them. "Better a head-wind than no wind," say the seamen, and so say all brave souls. "We rather like head-winds," said an ocean captain when a fierce gale was blowing against the vessel: "it blows through our funnels down into the furnace, and generates the steam-power which, despite the gale, propels us forward all the quicker." Such propelling-power early difficulties generate in the brain-furnaces of brave strugglers.

It is in the school of suffering, too, where the best manhood and womanhood is acquired. Those who have been little tried by life's tribulations resemble in their want of strength and worth the soft wood or the brittle stone, the impure glass or the untempered steel. But those of great moral force and usefulness are the men and women who have been cleansed and hardened, burnt and hammered into excellence by the storms and pains of life. When first the cup of sorrow was put to their lips it proved a bitter draught. But the bitterness gradually changed to a sweetness such as their lips had never tasted before. It was the same sweetness that came to that fever-stricken traveller in the wild South American forest. Parched and feeble, he crawled about in eager search for a spring of water. At last he chanced upon a pool, but, cruel disappointment! its water was intensely bitter. Yet the burning fever was less endurable still, and so he drank, and drank again, and after every draught he felt the fever more and more subsiding and a new vigor creeping over him. That bitter drink secured not only his recovery, but also gave to the world the valuable medicine of Peruvian bark. Here was a double gain from pain.

The man who lives in ease and in ignorance of suffering is like the block of marble in the quarry—of little use and beauty until drill, powder, chisel, and mallet rend and tear and cut it on all sides and make of it a beautiful statue. His ease makes him forget that there are duties nobler than pleasure-seeking, that there are people pining in misery and starvation at his very door. He thinks himself better than them. Unlike the flower, which, the more of dew it receives, the lower it bows its head, he raises his head the higher the more of blessings he can call his own. He grows arrogant and insolent, and is forgetful of his obligations to God. He laughs at the thought of death,

and believes that disease will never dare to come nigh unto him. His heart hardens, his mind narrows, his hand weakens. For him folly is the only fruit that prosperity ripens.

Then comes the stripping storms of misfortune, the scorching blasts from the furnace of affliction, the hard blows from tribulation's hammer. Then comes pain, but from it gain. His nobler being asserts itself just as does the beautiful mansion which, hid from view throughout the long summer, can be seen only after the autumn storms have stripped away the foliage that has concealed it. The fierce blasts scatter the vermin which ease and opulence have nourished. Like that geyser-spring that is cold at mid-day and warm at midnight, he who was cold while basking in noonday happiness sends forth warm springs of affection, currents of blessings, during his midnight gloom. Though weak and blind and worthless before, from the gloom there arises light, and folly changes to worth, sloth to toil, pain to gain.

All ye who are even now heavy-laden, who are tasting of the bitter cup of sorrow, who are walking in the midnight gloom, who are writhing under affliction's cruel blows, bear the ordeal bravely. Make of it some good. As Milton in his blindness could see heavenly visions, and Beethoven in his deafness could hear celestial sounds, so might you learn to feel even in your suffering a seraphic joy. Suffering was of service in the past. It founded and advanced civilization. It started the blessed home. It ripened our men of genius. It developed our best man- and womanhood. And it is of service still. As our joys of to-day have come from former sufferings, so from our sorrow of to-day will come later joys. It is not good for us always to live in contentment. He would have been an unkind father who, moved by the tears of his child, would

have permitted him to continually romp in field and moor instead of compelling him to wrestle with bitter tasks at school. The day comes when the grown boy thanks his father for the wise severity. The day will come when we, children of a larger growth, will express our gratitude for having been taken from pleasure's soul-killing grasp and placed in the school of adversity. We all must bear some of misery's burden. In the fulness of time we shall fully understand and appreciate its meaning. We shall see light rising from the gloom, strength from weakness, virtue from folly, blessing from curse, joy from sorrow, gain from pain.

Atonement Memorial Service.

CHOIR.

(Recitative.)

WHAT IS MAN?

Oh, what is man, Omnipotent,
That Thou rememberest him?
What is the mortal son of dust,
That Thou observest him?
For sure he is as naught;
A shadow fleeting is his time;
At noon he shines, a verdant plant;
The evening finds him withered, pale.
Thus all men to their graves Thou leadest,
And call'st on them: O turn, ye sons of men!
Oh, that they learned of wisdom
Wisely of their end to think!
Riches go not with you hence;
Earthly honors stay behind.
Practise virtue, walk upright,
For glorious is the meed of pious men;
And God redeemeth His servant's soul,
Condemneth not who in Him trusts.

TRIALS OF LIFE.

Minister:

Life is a journey, begun and ended without our willing.
On we speed with restless haste. We set out in the dim

dawn of morning, emerging from the unknown depth of darkness, and hurry toward the unending night.

Minutes vanish ; hours fly ; fain would we linger among the first flowers that smile to us in the rosy morn of youth. But a hidden power urges us on, and the flowers fall withered from our hands. The hot mid-day sun of life is already glowing above our heads. We discover shady spots whose refreshing shelter invites us to repose, and gladly would we rest. But we must speed on. We endeavor in vain to hold fast the joys we find by the wayside, but they elude our grasp. Already the sunset reddens the sky, and behind the lurid glare night is stealthily approaching. Willingly would we pause to enjoy, in longer draughts, the coolness of the lovely evening. But "onward ! onward !" cries an unknown voice. We seek in vain to stay the advance of night. It is but a futile effort ; it carries us along down the rapid stream of time. The colors of the sunset fade ; darkness envelops all things ; light is extinguished ; earth vanishes ; our senses rest. The journey is ended. We are surrounded by night.

Melancholy indeed is the picture of human life which experience presents to us. If we proceed from the first years of existence to life's furthest limit, how many traces of misery and suffering and disappointment we everywhere encounter ! Our very entering into this world is a painful struggle. Our passing out of it is often a scene of despair. Scarcely born, the infant's sufferings begin. Hunger pains it, cold pinches it, other ills torture it, and it has no power to tell its troubles. What creature born is so utterly helpless as is the human babe ? Creatures of the lower species that are not half as highly organized become independent and self-supporting almost from the moment of their birth. The moth and butterfly take to wing immediately on emerg-

ing from the envelope of the chrysalis. There are little birds who peck at and capture insects immediately after leaving the egg. But many years must pass, and much painful experience must be acquired, before the human-born can do what the lower creature does from the moment of its birth.

Scarce has happy childhood set in, and the little boy and girl in their happy, sunny spring of life yearn to romp in field and forest, to sing in chorus with the merry birds, or to listen to the secrets of the murmuring brook, or to twine the daisies and violets into fragrant wreaths, or to chase the golden-winged butterfly,—when the shrill sound of the school-bell is heard, summoning them to a prison-cell, and there chaining them to desk and book and irksome tasks, and forcing them to tax their rebellious minds with a mass of learning the use of which their immature minds fail to grasp.

School's closing day comes at last. The pupil breathes a sigh of relief, and prepares to enjoy a freedom long denied. But that freedom is of short duration. Another sound, shriller than before, is heard. It is the loud bugle-call that summons youth to take up arms and to go forth upon a vast battle-field, there to engage in a fearful hand-to-hand encounter, man against man, often nearest and dearest against each other. The fight is long and bitter, the blows hard, the wounds deep, the suffering intense. The disappointments are many, the reverses are frequent, the transitions from victory to defeat, from success to failure, from honor to shame, are often painfully rapid. Virtue is maligned. Merit is ignored or aspersed. Benefits conferred are recompensed with ingratitude. And as disappointment and sorrow, ingratitude and injustice, heap themselves up fast and high, the weary combatant throws his weapon from him, and,

exhausted and disheartened, sinks under the burden and surrenders himself to the whims of fate.

There are intervals of sunny days, periods of respite and peace, in this mighty and all-embracing warfare. During one of these, the combatant steps out of the ranks, exchanges his spear of war for the dart of love, takes to his heart a sweet companion for life, and kindles the fire of domestic happiness upon the hearth of his own home. But troubles and burdens disturb and darken even this peaceful and happy seclusion. There are the family cares and disappointments. There are the children's frequent struggles with disease, and, worst of all, their passing from parents' love-beating hearts into the cold embrace of heartless death; and with their departing comes the long night of darkness and despair.

Time passes, and even these painful wounds gradually heal, and the darkness and despair of the night pass away. But the full morning light breaks no more. Old age, with all its infirmities, is rapidly gaining ground. Powers whose acquiring was attended with difficulties and vexations, begin to fail. The memory weakens; the mind loses its cunning, the eye its lustre, the ear its hearing, the palate its taste; the teeth disappear; the snow upon the hair grows whiter and thinner; the back bends lower, the limbs grow weaker, the breath becomes shorter. In the race between life and death, life, though in the lead for many years, is rapidly weakening. Already death's hurrying footsteps are heard. His grim visage appears at the window. Distinctly the doomed mortal hears the whetting of his scythe upon the door-sill. He has crossed the threshold. He hears not the pitiful sobs and entreaties. He deals the fatal blow, and the combatant's struggles and sufferings, his victories and defeats, his gains and pains, find for their reward a dark and narrow bed of clay.

This is a sad picture, and one as true as sad. If some there are whose lives are not as painful as this, there are others whose struggles are more pitiable still. Whether the pains be many or few, no man escapes them. Suffering is our common heirloom. Neither wealth nor fame nor knowledge can purchase freedom from it. Though the face be wreathed with smiles, there are hours and days when the soul within is riven with sorrow and the heart quivers with anguish. Every heart has its pain; every soul has its night of despair.

ANTIPHON.

(The Choir and Congregation chant and read alternate verses.)

Choir :

Man is of few days and full of trouble ;
He fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not.

Congregation :

*In the morning he flourisheth and groweth up ;
In the evening he is cut down and withereth.*

The days of our lives are threescore years and ten,
Or even, by reason of strength, fourscore years ;

*Yet is their pride but labor and sorrow,
For it is soon gone, and we fly away.*

All our days are swiftly passed ;
Our years end as a tale that is told.

*So teach us the number of our days
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*

Despise not the chastening of the Lord ;
Neither be weary of His reproof.

*Whom the Lord loveth He reproveth ;
Even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.*

Trust in the Lord with all thy heart,
And lean not upon thine own understanding.

*Weeping may tarry for the night,
But joy cometh in the morning.*

Forget not the law, and keep the commandments ;
For peace and life shall they add to thee.

*Make the Lord thy refuge,
And no evil shall befall thee.*

Job.—Psalms.

EXHORTATION.

DARKNESS BEFORE THE DAWN.

Minister :

There are at times hours, days, and weeks, sometimes even months and years, when to us it seems as if the sun had passed away for ever, when we seem to be groping in utter darkness, when all hope has fled, all ambition vanished, all faith in friendship, in justice, in God himself gone, when no sound of joy, no ray of happiness, brightens the countenance or cheers the heart, when our only companions are despair, pain, misery, and the never-subsiding fear of utter ruin and of speedy death.

Some there are who have toiled hard and struggled long for a success which, when almost within reach, turned into failure and mocked their wasted time and means and energy. Exhausted and disheartened, they sit and bemoan their fate. Within their souls 'tis night—a night that promises no morning.

Like fugitives and outcasts, others grope about in darkness, maligned and spurned, persecuted and oppressed, cursed by those they have blessed, injured by those they have benefited. Their sun of happiness seems set for ever, their weeping eyes, they are assured, will never again behold the light of morn.

There are those whose lives are spent in the treadmill of toil. Yet, though they slave and stint, their raiment and lodging and food are scarcely better than those of the beggar. A pauper's future stares them in the face as they think of the time when age or sickness will unfit them for toil. In their souls 'tis dark—not a cheering star in their sky to kindle even the faintest glint of hope.

Still others there are who are fastened down on painful sick-beds, helpless, hopeless, comfortless. Long they have hoped and fervently they have prayed for a relief that refuses to come. For them, and for their dear ones who patiently and self-sacrificingly watch and hope and pray at their bedsides, the sun seems set; soon it shall be night, deep night—the night that has no morning.

Yet others there are who walk with dark weeds about their heads and with still darker weeds about their hearts. For them it seems perpetual night. No ray of light penetrates their crape to herald the dawn of a brighter and happier day. With husband or wife, with parent or child, with near or dear in the grave, with bright dreams vanished, with fond hopes shattered, with sweet expectancies frustrated, life, they feel convinced, can have naught else in store for them but the despair and misery of a starless and joyless night.

And yet it seems to be an established law that darkness must precede the dawn. It is written athwart the skies; it is written upon the face of the earth. We see its sway throughout the vegetal kingdom. Before the rooting seed can bask in sunshine's smile, and bathe its face in morning's pearly dew, and toy with the gentle zephyr, and blush under the sun-ray's burning kisses, it must submit to burial and decay within the dark earth, to winter's pinching cold, and to early spring's chilling blasts.

As in vegetal, so it is in human life; as with the plant,

so with man. In the present organization of society, it seems to be an established law that without preceding darkness there can be no dawn; without preceding sorrow, no succeeding joy; without preceding hardships and heart-aches, trials and failures, no succeeding victory nor excellence nor success. So prone is man to trample upon the weak and helpless, so prone to sacrifice honor and principle if thereby he can but gratify his lusts and appetites, that, were it not for the occasional checking and sobering lash inflicted by the hand of poverty or failure, of sickness or bereavement, he could not at all be kept within bounds.

Let the cruel never feel the throb of suffering, and the unjust never know the pang of remorse, and the unscrupulous never be haunted by visions of their guilt, and the avaricious never experience the pain of loss, and the uncharitable never feel the chill of cold nor the pang of hunger, and the voluptuous never know the torture of disease, and the pleasure-seeker never quiver under the torment of bereavement,—and who could live in peace or enjoy life? Opulence and starvation, tyranny and slavery, would exist side by side, with never a bridge of charity, of sympathy, of humanity, to connect them. Crime would stalk proudly under the noonday sun with not a power on earth to stop or molest it. Virtue, mocked and insulted, would slink out of sight, and vice, taking its place, would soon turn child against parent, husband against wife, brother against brother, man against man, and, amidst frightful carnages extending from land to land, from continent to continent, the human family would find its end.

Such is the protecting power which suffering exerts upon society. On the individual, too, its chastening and correcting influence is clearly discernible. Would you learn the benefit of suffering, go among the charity-work-

ers, and note the preponderance of those who, either outwardly or within their hearts, wear the mourners' weeds, and yet who, before their affliction, could be found only among the gay and selfish pleasure-seekers; count the hospitals and homes and asylums and schools and churches that have been built and endowed and are supported in memory of some dear departed by those to whom, before their affliction, it mattered little whether the suffering were cared for, or the homeless sheltered, or the ignorant taught, or the straying corrected. Note how the insolent, the selfish, the unsympathetic, are mellowed by suffering; note how the misery and pain of others awaken responsive chords in hearts which, before, neither orphans' cries nor widows' tears could move. Note these things, and you will perceive the efficacy of suffering as a character-builder. It keeps the heart warm, as the cold snow upon the frozen soil warms the tender sprouts beneath. It forces the tears to trickle fast, but they water the soil from which true greatness springs. It strains and tortures almost beyond endurance, but it has the same result as has the musician's straining of the strings—it produces a sweeter melody. It shakes hard, but only to force a deeper and a firmer root;—the tree that is shaken most by storms roots the deepest and grows the strongest. It irritates, but only to effect what the oyster does with the irritating grain of sand that has entered its shell—it forms of it a beautiful pearl.

And, seeing this, and understanding its meaning and its service, you will cease crying out against the darkness that may beset you or yours. You will bide in patience through the night, till gradually your sky will grow brighter and brighter, and you will stand in the dawn of a truer and more blessed life. To yourselves and to others afflicted you will say, "Patience! though darkness now, anon it

shall be light! Courage! wrestle with thy adversary through the night; soon it shall be dawn, and thou a conquerer! Be brave! though fierce the rocks, and steep the falls, and cramped and gloomy thy path, beyond are the broad and sunlit plains! Endure the darkness yet a little while; soon thou wilt shoot forth into the bright sunlight, all the more beautiful for thy suffering! Patience! though now all is pain and mystery, by and by thou wilt rise high above all others, a beauteous monument, the admiration and the attraction of the world!"

Such is the ministration of darkness. Happy they who have felt its scourge within their hearts and souls! Happy they who walk in darkness and hear no other sound than the echo of their own weeping and wailing! They yet shall stand in the golden light of the dawn and be cheered with the joyous notes of the birds of morn.

And happy they who, though spared, voluntarily take hardships upon themselves for the good of man, and, of their own accord, pass from the light into the darkness to share a brother's or a sister's sad affliction! Better to suffer a voluntary sorrow than none at all. Better to endure an occasional fast than never to feel the pain of hunger. Better to step into darkness through our own free will than to be lashed into it by affliction. Danger lurks in unruffled peace. Unbroken quiet leads to moral stagnation, to absorption in self only. It is best for us that we voluntarily deal with our own lavish blessings as the vintner does with the vine that shoots so strong as to bear nothing but leaves—he cuts and trims and makes it oft to bleed, until, instead of leaves alone, it ripens also an abundance of luscious fruit.

And ye who feel that you have experienced little else save cutting and trimming and bleeding, that your path

has wound but from trouble to pain, that beyond crape and weeping willow your glance never reaches, that darkness, deep darkness, encompasses you round about, and that for you there shall never be dawn again—despair not yet. Hope on. It is night now; it will yet be morn. Believe with the poet—

“ Though stars in skies may disappear, and angry tempests gather,
The happy hour may soon be here that brings us pleasant weather;
The weary night of care and grief may have a joyful morrow;
The dawning day may bring relief and bid farewell to sorrow.”

The longest lane has its turning, and the darkest night its morn. The night is ever darkest when the dawn is nearest, and suffering ever severest when happiness is closest.

Endure whatever darkness yet remains; anon the morn will break. If not here, then, let us trust, there, where the light everlasting reigns. Press on, press on through the cloud! Look up through the darkness! There may be light beyond—a light that may be all the more blessed for the darkness here below!

HYMN.

WHO IS THE ANGEL THAT COMETH?

(*A Chant.*)

Who is the angel that cometh?

Life!

Let us not question what he brings—

Peace or strife.

Under the shade of his mighty wings,

One by one,

Are his secrets told;

One by one,

Lit by the rays of each morning sun,
 Shall a new flower its petals unfold,
 With the mystery hid in its heart of gold.
 We will arise and go forth to greet him,
 Singing gladly, with one accord,
 "Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord."

Who is the angel that cometh?
 Pain!
 Let us arise and go forth to greet him;
 Not in vain
 Is the summons come for us to meet him;
 He will stay
 And darken our sun;
 He will stay
 A desolate night, a weary day.
 Since in that shadow our work is done,
 And in that shadow our crowns are won,
 Let us say still, while his bitter chalice
 Slowly into our hearts is poured
 "Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord."

Who is the angel that cometh?
 Death!
 Do not shudder and do not fear;
 Hold your breath,
 For a kingly presence is drawing near.
 Cold and bright
 Is his flashing steel,
 Cold and bright

The smile that comes like a starry light
To calm the terror and grief we feel;
He comes to help and to save and to heal.
Then let us, baring our hearts and kneeling,
Sing, while we wait this angel's sword,
"Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord."

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

Why do we fear death, which is but the certain ending of life's sorrow? Why do we, when we think of death, treasure life more highly, although there are but few among us who, if they had the choice, would care to live their life over again?

Of the many sources whence springs the fear of death, there is one which more especially deserves our attention. God Himself has closely interwoven with our whole being an instinctive yearning to live. Were it not for this strong and almost unconquerable love of life, were it not for this natural shrinking from death, the earth would long since have been a depopulated desert. Man has to encounter in this world numberless dangers which would long ago have destroyed him had not the love of life given him courage to resist them, and had not this courage in its turn given him the power to conquer them. Sufferings, fear of misfortune, would soon render life intolerable, and compel man to sink exhausted before yet he had attained the goal of his journey, did not this dread of the grave's dark mystery gird him for the combat and reconcile him to the labors of the day. It is the

divine will that we should live to ripen for a higher destiny; therefore have we been bound to life by the tenderest yet strongest ties.

Without this ardent desire to live, the continuation of our existence after death would be indifferent to us, and all preparation for higher perfection would be deemed an unnecessary hardship. But this yearning for life is implanted in us, and with it the desire for continued existence after death. And to this desire is joined the necessity of rendering ourselves worthy of a higher life hereafter.

Thus, this instinctive clinging to life becomes to us a divine revelation of the continuance of our existence after death. But man errs when he allows this in-born love to degenerate into an unnatural and tormenting passion which leads him to entertain an unreasonable fear of death and to place an exaggerated value upon his present life. In many cases it is only a morbid state of the mind which causes us to surround death with terrors. Not the real change which takes place, but the false image of it which floats before the imagination, awakens terror, and this has been created by man himself for his own torment.

The dying are as little conscious of the transition from life to death as the weary are aware of the transition from the waking to the sleeping state. The shudder which results from the sight of a lifeless body is caused by self-deception only. If we examine our feelings at such times, we shall find that we pity the dead for all they have lost. But they know of no loss. We picture to ourselves how tenderly they loved us, how they would fain have remained with us, how they have been separated from us by an unknown hand, and how vainly we sought to keep them back. But the dead know not of this, and even in their last days and hours the sad thoughts and feelings

were far less vividly present to them than to their survivors.

The passionate clinging to life is frequently but a consequence of too great a love and anxiety for those we may leave behind us. We tremble at death because it will tear us from the arms of a beloved parent or child, husband or wife. We shrink back from the grave because we fear that when we shall descend into it, heart-broken dear ones will be left behind without protection, poor orphans without education, sorrowing widows without support.

A deep sadness seizes us at the thought of parting from our dear ones, and every fibre of our bodies seems to struggle against the feeling of dissolution and separation. We see lowered into the grave the child faded in its bud, and the old man worn out with years. The dust of the maiden, whom an untimely death called away in her early bloom, mingles with that of the mother, whom some unforeseen accident has cut off in the prime of her needed usefulness.

But even in such cases the mind of a true man will not be overwhelmed by the fear of death. Do we pity our dear ones each night when they fall asleep, or do we pity ourselves when we go to rest? Yet what difference is there between sleep and death? True, he who falls asleep feels a profound assurance that with the rising sun he will awake again with renewed strength, while the dying has not so near a hope. Yet when the latter awakes, he too will not be alone. His God will still be with him.

Nay, we ought to be able to say "Good-night" to our dying friends with the same calm composure with which we take leave of each other in the evening, when, looking confidently beyond the night, we enjoy in advance the pleasures of the coming morn.

When divested of all the gloomy aspects with which our imagination associates it, death is not so terrible.

It is to our fancy we owe the gloomy thoughts that most distress us; in the fulness of our health and strength and our love of life we fancy ourselves in the place of the dying, and thus we experience grief that the dead know not, and endure pains that they suffer not.

That which seems so terrible is not the act of dying, but the thought, "What shall I be when I have ceased to belong to humanity, when I have been stripped of my human form?" It is this uncertainty that fills us with awe. The darkness that envelops the future makes us rejoice doubly in the broad daylight that surrounds us; we learn to appreciate that which we possess, and we tremble at the thought of exchanging all that is familiar to us for a state of which we can hardly form a conception.

Had the wisdom of the Creator vouchsafed to us in this life a knowledge of what is to come in the next, verily, the grave would cease to terrify.

But the very uncertainty in which we are left constitutes the strongest tie that binds to life the impatient and the despairing; it is this doubt which prevents them from cutting short the term of trial appointed for them. The air of mystery surrounds death with such awe that all who are not bereft of reason shrink from it.

But even this uncertainty is only terrifying as long as the future world seems far off; in the hour of death it changes character. Then it is the life behind us that appears dark and vain, while the future, with its new existence, is irradiated by the light of certainty. The dying man turns away from all that he loves best, in order to pass into the happier existence. The past has no charm for him; he is attracted solely by the new world on the threshold of which he already stands.

Not to all, however, does death lose its terror. To those who believe that this earthly life is all in all; who live for

this world as if it were never to end; who think more of the gratification of their senses than of the improvement of their immortal spirit; who waste year after year in endeavoring to increase their earthly possessions; who live but to adorn their person, to enjoy frivolous pleasures, to triumph over their rivals and opponents—in a word, to secure to themselves such worldly goods as seem to them most desirable,—to such as these the last moments are full of anguish and despair.

When such an one dies, his soul is in death even poorer than in the first hour of his birth, when it possessed at least the jewel “innocence.” What becomes of the spirit, if made the slave of the body, when the body, its master and idol, has been converted into dust? What becomes of the accomplishments of the body—the artistic language of gesture, the sportive wit of the moment, the capacity for overreaching others, the power of flattery, the thousand little arts of vanity and conceit? They perish with the flesh. But the poor, neglected spirit and the forgotten eternity—they endure.

Not so the righteous man who has quietly pursued the path of beauty and virtue, and who has preferred the well-being, the peace, and the happiness of those around him to his own. He enjoys certainty. His heart tells him, “Thou shalt not die entirely; eternal love watches over thee.” Nature tells him so when, through her wonders, he beholds, as through a veil, God in His majesty, His infinitude, and His mercy. The body may shudder when about to be reduced to dust, but the righteous spirit is seized with holy transports. Throughout the entire universe it sees only life—nowhere death; everywhere the mutual relations of all things—nowhere a link wanting in the great chain of beings which the Almighty hand of God has forged.

Yes, henceforward I will walk more steadily in the path of righteousness; then will the terrors of death vanish before the consciousness of my growing goodness as mist disappears before the rays of the morning sun. What attraction has this earth, that parting from it should be so difficult? The desire of the righteous is to grow in righteousness, and this holy craving can only be satisfied after the awakening in the higher existence.

And the joys of this life—though I am far from holding them lightly, for they are the gifts of God—how fleeting are they! How quickly do I tire even of the greatest pleasures of earth! What have I gained when I have obtained all for which I have striven? What but the constant repetition of a drop of honey mixed with a drop of gall? This world's pleasures are never unalloyed.

Father of Life and Death, henceforth I shall not fear the sting of death nor the terror of the grave. I shall become what Thou demandest of me—useful, loving, benevolent, upright. The parting hour will then have no terrors for me. Death will be an easy passing from dreaming to waking. The sunset of this life will be the sunrise of existence in the regions of eternity!

HYMN.

SOUL, WHY ART THOU TROUBLED SO?

Soul, why art thou troubled so?
 Why art thou so sore afraid?
 Feel'st thou not the Father nigh,
 Him whose heart contains us all?
 Lives no God for thee on high,
 Loving while His judgments fall?

Look above!

God is love.

Soul, why art thou troubled so?

Heart and eye

Lift on high.

Every tear on earth that flows

God, the world's great-ruler, knows.

Soul, why art thou troubled so?

Why art thou so sore afraid?

Art thou, then, of all forsaken?

Standest thou on earth alone—

All thou loved'st from thee taken,

Nothing thou canst call thine own?

God's with thee

Eternally.

Soul, my soul, shake off thy dread;

Firmly trust

God the just;

Never shall His word betray,

Never shall His love decay.

Soul, why art thou troubled so?

Why art thou so sore afraid?

From thy heart has fatal death

Torn the loved ones thou wouldst save?

Saw'st thou them, with anguished breath,

Sink into the gloomy grave?

Death's last blow

Endeth woe.

Soul, have comfort in the Lord!

Tears, take flight!

For in light

Walk the host that God adore,

Blessed, blessed evermore.

EXHORTATION.

THE MYSTERY OF THE HEREAFTER.

Minister :

Often, when meditating on the destiny of the soul, we say: "If we but knew how we shall fare in that future life! If we had but some slight indication of what will be the state of the spirit after the death of the body! If we had but some little knowledge of the state into which the spirit will pass, some shadowy insight into its destiny!"

The human mind has ever been endeavoring to discover the secrets of eternity. In vain, however, has man endeavored to solve the mystery. The darkness in which God has wrapped the future remains impenetrable. When we consider, on the one side, the powerful aid rendered by heart and soul and mind in support of the belief that death cannot be the end of life, and, on the other side, the absolute silence as to what really transpires beyond the grave, it seems as if it had been decreed by Supreme Wisdom that the immortality belief shall exist in the human mind only as a rational hope, never as a demonstrable fact; only as a probability, never as a known reality; only as something that *may* be or *can* be or *ought* to be, never as something actually proven; only as a perhaps, never as a certainty. It shall be like that mythical tree in the centre of Eden, pleasant to look upon, yet never to be enjoyed, lest it might open the eyes and bring a knowledge which, for his own good, man never shall possess. Life and death, the cradle and the coffin, the *before* and the *hereafter* shall remain, as they have ever been, the greatest of all mysteries. For man's good God kindled the hope of immortality in the human heart, and for man's good He does not permit it to be more than a hope.

Even our own limited sense enables us to discern how wise it is that this mystery is not revealed. Of all revelations, none could be more painful, none more disastrous, than that which would disclose our future. Who of those now heavy-laden with life's cares and burdens, its sorrows and disappointments, would have lived to bear them to this day, had they known, when they entered upon life's journey, that this would be their lot? Who of those that are gay and happy to-day could continue being gay and happy another hour were the veil that hides the future from them lifted and they made to see how soon joy will change to sorrow and laughter to tears? What man would enter upon any enterprise with the certainty of failure staring him in the face? What army would march to battle-field with the certainty of defeat and death before it? What man would toil and struggle, dig and search, in the deep and dismal mines of knowledge, having before him the assurance that the end of all his labor will be vexation and disappointment? What man would take a wife to his heart, knowing that soon she will change her bridal-robe for a funeral-shroud? What maiden would leave her peaceful home and loving dear ones, knowing that when the first anniversary of her wedding-day will dawn, it will light upon a broken heart and a blasted life? What mother would endure all the sacrifices and pangs involved in rearing her children, knowing that death will soon take them from her warm heart and lay them into the cold grave; or, worse still, that she will find her reward in cruel ingratitude or in bitter disappointment? What man could enjoy life with the exact hour of his own death or of that of his dear ones as positive before him as the hour of execution is before the doomed criminal? Make the future a certainty to all men to-day, and to-morrow the great driving-wheel of civilization would

come to a complete stop, all enterprise would collapse, all energy would relax, all courage fail, all ambition subside, all hope vanish, and, amidst the apathy and gloom and despair that would ensue, civilized society would fast crumble into total ruin and decay.

Man shall be ignorant of the future. This seems to be the eternal decree. He shall have faint glimpses of what may probably happen, so that he may guide himself accordingly. He shall have *hope*, but not *certainty*—hope keeps him alive, certainty would slay him. Hope gives him the forward aim and impulse; the certainty of prosperity or of adversity would deter every effort. With honor or shame, with gain or loss, sure before him, why should man strive for or against that which he cannot escape?

Bow down and thank God that the veil of mystery conceals to-morrow's events from your view. Thank God that you can see neither the poison-arrow that is fast speeding to pierce your heart nor the comely-featured, sweet-voiced, gay-hearted Maid of Fortune that is impatiently hurrying forward to fold you to her heart in rapturous embrace. Such knowledge here were death. To know to-day what to-morrow will bring might slay to-day's joy for the dread of to-morrow's sorrow. To know but to-day's sorrow and to hope for a brighter to-morrow shortens present gloom in the hope of future brightness. If on our knees we should thank God that a veil of mystery hides to-morrow's happenings from our view, what act of reverence ought we to show, what words of gratitude ought we to stammer to God that He has stretched a still darker and heavier veil of mystery over the happenings after death! If to know to-morrow's events would slay the joys and efforts of to-day, a positive knowledge of the hereafter would end, even more surely, the joys and efforts of the present. The clear vision of the future would envelop the

present in a mist of darkness. Man would speak of, and write of, and live in, the future tense, and ignore the present tense altogether. In the midst of life he would be dead. Only the hereafter would have claims on his heart and mind and soul; to the present he would give no other thought than that of making it as brief as possible, and as unenjoyable as brief. He would make of this earth a purgatory, so that he might sooner and better enjoy a future heaven. For the purification of the soul he would enthrall and abuse the body until all joy would be crushed. With skull and cross-bones, with death and the grave, ever before him, he would not rest content until every garden became a cemetery, and every mien a corpse-like countenance, and every garb a funeral-shroud. Into some solitude he would retire, and amidst constant prayer and penance and mortification he would rust and rot from his living death into his dead life. Every effort to make his present life enjoyable would cease. The mind would stagnate, and human society would soon find its grave.

There have been times in the world's history when such a doom was imminent, and the cause was just such an acceptance of the immortality doctrine, not as a reasonable and a stimulative hope, but as a positive fact. Whole peoples pretended to know as much of the life hereafter as of the present life, and exercised greater care and caution, and made greater provision for the life beyond the grave than for that this side of it. These have been the periods of the greatest mental stagnation, of the greatest superstitions, of the greatest social apathy, of the greatest industrial lethargy, of the greatest earthly suffering.

Such are the dangers of claiming too much for the immortality doctrine, and such the benefits of claiming for it the little that the reason will allow. We may now see

why this dark and impenetrable veil of mystery hides the future from the present, why the heart shall only hope, but the mind never know. It is because we have a life to live, and goals to reach, and duties to perform, and problems to solve before death, and no time for speculations concerning what may befall us after death. To believe less than that the soul's continuance after death is a reasonable inference from the problem of this present existence might make our life unendurable. To believe more would soon lead us to sacrifice all the opportunities and neglect all the duties of the present in the hope of a greater good in the future.

If the hereafter is only a hope, the present is a real fact. Why shall we always long for the paradise of the uncertain beyond, when we can make paradise a certainty here? Why pain or grieve because we cannot clasp to our hearts the one or two that have gone before, when there are those about us yearning for love's embrace?

Wise is he who so lives that, if death be the end, his life is still not ended, but he yet lives on in his survivors, whose excellence is the reflection of his own, just as the moon's light is the reflection of the sun's, long after the parent light has sunk beneath the horizon.

And he already lives an angel life who helps to make for others a heaven here, who honors merit, appreciates benefits, rewards faithful toil, reverences the great and the good, scatters seeds of happiness, seeks to make of this earth a Garden of Eden, where the beautiful and fragrant flowers of peace and love, of right and justice, of sunshine and laughter, crowd out the poisonous weed of discord and hatred, of envy and ingratitude, of selfishness and heartlessness.

Such a life is heaven. Thus to live and thus to die is not living in vain nor dying in nothingness.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

Minister :

The world is like a roadside inn,
Where we rest awhile before proceeding to our home.

Congregation :

*He who shall die, will die ;
Nothing can halt death in its course.*

Pleasant is the sentence of death unto the weary,
And unto him that despaireth and hath lost patience.

*As a drop of water from the sea,
So a few years in the day of eternity.*

Fret not at what is lost ;
Rather care for what remaineth.

*Whosoever has death present to his mind
Is sure to make life worth the living.*

Weep for the mourners, not for the deceased ;
For he is gone to rest, and they are left in anguish.

*When the dead is at rest, let thy anguish rest,
And be comforted when his spirit is departed.*

Forget not that there is no returning ;
Thy grieving aids him not ; it but hurts thee.

*Comfort thyself in thy affliction ;
Think not that the grave ends all.*

Fear not the hour of death ;
Others have gone before thee, and others will follow.

*As some leaves fall while others grow,
So one man dieth while another is born.*

It is a mournful truth, everywhere confessed,
That not even wealth or beauty can escape the grave.

*The Lord created man of earth,
And into dust he turneth him back again.*

As the vintner knows the time for gathering,
So knows the Lord the hour for summoning the righteous.

*Get thyself ready in the hall,
That thou mayest be fit to enter into the palace.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

DEATH NOT YET THE END.

MEDITATION.

(Read in silence by Congregation.)

While it is not in our power to know positively the fate of the soul beyond the grave, yet God in His wisdom has permitted enough rays from His divine light to penetrate our minds so as to make a belief in the soul's immortality rational, and the hope for it reasonable and comforting. The grounds for such a belief and hope are many and strong.

There is first of all the *consensus* of all humankind in the belief in a life beyond the grave. It is universal property, the shrine before which all religions bow in common, the stay and support and guide of all peoples, climes, and ages. What else can this belief, held by all peoples—by peoples of different grades of culture, who are otherwise totally dissimilar, and among some of whom there has never been an interchange of religious opinion—mean, if not that it is an intuition of the mind, an original endowment of human nature, an implanted instinct, the die pressed into the spirit when it was first moulded? This vivid and ineradicable concept of a continuance after death

seems to be a special revelation of the actual existence of a future state.

There is the scientific truth that *whatever is, is for ever*. What once exists may change into different forms and modes, but out of existence it cannot pass. Solids may change to liquids, liquids to gases, gases to other tenuous forms of matter, but, in one form or another, continue they must. It is true of matter, it is true of force, all the more must it be true of the soul that is superior to both. When death sets in, the matter that constitutes the body instantly proceeds to pass into other states of matter which are totally different from the preceding state, and which, for the main part, are invisible. When death sets in, the vital force, being imperishable, may also instantly proceed to pass into another form of life, totally differing from the preceding and invisible to human eye. The scientific teaching of the indestructibility of existing things almost necessitates the belief in another form of life higher than the present, and a consequence of it. The fact that eye has not seen it nor ear heard it avails nothing against such a belief. As we have forms of matter so extremely rarefied as to escape the observation of the senses, as to be recognizable only through their effects, so may we have forms of life so attenuated as to elude our sentient observation.

The superiority of the mind over matter furnishes another proof. The soul, though coexisting with the body and dependent on it for its manifestation, is wholly different from it. It is *in* matter, yet not *of* it. It is related to the body as the engineer to his engine; and as the demolition or decay of the engine does not involve the death of the engineer, so does not the dissolution of the body involve the death of the soul.

The theory of evolution furnishes another proof. We

see a constant and gradual rise from the lower to the higher and from the less perfect to the ever more perfect—inorganic first, organic next, and the connecting-link of part inorganic and part organic between the two; aquatic first, terrestrial next, and the connecting-link of part aquatic and part terrestrial between the two; thus, step by step, until man is evolved. But though man is the highest in visible creation, he may not be the highest development obtained by evolution. He is too imperfect a creature to crown so grand a work as creation. He is restrained on all sides by the limitations of matter. His material organs limit the range of his capacities. His material passions limit the range of his virtues. His material brain limits the range of his thought. To attain to the more perfect condition, evolution must pass from the material into some higher state, as it passed in primordial times from the aquatic to the atmospheric and from the inorganic to the organic. That higher form may be the *spiritual*, and the higher element the *ethereal*; and man, being part *material* and part *spiritual*, may be the connecting-link between the *material* and the *spiritual*. And in his dissolution the complete transition from the material to the spiritual may take place, just as the organic arose from the dissolution of the inorganic, and the inorganic from the dissolution of the elements. The coffin of the material may be the cradle of the spiritual, and the much-dreaded death may only be the means of conveying imperfect man to a higher state of existence, just as the larva is the means of changing the loathsome caterpillar into the beautiful butterfly.

The constant longing after a perfection which is unattainable in our present finite state, furnishes a strong support for the preceding argument. It may be prophetic of that future state in which it may be gratified. We find the coun-

terpart of such fulfilled prophecies in organic life. In the slow unfolding of the living species we find every advent of a higher division or kingdom foreshadowed in the preceding lower division or kingdom. As there are in us to-day undeveloped organs of no present significance save as mementos of their past services, so may high moral and spiritual and intellectual powers, and the yearning and striving for the still higher, be nascent faculties, prophecies of the advent of a higher state.

Another argument is found in the gradual *emancipation of the spirit* from the tyranny of matter, especially noticeable in old age, when the frail and weakened physical functions strangely contrast with a most brilliant unfolding of the mind. The weakened flesh and the subdued passions and appetites give the freedom-seeking soul opportunities long denied, and it makes noble use of them. In eloquent language it proves its own total independence of matter, and demonstrates that the prophecy is beginning to take form.

Another argument is derived from the belief in a *God of justice*. If God is, justice is; if justice is, there must be a hereafter. If man owes duties to God, God owes rights to man. If we believe that it is He who brings us upon this earth, endows us with affection, permits our dear ones to grow into our hearts, we cannot believe that He will permit cruel death to tear them from us, without softly whispering to the bereaved, "Comfort ye! comfort ye, my children! Fear not in your sorrow! Forsake not your faith! Tarry patiently awhile! there will be sweet reunion anon." Nor can we believe that He will not verify beyond the grave the promise given this side of it.

If we believe that it is God who wants us to love truth and right and justice, to pursue them and to fight for them,

we cannot believe that He will permit the millions to endure loss and ignominy, cruelty and tortures, for their love of virtue, and never reward their suffering, neither here nor hereafter.

If we believe that God desires man's moral and mental development, we cannot believe that the millions who struggle but fail, will never be given another chance to redeem themselves, to do what here they left undone, and to undo what here they did, to start anew and upon the right track.

To bring man into life unasked only to make that life full of toil and trouble and suffering; to endow man with capacities and faculties only to prevent opportunities for their full development; to bring dear ones into our arms only to snatch them from us when we grow fondest of them; to lure our minds up the steep and rugged hillsides of knowledge only to hurl us into the abyss of total annihilation at the moment the mists and clouds that hide the summit begin to scatter and the mind prepares to reap its reward,—to do this were more befitting the character of a heartless monster than that of a just God. Believe this to be the divine decree, and why strive for anything if all our gain be but for the grave? Why practise virtue, self-denial, self-sacrifice, if their only reward be a handful of dust or an urnful of ashes?

God is, and He is just; and, being just, He will not build up so magnificent a piece of work as man, endow him so admirably, breathe the highest aspirations into his soul, stamp the impress of his divine origin upon his mind, and then puff him into nothingness as children do their soap-bubbles. He will not create so marvellous, so infinite a universe as this for the brutes that cannot appreciate it, or for man, who, the moment he catches the first faint glimpse of the all-pervading, over-awing majesty,

has the light extinguished before him, never to be rekindled.

And even though we err, even though it be but a dream, a mere delusion, then far better so sweet a dream, so comforting a delusion, than the agonizing thought that death means total annihilation; better to close the eyes of our departed dear ones softly, peacefully, resignedly, hopefully, in the belief that we will meet again when the night is past, than to part from them with the despairing thought that those whom we loved and who loved us are lost to us for ever; better to turn away from the grave with a sweet "to meet again" upon our lips, than to see naught else there but darkness and decay. Rather than despair when the death-knell tolls, better the hope—

"That in a world of larger scope
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone."

HYMN.

WHAT IS DEATH?

What is death? Oh, what is death?
'Tis the snapping of the chain;
'Tis the breaking of the bowl;
'Tis relief from every pain;
'Tis freedom to the soul;
'Tis the setting of the sun,
To rise again to-morrow,
A brighter course to run,
Nor sink again in sorrow.
Such is death; yea, such is death.

What is death? Oh, what is death?
'Tis slumber to the weary;
'Tis rest to the forlorn;

'Tis shelter to the dreary ;
'Tis peace amid the storm ;
'Tis the entrance to our home ;
'Tis the passage to that God
Who bids His children come
When their weary course is trod.
Such is death ; yea, such is death.

REMEMBERING THE DEAD.

Minister :

Every reason for a belief in immortality is at the same time a reason for the hope that kindred souls will meet again. Alas, what manifold sufferings do not noble beings endure for the sake of their beloved ones. Shall we believe that their tears, their cares, their sacrifices, will remain unrequited? Death robs them of the dearest treasures of their lives; shall we believe that their grief will remain unheeded, forgotten, by the justice of an All-loving God?

We shall meet again somehow, somewhere. What matters it how and where? God is there as here, and He will mete out justice.

Comfort ye, comfort ye, O father, O mother, who are weeping for a beloved child! Be thou comforted, thou lonely widow, sorrowing in solitude! Cease to grieve, thou son, thou daughter, for thy beloved parent; thou sister for thy much-regretted brother; thou brother for thy devoted sister; thou friend, mourn no longer for the friend torn from thy bosom! Look up! Hope on! There may be, there must be, sweet reunion beyond.

Ah ye, who sleep in your lowly graves, ye are not forgotten by us. Our hearts still beat for you as when yours responded to ours. Gladly do we turn our thoughts to you, O beloved ones who have gone before us into another

world! O ye never-to-be-forgotten objects of our heart's devotion, it is you who bind closer the ties that unite the here and the hereafter! To think of you, to hope for reunion with you, is to add to our happiness here below.

Although, when communing in spirit with you, a feeling of sadness may steal over us, this sadness is not unhappiness. Bliss can have its sadness, and silent joy its tears. When a father or a mother weeps at the grave of a lost child, or when the sight of the trinket which the dear departed one was fond of in life calls forth his memory in livelier colors; when a gentle and affectionate child treasures up, as a sacred relic, some object that once belonged to father or mother; when husband or wife, parted for ever from each other, cherishes some ring or some letter as a token of the affection that united them in life; when lovers, friends, brothers, sisters, remember the dear ones they have lost; when, with many a deep-drawn sigh, their lips whisper the cherished name; when their tears bear witness to their undying affection,—it is not pain and anguish which they experience, but a sad satisfaction that their departed dear ones are still remembered and loved.

Yes, sainted dear ones, we recall the time when you still walked on earth, and lived in our midst, and bestowed protection and blessing, gladness and consolation. Though months, years, have passed over your graves, yet are you still nigh unto us. In transfigured, glorified forms your images hover before our soul's vision, and we would fain clasp you in our arms.

Children think of their departed parents—of the tender mother on whose bosom they once rested so sweetly and peacefully, of the loving and vigilant father who struggled and toiled painfully and incessantly, for their welfare.

Fathers and mothers think of their departed children,

their heart's delight, their pride, their hope, their solace, their all.

The husband, the wife, remembers the departed consort, the lost support and ornament, the vanished glory of the home. Bitterly and keenly the bereaved feels the loss of the faithful companion who shared life's cares and hopes, joys and woes, who was ever near, ever true and steadfast when others failed, when all else tottered.

The family thinks of those departed members whose death has created wide gaps and inflicted deep wounds by severing precious links from the golden chain of life.

The congregation, too, affectionately recalls to-day those of its members who, during the past year, exchanged their earthly habitation for the eternal abode:—

(Here are read the names of those of the Congregation who have died during the year.)

Aye, our memory embraces a far greater circle than that of the family or congregation. It covers the whole of humankind, and dwells with grateful love on those voids where formerly lived and toiled the illustrious leaders and teachers and benefactors, who were the stay and pride of their country and of their people, and whose lives and works served as models and inspirations to us. Though no longer among the living, dead to us they shall never be. As long as the world will prize virtue, will honor merit, will love justice and truth, so long will it gratefully treasure the remembrance of—

(Here are read the names of illustrious benefactors of all nations and creeds who have died during the year.)

And we remember also those heroes and martyrs of olden times who, for their faith's sake, for their advocacy of right and truth and justice, were frequently made to suffer ignominy, persecution, torture, and death. In carrying out their virtuous purposes they thought not

of the world's applause. They were consoled by the firm conviction that they were accomplishing that which would ever tend to increase the happiness of mankind. And they did not deceive themselves. That which is holy ever triumphs, and posterity names with a blessing those men who during their lives were condemned.

The remembrance thereof ought to strengthen and elevate our minds, and inspire us with courage and with unswerving determination to so act that we might gain the approval of God. As the wisest and noblest heroes and martyrs ever trust in the righteousness of their cause, and move onward with their eyes fixed upon God, so let us also uphold the good and just cause, though men persecute and ill-treat us. May we love our fellow-beings, help them with a good will, defend the wronged, alleviate misery, dispel ignorance, scatter truth, promote useful undertakings. And may we do all this not from selfish motives, but because we are convinced that what we do is right and good, that the deed is worthy of us, that through it we manifest that virtue which our conscience and our God demand of us.

Merciful Father! may this our commemoration be pleasing to Thee; may our supplication for the eternal rest and bliss of those who have departed from us be answered. May they dwell in Thy tent, rest beneath Thy shelter, and enjoy the delights of Thy abode in eternal beatitude and peace!

SILENT DEVOTION.

ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT.

IN COMMEMORATION OF DECEASED PARENTS.

Thee I remember in this solemn hour, O my dear father (my beloved mother). I remember the day when thou still

didst dwell on earth, and thy tender love stood by my side like a guardian angel. Thou hast gone from me, but the bond of our souls can never be severed; thy image lives within my heart, pure and bright, approving, warning, and encouraging. May the Merciful One reward the faithful kindness which thou hast shown me; may He turn the light of His countenance in mercy upon thee, and bestow on thee eternal bliss, and on me His mercy and love, that at the end of my days I may be found worthy to enter the abode of eternal peace.

IN COMMEMORATION OF DECEASED HUSBAND OR WIFE.

Thee I remember in this solemn hour, O my beloved husband (O my beloved wife). I remember the tender affection, the self-denial which filled thy being while we still walked hand in hand and heart with heart in the common path of our happy wedded life. Though death has summoned thee from my side, thy image still lives in my heart, is still an inspiration to me, is still my comfort and my joy. May He that gave thee to me and took thee from me keep thee under the shadow of His divine wing, and on me may He bestow grace and mercy, that at the end of my days I may be found worthy to enter the abode of eternal peace.

IN COMMEMORATION OF DECEASED CHILDREN.

Thee I remember in this solemn hour, O my beloved child. I remember the days so sweet when I still delighted in thy bloom, in thy bodily and mental growth, in beautiful hopes for thy future. The inscrutable will of God early took thee from me; He called thee, and left me behind, with a deeply wounded heart in which the fond remembrance of thee can never be extinguished. But God is just in all His ways, and on His justice I base my hope

for thy eternal destiny. As a father pitieth his child, so may He look with compassion on thy soul, and with mercy on mine, so that at the end of my days I may be found worthy to enter the abode of eternal peace.

*IN COMMEMORATION OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS
AND OTHER RELATIVES.*

Thee I remember in this solemn hour, O my brother (sister), my uncle (aunt). . . . I remember the days when we lived lovingly together in one family circle, and when thy love and fidelity were my comfort, and thy counsel and aid my support. Now thou slumberest in the grave, in the cold lap of earth, but thy image has not vanished from before me. May God bless thee with eternal joys, and bestow upon me His grace and mercy, that at the end of my days I may be found worthy to enter the abode of eternal peace.

MEMORIAL PRAYER.

(Congregation rising.)

Minister :

O Thou Comforter of the comfortless, with saddened yet with grateful feelings we, whom death once smote heavily, seek Thy presence on this solemn Atonement Day. Grateful are we that our hearts to-day are not wrung with agony, nor our souls overwhelmed with grief. Thou hast poured balm into our bleeding wounds, and our hearts are healed. Where, for a time, all was darkness, Thou hast sent light again. Where once all was despair, hope again sits enthroned. Time has wrought the cure which, on the calamitous day of our misfortune, reason could not bring.

If not yet wholly reconciled to our great loss, we are at least content that we were permitted, for a consider-

able time, to live in the closest bonds of love with our dear departed. We find infinite comfort in the thought that, though our dear ones were too soon summoned from our side, they lived at least long enough to make their absence felt in our home and in the larger circle in which they moved, and to make all who came in contact with them the happier and better for having once enjoyed their associationship. In this memorial service we find soothing evidence that our departed are not dead, that their memory lives in the hearts of their survivors and in the blessed fruition of their noble thoughts and deeds and aspirations; that not yet have their sweet countenances passed out of our memories, nor has the music of their voices died away, nor their beautiful example lost its power, nor their cheerful word its comfort.

Grant us, O God, Thy further aid. Remove yet every lingering vestige of our great sorrow. Make the spiritual union between the living and the dead all the closer for the separation in the flesh. May we show our truest appreciation by developing and ripening the noble seed planted by our departed. May this memorial service stimulate in us all such worthy conduct in the future, that when, in due time, our summons comes, we may leave behind a name deserving of grateful commemoration by kin and friend. We pray Thee, be with us during our earthly pilgrimage. Illumine our minds; fill our hearts with a love of justice and truth. Make our ways straight before Thee, our works clean, and our thoughts pure, so that the fear of death may not terrify our souls nor the grave mean annihilation to us, but that we may look hopefully forward to the end in the faith of a happy reunion with our departed dear ones, and an entrance upon a higher destiny, in a higher sphere, under Thy care and guidance. Amen.

KADDISH.

Exalted and Hallowed be the name of the Lord.

Man is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not. All are of dust, and all turn to dust again. There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest. There the fettered are free; there they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there. The dust alone returns to dust; the spirit returns to God, who gave it. In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death.

May the Lord of the Universe grant plenteous peace, and a goodly reward, and grace and mercy, unto Israel, and unto all who have departed from this life. Amen.

May He who maintains the Harmony of the Universe vouchsafe unto all of us peace for evermore. Amen.

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא:
 אָדָם קָצֵר יָמִים וְשִׁבְעָרְגוֹ
 כְּצִיץ יֵצֵא וְיִמַּל וְיִבְרַח בְּצֶל
 וְלֹא יַעֲמֹד: הַכֵּל הָיָה מִן־
 הָעֶפְר וְהַכֵּל שָׁב אֶל הָעֶפֶר:
 שֵׁם רָשָׁעִים חָדְלוּ רְגוֹ וְשֵׁם
 יְנוּחוּ יִגְיעֵי לֵחַ: יַחַד אֲסִירִים
 שְׂאֲנָנוּ לֹא שָׁמְעוּ קוֹל נִגְשׁ
 קָטָן וְגָדֵל שֵׁם הוּא: וְיִשָּׁב
 הָעֶפֶר אֶל הָאָרֶץ כְּשֶׁהָיָה
 וְהָרוּחַ תָּשׁוּב אֶל הָאֱלֹהִים
 אֲשֶׁר נִתְּנָה: בְּאֶרֶח צְדָקָה
 חַיִּים וְרַךְ גְּתִיבָה אֶל־מֹות:
 עַל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל־כָּל־מִן
 דְּאִתְפָּטֵר מִן עֲלָמָא הָדִין
 יְהֵא לְהוֹן שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא
 וְחוּלְקָא טָבָא לַחַיִּי עֲלָמָא
 דְּאִתֵּי וְחֶסְדָּא וְרַחֲמֵי
 מִן־יְקָדָם מָרָא שְׁמֵי
 וְאַרְעָא. וְאַמְרוּ אָמֵן:
 עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמֵי
 הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵינוּ
 וְאַמְרוּ אָמֵן:

(Mourners Seated.)

Atonement Conclusion Service.

EXHORTATION.

THE DAY OF FAST SHALL BECOME A DAY OF JOY.

Minister :

THE sun is on the decline. Soon this sacred day, so reverently ushered in with the eventide of yesterday, will have passed away. A solemn day it has been—solemn by reason of the self-examination and humiliation, of the fervent supplications and pious meditations, of the earnest confessions and sincere resolves, to which we consecrated it. Soon we shall leave this sanctuary and go forth into the busy world where to-day's self-affliction and tears will give way to joy and feasting.

There is nothing unusual or wrong in such a change from sorrow to joy. Sad days like these are and must be an exception, and were all men to spend at least one day in the year as we have spent this, and were all who thus spend it to remain steadfast to the resolves they make, even this exceptional day would, before the lapse of many years, be no longer needed.

The ancient prophet Zechariah already foresaw the passing away of this day of self-imposed sorrow, for he predicted: "The fast of the fourth month, and the fast of the fifth, and the fast of the seventh, and the fast of the tenth, shall become joy and gladness and cheerful feasts, providing ye love the truth and peace."

Man shall not always repine on account of sin. He is not totally depraved nor hopelessly irredeemable. That there is still need for fasting is because a false virtue has been assigned to the fast. Instead of using it as a

means toward a remedy, it was by too many regarded as the remedy itself. It was believed that if man did but faithfully fast he would have little to fear. The ulterior purpose of the Atonement Fast—to effect by means of self-affliction a betterment of conduct, a purification of heart and soul—was little heeded, and therefore are we still far from seeing the Fast of the Seventh Month become a day of joy and gladness.

And yet this conception had been emphasized many times before. More than two thousand years ago, the prophet Isaiah had already protested against that mode of soul-affliction which exhausted itself in a fast, and not in a betterment of conduct. “Behold,” he calls aloud unto the people, “ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness. . . . Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? then,” continues the prophet, “if this constitutes thy fast, thou wilt prosper like a well-watered garden, and thou wilt rejoice for evermore.”

Of the same import are the pleadings of the prophet Zechariah. “When ye fasted,” he asks, “for whom but for yourselves did ye fast? Is it the *fast* that the Lord required of you? Is it not written thus: That ye execute true judgment, and show mercy and compassion every man to his brother: and oppress not the widow

nor the orphan, nor the stranger, nor the poor, and that none of ye imagine evil against his brother in your hearts. But ye made your hearts hard as adamant-stone, therefore came affliction upon you. But ye shall not be afflicted, nor shall ye afflict yourselves always. Ye shall yet rejoice. Ye shall yet be the pride and the glory among the nations. And your days of fasting shall become days of joy and gladness and cheerful feasts. But ere this shall come to pass, these are the things that ye must do: Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor, execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates; let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbor, and swear no false oaths, for all these things the Lord abominates."

With the prophet of old we ask at the close of this solemn Atonement Day, "Is the institution of the fast to be observed unto the end of time? Was it for the sake of the fast that the Atonement Day was created? Was it not rather for the sake of examining the causes which require such a form of penance that the first fast was demanded?"

And with the prophet of old we answer, "The Atonement Day with its fast is a temporary institution. It is to be observed only as long as man shall persist in wrongdoing, and it shall cease and turn into a day of joy and gladness and cheerful feasts as soon as he shall rise superior to sin, as soon as he shall fulfil the five prerequisites—speaking the truth, executing justice, preserving peace, thinking not evil of one's neighbor, swearing no false oaths."

And why may not a commencement be made to-night? Is it so hard to follow these five precepts? Is "speaking the truth," "executing justice," "preserving the peace," "thinking no evil against our neighbors," "swearing no false oaths," beyond our reach or power?

What is easier, what safer, than *speaking the truth*? It is the shortest and straightest way to our object, and has less of trouble and difficulty than its deceitful subterfuge, and none of the latter's danger and entanglement, none of its exposure and shame. All that we most highly value, all that blesses our existence most, is rooted in truth. Its Hebrew name, אמת (Emeth), which is made up of the first and middle and last letters of the alphabet, is its best definition—it is the beginning and the centre and the end of civilization.

Cherish this daughter of Heaven, this "link of union between God and man." Relinquish not your hold upon her. Give her your full homage. She has the power to turn the human into the God-like, to change the day of soul-affliction into a day of heart-rejoicing, to make the tearful fast a cheerful feast. Speak the truth, the whole truth. Content not yourselves with half-truths. Half-truths are more dangerous than whole lies. Your image in the concave mirror is your image, but a frightful distortion of it. There is no weapon more fatal than the truth-coated dagger of falsehood. It is easy to defend one's self against a whole lie, but it is almost impossible to attack the falsehood that lies concealed behind an intrenchment of truth. The lie that will circulate freest, last longest, and injure most is the one that is held together by the strong alloy of a fragment of truth. Trust not in the harmlessness of the little lie. It is only little at the beginning; it soon grows beyond even your own recognition and beyond your recall. Though it run alongside the truth at the start, before the end is reached impassable gulfs stretch between the two. Trifle not with the truth. Rather be dumb all your life than stab the truth even once by a lie.

Act not a lie. Feign not the truth. Have not the lie

told or acted for you. Praise not where censure is deserved. Be no hypocrite. Fear not to tell the truth, even though you must suffer for it. With the lie you must hide even from yourselves; with the truth you can dare to face a world in arms.

Why shall not a commencement be made to-night? Is the prophet's second requisite—*the doing of justice*—beyond our reach? What is easier than dealing justly, than conceding to each one his due, than leaving every man in the undisturbed enjoyment of his rights and privileges, than rewarding all according to their deserts? What is nobler than shielding the unprotected, defending the oppressed, vindicating the wronged, liberating the enslaved? There can be nothing grander than justice. It is the cement that keeps families and peoples and nations and races together. It is the spur toward the most heroic labors for the cause of humanity. It is the magic wand wherewith the weakest mortal can subdue mighty potentates and powerful armies. Justice it is that has made tyrants tremble and has brought light and liberty and equality into this world, and it is justice that will rid us of every vestige of tyranny, will drive from his stronghold every lingering despot, will break the shackles of every remaining bondage, will bring right where there is wrong and light where there is darkness.

They are truly just who, though no longer suffering from injustice, render assistance to those who still struggle with it. As long as one tyrant continues to interfere with rights and privileges, as long as one man remains who is persecuted because of his race or belief, as long as one tear is shed because of wrong-doing, as long as humanity is deprived of one grain of happiness by reason of injustice, so long is it our duty to demand justice and to fight for it, and never to cease till the wrong itself has ceased.

The *preservation of peace* is the third requirement which the prophet names as a prerequisite before the fast can change to feast. Again we ask, "Why shall not a commencement be made to-night?" Is it so difficult to preserve peace? Must we continue observing Atonement Days, year after year, because we cannot cease our wrangling and quarrelling, because we cannot live at peace with ourselves and with our fellow-men? No virtue is more deserving of cultivation than is peace. Unless you have it, of what good to you is life and all its blessings? Have peace, and you have what money cannot purchase and what misfortune cannot steal. Have peace, and you escape a thousand sorrows and troubles, griefs and vexations, fears and suspicions. Have peace, and your home is your paradise and this earth your heaven. And you can have peace, and help your neighbor to have it, if you and he will bear with each other's infirmities, will show a forgiving spirit, will be tolerant and patient, contented and modest, appreciative and grateful.

The prophet names two more requisites for the changing of the fast to a cheerful feast. These are: *imagine not evil* against your neighbors, and *swear not false oaths*, nor in any way make misrepresentations to your fellow-men. Who of us knows not the worth of an unsullied name, of an unquestioned integrity? Who of us knows not what injury is wrought by causelessly thinking evil of a fellow-being, by undeservedly suspecting him, by hastily passing judgment upon him, by trusting to rumor, by lending ear to scandal, by making false pretensions, by giving false promises, by raising false hopes? Who of us has not tasted the bitterness of such deceit? Who of us knows not of names polluted, careers ended, fortunes wrecked, friends parted, hearts broken, and death hastened because of false judgments and dishonest dealings? And who of

us is so addicted to such crimes as not to be able to heed the prophet's voice, and cease their practise for ever?

These, then, are the five virtues the prophet bids us to follow: to speak the truth, to execute justice, to preserve peace, to think not evil against our fellow-men, to swear no false oaths. These are the five virtues which, if faithfully practised, shall turn this fast into a feast. The fast has been faithfully observed for many centuries. Year after year have we assembled to afflict our souls. Yet the sins which the ancient prophet mentions are our sins to-day. Let us commence to-night with speaking the truth, with doing justice, with preserving peace, with thinking no evil of our fellow-men, with swearing no false oaths; let to-morrow and every day find us still faithful in their pursuit, and when the year shall have passed, and we assemble again in holy convocation, we shall be one year nearer to the time in which the prophet's prediction will be fulfilled—when “the fast of the seventh month will change into a day of joy and gladness, into a cheerful feast.”

HYMN.

IN PEACE WITH ALL.

In peace with all the world we'll live,
 Nor let our angry passions burn,
 But when we suffer we'll forgive,
 And good for evil we'll return.

And we'll forgive, and we'll forget,
 And conquer every sullen word;
 Unkindness shall with love be met,
 And evil overcome with good.

It is not pride, it is not strife,
 Nor bitter thoughts nor angry deeds

Which gild with joy the days of life :
 Resentment still to sorrow leads.

When love shall triumph, love alone
 Within our hearts shall ever reign ;
 Our foes subdued, its power shall own,
 And once loved friends be friends again.

GLORIFICATION.

Minister :

“When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers,
 The moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained ;
 What is man that thou art mindful of him ?
 And the son of man that Thou visitest him ?
 For Thou hast made him but little lower than God,
 And crownest him with glory and honor.
 Thou madest him to have dominion over Thy works ;
 Thou hast put all things under his feet.”

Psalm viii. 3-6.

With the Psalmist we ask: “What is man that he should have deserved these blessings?” When we think of the wonders of the Universe, of the marvels of God’s handiwork, when we reflect on the bountiful provisions He has made for our sustenance and well-being, we are ashamed that we should so unworthily have borne ourselves before Him, that we should so thanklessly have accepted of His lavish bounty.

We live in God ; we are permeated with His spirit. Our every need we draw from His undiminishing storehouse ; we gather with full hands the blessings which He strews at our feet,—and yet we neither see Him nor feel Him, but, instead, we often forget Him, and not infrequently we even deny Him ; we silence His voice within our bosoms ; we reward His plenteous mercy with wanton sin.

Deeply we feel, in such solemn moments as these, that our sins proceed more from ignorance and blindness than

from wilfulness. Oh, that we would open our eyes and see! Oh, that we would unbar our ears and hear! Oh, that we would strip the dross from around our hearts and feel! Oh, that we would truly see, hear, feel, the greatness and goodness of God! Oh, that we might worship Him in truth, and, worshipping Him thus, keep evermore our tongues from speaking evil and our hands from doing wrong.

We are encompassed with countless wonders, each more marvellous than the other. Which shall we first proclaim? When shall we pause? Where shall our admiration cease? On what page shall we begin to read this *Elder Scripture*, written by God's own hand and with the mighty pen that is visible in the starry vault of night and in the glorious light of day, on the harvest-yielding fields of earth and in the life of all that lives therein?

Shall we begin in the realm of matter? We see it endowed with different properties and qualities; we see it operated by different forces, which work under definite, fixed, and never-changing laws. Its varieties are endless—now solid and now fluid, now gaseous and now imperceptible to human senses; now mineral and now vegetable, now animal and now human; now visible only to microscope, now to telescope only; now a vast mountain-system, now a tiny mountain flower; now a roaring tidal wave, now a gentle snow-flake. What wisdom, what design and forethought there is displayed in them all! What harmonious action, what co-ordination of movement, what variety of orbits, what dizzying speed! . . . Wherever we look we behold the handiwork of an infinitely wise and powerful Artisan. All that fills this vast field of nature has its life and being in Him. Men may call Him by strange and foreign names, but in the dialect of reality His name is *God*. The frost that binds the waters, and the warmth that

sets them free; the wind that drives the storms to-day, and to-morrow lies hushed to see the snow-flake balance as it falls; the light that glitters on the leaves and melts upon the colored clouds; the life of humble field-flowers and the sweep of flying worlds—all are but the outcomings of His presence, and the stirring of His will. So methodic is that will, throughout the range of the physical creation, that we learn to know and anticipate its ways. No impulse ever disturbs them; no prayer ever arrests them; no affection ever suspends them; they proceed from age to age, through life and death, in their unaltered and uninterrupted sway.

It is strange to observe the callousness of men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession without touching their hearts or elevating their minds. How few are moved by the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling dome of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing in the roaring storm or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove and lawn, which an extensive landscape offers to the view. How few ever ask the question: "Whence are all these blessings and beauties? What have we done to merit them? What gratitude do we show to Him from whom all our mercies flow?"

Wherever we look we are amazed at the power of this exalted Being, who, with incomprehensible might and wisdom, rules this vast Universe. Who can, at the break of morn, behold the heavens arrayed in the lustre of dawn and see the glorious orb of day beaming with unutterable majesty, and not be charmed into rapture or awed into worship? What is all the gorgeous pomp of monarchs, what is all the splendor of imperial palaces, in comparison with this overwhelming brilliancy? What *seeing* eye can

at the close of day bathe in the sea of golden and purple light that flushes the deep of the Western sky, what *hearing* ear can listen to the joyous notes of the winged choristers as they seek their leafy nests, what *feeling* heart can be refreshed and soothed by the evening balm, what *thinking* mind can ponder on the source of all these inexpressible, inimitable beauties, and not turn worshipfully to the Dispenser of all?

Or who can think of the countless worlds moving with inconceivable speed through the vast abyss of space, and bow not his head in deep reverence before that Power that maintains harmony among them and prescribes to each its law and limit? What eye can measure the boundless Universe? The strongest telescope fails to discover its limits. Beyond all the stars which we discern we behold faint gleams of light from still remoter systems of worlds. Ah! what is the grandest masterpiece of human hand compared with the wonderful and boundless universe whereon God is enthroned! What are the wisest contrivances of man compared with that profound workmanship that has joined the countless worlds into one grand unity, that has made of the infinite variety of solar systems one harmonious whole! From inconceivable distances the one acts upon the other. The moon moves our seas to ebb and flood. The sun holds in dependence spheres floating in space at distances of hundreds of millions of miles from it. And when we reach beyond the limits of this mighty solar cluster with which we are allied, and pass from planet to planet, from sun to sun, and from system to system, and ask whence came this Universe, lo, world speaks unto world, and system re-echoes unto system: "It is the work of an Omnipotent Architect! Bow down, thou mote in the universe, and worship Him!"

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

Minister :

Where wast thou when the earth's foundations were laid?
Declare if thou hast understanding.

Congregation :

*Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened?
Or who laid the corner-stone thereof;*

Who shut up the sea with bars,
When it issued out of the deep?

*And said: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further:
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed?"*

Hast thou commanded the morning,
And caused the day spring to know its place?

*Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea,
Or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?*

Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth?
Declare if thou knowest it all.

*Where is the way where light dwelleth,
And as for darkness, where is the place thereof?*

Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born?
Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail?

*By what way is the light parted,
Which scattereth the east wind upon the earth?*

Who hath divided a course for the overflowing waters,
Or a way for the lightning of thunder;

*To satisfy the desolate and waste ground;
And to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?*

Hath the rain a father?
 Or who hath begotten the drops of dew?
*Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?
 Canst set the dominion thereof in the earth?*
 Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
 That abundance of waters may cover thee?
*Canst thou send lightnings that they may go,
 And say unto thee, Here we are?*

Job xxxviii.

HYMN.

THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING THE GLORY OF
GOD.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display;
 And publishes to every land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth:

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;

What though no real voice, or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine :
" The hand that made us is divine."

Minister :

Not the Heavens alone, but the earth also displays the marvellous grandeur and wisdom and goodness of God.

" Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here ;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of His hands in lines as clear."

It is written on the sailing cloud and in the invisible wind ; it is stamped on the hills and dales of the earth, it is traceable where the shrubless mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, or where the mighty forest with its dark waves of green foliage bends before the strong wind, or where the sloping valley, beautiful with fragrant flowers, attunes its warbling lays. It is spread out like a legible language upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean and on the placid surface of every crystal mountain-stream.

The love of God meets us wherever we turn. Every leaf wafts in it, every planet lives in it. It envelops the clouds, it rises and sinks in every wave. It pulsates in every living organism. It is active in every part of this vast whole. It moves every atom, expands every leaf, erects every tree, conducts every particle of vapor, every drop of rain, every flake of snow, ripens every seed, and nourishes every living creature.

Wherever we turn our eyes God's blessings are there.

Hill and dale, forest and sea, minister to our sustenance and happiness. Wherever we look we see how all things have been ordered to lighten our hardships and to increase our joys. The earth is fertile in His goodness and in His gifts. He has created innumerable objects which have no other purpose than to afford solace to us. He causes bread to grow out of the earth, He loads the trees with fruit, He adorns the earth with verdure and flowers, He sends forth the crystal streams to quench the thirst of man and beast. The bloom which decks the trees, the flowers which adorn the meadows, the balmy odor which the atmosphere exhales, the dew-drops that glisten on the grass, the plant that beautifies the garden, are glories and blessings which encompass us on all sides.

And the purpose of all these things is as beneficent as their appearance is enchanting. The blossom which so delights us feeds the sprouting fruit, and constitutes the first promise of our nourishment. In the realm of animated nature everything is busy for our subsistence and pleasure; the cattle assist us with their strength, and the birds of the heavens gladden our hearts with their melody. All nature serves us and waits upon us; she brings the produce of her industry and pours it into our lap. Everywhere the agreeable is associated with the useful. All things are formed as beautiful as if ornament were their only design, and at the same time as beneficial as if utility were their sole intention. How greatly ought such blessings raise the conception of the Creator's infinite goodness toward the human race!

Yes, further still does God's goodness extend. His wisdom and love manifest themselves toward yet other creatures. The power which restrains the spheres within their orbits and supplies the food and joy of man provides also for the insect on the ground, for the cattle on the field,

for the bird in the air. What beauty, what foresight, display themselves in these lower creatures! Who clothed them in all their beauty? Who fitted them out with amazing powers of instinct? Who taught the ant her industry, the bee her skill? Who wafts the swallow over land and sea to warmer regions? who fixes for her the day of her departure? who is the director of her flight? who shows her where to rest her foot? who guides her back to us again?

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

Minister :

Who provideth for the raven his food,
When his young cry unto God for lack of meat?

Congregation :

*Hast thou given to the horse his strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?*

Doth the hawk fly by wisdom,
And stretch her wings toward the south?

*Doth the eagle mount up at thy command,
And make her nest on high?*

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats;
And the rocks for the conies.

*The sparrow hath found a house;
The swallow a nest where she may keep her young.*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways and be wise.

*Which having no guide, provideth her meat in the summer,
And gathereth her food in the harvest.*

God maketh darkness and it is night:
Wherein all the beasts of the forest creep forth.

*The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together,
And lay them down in their dens.*

All these wait upon the Lord,
That Thou mayest give them their food in due season.

*What Thou givest them they gather ;
Thou openest Thy hand, they are filled with good.*

Thou hidest Thy face, they are troubled :
Thou takest away their breath, they return to the dust.

*Thou sendest forth Thy spirit, they are created :
And Thou renewest the face of the earth.*

Job.—Proverbs.—Psalms.

HYMN.

FINDING GOD.

Three things there are that to my eyes
Proclaim Thy name in certain wise ;
I see Thee there in various guise.

I find Thee in the heaven blue
That round the earth—Thy witness true—
Doth wind about, for all to view.

The earth itself, my dwelling-place,
Calls to my spirit, in its face
Thee, mighty Master, there to trace.

And thou, my soul, praise joyously
Thy God, whom, while beholding thee,
I clearly there reveal'd see.

Minister :

Yea, further still does God's power and wisdom and goodness extend. We open the history of humankind. It is a voluminous work, written in many tongues and by

many hands, and many are the people of whom it speaks and the events and incidents which it records. What mighty crossing of purposes is there unfolded! What clashing of interests! What jarring between discordant elements! What maddening lusts and greeds! What insatiable ambitions! What wrongs and crimes and cruelties!

But when we look beneath its chaotic surface a different aspect presents itself to our wondering gaze. We detect design and purpose where before all seemed chance and accident. We see virtue crowned, in the end, with its reward, where before we saw naught but the triumph of might or craft or intrigue. We see nations and peoples summoned before the judgment tribunal and hear their fearful doom pronounced. The mighty are lowered into the dust and the innocent are lifted high. The proud are humbled and forgotten. The oppressed and wronged are freed and vindicated. The names of those who suffered in the defense of right shine with immortal glory, while the names of those that wronged and tortured them are either forgotten or are preserved for immortal infamy. Through the entire history of mankind we observe a divine destiny shaping means to ends, and over it all we behold a divine justice which, though long-suffering, lets no guilty one escape.

We enter the realm of mind. We are overawed in its presence. We search its meaning, but it eludes our grasp. It is neither visible nor material. It is a subtle *something* that manifests itself only in its results; its nature and essence it refuses to reveal. It is that subtle something that thinks; reasons, remembers, leaps into heights and depths into which the body can never enter, sees sights that eye can never see, hears sounds that ear can never hear, wrests secrets from the most distant stars, explores

the remotest past, peers into the most distant future, produces our works of genius, our masterpieces of art, our progress, our happiness,—makes us the crown and glory of all creation.

How wonderful is He from Whom it came, and of Whose unfathomable and inconceivable mind it is but the faintest ray! How gracious and loving is He who has deemed us worthy of such a priceless gift, aye, and of yet other blessings! Who can look within himself and not marvel over the countless wonders there visible—a heart that, unbidden, sends the flood of life, day and night, through its myriads of channels, an eye, an ear, a brain, so intricate and so unfathomable, yet so grand in their functions? Who can gaze about him and not be overcome by a sense of his unworthiness when he thinks of the blessings of home, of the self-sacrificing love of parents, of the tender devotion of brother and sister, of the ardent attachment of husband and wife, of the sweet affection of children, of the loyalty of friends, of the charms of society, of the delights of peace and progress,—all, all the gifts of that All-good and All-wise Creator and Sustainer of the heavens above and of the earth below, and of that which lives and moves therein? What mind can grasp the amplitude of that divine goodness, or even faintly conceive the nature and essence of its author?

The telescope by which we hold converse with the stars, the microscope which unveils the secrets of nature, the crucible of the chemist, the scalpel of the anatomist, the reflective faculties of the philosopher, avail naught when we seek to solve the great problems that surround us. On the threshold of that impenetrable mystery a voice arrests our steps. From out the clouds and darkness comes the question, “Who can by searching find our God? Who can tell what the Almighty is?” How

feeble are words of ours to convey any idea of Him! How weak and inadequate are our poor intellects to conceive of Him who is perfect in all his works—perfect in the greatest as well as the smallest, perfect in appointing the days and hours in which the mightiest planet, with all its satellites, shall travel around the sun, perfect in forming the smallest insect that creeps over a few feet of our little globe! How feebly can our helplessness comprehend a Being who is ever ruling all things in heaven and earth! What is the dwelling we can erect for the invisible and infinite God? How the very insignificance of every earthly sanctuary adds to the force of these emotions! How his immeasurable grandeur swells upon our thought when we remember that His power upholds the worlds, and His glory outshines their suns, and His goodness makes their every atom instinct with blessing!

O Thou Creator and Preserver of all that was and is and ever will be, inspired by Thy grandeur, overawed by Thy beneficence, we fain would lay our offerings before Thee. But what can we bring in return for all Thy mercies? What have we that is not Thine, even as we ourselves are but creatures that have their being from Thee, and exist only in and through Thee? Humbled by our insignificance and unworthiness, we can but bow our heads and with profound reverence worship Thee.

Choir:

“O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches.”

Ps. civ. 24.

מִהֲרַבּוֹ מַעֲשֵׂיֶיךָ יי כֹּלֵם
 בַּחֲכָמָה עָשִׂיתָ מְלֵאֵהָ
 הָאָרֶץ קִנְיֶיךָ:

Congregation:

“We bow the head and
bend the knee before Thee,
Creator and Ruler of the
world, and praise Thy Holy
Name.”

וּאֲנַחְנוּ כְרָעִים וּמִשְׁתַּחֲוִים
וּמוֹדִים לְפָנֶי מֶלֶךְ מַלְכֵי
הַמְּלָכִים הַקָּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ
הוּא:

GOD'S MERCIES.

Our Father, to Thy love we owe
All that is fair and good below.
Life, and the health that makes life sweet,
Are blessings from Thy mercy-seat.

O Giver of the quickening rain!
O Ripener of the golden grain!
From Thee the cheerful dayspring flows;
Thy balmy evening brings repose.

Thy frosts arrest, Thy tempests chase
The plagues that waste our helpless race;
Thy softer breath, o'er land and deep,
Wakes Nature from her winter sleep.

Yet deem we not in this alone
Thy bounty and Thy love are shown,
For we have learned with higher praise
And holier names to speak Thy ways.

In woe's dark hour our kindest stay,
Sole trust when life shall pass away,
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death and consecrate the tomb.

Patient with headstrong guilt to bear,
Slow to avenge and kind to spare,

Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full soon to Thy repentant child.

CONCLUDING PRAYER.

(Minister facing Shrine.)

Lord God, Infinite One, Life in all life, Cause in all causes, Love and Justice and Intelligence Supreme! What is man, Thy creature, dust-born, earth-bound,—what is he, that he should utter Thy praises, or what is his knowledge, that he should so grasp Thy essence as even but faintly to give expression of it in words of adoration? Whether we contemplate the spangled canopy of heaven or the tiniest blade of grass, whether we listen to the roaring cataracts or to the softest rustling among the leaves; whether we see Thy presence in the lightning's flaming sword or in the infant's happy smile, Thou art so ineffably good, so incomprehensibly magnificent, that the finite mind is bewildered and the feeble heart is humiliated.

What is the greatest achievement that human mind has yet wrought compared with even the simplest of Thy handiwork—with the wondrous marvels visible in a drop of water, in a flake of snow, or in the wing of the smallest insect? Where, O Lord, shall we begin to enumerate the proofs of Thy bounteous grace? For us shine sun and moon and stars; for us the firmament is robed in clouds. Air and wind, dew and rain, heat and frost, day and night, minister to our support and well-being. Hill and dale, field and meadow, forest and grove, brook and sea, and their multiplied kinds of living creatures and lifeless things, contribute to each day's sustenance and shelter and happiness.

Inexpressibly great, O God, have been the proofs of Thy benevolence. But has Thy kindness awakened within

us a due sense of gratitude and reverence? Every pleasure which we enjoyed was a voice that exhorted us to gratitude. Every deliverance from impending evil produced for us an opportunity for praise. Did we delight to consider Thy blessings, and did we regard it our most sacred duty to proclaim them? All things declare Thy powerful love. But did Thy tenderness so prevail with us that we in return loved Thee with our whole hearts and our whole souls? Was it the primary object of our solicitude so to direct our lives that they might be approved in Thy all-seeing eyes? Did we vow at Thy shrine the complete renunciation of our evil inclinations? Did we deserve that Thou shouldst permit the earth to afford us nourishment, the sun to warm us, the whole universe to conduce to our service and our pleasure? How dismal would be the world, how lamentable life itself, hadst Thou dispensed Thy blessings in proportion to our merits! No ray of light would cheer us, no rain would refresh us, no morsel of food would nourish us, wert Thou to deal with us according to our virtue.

Lord God, the shadows of evening are advancing, and the gates of the Western sky are opened to receive the glowing orb of day. Let Thy portals also be opened to receive the supplications which we offer up before Thee. The most solemn day of the year approaches its conclusion, and in its closing hour we entreat Thee to let the sacred influence wherewith Thou hast clothed it have force to enlighten our hearts and to mend our ways. May it remove the burden of transgression from our oppressed bosoms, and plant in its stead an unquenchable love of virtue. Many prayers, O Lord, have we addressed to Thee this day; but for the consolation of our souls we here condense, in one last supplication, all the fervor of our hearts. Pardon all the iniquity wherein we have erred or have led

others to err. Forgive us that we have neglected to perform our duties; pardon the sins we have committed, and remove every vestige of them, lest, like a poisonous weed, they entwine themselves around the noble germ of good which this solemn day has implanted in our hearts.

O God, who art and wast and ever shall be, in this solemn hour, after a day spent in self-examination, in humiliation of heart, and in contrition of spirit, we feel the comforting truth of what the Psalmist spake: "How beautiful are Thy tabernacles, O Lord! Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house." "Passing through the valley of weeping, they make it a place of springs." "For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand elsewhere spent." We now prepare to leave Thy sanctuary with our conscience relieved from the burden of guilt, our spirits loosened from the bonds of sin.

Lord, Thou art our refuge and our only hope. On Thee alone we rest, for we find all else to be weak and insufficient. Friends cannot assist, nor counsellors advise, nor books comfort, nor possession deliver, unless Thou thyself dost assist, instruct, console, and guard us.

We have conjured up all the wonders of nature so that we might form some image of Thy glory; yet we forget to seek Thee in the depths of our own soul, where Thou ever art. O God, so glorious and yet so close unto us, so high above these heavens and yet stooping to the lowliness of Thy creatures, so vast and yet dwelling within our hearts, so awful and yet so worthy of love, when will Thy children cease to be ignorant of Thee? Oh for a voice loud enough to reproach the world with its blindness and to declare all that Thou art! When shall we return love for love? Even while resting on Thy paternal bosom we are unmindful of Thee. The sweetness of Thy gifts make us forget the Giver. The blessings which every moment we

receive from Thee touch not our hearts, but turn our thoughts away from Thee. Yet, whither can we flee from Thy presence? The further we would stray from Thee, the nearer art Thou to us; and when our hearts cry out against us, Thou takest us up and blessest us with Thy love.

O Lord, ere we leave Thy sanctuary, wherein we have so beneficially spent this day, and ere we disperse to resume our various vocations, put Thy spirit into all our hearts, that we may perform all that is good and acceptable in Thy sight. While we pursue the various duties of our calling, may we undertake no employment on which we cannot hope for Thy blessing. May no spirit of self-indulgence, no love of ease, no dread of opposition, prevent us from sacrificing our worldly interests in Thy service. Make us willing in all respects to deny ourselves that we may live unto Thee. Enlighten us that we may understand Thy whole will concerning us. Where we mistake, have pity on our errors, and when we wander from the right way, do Thou in mercy bring us back. And if in any measure we attain to the knowledge of Thy truth, may we bring that knowledge into active exercise. May we watch our hearts and bridle our tongues. May we be steadfast and immovable in the cause of truth and in the labor of love. May we pattern after the godly conduct of others, and may others find our conduct safe to follow. In our prosperity keep our hearts from pride, and in our adversity restrain our lips from rebellious words; in our joy guard us against forgetfulness of others, and in our sorrow shield our minds from despair; at all times help us to live according to these our prayers, that not only we, but also all with whom we come in contact, may be blessed.

May we love and forgive our fellow-men, and assist them in overcoming evil and in doing good. In our intercourse

with the world may we be upright in all our dealings, honest in all our transactions, truthful in all our words, generous and charitable in all our deeds. Give us grace to subdue every angry passion, to quench every unholy flame, to stop every hasty word. May we overcome evil with good, and in our humble sphere imitate Thy perfect benevolence, which bestows the blessings of a common Providence upon all—the good and the bad, the just and the unjust. Then shall we cause our light to shine, and all those around us shall rejoice therein and be sanctified thereby.

Quicken our benevolent affections. Give us a spirit to sympathize with the troubled, to help the needy, to restore the wanderer, to strengthen the weak, to encourage the desponding, and to do good toward all men. Oh, may we keep our hearts open to Thy teaching, so that we may oppose the sinful and the wrong, and labor for the right, the pure, and the good. May we never trust in evil or build our hope upon the uncertain riches of the world. May we feel that life is given us for a high and sacred purpose, and may we be enabled through Thy grace so to use it that each day, as it brings us nearer to our end, will bring us nearer unto Thee. Like the sun, which, having completed its blessed course here, is now passing through the opening portals in the western horizon to illumine other lands and to bless other people, so may our immortal souls complete a blessed course here, and enter upon a new and glorious sphere of usefulness beyond the portals of the grave.

Oh that we might henceforth live as we have this day resolved to live! Oh that we might conclude our last days on earth with as serene a spirit as that with which we close this day! Oh that in leaving this earth we may go hence even more resigned, more peaceful, more hopeful,

more trustful, than we shall now leave this sanctuary! Oh that we might end this life with the consciousness not only of sins repented, but also of noble deeds nobly done. Then, as the sun, though disappearing in the evening hour, leaves on the western horizon a lingering record of his glorious course, and, in the dark hour of night, shows by silvery moon and glittering stars that her light still shines, still illumines the stellar bodies, still rejoices heaven and earth with warmth and cheer, so, upon concluding a noble life, shall our memories linger among men long after we shall have passed away, and so shall our good deeds be reflected in the blessed and virtuous lives of our survivors long after the portals of everlasting night shall have opened to us and closed for ever behind us.

(Congregation Rising.)

And before leaving this sanctuary we consecrate ourselves once more to the realization of this blessed goal. For it we shall live, and toward it we shall strive. Neither wealth nor fame, neither suffering nor want, shall make us swerve from our path. Until all mankind's creed shall be our creed:

ONE GOD OVER ALL;

ONE BROTHERHOOD OF ALL;

PEACE AND GOOD-WILL AMONG ALL;

we shall never cease nor grow weary to proclaim at all times and in all places and to all men that God is One, that His is the Universe and all that is therein, that He is Holy, and holiness He asks of men.

Minister :

Holy! Holy! Holy! is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory.

Isaiah vi. 3.

קָדוֹשׁ וְקָדוֹשׁ וְקָדוֹשׁ
זְבָחוֹת מְלֵא כָּל-הָאָרֶץ
בְּבוֹרוֹ :

Congregation :

Hear, O Israel: the Lord is our God, the Lord is One.	שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְיָ אֶחָד:
Deut. iv. 4.	

Choir :

High is Thy glory, Father Almighty;
 Hear our petition while humbly we call.
 Great is Thy mercy, tender Thy pity,
 Wondrous the love that enfoldeth us all.

Minister :

Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another.	לֹא תִגְנוֹבוּ וְלֹא תִכְחָשׁוּ וְלֹא תִשְׁקֹרוּ אִישׁ בְּעַמִּיתוֹ:
Lev. xix. 11.	

Congregation :

And ye shall not swear falsely, neither shalt thou profane the name of thy God.	וְלֹא תִשָּׁבַעוּ בְשֵׁמִי לְשָׁקֵר וְחָלַלְתָּ אֶת־שֵׁם אֱלֹהֶיךָ:
Lev. xix. 12.	

Choir :

Turn Thy face from my sins,
 And put out all my misdeeds.
 Make me a clean heart, O God,
 And renew a right spirit within me.

Minister :

Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling- block before the blind.	לֹא־תִקְלַל חֵרֶשׁ וְלִפְנֵי עֵוֵר לֹא תִתֵּן מִכְשָׁל:
Lev. xix. 14.	

Congregation :

Thou shalt not favor the
poor, nor honor the mighty :
but in righteousness shalt
thou judge thy neighbor.

Lev. xix. 15.

לֹא-תִשָּׂא פְּנֵי־דָל וְלֹא
תִתְהַדָּר פְּנֵי גִבּוֹר בְּצֶדֶק
תִּשְׁפֹּט עַמִּיתְךָ :

Choir :

Father, hear Thy children
From Thy throne above ;
Grant to us Thy blessing,
Fill us with Thy love.

Minister :

Thou shalt not be a tale-
bearer among thy people ;
thou shalt not hate thine
brother in thine heart.

Lev. xix. 16, 17.

לֹא-תִילֵךְ רֵבִיל בְּעַמִּיךָ
לֹא-תִשְׁנֵא אֶת-אָחִיךָ
בְּלִבְבְּךָ :

Congregation :

Thou shalt not avenge,
nor bear any grudge, but
thou shalt love thy neighbor
as thyself.

Lev. xix. 18.

לֹא-תִתְקַם וְלֹא-תִטּוֹר
וְאָהַבְתָּ לְרֵעֶךָ כְּמוֹךָ :

Choir :

In the hour of darkness
O be Thou our light ;
And in strife with evil
Gird Thou us with might.

BENEDICTION.

Minister :

(Facing the Congregation.)

תַּעֲנוּ בְּרַחֲמִים מִן הַשָּׁמַיִם

May God in mercy hear your prayer,
 And answer your supplication.
 With the opening of heaven's portals
 To receive the earth-sustaining sun
 May He also open unto you
 The gates of light and of love,
 The gates of knowledge and of truth,
 The gates of atonement and of mercy,
 The gates of help and of support,
 The gates of peace and of plenty.
 May He remove from your midst
 Hatred and strife, envy and discord,
 And grant you the noble wishes of your heart,
 Now and for evermore. Amen.

Additional Passover Ebe Service.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

TOUCH NOT THE ANOINTED OF THE LORD.

THE cycling year has brought us to the entrance of our beautiful Passover Festival. Joyful remembrances arise with the return of the anniversary of that eventful day which, in Egypt of old, brought unto our downtrodden fathers the blessings of civil and spiritual freedom. These remembrances, aided by nature's happy awakening from its long winter's sleep, bring to us comforting assurances. They reaffirm the story of the deathlessness of Israel. They retell the great historic truth, first witnessed in the land of the Pharaohs, and verified in the realms of other tyrants, that Israel is not destined for destruction, that he is under the special Providence of the Lord.

Every blade of grass now shooting from the long-frozen soil, every leaf and blossom now smiling to us from the long-stripped trees, breathe into our hearts the prophecy that Israel's spring glory is at hand, that the cruel winter storms are passing away, that a bright and blessed summer is drawing nigh. As God's hand has traced on the face of nature the eternal decree that winter's storms and the elements' fury shall never prevent or even delay blessed spring's dawn, even so has the same Hand written in indelible and unmistakable letters on Israel's brow: "Touch not the Anointed of the Lord. Israel has been destined for a great and holy mission. No power on earth

can hinder him, no race, no nation, no people, shall attempt it and go unpunished."

If a special providence guards Israel, why did it tolerate this double suffering—that of the persecuted on the one side, and that of the persecutor on the other? Why did it suffer nation upon nation and people upon people to make Israel a fugitive and an outcast upon the face of the earth?

It is an old question that is touched upon here, and one difficult to answer. We are dealing with a divine mystery. Not all the histories of all the world have such an unfathomable problem as has that of Israel. Though universally attacked, yet he has been overcome by none. Crushed to-day, he rises rejuvenated to-morrow. Pharaohs and shahs, emperors and czars, before whom giant nations humble themselves in the dust, stand powerless before this Anointed of the Lord.

Had Israel been destined for annihilation, his destruction would have been accomplished long ago. No task could have been easier, for he was, and is, one of the weakest and most defenceless of peoples. And attempts enough there were. Egypt, Babylon, Syria, Macedon, Rome, and many other powerful peoples tried it, and yet, though they had succeeded in erasing mighty nations from the face of the earth, in sweeping vast empires out of existence, in dashing races of giants and heroes to destruction, their death-dealing sword rebounded blunted from Israel. Nature is as pitiless with peoples as she is with individuals. She gives them their periods of happy youth and of proud and conquering manhood, then she sinks them into the feebleness of old age, and ends all with the grave. Long since has she wrapped death's winding sheet about those hoary races that once played mighty rôles on the world's stage, yet over Israel, their predecessor or contemporary,

her power did not extend. While many of the others are now scarcely remembered, Israel is still a living reality. Every cruelty that human ingenuity could devise, every temptation that could win a people from disgrace to honor, was set in motion to annihilate Jehovah and His worshippers. But Israel preferred persecution, torture, loss of human rights, even death, to surrendering his faith. Baal and Moloch, Isis and Astarte, Jupiter and Woden, are dead. The name of Jehovah still resounds wherever Jewish soul wings itself in prayer.

These facts establish the truth that Israel is not destined for destruction. He must live. And he must live for a purpose, else his providential preservation would have no meaning. He, against whom man and nature are powerless, must be the Anointed of the Lord, singled out and spared by Him for purposes divine. What those purposes may be we may conjecture from what Israel has accomplished in the past. He has drawn the plans of civilization, laid its foundations, started its superstructure; he must finish the work he has begun. He has conceived the great religious truth: One God over all, One Brotherhood of all, Universal Peace among all; that religious truth he must make supreme with all.

With the conception of Israel's divine preservation for a holy purpose, the problem of his sufferings loses much of its mystery. Providence has singled him out for a great work, and without suffering he cannot achieve it. He that serves the highest must humble himself the lowest. He that toils for mankind's good must suffer most from mankind's evil. Whom Providence selects for its service, him it files and polishes on the rasp and grindstone of misery, subjects to hard blows and heavy burdens, that he might be ever mindful of his duty and brave in its discharge. It heeds not his sighs and tears

and moans. It knows that in the fulness of time he will attune a thanksgiving hymn for every tear, and that a bettered world will bless him who suffered and achieved.

We stand before some beautiful statue. We sing its praises loud. It seems to tell us how proud it is to be so masterly sculptured. Yet a time there was when it might have told a different story. When drill bored its heart, when the unsparring chisel cut its sides, no praise resounded, no joy was experienced. Like that statue, Israel is still in the quarry, the drill is still in his heart, the chisel lacerates him still. Yet the time will come when deathless Israel will stand more beautiful than that statue, a delight and inspiration to all the world. The time will come when he will thank Divinity's shaping hand for the pains it inflicted, for the heavy burdens it laid upon him, in having forced him to become the suffering Messiah of the world.

These blessed thoughts the Passover Festival comes to revive in this season of nature's revival. Toward this beautiful goal it again attracts our attention. For its attainments it would have us live and, if needs be, suffer. Mindful of the joys this beautiful spring festival brought our fathers in the days of sorrow; mindful, too, of the sacrifices they made and of the suffering they endured for our present blessings and liberties, we also welcome this day with joy. And may we open our hearts to its sweet influences, and incline our ears to its instruction, so that our minds may be filled with enthusiasm for our mission, and may urge us onward and forward toward our goal, thus bringing ever nearer that blessed age when all mankind will live together as a common Brotherhood, in the belief of the Fatherhood of God, and amidst Universal Peace and Good-will.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

If thou dost set out to serve the Lord,
Prepare thy soul for tribulation.

Congregation :

*Set thy heart aright, and be steadfast,
And despair not in time of visitation.*

Cleave unto Him, and withdraw not thyself,
That thou mayest become great in thy last days.

*All that cometh upon thee accept,
And be patient in thy humiliation.*

For gold is tried in the fire,
And acceptable men in the furnace of affliction.

*Trust in Him and He will espouse thy cause ;
Make thy way straight, and hope in Him.*

Look at the generation of old and see
Who trusted in the Lord, and was made ashamed ?

*Or who abode in His fear, and was forsaken ?
Or who called upon Him, and He overlooked him ?*

Better present trial and future joy
Than a life of ease that ends in nothing.

*Woe unto him that is faint-hearted !
He that trusteth not shall not be defended.*

Woe unto them that have lost patience !
What will they do when the Lord shall visit them ?

*They that fear the Lord will trust in Him ;
For as His greatness, so also is His mercy.*

ORISON.

Minister :

Thou; O God, art great beyond our conception and wise beyond our grasp. Thy plans are unsearchable, Thy deeds marvellous. Infinite is Thy power, and boundless Thy will to do us good. No tongue can tell, no thought can fathom, the depths of Thy love. Thou humblest the mighty, and Thou raisest the lowly. Thou enfeeblest the strong, and Thou strengthenest the weak. None can move him who rests under Thy wing. All the power of the Universe cannot prevent that which Thou hast decreed. Thou art Lord of all—of nations as of individuals, of tyrants as of slaves.

Great, O Lord, is our joy that Thou hast deigned to favor Israel with Thy love, that Thou hast redeemed him from mighty oppressors and hast prepared him in the school of trial and tribulation to be the proclaimer of Thy truth, the teacher of Thy law, and the messenger of peace and good-will unto all the nations of the earth.

In this beautiful spring season, when Thy divine breath delivers the earth from winter's cruel bondage, we are reminded of the deliverance of our fathers in the hoary past. Long had they fought against tyranny, and much had they suffered—but not in vain. At the banks of the Red Sea they wrested liberty from a despot's hand and gave it unto all the world. On that momentous spring day when Israel broke its fetters liberty was born, destined never again to die, but to become the mightiest factor in shaping our destiny and that of all mankind. For liberty's sake Israel dared to defy mighty races, proud empires, cruel potentates, merciless peoples—dared to invite and to endure bitter persecutions, loss of country, of home, of human rights, of humane treatment. By thus voluntarily acting the part of the suffering Messiah of the world he has become the

designer and the builder of mankind's temple of Civil and Religious Liberty.

Oh that these blessed memories might kindle within us the desire of cherishing liberty as sacredly as did our fathers! Oh that they might inspire us, too, to take up the cause of justice wherever thwarted, the cause of right wherever wronged, the cause of peace wherever threatened, the cause of tolerance wherever denied, so that the sun might never shine on slave throughout his radiant course, nor the moon hear the groan of oppression in her silent watches of the night, but that, instead, every valley may resound with joyful songs of freedom, and every mountain re-echo them from earth to sky, and sky to skies, till world answer unto world, and the whole universe reverberates the inspiring strain: Liberty reigns in the heavens above, liberty rules on the earth beneath, liberty holds sway among all the children of men. Amen.

HYMN.

PASSOVER.

To Thee, above all creatures' gaze,
To Thee, whom earth and heaven praise,
Whose ever-watchful providence
Proves daily Thine omnipotence—

To Thee our thanks in chorus rise.

Thou didst redeem the captive band,
Who were enslaved by tyrant's hand;
Their cries were heard, their groans were stilled,
Their yearning hopes at last fulfilled,

And freedom dawned on Israel.

O God, Thy children recognize
With grateful hearts this precious prize;
Thy people at this holy shrine
Proclaim aloud Thy power divine:

"THE LORD WILL REIGN FOR EVERMORE!"

(Return to page 12.)

Additional Passover Morning Service.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

CIVIL LIBERTY.

THE Festival which we celebrate to-day has a higher significance than that of remembering the emancipation of the children of Israel from the bondage of the Pharaohs. The exodus from Egypt marks the redemption of the whole human race from tyranny. From this event dates the rise of liberty for all men. On the banks of the Red Sea were uttered for the first time in the world's history the momentous words that have given the greatest impulse toward modern civilization. There the principles of the Declaration of Independence were first proclaimed. There were first announced the far-reaching truths that all men have equal rights to the lawful exercise and development of their powers and faculties, to the promotion of their well-being, and to the employment of every rightful means for the enjoyment of God's blessings. There was founded the first representative form of government. There was unfurled for the first time, unto all peoples and nations, the banner that bore the sublime inscription: One God, One Brotherhood, One Law.

This is the Festival of Liberty, not for Israel alone, but for all mankind. It is deserving of celebration by all those peoples who to-day enjoy the fruits of liberty. All men should enter joyfully into the celebration of this festival, not only in grateful remembrance of the past heroism displayed by Israel in the struggle for human freedom

and human rights, but also to be reminded of the blessings of liberty, of the importance of guarding it as the most sacred of our possessions, and of our duty to procure it for those still pining in bondage.

Liberty is a spark of heaven's fire; once kindled, it burns for ever. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a time, the ocean may overwhelm it, mountains may press it down, but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or another, in some place or another, the volcano will break out and flame to heaven.

Men who have enjoyed the light and happiness of freedom cannot be again restrained and shut up in the gloom of bondage. As well might we try to shut up the flowing of a mighty river; the rolling and impetuous tide would burst through every impediment that man might throw in the way, and the only consequence of the impotent attempt would be, that, having collected new strength by its temporary suspension, forcing itself through new channels, it would spread devastation and ruin on every side. Free to flow unimpeded along its course, it is sure to fertilize the country through which it runs; but no power can long arrest it in its passage, and short-sighted as well as sinful must be the heart of the projector that would strive to stop its course.

It is liberty that all men worship. Its taste is grateful, and will be so till nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot its snowy mantle, or chymic power turn its golden sceptre into iron. With liberty to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the humblest swain is happier than the monarch from whose court it is exiled.

Liberty is the first essential of civilized society. It is to the collective body what health is to the individual. As

without health no pleasure can be enjoyed by the individual, so without health no happiness can be tasted by society.

“Tis Liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.”

That government is most perfect in which the supreme and constant aim is to secure the rights of every human being. The wisest institutions may become a dead letter, and may even for a time be converted into a shelter and instrument of tyranny when the sense of justice and the love of liberty are weakened in the minds of the people. True liberty consists only in the power of doing what we ought to will, and in not being constrained to do what we ought not to will. Liberty is not a means to an end; it is an end itself. To secure it, to enlarge and diffuse it, should be the main object of all social arrangements and of all political contrivances.

He alone deserves freedom who daily strives to conquer it and to secure it for ever. We owe it to our ancestors to preserve entire these rights which they have delivered to our care; we owe it to our posterity not to suffer their dearest inheritance to be destroyed. He is false who surrenders to others this most blessed of human rights. The spiritual in humanity is degraded when it submits to have ends imposed upon it, and yields itself blindly to the dictates of men. Self-possession and self-direction are essential to virtue, and the obligation to take upon himself the control of his own conduct and sustain his own spiritual worthiness is inseparable from man. The true dignity of his spiritual being can be sustained in no other manner than by proposing to himself his own ends, and resisting to the last extremity all interferences with

this right. There can be no question as to whether he may not live longer, or avoid more care, by allowing his spirit to be ruled by some agency other than himself, thereby giving up the authority of his own rationality, than which nothing can be more debasing.

And if there is one lesson which this Festival of Liberty emphasizes more than another, it is the duty of freely sharing with others, or securing for others, the boon of freedom which is our own. Our Passover comes not only to awaken pleasant remembrances, but also to teach momentous duties. Not yet are all men free. Not yet do all men recognize that all people have equal rights lawfully to promote their own best interests. Spring's freedom has not yet entered every land. Many a heart still lies enchained in winter's cruel bondage. Our gratitude to our ancestors for their heroic struggle for freedom's sake, the fruit of which we reap and enjoy to-day, should show itself in our efforts toward the emancipation of those still pining in bondage. Humanity is one body of which every individual constitutes a part, and no man can call himself free as long as another still wears the shackles. Like heroes our fathers fought for our rights; like heroes must we fight for the rights of others.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

Deliver the oppressed from the hand of the oppressor,
And be not fainthearted when thou judgest.

Congregation :

*Have no respect of persons to the injury of the oppressed,
And let not timidity cause thee to do wrong.*

Refrain not from speaking when thou mayest save,
And hide not thy wisdom as a beauty.

*Contend for the truth unto death,
And the Lord God will fight for thee.*

A wise ruler will give peace unto his people,
And the government of a sagacious man is well ordered.

*An uninstructed king destroyeth his people,
But through a sagacious ruler the land will flourish.*

Pride is hateful before the Lord and before men,
And against both does it commit iniquity.

*Because of wrongs and violence, and greed of gain,
Dominion passes from nation to nation.*

The Lord casts down the thrones of the haughty,
And sets the meek in their stead.

*He takes the power from the great, and destroys them,
And makes their memorial to cease from the earth.*

All oppression and injustice shall be blotted out ;
But true dealing shall endure for ever.

*The goods of the unjust shall dry up like a stream,
And shall die away like thunder in a rain.*

Ben Sirach.

HYMN.

THE HOPE OF NATIONS.

The sullen ice has crept from many fields ;
The conflict, though so turbulent, is past ;
Again the spring its wealth of verdure yields :
The probing sun has conquered cold at last.

It is the Paschal of reviving earth,
The longed-for resurrection of its charms ;
Each bud, prophetic type of freedom's birth,
A conquest each o'er winter's dread alarms.

And all the sunny joys, till now concealed,
 Are emblems bright of freedom's blessed morn,
 When Israel's rescue first that truth revealed :
 "To free and equal rights all men are born!"

Then let our festival to all proclaim
 Who yearn for liberty's enkindling sun,
 And let the nations join the glad acclaim,
 "Our God is One—Humanity is one!"

EXHORTATION.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Minister :

This beautiful Passover Festival, on which we commemorate freedom's birth, reminds us that liberty has yet a broader meaning than that of mere civil freedom. It extends to the realm of religion. It includes freedom of conscience. It secures to each man the right to worship his God according to the dictates of his own reason.

The craving after religious liberty is even a stronger sentiment than the longing for civil freedom. Men will rather bear the shackles of political slavery than the fetters of spiritual bondage. For their mental independence they will perform deeds of heroism and endure martyrdom such as political tyranny seldom calls forth. And it is well that we have been endowed with this passionate yearning for freedom to think and to decide upon religious matters for ourselves. Here lies the root of mental and moral progress, and nature, by the strong impulse it has planted within us, has taken the precaution to prevent its being stifled.

Nature loathes sameness. Diversity is her robe and ornament. Neither the constellations in the heavens above nor the flora or fauna on the earth beneath, neither

the minerals in the earth's interior nor the aquatic life in the waters beneath the earth, resemble their kind in every particular of form or composition. No two grains of sand, though washed up by the same ocean and on the same shore, no two leaves, though grown on the same tree, no two lilies, though raised from the same seed, no two planets, though revolving in the same solar system and around the same central sun, are exactly alike.

As in nature, so in the domain of mind and spirit; here, too, absolute unison is not visible. No matter how far back we go in history, no matter what ancient or modern Bible we read, or what ancient or modern literature we consult, like thinking, like acting, like believing, we never find. We may go from clime to clime and from zone to zone, from sea to coast and from coast to highest mountain-peak—everywhere we shall find diversity, variety, difference.

Absolute unison was not, is not, shall not be, neither in the domain of nature nor in the realm of thought. Whatever progress there was and is in both of these departments is due to a law which constantly forces variance and progression. It is this law that is at the root of man's constant striving after the better, the truer, the higher. To oppose it is to oppose the progress and happiness of man. To oppose it is to oppose the law of nature. To oppose it is to oppose the decree of God.

To strive for complete and universal unison in all human thought and action and belief is to strive for what never was and never shall be. We shall sooner behold all the stars in the heavens revolve in the same orbit and at the same time, and all the different animals assume the same form and conform to the same mode of life, and all the vegetation of the earth assume the same shape, than we shall see all men assemble at the same hour of the same

day to chant the same hymn from the same hymn-book, in the same melody, or address the same prayer from the same prayer-book, in the same language, to the same God, and listen to the same doctrines, and conform to the same rites, and perform the same ceremonies. We will sooner build a sanctuary that will hold the whole population of the globe under one roof than ever have the whole of humankind compose one denomination and under one head; such never was the divine intent.

Not unison, but concord in the midst of variety; not absolute sameness, but harmony in midst of difference—this is the lesson that nature teaches in a thousand different languages and with a thousand different tongues. Planets of different size and different composition revolve in different orbits and with different speeds, and yet among them there is no clashing. Different streams course in different channels and with different currents, yet among them all there is no confusion. Different soils and climates and zones ripen different fruits, and nurture different animal species, and influence different social organizations and mental developments, yet even here, amidst this enormity of difference and variation, there is perfect harmony among all created things. There is division in shape and form, in mode and manner, but there is union in purpose, each obedient to its own laws, each true to its own environments, each seeking the same end—promoting its own good with its own power and in its own way. Different peoples have different forms of worship, yet, despite diversity, there is perfect harmony—the same central thought, the same cardinal virtues, the same influence upon heart and soul and mind, everywhere the same fundamental principles.

A man's creed is the result of his early training or environment or mental predisposition that cannot be shaken

off at will or exchanged at a moment's notice. The creed in itself is not the essential part, but the line of conduct which it ripens. If the end aimed at is right, it matters little what methods are employed for reaching it, as long as they are just and honorable. What society is most concerned in, and most benefited by, is deed. If that is right, the creed cannot be wrong. Mankind does not represent an aggregation of individuals of whom every one stands upon the same mental and moral platform, and for whom all things are equally fit and proper. What is right for one may be wrong for the other. The creed conforms to the needs of the people—the cruder belief for the cruder mind, the higher thought for the more developed intellect.

Religion is but a means toward a certain definite end. That end is the attainment of spiritual development. Its doctrines are the stepping-stones leading to that goal. The doctrines and ceremonies differ with different people, yet the purposes they subserve are the same among them all. Almost every rational being believes that a proper care of self, a considerate regard for the just rights and needs of our fellow-men, a proper cultivation of the intellect, of the will, and of the emotions, a proper understanding of the real purposes of life, will soonest attain the ends of religion. So, too, is there a consensus of opinion among rational people as to what constitutes the necessary requisites for spiritual development. It is only in the authority which each advances as the basis for his search after perfection, and in the doctrinal or ceremonial means each one applies in the attainment of it, that the difference lies.

Whatever definition we give to religion, none is so narrow or deficient as not to include every belief that was or is. All start with similar first principles of theology—a belief in Supreme Power, in a hereafter—and though their interpretations of them differ, they agree in their concep-

tion of the highest religious duty. Their theologies differ—their religion is one. The virtue of returning good for evil, of rewarding hatred with love, of thinking and judging and acting justly and charitably, the duty of being hospitable to the stranger, of sharing with the needy, of caring for the aged and infirm, of comforting the sorrowing and stricken, are rigorously enjoined as the highest duties in all civilized religions.

This lesson of the oneness of religion despite differences of theologies the Passover comes to teach. This truth that all men have a right to worship according to the dictates of their own conscience the Passover Festival, which is commemorated in honor of Israel's struggle for, and triumph in, the cause of civil and religious liberty, comes to reaffirm and to strengthen in our mind. It enjoins upon each the duty so to live that the greatest religious harmony may prevail among all men despite theological differences, and so to strive that all mankind may yet constitute one religious brotherhood, with freedom to every man to worship according to the desires of his heart and the requirements of his mind.

ANTIPHON.

(Choir and Congregation chant and read alternate verses.)

Choir :

Praise ye the Lord ; for He is good :

Sing praises unto His name ; for it is pleasant.

Congregation :

*For the Lord has delivered us from the hand of the enemy ;
He has chosen His people for His peculiar treasure.*

Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that hath He done ;
He smote many nations, and slew many kings.

*Princes have persecuted us without a cause ;
But our hearts trusted, and the Lord was our help.*

God bringeth the oppressed into prosperity ;
But for the oppressors He prepareth destruction.

*Fret not thyself because of evil-doers,
Neither be thou envious of the unrighteous.*

For they shall be cut down like grass,
And wither as the green herb.

*Trust in the Lord, and do good ;
Be merciful and righteous, and follow after faithfulness.*

And He shall make thy righteousness shine as the light,
And thy judgment as the noonday.

*For evil-doers shall cease their way ;
Yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be.*

Psalms.

PRAYER.

O Thou Infinite Power, we come unto Thee that we may lift up our souls and fill ourselves with exceeding comfort and surpassing strength. Father, we thank Thee that while heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thine all-transcendent being, yet Thou livest and movest and workest in all things that bless our earth.

We thank Thee for the material world wherewith Thou environest us beneath and about and overhead. We bless Thee for the sun who pours out the golden day upon the waiting and expectant ground. We thank Thee for the new life which comes tingling in every blade and branch, in every blossom and sprout. We thank Thee for the seed which the farmer has cradled in the ground, or which thence lifts up its happy face of multitudinous prophecy,

telling us of harvests that are to come. We thank Thee also for the garment of prophecy with which Thou girdest the forests and adornest every tree. We bless Thee for the fresh life which teems in the waters that are about us, which warbles in the branches of the trees, and hums with new-born insects throughout the peopled land.

O Lord, we thank Thee for a day so sweet as this, when the trees lift up their heads in a psalm of gratitude to Thee, and every little flower and every wandering bird seem filled by Thy spirit and grateful to Thee. We thank Thee for all Thine handwritings of revelation on the walls of the world, on the heavens above us, and the ground beneath, and all the testimonies recorded there of Thy presence, Thy power, Thy justice, and Thy love.

We thank Thee for the joyous memories which this Spring Festival of to-day awakens in our hearts. We bless Thee for the good fruits which Israel's redemption from Egyptian bondage has ripened for the peoples of the earth, and shall yet ripen wherever tyranny still rules and humanity still suffers in bondage.

We thank Thee not less for that perpetual spring-time with which Thou visitest the human soul. We bless Thee for the sun of righteousness which never sets, nor allows any night, but, with healing in his beams, shakes down perennial day on eyes that open and on hearts that lift themselves up to Thee. We thank Thee for the great truths which shine on us—the lesser light like the moon in the darkness of the night, and those great lights which pour out a continuous and never-ending day about us where'er we turn our weary feet. We thank Thee for the generous emotions which spring up anew in our hearts to-day, for the justice that faints not nor is weary, for the truth which never fails, for that philanthropy which goes out and brings the wanderer home, which lifts up the fallen and

heals the sick, is eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, and shares its bread with those that are hungry; yea, we thank Thee for that piety and courage which inspired Thy children in the hoary past, and we bless Thee that it springs anew in our hearts, drawing us unto Thee, and giving us a multitudinous prophecy of glories that are yet to come.

Father, we pray Thee that we may live great and noble lives on the earth, unfolding our nature day by day, using our bodies for their purpose and the soul for its higher use, growing wiser and better as we change time into life and daily work into exalted character. So may we live that every day we may learn some new truth, practise some new virtue, and become dearer and more beautiful in Thine own sight.

So may we live that every spring festival may find the sweet and fragrant blossoms and sprouts and flowers of virtue springing up brighter and richer, adorning our own lives and beautifying those of others, and making our earth a fair and fragrant paradise. So may we live that, in our own fulfilment of our earnest prayers, we may show the earnestness of our desires and behold Thy granting of our requests. Amen.

HYMN.

THE GROWING DAY.

Oppressions shall not always reign;
There comes a brighter day,
When freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant sway.

Then right shall over might prevail,
And truth's full-armed array
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

What voice shall bid the progress stay
Of truth's victorious car?
What arm arrest the growing day,
Or quench the solar star?

What arm shall dare, tho' stout and strong,
Restore the ancient wrong?
Oppression's guilty might prolong,
And freedom's morning bar?

The hour of triumph comes apace,
The fated, promised hour,
When earth upon a ransom'd race
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.

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Passover Conclusion.

Additional Ebe Service.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

MORAL FREEDOM.

“This year we are yet slaves; may the next year see us free!”

THUS reads a passage in our Passover services. It has a strange sound to a freeman's ear, yet it is a truth withal. One may enjoy civil freedom, and yet wear the chains of spiritual slavery. One may throw off the shackles of human tyranny, and yet endure mental despotism infinitely more cruel than any inflicted by human hand. Unless a man has freedom of spirit, all the benefits of a free government are of little avail to him. Without this inward spiritual freedom outward liberty is of little worth. What avails it that we are crushed by no foreign yoke if, through ignorance and vice and selfishness, we lack the command of our mind? The worst tyrants are those that establish themselves in our own breast. The man who lacks force of principle and purpose is a slave, however free the air he breathes.

What is that inward moral freedom that is not yet ours, and the want of which still stamps us as slaves?

Moral freedom is the attribute of a mind in which reason and conscience have begun to act, and which is free through its own energy, through fidelity to the truth, through resistance of temptation. It is moral energy, force of holy purpose, put forth against the senses, against the passions, against the world, thus liberating

the intellect, conscience, and will so that they may act with strength and unfold themselves for ever. The essence of moral freedom is effort. He only is free who, through self-conflict and moral resolution, subdues the passions which debase him. That mind alone is free which, looking to God as the inspirer and rewarder of virtue, adopts His law as its supreme rule, and which, in obedience to this, governs itself, reveres itself, exerts faithfully its best powers, and unfolds itself by well-doing in whatever sphere God's providence assigns.

It has pleased the All-wise Disposer to encompass us from our birth by difficulty and allurements, to place us in a world where wrong-doing is often gainful and duty rough and perilous, where many vices oppose the dictates of the inward monitor, where the body presses as a weight on the mind, and matter, by its perpetual agency on the senses, becomes a barrier between us and the spiritual world. We are in the midst of influences which menace the intellect and heart, and to be free is to withstand and conquer these.

That mind is free which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own greatness, which passes life not in asking what it shall eat and drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

That mind is free which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to the Infinite Spirit in which it finds help toward its own spiritual enlargement.

That mind is free which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers, which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which.

whilst consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instructions from abroad not to supersede but to quicken and exalt its own energies.

That mind is free which sets no bounds to its love, which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of His children, which delights in virtue and sympathizes with suffering wherever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger, and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

That mind is free which is not passively framed by outward circumstances, and is not swept away by a torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

That mind is free which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion, which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's, which respects a higher law than fashion, which reveres itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few.

That mind is free which, through confidence in God and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong-doing, which no menace or peril can enthrall, which is calm in the midst of tumults, which possesses itself though all else be lost.

That mind is free which resists the bondage of habit, which does not mechanically repeat itself and copy the past, which does not live on its old virtues, but which listens for new and higher monitions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

That mind is free which is jealous of its own freedom, which guards itself from being merged in others, which

cherishes its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world.

That mind is free which clings only to those means and objects that aid freedom of mind ; that give scope to man's faculties ; that throw him on his own resources, and summon him to work out his own happiness ; that, by removing restraint from intellect, favor enlargement of thought ; that, by removing restraint from worship, favor the ascent of the soul to God ; that, by removing restraint from industry, stir up enterprise to explore and subdue the material world, and thus rescue the race from those sore physical wants and pains which narrow and blight the mind.

That mind is free which, conscious of its affinity with God, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers ; which passes the bounds of time and death ; which hopes to advance for ever, and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

Such is moral freedom. It consists in moral force, in self-control, in the enlargement of thought and affection, and in the unrestrained action of our best powers. Such blessings, however, are not yet ours. Though politically free, our souls are not yet emancipated. Our minds are still weighed down with slavery's chains. Sin still rules within us with a despot's hand, and finds us cringing and fawning at its feet. Not yet are we free men, though human tyrants cease and human despotisms pass away. As long as sin's power prevails we still have occasion on the Festival of Liberty to exclaim : This year we still are slaves, and to hope and pray : May the coming Passover find us free.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

Winnow not with every wind,
And walk not in every path.

Congregation :

*Be steadfast in thy conviction,
And let thy speech be one and the same.*

Be swift to hear,
But with deliberation give answer.

*If thou hast insight, answer thy neighbor ;
But if not, lay thy hand upon thy mouth.*

Sow not upon the furrows of unrighteousness,
And thou shalt not reap them seven-fold.

*Envy not the glory of a sinner,
For thou knowest not what will be his end.*

Delight not in that which the ungodly delight in ;
Remember that they will not go unpunished.

*He that toucheth pitch will be defiled ;
He that associates with a proud man will become like him.*

Prove thy soul by thy life ;
See what is evil for it, and abstain from it.

*Sacrifice thy will for the good of others,
And thou wilt find that others will yield to thee.*

Make thyself beloved by man,
And thou wilt be lovable in the sight of God.

*That which is hateful unto thee,
That do not unto another.*

ORISON.

Minister :

Father of all, we draw nigh unto Thee, on the concluding day of this beautiful Spring Festival of Liberty, to thank Thee for the blessings it has brought and for the truths it has taught. Grant, O Lord, that the emotions we have experienced may be converted by us into deeds of mercy and into lives of holiness, may be turned into seeds of well-doing, and be scattered broadcast in the fields of humanity, there to ripen a glorious harvest of universal peace and mutual good-will.

Heavenly Father, we now stand before Thee, the proud heirs of the liberty which Thou didst bestow upon our fathers. We offer Thee our thanks that the heavy yoke is taken from our necks, that we are citizens of a country where every man is free to follow the convictions of his heart; and we pray unto Thee that Thou mayest grant liberty and redemption to those unfortunate brethren who are still suffering from hatred, persecution, and prejudice. But most fervently we beseech of Thee that we may realize the grave duties which our more fortunate positions impose upon us; that we may never forget that we have not only rights to enjoy, but also duties to perform—duties toward Thee, duties toward our fellow-men, duties toward ourselves. Grant that we may never lose our spiritual liberty, and never, fascinated by pleasures and earthly enjoyments, find our only gratification in material well-being. Grant that this beautiful day may teach us to discard all selfishness and to devote our power to the welfare of all. Guide our hearts that we may accord to each of our fellow-men the right to his own opinion, and give us strength to banish the baneful spirit of persecution. Let us recognize that there is no real freedom but for those who walk in the light of Thy knowledge

and practise the broadest charity, and that they are worse than slaves who wear the chains of ignorance and passion and evil inclinations.

Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord, at the conclusion of this beautiful Spring Festival of Liberty, that we, like our Fathers before us, may prove ourselves worthy builders on this great sanctuary, thereby fulfilling our mission, and bringing on that Festival of Liberty on which not only Israel but all mankind, freed from the shackles of civil, religious, moral slavery, shall celebrate a Universal Feast of Redemption. Amen.

HYMN.

MORAL FREEDOM.

Freemen, we our chartered right
Hold from men who fought with might,
And like bulwarks on the height
Of all countries stood.

Tyrants' threats and bribes they spurned,
Back the oppressor's hosts they turned,
Freedom from their sons they earned
By their toils and blood.

Be their names immortalized
Who their life-blood sacrificed,
That a boon so dearly prized
They for us might win.

Yet in vain our freedom, Lord,
Bought with blood in battle poured,
If, unfranchised by Thy word,
We are slaves to sin.

Freedom without self-control
Is but leave to wreck the soul,
Passion-driven on pleasure's shoal,
To the future blind.

Freemen, then, by right of birth,
Teach us, Lord, to prize the worth
Of that richest gem of earth,
Freedom of the mind.

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Passover Conclusion.

Additional Morning Service.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

THE BLESSINGS OF HOPE.

“Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds
is come.”

Song of Songs ii. 11, 12.

THUS sings the shepherdess Sulamith in that “Song of Songs” which the Rabbis of old have enjoined to be read during the Passover services. The reason for its choice for this festival is made manifest by the spirit which pervades it. Throughout it breathes a yearning for liberty. It is a song of hope; and as hope was one of Israel’s greatest needs during their dark days of trial and tribulations, they derived from this Song a cheer and a comfort which no other book of the Bible could have afforded them at this season of the year. Perusing it in the early infancy of the year, when heart and soul were quickened and inspired by the unfolding and blossoming and flowering visible everywhere in nature, it infused into their hearts new life, new hope, new courage. Sulamith, the innocent shepherdess, typified to them the people of Israel. Her capture by the mighty monarch, her faithfulness to her heart’s first choice despite alluring temptations, despite threat and imprisonment, her final triumph and restoration, told to them their own past and prophesied their future, pictured to them their own capture by mighty monarchs, the alluring temptations held out to them to forsake God,

their suffering for their loyalty, and their deathless hope in the final triumph and restoration of their liberty.

But though times have changed and days have brightened, though we are no longer deprived of our rights and liberties, still we, too, feel the need of inhaling the sweet breath of hope in this promising season of the year. There are other hopes besides those of political and religious emancipation. In every human breast there are hopes slumbering and dreaming through the dreary winter days and long winter nights. But at this season of the year they awaken with an intense yearning for realization. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. Though all our heart's desire be granted, hope yet remains unsatisfied. Though all our heart's treasures be taken, hope still remains. Under its impulse all the grand activities of the world go on. No man ever did anything of lasting worth who was not buoyed up by hope's sweet and encouraging whisper that the goal for which he strove would yet be reached.

Yet there are days when hope is utterly silent. There are long spells of discouragement and despair. Under repeated failure, continued neglect, enduring persecution and suffering, the heart oft loses courage, and the mind, lashed on by fear or pain, loses its hold and is in danger of being swept down into the awful abyss of total annihilation.

There is need, therefore, of a festival like this for clearing away the cobwebs of doubt, for sweeping away the accumulated rubbish of despair and despondency, for opening the choked-up well-springs of the heart and the fast-barred windows and doors of the mind to let in fresh air, new life, new hope, new ideals.

We need this Passover festival in our brighter days as much as our fathers needed it in their days of sorrow. Now and then there passes over the hearts of men

and women a wave of doubt, of hopelessness, of lack of faith. Take those of us who are old enough to have become a little disillusioned, to whom the world is not quite as rosy in its color as it was in childhood and in the first flush of youth: we find that we cannot reach our ideals quite as easily as we expected we would; we find that as we attempt to realize our dreams, as we whisper to others our visions of the things that we and our friends will to accomplish, a smile of incredulity and pity passes over the face of our elders, who tell us that they have heard that story over and over again—and we lose heart and hope. Or take those who, in the struggle to get on in this warfare in which only those survive who are the fittest, fall behind and drop out of the ranks, become discouraged, and are ready to give up the battle; or take those who loved only to be requited with hatred, who trusted only to be deceived, who conferred benefits only to be wronged; or those from whose fond hearts death has torn the sweetest and dearest of all their life's treasures,—as they pass through experiences like these they are overwhelmed with despair and discouragement, and surrender the great hopes that have cheered and lead them on.

Thus for the disillusioned, for the defeated, for the bereaved, for the despondent, the Passover festival is of special need. With spring's beauteous and fragrant flowers of hope it twines a bridge over which mournful and despairing souls pass to regions bright and hopeful.

Without hope there is no endurance, and without endurance there is no heroic toil, no true blessing. We may have will, capacity, industry, patience, zeal, but if we have not hope we lack everything. Without the expectation of a greater return by means of bold adventure, what merchant would risk his all to the thousand hazards that

encompass it? What makes the daring soldier rush into the furious battle, into the very mouth of death itself, but the hope of snatching honor and reward out of its jaws? What makes the scholar burden his brains so hard, sometimes with the hazard of overtaxing them, but the hope of discovering some new truth? What makes the brave man toil on, struggle on, with naught but failure staring him in the face, but the unwavering hope that, though it comes late, success must come at last? Who would bear the miseries of poverty, of sickness, of bereavement, but for the hope that "somehow good will be the final goal of ill"? Take hope from them and you take their all. The hope may be fallacious, its promises may never be realized, but

"Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."

Once upon a time, so runs an ancient parable, certain laborers were sent forth by a great king to level a primeval forest, to plow it, to sow it, and to bring to him the harvest. To speed their work a number of encouragers were sent with them. One was named Industry. His brother Patience went with him. Zeal also was sent along, and with him came his kinsman Self-denial. These went forth with the laborers, but their work progressed not. They soon perceived that they had forgotten their well-beloved sister Hope. Speedily they sent for her, and when she came there was cheer and music in the camp. The blows fell harder, and the huge forest trees dropped fast and faster. Hope encouraged and cheered them, holding out to them sweet pictures of the future, singing them to sleep with "God will bless your work. The reward will come."

They felled the lofty trees to the music of that strain. They cleared the acres one by one, they sowed the seed, and waited for the harvest, held to their work by Hope's sweet music: "God will bless your work. The reward will come."

That was the sweet service of the Passover in former times, and that is still its service in the present. When Israel was sent forth by its great King to level a primeval forest of ignorance, to plow and sow and ripen the harvest of righteousness, when they encountered disheartening difficulties, when the storms raged fiercest, when wounds were deepest and tears flowed fastest, there came in the hope-inspiring spring the Passover with its sweet message: "Hope on, toil on; God will bless your work. The reward will come." And anew they started and toiled and struggled till hope turned into blessed reality.

That was Passover's sweet service in days gone by; that must be its mission to-day. We still need this annual reviver of our hopes. Without them life were not enduring nor our goals attainable.

Come then, thou Hope, thou well-beloved daughter of God, enter our hearts. What is cold within them warm; what is dark within them illumine; where thou findest sorrow or pain, exchange thou it for joy or comfort.

*Enter thou our minds and souls, point out to them their higher destinies, and fill them with unwavering courage for the highest ends of life, and with strength never to surrender to sin, be its allurements yet so tempting and its power yet so great.

Enter thou our homes. Inspire peace where there is strife, love where there is hatred, contentment where there is dissatisfaction.

Enter thou our communal and social and public lives. Though struggles for the right have not yet met with

their rewards, though tyranny and injustice still inflict their wounds upon humanity, still let not hearts fail nor minds despair.

Come, thou blessed Hope, and let us again hear thy sweet message: "Toil on; despair not nor despond; the glorious end thou strivest for thou wilt reach; God will bless thy work. Soon life's winter storms shall have past, the rain of sorrow shall be over and gone. The flowers of peace and joy shall deck thy path, and thy hymns of praise and thanksgiving shall resound."

ANTIPHON.

(Choir and Congregation chant and read alternate verses.)

Choir:

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart,
And lean not upon thine own understanding.

Congregation:

*In all thy ways acknowledge Him,
And He shall direct thy paths.*

Be not wise in thine own eyes;
Fear the Lord, and depart from evil.

*Despise not the chastening of the Lord;
Neither be weary of His reproof.*

For whom the Lord loveth He reproveth;
Even as a father, the son in whom he delighteth.

*Weeping may tarry for the night,
But joy cometh in the morning.*

In peace will I both lay me down and sleep;
For Thou, Lord, alone makest me dwell in safety.

*Thou wilt show me the path of life:
In Thy presence is fulness of joy.*

Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart,
All ye that hope in the Lord.

*He shall cover thee with His pinions,
And under His wings shalt thou take refuge.*

Psalms.

HYMN.

FAITH AND HOPE.

The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again,
Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,
Within man's heart remain.
The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps toward some happy goal,
The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed,
Nor leaves fulfilment to the hour,
But prompts again to deed ;
And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears to trust
Hope's sunshine in the grave.

Oh, no ! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy weak or fond,
When hope would bid us rest secure
In the better life beyond.
Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin
His promise may gainsay ;
The voice divine hath spoke within,
And God cannot betray.

EXHORTATION.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

Ezekiel xxxvii.

Minister :

What wonders of nature go on all around us to-day! Look on the fair mantle which nature has just cast on all the hills about us, and which falls with such enrapturing folds into every valley. It is a revival of nature whereof the sun is the preacher. All nature hears him and expounds his word of life. The tuneful birds chant their morning and evening psalms; the trees put on their bridal garments; every bush burns and is not consumed, yea, greatens and multiplies in its bloom and blossom, and the ground seems holy with new revelation. How grand and vigorously the new sprouts of golden grain come out of the earth! Ere long these will be sheaves, and these again will be turned into bread. What a marvellous transfiguration—first the seed, then the plant, then the harvest, and at last the bread! No writer of legend could ever finish half so fair a miracle as this, wherein is no miracle, but constant law at every step.

And no philosopher has ever been able to give so strong a proof of the deathlessness of life as that which nature now proclaims to us through myriads of tongues. Where autumn plants drooped and withered and formed a little mound of decaying herbage, now little flowers lift up their delicate forms and bend their slender necks and blush with that rich beauty that has sprung from a heap of mouldering leaves and fruit and roots.

Thus from the graves of our dear ones there may spring forth spiritual flowers whose loveliness mortal eye cannot see, but which to other eyes may be as beautiful as spring's life out of autumn's death is to ours. It is this thought that we may derive to-day from a perusal of the

prophet Ezekiel's vision of the *Resurrection of the Bones*, which the Rabbis of old have enjoined for Passover reading. What once existed only as a vision in the imagination of the prophet is in another form visible to-day to all of us in the realm of nature. Who that had never seen spring before would have believed, or could have believed, that the drooped and withered flowers and leaves of autumn and the skeleton trees and barren fields of winter would stand to-day attired in glorious raiment, radiant with beauty and full of most hopeful and promising life?

Wherever we turn, in this beautiful spring season of the year, we read the lesson that in nature there is no death—what seems so is only transition. In all things we find constant changes going on, and yet all remain ever the same. The mutable is ever comprised in the immutable, the fleeting in the enduring. It is only the human understanding that separates and makes distinctions and applies different names. When the plant withers and its dust is dispersed by the wind the component parts of that which was a plant are not blown out of the universe, are not reduced to absolute nothingness. Whether united in a plant or scattered as motes in a sunbeam, they are present and indestructible, irremovable from the universe of God. The hidden power of life which combined this dust into verdant, blooming plants also continues apart from the dust, and in winter as in summer works actively in other seeds planted somewhere in the universe. When the sun of spring reproduces the conditions according to which the vital force acts upon the elementary substances around it, growth recommences, and new plants germinate and put forth buds and leaves and blossoms. Thus every new thing is a reproduction of the old—ever the same, however new it may appear to the eye of man.

In the universe nothing is new, and nothing old is annihilated. It is only the relations of things to one another that change.

We must beware not to persuade ourselves into believing that whatever we can see with our limited sight, measure with our small standard, and comprehend with our finite mind is in reality such as we conceive it to be. We make distinctions where in nature none exist. To us, that which is invisible and beyond the sphere of our comprehension is as if it were not. There is nothing extant on earth of which the elementary substances did not previously exist in invisible form. All things are so closely bound together that the single links are often indistinguishable. In the eternal universe there is no beginning and no ending. That which seems to us as blooming and fading, as morning and evening, that which we call birth and death, is only the varying play of the relations of things in the universe. That which we call death is in itself a confirmation of life.

Death is the first pulse of the new life shaking itself free from the old mouldy remnants of the earth-garments, that it may begin in freedom the higher life that grows out of the old. The caterpillar dies into the butterfly. With that intensified vital action which we call death an active process of dissolution and new growth takes place. As in autumn the vital force leaves a withering plant, so in death the spiritual part of our beings withdraws from the earthly part. That within us which we call soul enters into combinations with other substances and things in the life-teeming universe. What springs from earth dissolves to earth again, and heaven-born things fly to their native seat. The dust alone returns to dust, the spirit returns to Him who gave it.

The human soul, that spark on the infinite ocean of di-

vine light, that sublime power which holds dominion over plants, minerals, and animals, that spirit whose thoughts fly across mountains and seas and penetrate to the throne of the Almighty,—that human soul is a self-dependent essence. As little as the raiment which we wear forms part of ourselves, so little does the body form part of the spirit which in death puts it off. The same as has been while clad in the body, the same shall be after having entered into other combinations. The germ of this truth exists not only in external nature, but also in our spiritual life within and in the reason that beholds in the present an incomplete destiny, needing to be continued for the fulfilment of its end; in the thirst for happiness, that is too deep to be satisfied on earth, but opens into aspirations toward an infinitely Blessed Being; in the love of moral goodness and beauty, which, in proportion as it is cultivated, awakens the ideal of spotless virtue and a desire of community with the All-perfect One. Indeed, the voice of our whole nature is a cry after higher existence. The restless activity of life is but a pressing forward toward a fulness of good not to be found on earth, and indicates our destination for a state more brightly beautiful than we can now conceive. Heaven is revealed to us in every pure affection of the human heart and in every wise and beneficent action that uplifts the soul in adoration and gratitude. For heaven is only purity, wisdom, benevolence, joy, peace, in their perfected form. Thus the immortal life may be said to surround us perpetually. Some beams of its glory shine upon us in whatever is lovely, heroic, and virtuously happy in ourselves or in others. The pure mind carries heaven within itself, and manifests that heaven to all around.

In order that death may prove to us the gateway to that endless life, let us remember so to use and improve the

life here that the sleep of death may be but a transition into a loftier stage, into a holier and happier sphere.

Let us reflect on what a splendid inheritance this present life may become, and let us try to rise to the grand ideal. Let our lives be pure and beautiful and noble. Let us put purpose into our existence, work into our purpose, heart into our work, and warmth into our heart. Let us see that we build no falseness into the character of life. Let us think of the things that are true and honest and pure. Thought is a great sculptor of character. As a man thinks in his heart, so he is. The bent of the heart will determine the character, and the character the destiny. Not only is it true that as the tree falls so it shall lie, but as it leans, so it falls. Let God be our guide in the building of the vessel in which we expect to cross the ocean of life and enter eternity without wreck. Let us use no timber that will not bear storm, nor sleep while we skirt the reefs.

How vain to attempt to build or steer our bark without divine grace or guidance! How sad if we were left solitary and alone to plough life's stormy ocean, or to drift hither and thither at the mercy of the warring elements, and not to know where our frail bark would beach, but rather to fear that, driven and tossed by the wind, it would be more likely to founder on the fatal reefs than find a safe anchorage on the golden shore! But why should it be so? Only let us embark with God, and with Him at the helm we shall be piloted in safety, through all the tempests of time, to the haven of eternal peace.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

Great burden is created for every man,
And a heavy yoke is upon the sons of Adam.

Congregation :

*Till the day of their death the fear of the future
Troubles their thoughts and alarms their hearts.*

Be comforted for the dead, for there is no returning ;
Thou canst not aid him, and shalt hurt thyself.

*Take no heaviness to heart ;
Put it away as mindful of the end.*

Let not hope forsake thee,
Not even when the knife is at thy throat.

*Better to have little with plenteous hope
Than much with a lack of faith.*

Of the visible make the best ;
For the invisible hope the most.

*In the autumn hope for the spring ;
In the summer prepare for the winter.*

When winter came the tree wailed a dirge,
But when spring dawned it sang a song of redemption.

*Deem nothing impossible ;
To the Creator of the Universe all things are possible.*

Praise the Lord for evil as well as for good,
For the evil may be the greater good.

*Shall He who made life out of nothing
Not be able to turn what had life into higher life ?*

Ben Sirach.—Talmüd.

PRAYER.

O Thou Father of Life and Death, we come before
Thee to offer our thanks for the great favor Thou dost
now vouchsafe unto us in permitting us to inhale from the
spring the beauties which inspire within us hope both for

the here and the hereafter. When at the break of spring nature casts off her robe of death, when at the spring Festival of Liberty religion invites us to the commemoration of Israel's freedom, our minds are carried to the contemplation of another deliverance—that in which the soul, freed from the bonds of the body, will burst immortal from the trammels of the grave and wing itself into a higher life. Sweet and soothing, O Lord, is this hope to us! Like an oasis to the weary wanderer in the wilderness, like a haven to the storm-tossed mariner, so does this thought come to us in our earthly pilgrimage, cheering our hearts, elevating our thoughts, ennobling our deeds, sanctifying our sorrows, illuminating our gloom, holding us hopeful and trustful above the wreck of time and the storms of ages.

Grant, O Lord, that we may be imbued with the full import of this greatest of all hopes. Knowing that our advance in the yonder sphere must be in keeping with our progress here, may we not neglect to make this life a worthy preparation for the next. May every day mark a stepping-stone on that stairway that leads our souls from earth to heaven. Since our destiny is to become divine, may we begin to sanctify our lives here. May we employ our every faculty for life's highest end. May we make our every aspiration and idea subject to our spirit's perfection. May we perform such deeds only as shall not freight our spirits down when the time for them winging themselves Godward arrives—as shall not make them to tremble in their parting hour. May we, in enjoying the blessings of this life, never forget that they are not ends in themselves, but only means toward fitting us for a higher and better sphere which we trust shall follow this. May we bear heroically every burden laid upon us. Be our sufferings yet so painful and our trials yet so great, may we

bear them with patience and resignation in the belief that they are temporal afflictions for an eternal good; that Thou who givest life and showerest blessings upon us also permittest suffering for purposes equally beneficent and equally holy; that Thou art perhaps only lessening our joys here to make them all the sweeter and longer in the life that is to be.

We thank Thee, O Lord, for these comforting assurances which nature brings us at this resurrecting season of the year.

We thank Thee for this lesson which every shooting blade, every blossoming bush, every sprouting tree, now teaches us—that not all is dead that seemeth dead. Anon comes spring, and breaks upon it with his reviving breath, and it arises with rejuvenated strength, beaming with life and beauty. May we, O Lord, profit by the lesson of life from death, and henceforth look more hopefully upon the end. May we regard the grave as but a temporary resting-place before entering into Thy presence, where light shines for ever and spring in never-fading glory blooms eternally.

HYMN.

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed with tears,
And wake, in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chains, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

(Return to page 27.)

Additional Shabuoth Eve Service.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

RELIGION STRENGTHENS AND ENNOBLES MAN.

ON this Festive Commemoration of the Birth of Israel's Religion we are again reminded that man is a spiritual being, that his destiny is to become God-like, and that, as an aid to his reaching this lofty goal, a religious instinct has been divinely implanted in his soul. Religion is the bridge that connects the spiritual with the material, God with man. It is religion that raises man above himself and places him, even while still in the flesh, in the realm of pure spirituality.

The religious faculty is the greatest of all our spiritual talents, and as such has the most abiding power and controlling force. Its normal development has the most ennobling influence on character; naught else so strengthens and refines a man. The two truths necessary to the development of this faculty are the idea of immortal life and the idea of the infinite perfection of God. These are the grandest, the highest, the most valuable conceptions which mankind has; these are the two greatest lights in the heaven of human consciousness; they rule alike our day and night. They develop the individual character with a four-fold excellence—that of tranquillity, of energy, of harmony, and of beauty. Religion affords a composure and a rest to which we cannot attain without it. We feel the Infinite God, and repose in His power and wisdom and justice and love and holiness. Reposing in God, we feel assured of our own immortal life, and are conscious of that divine

nature which is in us and which shall never die, but unfold and grow into worlds of new excellence. Thus believing in our mortality and in God's perfection, we are full of trust; our absolute allegiance becomes absolute confidence, and we fear nothing. We know there is a Providence which works with us, for us, through us, watches over us, tends us by day and by night; we know that He desires the best of all possible things for each and all; that He has the perfect justice to will the best, perfect wisdom to devise the best, and perfect power to achieve the best. What then can we fear? Is not God the Father of all? and if God is for us, who can be against us?

We may succeed in life, our plans may prosper, health and happiness may attend us; or we may fail in our pursuits, and have to bear with sickness, poverty, loss of friends; but we know that what we suffer here will be compensated at the end, that what is discipline to-day shall be delight hereafter. Knowing this, we are composed and tranquil; we can face the sorrow of disappointed earthly life and smile upon it all.

With this tranquillity there comes new energy. As soon as we are certain of God and can rest in His causal providence we have new confidence in our own faculties; every power of the spirit calls for development, and every intellectual talent is greated by the culture of the religious emotions.

"An undevout astronomer is mad," says a famous poet; he looks with but a fraction of his eye, he has cut off half of his faculty. But an undevout blacksmith, carpenter, physician, is just as mad; his arm is the weaker and his faculty the less. The weakness which we see in so many able-minded men is owing to the fact that they tie up the right arm of human strength and put out the right eye of human light. What wonder that they go impotent and

blind, and stumble by the way? How much clearer is the conscience, with what greater certainty does it perceive the rule of right, when it knows and trusts in Him who is The Right! How much stronger, too, is the will to adhere to it! All history shows that nothing so confirms the will of man as does the religious faculty; the saints and martyrs of all lands and of every age are a witness to it.

The power of love acquires also a similar increase of strength; the quality of the affectional feelings becomes more delicate, the quantity more abundant. Our love for those nearest and dearest expands to a wider circle; we love our country; nay, our love embraces all mankind, without distinction of tongue or nation. Religion is the deepest incentive to world-wide philanthropy.

With this energy of each faculty there comes a harmony of all; the various talents work together, and there is a certain equilibrium between the body and spirit. The instinctive passion of youth gives way to the counsels of the spirit. The ambitious calculations of manhood quicken the mind, conscience, and heart. Nothing so harmonizes the various talents of a man as does well-proportioned religious culture. Strong will and strong conscience are enough to make a martyr, but it is only this harmony of all the powers that makes a saint, who is happy while he bears the yoke, whose duty is his delight, whose energy of work is rounded off at last with the sweet tranquillity of rest.

Then, as the crowning grace of this fourfold excellence, there comes the beauty of the spirit. There is an excellence of soul, a completion of the whole and perfection of each part, a union of spiritual strength and health, which attracts the heavenly-minded and instinctively wins the reverence of every holy soul. There is as much difference

in the beauty of spirits as in that of bodies. Covetousness, hatred, fraud, selfishness, irreverence, bigotry, revenge, superstition, fanaticism,—these are the ugliness of the inner man, and no corporeal obliquity of limb or feature can ever compare with the ghastliness of this inner deformity. But temperance, wisdom, courage, charity, reverence, trust, integrity, holiness,—these are the beauty of the human soul. The harmony, energy, and tranquillity, which are the special colors that complexion the soul's excellence, will all blend into one threefold arch of heavenly beauty, a rainbow of hope and promise spanning our human world.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

To have learning without piety

Is to have a key to a palace, but not to the outer gate.

Congregation :

Unless others benefit by thy piety,

Thy piety is no benefit to thee.

When the pious die

All mourn in them the loss of a relative.

The pious are the builders of the world ;

Their deeds endure for ever.

If thou studiest the law for thy soul's sake,

Thy heart will be comforted and thy mind illumined.

Without piety, no fear of the Lord ;

Without fear of the Lord, no fear of man.

Were the fear of the Lord to cease among men,

Men would have to look to another world for shelter.

*All things man can endure
Except the loss in the belief in God.*

Should God take all save the knowledge of Him,
Still would we possess the dearest treasures on earth.

*They that behold God's work and yet see not its Author,
To them apply the words: " Eyes they have, and see not."*

He that seeks to find God learns to find himself,
And, finding himself, he discovers virtue.

*If thou hast God with thee and all else opposed to thee,
Even then all is for thee and nothing against thee.*

Talmud.

ORISON.

Gracious God, fervently we thank Thee that Thou hast so wonderfully ordained things that while all nature about us tells us of Thy existence, Thy Divine Presence within us teaches us Thy will. Deep in our hearts we feel that Thou alone art our God, and that there is none besides Thee, neither in the heaven above nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth. May we remember to worship Thee for our own spiritual elevation. May we remember Thy sovereignty over us, and never bow down in worship before things which our hands or our fancies have made.

Make us ever mindful that it is wrong to take Thy name in vain. Do thou enable us to make a holy and reverend use of all Thy ordinances and works, and prevent us from profaning or abusing anything whereby Thou makest Thyself known. Oh, may the violators of this commandment know that, though they escape punishment from man, yet Thou wilt not suffer them to escape Thy righteous judgment. Help us, O God, to remember one day in the week

as a holy Sabbath Day. May we sanctify it by abstaining on that day from worldly employments and by spending the time in the public and private exercises of Thy worship, in deeds of charity, and in healthful recreation.

O Lord, enable us to preserve the honor and perform the duties that belong to our several stations. Especially we pray that all sons and daughters may honor their fathers and mothers. Make every child fill its obligation to keep its father's commandment and to forsake not the law of its mother, but obey them in reverence and love.

Keep us, we pray Thee, from anger and strife with our fellow-creatures. Teach us the duty of making every lawful endeavor to preserve our own health and the health of others, and save us from the guilt of unlawfully taking our own lives or the lives of others, or whatsoever tendeth thereunto.

O Lord, give us grace to preserve in heart, speech, and action our own and our neighbor's chastity. And do thou keep us from all impure thoughts, words, and acts.

Dispose us to procure honestly and to further justly our outward estate and that of others.

Incline us to render to all their just dues. May we remember the woe of him that builds his house by unrighteousness and his fortunes by wrong, and the reward of him that walks uprightly and despises the gains of oppression and withholds his hand from taking bribes.

Keep us from everything that is prejudicial to truth or injurious to our own or our neighbor's good name. Suffer us not to think or act or speak deceitfully in anything. Teach us that none who speak or love a lie can prosper in Thy sight, and that the lip of truth shall be established for ever.

Preserve us from covetousness. Grant us full content-

ment with our own condition, and a right and charitable frame of spirit toward our neighbor and all that is his. Suffer us not to envy or grieve at the good of our neighbor, nor to cherish any inordinate affection toward anything that is his.

Heavenly Father, let the law of Thy mouth be better unto us than countless gold and silver. Order our steps in Thy word, and let not iniquity have dominion over us. Make Thy law a guide to lead us to Thee, in whom may we find peace and joy and grace and perseverance unto the end. Amen.

HYMN.

GOD'S LAW IS PERFECT.

Unveil my eyes, that of Thy law
 The wonders I may see ;
 I am a pilgrim on this earth,
 Hide not Thy laws from me.

Against me princes spoke with spite
 While they in council sate ;
 But I, Thy servant, did upon
 Thy statutes meditate.

Of the perfect way of truth
 My choice I've freely made ;
 Thy judgments, that most righteous are,
 Before me I have laid.

Great peace have they who love Thy law,
 Offence they shall have none ;
 I hope for Thy salvation, Lord,
 When Thy commands I've done.

(Turn to page 12.)

CONFIRMATION DAY.

Additional Shabuoth Morning Service.

Confirmation Class, each holding six white buds in hand, proceed, Organ accompanying, to pulpit platform, and range themselves right and left of pulpit. One of the class offers an original opening prayer. After the prayer the members of the class approach the Ark, Organ accompanying, deposit the flowers in the Shrine, resume their former places, one remaining at the pulpit, giving a brief explanation of the Floral Offering, after which the class, before taking the seats reserved for them in front of platform, sing the following

HYMN.

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

- YOUTH, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in His eyes;
A flower, though offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier far if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are hardened by their crimes.

It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace shall preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee
Our hearts we now resign:
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were Thine.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

~~RELIGION THE BASIS OF MORALITY.~~

We are assembled to-day in our sanctuary to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of our religion. According to the Rabbis of old, it was at the expiration of seven times seven days after the emancipation from Egyptian bondage that Moses, at Mount Sinai, proclaimed unto the children of Israel those Eternal Laws, those First Principles of Religion, that have wielded such a powerful influence not only over the destiny of Israel, but also over that of the whole civilized world. The speedy sequence of the birth of religion after the birth of the first free nation reminds us of the importance of religion to human society, of the dependence of government upon religion for its welfare and perpetuation. Had not religion assumed its sway over the children of Israel soon after their deliverance from Egyptian slavery, the work of emancipation would have come to naught; and had not religion aided the work of government, the greater part of mankind might to-day have still been sunk in political tyranny and moral degradation; for without religion government is impossible, and without both these mighty factors civilization and progress cannot advance.

And as our fathers of old assembled in their sanctuary on this festive day and brought with them the first fruit of their spring harvest as a thanksgiving for their material blessing, so have we to-day, in gratitude for our spiritual blessings, brought our children here to consecrate them to the purest and holiest interests of religion. This we do for their good and for the good of all mankind. This we do to give expression to our appreciation of the benefits of religion. This we do to publicly deny the claim of

those who hold that religion is needless and is losing its hold on civilized society.

Like that man who seated himself by the rushing stream, thinking it must soon run itself out, so a number of people are watching and waiting for the stream of religion to run dry. False is the hope of those who think that man will soon be above the exacting demands of religion. Dogmas may disappear, but religion will flourish. Theology may change, but the attitude of man's heart toward God will remain constant. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator and holds him above despair. If that tie be sundered, he is set adrift and tossed to and fro on the boundless sea of existence without the compass of definite principles to guide him. Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars at night, but the straw turns to ashes, while the stars remain for ever.

Religion is morality developed by pure worship. Thus considered, it is imperishable. Thus considered, it is the root of civilization. Thus considered, it renders to mankind a service than which none higher is known to man. Every reasoning being must readily acknowledge that the whole wheel-work of progress would come to a sudden standstill were violent hands laid upon religion. There are other noble institutions to maintain order and education, but there is none other which fosters a line of training that shall form moral conduct and character in the community. True religion is the foundation of society, the basis on which all true civil government rests, and from which power derives its authority, law its efficacy, and both their sanction. If this be shaken, the whole fabric must fall.

Now and then we hear the suggestion that civil law should take the place of religion. As the sky is over the

earth, encompassing and enclosing it, so is religion above the law, overarching and enfolding it. The law has grown out of religion; its roots are deeply imbedded in spirituality. From the well-spring of rational religion gushes the fountain of that righteous conduct which the law seeks to enforce. The best institutions of law and justice, the best fruits of learning, the richest discoveries—every great thing the world has seen—represents more or less directly the fruitfulness and creativeness of religion. A city may as well be built in the air as a commonwealth or kingdom be either constituted or preserved without the support of religion. The great comprehensive truths, written in letters of living light on every page of history, are these: Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom, none but virtue; virtue, none but knowledge; and neither freedom, virtue, nor knowledge has any vigor or stay except in the principles and in the foundations of religion. Whatever good may be conceded to the influence of law on society, still reason and experience forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail to the exclusion of religious principles. Moral habits cannot be trusted on any other foundation than that of religion, nor any government be secure which rests not on the pillar of God and His divine law implanted in the human heart.

It is religion that has given us the rule of duty and the law of right. The charity which cares for the unfortunate, which shelters the homeless, which provides for the aged and infirm, which fosters the love of husband and wife, of sons and daughters, the self-sacrificing devotion of parents—these sacred duties did not originate in any legal code. The suppression of hypoerisy, avarice, envy, deception, ingratitude, and the elevation of honor, self-denial, reverence, benevolence, and the whole category of vir-

tues ardently practised, day after day, by the countless hosts who know little or nothing of practical law—these belong to a higher court than that over which human judges preside. They are the offspring of religion. Religion, and not law, consoles the despondent, gives hope to the sinking, light to the erring, peace to the troubled, and balm to the wounded. From the pages of Scriptures, and not from the tomes of the law, are the avaricious taught charity, the powerful justice, and the proud humility.

Science has been suggested to fill the place of religion. As an assistant, religion has none abler than science. Science does very much to strengthen the roots of religion. It reveals the existence of God. It reveals the all-surpassing wonders of His handiwork. It reveals His marvellous power and wisdom and forethought. But further than the threshold of religion its power does not extend. Science and religion subserve different missions—the one broadens the intellect, the other matures the heart; the one establishes facts, the other establishes conduct; the one roots man in knowledge, the other roots him in morality.

Moral culture, free from every reference to Divinity, has been offered as a substitute for religion. A morality that does not rest upon divine authority will never be binding upon the human heart. Only where reason is vivified by the emotion and the heart elevated by rationality, and both sanctified by spirituality, is the highest morality possible. The moral virtues without religion are cold, lifeless, and insipid; it is only religion which opens the mind to great conceptions, fills it with the most sublime ideas, and warms the soul with more than earthly pleasure. Man's morality cannot long survive his religion. The cut flower may retain its freshness and beauty for a little while, but without a root to feed it it is doomed.

Religion cannot cease; it is not the creation of man nor the creature of time. It is eternal, and it exists because God exists. It exists because the human mind thinks and the human heart feels. It exists because the attainment of the highest morality is the goal of man, and with such a goal neither law nor science nor moral culture will or can take religion's place. As long as this is the aim of life, so long will mankind stand in need of an institution which will afford the human soul an opportunity for frequent intercourse with the soul divine, so that, purified and sanctified by such contact, it may be the better prepared for heeding the admonition of morality, for conquering sin, for living in the fullest harmony with God's eternal and immutable laws, for rising upward, and striving onward and ever forward till the God-like is reached.

*and with these thoughts in our hearts,
let us proceed to the*

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

He that instructeth his child shall have joy in him ;
He shall have comfort in him in his old age.

Congregation :

*He that indulges his child prepares him for sin ;
A child that is neglected goes astray.*

Give him not liberty in his youth,
But instruct him while he can yet be trained.

*Ignorant is the untaught child ;
More ignorant is the parent who will not have him taught.*

Give your child religious instruction,
And if its heart is as hard as iron it will melt.

*He who has knowledge, and imparts it not to others,
Treats his learning with contempt.*

By the breath of school-children is the world saved.
A city without schools is doomed.

*Not even to assist in rebuilding the Sanctuary
Should children be interrupted in their studies.*

Delight in instruction from thy youth up,
And thou shalt find wisdom till old age.

*For thou shalt not be long wearied in her husbandry ;
Yea, soon shalt thou eat of her fruits.*

For at last thou shalt find rest in her,
And she will turn to thee as joy.

*And her fetters will be a strong defence for thee,
And her yokes a splendid robe.*

Talmud.—Ben Sirach.

AN THEM.

EXHORTATION.

IMPORT OF RELIGIOUS TRAINING IN CHILDHOOD.

Minister :

Twice a day the sun seems nearest to the earth—in his morning rising, and in his evening setting—and in such nearness the earth enjoys the sweetest periods of her day's existence. When with rosy fingers the sun unbars the gates of light and softly tips the hills with gold, the flowers lift their jewelled heads, the birds carol their morning hymns, the diamond-studded verdure breathes forth its sweetest incense, and man is strengthened and refreshed. Life is astir everywhere. The busy wheel of industry is set in motion. The duties of the day begin.

The day advances. Eagerly the sun climbs the heavens. With burning rays he smites the fields. The plow-

man drops his plow and seeks a shady nook. Gone are the morning jewels. The mountain-top is bare. The earth is dry and parched. The song of bird has ceased; and the flowers hang their withered heads.

Older grows the day. Slowly the sun descends in his course. One by one he calls in his fiercely-burning rays. The evening shades begin to fall. The flowers again lift up their heads; the winged choristers tune their evening hymns; the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea; the plowman homeward plods his weary way. The family circle again is full, the spirit revives, and cheer and hope gladden the heart of man.

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 Twice in our life we are nearest to religion—during the period of childhood, and during that of old age—and at such times this intimate relationship forms the happiest period of our existence. When the child has not yet reached the portals of life's struggles, when its little hands have not yet opened the gate that bars the way to the undiscovered future, how firm is religion's hold upon its soul! A truthful page is its beaming face, its heart a fountain of undefiled thought, its conscience a record over which innocence has had no need as yet to shed a tear. In love of God how pure, in love of man how sincere, in prayer how earnest, in faith how trusting, in sympathy how tender, in conduct how free from guile!

Childhood passes into youth, and youth into manhood. A cold, heartless world encompasses the busy struggler. In the heat of the combat duty is often neglected, and virtue is often forgotten. Ambition kindles his passions, and these lead in their train sin and guilt. As the noon-tide sun is farthest from the earth, so is the prime of life often farthest from religion. God is spurned; the voice of conscience is stifled; right is unheeded; self-respect is sacrificed.

The prime of life sinks into old age, and as the evening sun again approaches the earth, so does old age again approach religion. Gold has been acquired, yet it will not buy back the spring of life. Honors are abundant, yet they will not expunge a single wrong. Friends have become enemies. The associates of youth and the dear ones of later years have passed away. God alone remains a trusty stay, a faithful friend, a helpful comforter to the last. One joy alone is left to those who are weary of life, sick at heart, and bent low with age, and this joy they find in pouring out their hearts in adoration of Him who giveth strength to the feeble and hope to the sinking.

In ascending the Alps the traveller passes through different regions of vegetation. First comes the vine, then the fruit tree, then magnificent forests; higher up the stunted pines, still higher up dwarf trees and mosses. But in the highest realm of all, almost on the very top of the mountain, where all other vegetation has disappeared, a tiny flower peeps through the perpetual snow.

Such is the attitude of man to religion. In life's earliest stages there is a luxuriant growth of religious devotion; this is followed by a stunted and dwarfed virtue, and this by a soul-freezing indifference to godly thoughts and virtuous deeds. But far up, when snowy whiteness rests upon the head of man, the warmth of religious fire melts the layers of ice that have formed about the heart. On his life's summit, despite the chilling atmosphere caused by years of estrangement from God, the flowers of faith sprout forth again, and, blooming in abundance and beauty cheer the weary pilgrim till he is at rest.

A very solemn truth confronts us here. We see virtue most in danger at a period when it is of greatest need. When man is in the vigor of his years his godlessness, too, is often at its height.

It is not a law of nature that we should harden the heart in the prime of our life against those nobler impulses which flow spontaneously during innocent childhood and experienced old age. We must seek the reason elsewhere, and we have not far to seek.

Trace individual careers, and see whether the virtues or the vices which characterize the prime of life are not commensurate with the pains taken in inscribing upon the clear white tablets of childhood's innocent heart the eternal lessons of righteousness. The plant into whose every leaf the early morning dew instills the refreshing balm of life, or whose tender rootlets the thoughtful gardener waters well before the fiercely-burning rays descend upon them, will face undismayed the sun's fiery chariot, and though the burning darts fly fast and ever faster, it will laugh them all to scorn. There is an invincible strength in its every rootlet, and a fountain of life in its every pore.


Our success in life is largely dependent upon the religious training we receive in childhood. Where a pure childhood goes before, there a pure manhood or womanhood follows after. Childhood shows the man as morning shows the day. The child's character is the nucleus of the man's; all after-education is but superposition. Childhood is the spring of life; by the care bestowed upon it will be determined the glory of the summer, the abundance of the autumn, the provision of the winter. Virtue is not a weed; it does not spring up in a night; it is a delicate plant; its seed must be sown early; it grows slowly; it requires constant and careful attention. Plant within the child a predisposition to virtue and you will reap virtue for your harvest. Letters cut into the stem of the young tree grow up with the tree. Plant the good in those that are young, and neither time nor care

will ever efface it. No after-scouring will entirely cleanse the steel when rust has once stained it, and no after-moralizing will wholly redeem the heart that has been accustomed to evil ways in childhood. It is in childhood that the mind is most open to impressions and most ready to be kindled by the first spark that falls upon it.

In the great museums there are pieces of stone bearing the footprints of animals that passed across the beach in prehistoric times, before yet the sediments had hardened into rock. Thus is man's spirit: in childhood days soft, susceptible to all impressions, treasuring them all, gathering them into itself, and retaining them for ever.

To educate children's hearts forms one of the main objects of a congregation's existence. To lead its young into paths that are true and good, to train them for their duties of life, to fit them for honorable and useful careers, is a congregation's highest aim. Knowing the dangers that await youth and the temptations that beset the prime of life, it trains the heart and mind while they are yet teachable. Before it sends forth the young into the world it solemnly consecrates them to virtue and godliness by means of the confirmation ceremony. The solemnity and impressiveness of that ceremony, and the sacred promises then given with fervor and emotion, remain throughout life a warning, a help, and a guide.

With such trust in the efficacy of the confirmation ceremony, this congregation consecrates to-day those of its pupils who have been found worthy. May God's blessing rest upon these exercises, and grant unto the participants sincerity of heart, constancy of mind, steadfastness of soul now and for ever.



ANTIPHON.

(Choir and Congregation chant and read alternate verses.)

Choir :

Awe before the Lord is the beginning of knowledge ;
The mouth of the righteous talketh of wisdom.

Congregation :

*The law of God is in his heart ;
None of his steps shall slide.*

Forget not the law of God ;
Let thy heart keep His commandments.

*For length of days, and years of life,
And peace shall they add to thee.*

Let not the commandments of the Lord forsake thee :
Bind them about thy neck, write them upon thy heart.

*So shalt thou find favor and good understanding
In the sight of God and man.*

Then shalt thou walk in thy way securely,
And thy foot shall not stumble.

*When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid :
Thou shalt rest, and thy sleep shall be sweet.*

Discretion shall watch over thee,
Understanding shall keep thee :

*To deliver thee from the way of evil,
From the men who forsake the path of righteousness.*

Psalms.

ASPIRATION.

*Turn to page 27, and continue to Scriptural Reading on page 30 of Regular
Morning Service.*

SCRIPTURAL READING.

(Exod. xx. 2-17.)

HYMN.

RELIGION IN YOUTH.

Happy who in earthly youth,
 While yet pure and innocent,
 Stores his mind with heav'nly truth—
 Life's unfading ornament.

Happy who in tender years
 Leans on God for his support;
 Who life's bark by virtue steers,
 That it reach perfection's port.

Guide, O guide this hopeful band,
 Father, in Thy truth and light!
 May these children ever stand
 Firm in goodness and in right.

Thine, O God, these souls are Thine;
 Undeiled they came from Thee:
 Guide them in Thy love divine,
 Heirs of immortality.

Members of the Class give from the Pulpit brief original explanations of the Meaning of Confirmation, Reasons for Confirmation in Judaism, Benefits of Religion, Attitude toward other Creeds, and other kindred subjects, the number of which is to be determined by the number of members in the Class.

HYMN.

THE MORN OF LIFE.

Oh, in the morn of life, when youth
 With vital ardor glows,
 And shines in all the fairest charms
 That beauty can disclose,

Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be Thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved,

Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways ;

Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest :
Oh, then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

Members of the Class give from Pulpit brief original accounts of the History of Israel, divided into as many epochs as the number of members in the Class will permit.

HYMN.

ISRAEL'S DUTY.

Let Israel trust in God alone,
And in His power confide,
For He is faithful to His word
If we in Him abide.
His councils must for ever stand ;
All nations bow to His command.

Let Israel strive for truth alone
In love to bless mankind,

And in the bonds of brotherhood
 All nations soon to bind,
 So that they all, with one accord,
 Acknowledge and obey the Lord.

Members of the Class give from the Pulpit brief original explanations of each of the Ten Commandments, divided into as many parts as the number of members in the Class will permit.

HYMN.

GOD'S LAW IS PERFECT.

(Psalm xix., Part ii.)

The statutes of the Lord are just,
 And bring sincere delight ;
 His pure commands in search of truth
 Assist the feeblest sight.

His perfect worship here is fix'd,
 On sure foundations laid ;
 His equal laws are in the scales
 Of truth and justice weigh'd ;

Of more esteem than golden mines,
 Of gold refined with skill ;
 More sweet than honey, or the drops
 That from the comb distil.

My trusty counsellors they are,
 And friendly warnings give :
 Divine rewards attend on those
 Who by Thy precepts live.

Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
 Dominion have o'er me,
 That, by Thy grace preserved, I may
 From all transgression flee.

So shall my prayer and praises be
 With Thy acceptance blest,
 And I, secure on Thy defence,
 My strength and fortress rest.

Minister delivers a brief address to Class. Upon concluding, he returns to each member the six buds deposited in the Shrine, charging the Class to make each symbolize a guiding virtue deducible from each letter of the word "ISRAEL."

The first bud is to stand for the letter "I," and is to symbolize INNOCENCE. This is to be deposited in the SHRINE, there to be preserved as a lasting witness of the sacred promise given to lead a life of innocence.

The second bud is to stand for the letter "S," and is to symbolize SACRIFICE. This is to be given to the PARENTS as an expression of appreciation of all the sacrifices made in their children's behalf, and is to be preserved as a lasting witness of the promise given to make every sacrifice to lead noble and useful lives.

The third bud is to stand for the letter "R," and is to symbolize RELIGION. This is to be given to the MINISTER, by him to be preserved as a lasting witness of the sacred promise given by each member to become a faithful follower and supporter of religion.

The fourth bud is to stand for the letter "A," and is to symbolize AFFECTION. This is to be given to some CHARITY INSTITUTION, there to be preserved as a lasting witness of the sacred promise given to cultivate affectionate regard not only for those near and dear, but also for the needy and distressed.

The fifth bud is to stand for the letter "E," and is to symbolize EDUCATION. This is to be given to a TEACHER or a SCHOOL, to be preserved as a lasting witness of the sacred promise given by each member to continue faithfully in the pursuit of knowledge.

The sixth bud is to stand for the letter "L," and is to symbolize LABOR. This is to be preserved by EACH MEMBER as a lasting witness of the sacred promise given to consecrate life to honorable and useful toil for the good of self and mankind.

DECLARATION.

The members of the Class range themselves to the right and left of the pulpit while one of them makes the declaration of the acceptance of the Religion of Judaism, at the conclusion of which the entire Class joins in the following:

"I consecrate my life to the Religion of Israel. With all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my might, will I endeavor to further the lofty aims of Judaism. Unto the end of my life Israel's undying watchword shall be my guide: : אֱלֹהֵינוּ " אֶחָד :—Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is One.'"

HYMN.

(To be sung by Confirmation Class.)

THE SOLEMN VOW.

Witness, ye men and women, now
 Before the Lord we speak ;
 To Him we make our solemn vow,
 With hearts devout and meek,

That, long as life itself shall last,
 Ourselves to God we yield,
 That from His cause we'll ne'er depart,
 To Whom our vows are sealed.

Lord, guide our faltering feet aright,
 And keep us in Thy ways,
 And while we turn our vows to prayers
 Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

The Minister takes his stand before the Ark, and, laying his hands upon the head of each member of the Class in turn, pronounces the following benedictions in successive sentences :

THE MINISTER'S BLESSING.

I consecrate your lives to all that is true and pure and holy.

Be ye a blessing unto yourselves and unto all mankind.

Unto the erring be ye knowledge ; unto the sorrowing, comfort.

Unto the needy be ye help ; unto truth and justice, firm support.

Wherever ye abide, may, through you, the name of Israel be hallowed and its teachings glorified.

May the furtherance of Israel's cause be your unswerving practice now and for ever. Amen.

At the end of the benediction the Choir chants:

I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.	גְּדוֹלָהּ וְהַעֲשֵׂה לְגוֹי וְאֶכְרַתְּךָ וְהִגְדַּלְתָּ שְׁמֶךָ וְהָיָה בְרָכָה:
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(Gen. xii. 2.)

Each member of the Class, after receiving the Blessing, deposits one of the buds in the Shrine. One of the members then delivers an original Closing Prayer, after which the Class sings the following hymn.

HYMN.

PRAYER FOR GOD'S BLESSING.

Suppliant, low, Thy children bend,
 Father, for Thy blessing now;
 Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
 We are weak, almighty Thou.

With the peace Thy word imparts
 Be the taught and teachers blest;
 In our lives and in our hearts,
 Father, be Thy laws impressed.

Shed abroad in every mind
 Light and pardon from above,
 Charity for all our kind,
 Trusting faith, and holy love.

Grant us spirits lowly, pure,
 Errors pardoned, sins forgiven,
 Humble trust, obedience sure,
 Love to man, and faith in Heaven.

(Return to page 27.)

THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.

Additional Succoth Eve Service.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

THANKSGIVING—FAIREST BLOSSOM OF THE SOUL.

“When ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep feast unto the Lord.”—Lev. xxiii. 39.

GRATITUDE to God for His bountiful gifts is the spontaneous feeling of every appreciative heart. It is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the mind of man knows none more fragrant. It is the heart's homage rendered to God for His goodness. Whole days spent in contrition before God, whole hours spent in confession of sin, have not the merit of a single thanks-offering. A grateful thought toward Heaven is of itself a prayer. The true man cannot receive a favor or blessing even from his fellow-man without desiring in some manner to give expression to his gratefulness. Savages destitute of almost every other virtue possess this. We can read it on the face of the speechless infant; we meet with frequent instances of it even among the lower animals; aye, even the humblest flower of the field seems to breathe forth a thanks-offering when, after a season of drought, it is revived by dew or rain.

The feeling of gratitude being so widespread and so spontaneous in almost every form and stage of life, it is not strange that the Israelites, while still following agricultural pursuits in their beloved Palestine, should at this

harvest season of the year have felt a strong desire to assemble in their sanctuary for the purpose of joyfully rendering praise and thanks to Him from whom all their blessings came. Nor is it strange that we ourselves, equally blessed with nature's choicest treasures, should, like them, be animated by a strong yearning to offer our most fervent thanks for the bountiful gifts with which God has blessed us. How can we now behold the year's vast produce, which God in His infinite goodness has ripened for our support and joy, and not be permeated with feelings of gratitude? How can we contemplate the abundance which surrounds us, or think of our fate had the earth refused her produce, had God withheld His bounty, —and not be overcome by a longing to stammer forth words of praise and thanksgiving to the Author of our being and to the Provider of all our needs?

It is unfortunately true that man is very prone to think of God's favors only after they have flown away. In the midst of the greatest blessings he often sees the least reason for being thankful; only after they have vanished, does he begin to realize how much cause he had for gratitude. Oh, how blessings brighten as they take their flight! Nothing raises the value of God's gifts like their removal. It is generally true that to make men unmindful of what they owe to God all that is required is that they should partake of His gifts often and regularly. And the richer the measure of their blessings, the more are men inclined to be filled with pride, and to think and speak of themselves as the sole authors of all they possess. Pride slays thanksgiving. A selfish man is seldom grateful. Believing that he never gets as much as he deserves, he is readier to lament over what he has not than to give thanks for what he has. His sorrows he magnifies into mountains; his blessings he contracts into mole-hills.

Were we first to pause and thank God for every pleasure, we would not have a moment's leisure for murmuring over our griefs. God showers enough of blessings on us during one day to make us forget the sorrows of a lifetime. But we choose to brood over the drop of bitterness that finds its way into the eup of sweetness, and we thus convert the whole into gall. The Israelites in the wilderness despised the manna because it was given them in great abundance. To satisfy their longing for Egyptian food they were ready to sacrifice the precious boon of liberty. An occasional sorrow or an unsatisfied longing makes many an one forget the blessings that are his—makes him act like the child who, if any of its delights be taken away, casts aside all the rest and falls a-crying. If he has not all that he desires he thinks he has nothing. Because a single blessing is denied him he ignores the many which he still possesses and which should serve him as a comfort to moderate his grief.

It is well, therefore, that our fathers instituted this Day of Thanksgiving on which to be made conscious of the countless blessings that surrounded them and of their many obligations to render praise and thanksgiving to the Author of them all. And as they in former times, so are we to-day gathered around our shrine. We have decked it with the fruits of field and orchard, to be vividly reminded by them of all that God has given, of all that we have cause to be thankful for and to rejoice over. In return for God's mercy we should think of those in our midst not so blessed as we, and give them also opportunity for being thankful and for rejoicing. Gratitude to God leads to humbleness of spirit, and humbleness leads to sympathy with our fellow-beings. The humble heart is mindful of the needs of others, and the grateful heart is eager to share freely with them.

The truly grateful feels that God does not lavish His blessings upon the earth so that a few may enjoy a great abundance while others live in want. It is wrong for one to enjoy the feast and for another to endure the fast. The truest joy is that which springs from bringing joy to others; the truest gratitude is in that act which gives to others the opportunity for being grateful; the truest wealth is that which kindness stores up in the heart of the sorrowing and suffering. Our noblest acquisitions live only in our charity. To bestow our blessings and show such gratitude can alone make the Thanksgiving Festival equal in importance to the New Year Day and the Day of Atonement. A writer said, "The New Year Day carries us half-way to God; the Atonement Day brings us to the door of His presence; the Thanksgiving Day, on which we begin to share our blessings with those in need of them, ushers us into His very presence."

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

Minister :

Let thy mind think of God's goodness and bounty,
And swiftly thy heart will render praise and thanks.

Congregation :

*Help a poor man from thy blessings,
And spurn him not because of his poverty.*

Shut up alms in thy storehouse,
And it shall open to thee peace and joy.

*It shall fight for thee against thine enemy
Better than a mighty shield and strong spear.*

Defer not a gift to one in need ;
Refuse not a supplicant in distress.

*Turn not away thy face from a poor man,
Nor thine ear from him that asketh.*

In time of plenty think of the time of hunger,
And in the days of wealth, of poverty and need.

*Prosperity and adversity, life and death,
Poverty and riches, come from the Lord.*

Let not thine hand be stretched out to receive,
And held back in repaying.

*If thou leadest others to good deeds,
They will be accounted to thee as thine own.*

Stretch forth thine hand unto a poor man,
That thy blessings may be perfected.

*He who is humble before God and charitable to man
Will twice enjoy the blessings of life.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

ORISON.

Minister :

O Thou Giver of all good, we come to render praise to Thee for Thine infinite goodness, revealed in bountiful harvests and in the blessings of peace and health and prosperity. We come to pay our tribute of joyful thanks for the many blessings, public and personal, temporal and spiritual, which Thou hast given and continued to us in the year past.

Laden as we have been with Thy bounties, may it be found that our hearts are filled with Thy love and our lips tuned to Thy praise. We adore that goodness which glows in the sun, refreshes in the breeze, distils in the fruitful dew, descends in the copious showers, smiles on us by day and watches over us by night, opens upon us in the joyous spring, and gladdens our hearts in the bounteous

autumn. O Lord, if we speak of Thy mercies, they are more than we can number.

Our Guardian God, we thank Thee for Thy gifts. We thank Thee for the food that has nourished us, for the raiment that has clothed us, and for the health that has cheered us. We thank Thee that we enjoy liberty, safety, and plenty. We bless Thee for the comforts of sincere friends, for the labors of the wise, for the means of education, for the privilege of public worship, for the support of civil order, for the administration of justice, for every encouragement to well-doing and every manifestation of useful truth.

Bountiful Supporter of the world's great family, while we ask the continuance of Thy blessings, we especially ask for wisdom to improve them aright. Let not our prosperity destroy us, and Thy gifts become the means of nourishing pride and presumption, greed and intemperance, but do Thou dispose us to a grateful and prudent use of Thy bounties. Above all, guard us against excess in this season of abundance. Keep us from looking upon ourselves as the sole creators of our blessings. Breathe into us a spirit of humility. Open our eyes so that we may see that if Thou givest not, we are lost; that, with all our wisdom, we cannot call forth a blade of grass; that, with all our power, we cannot command a ray of sun to brighten nor a drop of dew to refresh the earth.

And as our hearts feast upon the prosperity which abounds, guard them, O God, from becoming callous. Let not our eyes be blind to the tears of the suffering, nor our ears be deaf to the appeals of those who cry for bread, but may we be as lavish with our blessings as Thou, O God, hast lavished them upon us, that in the season of plenty there may be no want, and at the time of joyousness there may be no mourning. In this spirit we would

extend our good wishes to all beings capable of happiness. Bless, we pray Thee, all our rulers, judges, and officers in authority. May our land be the abode of truth and freedom. Prosper the means of education; enlighten the ignorant; cheer the persecuted; relieve the distressed; speak peace to troubled consciences; strengthen the weak; confirm the strong; deliver the oppressed from him who spoileth him, and aid the needy who hath no helper. Open in every land an asylum for distress, and erect in every heart an altar for Thy praise.

Giver of every good, as we this day rejoice in the blessings of the harvest, we pray that we may make it a day of religious gladness. Let not our abundance become a snare to us, but may we honor Thee amid all our enjoyments, and may whatever we do be to the glory of Thy holy name. Amen.

HYMN.

THE OFFERING.

Lord, what offering shall we bring
 As before Thee we bend low?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Cheering words to soften woe,
 Charity to all mankind,
 Ever ready to bestow.

Teach us, O Thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus our hearts and souls to bring
 Into service to mankind.

Additional Succoth Morning Service.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS.

“When ye have gathered in the fruits of the land, ye shall keep a feast and rejoice before the Lord.”—Lev. xxiv. 39.

OUR thoughts wander back this morning to happy days. The land of Palestine had been turned into an Eden of fruitfulness by the toil of our forefathers. The labor of the year was crowned with success, and the autumnal harvest at last completed. What a glorious outburst of joy and gratitude this day witnessed in the ancient times! The Rabbis have told us that he who was not present at the celebration of the Harvest Festival in Jerusalem failed to taste of the real enjoyments of life. From far and wide the people gathered, bringing into the sanctuary the gifts of nature as their votive offering of thanks to the Creator. Hymns and praises were chanted by the Levites to the accompaniment of the harp, the cornet, the trumpet, and the flute. Exalted in spirit through this service of joy, the people, with their teachers and guides, gave themselves up freely to the enjoyment of the games and sports of those days in the very halls of the temple itself. It was the happiest time of all the year. Like water from a natural fountain, joy bubbled forth from pent-up hearts upon which the holy days of reflection and repentance just gone before had laid their sombre earnestness.

Happiness is man's true and natural condition. Heaven and earth with their bounteous gifts quicken his every im-

pulse to joy. What a universe of form and beauty and color is ours! What grandeur in a sunrise! What sublimity in a sunset! What majesty in the marches of the starry hosts! What rapture for the soul lies in the landscape of hill and forest and river, in a sweep of the ocean, or on the mountains that seem like rugged stairways to the clouds! What unspeakable delight in the face of the flower radiant with beauty, in the odors and flavors that thrill the nerves with pleasure, in the hues and tints of nature's raiment, in the luscious fruits she holds in her hands, in the golden grain she scatters in lavish abundance over the earth! Every fibre of our being responds in thankfulness to the joy which the Creator has touched into life. With words and songs of gladness we yearn to praise Him.

True religion does not cast a gloom over the present life. It lifts the veil of sadness from human eyes and makes them radiant with the light of love. Men have taught that it is sinful to enjoy one's self; that we are likely to be ensnared in the pleasant things about us so as to lose sight of, and cease to desire, those things that are higher and better. The model of the religious man of the past was, among most people, precisely the opposite of what the world to-day conceives a happy man to be. The saints that are represented in the writings and pictures of the world are all men with gloomy faces, who fast, suffer, deny themselves, withdraw from ordinary pursuits, live in wildernesses and caves, thrust away from them the domestic joys and the advantages of society, drama, literature, and all things that make up the rushing life of the composite world. This conception would be a logical one if it were true that man has fallen—if it were true that humanity lies under the wrath of an angry God.

By the very conditions of the moral nature with which we are endowed, and which makes us what we are, we are compelled to believe that if there is righteousness, if there is love, on the throne of the universe, the grand end and outcome of life must be one of happiness and peace.

There are several considerations which support and strengthen this statement that happiness is rightfully an object of human search and the destiny of human existence.

It is now ascertained as a scientific fact that those sensations which give us pleasure add to the sum total of life; that every painful or disagreeable sensation takes something away from the fund of man's power and the duration of his being. There is therefore no proverb more true than that which declares that "every sigh drives a nail into a man's coffin, and every laugh draws one out."

It is likewise a fact, testified to by the experience and observation of mankind, that happiness is an element of all successful work. We are more apt to succeed in what we love to do than in that which we do with aversion.

Then there is another truth, wider and broader even than this. It is this thirst for pleasure which is the very root of the world's civilization. Why does man go out into the wilderness, cut down trees, break up the soil, start a new settlement, plant the seed, lay out the garden-plot, build the home, and beautify it within? It is simply the desire to satisfy the purest yearnings for pleasure. This one principle has been the mainspring and the motive force of progress. But, through our ignorance or carelessness, the most of us enjoy too little of the pleasure of good health to make the highest progress possible. We do not keep ourselves in true accord with nature's laws. Take an instrument, attune it in perfect

accord, and place it where the breeze will play over its strings, and there will come forth a dreamy strain of lulling music. So this human nature of ours, this physical, mental, and moral life—if it be attuned perfectly to the forces about us, it will render every breath of the world's life sweetest music.

Another condition of happiness is the appreciation of the common things of the world. The most of us have within our reach abundant means for constant joy. The reason that we are not happy is because, overlooking what is at hand, we are reaching out and crying for something that we have not and really need not for our well-being. The most precious things are, after all, the commonest things. The very best gifts that it is possible for God to bestow upon humanity He has already bestowed upon every man, woman, and child—light, air, the necessities of life, mental and moral powers, the sympathy and encouragement of friends, the affections and comforts of home, the protection of the law, the guardianship of the State, the blessings of peace, and the opportunities in a free land to develop all that is highest and best within us. These common things of the world fill to the brim the cup of life's best happiness.

Yet men, for greed of gold, will throw away the vast fund of pleasure that comes to them from God's universal gifts, trampling them under their feet, and then, in their blind wilfulness, question the wisdom and the love and bounty of God.

If we look over the world in the light of this principle, we shall find that God is more equable in the distribution of His gifts than we are wont to imagine. If you wish to gain a happiness that is permanent, you must constantly seek to cultivate the higher and nobler side of your being. Cultivate those things that are perma-

ment; build yourself up in those that are divine. Seek happiness for its own sake, and you will not find it; heed duty, and happiness will follow as light attends the day. It is an inevitable law that man cannot be happy if he does not live for something higher than his own happiness. He cannot live in or for himself. Every desire he has links him with others. Play continually upon one string of a violin, and you will wear it and produce little music. Thus if you play upon any one string of this marvellously attuned instrument of the body, of the mind, of the soul, you will find that you are destroying the very capacity for pleasure. Enjoy to the full the sweets of this present life. There is no harm in it; there is good in it if you keep within the laws of right. And the highest happiness comes from freely sharing with others that which affords us joy and comfort. The grand essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love, and something for which to hope. A cheerful industry, pure and unselfish affections, and the effort to realize the standards of purity, self-command, and fortitude are needed to make our lasting happiness.

These, the permanent things of life that fill up the measure of our satisfaction and reach out into the future, are those that link us to qualities divine. A worthy and fitting celebration, then, of the Harvest Festival would be that we garner new fruits of joy into the storehouse of our lives, and cast out the weeds of gloom that stifle our peace. We should gather in this day the vivid realization of the thousandfold sources of gladness which God has planted and ripened for us in nature—beauties in life, possibilities in work, in duty done to self and humankind. We would then erect for ourselves storehouses which will endure into eternity, and heap up in them treasures which years cannot diminish nor age rob us of their joys.

ANTIPHON.

(Choir and Congregation chant and read alternate verses.)

Choir :

Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord :
Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving.

Congregation :

*It is good to give thanks unto the Lord,
And to sing praises unto the Most High.*

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good :
For His mercy endureth for ever.

*The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof ;
The world, and they that dwell therein.*

Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice ;
Let the fields exult, and all that is therein.

*Praise God in His sanctuary :
Praise Him in the firmament of His power.*

Praise Him in His mighty acts :
Praise Him according to His excellent greatness.

*Praise Him with the timbrel and the trumpet :
Praise Him with the psaltery and harp.*

Praise Him with stringed instruments and the organ :
Praise Him upon the loud cymbals.

*Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord ;
For the Lord is good : His mercy endureth for ever.*

Psalms.

HYMN OF HARVEST.

Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail ;
Thy daily blessings do not fail ;
The varying seasons haste their round ;
With goodness all our years are crowned :

Our thanks we pay

This holy day.

Oh, let our hearts in tune be found !

When spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
When autumn yields its ripen'd grain,

We ever sing

To Thee, our King ;

Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

But chiefly when Thy bounteous hand
New plenty scatters o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air
As homeward men earth's treasures bear,

We too will raise

Our hymn of praise,

For we Thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest, all is Thine—
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound.

New every year

Thy gifts appear ;

New praises from our lips shall sound.

EXHORTATION.

PERSONAL INTEREST IN THE LOT OF THE POOR.

“Thou shalt rejoice in thy feast, thou and thy house; the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow that are within thy gates.”
—Deut. xvi. 14.

Minister :

The festival which calls us together bids us rejoice before God. Let us learn from the Scripture that there is no true joy in whatever centres in self. To care for our households, to hear the cry of the widow, to heed the orphan's plaintive wail, to give ourselves in kindly deeds unto our fellow-men—such is the service of joy which can alone be accounted godly and true. There is no music as sweet and tender as the thanksgiving songs of consoled widows and relieved orphans, of comforted and thankful persons.

Our forefathers on this festival took up their abode in frail booths as a reminder of the providence of God which guarded Israel's sojourn in the wilderness. They went out of their homes to dwell in lowly habitations that they might subject themselves to the trials of those who are without protection. So should we, in our days, go out as divine messengers to our brethren in need, and seek to know their condition, to understand their needs, and bring them the offerings of our friendship and our aid.

Behold the thousands of the poor who dwell in the land bewailing their fate, in bitterness of heart crying out against the favored of the earth! Many are the causes which justify their lament. Living amidst the worshippers of wealth, they naturally feel degraded by the want of it. The looks, tones, and manners of the world tell them that they are considered inferiors. They hear the word *respectable* confined to other conditions, and the word *low* applied to their own. Habitual subjection to slight or contempt is

crushing to the spirit. It is exceedingly hard for a human being to comprehend and appreciate himself amidst outward humiliation. Can we wonder that the poor, thus abandoned, should identify themselves with their lot—that in their rags they should see the sign of inward as well as outward degradation?

Another evil of poverty is its disastrous influence on the domestic affections. The more delicate sentiments find much in the abodes of indigence to chill them. A family crowded into a cramped apartment, which must answer at once the ends of parlor, kitchen, bedroom, nursery, and hospital, must necessarily want neatness, order, and cleanliness. The decencies of life can be with difficulty observed. The young grow up without the modest reserve and delicacy of feeling in which purity finds so much of its defence. Coarseness of manners and language corrupts childhood and becomes the fixed habit of older years.

Another unhappy influence exerted on the poor is their living in the sight and in the midst of indulgences and gratifications which are placed beyond their reach. Their connection with the affluent, though not close enough for social communication, is near enough to inflame appetites, desires, wants, which cannot be satisfied. From their cheerless rooms they look out on the abodes of luxury. At their cold, coarse meal they hear the equipage conveying others to tables groaning under plenty, crowned with sparkling wines, and fragrant with the delicacies of every clime. Fainting with toil, they meet others free from labor or care. They feel that all life's prizes have fallen to others; hence burning desire, hence brooding discontent, hence envy and hatred, hence crime, justified, to their own minds, by what seems to them the unjust and cruel inequalities of social life. We little think of the gloom added to the poor by the contiguity of the

rich. They are preyed on by artificial wants which can only be gratified by crime. They are surrounded by enjoyments which only fraud or violence can make their own. Unhappily, the grasping spirit of the rich increases these temptations of the poor.

Very seldom does a distinct, authentic voice of wisdom come to them from the high places of society, telling them that riches are not happiness, and that a felicity which riches cannot buy is within reach of all. Wealth-worship is the idol of the prosperous, and this is the strongest inculcation of discontent and crime in the poor. The rich satisfy themselves with giving alms to the needy. They think little of the more fatal gifts which they perpetually bestow. They think little that their self-indulgence and earthliness, their idolatry of outward prosperity and their contempt of inferior conditions, are perpetually teaching the destitute that there is but one good on earth, namely, wealth—the very good in which the poor have no share. They little think that by these influences they do much to inflame, embitter, and degrade the minds of the poor, to fasten them to the earth, to cut off their communication with Heaven.

Another sore trial of the poor is that, whilst their condition denies them many enjoyments which on every side meet their view and inflame desire, it places within their reach many debasing gratifications. Human nature has a strong thirst for pleasures which relieve the monotony of life. It drives the prosperous from their pleasant homes to scenes of novelty and stirring amusement. How strongly must it act on those who are weighed down by anxieties and privations! How intensely must the poor desire to forget for a time the wearing realities of life! And what means of escape does society afford or allow them? What present do civilization and science make to

the poor? Strong drink, liquid poison! In every poor man's neighborhood flows a Lethean stream which for a while carries into oblivion all his humiliations and sorrows. The power of this temptation can be little understood by those whose thirst for pleasure is regularly supplied by a succession of innocent pastimes, by those who meet soothing and exciting objects everywhere. The uneducated poor, without recourse to books, to pleasant family life, to cheerful apartments, to places of resort, and pressed down by disappointment, debt, despondency, and exhausting toils, are driven by a strong impulse to the haunts of intemperance, and there they plunge into a misery sorer than all the tortures invented by man. They quench the light of reason, blot out God's image as far as they have power, and take their place among the brutes.

Such are a few of the evils of poverty. It is a condition which offers many obstructions to the development of intellect and affection, of self-respect and self-control. The poor are exposed to discouraging views of themselves, of human nature, of human life. The consciousness of their own intellect and moral power slumbers. Their faith in virtue is obscured by the darkness of their present lot. Often ignorant, ever desponding and sorely tempted, have they not solemn claims on their more privileged brethren for aid which they have not yet received?

It is evident that the evils of poverty are chiefly moral in their origin and character, and they ought therefore to awaken our concern. Their physical sufferings attract more or less of our pity. When shall the greater misery move our hearts? Is there nothing to startle us in the fact that in every city dwells a multitude of human beings, falling or fallen into extreme moral degradation, living in dark, filthy houses or in damp, unventilated cellars, where the eye lights on no beauty and the

ear is continually wounded with discord, where the outward gloom is a type of the darkened mind, where the name of God is heard only when profaned, where charity is known only as a resource for sloth, where the child is trained amidst coarse manners, impure words, and the fumes of intemperance, and is thence sent forth to vice and beggary? From these abodes issues a louder cry for personal interest than physical want ever uttered. By this it is not intended that their physical condition demands no aid. Let charity minister to want and suffering. But let us bear in mind that no charity produces permanent good but that which reaches the mind, which touches the inward springs of improvement and awakens some strength of purpose, some self-respect. That charity is most useful which removes from the way of the poor obstructions to well-doing and temptations to evil, and encourages them to strive for their own true good. Something, indeed, may be done for the moral benefit of the indigent by wise legislation—by enactments intended to remove, as far as possible, degrading circumstances from their condition. Our chief reliance, however, must be placed on more direct and powerful means than legislation. The poor need, and must receive, personal interest. They need an elevating power to resist the depressing tendencies of their outward lot. Personal interest and spiritual culture are the only effectual services we can render them. Such aid gives them force to bear up against all the adverse circumstances of their lot, inspires them with self-respect, refines their manners, gives impulse to their intellectual powers, opens to them the springs of domestic peace, teaches them to see without murmuring the superior enjoyments of others, and rescues them from the excesses into which multitudes are driven by destitution and despair.

It is such truths as these that our beautiful festival

comes to impress. In thought and sympathy we dwell with the poor in their humble abodes, in heart we go out to them through sorrow and distress. We make real the sublime doctrine of our faith that all men are brothers. In ancient times the Israelites appeared before God on this day with the proud palm firmly bound to the humble willow and the lowly myrtle held in one hand, and in the other the fragrant citron. Let this beautiful reminder spur us on to labor for the incoming of that era when men of all ranks and stations, the proud and the humble, the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, shall be firmly bound together in the bonds of a helpful and loving fraternity.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

Minister :

A loan to the poor is preferable to charity ;
But to help them to help themselves is best of all.

Congregation :

*Let thy gates be open to the needy,
And let the poor feel at home in thy house.*

Riches are not comely for a miser ;
And of what use is money to an envious man ?

*He that stints gathers for others
Who will fare sumptuously on his goods.*

There is none worse than he that envieth himself ;
But this is a recompense for his baseness.

*A penurious eye envieth its bread,
And hath want at its table.*

According to what thou hast, do good to thyself,
And give a proportionate share unto the poor.

*Fail not to be with them that weep,
And mourn with them that mourn.*

Be not slow to visit the sick,
For through such things wilt thou be beloved.

*Give not blame with thy good deeds,
Nor with any gift bitter words.*

Incline thine ear to a poor man ;
Give him a friendly answer with mildness.

*Be as a father to the fatherless,
And a counsellor unto their mother.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

PRAYER.

Minister :

With all that dwell upon the earth and recognize Thy benignant hand, we desire to join in blessing Thy name, O God, and in bearing witness to Thy kindness. We desire, O Lord, to recognize Thy service to us. We are gathered together, a whole people, spread abroad upon the bosom of this mighty continent, where the seasons are the almoners of Thy bounty, where the sea and the land have served them, where the mountains and the mountain-sides alike have ministered unto them, where Thou hast tempered the season to health, where Thou hast brought forth abundantly from the earth, where strangers have found cheerful welcome, and where all the people have dwelt together in unity and peace.

O Lord our God, when we remember the multitude of Thy mercies our hearts are drawn out to Thee in thanksgiving. It is of Thy goodness that we live and enjoy life's blessings. All the gifts of this world are from Thee—health, competence, success in life, the happy home, the company of friends, and whatever else makes pleasant this

earthly state of being. We thank Thee, O God, for these blessings which Thou hast granted to us. May we enjoy them with that moderation of spirit which, gratefully recognizing Thee as the bestower, shall be prepared to submit if at any time Thy gifts should be withdrawn. May we use Thy bounties not for our own advantage only, but for that of others, and thus for Thy glory. May we feel that it is a blessed privilege to make others partakers of our happiness.

O God, we pray that Thou wouldst guard us, as against the trials of adversity, so also against the temptations that attend prosperity. Keep us from pride. Knowing that all we possess is Thine, may we not glory as though we had it of ourselves, but rather be more truly humble as we contrast Thy goodness with our deficiencies. Keep us from indolence. If we are not excited to industry by the pressure of want, may we be by the sense of duty to others and to Thee. Keep us from selfishness. May we sympathize with others in their distress, and rejoice in their good fortune. Keep us from too great devotedness to this world. Let Thy love affect our hearts; let us feel its reality, constancy, tenderness. To Thee we owe all. Thine is the health of our bodies, the light of our minds, the warmth of affection, the guiding voice of conscience. Whatever knowledge or virtuous impressions we have derived from the society of friends, the conversation of the wise and good, the care of instructors, the researches of past ages, we desire to trace gratefully to Thee.

O Lord, we thank Thee for the nation within whose borders our lot has been cast. We thank Thee for Thy protection vouchsafed unto the Pilgrim Fathers of this land, men of mighty faith, who came here and planted themselves in the wilderness, few in numbers, and yet not weak of heart, neither discouraged by untold hardships.

We thank Thee for the truth they brought, and for all the noble heritage which is fallen to our hands.

We bless Thee for every good institution in our midst, for the unbounded opportunity to develop the freedom of our minds and to enjoy the liberty of our souls, where-with Thou makest all men free.

Guard Thou this great land. Continue those foundations on which our fathers stood to build this great fabric, which is worthy of the name of the refuge of the poor and desolate. Hold back, we pray Thee, all sinister influences. Give great power to all beneficent influences. May colleges and seminaries, academies and schools, of every name prosper. More and more may intelligence prevail among the people. Grant that all sources of knowledge, all influences that tend to feed the hunger of the soul, may be cleansed, purified, multiplied, and made more and more powerful.

We pray that Thou wilt bless all administrations of our national affairs. We commend to Thee the President of the United States and those who are joined with him in authority. We pray that Thou wilt guide them in the ways of truth and purity and help them to walk in righteousness. Remember all governors and legislators, all judges and magistrates. Grant that the whole framework of society may be maintained in integrity and in true virtue.

Bless our neighbor nations. Unite us with them by the sweet cord of love and sympathy. We pray for Thy blessing upon all nations. Remember the peoples that are pressing onward and seeking advancement in justice and knowledge. Grant that they may be prospered by Thee. May all the diverse influences throughout the globe be clad in the armor of righteousness, and may all the elements which tend to beauty and virtue find Thee

giving them light in darkness, strength in weakness, and the knowledge and the desire to worship Thee as the Creator and Supporter of all. Amen.

HYMN.

SYMPATHY.

Let such as feel oppression's load
Thy tender pity share,
And let the helpless, hopeless poor
Be thy peculiar care.

Go bid the hungry orphan be
With thine abundance blessed ;
Invite the wanderer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.

Let him who pines with piercing cold
By thee be warmed and clad ;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.

Then, pleasant as the morning light,
In peace shall pass thy days,
And heart-approving, conscious joy
Illuminate thy ways.

Conclusion Festival.

Additional Eve Service.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

CONCLUSION AND COMMENCEMENT.

Minister :

WE are assembled to celebrate the Festival of Conclusion. We have rounded a cycle of our holidays. The *New Year Day* with its introspection and its prospect awakened us to a consciousness of our past misdeeds and our future duties. The *Atonement Day* with its solemn service took fast hold upon our hearts, and stirred us to a vivid consciousness of our duties to ourselves, to our fellow-men, and to our God. The joyous *Thanksgiving Festival*, in pointing out the manifold causes of satisfaction and content with which God has blessed us through the overflowing bounties of nature, forcibly reminded us of our dependence on these gifts, filled our hearts with gratitude and our lips with praise, and aroused within us helpful sympathy for those who have no share in the abundance of earth's products.

In the spirit of all these sublime holy days we have come now to this Festival of Conclusion. Its real purport is, and should ever be, that of a Festival of Commencement. On this day we should commence those practical works by which we make religion a living force in the world. On this day we should commence to inaugurate those movements—religious, moral, charitable, educational, and social—that tend to elevate the people and improve the

lot of humankind. On this day we should commence to consecrate ourselves to the high ideals of purity, unselfishness, and conscientious endeavor which these sacred days have set as our goal. Unless this day be dignified by such a meaning and such a high motive, making it the conclusion of indifference, selfishness, and sin, and the commencement of earnest, exalted, and helpful life in the community and in the individual, the observances of the holy days that are past will have been hollow, profitless—a sinful mockery.

To crowd this house of worship during a few days, to abstain from the customary occupations for a few hours, to do penance for misdeeds by some few sacrifices of personal gain, convenience, and comfort—this is not, has never been, can never become, the purpose of this sacred season. The sole object of a holy day is to create a holy life; and holiness is never wrought by empty lip-professions nor by ceremonial observances, however rightly performed, but by turning into realities the impulses, the emotions, the aspirations which these sacred days have quickened and the promises and resolves which they have aroused. What we ought to do has been impressed upon us by these solemn days. How we can do what we ought they have taught us. To do what we ought and what we can should be the purpose of which this day marks the commencement.

This cycle of sacred days has taught us, by its meditations, reflections, and admonitions, how false has often been the interpretation we have given to life; how frequently we have degraded ourselves into mere machines only to gratify the cravings of an animal life—to turn out so much work for the sake of so much gain.

With this day we must conclude this false view of life, and commence henceforth to lead the life of a true manli-

ness and womanliness. We must cease making slavish toil the sole aim of existence, and commence to subject our work to the real purpose of life by giving time to the culture of our nobler powers—to the elevation of the mind, the ennoblement of the heart, and the sanctification of the spirit, to the alleviation of distress by comforting the sorrowing, aiding the needy, leading back those who have gone astray, bringing light to those who walk in darkness, disseminating the precepts of truth and justice where ignorance and superstition and tyranny still hold sway.

The holy days have held up the mirror that reflected the failings and shortcomings of which we have been guilty in our communal and social intercourse, in our domestic relations, and in our abuse and neglect of self. With this day we must end our misdeeds, and must begin anew in every walk of life. As citizens, neighbors, and fellow-men we must labor to promote every interest of loyalty, faithfulness, and integrity. As kinsmen and friends we must labor to promote every interest of mutual affection, helpfulness, confidence, and harmony. As individuals we must close the record of personal vanities, petty ambitions, jealousies, envies, and distrusts by which we render ourselves and others miserable, and commence a new career of self-sacrifice and honor, of charity and benevolence, of magnanimity and sympathy, and of all other virtues that make life noble, manly, and true.

What is well begun and well continued must end well. A year's work earnestly commenced, earnestly pursued, will bring us to the threshold of the New Year with a conscience less burdened with sin; to the Atonement Day with a soul less weighted with remorse; to the Festival of Joy with a heart freed from the oppression of that greed which eagerly gathers in, but sparingly expends.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

Minister :

Do not evil and evil will not befall thee.
Love thy fellow-men, and by them wilt thou be beloved.

Congregation :

*Turn not life into ceaseless toil ;
Spend it wisely, and aid others to do likewise.*

He who craves for what is not his
Will in the end lose what he has.

*He is rich who is satisfied with his lot ;
And he is wise who doeth much with little.*

Sweet language will multiply one's friends ;
And a pleasant tongue will increase kind greetings.

*Unity of brethren and love of neighbors
Are blessings of the Lord.*

Be very careful to meet men kindly,
And keep thyself aloof from contention.

*A good man will be surety for his neighbor ;
But he that is shameless will fail him.*

The birds will resort unto their like ;
So will truth return unto them that practise it.

*The fear of the Lord is wisdom and instruction,
And fidelity and humility are his delight.*

The fear of the Lord contents the heart,
And giveth joy and gladness and a long life.

*With him who feareth the Lord it shall be well,
And he shall be honored in life and in death.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

ORISON.

We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory. The heart cannot conceive, much less the tongue utter, the greatness of Thy power, the depth of Thy wisdom, the inexhaustible riches of Thy love. We give thanks that Thou hast revealed unto us Thy glory, that Thou hast manifested to us Thy power and wisdom, and given us innumerable proofs of Thy loving kindness to us and to all men. We thank Thee for the beauty in which Thou hast clothed the earth, and the glory with which Thou hast filled the heavens. We thank Thee that all things minister to our needs and are adapted to our use. We thank Thee for all the tender ties of friendship and of kindred; for all the privileges of our social state; for the opportunities we have of gaining a knowledge of Thy truth.

We thank Thee that Thou hast guided us in safety through another cycle of festivals, and hast brought us to its end full of gratitude for the benefits of the past, and with our prayers that Thou mayest graciously renew these blessings during the season before us. We know not what the future may bring forth. Strengthen and prepare us for all that awaits us. Keep us from distrustful thoughts. Give us cheerful and unflinching confidence in Thy fatherly and all-embracing love. Thou who hast given life, shall we doubt that Thou wilt give it Thy protection? Thou from whom we have received the greater gift, may we not trust Thee for the lesser?

O Gracious Father, may no temptation assail us. Turn away our eyes from vanity, and incline our hearts to Thy testimonies. Let us be lifted above all low and selfish purpose. Let us be filled with that divine resignation, that holy wisdom, that unconquerable strength, which in the

end surmounts every difficulty and triumphs over all the sorrows of life. May our trials, both small and great, be borne with meekness, and effect for us some spiritual good.

Give us calmness and self-control under every disappointment and provocation. Enable us to meet with gentleness and forbearance any opposition to our wishes, and to strive with patience against our infirmities and faults, believing that success shall ultimately attend our efforts if we persevere in right-living and right-doing.

Almighty God, may we seek not only our own but each other's welfare and enjoyment. May we be ready to deny ourselves every indulgence that would be a disobedience to Thy laws. Give us right feelings toward one another and toward all men. May we come to the close of another cycle of festivals able to look back upon time well spent, opportunities faithfully improved, and progress conscientiously made. May we live in daily and thoughtful preparation for the future. May the thought of the hereafter cheer us onward in our earthly pilgrimage, giving purity to our motives and elevation to our aims, enabling us to bear with serene peace and trust all the allotments of Thy decrees. Having rendered faithful service during the brief term of our sojourn in these mortal bodies, and having been faithful helpers to one another in all the chances and changes of the world, may we at length, in Thine infinite grace, be permitted to take up, so let us trust, that higher work for which our earthly career may have been but a preparation. Amen.

HYMN.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING,

Live for something, be not idle ;
Look about thee for employ ;

Sit not down in useless dreaming :
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay ;
Life for thee hath many duties :
Active be the livelong day.

Scatter blessings in the pathway—
Gentle words and cheering smiles ;
Better they than gold and silver,
With their strife-creating wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth.
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth,

Hearts there are oppressed and weary :
Drop the tears of sympathy ;
Whisper words of hope and comfort ;
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain-head ;
Freely as thou freely givest
Shall the grateful light be shed.

(Return to page 12.)

Conclusion Festival.

Additional Morning Service.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

THE CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.

“Man doth not live by bread only.”—Deut. viii. 3.

THE harvest of the fields has been garnered in. The storehouses are full to overflowing with the bounties which God's grace has bestowed. Grateful for the material blessings which sustain life and make possible its joys, we turn on this Festival Day to meditate upon the higher tasks which these blessings permit and impose. The winter, as well as the summer, has its harvest. The summer yields sustenance for the body; the winter should yield nutriment for the mind. There is a spiritual as well as a material harvest to be sown and reaped; the harvest of the one should mark the seed-time of the other. Like the seeds in the earth, the mental powers with which God has endowed us lie latent until the forces and influences round about stimulate them to growth and flowering and fruitage.

Some one has said that in the world there is nothing great but man, and in man there is nothing great but mind. If that be true, it necessarily follows that there can be no other subject so worthy of engaging our attention as the cultivation of the mind. It is the one all-important duty. The soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without cultivation, so the mind, without culture, can produce no good fruit.

The mind is susceptible of greater and more constant

improvement and expansion than the body. It is somewhat later in coming to maturity, but it retains its vigor long after the body has drooped and withered. There seems to be no limit to its power. It stretches off toward infinity, passing far beyond the range of the senses. Each generation is crowned with mental achievements which lift it higher than the generations before it. With every age the number of known facts and natural laws becomes larger, and the mind, ever equal to the demands made upon it, uses these for the discovery of others.

Nearly everything of importance has been accomplished by men of thought, by persons who have zealously cultivated their mental faculties to a very high degree. Knowledge is great riches—riches which are not plundered by kinsmen, not carried off by thieves, not decreased by giving. Win knowledge and it is yours for ever.

What can be so delightful as culture of the mind? The pleasures of a cultivated intellect are found among the most refined and noble that enter into and form a part of human happiness. To the man of thought there are a thousand voices that speak the rich language of instruction and wisdom, to which the uncultivated ear is totally deaf. He possesses not only the common enjoyments of life—home, friends, the bounties and beauties of munificent nature—in a degree greatly intensified by his cultivation, but he also holds within his hands the keys that unlock the grandest treasures of the universe. To him the sun pours down his glory-wreathed beams of warmth and life laden with rich instruction. Each ray is a message from that gorgeous world of light, speaking of its vast magnitude, its revolutions, its mighty attractive powers, its mysterious and almost God-like influence upon our earth. The stars bring to him intelligence from the regions they inhabit. The comets come to him on rapid wings

of light, with banners streaming back, telling, by their inconceivable velocities, of the measureless depths they have penetrated. The moon pours down its floods of light freighted with burdens of knowledge. The clouds that float above him tell the wonderful story of their birth and the mission they have to perform. The lightning's flash conveys to him instruction. The thunder's rattle is to him music. The rushing winds whistle in his ear the story of their lives and labors. The earthquake's moan sends a voice of instruction from below; and the volcano flashes up its flame, a great torch by which to read earth's ancient history. The roaring ocean preaches its solemn sermon of grandeur, and the plains and mountains echo back their instructive responses. The little flower beneath his feet opens its roseate volume to his admiring gaze; the blade of grass translates its mystic language for his pleasure; and the delicate leaf breathes about him its silent words of wisdom. He finds instruction in the cattle in the fields, in the birds above him, and the fishes beneath. He finds books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and music in the rhythmic swaying of the foliage.

The man of much knowledge is shielded against temptation. It is not often that the genuine scholar, the one who loves learning for its own sake, falls a victim to vice. His mind, by continual dwelling among pure and lofty thoughts, is filled with nobility and lifted above crime and its temptations. Knowledge is that which, next to virtue, raises one man above another. Most other distinctions are external and largely accidental. Wealth often comes by chance; exalted station by right of birth. Such distinctions add nothing to the real, native dignity and inward worthiness of a man. Knowledge and culture, on the other hand, are never accidents. They are

always the result of high aspirations and hard work. They are proof of a mind unusually strong and pure. Moreover, they add to the power of the mind, and make the man continually more worthy of respect.

The cultivated intellect is a source of never-failing pleasure. It is a mine of wealth sparkling with instruction. It has an attractive force which draws around itself the minds of others. It gives delight by its companionship. Its words are replete with the magic of thought. It charms the ear with its varied harmony of rich and glowing language. It captivates the judgment by the justness of its opinions, the cogency of its reason, and the comprehensiveness of its views. Who that has ever enjoyed the companionship of a truly cultivated intellect knows not its power to please and instruct the mind, to fascinate and ravish the heart? How full of interest is the conversation of a truly intelligent man or woman! How eagerly do we seek the company of such, and how great is our profit from such intercourse!

Again, the cultivation of intellect increases our ability to do good. Is a nation oppressed with tyranny? Are unjust laws grinding the face of the poor? Are existing institutions opposed to the well-being of the people? Are old errors blinding the public mind and veiling the soul of humanity from the light of truth? Is ignorance palsying human energies and dwarfing human powers? Is war cursing the millions?—Cultivated intellect must apply the lever of reform to these ruinous evils or they can never be removed.

It is evidently the duty of every human being to secure all the knowledge possible. This truth our festival comes to emphasize. The claims of the intellect cannot be ignored nor denied. The harvest of our nobler powers, the gathering in of the achievements of human thought and

research, are a higher source of joy than even the ingathering of the yearly produce of earth. There is inspiration in the fact that man is not merely of the earth and allied to the clod, but that he can soar on the wings of fancy or the pinions of reflection into heavenly realms and prove his likeness to the Divine.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

Minister :

Wisdom exalteth her sons,
And helpeth them that seek her.

Congregation :

*He that loveth her loveth life ;
And he that seeketh her early shall be filled with joy.*

He that holdeth her fast shall inherit glory ;
And where he entereth, the Lord blesseth him.

*He who giveth ear unto her shall judge nations ;
And he that attendeth her shall dwell securely.*

He that trusteth in her shall inherit her ;
And his generation shall have her in possession.

*Delight in instruction from thy youth up,
And thou shalt find wisdom till old age.*

Come unto her as one that ploweth and one that soweth,
And await her good fruits.

*Acquire learning, for it is the highest glory ;
Yet display it not as kings do their crowns.*

If thou followest wisdom thou wilt obtain her,
And she will be unto thee a glory and an ornament.

*Wisdom pours forth skill and practical knowledge,
And heightens the honor of them that hold her fast.*

The root of wisdom is to fear the Lord,
And the branches thereof are long life.

*If thou desirest wisdom keep the commandments,
And the Lord will bestow her abundantly upon thee.*

Ben Sirach.

HYMN.

BRIGHTER DAY.

Oh, bright the day that dawneth now,
And brighter still shall be,
When gloom will vanish from our brow,
And trammelled thought be free ;
When truth shall gild our mental sky,
And errors fade away :
Sure, knowledge fair most fervently
Proclaims the coming day,

When slaves no more shall walk the earth,
Nor tyrants rule the hour,
When man shall rise to greater worth
In majesty and power,
And Heaven's laws, as good supreme,
Shall all his acts control,
And virtue with its brightest beam
Shall harmonize his soul.

Then let our hearts in joyous strain
Sing loudest notes of praise,
And knowledge seek—be this our aim—
In all our walks and ways.
In deepest cave or heavens high,
In science or in art,
Its treasures bright let none decry,
But cherish in the heart.

EXHORTATION.

*IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION TO A FREE PEOPLE.**Minister :*

“The melancholy days are come, the saddest in the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and
sere.”

Nature now wears a serious look. The days of adversity are upon her. Hushed is her music. Gone is her beauty. Wrinkled is her once beautiful countenance. The hectic flush of death is on her cheeks. But a short time ago gentle zephyrs, fragrant odors, sweet melodies, radiant skies, vied with each other in courting her graces; now there is none so poor to do her honor. The friends of her prosperity have deserted her—have left her to the mercy of howling winds, of raging storms, of fierce blasts, of devastating tides. Tears are now her only relief, and these she pours forth almost incessantly amidst touching sobs and wails.

And her sadness makes us sad, and her seriousness makes us serious. We catch the contagion of her melancholy. The signs of death that are now upon her reflect themselves within our souls, and involuntarily our hearts are heavy and our eyes tearful. We are in a pensive and prayerful mood.

With decay and death surrounding us, with the sweetness of spring and the glory of summer passed away, with bleak and melancholy winter staring us in the face, with the days shortening and the nights lengthening, with the winds moaning through the stripped branches, it is difficult for the thoughtful to be in any other than a contemplative mood, or not to surrender themselves to introspection and self-examination.

There is not a season in all the year when man is more inclined to serious and solemn thought than at the advent

of autumn. Man is never so true to himself or so near to God as when barren fields and skeleton trees and leaden skies and drenching storms and piercing blasts remind him of his weakness, of his dependence on higher power, and of the shortness of his life. There is less irreligion on earth in winter than in summer. Man sees more of God in the winter, when He is less apparent, than in the summer, when He gives the most abundant proof of His existence. As a babe feels the want of a mother's arm most in the dark, so does the skeptic reach out after a something positive to lean upon, to trust in, when wind and storm-puff into nothingness the soap-bubble conceits in which he has anchored his faith. Leafless trees and barren fields furnish the clearest vision of heaven. Every falling leaf, every dying flower, every hushed note of bird and insect, forces the questions, "How long yet?" "What then?" and the answer given, or the inability to answer, sobers many a scoffer and brings many an unbeliever into communion with God.

For such a communion have we assembled on this festive morning, that we may be made profoundly conscious of the importance of religion to society.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to the virtues of ordinary life. No man, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless our conscience would become without the belief in a God; how palsied would be human benevolence were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into helpless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being and of a future life to be utterly erased from every mind. Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the

work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish for ever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices for uprightness and for the public good; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is everything to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction;—once let men thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow?

We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches could illuminate and our fires quicken and fertilize the earth. Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become in fact what the theory of unbelievers declares him to be—a companion for brutes.

It is especially to be noted that religion is singularly important to free communities. We may doubt whether civil freedom can subsist without it. Equal rights and an impartial administration of justice have never been enjoyed where religion has not been understood. It favors free institutions because its spirit is the very spirit of liberty. It recognizes the essential equality of mankind, beats down with its whole might those rapacious cravings of our nature which have subjected the many

to the few, and by its refining influence, as well as by direct precept, renders to God that supreme homage which has been so impiously lavished on crowned and titled fellow-creatures. It lays deeply the only foundations of liberty, which are the principles of benevolence, justice, and respect for human nature. The spirit of liberty is not merely a jealousy of our own particular rights, an unwillingness to be oppressed ourselves, but a respect for the rights of others, and an unwillingness that any man, whether high or low, should be wronged and trampled under foot. This is the spirit of religion, and without its aid and protection liberty has no security and no continuance.

In yet another way religion befriends liberty. It diminishes the necessity of public restraints, and supersedes in a great degree the use of force in administering the laws. This it does by making men a law to themselves, and by repressing the disposition to disturb and injure society. Take away the purifying and restraining influence of religion, and selfishness, rapacity, and injustice will break out in excess, and, amidst increasing perils, government must be strengthened to defend society, must accumulate means of repressing disorder and crime. This strength and these means may be, and often have been, turned against the freedom of the state which they were meant to secure. Diminish principle, and you increase the need of force in a community. In this country government needs not the array of power which we meet in other nations—great armies, hosts of spies, vast armories—but accomplishes its beneficent purposes by a few unarmed judges and civil officers. This is the perfection of freedom. And to what do we owe this condition? To those laws which religion writes on our hearts; to those principles which unite and concentrate public opinion against

injustice and oppression, and spread a spirit of equity and good-will through the community. Religion is thus the soul of freedom.

Let us go forth, then, into the year before us with the zeal and confidence of the husbandman to scatter seed for the harvest intellectual, moral, and spiritual. Let us resolve on this Conclusion Festival to sow the seeds of intellectual effort, of moral endeavor, of enlightened faith in God, so that intelligence, righteousness, and high principle may grow in abundance, gladdening the heart and sanctifying the soul of humankind.

ANTIPHON.

(Choir and Congregation chant and read alternate verses.)

Choir :

I will extol Thee, my God, O King ;
And I will bless Thy name for ever and ever.

Congregation :

*Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised ;
And His greatness is unsearchable.*

One generation shall laud Thy works to another,
And shall declare Thy mighty acts.

*On the glorious majesty of Thine honor,
And on Thy wondrous works, will I meditate.*

And men shall speak of the might of Thy acts,
And they shall declare Thy greatness.

*They shall utter the memory of Thy great goodness,
And shall sing of Thy righteousness.*

The Lord is gracious and full of compassion ;
Slow to anger, and of great mercy.

*The Lord is good to all ;
And His tender mercies are over all His works.*

The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth up all those that are bowed down.

*The Lord is righteous in all His ways,
And gracious in all His works.*

Psalm cxlv., abridged.

PRAYER.

Father of all Being, Source of all Blessing, Thou art untiring in Thy love for us; Thy beneficence passes human understanding. Thou lovest to do good and to make men good, and to make them happy by making them good. Thy pitying love and fatherly care are ever with us. When we are hungry Thou givest us our food. When we are faint Thou art our support. When we walk in darkness Thou art our guiding star. When storms pass o'er us Thou art as a sheltering rock. Whatever delights the eye, whatever cheers the heart, whatever comforts and quickens the soul, from Thee it comes and for our good Thou sendest it.

When thus we contemplate Thy love, we ask ourselves, "What is man, O God, that Thou thinkest of him?" "What can we weak mortals offer unto Thee in return for Thy unceasing kindness?" Thou art so ineffably great and good that there is nothing that we can say or do that might serve as even a feeble expression of our gratitude.

Yet it is our heart that tells us that Thou askest neither praise nor gifts. It is in good deeds that Thou recognizest the noblest expression of human gratitude. If we deal justly, if we defend the wronged, enlighten the ignorant, help the helpless, comfort the comfortless, shelter the aged and infirm—then will we give an acceptable return for Thy bountiful goodness.

May Thy blessings rest upon all who labor in behalf

of the unfortunate. May we bear one another's burdens. May every cry of anguish, every appeal for help, awaken sympathy in our hearts, and may that sympathy be speedily followed by the aid of which our fellow-men stand in need. May those especially to whom Thou hast given much feel a sacred obligation to do much in return. May the evidence and token of Thy kindness be a motive for their performing a larger work for others.

Send consolation to the sorrowing, strength to the feeble, hope to the sinking, light to the erring. Be a father to the fatherless, a deliverer to the oppressed, a friend to the neglected, a stay to the persecuted.

We thank Thee for the great men whom Thou didst cause to spring up in the past—flowers of humanity whose seeds have been scattered broadcast over the world, turning deserts into gardens and wildernesses into fertile fields. We bless Thee for our instructors and inventors—for those strong men of thought in whose hands the ark of knowledge has been borne ever onward from age to age, whose deep vision beheld the truth when other men perceived it not, and who were faithfully devoted to it even unto death.

And we pray Thee, O Lord, inspire us on this Conclusion Feast with a desire to follow the illustrious examples of these leaders. May we not merely be recipients of other men's toils, but, in their spirit, may we toil for those that shall be after us. May we, in the winter before us, devote ourselves especially to the cultivation of our intellects and to the elevation of our souls, so that in us knowledge and spirituality may find a lasting abiding-place, and through us truth and the love and worship of God may spread unto all the children of men.

We pray for our country and its rulers. May those who are set over us prove themselves to be men of truth,

hating covetousness, seeking the good of their country and the glory of Thy holy name. Under the protection of just and equal laws and a wise and righteous administration, may the people lead quiet and peaceable lives.

May the blessings which we ask for ourselves and our country be extended to the whole human family, until all peoples shall unite in ascribing to Thee praise and glory for evermore. Amen.

HYMN.

WORTH OF RELIGION.

Oh, happy is the man who hears
 Religion's loving voice,
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold ;
 More precious are her bright rewards
 Than gems or stores of gold.

Her right hand offers to the just
 Immortal, happy days ;
 Her left, imperishable wealth
 And heavenly crowns displays.

And as her holy labors rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

(Return to page 27.)

FESTIVAL OF RE-DEDICATION.

'Hanukah Eve Service.

EXHORTATION.

TRUE FREEDOM.

Minister :

“Kindle the taper like the steadfast star
Ablaze on evening's forehead o'er the earth,
And add each night a lustre till afar
An eight-fold splendor shine above thy hearth.
Clash, Israel, the cymbals, touch the lyre;
Blow the loud trumpet and the clear-tongued horn;
Chant psalms of victory till the heart takes fire,
The Maccabean spirit leaps new-born!”

Yea, kindle the lights, illumine your houses and sanctuaries, gladden your hearts and your souls in memory of the great deeds of valor wrought and of the heroic triumphs won in the days of the Maccabees. The Syrian enemy had desecrated the temple. Desolate stood the altar. The courts where formerly the people had gathered for the worship of the Lord were overgrown with thorns and thistles.

In the sanctuary the heartless foe erected an idol and commanded Israel to worship it. The faithful refused to comply, and suffered the death of martyrs. Men and women and children were mercilessly slaughtered for refusing to sacrifice to a god of human make. Such cruelties and indignities aroused at last the valiant Maccabees. They arose in their might, gathered the faithful around their banner, and with God in their hearts and with courage nerving their arms they went forth against the enemy and

routed them. The weak overcame the strong, the few conquered the many. Into the temple the victorious people forthwith proceeded. They cleansed it of its pollution, built the altar anew, and restored the sanctuary. Amidst songs and the music of harps and cymbals they illuminated and re-dedicated the House of God. There was great gladness among the people for eight days. Daily they brought sacrifices of deliverance and praise. And Judas the Maccabee, with his brothers and with the whole congregation of Israel, ordained that from year to year the days of the re-dedication should be kept with gladness and delight.

The events which this festival recalls are fraught with the deepest interest to all mankind, and the celebration is of profound significance as commemorating a most heroic struggle for religious liberty. Had the Maccabees sustained defeat, had their cause been vanquished, Judaism could never have survived and those other powerful religions that have emanated from it could never have arisen. Truth might never have been disseminated among the children of men, and the higher civilization might never have been attained.

The element of myth that plays so prominent a part in many religious festivals does not obscure the Feast of Hanukah. This festival stands forth under the full glare of the sunlight of authentic record. The heroes were personages about whom the threads of fond heroic legend have not been able to spin an obscuring web of doubt. As we recount the noble careers of the men and women of those trying times, frigid indeed must be that heart which is not melted to sympathy, callous that spirit which does not throb with loving pride.

But we commemorate these events not to foster and stimulate a love of war, but only to re-emphasize the

injustice of unholy domination and to reassert the truth that liberty is the natural right of man.

We do not immortalize the hero triumphant in battle, but the temple re-dedicated through the righteous promptings of his heart; not the war successful, but the religion restored; not the victory material, but the triumph spiritual; not the conquest of power, but the victory of light.

Not for territorial gain, nor for increase of power, nor for personal fame did the heroic Maccabees draw their swords. They battled for liberty of conscience, for personal freedom, for human rights granted by God but trampled upon by man. It is not the memory of mere physical bravery, of mere animal courage, which makes us rejoice to-day. Israel has never been a warlike people. He exhibited greater valor in endurance than in combat. He followed the precepts of his Rabbis, who bade him rather to be of the persecuted than of the persecutors. When he took up arms, it was solely in defense of what he regarded as his God-given rights. Military glory as an end in itself he regarded as crime. Through all the centuries whose black skies reflect the gleaming fire of persecution Israel evinced a moral heroism so sublime as to eclipse all the records of war. He endured with a hero's courage because in him dwelled a hero's spirit. He preferred spiritual freedom, even at the cost of his political liberty, to that political freedom which is enslaved by mental darkness and moral degradation.

Not all are free who have cast aside their chains, nor are they all slaves who wear the shackles. Slavery or freedom exists only in the mind, and true heroism is that alone which battles for the spirit's supremacy. That man is brave who counts all things as dross in comparison with the right to think and believe and act according to the righteous dictates of his own conscience. That man is

brave who will sooner surrender his life than be false to his reason. That man is brave who makes truth alone his guide and principle, and unswervingly adheres to it despite temptation, threat, or suffering. That man is brave who, in the face of overwhelming numbers and overawing power, dares to maintain his rights and to defend them at all hazards. That man is brave who patiently endures defeat, torture, loss of possessions, of home, of human rights, yet fights on undismayed, unshaken in the belief that what is of God cannot be crushed by man.

Such was the bravery of Israel in the past, and of such spiritual freedom this Festival of Re-dedication comes as a reminder. Let us give it the joyous welcome it merits. Let us kindle the lights as symbols of refulgent truth, and, aided by their brillianey, let us go forth to illumine the dark spots of the earth, to scatter the mists that still envelop the minds of men, to disperse the prejudice that still beclouds the hearts of people, to shed new lustre upon Israel's glorious past, and strive for a still more glorious future.

ANTIPHON.

(Choir and Congregation chant and read alternate verses.)

Choir :

Had not the Lord been on our side
When men rose up against us,

Congregation :

*Then they had swallowed us alive
When their wrath was kindled against us.*

Then the waters had overwhelmed us,
The stream had gone over our soul.

*Blessed be the Lord our God,
Who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.*

Our soul is escaped as a bird from the fowler's snare :
The snare is broken, and we are free.

*We extol Thee, O Lord, for Thou hast freed us,
Hast not made our foes to rejoice over us.*

Thou hast turned our mourning into rejoicing ;
Hast loosed our sackcloth, and girded us with gladness.

*We will offer unto Thee songs of thanksgiving ;
We will give thanks unto Thee for ever.*

Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised ;
His mercy extends unto the ends of the earth.

*The Lord is our God for ever and ever ;
He will be our guide even unto death.*

Psalms.

ORISON.

Minister :

O Thou Preserver and Comforter of all who put their trust in Thee, through Thy gracious care of us we still sojourn upon Thy earth, and because of Thy loving kindness we still praise Thy glorious name. We thank Thee for the sweet remembrances which this day brings and for the great hopes which it inspires. We thank Thee for the heroic spirit which in times of great need Thou didst awaken among Thy persecuted followers, and for the deeds of valor which Thou didst permit them to perform.

We see Thy hand, O God, in the loyalty which this festive day commemorates ; we hear Thy voice in the glad tidings of freedom which then resounded to a long-enslaved people, and we recognize therein Thy desire that man shall be free ; we behold in the tyrant's defeat and in the Maccabean victory Thy disapprobation of every course that would strip man of his divine birthright.

And Thy sheltering arm was not only about our sires of old; their children, too, feel Thy protecting love even at this present time. Each day gives us proof of Thy care. Each hour shows us the hand that guides us safely over rugged paths and along dangerous precipices. Thou hast delivered us from the hands of tyrants, hast permitted us to sojourn in peace among a free people. Thou hast built up among us free institutions, and hast caused the fountain of knowledge to spring forth. Thou hast given us the liberty of worshipping according to the dictates of our conscience, with none to molest us or to make us afraid.

O Lord, make us worthy of thy mercies. When we enjoy the rich measures of Thy grace may we not forget those to whom Thou in Thy unsearchable wisdom hast not yet vouchsafed the blessings that are ours. Incline us to think that because Thou hast given much Thou wouldst have us share our blessings the more freely with those in need of them. Deepen, we beseech Thee, our sense of Thy great bounty; help us to see why we are so blest. May we know that these good things are given for great and generous uses. The poor live in want among us; the stranger comes to our door; near us dwell friends whose lives will be more cheerful if they may freely enter with us into peaceful intercourse. Oh, grant that Thy spirit may so touch us that we may gladly give of our bread to them that hunger and of our shelter to those who know not where to lay their heads.

Teach us, O Father, to imitate Thine own boundless beneficence. As freely as we have received, so freely may we give. We would not selfishly appropriate Thy favor, but would know the deeper bliss of ministering to others' needs. Quicken within us the fountains of generosity; warm our sympathies toward the suffering of every class and clime; let no unbrotherly prejudice ever close

our homes or hearts against any child of Thine. Thus living and thus acting, may we continue to merit Thy favor and protection, and may we, by the virtues of a distinguished posterity, add new lustre to a glorious ancestry. Amen.

HYMN.

THE LORD OUR PROTECTOR.

Psalm exxiv.

Had not the Lord, may Israel say,
On Israel's side engaged,
The foe had quickly swallowed us,
So furiously he raged.

Had not the Lord Himself vouchsafed
To check his fierce control,
His adversary's dreary flood
Had overwhelmed our soul.

But praised be our eternal Lord,
Who left us not his prey !
The snare is broke, his rage disarmed,
And we again are free.

Secure in God's almighty name
Our confidence remains ;
The God who made both heaven and earth
Of both sole monarch reigns.

(Return to page 12).

FESTIVAL OF RE-DEDICATION:

Chanukah Morning Service.

MEDITATION.

(To be read in silence by Congregation.)

TRUTH ENDURES, BUT FALSEHOOD FLEES.

TRUTH is indestructible. However violently men have struggled against it, they have never been able to crush it. It has ever risen above attack, and after repeated defeats has finally triumphed all the more gloriously for its combat. The spiritual cannot be destroyed with earthly weapons. Fear may for a time silence all tongues, but no power can stay the activity of the mind. No mortal, even were he invested with the sovereignty of all the nations, can rule the world of thought. There the mind alone wields the sceptre.

The short-sightedness of men renders it impossible for them at all times to recognize the full value of what is right and good. As men differ in their experiences and views, they generally pronounce that false which does not harmonize with their previous notions. When to this prejudice there is added the tendency to believe evil of others, it is easy to understand how even the most righteous are misjudged, and how the innocent become objects of calumny and hatred.

That which is of God can never perish. Defy all threats and tortures, ye who are walking in a thorny but glorious path. However bitterly the evil-disposed may rail against you, the purity of your purpose is a heavenly

shield which will turn off every barb aimed at your hearts. Armed with your innocence, fight the battle to the last, and you will win the crown of eternal life and glory. It is the weak man who fears to be in the minority; the brave looks not to numbers, but to right. He asks not, "What will men admire?" but "What will men approve?"

They who are genuine followers of truth keep their eye steadily upon their guide, indifferent whither they are led provided that she is the leader. Firmness of mind and strength of principle are proof against every fate. They are cowardly who, recognizing the truth, fear to proclaim it; who, seeing the wrong, fear to expose it. They are weak who are honest to-day and base to-morrow; who are ever vacillating between fear and duty; who one day set virtue aside for fear of incurring the opposition of man, and another day pursue it because they think that honor is to be won without risk or loss.

He who would be true to his convictions, who would be just and fair in all his dealings, truthful and zealous for the public weal, must be prepared to meet opposition. The envious assail every good which they have not themselves projected or accomplished; the avaricious oppose every undertaking that runs counter to their selfish plans. The worthless, unable to perceive that others are better than themselves, attribute base sentiments even to the best of men, and believe that the most upright acts are dictated by selfish motives.

But if your convictions are well founded, if you have tried them by the test of your conscience and conceive them to be in accordance with the will of God, if you firmly believe that you are in the right, or that what you undertake is for the benefit of the world, then do not hesitate to remain faithful to yourself. Every obstacle will but stimulate you to greater exertion, and

will prevent you from relaxing in your efforts; every contradiction, every objection, will make you reflect, and perhaps turn your attention to points on which you have erred. Such opposition will therefore tend to purify your principles and to render your triumphs the more glorious.

And should the storms that assail you prove too violent and your courage and strength threaten to give way, remember that God is with you still. If you fail, what do you lose? Perhaps the fame of a moment, perhaps the accumulations of a life's toil. But these losses concern not the soul nor the truth for which we strive.

Remain faithful until the end. Delusion may triumph, but the triumphs of delusion are but for a day. The good man may fail—the good cause, never.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

(Minister and Congregation read alternate verses.)

Minister :

Contend for the truth unto death,
And the Lord will fight for thee.

Congregation :

*Do not speak against the truth ;
And when thou lackest knowledge, keep silent.*

Rely not on power unlawfully acquired :
It will not avail thee in the day of calamity.

*Make not thyself an underling to a foolish man,
And bow not down before the mighty.*

Devise not falsehood against thy brother ;
Neither do the like against thy friend.

*Utter no falsehood at all,
For the habit of it comes not to good.*

The birds will resort unto their like ;
So will truth return unto them that practise it.

*Truth is the bridge that connects earth with heaven.
In the crown of virtue truth is the brightest jewel.*

He who strives for truth and speaks it
Is better than he who gives charity and does penance.

*Purity of body comes by water ; purity of mind, by truth ;
The lamp of truth is a light to knowledge.*

Falsehood is common, truth is rare ;
Yet truth endureth while falsehood must flee.

*Truth is the signet of the Lord ;
He that has truth in his heart has God for his guide.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM. .

(Slightly altered.)

Friends of freedom ! ye who stand
With no weapon in your hand
Save a purpose stern and grand
All men to set free,
Welcome ! Freedom stands in need
Of true men in thought and deed—
Men who have this only creed,
That they will not flee.

Though we are but two or three,
Sure of triumph we should be ;
We our promised land shall see,
Though the way seems long ;
Every fearless word we speak
Makes sin's stronghold bend and creak—
Tyranny is always weak,
Truth is always strong.

All the hero-spirits vast
 Who have sanctified the past,
 Bearing witness to the last.
 Fight upon our part ;
 We can never be forlorn ;
 He who has a triumph borne
 From the Greek's and Syrian's scorn
 Gives us hope and heart.

EXHORTATION.

GET THEE ABROAD AND BE THOU A BLESSING.

Minister :

The true Jewish heart swells with pride at the recollection of the heroic achievements which, in radiant hues, loom up to-day before our mental view. To-day all the people of Israel, whatever be the opinions and differences that divide them, send forth in unison their joyous notes of praise and thanksgiving in memory of that signal victory which has made the occasion of this festival glorious and immortal. During this week homes are illuminated wherever worthy descendants of the Maccabees are found. Wherever the brave Maccabean spirit still pervades the heart, there is rejoicing to-day, and young and old sing their joyous hymns commemorative of that glorious triumph of which this festival marks an anniversary. On this day, more than two thousand years ago, Jerusalem resounded with songs of triumph. The name of Judas Maccabee lived in praise upon every lip, and the gorgeous temple, cleansed and purified and re-dedicated to the service of the one God, stood on its lofty mount as a proud witness to a loyal people's valor. We hail with delight such days as these, for they are fraught with blessings. Before our mental view they lead in panoramic succession the wondrous history of our race—our struggles and our vic-

tories, our sufferings and our rejoicings, our glory and our shame. And when the visions have passed there ever remains the undying conviction that higher Will and Wisdom guides our way and shapes our end, and decrees that as a people we shall be as indestructible as is truth and faith. Thrust into the fire, we emerge the better for our burning. Cut asunder, each part becomes the stronger for the severance. Heat cannot scorch us nor separation divide us. Age does not diminish the freshness of our bloom; climate does not affect the hardiness of our strength. The people that lives after a thousand struggles such as neither Rome nor Sparta nor Athens nor Carthage ever faced, the people that lives after eighteen centuries of cruel sufferings and is more numerous to-day than ever before,—that people lives because destiny has preserved it, because the world still has need of it, because it has been divinely entrusted with a great mission.

What is the divinely-entrusted mission which has been the source of our sorrows yet the source of our joys, the cause of our defeats yet the cause of our triumphs?

To rightly answer this question we must retrace our steps to Abraham, the founder of our people—to him who sojourned among the idolatrous Chaldeans of old, where he felt himself divinely called to leave his country, his home, and his people, and to go forth into the world as a servant of the true God and as a teacher of man.

In the words "Get thee abroad and be thou a blessing" lies the secret of Israel's great achievements in the past, and in them, too, lies the possibility of yet greater achievements in the future.

"Get thee abroad and become a blessing like Abraham of old." "Like the brave Maccabeans, go forth to champion the cause of truth." "Thou hast been entrusted with a divine mission; thou hast survived under it; thou hast

been spared for it; therefore live it that thou mayest be worthy of it; discharge it faithfully, that in thee and through thee mankind may be blessed." Such are the messages that this festival brings to us. Oh, that we might heed their bidding! There is as much demand for heroism of spirit now as in olden times, yet the task is not as difficult nor the risk as perilous. We are no longer required to leave home or country, nor to face mighty hosts in arms. There are sacred duties to be performed in our homes, even at our very doors. Where man's right to worship according to the dictates of his conscience is infringed upon, where vice suppresses virtue, where error overrides truth, where might oppresses right, there are sacred duties to be done—duties which, when faithfully performed, are as great and glorious as those achieved by Abraham or even by the valiant Maccabees. Not yet has the time of heroes passed. The days of valor are not yet over. Opportunities for performing glorious and immortal deeds are still at our beck. Not yet are realized all those ideals for which the brave Maccabeans fought and bled and died. Liberty of conscience is not yet the universal boon. Not yet is truth victorious everywhere. It is beautiful to hold the bravery of our ancestors in grateful remembrance, but still more beautiful is it to add to their valorous deeds our own. The time has not yet come when we may idly surrender ourselves to the enjoyment of past achievements. Services equally as heroic and beneficial await our championship. When the flag of mental and moral freedom will fly from every capitol dome, from every church spire and turret; when every sword shall have changed to plowshare, every armory to factory, every prison to school-house; when the song of peace on earth and good-will among men will be intoned in every House of Worship; when every country will

be cleansed from corruption and every home from sin ; when every heart and altar will be dedicated to truth and justice, and in every mind the perpetual light of reason will be kindled,—then, and not till then, will be the time to sheathe our spiritual weapons and sing songs of victory and hymns of praise for evermore.

ANTIPHON.

(Choir and Congregation chant and read alternate verses).

Choir :

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good,
And His mercy endureth for ever.

Congregation :

*Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord,
Or show forth all His praise ?*

Blessed are they that keep judgment,
And they that do righteousness at all times.

*Blessed the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,
That standeth not with sinners, nor sitteth with the scornful.*

But his delight is in the law of the Lord ;
And in His law doth he meditate day and night.

*The wicked are not so ;
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.*

Therefore the wicked shall not stand in judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

*For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous ;
But the way of the wicked shall perish,*

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings :
His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

*His heart is established, he shall not be afraid,
Until he sees the return of his adversaries.*

PRAYER.

Minister :

O God, fervently we pray Thee, incline all oppressors to remember Thy commandments, to do justly, and to love mercy. Oh, may they know what a blessed opportunity for well-doing is afforded them in Thy providence! Deliver them from the slavery of selfishness and the blindness of custom. Cause them to reverence Thy sacred image in the soul of man. Fill the hearts of all people with a sincere love of liberty. Upon all souls stamp the law which prohibits us from doing unto others what would be painful unto us.

While we pursue our various duties, may we undertake no employment on which we cannot hope for Thy blessing. And give us such a portion of Thy grace, O Lord, we beseech Thee, that we may desire to do not only that which is in some degree beneficial, but that which is most excellent and most useful. May no spirit of self-indulgence, no love of ease, no dread of opposition, no fear of shame, prevent our laying out our lives heartily in Thy service. Make us willing in all respects to deny ourselves that we may live unto Thee.

Teach us to enter into the spirit of those Maccabees of old, who feared not to lay down their lives when duty called them to serve their God, their country, and their fellow-men.

When truth knocks at the door of our hearts, may no intolerance or prejudice forbid its entrance. Gladly may we hail every message of duty, however severe the toil or costly the sacrifice to which it calls us. To Thy messengers, whether of joy or grief, of life or death, may we lend attentive ear.

Father, dispose us to a sincere sympathy with all men. Inspire us with active beneficence; assist us in diffusing

our affections so that we may embrace in kind regard all beings capable of happiness; and give us wisdom to design and vigor to carry out works of public and private good.

May our sense of Thy presence be ever clearer and our conception of Thy goodness ever brighter. May our love of virtue become more intense, our gratitude more spontaneous, our good-will more generous, than ever before. Amen.

HYMN.

TRUTH IS VICTORIOUS.

Great Arbiter of human fate,
 Whose glory ne'er decays,
 To Thee alone we dedicate
 The song and soul of praise.
 Thy presence Judah's host inspired
 On danger's post to rush;
 By Thee the Maccabee was fired
 The despot foes to crush.

Amid the ruins of their land,
 In Salem's sad decline,
 Stood forth a brave but scanty band
 To battle for their Shrine.
 In bitterness of soul they wept
 Without the temple walls,
 For weeds around its courts had crept,
 And foes camped in its halls.

Not long to vain regrets they yield,
 But for their cherished fame,
 Nerved by true faith, they take the field,
 And victory obtain.

But whose the power, whose the hand,
Which thus to triumph led
That slender but heroic band
From which blasphemers fled?

'Twas Thine, O everlasting King
And universal Lord!
Whose wonder still Thy servants sing,
And ever shall record.
And thus shall Mercy's hand delight
To cleanse the blemished heart,
Rekindle heaven's waning light,
And truth and peace impart.

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