

Lesson 7.—Feast of Tabernacles.

LEVITICUS 23: 33-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—Psalm 103: 2.

Central Truth:—The mercies of God should make us grateful as well as glad. It is a great mistake to think of the Old Testament religion as stern and sombre. It did have its side of restraint and self-denial, and it is very well that it did, for thence sprang much that was best in the character of the people. But it also had its side of cheer and gladness. Each season, save winter, had its own great festival. In the spring came the Passover, in the summer Pentecost, and in the autumn the Feast of Tabernacles. Each was a joyful feast, but the last was the most joyful of all.

The first thing which strikes us in the account of the Feast of Tabernacles is that it began and ended with a "holy convocation." A holy convocation was a religious meeting. The weekly Sabbath was a day for such convocation, the primitive place of assembly being under the open sky or a wide-spreading tree. As "holy convocations" the Jewish feasts were related to their Sabbath assemblies much as our church assemblies, conventions and festivals are to our own. And it is worth observing how large a place in this particular feast was given to strictly religious worship. From other Scripture accounts we learn that its burnt offerings, which were expressive of praise and self-consecration, were very numerous. Thus, not only did the feast have its religious side, but in it religion was primary and all-pervading. There is in this fact something most interesting and instructive. In our own festivals and national holidays it is the religious element that gives them their chief value—which, indeed, prevents them from becoming a curse. We shall do well to keep this in mind. That there is so little of spiritual feeling and purpose in our thanksgiving and fast days and 4th of July, and even in some of our just now so popular camp meetings, is no good sign. Anything is good which helps to spiritualize the people; anything is bad which tends to secularize religion.

Another thing to be noticed with relation to this feast is that it was a kind of annual thanksgiving for the year's bounty. Hence its other name, the "Feast of Ingatherings." It came at the end of the year, when the fruits had all been gathered in. The grain, the fruit, the olive and the grape had all been stored. It was a good time to give thanks and sing. Some of the most joyful of all the psalms were written to be sung at this festival. No doubt the keeping of such a festival tended to perpetuate the sense of dependence on God's bounty. As the people poured forth their praises in such words as those of the sixty-fifth Psalm, "Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; Thou crownest the year with thy goodness and thy paths drop fatness," they could not but remember that their daily bread was all from him. Kept in such a spirit of humble and grateful dependence our own thanksgivings cannot fail to be among the most valuable as well as most joyful of all the days in the year.

By no means the least remarkable feature of the Feast of Tabernacles is described in the last half of our lesson. Certainly it was the most picturesque. During seven whole days "all that were Israelites born" dwelt in booths or tents of leafy boughs and of branches of fruit trees laden with fruit. In these the people, deserting their homes, took up their abode. The purpose of all this was to keep in memory a remarkable period of their past history. When God brought them up out of Egypt he made them to dwell in booths. And now, once a year, they were to live over those days of commingled hardships and mercies. No doubt the different materials of which the booths were made were intended to be reminders of the different stages of the Wilderness journey: the "branches of the palm trees" of the valleys and plains, the "boughs of thick trees" of the bushy mountain heights, and the "willows" of the refreshing water brooks.

Doubtless the feast as a whole was intended to keep alive the joyful side of religion. It is indeed called a "solemn assembly." But to be solemn is not of necessity to be grim. It is to be earnest, and this is consistent with high joy. Of this same festival it is said (Deut. 16: 14-15), "Thou shalt rejoice in thy feast; Thou shalt surely rejoice." At a later period certain other than the original observances were added. There was a far-reaching illumination, and an evening procession in holiday attire, and a going for water, which was poured out at the foot of the altar, while the chant arose, "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation"—this last ceremony being supposed to be a type of Him who, on the last great day of this very feast, stood and cried: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. God is not displeased with a joyful religion. He lays upon us obligations and restraints, but this is for our good. He does not require us to be lugubrious and sour, but bids us "be of good cheer."
2. It should be specially noted that this feast came just five days after the great Day of Atonement, on which the sin of Israel had been removed and covenant relations with God restored. The joy of the time had its root in that inward peace which comes of pardon for sin. Is not this true of all unmixt joy?
3. The true Christian will take his religion with him to the most festive scenes. He has learned that it can both purify and enhance his joy.

4. Thanksgiving days are not only for rest and recreation and to cement family ties, but, rightly kept, tend to bind us closer to God.
5. Days of commemoration may help to fire a nation's patriotism. So private anniversaries may have their uses; as that of one's birth or marriage, or of conversion or welcome to the church. Many Christians sacredly keep these last.
6. This feast we have now been studying was a type of that greater feast now being prepared for God's people in heaven. The final "harvest is the end of the world." Earth's work will then all be done. Its fruits will all be gathered. Its trials will be over. Its mercies can all be passed in review. It will be a glad festival and it will have no end. To it we are invited? Shall we all be there?

SECTIONALISM AND PARTISANISM.

From the American Register.

In this great country and under our free and beneficent institutions why cannot we have a harmonious and happy people, accustomed to speak in terms of respect and confidence of each other in all sections of the country? Why should such sectional and partisan bitterness and malignity exist as that manifested in our political discussions and newspaper publications? Why should representative men be tolerated in saying that anything, however immoral or criminal, would be justifiable if necessary to keep political opponents out of office? After the war and the abolition of slavery, and that, too, at the expense of the Southern people, every dictate of propriety, policy and wisdom required that oblivion should be thrown over the unhappy events of the war.

The lapse of time has been sufficient to abate the passions and animosities of the war, yet the radical clamor and abuse of the Southern people, the argument of the "bloody shirt," is as rife and as vociferously proclaimed now as it was the first year after the war. If we cannot have a harmonious Union; if the Southern States cannot be trusted as equals with the other States in the Union according to the Constitution, then the war was a failure, a terrific failure, in which the loss of life and treasure, the desolation and destruction, the mourning, sorrow and suffering caused by it were all in vain.

Politicians and newspapers in the Northern States have undertaken to show that there was not and could not be homogeneity between the people of the Northern and the Southern States; that the people of these several sections were so different in civilization and habits that (to use the expression of one of their radical organs) "they were as wide apart as heaven is from hell." Hence, according to the radical doctrine, a harmonious Union of Northern and Southern States would be impracticable. The land of Washington, and of Jefferson, and of Jackson, and of Clay not homogeneous with the people of the Northern States! Whence and how came this? The people of the Northern and Southern States fought the battles of liberty and independence side by side in the war of the Revolution. The Southern and Northern soldiers fought side by side for the rights and honor of the United States in every war until discord was produced by the radical Republicans. Want of homogeneity, indeed! The Northern and Southern people speak the same language, are educated in the same literature and are of the same religious belief, and have been extensively connected in business and kindred by blood and marriage for more than a century and a half. They formed the Union of the States together, and lived happily and prosperously under it until the evil genius of radical Republicanism entered this Paradise of their liberties. When Satan entered the Garden of Eden his policy was to divide and conquer; and such appears to be the policy and spirit of radical Republicanism. Now, what is radicalism? As applied to religion and politics it means the doctrine of the extremists, who carry out or seek to carry out their dogmas to their ultimate consequences, without deviation or modification, regardless of the wrongs and human sufferings consequent upon their dire result. In both religion and politics all abstract doctrines have to be modified in their practical operations for adaption to man's frail condition. In religion they are qualified and tempered by charity and a benevolent regard for the weakness and frailty of human nature. In politics all civil government in its best forms is but a compromise, in which man surrenders a part of his rights for the protection of the balance, and in its wisest administration conservative measures and conservative views are essential to accomplish the highest aims of true statesmanship, which has always in view the happiness and welfare of the governed. But radicalism, regardless of the existing condition of things and all charitable and humane considerations, tramples down with atrocity and violence existing institutions and attempts to gain its ends even through bloodshed and suffering. In the name of religion radicalism has stretched man upon the rack of torture and drenched the earth with the blood of humanity. In the name of liberty radicalism has, at different periods of the world, torn down the essential safeguards of human happiness and made countless millions mourn in struggles to establish impracticable dogmas; and now, here in these United States, radicalism, rather than be placed from power, would pervert the truth, deceive and mislead the

public mind, defeat the popular voice by chicanery and fraud, and subvert popular government and establish an imperial monarchy upon its ruins.

A distinguished author on national ethics said: "The greatest dangers are not always the most apparent; but few observers can doubt that the gravest danger now threatening us as a nation is the supplanting of our cherished theory of government of, by and for the people by a new system, namely, government of, by and for a party. In fact, party has already usurped the throne, and the dictates of a spurious party morality are loudly proclaimed as the doctrines of national ethics."

This is strictly applicable to the Republican party under the rule of its oligarchy of radicals. They have been in power so long that they begin to think that the government belongs to them as a matter of exclusive right. The theory that the government originated from the people, was made by them and for them, has been perverted, and according to the ethics of this party the government is from and by and for this political party. When the question of any public measure arises with the highest officials of this party it is not "Is it required by the welfare and safety of the country and authorized by the Constitution?" but the chief inquiry made is "Will it advance the interest of the Republican party or tend to secure its success?" If it will do this then it is all right.

Washington in his farewell address, warning the country in the most solemn manner against the dangers of sectional parties and the baleful effects of party spirit, said: "The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissensions, which, in different ages and countries, has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual, and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation on the ruins of public liberty."

The people of this country have the highest earthly motives to profit by these warnings of the "Father of His Country" and preserve the institutions under which the country has grown and prospered and advanced, not only in greatness and power, but in the arts and improvements and in all that elevates, refines and ennobles civilized man. In this vast country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean and from the lakes of the North to the Gulf of Mexico, is the grand seat and abode for the freedom and civilization of a homogeneous population progressing in their onward course of development and improvement under the free institutions of our Federal Union of republican States. But if this progressive development is to be stayed and defeated by the bickerings and wranglings of sectional parties and factions for the offices, honors and emoluments of the government, this vast scope of country will become the seat of disordered and discordant States, of jarring, rival and hostile dynasties and factions—a vast theatre of constantly recurring strife and contention and warfare, disheartening to the patriot and philanthropist, and ultimately overthrowing the last great experiment of man for free government.

An Immense Farm.

Fifty-five Thousand Acres Enclosed by One Hundred and Fifty Miles of Fence—The Yield of Wheat.

The great wheat field of California lies in Colusa county, which also contains one of the largest farms in the world. The county comprises a large part of the extensive Sacramento valley, and is sixty miles in length and on the average forty-five miles wide. It has an area of about 1,800,000 acres, of which a million of acres grow wheat. Of this vast tract 477,000 acres are owned by 129 men. One owns 55,000 acres, one 24,000, one 20,000, three 19,000, one 15,000, three 14,000, six 10,000, one 8,000, two 7,000, six 6,000, three 5,000, eight 4,000, five 3,000, eighteen 2,000, three 1,500, thirty-six 1,000, and twenty-nine 500. The result has been to debar emigration and choke out tradesmen and merchants.

The largest land owner in Colusa county is Dr. Hugh J. Glenn. His farm contains 55,000 acres and has a river frontage of sixteen and a half miles, and is enclosed by one hundred and fifty miles of fence. Wheat is grown on 45,000 acres. The labor force employed is composed of 715 men—225 in seeding and 490 in harvesting. Eight hundred horses are required. The yield of wheat from this farm will average 1,000,000 bushels a year.

Dr. Glenn was born in Virginia in 1824 and graduated at the Medical University of Missouri in 1846. Shortly afterward he married and commenced life with a capital of \$110. With that he purchased an ox team and crossed the plains to California. He engaged in mining and was successful. In 1850 he returned to Missouri with \$5,000 and bought and drove horses to California and Mexico. He made his first purchase of land in 1867, buying seven thousand acres at \$1.60 per acre, and in a short time afterward purchased seven thou-

sand acres more at about the same price. Since then he has been absorbing the land on either side at varying prices. Three years ago he was a candidate for Governor of California, consorting in the meantime with Dennis Kearney.

Georgia's Glory.

Success of the International Exposition at Atlanta—Meeting of the Governors and their Weights.

The international exhibition at Atlanta has proved a great success, both in the elegance and variety of the goods exhibit and the number of people in attendance. The Governors there on Thursday were Hoyt, of Pennsylvania; Jarvis, of North Carolina; Bigelow, of Connecticut; Blackburn, of Kentucky, and Colquitt, of Georgia. Governors Cullom, of Illinois; Foster, of Ohio; Hagood, of South Carolina, and others were expected, but defaulted at the last moment. Illinois, however, was represented by ex-Governor Bross and a large delegation of business men, and nearly every State in the Union was represented by some official or unofficial personage. Governor Hoyt was accompanied by Adjutant General Latta. He had a hard time to get there. He left Harrisburg while a reception at the executive mansion at which six hundred guests were in attendance was going on. At Washington and Danville his train was delayed and somewhere in North Carolina it broke down entirely, necessitating a delay of eight hours, but, on arriving, his welcome made up for the delay. Thursday the visiting Governors were shown through the exhibition. One noticeable incident of this tour was the manufacture of two suits of clothing, one given to Governor Colquitt and the other to Governor Bigelow. The cotton used in these clothes was plucked, ginned, spun and woven while the Governors were on the ground—a wonderful and no doubt unprecedented illustration of expertness in textile manufacture. Another interesting incident was the weighing of the Governors, an entertainment in which Pennsylvania's Governor led all the rest. Following is the official report of the result: Colquitt, of Georgia, "Cotton," one hundred and seventy-six pounds; Bigelow, of Connecticut, "Nutmegs," one hundred and eighty-six and a half; North Carolina, "Tar," two hundred and three; Kentucky, "Blue Grass," two hundred and twenty-three and a half; Pennsylvania, "Iron," two hundred and forty-eight. The triumphant avoirdupois of Governor Hoyt was the subject of general and admiring comments. In the afternoon the distinguished visitors were formally received in the hall of the judges by Governor Colquitt, president of the exposition, and Director General Kimball. The Governors were severally introduced and made eloquent and patriotic speeches. There was a large and enthusiastic audience, which was impartial in the distribution of applause. Then the Governors were escorted to the Exposition Hotel, where they were royally entertained and were warmed to emotions by a ringing speech from Mr. Crane, of the Atlanta Board of Trade. The passages most enthusiastically applauded were those in which, as a Southern soldier, he declared that he was glad the war was fought, because it ended in the overthrow of slavery, never to be resurrected, and challenged any State hereafter to rival Georgia in devotion to the national government and flag.

A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor.

One day he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of the forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," answered the boy, "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track, and said:

"My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty; I have lost my companions and missed my way, leave your sheep and show me the road; I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They will stray into the woods and may be eaten by the wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more wouldn't be much to your master, and I will give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep; if I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I had stolen them."

"Well," said the hunter, "you will trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food, drink, and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and—" he stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and tried to make me break my word to my

masters; how do I know that you would keep your word with me?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly cornered him. He said:

"I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his satchel to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the grand duke, who owned all the country around. The duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very great and powerful man, but remained honest and true to his dying day.

A VOODOU MURDER.

From the Columbus (S. C.) Register.

One of the most remarkable cases in criminal annals was tried at the Court of General Sessions of Sumter county last Wednesday. It was the case of the State against Henry Johnston for the murder of John Davis on the 5th day of last February. Both the prisoner and his victim were negroes, and the trial developed the system of voodooism or fetichism to which their race is still addicted in the Southern States. The prisoner before his trial made the following confession, which was put in evidence: He stated that he was in love with the wife of the deceased, a woman near twenty-five years of age, the prisoner being about forty; that she repelled his advances, and he sought the aid of a conjurer, one Orange Isaac, an aged negro. The so-called conjurer gave him a charm, known in the language of negro witchcraft as a "hand," composed of various articles, viz: beeswax, foxes' hair, a little sand from the shoe of the person intended to be acted on, and a drake's foot, all sewed up in a small cotton bag. He was told to wear it next to his skin, over his heart, for one week, and the woman would love him. He did so, and at the end of a week reported to the conjurer that the woman had confessed her love for him, but had refused to accept him as her paramour unless her husband separated from her.

The conjurer then gave Johnston another charm, designed to alienate the husband from the wife. It was worn the prescribed time, but he reported that the woman and her husband continued to live happily together, and that the charm would not work. The conjurer replied that Davis must be possessed by a devil, and that he would give Johnston a charmed bullet which he must put in his gun and fire at Davis' head as he passed from the woods in which he was working toward his home at sundown the next evening. Johnston objected that if he killed the man the law would hang him if he were found out. His fears on this head were allayed by the conjurer giving him another charm, which he said would be proof against the law, and that no judge or jury could convict him while he wore it upon his person.

Thus fortified, Johnston shot Davis through the head on the following evening, killing him instantly, and covering his body with leaves in the woods near the spot where he fell. He then proceeded to the house of the deceased and was received and welcomed by the widow, and domiciled himself in the place of the dead man. The brother of the deceased, suspecting from his absence that he had been the victim of foul play, and finding Johnston in possession of his house, had him arrested on suspicion of murder. The body was found covered up as described on the day after the killing. The prisoner confessed the deed as stated, and was placed on trial before Judge Mackey, at Sumpter, on Wednesday last.

The trial drew an immense throng of negroes to the court house, whose faith in the power of the conjurer satisfied them that the prisoner could not be convicted. His faith was strengthened by the fact that two of the jurors impanelled in the case, one a negro and the other a white man, were taken suddenly ill, and two others had to be substituted in their places. The jury, as finally organized, consisted of nine whites and three blacks. The prisoner was ably defended by Messrs. Baron and Beard, and the trial occupied the entire day. The jury were out but ten minutes, and returned with a verdict of guilty. The verdict was received with exclamations of surprise from many of the negroes present.

Judge Mackey, who is not sensitive to the charms of the class described, at once proceeded to sentence the prisoner. In response to the question from the judge whether he had anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon him, the prisoner replied that he had had a fair and impartial trial, but that there were powers at work which the jury could not understand and intimidated in their behalf. He requested the judge to give him as long a time to live as the law would permit, saying, with a very pertinent use of the argumentum ad hominem, "How would you like your honor, if you were in my place, to be hung in a hurry?" Judge Mackey, appreciating the force of this argument, sentenced him to be hanged on Friday, the twenty-fifth day of November next.

The negro faith in their system of fetichism, or the power of charms, has been strengthened by the fact that the sheriff of the county, a robust man in the prime of life, dropped dead within three hours after the prisoner was sentenced, and a few minutes after he had expressed his abhorrence of performing the painful duty imposed upon him by law of executing the sentence. It should be stated to the credit of the prisoner that when informed of this death he wept bitterly.

Scandinavian Hospitality.

John Halberton in Harper's Magazine for November

The most striking quality of Scandinavian character seems to be hospitality. Throughout Norway, Sweden and the far north the author was heartily received by every one, from the King in his palace to the Laplander in his tent. During five years of almost incessant travel, in the course of which almost every part of the peninsula was visited, M. Du Chaillu was coolly treated only once. The Swedes and Norwegians have the reputation of being reserved and cold, but this is true of them only when they meet strangers of the class best suggested by the word "tourist." To any one whose interest in them cannot be measured by a stare or two and a few impertinent questions they are unsuspecting and communicative, as well as cordial to the verge of affection. M. Du Chaillu went among them freely, conversed with them in their language, wore garments like their own and took part in their labors, sports and ceremonies. The treatment he received in return causes him to speak most enthusiastically in praise of their sociability and kindness.

As in all other countries that retain primitive habits hospitality in Scandinavia always implies eating and drinking. The poorest farmer or fisherman always has something to offer the visitor, and lack of appetite is generally construed as a slight. The author mentions one occasion on which, to avoid hurting any one's feelings, he ate thirty times in two days and drank thirty cups of coffee. Often strong cheese is offered just before a meal to provoke appetite, and in the cities a formal dinner is preceded by a smorgas, or lunch, at a table crowded with alleged appetizers. On a single smorgas table the author noted smoked reindeer meat, smoked salmon with poached eggs, raw salmon freshly fried, hard-boiled eggs, caviare, fried sausage, anchovy, smoked goose breast, cucumbers, raw salt herring, several kinds of cheese and as many of bread, and a salad made of pickled herring, boiled meat, potatoes, eggs, beets and onions. There were also three kinds of spirits on the table, and from these and the various dishes the guests helped themselves bountifully and then did justice to an excellent dinner.

A Well-filled Postal Card.

A month ago a gentleman received a postal card from his brother in Iowa containing over five thousand words. It was written to him as a letter, and the writing upon it was so fine that it required a magnifying glass to read a portion of it. He made up his mind that he would not be outdone, and weeks ago he made preparation to reply in the same style. He wrote during his leisure moments an answer, which he finally brought to a close, the space on his card having been entirely consumed. When his task was completed he counted the number of words and found that he had six thousand four hundred and seventy, exceeding the number on the one he had received by over one thousand words. It was written with a steel pen and can be read without the aid of a glass.

NOTHING WITHOUT EFFORT.—We will accomplish very little in the world without effort. And the effort must be made in such a way as will be wise according to our opportunities and capacities. It has been said of some one that after he discovered he was not a great man he began to do some good. He found his level and his place and his strength was exerted in a way that was practical and fruitful. They are the wisest who properly estimate their gifts and then, whether they be few or many, go to work to make the most of them.

THE word "colored," so often applied to a negro, seems to be a misnomer, a black man having so decided. A Saratoga (N. Y.) judge questioned a negro in court thus: "You are a colored man, are you?" "No, sir," he replied. "But you are not white—what are you?" asked the judge. "I am a black man, sir; I have never been colored," was the quick reply amidst general and hearty laughter.

HAIL stones the size of hen's eggs fell at Deadwood, the other day. It is strongly suspected that the only thing that prevented the hail from being as large as elephant's eggs is the fact that elephants don't lay 'em.

"You are now one," said the minister to the happy pair he had just wed together with a knot that they could never undo. "Which one?" asked the bride. "You will have to settle that yourselves," said the clergyman.

PLINY tells us that Dardalus invented the saw. The earliest saw mill of which we have mention was built at Maderia in 1420.