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IMPRESSIVE SERVICES AT GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH YESTERDAY MORNING

REV. DR. SWIFT, PASTOR OF THE HONESDALE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SPEAKER OF THE DAY.

in the Grace Episcopal church by the combined congregation of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Baptist and Episcopal churches. The Rector, Rev. Whittaker, conducted the services, Revs. Wendell and Coenen assisting, while Rev. Dr. Swift preached the sermon. The choir rendered excellent and appropriate music. The collection taken was for the benefit of St. Luke's Hospital. The church was tastilly decorated with autumn fruits. The congregation was very large and were treated to an excellent discourse by Dr Swift who prefaced his sermon with

the following remarks:
I would be altogether untrue to myself and lost to every whisper of honor if I did not publicly express my keen appreciation of the invitation from the scholarly, genial, broad-minded Rector of this church to speak from this pulpit to-day. I see in it no personal crown with which to deck my own brow, but one of the largest causes for thanksgiving, in the breaking down of the barriers that have stood in the way of Christian fellowship not only, but this manifest true oneness of the church of Jesus Christ. I thank God that I have lived to see this day, and to unite with you in this sweet service. I have selected my text from Psalms 65:11-"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness." We need only to open our eyes,

and we will find abundant reason for Thanksgiving. The "outgoing of the morning and evening" have been made to rejoice together. "The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy-they The poet regards the also sing." crown as already set on a year of goodness. He sees God's chariot passing in triumph, and blessing over the land, and leaving abundance wherever its wheel tricks to for that is the true rendering of the words, "thy paths drop fatness-thy chariot tracks drop fatness.") "Out in the uncultivated prairie, where sweet grass unsown by man grows, in the flush of greenery, the hills that wears a girdle of forest trees half way up towards their barren summits, wave their foliage as if glad; the Psalmist hears a hymn of glad praise rising from all these happy and sunny things; and for its melody he hushes his own that he and we may listen to "the fair music that all creatures make to their great Lord."

"Thou crownest the year with thy odness." Never was it more true than to-day, as we gather for worship in God's house. A year of plenty! God's chariot wheels have dropped fatness from Maine to California-North, South, East, West is prosperity. The crops have been abundant; the hum of industry makes sweetest music; there is work The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad, and up from the earth, and out of the clear sky comes the voice, saying. "What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" Shall not our grateful response be, "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord now in the presence of all his people." Tis well sometimes to get the cumulative force of the blessings that have rolled in upon our "Gratitude is the memory of the heart. In its exercise the heart recalls its mercies, and records them as so many items of the debt to be discharged. It differs from the memory of the mind. The mind is a day-book in which the entries are temporary; but the heart is a ledger into which the day-book entries are posted for permanent preservation. How many of life's mercles never get into the ledger of the heart at all! The item was never posted. More to be coveted and cultivated than the memories of the mind with its cold, dry chronicles is the memory of the heart with its warm throbbing remembrances of God's daily benefits." Let us instead of trying to count the mercles we have received, for that would be wearisome, and a hopeless task indeed, get, I say the cumulative impression, for as Van Dyke sings: Do you give thanks for this or that?

-No. God be thanked,

I am not grateful. In that cold, calculating way, with

blessings ranked As one, two, three, four-that would be hateful!

I only know that every day brings good above

My poor deserving; I only feel that on the road of life true love Is leading me along and never I cannot tell."

swerving.

Thanksgiving services were held | Whatever turn the path may take to left or right,

I think it follows The tracing of a wiser hand, though dark or light. the hills and in the shady

hollows. Whatever gift the hours bestow, or great or small.

would not measure As worth a certain price of praise but take them all And use them all, with simple heartfelt pleasure.

For when we gladly eat our daily bread, we bless

The hand that feeds us; And when we walk along life's way in cheerfulness,

very heart-beats praise the Lord that leads us.

It is said that Leonardo di Vinci held a lyre in his hand while he painted. "This was one of the secrets of his superb work as an artist-his heart was joyful-no one can do his best work with a sad heart. It would be well if all of us should learn to hold a lyre in our hand as we work with the other, whatever our duty or our task may be." "The joy of the Lord is our strength."

Yes, I know all about the undercurrent of sadness in many hearts as we come to this festival of cheer. How hard it is to wear the smiling face when hunger-the hunger of love is gnawing at the heart, as we think of one short year ago, and of the empty chair at the fireside, and the table; but God, in his wise and loving purpose has led our dear ones on, and has come into our lives only to soften and refine us. while in this way we become partakers of the Divine nature and the

find And thread them like a rosary of pearls,

To count them o'er and keep them all in mind.

A day of sunshine where we looked for rain,

A sudden bird-sing when the skies are gray;

The first frost-painted leaf that flutters down. The breeze that blows some vexing

thought away;

and care, And gives new strength to meet

the day's demand; oh, above the rest, the faithful

friends Who always love and always understand.

all.

And hearts grow faint with longcontinued ill:

But let us clasp our rosary of joys

And hold them in our dear remembrance still."

lives, if we are God's children, and 'tis true that he has revealed his clamation of the President of the ers and sacraments. And the great heart in Jesus Christ, and that United States that calls us to our Christian conscience still remains is: That he loves us—and so makes places of worship—and 'tis here the life and inspirations of all civic all things to work together for our always patriotic fervor burns at and political reforms. If we will good; the storm—the blinding lightning—the reverberating thund- maturer years, I have no desire to and not shut it up in any narrow, er—the crash of falling hopes—life's change this custom, or dampen that ecclesiastical compartments of our bitter disappointments. What a won- patriotic fervor, or change the tenor life, it will do the work of moral rederful thing is human love, and yet of the message. Patriotism and re- generation for our political and comit only faintly tells us what God's ligion, in my conception of them, mercial world to-day. This is the love means. Dr. Coyle tells us the are indestructably linked-linked to paramount ethical business of the story of a mother's love the love the thought and purpose of God. Christian church to-day-to let the that comes nearest to God's love: letter which ran like this: "Willie should be given to the national sway over the whole common life of is sick; he is dying." The mother theme to-day—why the national anread the letter, and looking at her them should burn within our hearts, to do business and to vote as they husband, she said, "Father, I must and leap in hot flames from our pray, in the fear of God; to go to Willie." "No, wife, you cantongues. We talk about America as go to the polls (as I have often said) not go," he replied sadly. "It is im-possible. You know there is a line such. But a world power in a sense go to the sacrament—in the fear of of bullets and bayonets between you far beyond our dreams. No country God. She is to speak as fearlessly beautiful than mere prophesy; its and Willie." She did what a Chris- on the face of the earth is exerting from her pulpit against the evils of tian mother always does when her the influence on the world that the commercial dishonesty and political boy is in peril. She laid the matter U. S. A. is doing to-day. No flag corruption as she does against any before the Lord and prayed all night. commands the universal salute as other evil, let it cost what it may in Next morning she said, "Father, I does ours. I speak it not boastfully patronage, in gifts, or in social pres-

know what will come of this. I am er upon my lips: "God save the or virile to this age and generation. fearful, but if you will go, there is State!" the money."

the White House was a man with a for the sake of the world! For our heart as tender as a woman's, united | ideals are sooner or later to become | action, and even sacrifice, young men to a purpose as set and irresistible the ideals of the world. The changes as is the Mississippi river. She told that are taking place everywhere ions. She is to sound in the ears of her errand, and brushing away a are marvelous-and following each these young men the call to rightetear, he handed her a paper, saying, other with a rapidity that is simply There, Madam, that will take you startling. Within a year, yonder in careers, and make that call as holy to the enemy's lines, but what will the land of the "unspeakable Turk" become of you after you get there

She started, reached the line

it and at her and said, "We don't take that here."

did not shoot, but stood awed, and was invincible. Penetrating the after cot and knelt at the foot of the one where her boy lay, and putting up her hands, prayed in smothered tones, "O God, spare my boy." The young man raised his white hands under the sheet. The sound of his mother's voice had gone clear down into the valley and shadow of death. where his soul was going out into the he said, "Mother, I knew you would come."

"Whatever else we may let go, whatever else may be swept from us in the rush of years, whatever doctrines may drop out of creed, whatever changes may come in Biblical interpretation, or in church administration, let us hold on to this great central truth of truths that God is

love, and hence, love can never fail. There are a thousand things which cannot understand. Theories and theorizers go and philosophers often dip away into shadow lands which I cannot explore. But never shall l cease to believe that my life and your life are over-arched and under-girded by the love of God. Never shall I surrender the conviction that love immortal beats about us as the ocean laves the beach of the island which it holds to its bosom: that, though the heavens may fall, and the earth burn, and the judgment thunder, and eternity roll, still we are encompassed by that love that flamed out in Jesus Christ and crystallized on Calvary. This was the thought that calmed the heart of our own Whittier when he sang:

"I know not where his islands life Their fronded palms in air, I only know I cannot drift

Beyond His love and care."

heart of love? How best recognize kindled at Christ's cross that has the goodness that has gone before been fused the one church. Our possesses all things? "What shall may lose our ideals, and so lose our we render unto the Lord for all his regenerating influence. There lies benefits?" when we ask these questions, and dry-rot of commercialism honeycease trying t osolve the problem. But did not Will Carleton think clear through and reach the right conclusion when he asked and then mocracy and representative governanswered the question?

"The God above! What can we say Or do, with eyes so dim To make this Thursday-Sabbath day The sleep that bears us far from toil Thanksgiving day to him?

What love, through grace and

Can thrills to him impart? turn from our personal mercies—the ners to assault the walls of the city love that has hallowed our homes- of God. The church has a disinthe aegis that has been held before tegrated conscience. It is "long" on our community life, and abruptly plety, but desperately "short" Yea, life hath many sorrows for us give our attention to the broader civic righteousness. What should the field of national life. But this has church do? Just what its Master always been uppermost in my thought and Founder did. He connected his on Thanksgiving day as the years religion as immediately with have come and gone, and I have commonest and most secular affairs heard from beyond the stars the of life as with its acts of piety. He brance still."

voice saying, "Open ye the gates that made common honesty, justice, the righteous nation that keepeth truthfulness, and integrity as much ves, if we are God's children, and truth may enter in." 'Tis the procwhite heat. With the wisdom of only let it have a free course to-day 'What God has joined together let Christian conscience out of the nar-"In our great Civil War there was a no man put asunder." There is a row limitations where we too often woman up in Maine who received a special reason why our thought confine it, and give it its rightful must go to Willie, I must."

—I speak it reverently—I speak it tige. And until she does, she will hopefully—I speak it with the pray- not commend her religion as valid

a constitution was born granting pofore no one had dared to whisper vice of God and humanity for the

handed him the pass. He looked at mediately following it were indescribable. One who was in that land ly sensitive conscience, than this told this week of multitudes of young "I know," she said, "but Willie, men in that country who within my boy, is dying in prison, and I twelve hours of the granting of that am going to him. Now shoot!" He constitution spoke to thousands and tens of thousand of what liberty hushed in the presence of a love that meant with an eloquence that stirred truest sainthood. These are the new the popular heart. The young man, lines, she reached the hospital. The tall, soldierly, calm, but intensely in surgeon said, "Madam, you must be earnest, who led the revolution that very careful, your boy will survive resulted in dethroning the brilliant, no excitement." She crept past cot unscrupulous Sultan, one of the She crept past cot unscrupulous Sultan, one of the elt at the foot of the greatest rulers that ever sat on a throne, spoke recently in one of our ears of her youth. Protestant churches-spoke from the pulpit; then visited one of our missionary schools, and then said, and the words are most significant: "When we introduce an educational system into Turkey, it will be modelled after the American school." silent beyond. Raising his hands China, that for centuries had lived its life untouched by the outside world, is looking to America to guide her in her political, educational, and religious revolution, for 'tis nothing less than that of one of God's greatest miracles, that will lead God only knows whither!

The unselfishness of our government in returning the Boxer rebellion indemnity fund has touched a chord in China's heart that vibrates. Korea will first become a christian nation of these eastern counties-Korea once the hermit nation. Japan in spite of the yellow journals feels the power of American ideals, and is rapidly incorporating them. No wonder 850 men most of them business men, the foremost business and professional men have met in Scranton to listen to the call from the world-wide field, for the King's business requireth haste, and we must strike while the iron is hot on the anvil. Seventy-five such gatherings of laymen are tobe held all over our land that an army of invasion may be sent to win these lands for Christ. Meanwhile much hangs on our own national life remaining true to the ideals of the fathers. Not for our own sake alone, but for the sake of this wide world which belongs to Jesus Christ. And he is to come to his own, I verily believe by the way of these, S. A. Do you not hear the transaction, trains, trains of the great has the transaction inspired with the year. takers of the Divine nature and the glory that shall be revealed.

"There are so many sorrows in our lives—

"There are so many sorrows in our lives—

"There are so many sorrows in our lives—

"There are so many sorrows in our tal—that is the trinity of love, the top-most, bottom-most, innermast, good inspired with the outermost fact of the molvers.

How can we best respond to that it is in this live, this is in this live, the world to fall the property of love. How can we best respond to that it is in this live, this is the trinity of love, the transit rains, trains, trains,

What can we give to him who great peril as a nation is that we No wonder we stop our greatest national peril. This combs our free institutions and threatens to bring to naught that vast and critical experiment of dement which, in the providence of God, we are set to try for the human race. Meanwhile, what is the church doing about the matter? Once in a while she recognizes her duty and faces it, but the church for the part preserves a discreet silence. Her watchmen refrain their voices It may wrench our thought to though the enemy march with ban-More than this, she is to sound in the God give to us high ideals, and ears of her young men of this genera-She hastened to Washington. In help us, at any cost, to realize them tion, young men who are always ready to answer the call to chivalrous who still dream dreams and see vis-

ous political and nonest commercial

and imperative as the call to her

highest principles and most delicatesame sphere of business and politics. And there is none that is apter, if a man be true to his principles, to develop the strongest and noblest character, the finest heroism, the quests for the new Knights of today, infinitely better than a crusade for the rescue of the holy sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. This then is the call the church should lift up with trumpet voice in the

"God give us men; times like these demand

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hand

whom the lust of office does not kill. Men whom the spoils of office can-

not buy. who possess opinions and a will Men who have honor-men who will not lie

Men who can stand before a demagogue

down his treacherous flatteries And without winking. men-sun-crowned, who live above the clouds.

In public duty and in private think-

Here then lies the searching and final test of our modern Christianity. Can it produce such men to-day? Can it produce to-day the type of Christian who shall meet the needs of this age; the man of solid conscience who rings true whenever you strike him? It is for us each to answer that question. There is no greater question before the church to-day than this-America must become the ideal nation, that the ideal may sweep the world up to God. We owe our country the best we can possibly give. At the West Point Centennial observances, General Porter, in addressing the class about to go forth, said: "In closing, let me mention by way of illustration a most touching and instructive scene. which I once witnessed at the annual meeting in the great hall of the Sarbonne, the Paris, for the purpose of awarding medals of honor to those who had performed acts of conspicuous bravery in saving human lives at their a brists coad box of heartely

form. The story was recounted of how one winter's night, when a fierce tempest was raging on the ruce Normandie coast, he saw signals of distress at sea, and started with his father, the captain of a small vessel, and the mate to attempt a rescue. A wave washed the father from the deck. The boy plunged into the seething, foaming, raging sea to save him, but his attempt was in vain and the father perished. The lad struggled back to the vessel to find that the mate had been swept overboard. Then lashing himself court here, fast, he took the wheel and guided The girl paying a touching tribute to the boy's bravery, in a voice broken with follows: emotion, pinned the medal to his lad in his arms and imprinted a kiss to meet me. He was there when I on each cheek. For a moment the reached the laundry. boy seemed dazed, not knowing Suddenly his eyes turned toward his revolver or why he had it. old peasant mother, she to whom he widow's cap. He rushed to her, her feet.

"Men of West Point," said Gen. to the Glover house. Porter, "in the honorable career which you have chosen, whatever you may win, always

your country, to which you owe your birth and your education.' In speaking of the cathedral of our national life, Ambassador White said: "Day by day the structure "I hid away under the bed a rises, its foundations-great truths, far more lasting than mere granite; its pillars great rights, far more roof, great hopes, swelling higher than any dome of bronze and gold. And from its summit shall come light, beaming brighter, flashing farther than any that ever flung into Serf's eyes from crown diamonds; for it shall reflect that light of liberty and justice which cometh from the very throne of the Almighty. All the blessings of our free institutions are ours because our nation has been true to high ideals-has suffered and sacrificed that she might be true to high ideals. We stand with uncovered heads before the flag -the banner of the free because eternal righteousness is written in blood across it. Appreciating as we must, all that the flag stands for, a constitution was born granting po-litical and religious liberty where be-higher sphere to-day for the best ser-ours because of our training under the sacred influence of Civil and Re-

and was challenged by a picket. She the word "liberty." The scenes im- consecrated man, the man of the ligious liber of; privileges that are ours because the mother has suffered to give them to us. Let us lay in her lap all we have to give. And write the record of personal loyalty, integrity-give her what she asksthe noblest, truest manhood. More than that, "I believe," says Dr. Coyle, "that America was predestined in the wisdom of God to be the herald of this new liberty. I believe it has been given to her to be the leader in humanity's march from the swamps and lowlands of national friction, strife and conflict, from the dark valleys of race prejudice and hatred and animosity, from the social abysses of greed and lust and ambition up to the sunlit summits of concern and fraternity and justice. If then I am not mistaken as to the God-given mission of this Republic, if it is from first to last religious, we can see something of the responsibility that is laid upon our citizenship. To meet that responsibility, there must be the most ardent patriotism and the most loyal devotion to our Father's God. 'God and our country for all the earth should be our motto. With confidence in Him who planted this vine, with His name upon our coins, with his smile upon our institutions, with his spirit in our leaders and rulers.

> 'We gird us for the coming fight, And strong in Him whose cause is

> In conflict with unholy powers, We grasp the weapons He has given, The light, the truth, the love of heaven."

> Oh friends, let us once more light the candle of our devotion from fires on the altar of liberty-then burn and burn and burn to the socket!

Girl Hidden Under Bed Says She Did Not Do Murder.

THREE DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

Hattie Leblanc Says Laundry Proprietor Attacked Her and Had a Revolver-She Thinks He Shot Himself.

Boston, Nov. 25.-Hattle Leblanc, the girl arrested in the house of Clarence F. Glover, the laundry proprietor, whom she is accused of killing, was arraigned and held in the district

The girl is only sixteen years old, the boat with its cargo of precious and when she was dragged from behuman souls throughout the howl- neath the bed where she says she had ing storm safely into port. The been hiding three days without food minister of public instruction, after or water she looked like a frail child. The story she told in court was as

"I was in Mr. Glover's laundry with breast, placed in his hands a diploma him Saturday night. I met him by of honor and then seized the brave appointment. He was perfectly willing

"I met him downstairs. We went up

which way to turn, as he stood there to the office on the second floor towith the tears streaming down his gether. We had a talk. Glover atbronzed cheeks, while everyone in tacked me. He had a revolver with that vast audience wept in sympathy. him. I don't know where he got the

"I didn't have the revolver in my owed his birth and his training, as hands at all, I never touched it. I did she sat at the back of the platform not shoot him. I don't know who shot with bended form and wearing her him. I think he shot himself. I left him and was going through the wintook the medal from his breast and dow on the floor below when I heard casting it and his diploma into her the shot. I did not know he was shot lap, threw himself on his knees at or what it meant. I went through the Parkway and Moody street. I hurried

"I remained in the house all the time up to the time I was found. No one knew I was there. I had nothing to be ready to lay them at the feet of eat. I stayed in the same spot under the bed all the time. It was awful cold, and I was awful hungry. thought I would starve to death. I did

"I hid away under the bed all that time because I was ashamed of myself and because I was afraid. I was not afraid of being arrested, but I was afraid of what would happen if it became known that I had met Mr. Glover in the laundry at night. Glover said he would kill me if I told what happened."

The police are working on the theory that a third person will be found who can clear up the mystery of the kill-

ing of Glover. Mrs. Glover, the widow of the victim of the shooting, is virtually a prisoner in her home. The house is guarded by the police, and Mrs. Glover has been notified that she must not leave under threat of arrest. She did not go in to see her husband when he was dying, although he asked for her pres-

ence at his bedside. Mrs. Glover told the police that she had no idea that the Leblanc girl had been at her house since the shootis though the girl was found under in the house.