DAILY RECORD-UNION

FRIDAY.....NOVEMBER 26, 1886

ADVERTISEMENT MENTION.

Lecture on Milton this evening.
Metropolitan Theater—Jeffreys-Lewis.
Clunie Opera House—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."
Metropolitan—Sullivan is coming.
Clunie Opera House—"Vacation."
Sacramento Parlor to-night.
Sumner Relief Corps this afternoon.
Harmony Lodge, K. and L. of H.
Card of thanks—Mrs. F. Meagher.

Business Advertisements.

Red House—Millinery.
German girl wants a situation.
Let me have a mild cigar.
Weinstock & Lubin—Christmas presents.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE FORESTERS' EAT.

A Very Close Match at Pigeon-Shooting Yesterday.

At Agricultural Park yesterday the Forester Gun Club and the Pacific Sportsmen's Club shot the match for a supper which has for a week or two formed the subject of conversation and discussion among those who delight in the use of the shotgun. The weather was delightful, though perhaps if there had been a little more breeze to blow the smoke away after the discharge of the first barrel, the scores would have been better. The birds were a fine lot, big and strong as a general thing, and many of them, hard hit, succeeded in carrying their loads of lead outside the flags. The shooters were in excellent humor, and there was not a hard word or dispute from first to last, rendering it what the people of old would designate a "gentle and joyous" meeting. There was a large attendance of spectators, who evinced much interest in the match, and it really was a very close contest, neither team ever succeeding in getting more than four birds in the lead. In the first round the Pacifics made two less misses than the Foresters, but the latter improved in the second round, and at the close of the third were two birds ahead. At the commencement of the ninth and tenth rounds the teams were tied. At the beginning of the eleventh the Pacifics had the advantage of one, but the teams were even when they began the twelfth. The Foresters in it missed only two to their opponents' four, and won by a total of 102 to 100. The shooting was not up to the average of those engaged in it, but it may be remarked that very few birds escaped unhurt. In the following score the figure 2 denotes when the second barrel was used, which in many instances was only to "make sure" after a bird had been brought to grass. The match was under Hurlingham rules, members of the teams shooting alternately:

FORESTERS.

J. Gerber	1 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 1—10
H. Gerber	2 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 0 0—9
W. E. Gerber	0 1 0 0 1 1 0 2 1 0 2 1—7
Todd	0 2 2 2 0 1 1 1 1 2 1 1—10
Biderman	1 1 2 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 2—9
Ankener	2 0 0 2 0 1 2 0 2 0 0 0—5
Kane	0 2 2 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 2 1—6
Zuver	2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—11
Coffey	1 0 2 1 0 2 1 2 1 0 0 1—8
Ruhstaller	1 2 1 2 2 0 1 0 1 2 0 1—9
Shepler	2 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1—10
Hamilton	1 1 1 0 1 0 1 2 1 0 0 1—8

PACIFICS.

Parrott	1 0 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Pedlar	2 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0—8
Flohr	1 0 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 0 0—7
Wittenbrock	1 2 0 0 1 0 2 1 1 1 0 1—8
Routier	2 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 2 0 0 0—8
Chapman	2 0 0 1 1 0 2 1 2 0 2 2—8
Damm	0 0 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1—10
Vaughn	1 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 0 2 0 2—9
Kunz	2 2 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 2 0 2—10
Morrison	1 0 0 1 0 1 2 1 0 2 0 1—7
Nesbitt	1 2 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 1 1 0—6
Graves	1 2 0 0 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 1—9

The Foresters considered the opportunity a good one for their medal shoot also, and five of their members took part who were not in the team match, as did also Louis Nicolaus, of the Pacifics, making the following scores:

Schrott	1 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 1—10
Miller	0 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 0—6
Chapman	1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 1—11
Young	1 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 0 2 1 1—10
Tebbets	0 0 1 1 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 1—8
Nicolaus	1 1 0 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 1—10

Prisoners Made Happy.

Ten poor unfortunates—men who once had homes where they had a mother's care, a father's blessing, a sister's love—are confined behind the bars in the city prison. A departure from the path of rectitude and parental admonitions, a love for strong drink and the violation of one of God's commandments—"Thou shalt not steal"—brought them down in the scale of humanity until the outraged laws of their country are compelled to deprive them of their liberty. Yesterday, no doubt, the minds of those ten individuals wandered back to the time when they were not criminals, were not drunkards, were the loved members of a family who annually gathered around the roasting turkey and the Thanksgiving table. The sad reflections of this reverie—for the remembrance of their many crimes and shortcomings must be sad—were somewhat dissipated by the feast that was served them in their prison cells. To be remembered in such a place on Thanksgiving Day is an assurance to them that if they would behave like men all is not yet lost. Curtis Bros. donated ducks and other game, the Pioneer Bakery pies and confections, and G. W. Chesley and A. Nathan cigars. Jailer Farren delivered them a short lecture on "temperance and morality," and presented each with a copy of the Ten Commandments.

Accident at the Track.

Yesterday afternoon, while Dr. Hicks was working George W. Hancock's filly Daisy at Agricultural Park, his right line broke, and the horse ran away. The doctor, by means of the other line, kept the animal in a safe position at the track, and she ran around two or three times. Finding that she was getting tired he reached forward, when at the upper turn of the track, took hold of the check, and was gradually bringing her to a stop, when a young man ran up, caught the bridle, and stopped her so suddenly that she wheeled aside, upsetting the sulky and throwing Dr. Hicks out. He alighted upon his shoulder and hip, and the filly, also falling, nearly came down on top of him. A bystander ran up and caught the horse by the head, holding her down, while others assisted the driver to his feet, and he was soon conveyed to his residence. He was severely injured on the hip, but it is not thought that any bones were broken.

THANKSGIVING.—Thanksgiving was generally observed in this city yesterday. The banks and wholesale houses were closed all day, and but few of the markets and retail stores kept open after 12 o'clock. The day was quite pleasant, and there were many family reunions, at which turkey was the topic of conversation and chief object of attack. The Protestant Churches held union services in the First Baptist Church, on Ninth street, at which the ministers of the city participated. The sermon was delivered by Rev. W. C. Merrill, of the First Congregational Church, and appears in full in another column. A collection was taken at the close of the service for the benefit of the Protestant Orphan Asylum, and $26 26 raised.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN COMING.—An athletic exhibition will be given at the Metropolitan Theater next Monday evening by the champion pugilist, John L. Sullivan, and the members of his combination, under the management of P. F. Sheedy. Those participating, in addition to the champion, will be Geo. LaBlanche (The Marine), Steve Taylor (ex-champion of New York), James F. Carroll, Pete McCoy, Geo. Weir (The Spider), Jim McKeon, Dan. Murphy and others, including several local boxers, and without doubt those who admire the "manly art" will see it well illustrated on the occasion. The sale of reserved seats will commence to morrow, at the theater.

RETURNS RECEIVED.—The official election returns for Kern and Trinity counties were received at the Secretary of State's office yesterday. This leaves still to arrive those for Humboldt, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco and Santa Clara.

CHANGE OF PRICES.—During the balance of Miss Lewis' engagement the Gallery of the Metropolitan Theater will be placed at 25 cents. "Article 47" announced for this evening will be produced next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings without fail, which will be positively the last of this successful engagement. *

GENTS' fine all-wool and camel's hair underwear, plain and striped, perfect in texture and finish, at the Red House. *

ONE HUNDRED different styles, all-silk and satin scarfs, satin lined, at 25 cents each, at the Red House. *

Boys' cloth waists, plaited back and front, 75 cents each, at the Red House. *

THANKSGIVING.

INDIVIDUAL LIFE IN NATIONAL DESTINY.

Sermon Delivered Yesterday by Rev. W. C. Merrill, of the Congregational Church.

At the Union Service held yesterday in the First Baptist Church, Rev. W. C. Merrill, pastor of the Congregational Church, delivered the following sermon. His text was Luke xix., 42:

"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that pertain unto thy peace!"

Hegel, the greatest, perhaps, of the reflective or subjective philosophers, once declared that "there are three periods in the life of every man: the yes, the no, and the yes again. First childhood says yes to the parental instruction; then youth says no in self-will and waywardness; and last of all old age comes on and compels the soul to say yes again to the first yes of its early years." Tradition relates of Og, King of Bashan, that in an unequal contest he lifted an enormous stone to hurl it upon his adversary, but the gods suddenly hollowed it in the middle, and it dropped about his neck, there to remain to the end of life. Says the poet Lowell:

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, 'twixt the good and evil side.
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever, for that darkness or that light.

These three thoughts from philosophy, tradition and poetry point all the same great moral: that there is in all life a formative period, that is, a period under strict and rigid laws; a probationary period, and a judgment day; a time when we lay broad and deep the foundations upon which we are to build in after years, for weal or woe; a period again when, though compelled to build, we shall struggle to confirm or modify the action of our early years, and a period yet again when we must stand in silent awe to see that our past is already become history, and all that remains to us is to throw ourselves down again, as in early childhood, at our mother's knee and seek protective power in calm obedience. "The world is full of judgment days," says Emerson, and we do not gainsay the terse aphorism; but think not that sentence is always executed with the judgment. The findings are carried up and up through court after court of stern investigation, until one day the final hearing comes, and, in the presence of the Supreme Power no witnesses are suborned, no juries packed, no judges bribed to partial verdicts. We are too apt to think that laws determine right and wrong, justice and injustice. Sacramento, a few years ago, had

ONE OF THE ABLEST WRITERS

Of journal leaders in this country, and for years his words were passed over your breakfast-tables as high authority and allowed to mold the thought and fashion the characters of your youth. When I asked him one day why he did not expose an unjust transaction, in which, by skillful manipulation, the numerous owners in a great public business were defrauded of their just share of the earnings, he asked if they could not be prosecuted by law. When I answered that they had managed the affair so skillfully that they had actually violated no law, but that such an evasion did not lessen the injustice of the act, he denied vehemently all sympathy for such sentiment, and declared that he knew no right, no wrong, save such as issued from the observance or infringement of civil law. This idea of the origin of right and wrong in human life is too widespread by much, and hangs upon an utter misconception of the office of abstract law. Forces are ill-adjusted; law seeks to adjust them. Opposing interests clash; law quells the disturbance by giving precedent to the right. Law (civil law) is liberal in its activity, and determines according to the spirit. Law, in the healthy exercise of its functions, looks to the careful adjustment of the active factors—the formative elements of society. It does not seek out its petty weaknesses and spend its forces in analyzing morbid peculiarities. The stern duty of law is to gather up in one and send safely on the great current of humanity towards

THAT OCEAN ON WHOSE WAVELESS SHORE

Its jurisdiction forever ends; instead of allowing it to dribble in from a thousand uncared-for brooks and rills. Law, then, is not creative, but declarative. Law does not make a thing right or wrong by virtue of its proclamation. Law does not create justice; it recognizes it, and bends the mighty forces of humanity to the protection and projection of man in its attainment. It says: "This thing is just; I beg you do it." It says: "This is unjust; do it at your peril." The real service, then, of law is not to conjure up and infuse into some acts that which shall color them black, and into other acts a certain essence that shall bleach them white. It does not make integrity and honor famous, neither does it make crime and dishonor infamous. It does not say: "You shall labor while it is day;" it announces, "If you spend the day in idleness you must go, home empty-handed." It does not say, "You shall not work iniquity;" it says "If you sow dragon's teeth, you shall reap a harvest of spears and gather them into your own bosom." It notes the fact that the logic of events is pitiless, within certain lines, recognizes the stern fidelity of sequence and throws, for the salvation of man, a line of light from primal cause to final issue. This is the office of law, and while it does not with captious scrutiny peer over the borders for every quirk of eccentricity, it does define the boundaries with generous exactness and binds man to his course for good or ill. The physical laws of mankind are yet more unerring and more certain far of execution; but their function in visible activity is the same. The laws of physical being do not create penalties, they define and declare them. Certain lines of conduct in the physical organism lead to certain results. When those lines of conduct, many times repeated, become identical in operation, the succession becomes law and the result is inevitable. But the law does not create the sequence, it but declares it. As it is itself but formulated by the succession, so it but witnesses to the necessary conclusion and plants the iron track, henceforth, from the action to its end. Now, thus far in the domain of law we recognize its function to be normal, and see the absolute necessity that as a universal guide it must, within certain limitations, approach to the infallible; that

ITS STANDARDS MUST BE UNCHANGEABLE,

That it must throw its lines of direction with unswerving accuracy from certain cause to sure effect. But the field of civil juriedistion does not embrace all the domain of law—that is only conventional after all—a matter of convenience among individuals, to be set up and overturned at will by majorities. Even the physical laws are only the advance guard—the picket-line of ethical laws, and the issue in these civil and physical territories is petty in comparison with the tremendous consequences with which law has to do in the moral realm. If, now, we value law in the civil and physical spheres of human living as indices of underlying principles, which we see by results must have existence there, shall we not be equally careful, when we follow on or step into the moral realm, to discover the existence of world-wide principles underlying these universal manifestoes? Shall law split hairs in the very vestibule of her temple, and then play fast and loose with her holy offices at the very foot of the sacred shrines within? Must man travel in the straight grooves of law all the way up to the lofty plane of moral responsibility, and then shall he be allowed to glide off upon some turn-table of indecision, whose wheels run to and fro and either way upon the circle of his convenience or inclination? All the laws of analogy, of development, of logical procession, drive on to the unavoidable conclusion that man's moral nature also, in its formative period, must be governed by the strict teachings of law, and that law in this part of its domain must draw its lines with the same unerring precision that marks its exercise elsewhere. We see now that the great underlying principles

WHICH DETERMINE HUMAN GOOD OR ILL

Have their exponents in law defined with more or less exactness, and that we judge at a glance of the nature of the principles by the character of the outcropping laws. We see, to advance a step, that the pages of history are mottled with the wrecks of those nations that have burst these legal bonds asunder and strayed from the path of justice. The records of your criminal Courts are witness to the wild profanation of civil strictures, and the story of your hospitals and asylums furnish a dark catalogue of individual woes—the sad entailment of violated physical law. But nations are only aggregates of individuals, and so it needs no long study of the philosophy of history to decipher the epitaph that is written upon the graves of nations deep-buried beneath the rubbish of the past. The pilgrim to Rome asks no secrets of the whispering wallflower that clings to its niche in the crumbling piles of the Colosseum. The exile in Egypt, with the eternal pyramid at his back, pleads not with the giant Sphynx to unravel the mystery that veils the tomb of the Pharoahs. The lion leaves his jungle to prowl about the massive moon-lit ruins of far-famed Persepolis and crouches in the shadows of her dim-lit temple aisles, and you ask not the wandering Bedouin the sad history of her fall. The shouts that shook the mighty amphitheater as the blood of a thousand gladiators stained red the sands of the arena; the sad earth that drank the blood of a million Egyptian bondmen who piled the massive monument of fallen greatness; the breeze that wafted on to judgment the thick breath of Persian perfidy—all, all echo and re-echo the words of Israel's prophet, "Woe unto them that put darkness for light and light for darkness." Judged by the history of the past, in what, shall we conclude, does national greatness consist? Will you find it in vast territory and countless dwellers therein? But those mighty Persian nations that drank, one after another, the bitter cup of servitude were almost boundless in territory and as the sands for numbers. Will you say that we shall find it in physical force augmented by indomitable will, invincible patriotism and armed with all the appointments of acuteness, intelligence and skill? But Rome and Cæsar are words resonant with the clangor of shields, the rattling of armor,

THE THUNDER OF THE TREAD OF ARMIES,

And the resounding pæans of perpetual victory. And yet when the finger of destiny points the hour, down the very roads she built on her way to conquest comes the steady tramp, tramp of the blue-eyed German hordes, and the Teuton is thundering at the gates of Rome. But you will be more likely to say that we shall find the great desideratum in education—the one watchword of the age. But the soft breezes, that murmur among the ruined walls and solitary columns of the only Athens the world has ever known, recall a time when the same breezes whispered in the sacred groves of Plato's Academe; testify of an hour when art was templed on that classic spot, and learning and culture built, hard by, their one-world shrine. And those breezes tell us more than this. They breathe the name of Socrates, and in sad æolian strains, tell us that he walked among his fellow men and put his finger all in vain upon the canker that was eating out his nation's life. "Knowledge is power"—none knew it so well as he; but vice respects no power save righteousness, and in her absence no temple is sacred, no shrine is free from its polluting touch.

In the light of universal history, the foundations of our nation's life were laid. The founders looked well into the past and builded into it no false material. But they could not see into the future. The reality of to-day is more remarkable than the mythology of yesterday. Fact has outstripped fable in the race. The myths of the ancients were but hidden prophecies of what was then yet to be. Aladdin's lamp is but a feeble rush-light beside the marvels of spiritism and the prestidigator's art. We lie on our beds with seven-leagued boots for our pillow, and travel on the wings of the lightning to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the past is wrapped in a cloud of mist.

SURVEYED FROM THE DIZZY HIGHT

Of the present, sphynx and obelisk and pyramid stand out as mere monuments of brute force on the background of the past, and serve only to give perspective to the triumphs of to-day. Traveling at such a rate of speed, it is not to be wondered at if we have come far from the home of our childhood. It would be very strange if, in our flying journey, we have not lost somewhat of the simplicity of youth, and the trust and confidence and reverence that marked our early years. In the white heat of our earthly siasm the old days send a chill through our frames. Under our noon-day sun the morning of life lies in the cool light of a winter's dawn. The past does not invite us, though we feel that the fever of this flimsy present is fast burning its way to the citadel of life. This of individual, and the same is true of our national life. It has more than kept even pace with our social progress. It has taken along with it even less, perhaps, of the primitive simplicity and honesty of childhood. It has become a man without the connecting link of youth's experience which should always lie between childhood and age. I said we have traveled fast and far. If I may borrow a trite illustration, it was a long way from the wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus to the mother who dandled a Cæsar on her knee. It was farther still from the rising of that wave of barbarism which came rolling out of the north to hurl itself in an overwhelming torrent upon the Eternal City, down to the day when from the little harbor of Delfthaven a devoted band bade

FAREWELL TO HOME AND FRIENDS,

And with God and the frail keel of the Mayflower their only refuge, they took religious liberty for their guiding star, and steered for the open sea. But, believe me, it is not farther from the fabled lupine den that sheltered the unknown founder of Rome down to "that mighty Roman Senate which on curule chairs ruled Italy and the world;" it is not farther from the day our Teuton fathers came out of the Teutoberger forest to bury their battle axes in the gates of Rome, down to that greater day when their better sons knelt with loyal hearts on Plymouth Rock, and with heads bared to the breeze, on that great altar of Almighty God, dedicated this land to civil and religious liberty, so to stand until Governments be no more. And, too, it is not farther from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate than it is from the simple, childish faith that, in the cabin of the Mayflower, legislated for this incipient republic, down to the cool, calculating godlessness that to-day manipulates the credulity of the many for the ambition of the few. That little white-crested wave of civilization which began its onward flow at Plymouth Rock should have moved across this land like a billow of light. Its every crest should have been tipped with the silvery light of love to God, and even-handed justice of a quite heavenly order should have been the strong undercurrent that bore resistlessly on.

You know how fittully and partially the hopes of those noble builders have been fulfilled. You know what pirate ships have hoisted their black flags of vice and crime unrebuked above the swelling tide of progress. You know what ruined homes and broken hearts and blighted lives have struggled on against terrible odds, only at last to go down beneath the waves of adverse fate. And still our great Ship of State rides on, and some of us fail to hear the mutterings of the coming storm. God grant that our rulers hear and learn, before it be too late, "the things that belong unto our peace."

There are two periods when the life of a nation is in mortal peril. The first is when that nation thinks it has all there is of God, and then it will die of

THE DRY-ROT OF ITS OWN SELFISHNESS

And self-conceit; and the second is that point when the nation concludes that it is able to dispense with God altogether. The first was ancient Israel, and she met the the fate that was foretold in prophecy and inevitable; towards the second our own nation is traveling with almost lightning speed. Christ looked down upon his beloved Jerusalem, and thought of its certain fate and wept at its awful destiny. It may be that on some invisible Mount Olivet the prophet of our future stands to-day with eyes suffused with tears. It will not do to imagine that because we are moving as on the wings of the wind that we have outstripped God in our progress. It will not do, because we have followed largely our own wills, to forget that there is a higher will. Nations as well as men have but one alternative; they are ruled by an inevitable fate or they are guided by a supreme and heavenly law; and both one and the other declare, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." And the man or nation that would ignore the prescient will of God must, soon or late, rush into the arms of a blind and iron destiny. The moment we commence to read God out of our counsels we begin to build into the foundations of government wood, hay and stubble, which shall be burned with fire. You have the world-history for 4,000 years. Nation after nation has forgotten God and has drunk the cup of her own iniquities to the bitter dregs—and from Egypt the mighty, down to little patriotic Poland, "suicide" is written upon the graves of one and all. They "knew not the things that pertained unto their peace." And what shall I say briefly and in closing, of our own great State, set here by Almighty God, I honestly believe, to guard this Golden Gate. It is a beautiful State, rich beyond precedent in its resources; great, beyond calculation, in the scope and multiplicity of its possibilities; terrible, in the nature and weight of its awful responsibilities. Italy has no skies fairer; Switzerland has not scenery more sublimely beautiful; its valleys are the fairest of the fair; its rolling streams and babbling brooks are instinct with

THE MUSIC OF THE WILD MOUNTAIN LIFE,

Where was their home; the grandest landscape (so varied in its scenery) in all the world is this great State of ours; what will you make of it? Whatever you are, ye dwellers in this State of ours, that will she be, and be forever. You are inviting immigration to this shore. If you open the door to them upon a land of churches, of schools reared upon foundations of morality and truth; if you show to the East a quick perception of moral taint, and display a manly determination to eradicate the evil, you will have immigration in excess of your demand. You will have it of that type you need—home-loving, law-abiding, wealth-producing, taxpaying citizens—capable of building into this State material that shall stand all the storms of coming years. But you may advertise and laud and applaud your State to the end of time, and if home-loving, law-abiding, taxpaying home-seekers look in upon a field where moral perceptions are blunted, incapable of quick response to the danger signals of virtue and honor and integrity; where churches are utterly disregarded by business men, stared out of countenance by the bold indifference of a merely pleasure-seeking people; saloons imposing poverty 24 hours a day and 365 days in the year upon the inhabitants, and no man saying hold to the outrageous tax imposed by the consequent vice and crime; if, in a word, you do not offer high inducement to moral growth, you will have an immigration, and an immigration only, of the indifferent and the godless, and there will be written upon your towns and cities the epitaph that you may see stamped indelibly upon so many individual lives: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." Hollow a cavity upon the sea shore and it will not more surely fill with water to the level of the tide than immigration of a certain type will respond to whatever invitation in kind you hold out to it upon these shores. The quality of immigration that will answer to your call will be assimilated to the element into which it flows. Multiply amusements and agents of frivolity;

LOOK INDIFFERENTLY UPON VICE

And treat crime with lenience; write that line upon the open page of California's history to-day, and a generation or a century hence, when that page shall have been filled out, be sure that line, the record of to-day, will be found in harmony with the context. What history you are writing is imperishable; all subsequent history cannot blot it out. Nay, all subsequent history will be colored by the writing. Individual human lives are inconsistent, visionary and illogical ofttimes; but the aggregate of human lives is national destiny, and that is irresistible logic, immutable tendency and iron fate. I beseech you look well to your individual lives, for in them are the life germs of the future of your State. The rivulet upon the mountain side you may conduct into any valley of your desire; but you may not dam Niagara as it rushes to its seething plunge, nor say to the ocean, thus far only shalt thou come, and there shalt thy proud waves be stayed. Come back with me on this joyous Thanksgiving day, you who smile at appeals for more of the old New England sternness and integrity of life; come back with me across this vast continent to the home of your boyish days, and draw for one moment the veil from your careless heart and let us look within. I know there is a corner sacred to the clustering memories of the past. There is not one foot of the old farm-house, where your eyes first opened on the light of day, that is not dear to you. But were you to set apart one spot, as above all others hallowed, it would be that little chamber where you were wont to close your eyes on sleep in childish innocence. And were you to lay you down—after these many years of absence—within that little room, I know that once again you would strain your ears to catch the creaking of a door, the soft rustle of a woman's garment, and

THE LIQUID MURMUR OF A MOTHER'S VOICE,

As she kneels, beside your bed to ask God's blessing on her child. Ah, mothers of New England homes! You little know what destinies of budding states and springing empires you hold within your arms; what impress your evening and morning petitions are making on the lives of us, your sons and daughters; how the rustling of those robes and the murmur of those prayers will come back to us in after years, like the rustling of angel pinions, to bear our thoughts away to heaven! We pause a moment in the whirl and bustle of our California life to thank God for our New England ancestry, and for the foundation of civil and religious life they laid so sure and free. And this empire by the sea to which New England has given so many of her fairest and her best—sent out with what prayers of anguish your hearts can never know—shall not the burden of your care be the preservation of those things that pertain unto her peace.

Oh, State prayer-founded, never hung
Such choice upon a people's tongue,
Such power to bless or ban,
As that which makes thy whisper, fate;
For which on thee the centuries wait,
And destinies of man.

Then let thy virtue match the crime,
Rise to a level with the time,
And if a son of thine
Betray or tempt thee, Brutus like,
For fatherland and freedom strike
As justice gives the sign.

And unto thee, in freedom's hour
Of sorest need, God gives the power
To ruin or to save;
To wound or heal, to blight or bless,
With fertile field or wilderness,
A free home, or a grave!

Young Men's Dinner.

A complimentary dinner to young men, members of the Young Men's Christian Association who are away from home, was tendered to them at the rooms on Sixth street, by the Ladies' Central Committee, assisted by the officers of the Association, yesterday. The tables were abundantly provided with all the luxuries incident to the season and elegantly decorated. Precisely at a quarter of 4, about forty young men and fifteen ladies sat down to the well-filled tables, and did ample justice to the excellent menu provided by the ladies. After the meal had been thoroughly discussed, all present united in singing a beautiful hymn, which was composed for a similar occasion in Boston by Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Brief remarks were then made by ten of the young men present, Vice-President W. S. Bassett, Recording Secretary Walter Wylie, and the General Secretary, who, on behalf of the young men present, thanked the ladies for their entertainment, to which a very happy response was made by Mrs. R. G. Hart, President of the committee. The arrangements for the dinner were in the hands of Mrs. P. Clarke, and were admirably carried out.

The company scattered over the building, and were entertained with music, games and social converse till half-past 7, when an informal musical and literary reception was held in the reading-room, presided over by the General Secretary. Miss Hattie Billings, Miss Bell Carrington, Mrs. Helen Elliott, T. Jefford and M. Hesketh took part in the programme, and rendered vocal and instrumental music and elocutionary numbers in a very pleasing manner. At the close a short praise service was held, when brief remarks were made by Dr. Mealand. The Association song, "Blest be the Tie that Binds," was sung, and prayer offered, after which the company dispersed; but many young men lingered for a time as if loth to leave the place where they had spent so pleasant and home-like a thanksgiving. We learn that the membership of the Association has largely increased during the past month, and congratulate the management on the vigorous policy it is pursuing.

THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.—The annual Thanksgiving festival of St. Rose Church was held at Armory Hall last evening and quite largely attended. The Hussar Band furnished music for the dancing. It was under the following management: Floor Director, G. Edw. Hook; Floor Managers, F. D. Ryan, A. W. O'Brien, Chas. Genshlea, Fred. Neary, D. J. Long, J. Burns, J. Longshore, W. E. Baker, Milton Halsey.

SEVERAL lots of gents' gloves in buckskin, kid lined, angora goat, fur top, kid lined and cloth, left over from our recent sale, will be closed out, the prices marked during the sale, at the Red House. *

GENUINE Scotch wool shirts and drawers, white and mixed colors. These goods do not shrink, and are the most desirable manufactured, at the Red House. *

DOUBLE-BREASTED and lace-front navy blue all-wool overshirts, $1 25, at the Red House. *

NOTICE!—Our stores will remain open this evening until 9 o'clock. Red House.*

FOR the finest line of Millinery, go to Barber & Pealer's, 621 and 623 J street. *

BASEBALL YESTERDAY.

The Altas Defeated at Alameda—Snowflakes vs. Brightons.

The result of the game at Alameda yesterday was the defeat of the Altas by the Greenhood & Morans, the score standing 1 to 0, the winning run being made in consequence of an overthrow by Ahern, first base, to the catcher, which was the only error the Altas made. The circumstances were that Gurnett, of the Greenhoods, had reached third base in the eighth inning, and the ball was at first base. Cahill, who was "coaching" at third, saw his opportunity and ran along the line from third to home in such an earnest and desperate manner that Ahern believed he was the real base-runner, and excitedly threw the ball to McLaughlin, but so high that it went over the latter's head, and Gurnett scored. Mike Finn, of the Pioneers, acted as umpire, and performed his duties admirably. The game only occupied an hour and thirty minutes, which is about the shortest time in which a game has been played on the coast, and it was one of the best that has been witnessed in a long time. It was not intended as the settlement of the "draw" between the two clubs, as manager Stafford very positively and properly refused to go into a determination of that outstanding account unless the same nines played that were engaged in the disputed contests in this city and Stockton. Not to appear churlish, however, and disappoint the large assemblage of spectators, he consented to play an exhibition game against the Oaklanders, with their reinforcement of Cahill and Denny. The latter played in his favorite position of third base, Brown resuming his place behind the bat. Van Haltren, who had been doing a great deal of practice in preparation for the match, pitched wonderfully well, striking out sixteen of the Sacramentans. Tom Meagher, who is somewhat superstitious, "kicked" when he saw members of the Salvation Army with their "band" going down on the same train with the club to Oakland. Before the game took place he met one or more of the members of the "army" wherever he went—ran against them, as it were—and when it followed that he "fanned" every time he went to the bat, he declared that he knew he was "hoodooed" before the game commenced. He did not have a chance for a play during the entire struggle.

ALTAS.	T.B.	R.	BH.	B.S.	P.O.	A.	E.
Meagher, 3d b	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Fisher, l. f	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
McLaughlin, c	4	0	0	0	8	3	0
Newbert, s. s	3	0	0	0	0	4	0
Robertson, 2d b	3	0	1	0	1	3	0
Ahern, 1st b	3	0	0	0	12	0	1
Flint, c. f	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Borchers, p	3	0	0	0	2	7	0
Hilbert, r. f	3	0	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	29	0	2	0	24	17	1

G. & M.'S.	T.B.	R.	B.H.	B.S.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cahill, r. f	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Denny, 3d b	3	0	1	0	1	1	1
Fisher, s. s	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Long, c. f	3	0	1	0	1	0	0
Dolan, l. f	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gurnett, 2d b	2	1	0	0	2	3	1
Van Haltren, p	2	0	0	0	18	0	0
Blakiston, 1st b	2	0	0	0	6	1	0
Brown, c	3	0	1	0	16	2	2
Totals	25	1	3	0	27	25	4

Run by innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
G. & M.'s	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	*—1
Altas	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Two-base hit—Long. Base on error—Altas, 3. Left on bases—Altas, 3; G. & M.'s, 3. Base on called balls—Altas, 1; G. & M.'s, 3. Struck out—By Van Haltren, 16; Borchers, 6. Double plays—McLaughlin and Ahern. Passed balls—McLaughlin, 1. Umpire—Mike Finn. Time of game—1:30. Scorer—W. H. Young.

BRIGHTONS VS. SNOWFLAKES.

These two clubs played a game yesterday at Snowflake Park. Up to the close of the sixth inning it was closely contested, the score standing 3 to 3. In the seventh inning the Brightons made 1 run, and the Snowflakes, by heavy hitting and a bunch of errors on the part of their opponents, made 7, winning the game finely by a score of 10 to 6 and an inning to spare. Frank Carroll, of the Pioneers, caught for the Snowflakes, and ably assisted Hapeman, who pitched a strong game. Following is the score:

SNOWFLAKES.	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gorman, 3d b	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Guth, 2d b	5	2	2	3	1	1	0
Renfro, c. f	5	1	0	0	1	0	1
Bidwell, r. f	5	2	2	2	2	0	0
Lynch, 1st b	5	1	1	2	5	0	2
Lawrence, s. s	4	1	0	0	0	0	1
Davis, l. f	4	1	0	0	0	0	1
Carroll, c	4	1	2	2	18	2	0
Hapeman, p	4	1	0	0	0	23	1
Totals	40	10	7	9	27	26	6

BRIGHTONS.	A.C.	R.	1B.	B.S.	P.O.	A.	E.
Goldstein, 2d b	3	1	0	0	2	2	2
Baker, c. f	5	0	2	3	2	0	0
McKune, s. s	4	1	1	1	0	3	2
Builer, l. f	5	1	1	1	1	0	1
Stanton, r. f	5	1	0	0	2	1	1
Woodworth, 1st b	4	1	2	3	10	0	2
J. Rooney, p	4	0	0	0	0	5	3
McLaughlin, c	4	0	0	0	5	0	2
P. Rooney, 2d b	4	0	1	1	2	1	2
Totals	39	6	7	9	24	13	15

Runs by innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Snowflakes	1	0	0	0	2	0	7	*	—10
Brightons	0	1	0	0	2	0	1	2	—6

Two-base hits—Baker. Guth. Woodworth. First base on errors—Brightons, 5; Snowflakes, 10. Left on bases—Brightons, 8; Snowflakes, 6. Base on balls—Brightons, 2; Snowflakes, 1. Double play—Stanton and Woodworth. Passed balls—Carroll, 2; McLaughlin, 2. Struck out—Hapeman, 20; Rooney, 3. Wild pitches—Rooney, 1; Hapeman, 2. Umpire—T. L. Enright. Scorer—G. W. Young. Time of game—Two hours.

The Dalys.

The Dalys are announced in the laughter-provoking athletic comedy "Vacation, or Harvard vs. Yale," for the Clunie Opera House Monday and Tuesday nights next. It is a play that promises "fun in solid chunks," and is billed as a "scholastic absurdity, a rollicking satire on modern college life." The prices for the engagement are: Dress circle 75 cents and family circle 50 cents, and no extra charge for reserving seats. Thomas A., William, Robert, Daniel and L