

FEAST OF LIGHTS COMES TO CLOSE

Dr. Mendel Silber Preaches Impressive Sermon At Temple Emanuel.

Rev. Dr. Mendel Silber preached an impressive sermon at Temple Emanuel last night celebrating the close of the ancient Jewish festival the Feast of the Lights. The church was comfortably filled and the service of an exceedingly interesting nature.

The Feast of the Lights or "Chanukah" is a feast of dedication, and is celebrated annually over a period of eight days among the Jews the world over. It was instituted by Judas Maccabeus and his brothers, in the year 165, B. C. upon the termination of the war with Artischus Epiphames, the Syrian king.

The symbol of the feast is lights that are kindled every evening in the homes and synagogues, commencing with one and adding one each night until eight lights are reached.

During the course of his sermon Dr. Silber said in part:

"If the footlights of a theater could tell the story of the play what a powerful tale it would be. They could tell us of joys and sorrows, of hope and disappointment, of success and failure, of triumph and defeat.

"Here are eight lights before me, footlights of the world's theater upon whose stage the Jew is the actor. They tell of a mighty conflict of 2070 years ago when Judas Maccabeus fought with the Jewish army before the walls of Jerusalem, of the joy that followed the victory of the righteous few over the wicked many and the restoration of the sanctified temple and the purified home. They tell of a fierce battle 1836 years ago when the fates of war decreed the Romans dictators over the Jews, of the sighs and tears that followed the devastation of the sacred temple and the glorious city and of the exile of the Jewish nation.

"They tell of a still mightier conflict and a still fiercer battle. Of a battle that has been raging for 1800 years in which the Jew has been branded as a traitor and proclaimed as a rebel.

"They tell of dungeons many fathoms below the surface of the earth in which the Jew was immured. They tell of living graves, where his limbs rotted, his body mouldered away and he was made to die by inches; where his groans and outcries rang forth unheeded.

"They tell of axes that beheaded him of halters that strangled him, of knives

that quartered him, and of stakes at which he was consumed to ashes. They tell of mountains and dens and caves of the earth to which he fled for shelter, where he pined away of hunger and thirst while years which seemed ages, rolled slowly over him and where his ashes now lie.

"What a tale it is the lights tell us. And the curtain has not yet fallen over this saddest and most pitiful tragedy. The last act is at this moment being played in benighted Russia, where strong men, tender women and innocent children are burned alive to the shame and the disgrace of civilization.

"But during the thousand years' drama the actor has never forgotten his part or forsaken his role. As these lights are now burned down and about to become extinct, let up hope that the heart rending drama will soon close, the curtain drop and the actor pass into the midst of the spectators who will make common cause with him and hand in hand, tread the path leading to perfection and happiness."