

The Gospel for the World.

LUKE 24: 44-53.

Golden Text:—They went forth and preached everywhere.

Central Truth:—The true disciple a Christian missionary. There could be no more fitting topic with which to conclude this half year's studies...

Of this remaining work we have some account in the few verses before us.

Just when all these words and events were spoken and transpired is not certain. After our Saviour's appearance to the two in the way to Emmaus...

It is possible that all that which follows down to the forty ninth verse transpired at this interview. More likely, however, these verses are a summary of the Saviour's teachings during the forty days which followed his resurrection...

1. It is noteworthy that again, as in his words to the two on the way to Emmaus, our Saviour puts honor on the Old Testament Scriptures. There are those who speak lightly of that portion of the Bible...

2. "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." That is, having shown them that all the wonderful things which had put so great a strain upon their faith were just what their own Scriptures should have led them to expect...

3. It will be profitable to fix attention for a moment upon what in the next two verses is set forth as a great necessity, and as the very kernel of what was thenceforth to be the Gospel message.

4. This brings us to the central truth of the lesson. It is the business of every one who has found these things out, and knows them by experience, to be a witness of them.

5. Then the Saviour tells us where this witnessing, this missionary work, is to begin, and with what cheer and aid it is to be carried on.

Very soon thereafter Fremont pushed on his infantry, and Ashby fell leading an infantry charge against a Pennsylvania regiment known as the "Bucktails."

"Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you," the word promise denotes the thing promised, namely, the Holy Spirit. How the disciples did tarry at Jerusalem, praying with one accord in one place, and how the promise of the Spirit was fulfilled to them...

5. The lesson ends with a brief account of the ascension. Were Luke's the only Gospel it might be inferred that this followed immediately upon the words recorded in the preceding verses. This, however, is not a necessary inference...

1. The Bible a book from God; the Holy Spirit ever present to enlighten the mind and warm the heart; a divine, suffering Saviour, through whom we have release from the power and curse of sin...

THE ASHBY BROTHERS. A Bucktailer kills Ashby. The unveiling in Stonewall Cemetery Winchester, Va., on Monday, June 6, of a monument over the grave of Turner Ashby and Richard Ashby.

Col. Turner Ashby was killed while leading an infantry charge against the famous Bucktail regiment. Turner Ashby, the father of Turner and Richard Ashby, was the child of Mary and John Ashby, of Fauquier county, Va., and married Dorothea F., daughter of Jas. and Elizabeth Green, of Rappahannock county, Va.

ASHBYS LAST NIGHT ON EARTH. It was on the outskirts of Harrisonburg, in the centre of the great valley, almost equidistant from tragic Harper's Ferry, at its entrance and quiet Salem at its close. The Federals were pressing upon the rear of Jackson, and the next day the storm of battle was to begin which shook the mountain around Fort Republic and reverberated among the hills of Cross Keys.

CAPTURE OF COL. SIR PERCY WYNDHAM. When the Federal advance reached Harrisonburg the cavalry, under Gen. Bayard, began to press Jackson's rear with great energy. Here it was that Ashby performed one of his brilliant exploits. There was in the Federal army one Sir Percy Wyndham, Colonel of the First New Jersey Cavalry, an officer well schooled in all the experiences of the field on both sides of the Atlantic.

ASHBYS DEATH AND BURIAL. Very soon thereafter Fremont pushed on his infantry, and Ashby fell leading an infantry charge against a Pennsylvania regiment known as the "Bucktails."

the cemetery of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville.

THE STONEWALL CEMETERY.

The women of the Lower Valley, headed by Mrs. Philip Williams, had prepared a beautiful home for the Confederate dead who had fallen around Winchester. This work of love had been brought to such a stage of completion as to be ready for dedication on the 25th of October, 1866...

THE DERBY.

The Yankee Horse's Victory.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT ENGLISH RACE. L. J. Jennings to New York World.

It was four minutes past 3 when the horses went to the post. With a good deal of good-humored crowding and horse-play the course had been cleared and lay a ribbon of emerald between two human walls. The inevitable "Derby dog" put in his appearance, and having been chased and cheived in mad terror vanished as suddenly and mysteriously as he had appeared.

Over in the rainbow streak on the hill there is a moment's hesitation; one horse tries, apparently, to stand upon his hind legs, another prances around on his hind hoofs and spurs with his fore feet at vacancy, then the tiny blot of flag falls and the horses seem, as if smitten by an electric shock, to become half as high and twice as long as they were an instant before.

A blind man could almost have followed the different phases of the contest by commenting murmur of the throng, growing louder and louder as the horses tore along, painted shadows in the distance. As they scudded up the hill Marshal MacDonald—making strong running for his stable companion, Don Fulano—led, Geologist and St. Louis close upon him, then Peregrine and Iroquois, as if watching each other. On the level ground St. Louis goes up to him, then takes a slight lead; then the American scampers up as they descend the hill to Tottenham Corner, the critical point of the race.

Up the level stretch thundered the horses, coming nearer and nearer, curiously fore-shortened, a phantasmagoria of flashing colors, platted manes bobbing, silk caps with bits of faces—compressed lips and sharp chins—seen between the horses' ears. Town Moor, Tristan and Peregrine are in front; Don Fulano, Scobell and Iroquois just behind, like two Roman chariot teams. Up goes a jockey's hand and his whip falls three or four times on his horse's flank; the animal wriggles forward for a second, then seems to float backward, and the cry is raised, "Tristan's beat!"

Deak was deputized to treat amicably with Prince Windishgratz, but was thrown into prison for his pains; and, knowing the times were not ready for him, he retired to his estate when his confinement was over. At the conclusion of the war Austria asked him to join the legislative conference at Vienna, but he proudly refused, because the Hungarian policy of Austria, which he saw was fixed, did not harmonize with his constitutional views.

And amid such a roar as Epsom Downs have rarely heard. Jealousy, pride, all hostile emotions are swallowed up on the instant, and the crowd cheers and laughs and cheers again, and breaking all restraint overflows into the green ribbon of tracks towards where the

gallant American with his ears pricked and neck arching is coming back to the scales, his young rider sitting calmly triumphantly with one hand on his hip. The stalwart, blue-coated policemen have to beseech, and threaten and shoulder and almost use their truncheons to force a way for horse and rider, while every banjo, fiddle, brass and stringed instrument on the Downs is blowing or twanging something more or less American, and the Americans in delicious delight are breaking each other's hats and giving each other triphammer greetings on the back. The hundred and second Derby has been run for and won by a "Yankee."

KOSSUTH AND DEAK.

So far as know, Hungarian methods are not very different from other methods; but the fact that Kossuth is now living in Northern Italy, and talks about the great love he bears his country, etc., moves us to make a few remarks for the special benefit of Mr. Kossuth and his legal heirs. About five years ago the cable brought intelligence of the death of Franz Deak at Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary.

He fought like a hero against oppression, but failed. He had been a fiery revolutionist, panting for Hungarian freedom, fighting for it, sword in hand; and lovers of liberty the world over took Kossuth and his cause to their hearts. But Deak? How many have the faintest conception of the glorious triumph illustrated in his career? He never cost Hungary a single life; his policy had been one of peace; the herald of his political career had marched in front of his ambition, bearing only the flag and carrying only the terms of a grand and inflexible justice—a separate internal government for his native land.

Never for half a century did he waver in faith or work, and never called on Hungary for one drop of blood in a cause that was more hers than his own. The great purpose of his earnest life was finally realized in the constitutional freedom of his native land, and hence it was felt by his grateful country, when his death was announced, that a far greater man than Kossuth was dead.

Franz Deak was born in the Hungarian county of Zala, in 1803, one year after the birth of Kossuth. He studied law and became conspicuous for his eloquence. Before he was thirty he had so far won the confidence of the people that he was elected to the national Diet, and allied himself with the liberal party, then demanding that the Austrian government should recognize the constitutional rights of Hungary as an independent kingdom. His armor then was the plain justice of the petition, and his only weapon the logic of a firm and moderate policy.

With unwearied zeal, and using every argument but the sword, Deak fought against these abuses, at the same time preparing his people for a greater destiny by promoting measures for their commercial and social improvement. The nobles saw the growing power of the fearless champion, and succeeded for a time in retiring him to private life. But they could not quench his republican spirit. He believed in the invincible power of his cause, and was convinced it would triumph without a appeal to arms.

Then followed that European convulsion which shook all the thrones of Europe in 1848. The spirit of democracy, attended by a horde of demons, rushed forth from the gates of Paris in February, and swept from the Baltic to the Adriatic, from the Bay of Biscay to the Caspian Sea. The Hungarian part of the tragedy is familiar. The fierce Magyars, led on by the intrepid Kossuth, held the combined forces of Austria, Russia and Croatia at bay for months, till the hopes of the insurgents died with the surrender of Gorgey at Vilagos. Deak was not in sympathy with the revolution, and did all in his power to avert it; and so Kossuth, who disagreed with Gorgey and with every body else, had no patience with that style of patriotism, and when he became governor willingly accepted Deak's resignation from the portfolio of justice. He forgot that while some may flatter their patriotism, like an oriflamme from the helmet of war, others may watch religiously over its perpetual fires, like the vestals of ancient Rome. The apostle of peace builds slowly, but his foundations endure.

Deak was deputized to treat amicably with Prince Windishgratz, but was thrown into prison for his pains; and, knowing the times were not ready for him, he retired to his estate when his confinement was over. At the conclusion of the war Austria asked him to join the legislative conference at Vienna, but he proudly refused, because the Hungarian policy of Austria, which he saw was fixed, did not harmonize with his constitutional views.

right to own land in fee simple; taxation became the basis of representation; and the statesman had remedied that evil in the former constitution of his country which allowed each comitate or electoral district to decide by vote whether it would accept the laws passed by a representative Diet, and thus made Hungary see the unrepudiable folly of a course which had ruined the Netherlands and Spain.

The articles of '48 were a great stride toward Hungarian freedom, but the victory was not complete. Deak refused to enter public life while there was not a resident Hungarian ministry, a constant token to the people that Hungary was ruling herself. He also insisted that the exiles of the country should not be stripped of their property. Unconditional surrender being the only terms he had to offer Austria, he would not fraternize with the emissaries of Hapsburg till every part of his dream of freedom had been realized. In 1861, when various concessions had been made, he was returned by the city of Pesth to the Diet, and was appointed to draw up that famous address to the Emperor, containing demands which completed his dream of a constitutional Hungary.

Finally, after forty years of sleepless devotion to one grand idea, the blessed vision of a free Hungary became a fact.

Humiliated by the war with Prussia in '66, Austria was ready to grant Deak the same unconditional terms as were extended by Pharaoh to the children of Israel, and his beloved country to day enjoys a constitutional liberty as free as England's.

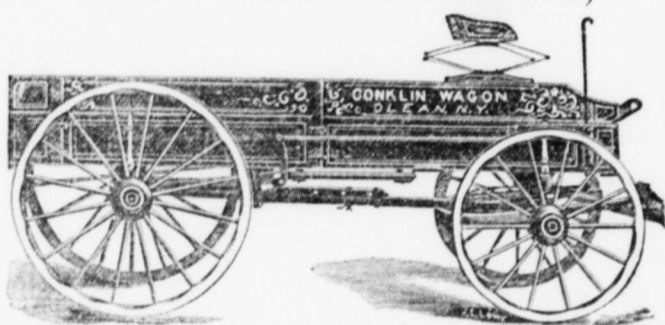
Such is an outline of this great peace statesman's career. The value of such a life and the power of such an example will remain imperishably among the hills and plains of Hungary. He found his country crushed; he left her proud and erect. Oppressive feudal vestiges were swept away.

Kossuth tried the sword. Deak tried the peaceable logic of an honest cause. Kossuth roamed an exile in Turkey, France and America, now issuing lithographed bank notes in London, signed with his name, for distribution in Hungary; now inflaming Italy to war by means of fiery articles in the *Perseveranza*; now advising his own countrymen to reject all concessions offered by Francis Joseph of Austria, and finally retiring, in a fretful old age, to a small dwelling in Turin, the capital town of the Piedmontese Alps, where he writes essays on astronomy. Deak remained in Hungary, the apostle of her constitutional freedom, the advocate of peace, the idol of a regenerate people. Observe the lesson: While his honored remains were lying in state at the capital of his native land, and his coffin was draped with emblems of a nation's grief Kossuth was listening wearily to plaintive cathedral chimes in an alien city of Piedmont, and looking for signs of a realized Utopia in the stars of an Italian sky.

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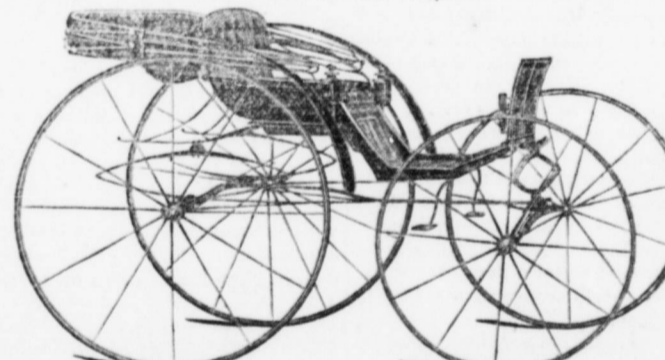


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