

THE CALL OF MOSES.

Ex. 2: 1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And he said, Certainly I will be with thee."—Ex. 2: 12.

Central Truth.—God's supporting presence and blessing are pledged to those who hear and heed his call to duty.

Our last lesson left Moses sitting by a well in the land of Midian, the peninsula of Sinai. The particular spot referred to was probably the southeastern portion, near the apex of the peninsula. While waiting here, the daughters of a priest of Midian, Reuel or Jethro by name, came to draw water for their father's flock. And certain shepherds also came and drove them away. With his accustomed courage and hatred of injustice, Moses interposed for the help of the maidens, repelling their rude assaults, and watered their flock. This was his introduction to the family of Jethro, into whose services he entered, whose daughter Zipporah he married, and with whom he remained during the second forty years of his life.

It is at the end of this last period that we find him in the present lesson. He has not grown rich. In the midst of the luxuries and splendors of Egypt, he had learned how little satisfaction for the heart is to be found in either. His life in the desert has been spent in communion with himself and with God.

Just now he has gone with his flock westward to Horeb, called the "Mountain of God," as having been the scene of a number of wonderful divine manifestations. We have in this lesson a record of one of these. It was that of a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush; the marvel being that the bush burned, and yet it was not consumed.

No doubt the bush, which was the wild and thorn-bearing Acacia, was intended to represent the people of God, and the flame the fiery trials of which they had had painful experience. The Church of God has often appeared in significant, and its sufferings have been many and great, yet, because of God's presence, it has never been destroyed. It is remarkable that he who speaks out of the bush is first called "The Angel of the Lord," and then "The Lord." This may simply indicate that the Lord appeared in an angelic form. And yet this particular phrase, "The Angel of the Lord," has a peculiar use in the Old Testament Scriptures. It seems never to be applied to created angels, but always to a specific messenger of God, who is also represented as deity. To him divine attributes are ascribed. Was not this he who in the beginning "was with God and was God?" In the beginning, and in all times, he was the "Word," the one revealer of God. Many suppose that he who appeared in the bush was none other than Christ.

Thus the great truth symbolized by the burning bush was not simply that the Church is in every age exposed to fiery trials, but that the presence of Christ saves it from being destroyed, and makes all its sufferings a means of good.

The special object of this remarkable appearance comes out in the verses which follow. The attention of Moses, being drawn to the strange sight, God speaks to him out of the bush. He assures him that he has seen the afflictions of his people, and knows their sorrows, and is now about to appear for their deliverance. Then follow the summons and commission of Moses to be their leader: "Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh." It was to prepare him for this great responsibility and most difficult undertaking that he had been so long at school, first in Egypt and now in the desert.

Two things are to be noted in the response of Moses. The first is his humility. And in this how greatly changed from what he was when, unsolicited, he once before offered himself as the champion of Israel! Then he was self-confident, haughty, impetuous. Now he is self-distrustful and humble. His judgment is sobered. He sees the difficulties to be surmounted. In solitude he has acquired hardihood and learned patience. He has come to be at home in that very wilderness through which Israel is to be led; to know its every fountain and spot of green, its best line of march and places of rest. He has come closer to God. He has also discovered the imperfections of his own wisdom and strength. He is at last willing to be taught of God, and to wait upon his will. Now, therefore, God not only calls him, but assures him of his own guiding and sustaining presence, and that the final issue shall be a sufficient token that the call he now hears is truly from God.

The other thing to be noted in the response of Moses is his apparent doubt of the readiness of the people to receive and to trust him. "When they shall say to me, What is his name? What shall I say unto them?"

Just what Moses had in mind was not a mere designating title. A name is that by which one is known. One may be known by his attributes or perfections. Israel already knew God by more titles than one. What new revelation of himself would he make to them? In what character might they expect henceforth to know him. The phrase, "I AM THAT I AM," implies absolute being and supreme power; perfectness sovereign, eternal and unchanging. Such a being Israel might implicitly trust, and such they should find him to be. Under a leader sent and sustained by him they could not but prevail.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The unfolding of God's providence may seem slow, but in the end his fidelity and wisdom will stand approved.

2. For any great work there must or-

dinarily be great preparation. Too many youths are in unwise haste to assume grave responsibilities. Hence disappointments and failures, mortification and discouragement. Moses was two-thirds of his life at school—forty years in Egypt and forty in the desert.

3. A secluded life is no misfortune. Oftentimes it affords the very best opportunities for improvement. It is in solitude that great souls—the Davids, Pauls, Luthers, Cromwells—are ripened for great work. Jesus himself went often to the mountains and desert alone.

4. The fiery trials to which churches and believers are subjected are for their correction and purifying, not for their destruction. Having the presence of Christ they cannot be consumed or harmed.

5. Reverence for an unworthy object is not a moral virtue, but a sin. Reverence for God and for whatever reveals him is becoming and is pleasing to him.

6. God has some work for all his true children to do; for it seeks to train them; to it he sooner or later calls them. The path of obedience is the place of preparation. Listening ears cannot miss his call.

7. The consciousness of our own weakness and insufficiency is an important condition of usefulness.

8. It is the sense of ignorance, which makes one willing to be taught, and of weakness which drives him to God for strength. The path of humility is the only road to true wisdom. The consciousness of dependence opens the heart toward God and welcomes his power and grace.

9. The eternity and unchangeableness of God are among his most precious attributes. Whatever he has promised he will be able to accomplish. Sustained by him there can be no difficulties too great to be overcome. By the hand of Moses, Israel was in due time brought from the house of bondage. They did come at length to the land flowing with milk and honey. So every believer will be delivered out of all his troubles, and will find a home at length in the heavenly land.

RUSSIAN DESTROYING ANGELS.

HEROINES OF THE REVOLUTION—SASSULITCH, BARDIN AND PEROFFSKI.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Sophie Bardin, of Tamboff, a young lady of noble birth, was the first to familiarize the public with the spectacle of a Russian revolutionary heroine. She had not finished her studies and passed her final examinations when she had decided to dedicate her life to the service of "her brothers."

At eighteen years of age she went to Zurich to study the labor question in Switzerland and Germany, and to sit at the feet of Bakunin, "the apostle of universal destruction" and the prophet of anarchy. She soon returned to Russia confirmed in the faith as to the necessity for remodeling society, and resolved to lose no time in setting to work. She assumed the name of a soldier's widow, and began to work at daily wages in a factory, the better to be able to carry on the work of proselytism among the disinherited of the world. A year after her descent among the workers she was arrested. The authorities took two years to prepare her indictment, and she was not tried before the spring of 1877. She conducted her own defense, and surprised every one by the courage and passion with which she pleaded her cause. Thousands of copies of her address were sold in St. Petersburg, and the fate of the eloquent speaker gave force and emphasis to her closing words: "The association will avenge me, and its vengeance will be terrible. Let your hangmen and judges massacre and destroy us now, during the short time that force is still on your side. We set against you our mortal might, and that will triumph. Progress, liberty and equality fight for us, and through these ideas no bayonet can thrust." Her eloquence availed not, and Sophie Bardin was sent to labor in the Siberian mines for nine years—a dreary expiation for one year's propagandism of revolutionary doctrine.

Sophie Bardin was the first, and Sophie Peroffski the third, of the popular heroines of the Russian revolution. The second was occupied by Vera Sassulitch, whose name is perhaps even more familiar in the West than that of either of the others. Vera, who achieved notoriety by the shot she fired at Gen. Trepoff to avenge the chastisement inflicted on a prisoner, Boglaïouboff, who was personally unknown to her, was four years older than Sophie Bardin at the time of her trial. Her troubles, however, began even earlier. When only seventeen years old she was flung into jail as the friend of the sister of Netchaïeff, the well-known conspirator. She lay there two years without trial, and after her release she spent three years in exile, being passed on by the police from town to town as a suspect. Oppression drives even the wise man mad, and no one can be surprised that such treatment drove the victim into the ranks of the active conspirators, and at last led her to shoot Gen. Trepoff. She made no attempt to escape, and justified her deed in court as being necessary to call attention to the cruelty which was practiced under his control. All other means of publicity being denied her, she resorted to the revolver. Her plan found favor in the eyes of a Russian jury, and her acquittal, which was applauded by almost every newspaper in St. Petersburg, startled Europe. Immediately after her acquittal, amid a scene of riotous enthusiasm, she disappeared. It was said she had been arrested by "Administrative order" and banished to Siberia. After a short time it was discovered that she had only been in safe hiding, and soon afterward she

was feted as a heroine by the revolutionary refugees of Geneva and Paris, among whom she continues to eke out a livelihood to this day. Sophie Bardin is in Siberia; Vera Sassulitch is in exile; Sophie Peroffski is dead. But although the three leading actors in the tragic drama are thus accounted for, there are many whose names appear and reappear in the blood-stained annals of Russian sedition. Of these we catch but passing glimpses, some of which, it must be admitted, are by no means calculated to attract. Olga Rassoffski, who sent a bullet through the head of a police sergeant; Anna Makharevna, who fled with a passport forged by two other revolutionary women from the punishment due for her share in the vitriolization of the spy Goroiovitch, and Achriest-off, the seventeen-year-old priest's daughter, who made love to the detective Lavroffski, in order to betray him into the hands of the Nihilists, who cut off his ears and sliced off his nose, are among those who, ruthlessly as destroying angels, keep up the red terror in Russia.

THE WISH THAT SHE WERE A MAN.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

The saddest expression which comes from the lips of woman is the wish that she were a man. How infinitely sad that one-half of the race should think themselves malformed by the Creator. It is an arraignment of the Creator for forming them to a fate less fortunate than the other half of His children. And they recognize that it is a misfortune from which not all of woman's civil and political rights can deliver them, and that all which the most radical reformers demand cannot relieve the disaster of this female formation.

The expression of infinite sadness comes only from woman. Man never wishes that he had been a woman. Nor is this wish made only by woman whose fate is harder than the general; it is heard from those whose circumstances seem fortunate, and who can gratify their feminine tastes by rich and elegant apparel. But even when decked with glories whose texture and colors make the lily homely, they still wish they were men, and they esteem man's plain bifurcated clothes better than all their gorgeous raiment.

Men has that which to him is a supreme reason for not wishing that he were a woman. The idea shocks him with the thought that if he were a woman he could not have the happiness of loving women and of being loved. It is not necessary for him to think further to decide that to be changed to a woman would take away the chief joy of his life, and indeed all that makes a man's life worth living. But no consideration correlative to this keeps woman from wishing that she were a man.

Is there not in this difference something sadly suggestive that love does not take so deep a hold in woman's nature as in man's? When the thought of being a woman is suggested to man's mind, it instantly takes in his relations to woman, which have become the great part of his life, all of which would never have existed had he been a female. He cannot conceive of compensation in relations the counterpart of these, which might be if he were a woman, for he cannot conceive that they can equal his present experience.

But it is dreadful to hear women wish they were men, thus, in effect, wishing that their husbands, lovers, and children had never existed; wishing that which is annihilation to their present love, and to all the objects of it. It is dreadful to the fresh lover, to whom she is all the world, and who has been told from her lips that he is all the world to her, to hear the expression drop out, as if it were a constant thought, that she wishes she were a man. To what nothingness does this sink the lover?

The man who hears woman speak this, finds that he is not the first object to her, but that her dearest wish is another man. And that man would be no compensation to him. He realizes that he is but the secondary object, and that she would gladly cut him off to be a man herself, with all which that implies. As nothing raises man's conceit so much as woman's love, so nothing so cuts it down as the loving woman's declaration that she would be a man. All this leads him to think that after all there must be a radical difference in man's and woman's nature; a difference more radical than clothes or external formation.

How vain are all the struggles for political equality for woman, when she feels that to be a man is more than all rights! The more she strives for equality with man, the more keenly she feels the hard fate of being woman. One of the most advanced and most fortunate of the advocates of woman's elevation it was who said that when she became a mother, and they told her that it was a girl, she turned her face to the wall and wept.

Yet woman's belief that to be made female is a cruel fate may not be well founded. Having never been man she cannot judge whether his life is the happier or nobler. Being discontented, and being woman, and seeing the other half of the race man, she fancies that man's state is better. But man is discontented. She would be no more contented if she were man. And still she would find her life as man bound up and tied down and inseparably tangled with woman, so that she would have to bear many of woman's burdens.

The fierce contest of the advocates of woman's political rights has led the most advanced thinkers to renounce the Bible and the religion which has been drawn from it, because, they say, these have been made instruments to degrade and enslave woman. But woman's sexual limitations prevent her from taking more than a one-sided view. She cannot conceive man's life. She knows not but that its wider range embraces more trouble. To wish to be a man is to take a leap into the dark.

Thus she cannot be certain that the order of the Creator who made man male and female is not just. She cannot be certain that to be created female is not as merciful a fate as to be created male. A general confidence in the justice of God would make her believe that He had not formed one-half of his creatures for a destiny worse than the other half.

THE PLANETS IN JULY.

ANOTHER MONTH OF WONDERFUL PLANETARY PHENOMENA.

From the Providence Journal.

July will not fall behind the previous months in objects of exceeding interest for those who follow the movements of the planetary wanderers on the azure arch that nightly spreads its glittering canopy above our heads. Saturn and Jupiter will be seen to withdraw from their close companionship, but both planets will be in conjunction with Mars, their quicker pace outstripping his slower steps. Venus will reach the end of the chain that limits her westward path, and remaining stationary for a few days, seem almost consciously to regret the resistless force that compels her to retrace her steps and subside for a time into comparative insignificance. But planets and their brightest phases lose their lustre and fall into secondary importance by the side of the great wonder of the skies that, on the 22d of June, suddenly burst forth in the northern skies, to the delight and astonishment of all beholders. The great comet of 1881 will probably be an object of unwearied interest throughout the month. Science has advanced with rapid steps since a comet of equal size has visited our domains, and it will be studied as comet never was studied before. Scientists will leave no stone unturned to learn its history, whence it came and whither it is going, what it is made of and what is its purpose in the divine economy.

Unscientific observers will, perhaps, find great enjoyment in beholding the magnificent stranger as night after night it shines in misty brightness and spreads out its gossamer tail, regardless of the stars that come in its way. No perplexing figures, no conflicting theories will confuse their brains, and if anything of importance is discovered, they will share in the results without taking share in the hard labor. July, therefore, promises rich material for observers of the stars. A majestic comet wends its way in the north at a tremendous pace. Venus, Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn are radiant morning stars. Could we take passage on the retreating comet, what glorious views might be obtained as we passed in our rapid passage near these shining worlds, while the sun grew dim and the giant planets loomed forth with their rings and moons, and vast dimensions. Our own system might then be left behind and the distance spanned from sun to sun before our course was backward turned, while even then we could have but a faint idea of the extent of that boundless universe, from whose confines light is a million years reaching mortal eyes.

RAILWAY NAUSEA.

Many persons, especially ladies, are great sufferers from that form of nausea and headache known as "car-sickness."

A journey by rail has for them all the discomfort and suffering that an ocean voyage has to the majority of travelers. A lady who had occasion to take a short trip on the Lowell road was, as is usual with her, thoroughly sick by the time she had ridden a dozen miles. The conductor of the palace car, who was apparently very familiar with such cases, told the sufferer's companion that a sheet of writing paper worn next to the person, directly over the chest, was a sure preventive of the trouble in nine cases out of ten. He had recommended it to hundreds of travelers and never known it to fail. For the return trip, a sheet of common writing note paper was fastened inside the clothing, as directed. Result—a perfectly comfortable journey, without a hint of the old sickness that had for years made travel by rail a terror. It was so like a superstition, or a happy accident, however, that the lady would not accept it as real until subjected to a more severe test. This came in a day's journey to New York, and the hardest trial of all—a night in an "alleged" sleeping car. Both were taken in triumph. The "charm" worked. And the lady writes to the Boston Herald:

"The day journey was a perpetual wonder and delight to me. I could sit up and read, and look at the landscape through which we whirled, and act as other people do. And still I didn't feel ready to confess to a cure until I had tried the sleeping car, which has always been a horror to me. But even here the 'spell' worked. I ate a hearty supper in the dining car—and kept it! Slept soundly all night; got up as comfortably, and

dressed with as level a head and as steady a hand as though I had been in my own room. Read until breakfast-time—a thing I have never before done on the cars—and was hungry for my morning meal. It is really wonderful, almost too good to be real. For the first time in my life I have experienced the pleasure of traveling."

To the scientific guessers is left the explanation of this peculiar potency of a sheet of paper. And, as a further possible contribution to the welfare of qualmish travelers, it is suggested whether the charm would not work equally well in preventing seasickness. The experiment is certainly worth trying.

A CURIOUS CAR.

A WONDERFUL PIECE OF MECHANISM ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Pennsylvania railroad's "track indicator," that valuable piece of machinery that ascertains accurately and records automatically and exactly the condition of every foot of track over which it passes, was at the West Philadelphia depot Friday, says the News. It is now being used to ascertain the exact state of affairs between here and Pittsburg, with a view to quicker time in the near future. The condition of the track is determined by its action on the car, which is very accurately hung. The principle adopted by the inventor, Axle Vogt, a draughtsman of the company, was that of automatic graphical representation, so successfully applied in meteorological observations. A broad paper ribbon, about twelve inches wide, is stretched over two drums in the rear of the car. At the beginning of the route it is coiled on the drum nearest the rear of the car, and as the journey progresses an arrangement of cranks and wheels, connected with the wheels of the vehicle, causes, for every mile the car traverses, four feet of paper to be drawn off one drum and coiled on the other. The ribbon passes under a set of pencils, which record upon it the observations obtained by instruments to which they are attached. A record is kept on the ribbon of the rate of travel, and near this is a series of lines, in two groups of eight lines each, on which errors of level on the track are marked. A projection causes the recording line to deviate to one side and a depression on the other. The lines measure the defect and an eighth of an inch marks a perceptible deviation on the paper. Between the two groups of lines corresponding with the two rails is a single line, along which the "elevation" or swing of the curves is determined. On the left of the paper are three more lines, on which are respectively marked the number of yards covered, the mile posts, towers, switches, etc., as they are passed and the most complicated portion of the entire machine, that by which the gauge or interval between the tracks is measured. By a wonderful piece of mechanism the latter bears the mark of too narrow gauge or of "spreading" rails, while close beside it and parallel with all the indicated faults and location is tilted, first by the mile post number marked by the operator and secondly by the automatically measured hundred yard dots.

THE VALUE OF CIVILITY.

From Golden Hours.

There would be fewer broken friendships, fewer unhappy unions and family quarrels, were it not so much the custom amongst intimate friends and relations to neglect the small courtesies of life, to show less and less mutual deference as they grow more and more familiar; it is the foundation of misery in marriage, and many a serious and life-long estrangement has begun, not from want of affection so much as from lack of that delicate and instinctive appreciation of the feelings of others, which makes a person shrink from saying unpleasant things or finding fault unless absolutely obliged, and in any case to avoid wounding the offender's sense of dignity or stirring up within him feelings of opposition and animosity; for although many persons profess to be above taking offence at honest censure, and even seem to court criticism, yet it must be very carefully administered not to be unpalatable. Even kind and generous actions are often so uncouthly performed as to cause the recipient more pain than pleasure, while a reproach or denial may be so sweetened by courtesy as almost to do away with any sense of mortification or disappointment. True good breeding is always inclined to form a favorable judgment, and to give others the credit of being actuated by worthy motives; it does not wish or seem to know more about people than they themselves desire should be known, but it is always prepared, when necessary, to take an interest in the affairs of others, while self is not suffered to obtrude unduly; in a superior it never reminds an inferior, by tone or gesture, of his position; in an inferior it never aces equality. A show of respect never fails to beget respect. *Sauveur in modo, fortiter in re*, should be the motto of all who desire to be either useful or beloved; the stronger an individual, the more impressive is his gentleness, the wiser he is, the more gratifying and complimentary his deference; and in a world where there is so much unavoidable discomfort and unhappiness, it is surely every one's duty to cultivate those gracious manners, under whose mag-

netic influence the restless and dissatisfied grow more content with themselves and their surroundings, by which the diffident are encouraged, the invalid is roused and interested, the young are inspired with self-respect; the old are kept bright and hopeful; which, in short, beam sunshine everywhere, and increase a thousand-fold the aggregate of human happiness.

A Bird's Burial.

HOW THE OBSEQUIES WERE PERFORMED AND A DIRGE SUNG.

Battle Creek Correspondent Chicago Tribune.

While strolling through the woods at Gognac Lake yesterday afternoon I suddenly came across half a dozen birds of the variety known as brown thrush or mocking bird. They were all busy working at some object on the ground, and did not notice my intruding until I was upon them, when, with a shrill cry, they flew off a short distance and perched on the trees to watch my movements. Having my curiosity aroused, I went to examine what I supposed was a nest of young birds, when to my surprise I found the dead body of a female thrush, which had been killed by a shot from some hunter's gun and had fallen where it lay. The birds which I noticed about it had been covering it over with leaves, sticks, little tufts of grass, etc., until only its feet stuck out. Immediately the story of the Babes in the Wood covered with leaves by robins came to my mind and all seemed real as the time when in childhood I read the story and believed it to be true. Anxious to see what the birds would do I stepped back of a large tree to a little distance and watched them. Slowly the birds came back one by one and continued the work of burying the dead bird. While engaged hopping about after leaves and grass they would chirp in a low, melancholy key what I took to be the dirge notes of the little bird's funeral. I did not have it in my heart to disturb them and watched them at their labors for a full half hour, at the end of which time the dead bird was completely buried.

An Alleged Cure for the Small-Pox.

From the New York Sun.

A thoroughly qualified medical man, a friend of mine, has recently, in the course of his practice, come upon what he believes and uses as a specific remedy for small pox. He refuses to make it known himself, but permits me to do so. The remedy is the bitartrate of potash, the common cream of tartar of the drug store; two ounces dissolved in boiling water, with the juice of a lemon and sugar added. Let the patient drink as much as he likes, but not less than a wineglassful every hour. In some of his cases this medicine has exhibited the most remarkable curative effects. It will purge, but as it is perfectly harmless this will not matter, and it does not appear to be the cause of cure, the remedy acting specifically on the virus, the pustules collapsing, leaving no pits, a perfect cure following in a short time.

DURING a trial for assault in Arkansas a club, a rock, a rail, an axe handle, a knife and a shot gun were exhibited as "the instruments with which the deed was done." It was also shown that the assaulted man defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a pitchfork, a chisel, a hand-saw, a flail and a cross dog. The jury decided that they'd have given 85 apiece to have seen the fight.

HE who thinks the worst of all things combined, walks abroad in the noonday sun and says: "How sad is the fact that beneath every flower there is a shadow." But when the cheerful thinker goes forth, he says: "How grand is the thought that over the little shadows of earth there are such beautiful flowers."

LABOUCHERE says Beaconsfield was fond of a show, but cared little for money. In that respect he resembled the boy who gave up his last cent to see the minstrels.

LAW is very like a sieve; it is easy to see through it, but one must be considerably reduced before he gets through.

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