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INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Third Quarter.

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Lesson 12.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT:—"We will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore."—Ps. 115: 18.

Central Truth:—"God is able to save unto the uttermost."

We have now reached our third quarterly review.

The lessons of the quarter began with the first chapter of Exodus, and have taken us nearly through that book. To those who have faithfully studied them they cannot have been otherwise than deeply interesting. Probably to most in our Sunday schools, the early portions of the Old Testament are less familiar than the new. But the things of which they tell us are not afar off. They do have to do with our every day experiences and needs. God's dealings with his ancient people were intended to reveal his character and ways. And he is unchanging in character. His ways, too, are essentially the same. It has often been noticed that the manner in which he now rescues a soul from sin and prepares it for the heavenly land, is much like that by which he delivered Israel from bondage and trained them in the wilderness for the promised inheritance. In the story of Israel's escape from Egypt and wanderings in the desert, Christians have found great instruction and cheer. It colors some of the best hymns. Much of the phraseology of the old-time prayer meetings was derived from it.

Our first lesson was

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

In it we are told of the wonderful increase of Israel in Egypt, and of the means the new Pharaoh used to check their growth. But the more they were afflicted, the more they grew. God's watchful care of his people is never ceasing.

Our second lesson was

THE COMING DELIVERER.

Just when the night of God's people seemed darkest, Moses was born. In this interesting lesson we have the charming story of his preservation, as delightful as any romance; of his training in the wisdom of Egypt, and of his flight to Midian. His great choice to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, was a heroic example for us. Some like summons to a great life choice come to us all.

The third lesson was

THE CALL OF MOSES.

At the burning bush God commissioned Moses to be his people's leader, and pledged his own faithful presence and help. He taught him that in the fires of affliction they should never be consumed.

The fourth lesson was

MOSES AND AARON.

From the great task the Lord assigned him, Moses drew back; and so God gave to him Aaron as his helper. He also instructed Aaron to perform certain signs in the presence of the people, that they might see that the Lord was with him. It is noteworthy that these signs were the first miracles wrought by man's agency spoken of in the Bible.

The fifth lesson was

MOSES AND THE MAGICIANS.

God now began a series of visitations upon Egypt to move Pharaoh to let Israel go. The magicians imitated some of the divine miracles. Pharaoh was unmoved, or only momentarily impressed. His heart was hardened by judgments which were really mercies. He went, as all do who resist the calls of God, from bad to worse. The lesson teaches the great peril of trifling with the patience and grace of God.

The sixth lesson was

THE PASSOVER.

The crowning visitation upon Egypt was the destruction of all its first-born. It filled the land with terror. But Israel was exempt. The means of their escape was the blood of a lamb sprinkled on the door-posts of all their dwellings. Every dwelling thus marked was "passed over" by the destroying Angel. So, through the blood of the Lamb, provided for us, we can be saved from greater ill.

The seventh lesson was

THE RED SEA.

The destruction of Egypt's first-born made such an impression of God's power on Pharaoh that he now consented to let Israel go. But hardly had they set out when Pharaoh started to pursue them. But God opened for them a way through the sea; and, by the same waters which parted at their approach, their enemies were overwhelmed—a sure proof that "none can harm those whom God protects."

The eighth lesson was

THE MANNA.

It was the interesting and instructive story of the way in which God fed his people, famishing in the wilderness, with bread from heaven. Are not the resources of God abundant for us all, and for all times? We are taught to pray for our daily bread with fullest trust. In Christ, too, we have living spiritual bread, of which, if one eat, he shall never hunger.

The ninth and tenth lessons were

THE COMMANDMENTS.

The manner in which these were given was solemn and impressive. Having been proclaimed from the Mount, they were written with the finger of God on two tables of stone. These commandments were formally given to Israel. But the reasons underlying them are universal. They are therefore for us. The Saviour did not abrogate them. He gave to them a deeper application, and by his gospel puts us in the way of

a better than any outward keeping of them. He writes them on our hearts. He shows us how it is that love to God and to man is their perfect fulfilling. The eleventh and last lesson was

IDOLATRY PUNISHED.

Hardly had the wonders connected with the giving of the law ceased when Israel fell into a great sin. Moses had gone up into the Mount to receive other communications from God. He was there forty days. Meanwhile the people grew restless. They concluded that Moses had perished, and begged Aaron to make them an idol to go before them. Aaron did this, and the result was a punishment of great and terrible severity. Thus he made them see how sure sin, unrepented of, is to be punished in due time.

Taken together these lessons show us the free access it is possible to have with God. Moses came into most intimate communion with him. He talked with God. If we are equally ready to obey, why may we not enjoy as well as desire the same?

We are reminded that God hears prayer. Even Pharaoh saw that Moses had power with God. But he had no greater power than we may have.

In these lessons God is seen working numerous miracles. We are sometimes told that faith in miracles is unreasonable and dying out. Neither part of the saying has any ground in truth. A personal God must be able to work miracles, and ready, too, to do it, when the great occasion arises. And, as to this faith dying out, even rejectors of the Bible are full of it. They want, and are ready to credit, more miracles than can be found in the Bible.

The one great lesson which runs through all these portions of Scripture is the peril of standing out against God, and the safety and sure blessing of obeying and trusting him. "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help."

SEEING THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Congressman Cox's Adventure at the North Cape of Lapland—Sunset no More—Arctic Scenes in the Cape—The Rocky Sentinel of the North of Europe—Away North of Iceland and Greenland—Only 6,000 Miles Around the Earth.

NORTH CAPE, Lapland, July 1, 1881.—It is ten o'clock at night and we are in sight of the cape! It grows cold and colder. All wraps are ordered up and out, so that from the deck we may survey the splendid headland. Before taking a local view of the situation, let us see where we are—on our planet. Evidently we are in no ordinary out-of-the-way place. The air, sea, sky, light, and most of all, this mystic volcanic mountain island—wild, bleak, black, bare and jagged, a thousand feet sheer and clear of the sea, and its surface deeply invested in white—prove our strange situation. The very air blows with a strange chill, and the light, which comes to us over the pole obliquely, has in it a sepulchral semi-shadow in the heart of its mild lustrousness. It is a sort of inner light, burning upon the vestibule of outer darkness. It is a spot to philosophize upon. It hushes the other senses. It makes one feel the limitation upon our will and works; yet God has enchanted this rocky promontory by His sunlight, though He grants it but a brief summer.

This was the end we proposed in making this long voyage and yet before I left Trondhjem, I saw a handbill posted on a fish warehouse with the heading:

SPORTING AND PLEASURE TRIP TO SPITZBERGEN BY WAY OF NORTH CAPE.

It is assured the festive public that good hunting boats, with harpoons and all necessary implements would accompany the expedition, and that Mr. Ellertsen, R. S. O. R. J. O., an eminent Arctic explorer, would be along; and all for \$100, to and fro? What all these alphabetical prefixes mean—though I surmise that the O's refer to the Order of Olaf—I am not assured; but it was rather a damper on our enterprise to know that it was so easy to go so much further into the wild Arctic sea.

At the North Cape we look out upon the Arctic ocean; and but for distance and Spitzbergen, not to speak of another small island between, which lies due north, we could see the Polar sea, if not the pole! Let us be content with the prospect! Besides, have we not gone eastward as well as northward? We are over thirty degrees north of New York and Chicago. Our longitude has moved us eastward; and the time, as men reckon time, has changed. Every five degrees eastward has made a difference of twenty minutes. Our meals and clocks must undergo their changes. We have come to meet the sun east as well as north, and are adding something to our lives, as some men count living. Being extremely north, and the circles of longitude being less, we mark time more rapidly than in New York; and certainly "make more time" than I have known it to be made in Washington! But whether the degrees be long or short, the real time is the same. A degree here is twenty-two miles, while at the equator it is four times as much.

So accessible are these ultra northern places by steam voyaging on this coast, that we forgot how far north we were. Iceland is far south of us, Greenland is below our line drawn circularly westward, and Behring Straits is not within our magic Arctic circle. The pole of the magnet would be found attracting us by its marvellous energy, somewhere on the same lines of latitude where we now move, to the throbbing of the engine and the motion of the sea.

How does this wild north rock appear? Its size is not great compared with other mountains, but it is a fitting end of a great continent. It is black with long lines of white and leam, as though marked by fire and thunder. It has its caves washed by epochs of oceanic tempest. At its base is a green fringe of seaweeds, which, on near inspection, we find very slimy and dangerous to stand upon. Below this is a white line of breakers, in snowy contrast with the bleak mountain and green margin. Our vessel turns around the point and enters into the shadow of the mountain. The harbor, if it be one, is as black as ink. When we stop the screw stirs the dark flood into flashes of green and white, making it seem to boil with unaccustomed noise, so deep is the silence and solitude. The throb of the engine and the song of the sea cease, and we are comparatively quiet in this lonely cove. We are sent on shore in the captain's gig, the captain himself taking the helm. But the landing is difficult. The slippery boulders give unsafe footing, and one woman at last has to be carried ashore by the sturdy sailors. The rest of us have to be heedful of our steps before we are safe under the frowning rock.

Some of our party—the more vigorous Scotch young men—endeavored to ascend the gulch in the mountain. It has been done. Our captain has done it twice; but not with such a mass of melted and melting snow as now fills up the gorge. We see them afar up, on hands and knees, patiently climbing. They fail and have still more trouble and danger in the descent. The captain calls his company—a score of us—together, and the difficulty of reaching the small boat, especially by the ladies, is overcome.

On our return to the ship each one lays down his trophy. One has a piece of wood evidently borne by the Gulf stream from American. It is palmetto. He holds aloft Bayard Taylor's description, with his proof of the existence of the grand river in the ocean. He dwells on Taylor's description of the island, as it glowed in the blended loveliness of sunrise and sunset, and wondered if his picture would be realized when midnight came? Another Scotchman brings as his trophy a beautiful green-cup, with a diamond upon it, repeating the verse, with a thrill of music in his voice:

Like blade of grass keeps its drap of dew.

Another has his thermometer, and has been testing the heat of the water, and is reducing Raumer to Fahrenheit. Some have rounded pebbles as paper-weight souvenirs of the spot. The captain, who has been far up the mountain—looking like a little silhouette against the immaculate snow—brings a variety of Arctic flowers for general distribution. My wife has a handkerchief full of little love drops of flowers on the tiniest of moss tendrils. One sturdy engineer bears in his buttonhole a big bouquet of the smallest and prettiest of flowers known to the nomenclature of botany. The beauty of the tropics in its daintiest sense is thus reproduced at this frozen and bleak end of the continent.

What a kind dispensation is that which places amid the meagre mosses of this far-off Arctic rock these little flowers? How brief is their summer! May, June, all the seasons of the florescence which are ours, are here the work of a brief week or month. These flowers are the smiles upon these ultimate rocks. These are beautiful proofs that summer has reached these grim abodes, soon to be enveloped in wintry gloom. They teach us to be patient with our loss and pain, our troubled space of days so small.

But it is no time to reflect or moralize. We prepare to move from our enchanted, almost sinister, moorings. The gloom which Carlyle, in his "Teufelsdröckh," inspires, comes over the soul as we take our last look at this "Infinite Brine," on which he located the low and lazy sun, slumbering on his cloud couch, wrought of crimson gold, yet with a light streaming over the mirror of waters, like a tremulous fire pillar—the porch lamp to the palace of the eternal. Shall we realize this weird picture of the cynical yet sublime critic? We shall see.

Midnight draws near, and all are anxious. The anchors are lifted. The unusual clangor disturbs one solitary bird, a cormorant, which flies around our boat as though inspecting the invaders of his melancholy home. He is used to sitting upon these rocks—a lonely fisherman—from which, unlike the noble gull, he dives for his prey. Steam is up. The hour of twelve approaches. All are on the *qui vive* for the midnight sun! Twenty of us are at the prow with our watches out. The old orb is radiant. The captain calls out: "Five minutes of twelve!" Will the orb disappoint us? There is a heavy cloud above in the zenith, but it is lined with silver, and a mackerel line of cirrus clouds lies just above his majesty. Like a king of day he is enthroned without obscuration between the long line of clouds, sitting on pearl and amber, orange and gold, all the hues of the prism intensified with soft, weird, radiance by the struggle between sunrise and sunset.

A minute to twelve! He still remains round and radiant. Twelve! Hurrah! Hurrah! It is done, and the cheers go up from this solitude, arousing its echoes. The rim of the horizon, far off to the north, where the pole is supposed to be, is silvered with a pale, weird beauty. It grows pink,

and this Arctic desolation is made a living splendor.

Self withdrawn into a wondrous depth, Far sinking into splendor without end!

This is the wondrous phenomenon which we have come so far to witness. The captain is on the bridge. "It fails accomplish," I sing out to him from below.

"Give it to me in good English, Meister Cox."

I say, "We are all happy. The great transaction is over."

"Prepare to fish," the practical response and emphatic order of the captain.

The lines are out, the captain leading with two codfish. I soon follow, and the sailors are busy. My wife, a good fisherman, generally, tugs away at her long line until, like the gentle admiral, she suddenly "goes below." My courier, Rene, the Dane, catches a monster, all golden as the sun itself. [Cheers.] Then a Scotchman gets in a hideous hog-fish of twenty-five pounds. [Laughter.] Our stewardess, Julia, hauls in a monster. [Renewed cheers and laughter.] And so we keep it up until two in the golden morning, when to sleep we go, covering the port holes so as to pretend it is night.

We had made many sacrifices to see this remarkable performance of our luminary. Not that either of us was over anxious to find a land where sunset did not occur. We had hoped that there was no realm in this or the future existence where "Sunset" might not come. But I may be allowed to remark that I have borne the sobriquet of Sunset for so many years, and it has sounded with such sweet sibilation, that I had come to believe that I had a sort of fee simple in its fair land, with its gorgeous palaces and cloud-capped towers.

And must I now be disenchanted? Do I live and is sunset no more? Do I see a country where the sun is going, going down amid a *mise en scene* equal, if not superior, to that Ohio evening years ago, which I tried to portray with my poor pen—and yet it does not go down? Was it not enough that for ten long days, or day, there was no night for us, and that the sun, by gliding and glowing in the north without a respite, had disturbed our customary experiences? The reaction might be too sudden. The failure of our orb to set might—well, there is no telling the cataleptic and other dire consequences. But here was the patent fact! Here were clouds and lights, all the hues of the prism in splendid display, and yet no sunset after all! The unsetting and the un-settable sun! Midnight, and yet light all aglow! No gas, no candles, no stars, no moon—only the fiery orb and his "trailing clouds of glory."

But is the sun not all-sufficient without other fires? If he stays up and sets not, what more can the human heart desire? What wonder that the Oriental mind clothed the sun with the majesty of divinity, and that the Magi saluted his coming with worship, as the source of life? What wonder if the beams evoked music from Memnon? Is he not the creator of health and the great benefactor? And we have found a land where he will not and does not set!

The sensation was as new as it was humiliating to my *amour propre*. I recalled the words of a Yankee character:

"It's relly affectin' to think how little these 'ere folks is missed that's so much set by. There ain't nobody, if they's ever so important, but what the world gets to goin' on without 'em pretty much as it did with 'em, though there's some little flurry at first."

How much can be done, after all, in nature and in science, art and government, without us. Governments will run, men and women dance, trade proceed, without sunset! Here in this land of the frigid zone, for ten days and more, we had seen boats in full rig and sail, mountains of lofty altitude musical with fesses, glaciers, miles in length, moving on their quiet and steady way, men hauling in fish by the million, whales disporting, and a steamer pushing its mazy way through deep waters shut in by volcanic walls from angry seas—and no sunset! New York and America callous to the fact and moving on restlessly, with alternation of lights and shades, love and hate, bad and good, night and day, thinking of everything, and forgetting that sunsets are not everywhere and forever. Still, though I have seen and recorded the fact that sunset is no longer here, let there be no hasty and premature obituaries.

To appreciate seriously these phenomena we must go back to the rudiments of astronomy and geography. Before we lost the invisible circle, and while endeavoring to decipher the horserman and the horse, through which the circle is ascertainable, by faith and science, let us look around—around our star! The first impression is that it is round. That is not a complex idea, but there are suggestions about it that to the ordinary mind are complicated, if not confusing, to the general experience. To such this circle and phenomena are a mystery. It is a mystery because above it, in ever contracting circles, tilt it runs to naught at the pole, the sun shines only a portion of the year without going under. Within it is a horizon for a part of the years which never hides the blessed light, where our moon and stars forget to light their lamps, and where the earth alone seems repairing to the home of light with "its golden

urn." When the spring begins, this favored region has but a spot of continuous shine, but it grows with the ever-widening circle from the pole to the Arctic, until on a midsummer's day, the day we left Trondhjem, it has run down lines of longitude twenty-three and a half degrees, or 66 degrees 30 minutes north latitude. There it tremulously lingers and moves to the polar regions, there to make the bright little gem of light from which it started.

The other half of this process for half a year is dedicated to the Antarctic, while night for six months folds its wing, radiant with strange auroras, over these regions. These vicissitudes are as orderly as the seasons of the moderate zones. It is our experience which makes them seem eccentric; and this experience gives to the scenery, to time, to the clouds and mountains, the fjords and snows, the glamor of reality. We are, so to speak, inverted. Some sense of the comic, if not of the cosmic, relations we bear to space and stars and suns comes over us; and the light we bask in at midnight is as strange as that "which was never on the sea or land—the consecration of the poet's dream."

Here are day of days, and night of nights! This is plain to the eye, and it takes ever so slight reflection to understand it fully. It is complex, until we remember that the earth goes round the sun—a problem which men have been ready to defend even unto death. In going around the sun, the earth inclines its axis to the plane in which it moves. If the earth did not thus "tenderly incline"—if it stood stiff and perpendicular, without courting the graces—every inch of its surface would have its night and day equally divided. But it plays the erect only twice a year, at the intersection of the ecliptic and the equator. These days of absolute equity of distribution are in the spring and fall. But God determined that for a half the time to one and half to the other pole. The angle of this obiscance of our earth to its plane measures the distance from the pole to the circle.

It is a plain conclusion from these facts, that the circle within which we are moving just now, girdles the earth with only 8,000 miles. If we would make a straight march around the circle we would save one-fourth of the journey in miles; and if around where we are now at this north cape on a line of latitude, it would be one-half less, or one-fourth of the distance around our globe at the equator. But our business now is not "around," but down to the latitude nearer home.

S. S. COX.

Old Watches.

In the South Kensington Museum, at London, is a small watch about 100 years old, representing an apple, the golden case ornamented with grains of pearl. Another old Nuremberg watch has the form of an acorn, and is provided with a dainty pistol, which perhaps served as an alarm. In London is an eagle-shaped watch in which, when the body of the bird is opened, a richly-enamelled face is seen. They are sometimes found in the form of ducks or skulls. The Bishop of Ely had a watch in the head of his cane, and a Prince of Saxony had one in his riding saddle. A watch made for Catharine I of Russia is a repeater and a musical watch. Within is the Holy Sepulchre and the Roman guard. By touching a spring the stones move away from the door, the guard kneel down, angels appear, and the holy women step into the tomb and sing the Easter song that is heard in the Russian churches. King George III of England had a watch not larger than a 5-cent piece, which had 120 different parts, the whole not weighing quite as much as a 10-cent piece.

Be Firm.

Never knock under. Never! Always rally your forces for a more desperate assault upon adversity.

If calumny assails you, and the world—as it is apt to do in such cases—takes part with your traducers, don't turn moody or misanthropic or worse still, seek to drown your unhappiness in dissipation. Bide your time. Disprove the slander if you can, if not, live it down.

If poverty comes upon you like a thief in the night, what then? Let it rouse you as the presence of the real thief would do, to energetic action. No matter how deep you have gone into hot water—always provided you did not help the father of lies to heat it—your case, if you are of the right kind of stuff, is not desperate, nor is it in accord with the divine order and sweep of things that life should have any difficulties with which an honest, determined man, with heaven's help, can surmount.

Singular Combat.

A traveller in South Africa witnessed not long since a singular combat. He sat musing one morning, with his eye on the ground, when he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a period pace. Persuading him was a host of small ants. Being quicker in their movements, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his head, and bite and kill his tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors, the caterpillar showed

signs of fatigue. The ants made a combined attack. Beking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up tail first, followed by the ants. As one approached, he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk. The ants seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overcome, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass-stalk. In a few minutes the stalk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced upon the fallen caterpillar. He was killed at once, and the victors marched off in triumph, leaving the foe's body on the field.

HUNTING FOR A WIFE.

JONATHAN JENKS ON THE DREAD GIRLS HAVE OF BEING OLD MAIDS.

Why woman should dread to be classed as "old maids" is a matter that the majority of men cannot understand, for the sensible portion of the sterner sex look with something akin to reverence upon a maiden lady who has outgrown the frivolity of youth, and blossomed into a kind-hearted, pure minded, self-sacrificing woman, ever ready to lend a helping hand to assist the poor, or smooth the pillow of the sick and suffering. Of course there are many old maids—the cross and cranky ones—who are an exception to this rule, but the good Samaritans among them are by no means in the minority.

However, notwithstanding the views of men whose opinions are worthy of respect, there is no disguising the fact that the majority of the fair sex look forward with horror to the day that will see their names classed with those of "an uncertain age," and to escape therefrom, often sacrifice themselves by marrying the most graceless scamps that come in their way. On every hand are evidences of blighted, ruined lives, which are clearly traceable to marriage entered into to escape being called old maids.

Now, it is my firm conviction that a great deal of the evil results from the proper parties failing to come together in early life. In other words, there are just as many young men who would make good husbands, who stay at home, languishing for female society, as there are young girls living in dread of dying old maids. One great mistake that many parents make is prohibiting their children from mingling socially with members of the opposite sex. Many a young man who is now wasting his days and nights loafing around bar-rooms and cigar stores might have been a useful and industrious citizen, and a happy husband and father, had his parents encouraged him in mingling in the society of good and decent girls, instead of confining his companionship solely to boys of his own age. I know when my boy reaches sixteen, no matter how bashful he is, I shall say to him, "My son, although it is early for you yet to be looking out for a wife, still I think it high time that you should learn to appreciate the value of female companionship. Your heart is young and tender, and just in the condition to fall desperately in love with some fresh, blue-eyed damsel of fifteen or thereabouts. Once desperately in love with a pure-minded maiden, I am confident that you will never do anything to disgrace your parents, or leave a stain upon your memory to be regretted in the years to come, when you have acquired more discretion and judgment. Now go and fall in love, and if you haven't got the cash for ice cream, theatres, and the other necessities for courtship, you may draw on me every week for a reasonable amount, and I shall consider it money well invested."

That is the way I shall talk to my son—yes, and if he's too big a booby to hunt up a girl to love, I shall find one for him, and if he don't love her, I'll "whale him" within an inch of his life.

Why is it that in nine cases out of ten you find the women really worth marrying—the pure-minded, sweet-faced, obedient, industrious, faithful ones—united to men who often treat them little better than slaves, while men who are really paragons of husbands so frequently have wives unworthy of them? I will tell you the reason. The bold, bad fellows, who have plenty of cheek, go forth, and, metaphorically speaking, pluck the best fruit in the market. The shy, timid fellows must wait patiently until circumstances throw them in the way of some shrew of a long-tongued, brazen-faced female, grown desperate at the neglect of the sterner sex, and rather than not have any husband, they meet the timid Benedicts half-way and do a large share of the courting themselves. It is thus that good men and pure women often get the very refuse and scum of the market, while the real matrimonial prizes are picked up by adventurers of both sexes who are really undeserving of their good luck.

"And did your late husband die in the hope of a blessed immortality, Sister Stiggins?" inquired the new minister, who was making his first call on a fair widow of his congregation. "Bless you, no!" was the response; "he died in Chicago."

Why is a man who spoils his children like another who builds castles in the air? Because he indulges in fancy (Gleaner).

Why is a man who spoils his children like another who builds castles in the air? Because he indulges in fancy (Gleaner).