THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT, BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1895.

HEAVEN LOOKING ON.

TEXT OF DR. TALMAGE'S FIRST SER-MON AT THE CAPITAL.

His Tribute to the Venerable Dr. Sunderland-A Great Cloud of Witnesses In the Angelic Gallery While Every Christian Fights His Lion In the Arens.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.-Those who know that no church in this or foreign diences that have assembled when it was announced that Dr. Talmage would preach will not be surprised that vast multitudes attempted in vain to hear his first sermon as pastor in Washington. The subject of his opening sermon at the national capital was, "All Heaven Looking On," the text selected being the famous passage from Hebrews xii, 1, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

In this my opening sermon in the national capital I give you heartiest Christian salutation. I bethink myself of the privilege of standing in this historic church, so long presided over by one of the most remarkable men of the century. There are plenty of good ministers beside Dr. Sunderland, but I do not know of any man except himself with enough brain to have stood successfully and triumphantly 43 years in this conspicnous pulpit. Long distant be the year when that gespel chieftain shall put down the silver trumpet with which he has marshaled the hosts of Israel or sheathe the sword with which he has struck such mighty blows for God and righteousness. I come to you with the same gospel that he has preached and to join you in all kinds of work for making the world better, and I hope to see you all in your own homes and have you all come and see me, but don't all come at once. And without any preliminary discourses as to what I propose to do I begin here and now to cheer you with the thought that all heaven is sympathetically looking on. "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a clond of witnesses."

At the Amphitheater.

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass, or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world-the amphitheater. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise tier above tier until you count 40 elevations or galleries-as I shall see fit to call them-in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food uptil, frenzied with hanger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but hiterally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus." The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifthall the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword, with firm grip, into his right hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena. Then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the 25,000 people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

God's armory. The sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer! But why specify when every man and

woman has a lizy to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on countries has been able to hold the au- in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

A Cloud of Witnesses.

Before I get through I will show you that you fight in an arena around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheater, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our king, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns! The Roman emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our king hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat, but our king's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard of condescensions! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of my power!"

They gave to the men in the arena, in the olden time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our king has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood.

In all the anguish of our heart, The Man of Sorrows bore a part.

Once, in the ancient amphitheater, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair. The lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions

were turned out, and the poor victim

about lions. Paul fought with beasts at They are keeping places for us. After Ephesus.

The Applause of the Prophets.

In the ancient amphitheater the people got so excited that they would shout | arena I wipe the sweat from my brow from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again !" "Forward !" "One more stroke !" "Look out !" "Fall handshaking, while their voices come back !" "Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel crics out, "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved !" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed !" Paul exclaims, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and halleluiahs.

I look again and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached, and so he died, the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of 6,666? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array-884,000who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group-Felicitas of Rome and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns, another was flung from a rock, another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are, together-a family group in heaven ! Yonder is John Bradford, who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord tonight." Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died, "If I had ten heads, they should all fall off for Christ." The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats, horses were fastened to their hands and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart. They had their tongues pulled out by redhot pinchers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight all the world over bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone

out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage, down there in the arena !"'

All Agree In Heaven.

What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give and cry, "Hail, sons and daughters of the fire !"

I look again, and I see another gal-lery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the faixing in companionship of those who on earth uld not agree. There I see Martin

we have slain the lion they expect the king to call us, saying, "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my

right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown !"

Conquerors Through Christ.

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the king! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us, shall we give up the fight and die? No, Son of God, who didst die to save us! No, ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us. No, ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us. No, ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive

us. No, we will never surrender! Sure I must fight if I would reign-

Be faithful to my Lord, And bear the cross, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, though they die. They see the triumph from afr. And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thine armies shine

In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be thine.

My hearers, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier, dying in the hospital, rose up in bed the last moment and cried: "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted, "Here !" "Oh! I heard the roll call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name !" I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls we shall cr



"For years I was in a very serious condition with catarrh of the stomach, bowels and bladder.



LEGAL NOTICE

NOTICE OF INQUEST IN PARTITION-To the heirs of the estate of Andrew 8. Zimmerman, late of Waiker township, Centre county, Pa., deccased to wit: To John Zimmerman, tyrone, Blair co., Pa., and David Zimmerman whose address is un-known, children of Lewis 8. Zimmerman; To the widow and children of David Zimmerman, a deccased brother of Andrew 8. Zimmerman deed, residence and address unknown; To Car-

leaving to survive her no children and no hus-band. Take notice that in pursuance of an order of the Orphans Court of Centre county, a writ of partition has been issued from said court to the sheriff of said courty, returnable on Mon-day the 25th day of Nov. 1895, and that an inquest will be held for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent on Monday, Oct. 28th 1895, at 9.a. m., on the premi-ses, at which time and place you can be pres-ent if you see proper. All that messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Walker twp, Oentre co. Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post thence by lands of James Gordon's estate north 4% cast 105% perches to post, thence by land of Isaac McKinney N44% W 260 perches to stones, thence S 4% W 10% perches to a stone heap, thence by land of Ad-am Decker S 44% E 280 perches to post, the place of beginning, containing 161 acres and 17 perches and allowance. Whereof partition yet remains to be made to and among the heirs of said decedent. Sheriff's office, JNO, P. CONDO, Bellelonte, Oct, 1st.

JNO. P. CONDO, Sheriff. Belletonte, Oct. 1st.

A SSIGNEES SALE OF A VALUAL'E FARM. By virtue of an order, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, there will be exposed to public sale, in Potter township, upon the premises of James C. Runkle and William H. Runkle, at Centre Hill, or

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1895,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1855, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate, the property of James C. Runkle and William H. Runkle, assignors : All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in the township of Potter-county of Centre and state of Penna. bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stone corner, thence along lands of Mrs. Adam Smith south 22% east 230 perches to stone corner; thence by land of Mrs. William Benner north 58% cast 80 per. to a stone corner er; thence by lands of the Hennigh estate and Charles Smith south 25% cast 269 perches to stone corner; thence by lands of Ross & Meyer north 35% west 41 5 10 perches to stone corner; thence by lands of some south 56% cast 18 3-10 perches to corner; thence by lot of Lanra Beaver south 415 west 196-10 per. to corner; thence by Centre Hill school lot north 61° west aver south 45° west 196-10 per, to corner; nee by Centre Hill school lot north 61° west 60 perches to corner; thence by same south ° deg, west 3.5-10 per, to the place of begindng, containing

119 ACRES, 113 PERCHES,

neat measure, four acres being well timbered and balance in a good state of cultivation. Thereon crecked a good two-story frame dwel-ling house, good bank barn and o her outbuild-ings, good fruit and an excellent supply of well

water TREMS OF SALE:--Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid on day of sale, balance of one third on confirmation of sale, one third in one year one third in two years, deferred pay-ments to be secured by bond and mortgage upon the premises. The entire purchase mon-ey will be accepted on day of sale if purchaser or purchasers so desire W. 44. BUNKLE.

LEGAL NOTICE

A DMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Estate of Catharine Roup, decd., late of Fer-

uson township. Letters of administration on said estate hav-Letters of administration on said estate hav-ing been granted to the undersigned, all per-sons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement to the undersign-ed

JOHN T. MCCORMICK, Admi State College. Sep. 25-61.

LEGAL NOTICE-PETITION.

L In the Court of Common Pleas in and for the County of Centre No. 110 November Term 1855. In re Petition of Jacob Spotts for satisfaction of mortgage given to Samuel Woomer trustee for Isabella Elder, recorded in mortgage book

And now Oct. 1st. 1895 Petition read and con-And now Oct. 1st. 1895 Petition read and con-sidered whereupon the court order and direct that the sherif serve personal notice of this petition upon all heirs and legal representa-tives of Saumel Woomer trustee or Isabella Elder, found in Centre county and to publish a notice of this petition for three successive week prior to the next term of court in one newspaper of Centre county and mail a mark-ed copy thereof to all non resident heirs and legal representatives as aforesaid requiring said heirs and legal representatives to come into court at the next term and answer said petition. petition.

BY THE COURT, Certified from the record this 1st, day Oct.

riff's office, oct. 9, 1895. W. F. SMITH, JNO. P. CONDO Sheriff. Prothotary.

PUBLIC HALL.

Walker Gravge, No. 345, desires to inform he public that the lower room in their Hail, in dubicrsburg, is now ready for rental. Any erson desiring to rent for holding entertain-ments etc., call or correspond with J. H. MCAULEX, Oct. 3-2m Hublersburg, Pa.

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BUILDERS' SUPPLIES,

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STONE for building purposes, turnish-ed at our quarry or delivered in Bellefonte and vicinity, as well as loaded on the cars of the Bellefonte Central and Penna, Kailroads, as customers may require.

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LIME for building purposes, of our of

A Lion to Fight.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race, sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To an amphitheatrical audience Paul refers when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of wit-Dess

The fact is, that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against 11 20 years, but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon! With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb n limb. Take this weapon, sharp -reach up and get it from

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You cry, "Shame, shame!" at such meanness. But the king, in this case, is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The king is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. H's hand will deliver us. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in him !"

The Angelic Gallery.

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are-the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw ppholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child; that one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All these are messengers of light. Those drove the Spanish armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of 185,000 corpses. Those yonder chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem until the chant awoke the shepherds. These, at creation, stood in the balcony of heaven and serenaded the newborn world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity, but this one is leader of the 20,000 chariots of God and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command and go forth on the high

behest. Now bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample underfoot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God and leap on their fallen carcasses! Oh, bending throng of bright, angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot, I hail you today from the dust and struggle of the arena!

I look again, and I see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark, and Moses, waiting till the last Red sea shall di-vide, and Jeremiabi waiting for the Jews to return, and John of the Apoc-Alypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon! They bave been in the fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knows all

Luther, and beside him a Roman Catholic who looked beyond the superstitions of his church and is saved. There is Albert Barnes and around him the presbytery which tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him ! Stranger than all, there are John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought they would sit so lovingly together? There are George Whitefield and the bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers-Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there the band of missionaries-David Abeel, talking of China redeemed, and John Scudder of India saved, and David Brainerd of the aborigines evangelized, and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burma took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed :

Must you be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, Or sailed through bloody seas?

Toplady shouts in his old hymn: Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take, Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid every string awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied :

A charge to keep you have, A God to glorify. A never dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky!

I look again, and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of, but these we knew. Oh, how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children, do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay; I see that child ranning his hand over your brow and saying : "Father, do not fret." "Mother, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heavon, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay: I see them rise up and lean over and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full.

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13. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT: two

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