

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

It is Blasted Out of the Rock of Ages.

It is a Plain Road, Lined on Either Side With the Trees of Life and It Leads from Earth to Heaven.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage devoted his latest sermon to the road to happiness and chose for his text, Isaiah 35: 8, 9, 10: "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there; and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

There are hundreds of people in this house who want to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at cross roads, and you tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he had better take. And I stand in your presence conscious of the fact that there are many of you here who realize that there are a thousand wrong roads, but only one right one; and I take it for granted that you have come in to ask which one it is. Here is one road that opens widely, but I have not much faith in it. There are a great many expensive toll gates scattered all along that way. Indeed, at every rod you must pay in tears, or pay in genuflections, or pay in flagellations. On that road, if you get through it at all, you have to pay your own way, and since this differs so much from what I have heard in regard to the right way, I believe it is the wrong way. Here is another road. On either side of it are houses of sinful entertainment and invitations to come in and dine and rest; but from the looks of the people who stand on the plaza, I am certain it is the wrong house and the wrong way. Here is another road. It is very beautiful and macadamized. The horses' hoofs clatter and ring, and they who ride over it spin along the highway, until suddenly they find that the road breaks over an embankment, and they try to halt, and they saw the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed, and cry "Ho! ho!" But it is too late, and—crash!—they go over the embankment. We shall turn and see if we cannot find a different kind of road. You have heard of the Appian Way. It was three hundred and fifty miles long. It was 24 feet wide, and on either side of the road was a path for foot passengers.

It was made out of rocks cut in hexagonal shape and fitted together. What a road it must have been! Made of smooth, hard rock, 350 miles long. No wonder that in the construction of it the treasures of a whole empire were exhausted. Because of invaders, and the elements, and time—the old conqueror who tears up a road as he goes over it—there is nothing left of that structure but a ruin. But I have to tell you of a road built before the Appian Way, and yet it is as good as when first constructed. Millions of souls have gone over it. Millions more will come.

The prophets and apostles, too, pursued this road while here below; We therefore will, without dismay, Still walk in Christ, the good old way.

First, this road of the text is the King's highway. In the diligence you dash on over the Bernard pass of the Alps, mile after mile, and there is not so much as a pebble to jar the wheels. You go over bridges which cross chasms that make you hold your breath; under projecting rocks; along by dangerous precipice; through tunnels adrip with the meltings of the glaciers, and, perhaps for the first time, learn the majesty of a road built and supported by governmental authority. Well, my Lord the King decided to build a highway from the earth to Heaven. It should span all the chasms of human wretchedness; it should tunnel all the mountains of earthly difficulty; it should be wide enough and strong enough to hold fifty thousand millions of the human race, if so many of them should ever be born. It should be blasted out of the "Rock of Ages," and cemented with the blood of the Cross, and be lifted amid the shouting of angels and the execration of devils. The King sent his Son to build that road. He put head, and hand, and heart to it, and after the road was completed waved his blistered hand over the way, crying: "It is finished!" Napoleon paid fifty million francs for the building of the Simplon road, that his cannon might go over for the devastation of Italy; but our King, at a greater expense, has built a road for a different purpose, that the banner of heavenly dominion might come down over it. Being a King's highway, of course it is well built. Bridges splendidly arched and buttressed have given way and crushed the passengers who attempted to cross them. But Christ, the King, would build no such thing as that. The work done, He mounts the chariot of his love, and multitudes mount with Him, and He drives on and up the steep of Heaven amid the plaudits of gazing worlds! The work is done—well done—gloriously done—magnificently done.

Still further: this road spoken of is a clean road. Many a fine road has become miry and foul because it has not been properly cared for; but my text says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Room on either side to throw away your sins. Indeed, if you want to carry them along you are not on the right road. That bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down, leaving you at the mercy of the mountain bands, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on this clean road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop ever and anon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock.

Eye, at almost every step of the journey you will be saying out: "Create within me a clean heart." If you have no such aspirations as that, it proves that you have mistaken your way; and if you will only look up and see the finger-board above your head, you may read upon it the words: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." Without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and if you have any idea that you can carry along your sins, your lusts, your worldliness, and yet get at the end of the Christian race, you are so awfully mistaken that, in the name of God, I shatter the delusion.

Still further: the road spoken of is a plain road. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." That is, if a man is three-fourths an idiot, he can find this road just as well as if he were a philosopher. The imbecile boy, the laughing-stock of the street, and followed by a mob hooting at him, has only just to knock once at the gate of Heaven, and it swings open; while there has been many a man who can lecture about pneumatics, and chemistry, and tell the story of Faraday's theory of electrical polarization, and yet has been shut out of Heaven. There has been many a man who stood in an observatory, and swept the heavens with his telescope, and yet has not been able to see the morning star. Many a man has been familiar with all the higher branches of mathematics, and yet could not do the simple sum: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Many a man has been a fine reader of tragedies and poems, and yet could not "read his title clear so mansions in the skies." Many a man has botanized across the continent, and yet not known the "Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley." But if one shall come in the right spirit, asking the way to Heaven, he will find it a plain way. The pardon is plain. The peace is plain. Everything is plain. He who tries to get on the road to Heaven through the New Testament teaching will get on beautifully. He who goes through philosophical discussion will not get on at all. Christ says: "Come to Me, and I will take all your sins away, and I will take all your troubles away." Now what is the use of my discussing it any more? Is not that plain? If you wanted to go to some city, and I pointed you out a highway thoroughly laid out, would I be wise in detaining you by a geological discussion about the gravel you will pass over, or a physiological discussion about the muscles you will have to bring into play? No. After this Bible has pointed you the way to Heaven, is it wise for me to detain you with any discussion about the nature of the human will, or whether the atonement is limited or unlimited? There is the road—go on it. It is a plain way. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And that is you and that is me. Any little child here can understand this as well as I can. "Unless you become as a little child, you cannot see the kingdom of God." If you are saved, it will not be as a philosopher, it will be as a little child. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Unless you get the spirit of little children, you will never come out at their glorious destiny.

Still further: this road to Heaven is a safe road. Sometimes the traveler in those ancient highways would think himself perfectly secure, not knowing there was a lion by the way, burying his head deep between his paws, and then, when the right moment came, under the fearful spring the man's life was gone, and there was a mangled carcase by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel your entire security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God he is as safe as though he had been ten thousand years in Heaven. He may slip, he may slide, he may stumble; but he cannot be destroyed. Kept by the power of God, through faith, unto complete salvation. Everlastingly safe. The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words, the worst thing that can happen a child of God is Heaven. The body is only the old slippers that he throws aside just before putting on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it. No floods can drown it. No devils can capture it.

Firm and unmoved are they Who rest their souls on God; Fixed as the ground where David stood, Or where the ark abode. His soul is safe. His reputation is safe. Everything is safe. "But," you say, "suppose his store burns up." Why then it will only be a change of investments from earthly to heavenly securities. "But," you say, "suppose his name goes down under the hoof of scorn and contempt?" The name will be so much brighter in glory. "Suppose his physical health fails?" God will pour unto him the floods of everlasting health, and it will not make any difference. Earthly subtraction is Heavenly addition. The tears of earth are the crystals of Heaven. As they take rags and tatters and put them through the paper mill, and they come out beautiful white sheets of paper, so often the rags of earthly destitution, under the cylinders of death, come out a white scroll upon which shall be written eternal emancipation. There was one passage of Scripture, the force of which I never understood until one day at Chamounix, with Mont Blanc on one side, and Montanvert on the other, I opened my Bible and read: "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is around about them that fear Him." The surroundings were an omnipotent commentary. Though troubles assail, and dangers affright; Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite; Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide, The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

Still further: the road spoken of is a pleasant road. God gives a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that treads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed and delivered by the president of the whole universe. What is the use of your fretting, O child of God, about food? "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet our Heavenly Father feedeth them." And will he take care of the sparrow, will he take care of the raven, will he take care of the hawk, and let you die? What is the use of your fretting about clothes? "Consider the lilies of the field. Shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" What is the use of worrying for fear something will happen to your home? "He bleaseth the habitation of the just. What is the use of your fretting lest you will be overcome of temptations? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." Oh, this King's highway! Trees of life on either side, bending over until their branches interlock and drop midway their fruit and shade. Houses of entertainment on either side the road for poor pilgrims. Tables spread with a feast of good things, and walls adorned with apples of gold in pictures of silver. I start out on this King's highway, and I find a harper, and I say: "What is your name?" The harper makes no response, but leaves me to guess, as with his eyes toward Heaven and his hand upon the trembling strings this tune comes rippling on the air: "The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?" I go a little farther on the same road and meet a trumpeter of Heaven, and I say: "Haven't you got some music for a tired pilgrim?" And wiping his lip and taking a long breath, he puts his mouth to a trumpet and pours forth this strain: "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I go a little distance farther on the same road, and I meet a maiden of Israel. She has no harp, but she has cymbals. They look as if they had rusted from sea-spray; and I say to the maiden of Israel: "Have you no song for a tired pilgrim?" And like the clang of victors' shields the cymbals clap as Miriam begins to discourse: "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea." And then I see a white-robed group. They come bounding toward me, and I say: "Who are they? The happiest and the brightest, and fairest in all Heaven—who are they?" And the answer comes: "These are they who came out of great tribulations, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

I pursue this subject only one step further. What is the terminus? I do not care how fine a road you put me on. I want to know where it comes out. My text declares it: "The redeemed of the Lord come to Zion." You know what Zion was. That was the King's palace. It was a mountain fastness. It was impregnable. And so Heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell those towers. Let all the batteries of earth and hell blaze away; they cannot break in those gates. Gibraltar was taken, Sebastopol was taken, Babylon fell; but these walls of Heaven shall never surrender either to human or Satanic besiegement: The Lord God Almighty is the defense of it. Great capital of the universe! Terminus of the King's highway!

Dr. Dick said that, among other things, he thought in Heaven we would study chemistry and geometry, and gonic sections. Southey thought that in Heaven he would have the pleasure of seeing Chaucer and Shakespeare. Now, Dr. Dick may have his mathematics for all eternity, and Southey his Shakespeare. Give me Christ and my old friends—that is all the Heaven I want. Christ and His people that I knew on earth—that is Heaven enough for me. O garden of light, whose leaves never wither, and whose fruit never fall! O banquet of God, whose sweetness never passes the taste and whose guests are kings forever! O city of light, whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise! O palace of rest, where God is the monarch and everlasting ages the length of His reign! O song louder than the surf-bent of many waters, yet soft as the whisper of cherubim!

O glorious Heaven! When the last wound is healed, when the last heart-break is ended, when the last tear of earthly sorrow is wiped away, and when the redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion, then let all the harpers take down their harps, and all the trumpeters take down their trumpets, and all across Heaven let there be chorus of morning stars, chorus of white-robed victors, chorus of martyrs from under the throne, chorus of ages, chorus of worlds, and there is but one song sung, and but one name spoken, and but one throne honored—that of Jesus only.

Uncle Paul. President Kruger, of the South African republic, is in his 69th year, but is still a wonderfully strong and active man. He is now serving his third term as president, and is commonly known as "Oom Paul" or "Uncle Paul." He has been twice married, and has a family of ten sons and daughters. He and his wife are very simple in their ways. They belong to the Doppers, a strict sect of Dutch Protestants, with peculiarities of manners and dress that somewhat resemble the Quakers.

Russia Honors Three Americans. The academy of sciences at St. Petersburg has elected Prof. James Hall, LL. D., director of the state museum of natural history at Albany, N. Y., to be a foreign member of that institution. In addition, Charles Doolittle Walcott, formerly Prof. Hall's assistant, the well-known paleontologist, and Edwin Selligman, both of New York, have been appointed corresponding members of the academy.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS

IRA C. MITCHELL, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Crider's Exchange. Prompt service and careful attention to all legal business.

J. H. WETZEL, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Crider's Exchange. Special attention given to surveying.

C. H. MURRAY, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Temple Court. Practices in all the courts. Collections promptly made.

N. B. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Crider's Exchange. Consultations in German and English. Collections a specialty.

H. S. TAYLOR, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Temple Court. Taxcollector of Bellefonte boro. Collections promptly attended to.

S. D. GETTIG, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Crider's Exchange. English and German. Legal business promptly attended to.

WM. G. RUNKLE, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Crider's Exchange. German and English. Practices in all the courts.

J. C. MEYER, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Crider's Exchange. Ex-district attorney. German and English. Prompt attention to all business.

SPANGLER & HEWES (J. L. Spangler—C. P. Hewes), Attorneys-at-law.—Office in Furst building, opposite the court house. All legal business promptly attended to.

WM. J. SINGER, Attorney-at-law.—District attorney. Office in court house.

ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS, Attorneys-at-law.—Offices in Crider's Exchange. German and English. All forms of legal business given prompt attention.

W. C. HEINLE, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Woodring building, opposite the court house. Consultations in German and English.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-law.—Office in Woodring building, opposite court house. Prompt attention to all legal business.

LEGAL NOTICE

AUDITORS NOTICE.—Estate of Martha Samuels, deceased. The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Centre county, to distribute the balance in the hand of D. King, trustee of the estate of said decedent, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte on Friday, the 25th day of February, 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper. D. F. FORTNEY, Auditor.

PUBLIC HALL.—Walker Grauge, No. 345, desires to inform the public that the lower room in their Hall, in Hubbersburg, is now ready for rental. Any person desiring to rent for holding entertainments etc., call or correspond with J. H. McALLISTER, Hubbersburg, Pa. Oct. 3-2m

BUILDING LOTS.—About 150 desirable building lots located in and adjoining Bellefonte boro. on the north east, being a portion of the Armor farm. Will be sold from \$10 to \$70 according to location. For further information call upon or address MONROE ARMOR, Bellefonte, Pa. 2-9

TAKE NOTICE.—Assigned accounts. All accounts due Samuel Lewis, recently sold out by the sheriff, are assigned to me. Those owing them are hereby respectfully requested to call at the store and pay same at once. LOUIS B. MILLER, Bellefonte, Pa. Jan '96.

FOR SALE.—A good Store Room and dwelling for sale at Hubbersburg, Pa. It is an excellent business point. Will sell at a bargain. Apply or address, Mrs. MARY A. YEABER, Millheim, Pa. 1-14

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A House and Lot with Store Room, located in Hubbersburg. The property known as the Henry Brown, deed, Dwelling and Store Room, located in the town of Hubbersburg, Pa., will be offered at private sale or for rent as may be desired. Good frame dwelling and all buildings in excellent repair. This property is desirably located and is one of the oldest and best known mercantile stands in that valley. For further information call on or address, SOLOMON PERL, Esq., Hubbersburg, Pa. 1-9-2m

EXECUTORS NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of A. J. Thompson, late of Half Moon township, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same, and all persons indebted to said estate requested to make payment without delay. Mrs. MARY C. THOMPSON, Executrix. Ira C. Mitchell, A. C. Thompson, Executors. Atty., Bellefonte, Pa. 1-9

GERMAN HOUSE.—High Street, opposite the Court House. Entirely new. New Furniture, Steam Heat, Electric Light, and all the modern improvements. A. S. & C. M. GARMAN, Proprietors. 1-9

JOHN M. KEICHLINE, Attorney-at-law and Justice of the Peace. Office in Opera House block, opposite the court house.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, attorney-at-law—office, High street, near Court House. Practices in all the Courts.

LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO., PA. Expenses low. To those who intend to teach the State gives 50 cents a week as aid, and 50 dollars at graduation. Tuition, \$1.25 per week; (State aid deducted 75 cents per week. Heat, light, washing, furnished room and good board, only \$5 per week. The net cost for tuition, board, heat and furnished room for the fall term of 16 weeks is only \$60; for the winter term of 12 weeks, only \$45, and for the spring term of 14 weeks, only \$52.50. The net cost of the whole Senior year of 42 weeks is only \$107.40. The Faculty of the Central State Normal School is composed of specialists in their several departments. Five leading colleges are represented. A well conducted Model School furnishes superior training to professional students. Graduates command good positions and meet with excellent success. The handsome new building, erected at a cost of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, is now finished and occupied. Accommodations first class. Electric light in every room, carpets, spring beds, wardrobes, new furniture, fourteen bath rooms. Hot and cold water on every floor. Fan system steam heat. Smead system of ventilation. Everything is new and convenient. Students may enter at any time. Lock Haven is accessible by rail from all directions. We shall be glad to correspond with any who are interested. Send for free catalogue and secure rooms for next term. JAMES ELDON, A. M., Ph. D., Principal, Central State Normal School, Lock Haven, Pa.

Wanted Salesmen.—We want one or two GOOD MEN in each County to take orders for a Choice line of NURSERY STOCK or SEED POTATOES. Stock and seed guaranteed. We give you Steady Employment with Good Pay. If you will call on us or write to us, we will give you nothing to give it a trial. Address THE HAWKS NURSERY CO., 11-14-95-6m ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

FLAG STONES, manufactured from the very best quality of Blue Stone, the strongest and most durable stones for the purpose of the various sizes and thickness, ranging from one inch to six inches in thickness or more, to meet the wants of customers for street crossings, pavements and other walks, as well as window sills, lintels, door sills, steps and curb stones, dressed to order, will be furnished at short notice for low prices, the quality of stone considered. After a thorough examination of the flag, paving and other dressed stones, which we propose to add to our already extensive line of Builders' Supplies, we can assure our patrons, that they are the best quality of stone for the purpose, ever offered for sale in this community.

BRICK for building, brick for paving sidewalks and streets, as well as fire brick, every description will be furnished on short notice. We carry a limited stock on hand at our Yard Warehouses.

SAND of the very best quality for building purposes. We make a specialty of Mt. Eagle sand for building purposes, on the principle that the best is the cheapest. We also furnish Mine Bank sand, washed, for building purposes.

LIME for building purposes, of our own make.

CALCINED PLASTER and hair for plasterers' use.

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