THE SOUL.

It Will Have to Account for Deeds Done in the Body.

If We Accept the Offer of Jesus Christ to be Our Advocate We Need Not Fear-He Will Surely Secure Our Pardon.

Dr. Talmage, in his latest Washington sermon, points out the fact that all have sinned and must be condemned unless Christ pleads for our forgive-His text was: I. John 2: 1: "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous."

Standing in a court room, you say to yourself; "At this bar crime has often been arraigned; at this witness stand the oath has often been taken; at this jurors' bench the verdict has been rendered; at this judge's desk sentence has been pronounced." But I have to tell you to-day of a trial higher than any over and terminer or circuit or supreme or chancery. It is the trial of every Christian man for the life of his soul. This trial is different from any other in the fact that it is both

civil and criminal. The issues at stake are tremendous, and I shall in my sermon show you, first, what are the grounds of complaint; then, who are the witnesses in the case, and lastly, who are the ad-

When a trial is called on the first thing is to have the indictment read. Stand up then, O Christian man, and hear the indictment of the court of high Heaven against thy soul. It is an indictment of ten counts, for thou hast directly or indirectly broke all the ten commandments. You know how it thundered on Sinai, and when God came down how the mountain rocked and the smoke ascended as from a smoldering furnace, and the darkness gathered thick, and the loud, deep trumpet uttered the words: "The soul that sinneth it shall die!" Are you guilty, or not guilty? Do not put in a negative plea too quick, for I have to announce that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good; no, not one. Whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point he is guilty of all." Do not, therefore, be too hasty in pronouncing yourself not guilty.

This lawsuit before us also charges you with the breaking of a solemn contract. Many a time did we promise to be the Lord's. We got down on our knees and said: "O, Lord, I am thine now and forever." Did you keep the promise? Have you stood up to the contract? I go back to your first communion. You remember it as well as if it were yesterday. You know how the vision of the cross rose before you. You remember how from the head and the hands and the side and the feet there came bleeding forth these two words: "Remember Me." You recall how the cup of communion trembled in your hand when you first took it; and as in a seashell you may hear, or think you hear, the roaring of the surf even after the shell has been taken from the beach, so you lifted the cup of communion and you heard in it the surging of the great ocean of a Saviour's agony; and you came forth from that communion service with face shining as though you had been on the Mount of Transfiguration; and the very air seemed tremulous with the love of Jesus, and the woods and the leaves and the grass and the birds were brighter and sweeter-voiced than ever before, and you said down in the very depths of your soul: "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." Have you kept the bargain, O Christian man? Have you not sometimes faltered when you ought to have been true? Have you not been proud when you ought to have been humble? Have you not played the coward when you ought to have been the hero? I charge it upon you and I charge it upon myself-we have broken the contract

Still further; this law suit claims damages at your hands. The greatest slander on the Christian religion is an inconsistent professor. The Bible says religion is one thing: we, by our inconsistency, say religion is some other thing, and what is more deplorable about it is that people can see faults in others, while they cannot see any in themselves. If you shall at any time find some miserable old gossip, with imperfections from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, a perfect blotch of sin herself, she will go tattling, tattling, tattling all the years of her life about the inconsistencies of others, having no idea that she is inconsistent herself. God save the world from the gossip, female and male! I think the males are the worst! Now the chariot of Christ's salvation goes on through the world; but it is our inconsistencies, my brethren, that block up the wheels, while all along the line there ought to have been cast nothing but palm branches, and the shout should have been lifted: "Hosanna to 'the Son of David!"

Now, you have heard the indictment read. Are you ready to plead guilty or not guilty? Perhaps you are not ready yet to plead. Then the trial will go on. The witnesses will be called, and we shall have the matter decided. In the name of God I now make proclamation: Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! whosoever hath anything to offer in this trial in which God is the plaintiff and the Christian soul the defendant, let him now step forward and give testi-

mony in this solemn trial. The first witness I call upon the stand in behalf of the prosecution is the World-all critical and observant of Christian character. You know that there are people around you who perpetually banquet on the frailties of God's children. You may know, if you have lived in the country, that a crow cares for nothing so much as carrion. There are those who imagine that out of the faults of Christians they can make a bridge of boats across the stream of death, and get midstream away will go the bridge and down will go their souls to perdi- whose country he has turned into a day secure an Advocate.

lition. O'Wor dof the greaty the hard heart, come on the stan inand testify in leadly of the prosen tion against this Christian soul a trial. What do you know about the Christian man? "Oh," says the Word, "I know a great deal about him. le talks about putting his treasures in Heaven, but he is the sharpest man in a trade I ever knew. He seems to with us to believe that he is a child of Goo. but he is just full of imperfections. 1 do not know but I am a great deal better than he is now. Oftentimes he is very earthly, and he talks so much about himself. I am very glad to tes-

tify that this is a bad man. Stop, O World with the greedy eye and hard heart. I fear you are too much interested in this trial to give impartial evidence. Let all those who hear the testimony of this witness know that there is an old family quarrel between these two parties. There always has been a variance between the world and the church, and while the World on the witness stand to-day has told a great deal of truth about this Christian man, you must take it all with much allowance, remembering that they still keep the old grudge good. O, World of the greedy eye and the hard heart, that will do; you may sit down.

The second witness I call in this case is Conscience. Who art thou, O Conscience? What is your business? Where were you born? What are you doing? "Oh," says Conscience, "I was born in Heaven. I came down to befriend this man. I have lived with him. I have instructed him. I have warned him. I showed him the right and the wrong, advising him to take the one and eschew the other. I have kindled a great light in his soul. With a whip of scorpions I have scourge his wickedness, and I have tried to cheer him when doing right; and yet I am compelled to testify on the stand to-day that he has sometimes rejected my mission. Oh, how many cups of life have I pressed to his lips that he dashed down, and bow often has he stood with his hard heel on the bleeding heart of the Son of God! It pains me very much that I have to testify against this Christian man, and yet I must, in behalf of him who will in no wise clear the guilty, say that this Christian man has done wrong. He has been worldly. He has been neglectful. He has done a thousand things he ought not to have done, and left undone a thousand things he ought to have done." That will do, Conscience.

You can sit down. The third witness I call in the case is an angel of God. Bright and shining one, what doest thou here? What hast thou to say against this man on trial? "Oh," says the angel, "I have been a messenger to him. I have guarded him. I have watched him. With this wing I have defended him, and oftentimes, when he knew it not, I led him into green pastures and beside the still waters. I snatched from him the poisoned chalices. When bad spirits came upon him to destroy him ! fought them back with infinite fierceness, and yet I have to testify to-day that he has rejected my mission. He has not done as he ought to have done. Though I came from the sky he drove me back. Though with this wing I defended him, and though with this voice I wooed him, I have to announce his multiplied imperfections. I dare not keep the testimony, for then I should not dare to appear again amongst the sinless ones before the great white

There is only one more witness to be called on behalf of the prosecution. and that is the great, the holy, the august, the omnipotent Spirit of God. We bow down before Him. Holy Spirit, knowest thou this man? "Oh. yes," says the Holy One, "I know him. I have striven with him ten thousand times, and though sometimes he did seem to repent, he fell back again as often from his first estate. Ten thousand times ten thousand has he grieved me, although the Bible warned him, saying: "Grieve not the Holy Ghost. Quench not the Spirit." Yes, he has driven me back. Though I am the Third Person of the Trinity, he has trampled on my mission, and the blood of the atonement that I brought with which to cleanse his soul, he sometimes despised. I came from the throne of God to convert, and comfort and sanctify, and yet look at that man and see what he is compared with what. unresisted, I would have made him '

The evidence on the part of the prosecution has closed. Now let the defense bring on the rebuttal testimony. What have you, O Christian soul, to bring in reply to this evidence of the world, of the conscience, of the angel, and of the Holy Ghost? No er .dence? Are all these things true? "Yes. Unclean, unclean." says ever Christian soul. What! Do you not begin to tremble at the thought of condemnation?

We have come now to the most interesting part of this great trial. The evidence all in. The advocates speak. Some of you have read of the famous trial in Westminster hall of Warren Hastings, the despoiler of India. That great man had conquered India by splendid talents, by courage, by bribes, by gigantic dishonesty. The whole world had rung with applause or condemnation. Gathered in Westminster hall, a place in which thirty kings had been inaugurated, was one of the most famous audiences ever gathered. Foreign ministers and princes sat there. Peers marched in, clad in ermine and gold. Mighty men and women from all lands looked down upon the scene. Amid all that pomp and splendor, and amid an excitement such as has seldom been seen in any court room, Edmund Burke advanced in a speech which will last as long as the English language, concluding with this burning charge, which made Warren Hastings cringe and cower: "I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient you, and the angels of Heaven are they are going to try it; but honor he has sullied. I impeach him against you, and the Holy Spirit is alas for the mistakel When they in the name of the people of India, against you, and the Lord God Alwhose rights he has trampled on and | mighty is against you? Better this

desert. And, lastly, in the name of human nature, in the names of both sexes, in the name of every age and rank, I impeach him as the common enemy and oppressor of all."

But I turn from the recital of these memorable occasions to a grander trial, and I have to tell you that in this trial of the Christian for the life of his soul the advocates are mightier, wiser and more eloquent. The evidence all being in severe and stern justice rises on behalf of the prosecution to make his plea. With the Bible open in his hand, he reads the law, stern and inflexible, and the penalty: "The soul that sin-neth, it shall die." Then he says: "O, thou judge and lawgiver, this is thine own statute, and all the evidence in earth and Heaven agrees that the man has sinned against these enactments. Now let the sword leap from its scabbard. Shall a man go through the very flames of Sinai unsinged? Let the law be executed. Let judgment be pronounced. Let him die. I demand that he die!"

O, Christian, does it not look very dark for thee? Who will plead on thy side in so forlorn a cause? Sometimes a man will be brought into a court of law, and he will have no friends and no money, and the judge will look over the bar and say: "Is there anyone who will volunteer to take this man's case and defend him?" And some young man rises up and says: "I will be his counsel;" perhaps starting on from that very point to a great and brilliant career. Now, in this matter of the soul, as you have nothing to pay for counsel, do you think that anyone will volunteer? Yes, yes; I see One rising. He is a young man, only 33 years of age. I see His countenance suffused with tears and covered with blood, and all the galleries of Heaven are thrilled with the spectacle. Thanks be unto God, "we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

Oh, Christian soul, your case begins to look better. I think, perhaps, after all, you may not have to die. The best Advocate in the universe has taken your side. No one was ever so qualified to defend you. He knows all the law, all its demands, all its penalties. He is always ready. No new turn of the case can surprise him, and he will plead for you for nothing as earnestly as though you brought a world of treasure to His feet. Besides that, He has undertaken the case of thousands who were as forlorn as you, and He has never lost a case. Courage, O Christian soul! I think that, after all, there may be some chance for you, for the great Advocate rises to make His plea. He say: "I admit all that has been proved against my client. I admit all these sins, ay, more; but look at that wounded hand of and look at that other wounded hand, and at my right foot and at my left foot. By all these wounds I plead for his clearance. Count all the drops of my tears. Count all the drops of my blood. By the humiliation of Bethlehem, by the sweat of Gethsemane, by the sufferings of the cross, I demand that he go free. On this arm he hath leaned; to this heart he hath flown; in my tears he bath washed; on my righteous-ness he hath depended. Let him go free. I am the ransom. Let him escape the lash; I took the scourgings. Let the cup pass from him; I drank it to the dregs. Put on him the crown of life, for I have worn the crown of thorns. Over against my throne of

shame set his throne of triumph!" Well, the counsel on both sides have spoken, and there is only one more thing now remaining, and that is the awarding of the judgment. If you have ever been in a court room you know the silence and solemnity when the verdict is about to be rendered, or the judgment about to be given. About this soul on trial-shall it be saved or shall it be lost? Attention! above, around, beneath. All the universe

cries, "Hear! hear!" The Judge rises and gives this decision, never to be changed, never to be revoked: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in

Christ Jesus." The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose. I will not, I will not desert to his fees; That soul, though all hell should endeaver to

I'll never, no never, no, never forsake. But, my friends, there is coming a

day of trial in which not only the saint but the sinner must appear. That day of trial will come very suddenly. The farmer will be at the plow, the merchant will be in the counting room, the woodman will be ringing his ax on the hickories, the weaver will have his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer will be walking amid the buzz of looms and the clack of flying machinery, the counsel may be at the bar pleading the law, the minister may be in the pulpit pleading the gospel, the drunkard may be reeling amid his cups, and the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth. Lo! the sun hides. Night comes at midnoon. The stars appear at noon to-day. The earth shudders and throbs. There an earthquake opens and a city sinks as a crocodile would crunch a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite cliffs an avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea. and ocean, uprearing, cries to flying Alps and Himalaya. Beasts bellow and moan and snuff up the darkness. Clouds fly like flocks of swift eagles. Great thunders beat and boom and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Almighty, rising on his throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the archangel's trump repeats it till all the living hear, and the continents of dead spring to their feet, crying: "Time shall be no longer!" Oh, on that

day will you be ready? I have shown you how well the Christian will get off in his trial. Will you get off as well in your trial? Will Christ plead on your side or against you? Oh, what will you do in the last great assize, if your conscience is against you, and the world is against SUBLIME FOLLY.

Bublimest folly—from their camps uprise
Two mighty armies, eager for the fray.
The drum beat rolls, the brazen trumpets

And guns and bayonets flash against the skies. Now shall be shown on which side victory lies. Swords gleam, the booming cannon hurl dis-

The quick, sharp rifle shots for death make On high the bird of evil omen cries.

Men fall as in the field the full ripe grain Where bending reapers swing the sickle's blade.

In ranks they fall, never to rise again. But wherefore the dread holocaust thus That past all doubt man may make this truth

On honor more than life his heart is staid.

SOME LEAP YEAR LAWS.

A Woman Could Propose Six Hundred Years Ago and the Man Had to Accept. In two countries, at least, and more than 600 years ago, laws were passed which gave women the right of proposing marriage. These enactments went even farther than this. They also stipulated that if the man whose hand they had sought should refuse he should incur a heavy fine.

A searcher among the ancient records of Scotland has recently discovered an act of the Scottish parliament, which was passed in the year 1288, which runs as follows:

"It is statut and ordaint that during the rein of his maist blissit Megeste, ilk for the years knowne as Lepe Yeare, ilk mayden ladye of baithe highe and lowe estaet shall hae liberte to bespeke ye man she likes, albeit gif he refuses ta taik hir to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum of ane dundis or less, as his estait may be; except and awis gif he can make it appeare that he is betrothit ane ither woman, he then shall be free."

A year or two later a law almost similar to the Scottish enactment was passed in France and received the approval of the king. It is also said that before Columbus sailed on his famous voyage to the westward a similar privilege was granted to the maidens of Genoa and Florence.

There is no record extant of any fines imposed under the conditions of this Scotch law, and no trace of statistics regarding the number of spinsters who took advantage of it or of the similar regulations in France, but the custom seems to have taken firm hold upon the popular mind about that time. The next mention of it is dated nearly 400 years later, and it is a curious little treatise, called "Love, Courtship and Matrimony," which was published in London in 1606. In this quaint work the "privilege" is thus alluded to:

"Albeit it now becomes a part of the common law in regard to social relations of life, that, as often as every leap yeare doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love either by wordes or lookes, no man will be entitled to benefit of clergy who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely.'

Up to within a century ago it was one of the unwritten laws of leap year that if a man should decline a proposal he should soften the disappointment which his answer would bring about by the presentation of a silk dress to the unspecessful suitor for his hand.

A curious leap year superstition is still to be met with in some parts of New England, and that is that during leap year the "beans grow on the wrong side of the pod."-Philad-lphia Examiner.

Mice and Rats In Japan.

There are small "deer" on the island that arouse no poetry or gracious sentiments. The mice, those pests of Japanese teahouses, raced through the dollhouses at will by dark, the ornamental traceries and designs pierced in the pretty wood panels above the screens giving them free range of every room. They ran over my face, scratched my pillow, nibbled my fingers and kept me awake night after night with their rustling and gnawing. On the third night of mouse carnival I called the servants and had lights brought. The landlord heard the sounds and bustled across the court to see what the matter was. "I think there is a mouse in this house," I said. "Oh, certainly, certainly, honorable lady," he said, bowing low and proudly. "Yes, indeed, I have many, plenty of rats at the Momiji." And he could not at all understand why we should make such a trouble about so natural a thing and object to these sure evidences of abundant prosperity, these companions of Daikoku, the god of plenty. - Eliza Rhuhamah Scidmore in Century.

Two Handles.

Everything has two handles-the one soft and manageable, the other such as will not endure to be touched. If, then, your brother do you an injury, do not take it by the hot hard handle, by representing to yourself all the aggravating circumstances of the fact; but look rather on the soft side and extenuate it as much as is possible by considering the nearness of the relation and the long friendship and familiarity between you-obligations to kindness which a single provocation ought not to dissolve. And thus you will take the accident by its manageable handle. - Epictetus.

The Jeer of a Plebeian.

Laura-Miss Backdate is awfully proud of being eligible to membership in the Daughters of the Revolution. Flora-She has a right to be proud. Just think how narrowly she escapes being old enough to be a sister instead of a daughter.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Men spend their lives in anticipations in determining to be vastly happy-at some period or other when they have time. But the present time has one advantage over every other. It is our own. -Colton.

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