

A KIND WORD.

It is a Powerful Weapon Against Evil Doing.

Sarcasm and Retort Fan the Flame of Bitterness, but a Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath—We Cannot Chase Down Slander, We Must Live It Down.

In his latest Washington sermon Dr. Talmage preached the doctrine of kindness and urged his hearers to follow in the footsteps of Christ and forgive their enemies. His text was Proverbs 25: 15: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

When Solomon said this he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not be so silly as to take the words of the text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that there is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all-conquering utterance: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

If I had time I would show you kindness as a means of defense, as a means of usefulness, kindness as a means of domestic harmony, kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals, and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrel; but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.

And first, I speak to you of kindness as a means of defense. Almost every man, in the course of his life, is set upon and assaulted. Your motives are misinterpreted or your religious or political principles are bombarded. What to do under such circumstances is the question. The first impulse of the natural heart says: "Strike back. Give as much as he sent. Trip him into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth. But the better spirit in the man's soul rises up and says: "You ought to consider that matter." You look up into the face of Christ and say: "My master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?" And Christ instantly answers: "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

Then the old nature rises up again and says: "You had better not forgive him until first you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again. You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him and then let him go." "No," says the better nature, "hush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse and worse and worse? About 55 years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they had measured lances with other clergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. As, in the autumn, a hunter comes home with a string of game, partridges and wild duck, slung over his shoulder, so there were many ministers who came back from the ecclesiastical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle. The division became wider, the animosity greater, until after a while some good men resolved upon another tack. They began to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's faults, and lo! the great church quarrel was settled; and the new school Presbyterian church and the old school Presbyterian church became one. The different parts of the Presbyterian order, welded by a hammer, a little hammer, a Christian hammer that the Scripture calls "a soft tongue."

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You say to him: "I despise you." He replies: "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him: "Never enter my house again." He says: "If you come on my door sill I'll kick you off." You say to him: "I'll put you down." He says: "You are mistaken; I'll put you down." And so the contest rages, and year after year you act the unchristian part, and he acts the unchristian part. After while the better spirit seizes you and you go over to the neighbor and say: "Give me your hand. We have fought long enough. Time is so short, and eternity is so near, that we cannot afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much, but let us settle all now in one great hand-shaking and be good friends for all the rest of our lives." You have risen to a higher platform than that on which before you stood. You win his admiration and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way, at any rate you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men, and the honor of your Lord who died for his armed enemies.

"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders assault us, and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us, and we are abused and spit upon?" My reply is: Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanderers. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one, 50 are born. All your demonstrations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well, on some summer night when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and disturbing you and disturbing your family, bring up some great "swamp angel," like that which thundered over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun.

But what, then, are you to do with the abuses that come upon you in life? You are to live them down! I saw a farmer go out and get back a swarm of bees that had wandered off from the hive. As he moved amid them and buzzed around his head, and buzzed around his hands, and buzzed around

his feet. If he had killed one of them they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst in perfect placidity until he had captured the swarm of wandering bees. And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations, and the assaults of life in such calm, Christian deliberation that all the buzzing around their souls amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and, above all, they conquered themselves.

"Oh," you say, "that's a very good theory to preach on a hot day, but it won't work." It will work. It has worked. I believe it is the last Christian grace we win. You know there are fruits which we gather in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September, and still others in October; and I have to admit that this grace of Christian forgiveness is about the last fruit of the Christian soul. We bear a great deal about the bitter tongue, and the sarcastic tongue, and the quick tongue, and the stinging tongue; but we know very little about "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." We read Hubibras, and Sterne, and Dean Swift, and the other apostles of acrimony, but give little time to studying the example of Him who was reviled, and yet reviled not again. Oh that the Lord, by His spirit, would endow us all with "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

I pass now to the other thought that I desire to present, and that is kindness as a means of usefulness. In all communities you find sceptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of professed Christian people, or through prying curiosity about the future world, there are a great many people who become sceptical in religious things. How shall you capture them for God? Sharp argument and sarcastic retort never won a single soul from scepticism to the Christian religion. While powerful books on "The Evidences of Christianity" have their mission in confirming Christian people in the faith, they have already adopted, I have noticed that when sceptical people are brought into the kingdom of Christ, it is through the charm of some genial soul, and not by argument at all. Men are not saved through the head; they are saved through the heart. A storm comes out of its hiding place. It says: "Now we'll just rouse up all this sea;" and it makes a great bluster, but it does not succeed. Part of the sea is roused up—perhaps one-half of it or one-fourth of it. After awhile the calm moon, placid and beautiful, looks down, and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to high water mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beach of all the continents. It is the heart-throb of one world against the heart-throb of another.

And I have to tell you that while all your storms of ridicule and storms of sarcasm may rouse up the passion of an immortal nature, nothing less than the attractive power of Christian kindness can ever raise the deathless spirit to happiness and to God. I have more faith in the prayer of a child five years old, in the way of bringing an infidel back to Christ and to Heaven, than I have in all the hissing thunderbolts of ecclesiastical controversy. You cannot overcome men with religious argumentation. If you come at a sceptical man with an argument on behalf of the Christian religion, you put the man on his mettle. He says: "I see that man has a carbine. I'll use my carbine. I'll answer his argument with my argument." But if you come to that man persuading him that you desire his happiness on earth and his eternal welfare in the world to come he cannot answer it.

What I have said is just as true in the reclamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hiccough, only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy; if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of a depraved appetite; if you persuade him of the fact that thousands who had the grappling-hooks of evil inclination clutched in their soul as firmly as they now are in his, have been rescued, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand were steadying his staggering gait.

A good many years ago there lay in the streets of Richmond, Va., a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him and said: "Poor fellow." She took her handkerchief and spread it over his face, and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch and began to look at the handkerchief, and lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city of Richmond. He went to her, he thanked her for her kindness, and that one little deed saved him from this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward attorney general of the United States; but, higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ. Kind words are so cheap, it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people in these cities who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He is thinking about forgery, about robbery, about suicide. Go to that business man. Tell him that better times are coming, and tell him that you yourself were in a tight business pass, and the Lord delivered you. Tell him to put his trust in God. Tell him that Jesus Christ stands beside every business man in his perplexities. Tell him of the sweet promises of God's comforting graces.

That man is dying for the lack of just one kind word. Go to-morrow and utter that one saving, omnipotent, kind word. Here is a soul that has been swamped in sin. He wants to find the light of the gospel. He feels like a shipwrecked mariner looking out over the beach, watching for a sail against the sky. Oh, bear down on him. Tell

him that the Lord waits to be gracious to him, that though he has been a great sinner, there is a great Saviour provided. Tell him that though his sins are as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool. That man is dying forever for the lack of one kind word.

There used to be sung at a great many of the pianos all through the country a song that has almost died out. I wish somebody would start it again in our local circles. There may not have been very exquisite art in the music, but there was a grand and glorious sentiment:

Kind words never die, never die,
cherished and blessed.

Oh, that we might in our families and in our churches try the force of kindness. You can never drive men, women, or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honeysuckles than fretfulness and scolding will ever bring out Christian grace. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that, we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law unless at the same time you preach to them the gospel. The world is dying for lack of kindness.

These young people want it just as much as the old. The old people sometimes seem to think they have a monopoly of the rheumatisms, and the neuralgias, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world; but I tell you there are no worse heartaches than are felt by some of these young people. Do you know that much of the work is done by the young? Raphael died at 37; Richelieu at 31; Gustavus Adolphus died at 38; Innocent III. came to his mightiest influence at 37; Cortez conquered Mexico at 30; Don John von Lepanto at 25; Grotius was attorney-general at 24; and I have noticed amid all classes of men that some of the severest battles and the toughest work come before 30. Therefore we must have our sermons and our exhortations in prayer meeting all sympathetic with the young.

And so with these doctors and lawyers and merchants and mechanics care about the abstractions of religion? What they want is help to bear the whimsicalities of patients, the brow-beating of legal opponents, the unfairness of customers, who have plenty of fault-finding for every imperfection of handiwork but no praise for 20 excellences. What does that brain-racked, hand-blistered man care for Zwingle's "Doctrine of Original Sin," or Augustine's "Anthropology?" You might as well go to a man who has the pleurisy and put on his side a plaster made out of Dr. Parr's "Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence."

In all our sermons there must be help for every one somewhere. You go into an apothecary store. We see others being waited on; we do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine; we know our turn will come after a while. And so while all parts of a sermon may not be appropriate to our case, if we wait patiently, before the sermon is through we shall have the divine prescription. I say to these young men who are going to preach the gospel, these theological students—I say to them, more metaphysics, nor more imagination, nor more logic, nor more profundity. What we want in our sermons and Christian exhortations is more sympathy. When Father Taylor preached in the Sailors' Bethel at Boston, the jack tars felt they had help for their duties among the ratlines and the forecastles. When Richard weaver preached to the operatives in Oldham, England, all the workmen felt they had more grace for the spindles. When Dr. South preached to kings and princes and princesses, all the mighty men and women who heard him felt preparation for their high station.

Kindness! We all need more of it in our hearts, our words, and our behavior. The chief characteristic of our Lord was kindness. A gentleman in England died, leaving his fortune by will to two sons. The son that stayed at home destroyed the father's will and pretended that the brother who was absent was dead and buried. The absent brother, after awhile, returned and claimed his part of the property. Judges and jurors were to be bribed to say that the returned brother and son was no son at all, but only an imposter. The trial came on. Sir Matthew Hale, the pride of the English court room and for 20 years the pride of jurisprudence, heard that injustice was about to be practiced. He put off his official robe. He put on the garb of a miller. He went to the village where that trial was to take place. He entered the court room. He somehow got empaneled as one of the jurors. The bribes came around, and the man gave ten pieces of gold to the other jurors, but as this was only a poor miller the briber gave to him only five pieces of gold. A verdict was brought in rejecting the right of this returned brother. He was to have no share in the inheritance. "Hold! my Lord," said the miller. "Hold! we are not all agreed on this verdict. These other men have received ten pieces of gold in bribery and I have received only five." "Who are you? Where do you come from?" said the judge on the bench. The response was: "I am from Westminster Hall; my name is Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the king's bench. Off that place, thou villain!" And so the injustice was balked, and so the young man got his inheritance.

It was all for another that Sir Matthew Hale took off his robe and put on the garb of a miller. And so Christ took off His robe of royalty and put on the attire of our humanity, and in that disguise He won our eternal portion. Now are we the sons of God. Joint heirs! We went off from home sure enough, but we got back in time to receive our eternal inheritance. And if Christ was so kind to us, surely we can afford to be kind to each other.

HE IS A TIMBER KING.
Lawyer Llewellyn Powers, Republican Candidate For Governor of Maine.
Llewellyn Powers, who has been nominated by the Republicans for governor of Maine, is a wealthy lawyer and the owner of many thousands of acres of timber land. He comes from a big family. The Powers boys are known all over the state, for of the eight brothers six of them are lawyers, and three of them have served in the state legislature.
Llewellyn Powers was born in a log house in Pittsfield, Somerset county, and lived there until he was 8 years old. He



attended the academies of St. Albans and Waterville and entered Colby university as a member of the class of '61, but during the second year left that institution and went to Albany, where he took a course of law. He was admitted to the bar and for a short time practiced law in Albany, but returned to Maine, and in 1861 opened an office in Houlton, of which town he has ever since been a citizen, with the exception of four years during which he practiced his profession in Boston and lived in Brookline.

For many years he was associated in the law business with his youngest brother, Frederick, who is now attorney general of the state. For several years past, however, he has given but little time to law because his extensive ownership of timberland has demanded so much of his attention. He owns at present 175,000 acres of timber land, most of which is in Aroostook county, and he has been called the "Timber Land King."

Mr. Powers has a long and active political career in state politics. His first office to which he was elected was that of county attorney for "the Aroostook," as the Maine people call it. This was in 1864, and he served for seven years. In 1869 he was appointed collector for the newly established district of Aroostook by President Grant. He declined a reappointment in 1873, and two years later was elected to the state legislature. He was re-elected in 1876 and 1877 and was then sent to congress as a representative of the Fourth district. After serving one term he was renominated by the Republicans, but was defeated by the Greenback candidate.

For some time after this Mr. Powers let politics alone, but in 1892 he re-entered the ring and was again elected to the legislature. He was re-elected in 1894 and was chosen speaker of the house.

Mr. Powers' home at Houlton is one of the finest residences in northern Maine. His wife is a good looking and accomplished lady, and they have a family of four children.
SOLDIER, STATESMAN, JURIST.
The Career of S. D. McEnery, the Louisiana Senator Elect.

Samuel D. McEnery, who was recently elected United States senator from Louisiana, is a well known figure in southern political circles, having been an active Democrat for many years and having held



some important official positions. He is a silver man, advocating the free coinage of the white metal at a 16 to 1 ratio, and he has been a pronounced tariff reformer. Judge McEnery is known as a "stalwart Democrat," being an extreme party man, and he is an ardent advocate of the white supremacy idea.

Mr. McEnery was born in Monroe, La., in 1837. At the age of 15 he entered the United States Naval academy as a cadet. After three years he resigned and entered the University of Virginia, where he remained until 1857. He then attended the Law school at Poughkeepsie, from which institution he was graduated in 1859.

Mr. McEnery went to Minnyville, Mo., where he struck out his shingle and began the practice of his profession, but he was compelled to return to Louisiana on account of poor health. He had just settled down in his old home when the war broke out. He enlisted at once in the Confederate army as captain, serving throughout the war.

When he laid down his sword, Captain McEnery once more became an attorney, opening an office in his native town. In 1879 he led the Democratic movement in northern Louisiana and was elected a member of the state legislature. In 1879 he was elected lieutenant governor on the ticket headed by Wiltze of reconstruction fame, and two years later, on the death of Governor Wiltze, he succeeded to the gubernatorial chair.

In 1884 he headed the state ticket and was elected governor, serving until 1888, when he was appointed a justice of the state supreme court. In 1892 he was again nominated for governor, but was defeated by M. J. Foster, the anti-slavery candidate. He is still a member of the supreme court and will not leave the bench until he begins his term as senator. He succeeds Senator Blanchard, whose term expires next March.

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