

GREECE.

The Civilized World Owes Much to that Country.

Christians Should Strive to Pay Their Part of that Debt by Praying to Almighty God for Its Deliverance from Its Enemies.

Dr. Talmage's latest sermon was an earnest appeal to the whole civilized world to maintain Greece in its righteous fight against Mohammedanism.

At this time, when that behemoth of abominations, Mohammedanism, after having gorged itself on the carcasses of a hundred thousand Armenians, is trying to put its paws upon one of the fairest of all nations, that of the Greeks, I preach this sermon of sympathy and protest, for every intelligent person on this side of the sea, as well as the other side, like Paul who wrote the text, is debtor to the Greeks.

Paul, with a master intellect of the ages, sat in brilliant Corinth, the great Acro-Corinthus fortress frowning from the height of 1,686 feet, and in the house of Gaius, where he was a guest, a big pile of money near him, which he was taking to Jerusalem for the poor.

Hellas, as the inhabitants call it, or Greece, as we call it, is insignificant in size, about a third as large as the state of New York, but what it lacks in breadth it makes up in height, with its mountains, Cylene, and Eta, and Taygetus, and Tymphrestus, each over 7,000 feet in elevation, and its Parnassus, over 8,000.

In the first place we owe to their language our New Testament. All of it was first written in Greek, except the Book of Matthew, and that, written in the Aramean language, was soon put into Greek by our Saviour's brother, James.

Who can forget it and who can exaggerate its thrilling importance, that Christ and Heaven were introduced to us in the language of the Greeks? The language in which Homer had sung and Sophocles dramatized, and Plato dialogued, and Socrates discoursed, and Lycurgus legislated, and Demosthenes thundered his oration on "The Crown?"

And while speaking of our philological obligation, let me call your attention to the fact that many of the intellectual and moral and theological leaders of the ages got much of their discipline and effectiveness from Greek literature. It is popular to scoff at the world's intellectuality would have been taken off if, through learned institutions, our young men had not, under competent professors, been drilled in Greek masterpieces.

From the Greeks the world learned how to make history. Had there been no Herodotus and Thucydides, there would have been no Macaulay or Bancroft. Had there been no Sophocles in tragedy, there would have been no Shakespeare. Had there been no Homer, there would have been no Milton.

54 comedies of that master of merriment. Paul got much of his oratorical power of expression from the Greeks. That he had studied their literature was evident, when standing in the presence of an audience of Greek scholars on Mars Hill, which overlooks Athens, he dared to quote from one of their own Greek poets, either Cleanthus or Aratus, declaring: "As certain also of your own poets have said, 'for we are also His offspring.'" And he made accurate quotation, Cleanthus, one of the poets, having written: "For we Thine offspring are. All things that creep are but the echo of thy voice divine."

It was rather a risky thing for Paul to attempt to quote extemporaneously from a poem in a language foreign to his, and before Greek scholars, but Paul did it without stammering, and then acknowledged before the most distinguished audience on the planet his indebtedness to the Greeks, crying out in his oration, "As one of your own poets has said."

Furthermore, all the civilized world, like Paul, is indebted to the Greeks for architecture. The world before the time of the Greeks had built monoliths, obelisks, cromlechs, sphinxes and pyramids, but they were mostly monumental to the dead whom they failed to memorialize. We are not certain even of the names of those in whose commemoration the pyramids were built.

Although the Parthenon on the Acropolis of Athens is only a wreck of the storms and earthquakes and bombardments of many centuries, and although Lord Elgin took from one side of that building, at an expense of \$250,000, two shiploads of sculpture, one shipload going down in the Mediterranean and the other shipload now to be found in the British Museum, Parthenon, though in comparative ruins, has been an inspiration to all architects for centuries past, and will be an inspiration all the time from now until the world itself is a temple ruin.

But there is another art in my mind—the most fascinating, elevating, and inspiring of all arts, and the nearest to the divine—for which all the world owes a debt to the Hellenes that will never be paid. I mean sculpture. At least 650 years before Christ the Greeks perpetuated the human face and form in terra cotta and marble. What a blessing to the human family that men and women, mighty useful, who could live only within a century may be perpetuated for five or six or ten centuries.

Yes! For the science of medicine, the great art of healing, we must thank the Greeks. There is the immortal Greek doctor, Hippocrates, who first opened the door for disease to go out and health to come in. He first set forth the importance of cleanliness and sleep, making the patient before treatment to be washed and take a nap on the hide of a sacrificed beast.

Ancient medicine and surgery had before that been anatomical and physiological assault and battery, and long after the time of Hippocrates, the Greek doctor, where his theories were not known, the Bible speaks of fatal medical treatment, when it says: "In his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians, and Asa slept with his fathers." And we read in the New Testament of a poor woman who had been treated by incompetent doctors who asked large fees, where it says: "She had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse."

procrates! I, like Paul, am indebted to the Greeks."

But now comes the practical question. How can we pay that debt, or a part of it? For we cannot pay more than 10 per cent. of that debt in which Paul acknowledges himself a bankrupt. By praying Almighty God that He will help Greece in its present war with Mohammedanism and the concerted empires of Europe. I know her queen, a noble, Christian woman, her face the throne of all beneficence and loveliness, her life an example of noble wifehood and motherhood. God help those palaces in these days of awful exigency. Our American senate did well the other day, when, in that Capitol building which owes to Greece its columnar impressiveness, they passed a hearty resolution of sympathy for that nation. Would that all who have potent words that can be heard in Europe would utter them now, when they are so much needed! Let us repeat to them in English what they centuries ago declared to the world in Greek: "Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

Another way of partly paying our debt to the Greeks is by higher appreciation of the learning and self-sacrifice of the men who in our own land stand for all that the ancient Greeks stood. While here and there one comes to public approval and reward, the most of them live in privation or on salary disgracefully small. The scholars, the archeologists, the artists, the literati—most of them live up three or four flights of stairs and by small windows that do not let in the full sunlight. You pass them every day in your streets without any recognition. Grub street, where many of the mighty men of the past suffered, is long enough to reach around the world.

But there is a better way to pay them, and that is by their personal salvation, which will never come to them through books or through learned presentation, because in literature and intellectual realms they are masters. They can out-argue, out-quote, out-dogmatize you. Not through the gate of the head, but through the gate of the heart, you may capture them. When men of learning and might are brought to God they are brought by simplest story of what religion can do for a soul. They have lost children. Oh, tell them how Christ comforted you when you lost your bright boy or blue-eyed girl. They have found life a struggle. Oh, tell them how Christ has helped you all the way through. They are in bewilderment. Oh, tell them with how many hands of joy Heaven beckons you upward. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," but when a warm-hearted Christian meets a man who needs pardon and sympathy and comfort and eternal life, then comes victory. If you can, by some incident of self-sacrifice, bring to such scholarly men and women what Christ has done for their eternal rescue, you may bring them in. Where Demosthenic eloquence and Homeric imagery would fail, a kindly heart throb may succeed.

A gentleman of this city sends me the statement of what occurred a few days ago among the mines of British Columbia. It seems that Frank Conson and Jim Smith were down in the narrow shaft of a mine. They had loaded an iron bucket with coal, and Jim Hemsworth, standing above ground, was hauling the bucket up by windlass, when the windlass broke and the loaded bucket was descending upon the two miners. Then Jim Hemsworth, seeing what must be certain death to the miners beneath, threw himself against the cog of the whirling windlass, and though his flesh was torn and his bones were broken, he stopped the whirling windlass and arrested the descending bucket, and saved the lives of the two miners beneath. The superintendent of the mine flew to the rescue and blocked the machinery. When Jim Hemsworth's bleeding and broken body was put on a litter and carried homeward, and someone exclaimed, "Jim, this is awful!" he replied: "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?" What an illustration it was of suffering for others, and what a text from which to illustrate the behavior of our Christ, limping and lacerated and broken and torn and crushed in the work of stopping the descending ruin that would have destroyed our souls! Try such a scene of vicarious suffering as this on that man capable of overthrowing all your arguments for the truth, and he will sit down and weep. Draw your illustrations from the classics, and it is to him an old story, but Leyden jars and electric batteries and telescopes and Greek drama will all surrender to the story of Jim Hemsworth's, "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?"

Then if your illustration of Christ's self-sacrifice, drawn from some scene of to-day, and your story of what Christ has done for you does not quite fetch him into the right way, just say to him: "Professor—Doctor—Judge! Why was it that Paul declared he was a debtor to the Greeks?" And ask your learned friend to take his Greek Testament and translate for you, in his own way, from Greek into English, the splendid oration of Paul's sermon on Mars Hill, under the power of which the scholarly Dionysius surrendered, namely: "The times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent; because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead." By the time he has got through the translation from the Greek I think you will see his lip tremble, and there will come a pallor on his face like the pallor on the sky at daybreak. By the eternal salvation of that scholar, that great thinker, that splendid man you will have done something to help your indebtedness to the Greeks. And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be honor and glory, and dominion and victory and song, world without end. Amen.

STUDENTS' FRIEND.

A DEALER IN COLORS IN THE LATIN QUARTER OF PARIS.

Many Artists Who Have "Arrived" Owe Much to M. Foinet's Love of Art and Benevolence—The Popular Suppers Given in His Little Shop.

If an art student of the Latin Quarter knows not M. Foinet, that student is but a humble creature, pitifully new to the republic of painters. And who is Foinet? He has a little shop in an ancient winding street of the old quarter, the Rue Notre Dame de Champs, and there keeps colors for the accommodation of impecunious painters. It is a little shop truly, with a box of a sale a manager just behind, the minute salon and living rooms above, but many a celebrity laid the foundation for his fame in the pigments cheerily furnished by Foinet. Now 63, good nature and the wholesome reflection of his benevolence from the fancies of a thousand friends have kept this marchand de couleurs to the appearance of 40. His youthfulness remarked, "Ah," he says, with a twinkle of his kindly blue eyes, "it keeps one in good color to deal in good colors!" As he deals only in the best of colors, "those fit for the making of masterpieces," it is quite in keeping that he should have the rosy freshness that reddish hair and mustache complement, and which seem to belong only to the glow of vigor still in flower.

Having had two score years of experience in the trade that is so closely akin to art, Foinet has more the character of an artist than of a tradesman, and a glance around the walls of his costly establishment betrays who are his friends among those who have "arrived." Here are pieces by Dattaile, by Bonnat, by Jean Paul Laurens, by Caroux-Duran, by Cazin, by Geri Melchers, by Chretien, by Paul Steek, by Yongind (whose little pieces have sold for as much as 3,000 and 4,000 francs each since his death), the original of Fragonard's "La Balancoire," evidences enough of Foinet's intimate relations with artists who, famous afterward, have been indebted to the man of colors for many a sustaining kindness.

A veritable patron, Maseoens of points, it is necessary that Foinet be well to do, and well to do he is, and with the means to gratify his benevolence he has also the taste to minister comfort to the refined appetite. Foinet's little suppers in the shop are as celebrated as Foinet himself, and to be hidden to one of them is a mark of distinction—an honor the ambitious youth covets, a courtesy the most successful esteems. The suppers are served in the shop, and wines of choice vintage, served in bottles crusted with cellar mold, are so liberally dispensed that sobriety at the end of the evening is accounted an insult to the host. Bacchus is the presiding deity ever, and when his votaries revolve into the salon where coffee is poured it is not permitted that one of them be able perfectly to declare how many candles are burning. Yet woe to the culprit who is so weak a head that he riots in his cups. Foinet values him and his prospects not a jot. Men who have it in them to "arrive" will not slander good wine by playing the fool under it, is Foinet's opinion.

If a carefully watched young painter suddenly gets well hung or captures somewhere a medal, the color merchant, radiant over the achievement, gives one of these notable suppers in honor of his protegee, and the result is much the same as when Beau Brummel made a man by taking his arm for a walk in the Mall. The supper is the confession of faith—Foinet's intimation that he believes the painter has, to all intents and purposes, "arrived," though he says one requires 15 years in which really "to arrive." What a phrase that is! How significant! And what a vast force it has in the French world of art and letters! "He'll arrive." No higher compliment may be spoken by master of pupil. "He has arrived." The crown is on his head. And so Foinet, who has seen so many men "arrive" and knows by a sort of mastery intuition who is likely to "arrive," has that superb patience and that unwavering confidence which are necessary to make either a great genius or a noble creator.

Let any student with talent only as a grain of mustard seed and with its honest perseverance go to Foinet, and the ruby faced patron will trust him till the light goes out of the moon or floods into the painter's atelier. Indeed, Foinet is as little in love with a sensitive debtor as he is with a too temperate banqueter.

Be it understood that more than one art student in the Quartier Latin would find it impossible to pursue his or her studies were it not for the philanthropic Foinet, who gives them credit month after month for their paints and has the grace of soul not to impose upon them the martyrdom of debt. Paints are expensive, and some students who have barely enough for bread would fare ill for working materials but for this simple hearted and genuine benefactor in the old fashioned street near the Luxembourg. That this frank generosity is not ignobly betrayed may be inferred from the fact of the dealer's comparative opulence. Nevertheless he will shake his head in compassionate sadness as he says: "There are too many students of art who ought to be students of agriculture. They could mow landscapes better than they can paint them. It is sad to see one quite without talent struggling to succeed in an art that has no pity whatever for mediocrity. But"—And that shrug of the shoulders which is more eloquent and more impressive than a monologue.—Chicago Times-Herald.

All In Union. Marble Dealer—Shall I put on the tombstone, "We Mourn Our Loss?" Chorus of Heirs (left out of the will)—Yes and spell "loss" with poster sheet letters.—Buffalo Times.

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN

Says Women Are Not Truthful—Will Lie to Their Physicians.

This Statement Should Be Qualified.

Women Do Tell the Truth, But Not the Whole Truth, to a Male Physician, But Do Tell the Truth, and the Whole Truth, to Mrs. Pinkham—Mrs. Jane Keener Has Something to Say on the Subject.

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions in regard to her private life, even when those questions are asked by her family physician.

This is the reason why thousands upon thousands of women are corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. To her they can enter into every detail of their illness, so that even through correspondence Mrs. Pinkham can treat her patients more intelligently than the local physician.

It is this fact alone which has caused the tremendous line of correspondence, which is ever increasing, between Mrs. Pinkham and women who are sick, and it was from this fact also that Mrs. Pinkham has a wider experience and greater knowledge of the treatment of female ills than any practicing physician in the world. The greatest practitioner can at the most have less than 100 cases to which he can give his personal attention, while more than fifty thousand cases have been handled by Mrs. Pinkham during the last six months.

Years ago women had no such recourse, and in consequence many of them dragged out a miserable existence; charlatans practiced on their ignorance and fears, extorted money from them and effected few cures.

Nowadays woman may ask advice of a woman who understands woman's ills, and the fact that this great boon which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham is appreciated, the thousands of letters which are received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring

in, and are a source of great satisfaction to the woman who has tried to do so much for others.

Mrs. Jane Keener, Mt. Morris, Pa., says:—For years I have been a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms, shooting pains over my body, sick headache, faintness, dizziness, nervousness, and my back hurt me nearly all the time. I had pain about my heart and ovary, also troubled with piles. I could not sleep on my left side. The pain has now left my heart and side and back. Before I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I would have to get up at four o'clock every morning, for my back hurt me so much. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts that you may also be cured by the same most valuable remedy. My heart is full of gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

A STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely, any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

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