

THE RISEN SAVIOUR.

He Beckons Us to a World Beyond the Tomb.

There Will Be No Sorrow, or Sickness, or Deformity There—We Shall Be Made Perfect—Comforting Words for Everyone.

In his Easter sermon Dr. Talmage gives a graphic description of the resurrection morn. His text was John 20: 15: "She supposing Him to be the gardener."

Here are Mary Magdalen and Christ, just after his resurrection. For 4,000 years a grim and ghastly tyrant had been killing people and dragging them into his cold palace. He had a passion for human skulls. For 40 centuries he had been un hindered in his work. He had taken down kings and queens and conquerors, and those without fame. In that cold palace there were shelves of skulls, and pillars of skulls, and altars of skulls, and even the chalice at the table were made of bleached skulls. To the skeleton of Abel he had added the skeleton of all the ages, and no one had disputed his right until one Good Friday, about 1,867 years ago, as near as I can calculate it, a mighty stranger came to the door of that awful palace, rolled back the door, and went in, and seizing the tyrant, threw him to the pavement and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph.

Then the mighty stranger, exploring all the ghastly furniture of the place, and walking through the labyrinths, and opening the dark cellars of mystery, and tarrying under a roof the ribs of which were made of human bones—tarrying for two nights and a day, the nights very dark and the day very dismal, he seized the two chief pillars of that awful palace and ricked them until it began to fall, and then laying hold of the ponderous front gate, hoisted it from his hinges, and marched forth crying, "I am the resurrection!" That even we celebrate this Easter morn. Handel and Beethoven miracles of sound added to this floral decoration which has set the place a bloom.

There are three or four things which the world and the church have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ. First, our Lord in gardener's attire. Mary Magdalen, grief-struck, stands by the rifled sarcophagus of Christ, and turns around, hoping she can find the track of the sacrilegious resurrectionist who has despoiled the grave, and she finds some one in working apparel come forth as if to water the flowers, or uproot the weeds from the garden, or set to reclimbing the fallen vine—some one in working apparel, his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and the dirt of the occupation.

Mary Magdalen, on her face the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman, and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when lo! the stranger responds, flinging his whole soul into one word, which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and Heaven, saying: "Mary!" In that peculiarity of accentuation all the incognito fell off, and she found that instead of talking with an humble gardener of Asia Minor, she was talking with Him who owns all the hanging gardens of Heaven. Constellations the clusters of forget-me-nots, the sunflower the chief of all, the morning glory and midnight aurora, flaring terraces of beauty, blazing with a summer wall with coronation roses and giants of battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalen. "She supposing Him to be a gardener." What does that mean? It means that we have an every-day Christ for every-day work in every-day apparel. Not on Sabbath morning in our most seemly apparel are we more attractive to Christ than we are in every day work dress, managing our merchandise, smiting our anvil, plowing our fields, tending the flying shuttles, mending the garments for our household, providing food for our families, or toiling with weary pen, or weary pencil, or weary chisel. A working day Christ in working day apparel for us in our every day toil. Put it in the highest strain of this Easter anthem: "Supposing Him to be the gardener."

If Christ had appeared at daybreak with a crown upon His head, that would have seemed to suggest special sympathy for monarchy; if Christ had appeared in chain of gold and with robe bedimmed, that would have seemed to be especial sympathy for the affluent; if Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at His side, that would have seemed to imply especial sympathy for warriors; but I find Christ in gardener's habit, with perhaps the flakes of the earth, and of the upturned soil upon His garments, then I spell it out that He has hearty and pathetic understanding with every day work, and every day anxiety, and every day fatigue.

Roll it down in comfort all through these aisles. A working day Christ in working day apparel. Tell it in the darkest corridor of the mountain to the poor miner. Tell it to the factory maid in most unventilated establishment at Lowell or Lancaster. Tell it to the clearer of roughest new ground in western wilderness. Tell it to the sewing woman, a stitch in the side for every stitch in the garment, some of their cruel employers having no right to think that they will get through the door of Heaven any more than they could through the eye of a broken needle which has just dropped on the bare floor from the pricked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive sewing girl. Away with your talk about hypostatic union, and soteriology of the Council of Trent, and the metaphysics of religion which would freeze practical Christianity out of the world, but pass along this Gardener's coat to all nations that they may touch the hem of it and feel the thrill of the Christy brotherhood. Not supposing Him to be Caesar, not supposing Him to be Socrates, but "supposing Him to be the gardener."

Oh, that is what helped Joseph Wedg-

wood, toiling amid the heat and the dust of the potteries, until he could make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture. That was what helped James Watt, scoffed at and caricatured, until he could put on wheels the thunderbolt of power which roars by day and by night in every furnace of the locomotive engines of America. That is what helped Hugh Miller, toiling amid the quarries of Cromarty, until every rock became to him a volume of the world's biography, and he found the footsteps of the Creator in the old red sandstone. Oh, the world wants a Christ for the office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the shop, a Christ for the banking house, a Christ for the garden, while spading and planting and irrigating the territory. Oh, of course, we want to see Christ at least in royal robe and bedimmed, a celestial equestrian mounting the white horse, but from this Easter of 1897 to our last Easter on earth we must need to see Christ as Mary Magdalen saw Him at the daybreak, "supposing Him to be gardener."

Another thing which the church and the world have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ is that He made His first post-mortem appearance to one who had been the seven-deviled Mary Magdalen. One would have supposed he would have made his first posthumous appearance to a woman who had always been illustrious for goodness. There are saintly women who have always been saintly, saintly in girlhood, saintly in infancy, always saintly. In nearly all our families there have been saintly aunts. In my family circle it was saintly Aunt Phebe; in yours saintly Aunt Martha or saintly Aunt Ruth. One always saintly. But not so was the one spoken of in the text.

While you are not to confound her with the repentant courtesan who had made her long locks do the work of towel at Christ's footwashing, you are not to forget that she was excoriated of seven devils. What a capital of demonology she must have been! What a chorus of all diabolism! Seven devils—two for the eyes, and two for the hands, and two for the feet, and one for the tongue. Seven devils. Yet all these are extirpated, and now she is as good as once she was bad, and Christ honors her with the first posthumous appearance. What does that mean?

Why, it means for worst sinner greatest grace; it means those lowest down shall come, perhaps, highest up; it means that the clock that strikes 12 at midnight may strike 12 at noon; it means that the grace of God is seven times stronger than sin. Mary Magdalen the seven deviled became Mary Magdalen the seven angeled. It means that when the Lord meets us at last He will not throw up to us what we have been. All He said to her was "Mary!" Many people having met her under such circumstances would have said: "Let me see, how many devils did you have? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. What a terrible piece you were when I first met you." The most of the Christian women in our day would have nothing to do with Mary Magdalen even after her conversion, lest somehow they be compromised. The only thing I have to say against women is that they have not enough mercy for Mary Magdalen. Christ put all paths, and all reminiscence, and all anticipation, and all pardon, and all comfort, and all Heaven into one word of four letters, "Mary!" Mark you, Christ did not appear to some Bible Elizabeth, or Bible Hannah, or Bible Esther, or Bible Deborah, or Bible Vashti, but to Mary; not to a Mary against whom nothing was said, not to Mary the mother of Jesus, not to Mary the sister of Lazarus, but to a seven-deviled Mary.

There is a man seven-deviled—devil of avarice, devil of pride, devil of hate, devil of indolence, devil of falsehood, devil of strong drink, devil of impurity. God can take them all away, seven or 70. I rode over the new cantilever bridge that spans Niagara—a bridge 900 feet long, 850 feet of chasm from bluff to bluff. I passed over it without any anxiety. Why? Because two ears laden with gravel, had tested the bridge, thousands of people standing on the Canadian side, thousands standing on the American side to applaud the achievement. And however long the train of our immortal interests may be we are to remember that God's bridge of mercy spanning the chasm of sin has been fully tested by the awful tonnage of all the pardoned sin of all the ages, church militant standing on one bank, church triumphant standing on the other bank. Oh, it was to the seven-deviled Mary that Christ made His first post-mortem appearance.

There is another thing that the world and the church have not observed in regard to this resurrection, and that is, it was the morning twilight.

If the chronometer had been invented and Mary had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half-past 5 o'clock a. m. Matthew says it was in the dawn; Mark says it was at the sunrise; Luke says it was very early in the morning; John says it was while it was yet dark. In other words, it was twilight. That was the o'clock at which Mary Magdalen mistook Christ for the gardener. What does that mean? It means there are shadows over the grave unlifted, shadows of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave hysterical outcry. She could not see to the other end of the crypt. Neither can you see to the other end of the grave of your dead. Neither can we see to the other end of our own grave. Oh, if there were shadows over the family plot belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, is it strange that that there should be some shadows over our family lot? Easter dawn, not Easter noon.

Shadow of unanswerd question! Why were they taken away from us? Why were they ever given to us if they were to be taken so soon? Why were they taken so suddenly? Why could they not have uttered some farewell words? Why? A short question, but

a whole crucifixion of agony in it. Why? Shadow on the graves of good men and women who seemed to die before their work was done. Shadow on all the graves of children because we ask ourselves why so beautiful a craft launched at all if it was to be wrecked one mile outside of the harbor? But what did Mary Magdalen have to do in order to get more light on that grave. She had only to wait. After awhile the Easter sun rolled up, and the whole place was flooded with light. What have you and I to do in order to get more light on our own graves and light upon the graves of our dear loved ones? Only to wait.

Another thing the world and the church have not observed; that is, Christ's pathetic credentials. How do you know it was not a gardener? His garments said He was a gardener. The flakes of the upturned earth scattered upon His garments said He was a gardener. How do you know He was not a gardener? Ah! Before Easter had gone by He gave to some of His disciples His three credentials. He showed them His hands and His side. Three paragraphs written in rigid or depressed letters. A scar in the right palm, a scar in the left palm, a scar amid the ribs—scars, scars. That is the way they knew Him. That is the way you and I will know Him.

Ay, am I saying this morning too much when I say that will be one of the ways in which you and I will know each other by the scars of earth; scars of accident, scars of sickness, scars of persecution, scars of hard work, scars of battle, scars of old age. When I see Christ's resurrected body having scars, it makes me think that our remodeled and resurrected bodies will have scars. Why before we get out of this world some of us will be covered with scars all over. Heaven will not be a bay into which float summer yachts after a pleasuring, with the gay bunting and with the embroidered sails as fair as when they were first unfurled. Heaven will be more like a navy yard, where men-of-war come in from Trafalgar and Lepanto, men-of-war with masts twisted by a cyclone, men-of-war struck on all sides by 74-pounders, men-of-war with decks scorched of the shell. Old Constellations, old Constellations, floating in, discharged from service to rest forever. In the resurrection Christ re-credentialed by scars. You and I will be re-credentialed, and will be recognize each other by scars. Do you think them now a disgraceful? Do you think them now a badge of endurance? I tell you the glorious thought this morning, they are going to be the means of heavenly recognition.

There is one more thing that the world and the church have not noticed in this resurrection of Christ, and that is the Christ from Friday to Sabbath was lifeless in a hot climate where sanitary prudence demanded that burial take place the same day as death, and where there was no ice to retard dissolution. Yet, after three days He came up so healthy, so robust, and so robust Mary Magdalen takes Him for a gardener. Not supposing Him to be an invalid from a hospital, not supposing Him to be a corpse from the tomb, but supposing Him to be the gardener. Healthful by the breath of the upturned sod, and by a perpetual life in the sunshine.

After Christ's interment every cellular tissue broke down, and nerve, and artery, and brain, were a physiological wreck, and yet He comes up swarthy, rubicund and well. When I see after such mortuary silence such radiant appearance, that settles it that whatever should become of the bodies of our Christian dead, they are going to come up, the nerves restrung, the optic nerve reillumined, the ear drum a-ribrate, the whole body lifted up, without its weaknesses and worldly uses for which there is no resurrection. Come, is it not almost time for us to go out to meet our reanimated dead? Can you not hear the lifting of the rusted latch?

Oh, the glorious thought, the glorious consolation of this subject when I find Christ coming up without any of the lacerations, for you must remember He was lacerated and wounded fearfully in the crucifixion—coming up without one. What does that make me think? That the grave will get nothing of us except our wounds and imperfections. Christ went into the grave exhausted and bloodless. All the currents of His life had poured out from His wounds. He had lived a life of trouble, sorrow, and privation, and then He died a lingering death. His entire body hung on four spikes. No invalid of 20 years' suffering ever went into the grave so white and ghastly and broken down as Christ, and yet here He comes up so rubicund and robust she supposed Him to be the gardener.

Ah! all the side-aches, all the head-aches, and the back-aches, and the leg-aches, and the heart-aches we will leave where Christ left His. The ear will come up without its heaviness, the eye will come up without its dimness, the lungs will come up without oppressed respiration. Oh, what races we will run when we become immortal athletes! Oh, what circuits we will take when all earthly imperfections subtracted and all celestial velocities added we shall set up our residence in that city which, though vaster than all the cities of this world, shall never have one obsequy!

Standing this morning round the shattered masonry of our Lord's tomb, I point you to a world without hearse, without muffled drum, without tumult, without catafalque, and without a tear. Amid all the cathedrals of the blessed no longer the Dead March in Saul, but whole Hallelujah of Hallelujah Chorus. Oh, put trumpet to lip and finger to key, and loving forehead against the bosom of a risen Christ. Hallelujah, Amen. Hallelujah, Amen!

Singing Fish. Along the coast of Florida and Georgia the musical notes of what the old fishermen call the "singing shad" are often heard. They differ from the common shad in being smaller, and also in the formation of their mouths. Their singing is pleasant at first, but soon grows monotonous, owing to the fact that it is a constant repetition of the same sounds.

ADVANCE IN SURGERY

HOW IT DIFFERS NOW FROM WHAT IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The Horror of the Knife Up to the Discovery of Anesthesia—Danger as Well as Pain in the Operation—First Use of Ether by Dr. William T. G. Morton.

One of the most interesting papers read at the celebration in Boston of the fiftieth anniversary of the first administration of ether in a surgical operation, says the Philadelphia Record, was that by Dr. John Ashhurst of this city on "Surgery Before the Days of Anesthesia." It vividly recalls the horrors of those days when the surgeon's knife was an object of far greater terror than now and inflicted untold tortures upon the conscious patient.

"A study of the condition of surgery before the days of anesthesia," said Dr. Ashhurst, "reveals on the one hand a picture of heroic boldness and mastery of self control on the part of the surgeon, and on the other a ghastly panorama, sometimes of stic fortitude and endurance, sometimes of abject terror and humiliation—but always of agonizing wretchedness and pain—on the part of the unhappy victim who required the surgeon's aid."

"The pitilessness" which Cælius urged as an essential trait in the operative surgeon was, before the days of anesthesia, a feature in the surgeon's career which impressed very strongly the public generally as well as those immediately connected with the operation. It is interesting to recall that Sir James Simpson of Edinburgh, shortly after beginning his professional studies, was so affected by "seeing the terrible agony of a poor Highland woman under amputation of the breast" that he resolved to abandon a medical career and seek other occupation. Happily his intention was reconsidered, and he returned to his studies, asking himself, "Can anything be done to make operations less painful?" and, as every one knows, in less than 20 years he became a high priest of anesthesia and the introducer into surgical and obstetrical practice of ether's great rival, chloroform.

"No braver or more gallant gentleman ever lived than Admiral Viscount Nelson, and after his right elbow had been shattered by a French bullet in the assault at Tenerife he manifested the utmost courage, refusing to be taken to the nearest ship lest the sight of his injury should alarm the wife of a fellow officer whose own fate was uncertain, and when his own ship was reached he climbed up its side without assistance, saying: 'Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better.' 'He underwent the amputation,' we learn from a private letter of one of his midshipmen, 'with the same firmness and courage that have always marked his character.' And yet so painfully was he affected by the coldness of the operator's knife that when next going into action at the famous battle of the Nile he gave standing orders to his surgeons that hot water should always be kept in readiness during an engagement, so that if another operation should be required he might at least have the poor comfort of being cut with warm instruments."

"On the side of the surgeon we find throughout the ages a constant effort to diminish the terrors of operations and a continuous reprobation of the distressful, not to say cruel, modes of practice adopted by preceding generations. And yet the time is not very far distant from ours when they lopped off a limb by striking it violently with a heavy knife; that time when they knew neither how to stop nor how to prevent hemorrhage but by burning the part where the blood jetted with boiling oil or the red-hot iron; that time when surgeons armed themselves at every moment with pinchers, with burning cauteries and with instruments the representations of which were so terrible to the conscientious surgeon. 'How often,' says Dr. Valentine Mott, 'when operating in some deep, dark wound, along the course of some great vein, with thin walls alternately distended and flaccid with the vital current—how often have I dreaded that some unfortunate struggle of the patient would deviate the knife a little from its proper course and that I, who faint would be the deliverer, should involuntarily become the executioner, seeing my patient perish in my hands by the most appalling form of death! Had he been insensible I should have felt no alarm.'"

"Coming down to the days more immediately preceding the date of the great discovery, we find that opium and alcohol were the only agents which continued to be regarded as of practical value in diminishing the pain of operations, though the attendant disadvantages of their employment were of course recognized. Meanwhile facts were accumulating the significance of which we now plainly recognize, but which excited no attention. "Sir Humphry Davy, in the early days of the nineteenth century, suggested the use of nitrous oxide gas as an anesthetic in minor operations, and it was the custom at some of our medical schools—at the University of Pennsylvania, for one—for students to breathe 'laughing gas,' as it was then called, for diversion. But yet—and yet—surgeons went on, in every country, cutting and burning, and patients went on writhing and screaming, until on the 16th day of October, in the year 1846, in the Massachusetts General hospital, Dr. John C. Warren painlessly removed a tumor from a man who had previously been etherized by Dr. William T. G. Morton, and surgical anesthesia became the priceless heritage of the civilized world."

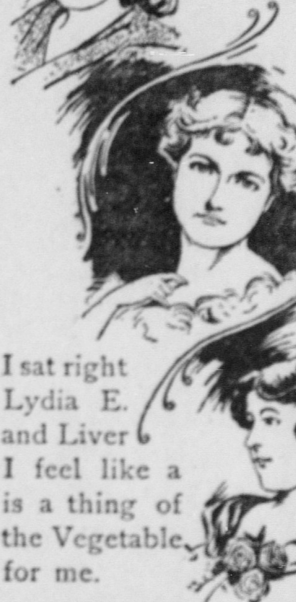
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Maine, Feb. 2, 1897	0.03	Jan. 15, 1897, 0.02
" " 9, " " "	0.04	Feb. 2, " " " 0.00
Wisconsin, Jan. 4, " "	0.03	" 18, " " " 0.02
" " 21, " " "	0.02	14 tests under... 0.05
New Hampshire, Feb. 18, " "	0.01	Cornell, in 25 tests, Jan. 7 to March 15, 8 showed only... Trace
" " 19, " " "	0.04	11 showed only 0.03 to 0.05
Massachusetts, Feb. 10, " "	0.01	Vermont, Jan. 11, " "
" " 12, " " "	0.03	" 28, " " " 0.02
Illinois, March 12, " "	0.01	" 29, " " " 0.03
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