

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

In All His Works and Ways He Was Wonderful.

The Saviour of the World is Held Up to Our Gaze—He is the One Altogether Lovely—A Strong Sermon.

In his most recent sermon Dr. Talmage drew many pen pictures of the Saviour of mankind from different points of view. His remarks were based on the text Isaiah 9: 6: "His name shall be called wonderful."

The prophet lived in a dark time. For some 8,000 years the world has been getting worse. Kingdoms had arisen and perished. As the captain of a vessel in distress sees relief coming across the water, so the prophet, amid the stormy times in which he lived, put the telescope of prophecy to his eye, and saw 750 years ahead, one Jesus advancing to the rescue. I want to show that when Isaiah called Christ the Wonderful, he spoke wisely.

In most houses there is a picture of Christ. Sometimes it represents Him with a face effeminate, sometimes with a face despotic. I have seen West's grand sketch of the rejection of Christ; I have seen the face of Christ as cut on an emerald, said to be by command of Tiberius Caesar; and yet I am convinced that I shall never know how Jesus looked until, on that sweet Sabbath morning, I shall wash the last sleep from my eyes in the cool river of Heaven. I take up this book of divine photographs, and I look at Luke's sketch, at Mark's sketch, at John's sketch, and at Paul's sketch, and I say with Isaiah, "Wonderful!"

I think that you are all interested in the story of Christ. You feel that He is the only one who can help you. You have unbounded admiration for the commander who helped his passengers ashore while he himself perished, but have you no admiration for Him who rescued our souls, Himself falling back into the waters from which He had saved us?

Christ was wonderful in the magnetism of His person.

After the battle of Antioch, when a general rode along the lines, although the soldiers were lying down exhausted, they rose with great enthusiasm and buzzed. As Napoleon returned from his captivity, his first step on the wharf shook all the kingdoms, and 250,000 men joined his standard. It took 3,000 troops to watch him in his exile. So there have been men of wonderful magnetism of person. But hear me while I tell you of a poor young man who came up from Nazareth to produce a thrill such as has never been excited by any other. Napoleon had around him the memories of Austerlitz and Jena, and Badajos; but here was a man who had fought no battles; who wore no epaulettes; who brandished no sword. He is not titled man of the schools, for He never went to school. He had probably never seen a prince or shaken hands with a nobleman. The only extraordinary person we know of as being in His company was His own mother, and she was so poor that in the most delicate and solemn hour that ever comes to a woman's soul she was obliged to lie down amid camel drivers grooming the beasts of burden.

I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside him and says, "My father was a merchant prince; he had a castle on the beach at Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers, "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there unrolling his parchment of graduation, and says to Christ, "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers, "I never graduated." Ah! the idea of such an unheralded young man attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little fishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arraign New York. Yet no sooner does He set His foot in the towns or cities of Judea than everything is in commotion.

The people go out on a picnic taking only food enough for the day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that, at the risk of starving, they follow him into the wilderness. A nobleman falls down flat before Him and says: "My daughter is dead." A beggar tries to rub the dimness from his eyes, and says: "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." A poor, sick, panting woman pressing through the crowd says: "I must touch the hem of His garment." Children who love their mother better than any one else, struggle to get into His arms, and to kiss His cheek, and to run their fingers through His hair, and for all time putting Jesus so in love with the little ones that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which he does not take one, saying: "I must have them; I will fill Heaven with these; for every cedar that I plant in Heaven I will have 50 white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judea they were not ashamed of Me, and now that I have come to the throne I do not despise them. Hold it not back, oh, weeping mother; lay it on My warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

What is this coming down the road? A triumphal procession. He is seated, not on a chariot, but on an ass; and yet the people take off their coats and throw them in the way. Oh, what a time Jesus made among the children, among the beggars, among the fishermen, among the philosophers! You may boast of self-control; but if you had seen Him you would have put your arms around His neck and said: "Thou art altogether lovely."

Jesus was wonderful in the opposites and seeming antagonisms of His nature. You want things logical and consistent, and you say, "How could Christ be God and man at the same time?" John says Christ was the Creator; "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made." Matthew says that He was omnipresent; "Where two or three are met together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." Christ declares His own eternity: "I am Alpha and Omega."

How can He be a lion, under His foot trampling kingdoms, and yet a lamb holding the hand that slays Him? At what point do the throne and the manger touch? If Christ was God, why lie into Egypt? Why not stand His ground? Why, instead of bearing the cross, His assasin? Why stand and be spat upon? Why sleep on the mountain, when He owned the palaces of eternity? Why catch fish for His breakfast on the beach in the chill morning when all the pomegranates are His, and all the vineyards His, and all the cattle His, and all the partridges His? Why walk when weary, and His feet stone-bruised, when He might have taken the splendors of the sunset for His equipage, and moved with horses and chariots and chariots of fire? Why beg a drink from the wayside, when out of the crystal chalices of eternity He poured the Euphrates, the Mississippi and the Amazon, and dipping His hand in the fountains of Heaven, and shaking that hand over the world, from the tips of His fingers dripping the great lakes and the ocean? Why let the Roman regiment put Him to death, when He might have ridden down the sky followed by all the cavalry of Heaven, mounted on white horses of eternal victory?

You cannot understand. Who can? You try to confound me. I am confounded before you speak. Paul said it was unsearchable. He went climbing up from argument to argument, and from antithesis to antithesis, and from glory to glory, and then sank down in exhaustion as he saw far above him other heights of divinity unscathed, and exclaimed, "that in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

Again: Christ was wonderful in His teaching. The people had been used to formalities and technicalities; Christ upset all their notions as to how preaching ought to be done. There was this peculiarity about His preaching: the people knew what He meant. His illustrations were taken from the hen calling her chickens together; from salt, from candles, from fishing tackle, from a hard creditor collaring a debtor. How few pulpits of this day would have allowed Him entrance? He would have been called undignified and familiar in his style of preaching.

And yet the people went to hear Him. Those old Jewish rabbis might have preached on the side of Olivet 50 years and never got an audience. The philosophers sneered at His ministrations and said: "This will never do!" The lawyers caricatured, but the common people heard Him gladly. Suppose you that there were any sleepy people in His audience? Suppose you that any woman who ever mixed bread was ignorant of what He meant when He compared the kingdom of Heaven with leaven or yeast? Suppose you that the unburned fishermen, with the fish scales upon their hands, were listless when He spoke of the kingdom of Heaven as a net? We spend three years in college studying ancient mythology, and three years in the theological seminary learning how to make a sermon, and then we go out to save the world; and if we cannot do it according to Claude's "Sermonizing," or Blair's "Rhetoric," or "Kames' Criticism," we will let the world go to perdition. If we save nothing else, we will save Claude and Blair. We see a wreck in sight. We must go out and save the crew and passengers. We wait until we get on our fine cap and coat, and find our shining cars, and then we push out methodically and scientifically, while some plain shoreman, in rough fishing smack, and with broken oarlock, goes out and gets the crew and passengers, and brings them ashore in safety. We throw down our delicate oars and say, "What a ridiculous thing to save men in that way! You ought to have done it scientifically and beautifully." "Ah!" says the shoreman, "if those sufferers had waited until you got out your fine boat they would have gone to the bottom."

The work of a religious teacher is to save men, and though every law of grammar should be snapped in the undertaking, and there be nothing but awkwardness and blundering in the mode, all hail to the man who saves a soul.

Christ, in His preaching, was plain, earnest, and wonderfully sympathetic. We cannot drag men into Heaven. We cannot drive them in with the butt end of a catechism. We waste our time in trying to catch flies with acids instead of the sweet honeycomb of the gospel. We try to make crab apples do the work of pomegranates.

Again: Jesus was wonderful in His sorrows. The sun smote Him, and the cold chilled Him, the rain pelted Him, thirst parched Him, and Hunger exhausted him. Shall I compare His sorrow to the sea? No, for that is sometimes hushed into a calm. Shall I compare it with the night? No, for that sometimes gleams with Orion or kindles with Aurora. If one thorn should be thrust through your temple you would faint. But here is a whole crown made from the Rhannus or Spina Christi—small, sharp, stinging thorns. The mob makes a cross. They put down the long beam, and on it they fasten a shorter beam. Got Him at last. Those hands, that have been doing kindnesses and wiping away tears—hear the hammer driving the spikes through them. Those feet, that have been going about on ministrations of mercy—battered against the cross. Then they lift it up. Look! look! look! Who will help Him now? Come, men of Jerusalem—ye whose dead He brought to life; ye whose sick He healed; who will help Him? Who will seize the weapons of the soldiers? None to help! Having carried such a cross for us, shall we refuse to take our cross for Him?

Shall Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No; there's a cross for everyone, And there's a cross for me.

You know the process of grafting. You bore a hole into a tree and put in the branch of another tree. This tree of the cross was hard and rough, but into the holes where the nails went there have been grafted branches of the Tree of Life that now bear fruit for all nations. The original tree was

bitter, but the branches ingrafted were sweet, and now all the nations pluck the fruit and live forever.

Again: Christ was wonderful in His victories.

First—over the forces of nature. The sea in a crystal sepulcher. It swallowed the Central America, the President and the Spanish Armada as easily as any fly that ever floated on it. The inland lakes are fully as terrible in their wrath. Galilee, when aroused in a storm is overwhelming; and yet that sea crouched in His presence and licked His feet. He knew all the waves and winds. When He beckoned, they came. When He frowned, they fled. The heel of His foot made no indentation on the solidified water. Medical science has wrought great changes in rheumatic limbs and diseased blood, but when the muscles are entirely withered no human power can restore them, and when a limb is once dead, it is dead. But here is a paralytic—his hand lifeless. Christ says to him, "Stretch forth thy hand!" and he stretches it forth.

In the eye infirmity, how many diseases of that delicate organ have been cured! But Jesus says to one born blind, "Be open!" and the light of Heaven rushes through gates that have never been opened. The frost or an ax may kill a tree, but Jesus smites one dead with a word.

Chemistry can do many wonderful things, but what chemist, at a wedding, when the refreshments gave out, could change a pail of water into a oak of wine?

What human voice could command a school of fish? Yet here is a voice that marshals the scaly tribes, until in the place where they had let down the net and pulled it up with no fish in it, they let it down again, and the disciples lay hold and begin to pull, when, by reason of the multitude of fish, the net broke.

Nature is his servant. The flowers—He twisted them into His sermons; the winds—they were His lullaby when He slept in the boat; the rain—it hung glittering on the thick foliage of the parables; the star of Bethlehem—it sang a Christmas carol over his birth; the rocks—they beat a dirge at his death.

Behold his victory over the grave! The hinges of the family vault become very rusty because they are never opened except to take another in. There is a knob on the outside of the sepulcher, but none on the inside. Here comes the conqueror of death. He enters that realm and says, "Daughter of Jairus, sit up;" and she sat up. To Lazarus, "Come forth;" and he came forth. To the widow's son he said, "Get up from that bier;" and he goes home with his mother. Then Jesus snatched up the keys of death, and hung them to His girdle, and cried until all the graveyards of the earth heard Him, "O death! I will be thy plague. O grave! I will be thy destruction!"

But Christ's victories have only just begun. This world is His, and He must have it. What is the matter in this country? Why all these financial troubles? There never will be permanent prosperity in this land until Christ rules it. This land was discovered for Christ, and until our cities shall be evangelized, and north, south, east and west shall acknowledge Christ as king and Redeemer, we cannot have permanent prosperity.

What is the matter with Spain, with France, with all of the nations? All the congresses of the nations cannot bring quiet. When governments not only theoretically, but practically acknowledge the Saviour of the world, there will be peace everywhere. In that day the sea will have more ships than now, but there will not be one man-of-war. The foundries of the world will jar with mightier industries, but there will be no molding of bullets. Printing presses will fly their cylinders with greater speed, but there shall go forth no iniquitous trash. In laws, in constitutions, on exchange, in scientific laboratory, on earth as in Heaven, Christ shall be called Wonderful. Let that work of the world's regeneration begin in your heart, O hearer! A Jesus so good, a Jesus so loving—how can you help but love Him?

It is a beautiful moment when two persons who have pledged each other, heart and hand, stand in church, and have the bans of marriage proclaimed. Father and mother, brothers and sisters stand around the altar. The minister of Jesus gives the counsel; the ring is set; earth and Heaven witness it; the organ sounds, and amid many congratulations they start out on the path of life together. Oh, that this might be your marriage day! Stand up, immortal soul! Thy Beloved comes to get His betrothed. Jesus stretches forth His hand and says: "I will love thee with an everlasting love," and you respond: "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." I put your hand in His; henceforth be one. No trouble shall part you—no time cool your love. Side by side on earth—side by side in Heaven! Now let the blossoms of Heavenly gardens fill the house with their redolence, and all the organs of God peal forth the wedding march of eternity. Hark! "The voice of my beloved! Behold, He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills!"

Embarrassed No One. For all her incomparable dignity of deportment there is something homely and gentle about the queen of England. "I don't know how it is," remarked one of her great officers not long ago, "I'm such a shy man, and really to chat with some prince embarrasses me. But as soon as I see the queen all shyness vanishes. Why, she's as easy to talk with as your own or anybody's mother! No one can feel shy of the queen, and what is more, it would vex her if they did."

A High Bridge. Germany's highest bridge is over the Wupperthal at Mungstern, near Remscheid, back of Elberfeld. It is 360 feet high and 1,500 feet long, the central arch having a span of 500 feet. The only higher bridge in Europe is the Garabit viaduct, 405 feet high, in southern France.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE OFFICIAL QUARTERS OF THE EXECUTIVE.

Views From the Windows of the East Room—The "Hall of the Disappointed." Telephone Is Almost the Only Modern Improvement in the Building.

Mr. C. C. Buel writes a paper for The Century on "Our Fellow Citizen of the White House," devoted to the official cares and duties of the president, in the course of which he says:

At 10 o'clock a hardly discernible sign against the glass of the barrier announces to the citizen who has arrived under the grand portal that the executive mansion is "open" to visitors. At 2 o'clock the sign is changed to "closed." The doorkeepers swing the doors open to everybody. Within the large vestibule nothing is seen which indicates the arrangement and purposes of the different parts of the mansion. It was not always so, for originally the now concealed corridor, or middle hall, with the staircase on the right, was a part of the entrance hall. Now the spaces between the middle columns are closed with colored glass partitions, and the vestibule is simply a large, square room pleasant to get out of.

No way appears to open to the state apartments in the center or to the west wing, which is devoted to the private apartments. Yet glass doors are there, though as imperceptible to the stranger as a swinging panel. To the left there is a door which is always open. It admits to a small hall, across which a similar door is the side entrance to the great east room. About this splendid room, comprising the whole east end of the mansion, the visitor may wander at will before the portraits or enjoy from the windows the beauty of the treasury building to the east or the impressive landscape to the south, including the towering shaft of the Washington monument and beyond the ever charming Potomac, spreading with enlarging curves toward Mount Vernon, and in the private garden under the windows he may chance to see a merry band of little ones.

From the small hall between the vestibule and the east room a stairway ascends toward the medial line of the building to a wide middle hall, on each side of which are the offices of the president. The arrangement is simple, and in the floor plan covers the space occupied below by the east room and the green room, the latter being the counterpart of the small hall with the public stairway just mentioned. At the head of these stairs, over the green room, is the cabinet room, which is the first apartment in the south side of the hall, a jog of two steps, at the private door into the president's room, marking the raised ceiling of the east room below. The president reaches his office through the cabinet room, entering the latter from the library, which corresponds on the second floor with the blue room of the state apartments. President Arthur indeed used the library as his office and the cabinet chamber for an anteroom, while his private secretary was domiciled in the traditional office of the president. During his first term Mr. Cleveland preserved the same arrangement. But General Harrison went back to the office hallowed by Lincoln's occupancy, and Mr. Cleveland, on his return, found the arrangement so satisfactory that he continued it.

Beyond the president's large, square office is the corner room where Private Secretary Thurber is always either wrestling with the details of executive business or standing with his shoulder braced against the crowd struggling to see the president. It is a narrow apartment and might be called appropriately the "hall of the disappointed," the suggestion being emphasized by portraits of the greatest of presidential aspirants, Clay and Webster, to which Mr. Thurber added, as his private property, an engraving of the closest contestant for the office, Governor Tilden.

On the north side of the hall there are two rooms which correspond to those on the south side just described, the small one being occupied by Mr. O. L. Pruden, the assistant secretary since General Grant's time and the custodian of the office books as well as of the traditions which govern the public social routine of the executive mansion. In his room sits the telegraph clerk at his instrument, and by the window is a telephone, which saves a great amount of messenger service between the president and the departments. Occasionally a congressman, with less ceremony than discretion, attempts to get an appointment with the ear of the president over the telephone, and there is a record of a stage earthquake produced in the private secretary's room by a furious congressman who found the telephone ineffective and his Olympian style even less so. Notwithstanding that it is almost the sole modern improvement in the White House, President Cleveland was seen at the telephone but once, and then, needless to say, not on call.

Safety in Beauty.

A worldly father, after the style of Lord Chesterfield, was giving good advice to his son, who was about to make his entrance into society.

"And, above all, avoid flirtations; but, if you must flirt or fall in love, sir, be sure it is with a pretty woman. It is always safer."

"Why?" asked the young man. "Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted and cut you out before any harm has been done."—London Telegraph.

Arcturus is not less than 70 and is probably more than 100 light years distant from us. This star certainly surpasses the sun in volume many thousand times.

The British government still employs foreign mercenaries in its army. The Gurkhas, fine soldiers of Nepal, are employed in British India.

STOP, WOMEN!

You Are Asked to Consider an All-Important Fact.

You Can Talk Freely to Mrs. Pinkham, But It Is Revolting to Tell Your Troubles to Any Man.

In addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's diseases is greater than that of any living physician—male or female.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides, a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman, whose knowledge from actual experience is greater than any local physician. The following invitation is freely offered;—accept it in the same spirit:

MRS. PINKHAM'S 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.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

NEW PRICES

COLUMBIA - BICYCLES

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

Table listing bicycle models and prices: 1897 COLUMBIAS (Reduced to \$75), 1896 COLUMBIAS (Reduced to 60), 1897 HARTFORDS (Reduced to 50), HARTFORDS Pattern 2 (Reduced to 45), HARTFORDS Pattern 1 (Reduced to 40), HARTFORDS Patterns 5 and 6 (Reduced to 30).

Nothing in the market approached the value of these bicycles at the former prices; what are they now?

POPE MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN. Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer; by mail for a 2-c. stamp.

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IN FIRST MORTGAGES on city or country real estate worth at least double the amount of loan. Interest at six per cent. payable quarterly or semi-annually. Borrowers pay all expenses and attorneys' fees. Can secure plenty of first-class investments at all times for any one who has money to lend. No risks to run. No uncertain speculation.

Write me for further information and I will get you safe investments.

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Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

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Packed Without Glass. TEN FOR FIVE CENTS. This powerful form of Elixire Tabache is prepared from the original prescription, but more economical and yet just for the purpose of restoring the weakened system demanded for a low price.

GAHMAN HOUSE, High Street, opposite the Court House. Entirely new. New Furniture, Steam Heat, Electric Light, and all the modern improvements. A. S. & C. M. GAHMAN, Proprietors.

Everybody says so. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, clearing the entire system, dispels colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. 10c. to-day; 10c. 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.