

TEMPEST TOSSED.

Christians Must Not Expect to Have Smooth Sailing.

If You Have Jesus for Your Pilot You Will Surely Glide into the Port of Heaven—Comfort for Weary Mariners.

In his latest sermon Rev. Dr. Talmage holds up a beacon light to guide those who are battling with the waves on their voyage through life. His text was: Mark 4: 35: "And there were also with him other little ships, and there arose a great storm of wind. And the wind ceased: and there was a great calm."

Tiberias, Galilee, Gennesaret—three names for the same lake. No other gem ever had so beautiful a setting. It lays in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills high, terraced, sloped, groved, so many hanging gardens of beauty; the waters rumbling down between rocks of gray and red limestone, flashing from the hills, and bounding into the sea. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful; all styles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of a rigorous climate.

It seems as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing the lake, and countrymen in fish smacks coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly on their moorings. Oh, what a wonderful, what a beautiful lake!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret; but there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation.

From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron, or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratical vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize; but a flotilla, bearing messengers of life, and light, and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from one side, from the starboard to the larboard, or from the larboard to the starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate, and his head touching the pillow, than he is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night. Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm as it comes on with long stride, with all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay trembling among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessels loosen, and the sharp winds crack like pistols; the smaller boats crack like petrels; on the cliff of the waves and then plunge. Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat, and lay hold of Christ, and say unto Him: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifts His head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel, and looks out into the storm. All around Him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from His beard. He has one word for the sky, and another for the waves. Looking upward He cries, "Peace!" Looking downward He says, "Be still."

The waves fall flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars re-light their torches. The tempest falls dead, and Christ stands with His foot on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are bailing out the boats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm of the Saviour's countenance, and they cry out: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

The subject in the first place impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship for all those boats who have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. Many of you in these days of revived commerce are starting out in new financial enterprises. I bid you good cheer. Do all as you can do. Do it on as high a plane as possible. You have no right to be an admiral of the navy. You have no right to be a colonel of a regiment if you can command a brigade; you have no right to be engineer of a boat on river banks or near the coast if you can take the ocean steamer from New York to Liverpool. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind, and soul, you are bound to do; but oh! have Christ in every enterprise. Christ in every voyage, Christ in every ship.

There are men who ask God to help them at the start of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mt. Hebron, and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt

them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprises, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After awhile the storm comes, and tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his lifeboat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down; no Christ in the ship. Here are young men just starting out in life. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadow. There may be in it arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well.

You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck, and the bowsprit is shivered, and the halliards are swept into the sea, and the gangway is crowded with piratical disasters oh, what would you then do without Christ in the ship? Young man, take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing. These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said: "What a beautiful day this is! What a smooth sea! What a bright sky this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat; and as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why, they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the wind swept down, and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it. Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say that if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life.

St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, they were all tossed in the tempest. John Huss in the fire. Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenes, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing?

But why go to history when I can find all around me a score of illustrations of the truth of this subject? That young man in the store trying to serve God while his employer scoffs at Christianity, the young men in the same store antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad, they succeed in getting him mad, saying: "You're a pretty Christian." Does this young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Here is a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, no. All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution; if you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way.

The question was asked: "Who are those nearest the throne?" and the answer came back: "Those who came up out of great tribulation"—"great falling," as the original has it; "great falling, great pounding"—"and had their robes washed and made white by the blood of the Lamb."

Oh, do not be disheartened. O child of God, take courage. You are in glorious companionship. God will see you through all these trials and He will deliver you.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get very much frightened. In the tones of those disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat, I find they are frightened almost to death. They say: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much frightened. Perhaps more.

In all ages very good people get very much frightened. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the spiritualistic societies; look at the various errors going over the church of God; we are going to founder; the church is going to perish, she is going down." Oh, how many good people are afflicted by triumphant iniquity in our day, and think the church of Jesus Christ and the cause of righteousness are going to be overthrown, and are just as much afflicted as the disciples of my text were afflicted. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness.

But there are a great many good people who get afflicted in other respects; they are afflicted in our day about revivals. They say: "Oh! this is a strong religious gale; we are afraid the Church of God is going to upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the church that are going to be of no use to it;" and they are afflicted whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches.

As though a ship captain with 5,000 bushels of wheat for a cargo should say, some day, coming upon deck, "Throw overboard all the cargo;" and the sailors should say: "Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this 5,000 bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard." Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians

who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who have been brought in through great awakenings. Throw all overboard because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the last day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat.

Oh, that these gales from Heaven might sweep through all of our churches! Oh, for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England and Robert McChesney saw in Dundee! Oh, for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of the century a revival broke out in Somerville, N. J., and some people were very much agitated about it. They said: "Oh, you are going to bring too many people into the church at once;" and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival. Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went up; he looked at the revival, they wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath, and looked over the solemn auditory, and he said: "This, brethren, is in reality the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff, and began to let it fall very slowly through, between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou impatient, thou art falling now—falling away from life, falling away from peace and Heaven, falling as certainly as that cane is falling through my hand—falling certainly, though perhaps falling very slowly." And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious emotion in the audience was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom as the cane kept falling and falling until the knob of this cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly and said, "But the grace of God can stop you, as I stopped that cane;" and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of pardon and peace and salvation.

"Well," said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home; he is making the revival worse." Oh, for the gales from Heaven, and Christ on board the ship! The danger of the church of God is not in revivals.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that Jesus was God and man in the same being. Here He is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired He looks, what sad dreams He must have! Look at His countenance; He must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at Him, He is a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, He falls asleep; He is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat; I hear Him say, "Peace, be still;" and I see the storm kneeling at His feet, and the tempests folding their wings in His presence; He is a God.

If I have sorrow and trouble, and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat and say: "O Christ! weary one of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, man of Nazareth, man of the cross." A man, a man. But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death and hell, I come down and I say: "O Lord Jesus Christ, Thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief; hush all my temptations, hush all my sin." A man, a man; a God, a God.

I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest. It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and He puts His foot on the storm, and it crouches at His feet. Oh, yes! Christ can hush the tempest.

Your little one was taken away. Christ says: "I have that little one; I can take care of him as well as you can, better than you can, O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said: "There are treasures in Heaven, in banks that never break."

There is one storm into which we will all have to run, the moment when we let go of this life and try to take hold of the next, when we will want all the grace we can have—we will want it all. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death; all the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the screaming wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but we weep no tears, calm, satisfied, peaceful; all is well. Jesus hushing the tempest. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. Strike eight bells. All is well.

Into the harbor of Heaven now we glide; We're home at last, home at last. So softly we drift on his bright, silvery tide, We're home at last, home at last. Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er, We stand secure on the glorified shore; Glory to God, we will about evermore, We're home at last, home at last.

Cyclists' Gray Matter in Danger. We have already heard of the "cyclo fever," which is to be dreaded by the too assiduous rider and now it is mooted that the practice may have a bad effect on the brain. Why? Because it exercises the legs, but not the arms, and the arms have much more intimate relation to the brain than the legs. "A person who uses his hands and arms is much higher in the intellectual scale than the person who uses his legs only." The cyclist must therefore be careful to take a turn at dumb-bells in alternation with a turn at the wheel. His brain cells are in danger.

When the Moon Looked Blue. "Once in a blue moon" is a saying which appears to be founded on fact. A Scandinavian captain named Salve, son, in Chinese waters, was fortunate enough to see a blue moon several years ago, about the time the atmosphere was supposed to be impregnated with the dust of the Krakatoa eruption. The color was like that of a hedge sparrow's egg—a pale, rather greenish blue.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

In France It Is Prim to the Extreme of Insipidity.

Literature in our country not having as its aim either instruction or amusement, but the production of works of art, is forbidden to French children. I except fairy tales. Perrault has written masterpieces; Mme. d'Aulnoy and others have followed him. The fairies of other countries may have been more poetic, but they have never been as witty as the French. Leaving fairy tales aside, children were obliged for a long time to be satisfied with the very slight collection bequeathed by Berguin, Bouilly, Mme. de Genlis, those clever people and who know how to cast a moral lesson with a thin layer of pictures, as bitter pills are coated with sugar. In fact, this is the French parents' very ideal in the matter of story books, and to please them the lesson must not be too well coated or hard to find, for the spirit of investigation is not encouraged in young readers.

During the past 20 years, however, the meager library at their disposal has grown wonderfully. Celebrated pens have contributed toward it. We need but mention Jules Verne, whose scientific fairy tales have, alas, almost completely dethroned those that appealed to the imagination alone. But neither in his books, nor in those of any of his competitors, will you ever find what both English and American writers currently permit themselves to do—namely, to arrange a relative, as, for instance, the wicked uncle in "Kidnapped," or to make teachers hateful, or merely ridiculous, as is the case in Dickens' works. This would be an outrage upon the respect due them in the aggregate. For this reason translations are nearly always expurgated. The friendly adoption of poor Laurie by the four girls in "Little Women" would be considered very unseemly. Yet, for all that, they were good little New England girls. T. B. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" was deprived of one of its prettiest chapters, the one about his childish love for a big girl. "It is useless, they say, 'to draw attention to that kind of danger.'"

Authors and editors are often greatly perplexed before this severe tribunal of French parents. The difference between the books children are allowed to read in France and those sought by their elders, the contrast between the tasteless pap on one side and the infernal spiciness on the other, must greatly astonish both English and American readers, who nearly all accept the same literary diet, young and old, parents and children.—Th. Bentzon in Centre

HE GOT EVEN.

A Virginia Justice Who Had a Grudge Against Washington.

A Washington man who had some business before one of the smaller courts in a Virginia county went down there on a recent Saturday to attend to it. He found the judge before whom the matter came, and as it was a merely pro forma proceeding he had no anticipation of trouble in getting it done. When the matter was presented, the judge said:

"No, sah. If I transact that business for you, I will have to open co't, and I will not open co't for any Washington man on Saturday."

"Why not?" asked the astonished Capital City man.

"Because, sah, I went down to Washington on a Saturday not long ago, and not a single judge was sitting in the co't. I am an attorney, sah, an attorney admitted to practice in Washington co'ts, and yet because it was a Saturday I was not allowed to practice there, sah, when I had some vital points to make, sah."

"Well, I am not to be blamed for that," said the man from Washington. "You ought not to hold me responsible for what the judges do or do not do."

"It makes no difference, sah; you are a part of the system, a devilish bad system, sah, and you must help to reform it, sah, and you are the first man I have had opportunity to impress my views upon, and I am going to make them felt. Go home and reform your system of Saturday co'ts, and then come to me, sah."

And Virginia got even with Washington in one case.—Washington Star.

Not Eager For Service In Cuba.

Spanish soldiers are betraying an insurmountable aversion to a campaign in Cuba, and desertions have been very frequent of late. This has led to the adoption of an extremely strict surveillance along the Pyrenean frontier, and all the trains running to France are carefully scrutinized by the Spanish gendarmes, to the annoyance and discomfort of many of the passengers. Young men are subjected to a severe examination, and those who are unable to establish their identity or give a satisfactory explanation of the motives of their journey are compelled to alight and are conducted to the gendarmerie, where they are again plied with questions, all the deserters detected in this way being at once handed over to the military authorities. This often entails considerable delay, and in spite of the watchfulness of the officials many young soldiers still succeed in making their way into France.—London Telegraph.

Same Thing. Mrs. Tiddledewinks (from behind her paper)—I wonder what this means. In describing Miss Cupid's wedding the paper says she was married in the "extracting room."

Mr. Tiddledewinks—Her father wrote the account, I fancy. He is a dentist, you know.

Mrs. Tiddledewinks—But I don't quite see. Mr. Tiddledewinks—He probably means "drawing room."—Washington Times.

Enough.

"I'll never ask another woman to marry me so long as I live."

"Refused!"

"No; accepted."—London Tit-Bits.

ALL MEN LOVE BEAUTY.

Mrs. Pinkham Counsels Young Wives to Keep Their Attractiveness—A Letter From a Young Wife.

Seven-eighths of the men in this world marry a woman because she is beautiful in their eyes.

What a disappointment then to see the fair young wife's beauty fading away before a year passes over her head!

I feel as if I would like to say to every young woman who is about to be married—"Strengthen yourself in advance, so that you will not break down under the new strain on your powers." Keep your beauty, it is a precious possession! Your husband loves your beauty, he is proud to be seen in public with you; try to keep it for his sake, and your own.

The pale cheeks, the dark shadows under the eyes, the general drooping of the young wife's form, what do they mean? They mean that her nerves are failing, that her strength is going and that something must be done to help her through the coming trials of maternity.

Build her up at once by a course of some tonic with specific powers. Such as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. You can get it at any druggist's.

Following we publish by request a letter from a young wife—of her own accord she addresses it to her "suffering sisters," and while from modesty she asks to withhold her name, she gives her initials and street number in Chambersburg, Pa., so she can easily be found personally or by letter:

To my Suffering Sisters:—Let me write this for your benefit, telling you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I am but nineteen and suffered with painful menstruation, leucorrhœa, dizziness, burning sensation back of ears and on top of my head, nervousness, pain and soreness of muscles, bearing-down pains, could not sleep well, was unable to stand without pain, and oh! how I longed to be well!

One day I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham telling her all, knowing I could do so in perfect confidence.

She wrote me a lovely letter in reply, telling me exactly what to do. After taking nine bottles of the Compound, one box of Liver Pills, and using one-half package of Sanative Wash, I can say I am cured. I am so happy, and owe my happiness to none other than Mrs. Pinkham.

Why will women suffer when help is near? Let me, as one who has had experience, urge all suffering women, especially young wives, to seek Mrs. Pinkham's advice.—Mrs. R. S. R., 113 E. Catherine St., Chambersburg, Pa.

NEW PRICES

ON

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?

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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, 25c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

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Packed Without Glass. TEN FOR FIVE CENTS.

This powerful form of Epsom Salts is prepared from the original prescription, but more economically put up for the purpose of meeting the universal demand for a low price. DIRECTIONS.—Take one at meal or bed time or whenever you feel poorly. Swallow it whole, with or without a mouthful of water. The cure all stomach troubles: loathsome pain; indigestion; greasy life. An invaluable tonic. Best Spring Medicine. No matter what the matter, one will do you good. One gives relief—a cure will result if directions are followed. The five-cent packages are not yet to be had of druggists, although it is probable that almost any druggist will obtain a supply when requested by a customer to do so; but in any case, a single extra, containing ten tablets, will be sent, postage paid, to any address for five cents in stamps, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 25 Spruce St., New York. Until the goods are thoroughly introduced to the trade, agents and dealers will be supplied at a price which will allow them a fair margin of profit, viz.: I dozen one-ten for 40 cents—by mail 45 cents. 12 dozen (144 tablets) for \$4.50—by mail for \$4.75. 1 gross (720 tablets) for \$35.00—by mail for \$36.00. Cash with the order in every case, and freight or express charges at the buyer's cost.

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Everybody Says So. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colic, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. Co. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.