

THROUGH A DARK GLASS.

That is How We Now View the Kingdom of Heaven.

Dr. Talmage Says the Mysteries of Providence Will Surely be Unfolded in the Future Life—Glories of Heaven Beautifully Described.

In the following sermon Rev. Dr. Talmage in glowing language compares the dimness of earthly eyesight with the brightness of celestial vision.

The Bible is the most forceful and the sweetest of a mother's hush for human trouble, it has all the keenness of a scimitar, and the crushing power of a lightning bolt.

The idea of the text is just as true when applied to God's providence. Who has not come to some pass in life thoroughly inexplicable?

But after all, it's only a guess—a looking through the glass darkly. The Bible assures us there shall be a satisfactory unfolding.

And yet Paul, in my text, takes the responsibility of saying that it is only an indistinct mirror, and that its mission shall be suspended.

There will be no use for the scaffolding, but when the building is done, there will be no use for the scaffolding.

The idea I shall develop to-day is, that in this world our knowledge is comparatively dim and unsatisfactory.

But nevertheless it is introductory to grander and more complete vision. This is eminently true in regard to our view of God.

God that we conclude that we understand Him. He is represented as having the tenderness of a father, the firmness of a judge, the majesty of a king and the love of a mother.

We hear about Him, talk about Him, write about Him. We slip His name in infancy, and it trembles on the tongue of the dying octogenarian.

Take the attribute of mercy. Do we hear about Him, talk about Him, write about Him. We slip His name in infancy, and it trembles on the tongue of the dying octogenarian.

Understand it? The Bible blossoms all over with that word—mercy. It speaks again and again of the tender mercies of God; of the sure mercies; of the great mercies; of the mercy that endureth forever; of the multitude of His mercies.

And yet I know that the views we have of this great Being are most indefinite, one-sided and incomplete.

When, at death, the gates shall fly open, and we look directly upon Him, how new and surprising! We see upon canvas a picture of the morning.

We see the cloud in the sky, the dew upon the grass, and the husbandman on the way to the field. Beautiful picture of the morning!

But we rise at day-break, and go on a hill to see for ourselves that which was represented to us. While we look the mountains are transfigured.

The burnished gates of Heaven swing open and shut, to let past a host of fiery splendors. The clouds are all ablaze, and hang pent from arbors and alabaster and amethyst.

The waters make pathway of inland pearl for the light to walk upon; and there is morning on the sea. The crags uncover their scarred visage; and there is morning among the mountains.

Now you go home, and how tem: your picture of the morning seems in contrast! Greater than that shall be the contrast between this scriptural view of God and that which we shall have when standing face to face. This is a picture of the morning, that will be the morning itself.

Again, my text is true of the Saviour's excellency. By image, and sweet rhythm of expression, and startling antithesis, Christ is set forth—His love, His compassion, His work, His life, His death, His resurrection. We are challenged to measure it, to compute it, to weigh it.

In the hour of our broken enthrallment we mount up into high experience of His love, and shout until the contentment glows, and the blood bounds, and the whole nature is exhilarated, "I have found Him!"

And yet it is through a glass, darkly. We see not half of that compassionate face. We feel not half the warmth of that loving heart. We wait for death to let us rush into His outspread arms.

hand, to kiss His feet, to run our fingers along the scars of ancient suffering; to say: "This is my Jesus! He gave Himself for me. I shall never leave His presence. I shall forever behold His glory. I shall eternally hear His voice. Lord Jesus, now I see Thee! I behold where the blood started, where the tears coursed, where the face was distorted. I have waited for this hour. I shall never turn my back on thee. No more looking through the imperfect glasses. No more studying thee in the darkness. But, as long as this throne stands, and this everlasting river flows, and those garlands bloom, and these arches of victory remain to greet home Heaven's conquerors, so long I shall see the Jesus of my choice; Jesus of my song; Jesus of my triumph—forever and forever—face to face!"

The idea of the text is just as true when applied to God's providence. Who has not come to some pass in life thoroughly inexplicable? You say, "What does this mean? What is God going to do with me now? He tells me that all things work together for good. This does not look like it."

You continue to study the dispensation, and after awhile guess about what God means. "He means to teach me this. I think He means to teach me that. Perhaps it is to humble my pride. Perhaps it is to make me feel more dependent. Perhaps to teach me the uncertainty of life."

But after all, it's only a guess—a looking through the glass darkly. The Bible assures us there shall be a satisfactory unfolding. "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." You will know why God took to Himself that only child. Next door there was a household of seven children. Why not take one from that group, instead of your only one? Why single out the dwelling in which there was only one heart beating responsive to yours? Why did God give you a child at all, if He meant to take it away? Why fill the cup of your gladness brimming, if He meant to dash it down? Why allow all the tendrils of your heart to wind around that object, and then, when every fiber of your own life seemed to be interlocked with the child's life, with strong hand to tear you apart, until you fall, bleeding and crushed, your dwelling desolate, your hopes blasted, your heart broken? Do you suppose that God will explain that? Yea. He will make it plainer than any mathematical problem—as plain as that two and two make four. In the light of the throne you will see that it was right—all right. "Just and true are all Thy ways, thou King of saints!"

Here is a man who cannot get on in the world. He always seems to buy at the wrong time and to sell at the worst disadvantage. He tries this enterprise and fails; that business and is disappointed. The man next door to him has a lucrative trade, but he lacks customers. A new prospect opens. His income is increased. But that year his family are sick, and the profits are expended in trying to cure the ailments. He gets a discouraged look. Becomes faithless as to success. Begins to expect disasters. Others wait for something to turn up; he waits for it to turn down. Others, with only half as much education and character get on twice as well. He sometimes guesses as to what it all means. He says: "Perhaps riches would spoil me. Perhaps poverty is necessary to keep me humble. Perhaps I might, if things were otherwise, be tempted into dissipations." But there is no complete solution of the mystery. He sees through a glass darkly, and must wait for a higher unfolding. Will there be an explanation? Yes; God will take that man in the light of the throne, and say: "Child immortal, hear the explanation! You remember the falling of that great enterprise—your misfortune in 1857; your disaster in 1867. This is the explanation." And you will answer: "It is all right."

I see, ever day, profound mysteries of providence. There is no question we ask oftener than why? There are hundreds of graves in Oak Hill and Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illuminated as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind; and Lazarus that he was covered with sores; and Joseph that he was cast into the pit; and Daniel that he was denuded with lions; and Paul that he was humped; and David that he was driven from Jerusalem; and that sewing woman that she could get only a few pence for making a garment; and that invalid that for 30 years he could not lift his head from the pillow; and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. You know that in a song different voices carry different parts. The sweet and overwhelming part of the hallelujah of Heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places, and gave sumptuous entertainments; but pauper children will sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed hod-carriers will sing it; those who were once the off-scouring of earth will sing it. The hallelujah will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scoured backs, and martyred agonies.

Again: the thought of the text is just when applied to the enjoyments of the righteous in Heaven. I think we have but little idea of the number of the righteous in Heaven. Infidels say: "Your Heaven will be a very small place compared with the world of the lost, for, according to your teaching, the majority of men will be destroyed." I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the finally lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful. I suppose that the few sick people in the hospital to-day, as compared with the hundreds of thousands of well people in the city, would not be smaller than the number of those who shall be cast out in suffering, compared with those who

shall have upon them the health of Heaven. For we are to remember that we are living in comparatively the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this world is to be populated and redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to flow on. If this be so, the multitudes of the saved will be in vast majority.

Take all the congregations that have to-day assembled for worship. Put them together and they would make but a small audience compared with the thousands and tens of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and the hundred and forty and four thousand that shall stand around the throne. Those flashed up to Heaven in martyr fires; those tossed for many years upon the invalid couch; those fought in the armies of liberty, and rose as they fell; those tumbled from scaffolding, or slipped from the mast, or were washed off into the sea. They came up from Corinth, from Laodicea, from the Red Sea bank and Genesareth's wave, from Egyptian brickyards, and Gideon's threshing floor. Those, thousands of years ago, slept the last sleep, and these at this moment having their eyes closed, and their limbs stretched out for the sepulcher.

A general expecting an attack from the enemy stands on a hill and looks through a field glass and sees, in the great distance, multitudes approaching, but has no idea of their numbers. He says: "I cannot tell anything about them." I merely know that there are a great number. And so John, without attempting to count, says: "A great multitude that no man can number."

We are told that Heaven is a place of happiness; but what do we know about happiness? Happiness in this world is only a half-fledged thing; a flowery path with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher from which the water has dripped before we could drink; a thrill of exhilaration, followed by disastrous reactions. To help us understand the joy of Heaven, the Bible takes us to a river. We stand on the grassy bank. We see the waters flow on with ceaseless wave. But the filth of the canals are emptied into it, and the banks are torn; and unhealthy exhalations spring up from it; and we fail to get an idea of the River of Life in Heaven.

We get very imperfect ideas of the reunion of Heaven. We think of some festal day on earth, when father and mother were yet living, and the children came home. A good time that! But it had its drawback—all were not there. That brother went off to sea and never was heard from. That sister did not lay her away in the freshness of her young life, never more in this world to look upon her? Ah! there was a skeleton at the feast; and tears mingled with our laughter on that Christmas day. Not so with Heaven's reunions. It will be an unintermitted gladness. Many a Christian parent will look around and find all his children there. "Ah!" he says, can it be possible that we are all here—life's perils over? The Jordan passed and not one wanting? Why, even the prodigal is here. I almost gave him up. How long he despised my counsel; but grace hath triumphed. All here! all here! Tell the mighty joy through the city. Let the bells ring and the angels mention it in their song. Wave it from the top of the walls. All here!

No more breaking of heartstrings, but face to face. The orphans that were left poor, and in a merciless world, kicked and cuffed and many hardships, shall join their parents, over whose graves they so long wept, and gaze into their glorified countenances forever, face to face. We may come up from different parts of the world, one from the land and another from the depths of the sea; from lives affluent and prosperous, or from scenes of ragged distress; but we shall all meet in rapture and jubilee, face to face.

Many of our friends have entered upon that joy. A few days ago they sat with us studying these gospel themes; but they only saw through a glass, darkly—now revelation hath come. Your time will also come. God will not leave you floundering in the darkness. You stand wonder-struck and amazed. You feel as if all the loveliness of life were dashed out. You stand gazing into the open chasm of the grave. Wait a little. In the presence of your departed, and of Him who carries them in His bosom, you shall soon stand face to face. Oh, that our last hour may kindle up with this promised joy! May we be able to say, like the Christian not long ago, departing: "Though a pilgrim, walking through the valley, the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak" or, like my dear friend and brother, Alfred Cookman, who took his flight to the throne of God, saying in his last moment that which has already gone into Christian classics: "I am sweeping through the pearly gate, washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

WOMEN AS TEACHERS. The Proportion Largest in the United States and Smallest in Germany. There are in the United States, roughly speaking, 350,000 school teachers, and of this number 120,000 are men and 230,000 are women. In other words, there are nearly twice as many female as male teachers, and the disparity is increasing year by year. According to the last official census of Prussia there were 68,000 school teachers in the kingdom, of whom 9,000 were women and 59,000 men. It is evident, therefore, that the Prussian preference for male teachers. In all Germany there are, including the government, church and private schools, 135,000 teachers, and the number of pupils is nearly 10,000,000. There are 140,000 teachers in France, of whom 65,000 are men and 75,000 are women, the number of each being subject to about the same ratio of increase. There are, it is supposed, about 100,000 teachers in Great Britain, but authentic figures are lacking.

Human Legs and Feet. With the exception of birds, men's legs are longer in proportion to their bodies than those of any other animal. The human foot is broader and stronger than the foot of any other animal, so that man alone can stand on one foot.

SAVE YOUR CHILD.

Mark How Thin, Pale, Nervous and Puny the Little One Is.

How You Can Make It Well and Vigorous. Words of Wisdom by a Well-Known Physician.

A well-known physician writes a very interesting article in regard to what to give children, especially weak, nervous and run-down children, in order to make them strong, vigorous and well. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hallows, says this writer, of Peckham St., Globe Village, Fall River, Mass., thank Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for restoring the health and prob-



EVERETT HALLOWS.

ly preserving the life of their little son, who, almost from infancy, was troubled with indigestion and nervous troubles. An attending physician, who was called, advised the parents to give the child such medicine as seemed best fitted to such a condition. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy was recommended.

The taking of a few bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura effected a cure, and the little one is healthy to-day, enjoying play with the other children. Mr. and Mrs. Hallows say they must give the credit of the cure to Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

What a change! The sickly child transformed into a happy, hearty, robust little one; and by the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura, the great nerve and blood remedy. This medicine has proved a blessing to thousands of boys and girls throughout the world by giving them sound health and vigorous strength. Children who use it have less sickness, better health, better growth, and longer and more vigorous lives. It is purely vegetable and harmless, and parents should give it to every child who is not in perfect health.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the prescription and discovery of the well-known Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th st., New York City, who is the most successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic complaints, and he can be consulted in any case, free of charge, personally or by letter.

TERROR OF CHILDREN.

The One Disease Which Every Intelligent Mother Dreads.

If Your Child Is Not Well, You Should Cure It Before the Disease Sets In. Do Not Ignore First Symptoms.

There are no more dreaded diseases by parents than fits, epilepsy and St. Vitus' dance.

Cure the child when the first symptoms appear. Watch the infant or child and see if it manifests any nervous symptoms, if it is nervous, restless, wakeful, cries out, grinds its teeth or tosses about in sleep, has twitching of muscles, limbs or eyelids, if its tongue is coated, breath bad, with irregular appetite and bowels. See if it is pale, puny and does not grow and develop well, if it tires easily and does



LITTLE MARY MCBAY.

not play with usual energy. If so, you must look out for your child, or these most dreaded complaints will follow. Give it at once Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which, from its perfectly wonderful record in curing children, is the household remedy in nearly every home in the land. This greatest of children's remedies is perfectly harmless, being made of pure vegetable medicines, and may be given to infants or children of any age. It will always bring health and strength to the little ones.

Charles L. McBay, a highly esteemed police officer, who resides at 14 Myrtle St., New Bedford, Mass., says: "About two years ago my little daughter became run down in health and suffered from St. Vitus' dance. Soon after she was treated by rheumatism, which severely affected her lower limbs.

"After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, she began taking Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and experienced immediate benefit. She continued its use, and after taking five bottles her rheumatism was practically cured. Her appetite returned, her pains disappeared, she was again able to walk without lameness, her general health was restored, and she was able to attend school and to play like other children."

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. In effect on and after May 17, 1897.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m. arrive at Tyrone 11:30 a.m.; at Altoona 1:00 p.m.; at Pitsburg 5:10 p.m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m. arrive at Tyrone 2:45 p.m.; at Altoona 2:55 p.m.; at Pitsburg 7:00 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m. arrive at Tyrone 11:30 a.m.; at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia 4:47 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m. arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p.m.; at Williamsport 3:50 p.m.; at Harrisburg 5:50 p.m.; at Philadelphia 8:30 p.m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m. arrive at Lewisburg 11:30 a.m.; Harrisburg 11:30 a.m.; Philadelphia 3:50 p.m.; at Harrisburg 4:47 a.m.; at Philadelphia 6:52 a.m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. In effect May 17, 1897.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for various routes.

RAILROAD VALLEY. WESTWARD and EASTWARD schedules.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for the Railroad Valley route.

BELLEFONTE SNOW SHOE BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and after May 17, 1897.

For rates, maps, etc., apply to ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, F. R. W. D., 360 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA. Time Table effective Nov. 16, 1896.

Table with columns for READ DOWN and READ UP, listing stations and times for the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia Sleeping Car attached to east bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 p.m., and west bound from Philadelphia at 11:30 p.m. J. W. GRIFFART, General Supt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. To take effect Feb. 7, 1898.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for the Bellefonte Central Railroad.

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 for State College. Afternoon trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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get ready for it, there is no telling what may happen. Child-birth is full of uncertainties if Nature is not given proper assistance.

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