

TO THE WEARY.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches a Comforting Sermon.

A Land of Rest, Free from Care, Lies on the Other Side of the Great River--The Rich and Honored Vaal--Seek Repose on this Earth.

In the following sermon Dr. Talmage gives his views of the heavenly kingdom and draws many sharp contrasts between the fatigues of this world and the blissful recuperation of that which is to come.

As far as I can see, your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life, we have great vexations and annoyances take after us. We have our holidays and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man in this world who has found entire rest?

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seeker. He is a sot. He is a libertine. Away with him! And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. While Charles Matthews was performing in London, before immense audiences, one day a woman and a gloomy man came into a doctor's shop saying: "Doctor, what can you do for me?" "My advice is that you go and see Charles Matthews." "Alas! Alas!" said the man, "I myself am Charles Matthews." "Jeffrey thought that if he could only be judge, that would be the making of him; got to be judge, and cursed the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it, and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of the court and princess; won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets, and orators, and duchesses were adoring his genius, wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he reposed on the day when he wrote of the Daisy, wee modest, crimson-tipped flower.

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble, then died, his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots which he insisted on having on his feet when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumphs. I went into another room and saw a bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena; but oh, what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The first was Napoleon in triumph, the last was Napoleon with his heart broken. How they laughed and cried when silvertongued Sheridan, in the mid-day of prosperity, harangued the people of Britain; and how they howled at and execrated him when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them.

"This world for rest? 'Aha!' cry the waters, 'no rest here--we plunge to the sea.'" "Aha!" cry the mountains, "no rest here--we crumble to the plain.'" "Aha!" cry the towers, "no rest here--we follow Babylon, and Thebes, and Nineveh into the dust.'" "No rest for the flowers, they fade. No rest for the stars, they die. No rest for man, he must work till, suffer and slave."

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text: "Arise ye and depart; for this is your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember that when gold was discovered in California, large companies were made up and started off to get their fortune, and a year ago for the same purpose hundreds dared the cold of Alaska. To-day I want to make up a party for the land of gold. I hold in my hand a deed from the proprietor of the estate, in which he offers to all who will join the company ten thousand shares of infinite value, in a city whose streets are gold, whose harps are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read of the Crusaders--how that many thousands of them went off to conquer the Holy Sepulcher. I ask you to join a grander crusade--not for the purpose of conquering the sepulcher of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers; he tests their eyesight; he sounds their lungs; he measures their stature; they must be just right or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your moral or physical stature, whatever your dispositions, whatever your crimes, whatever your weaknesses, I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of rest, and I cry, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is your rest!"

Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desire is that you all may join it. Why not? You know in your own hearts' experience that what I have said about this world is true--that it is no place to rest in. There are hundreds here weary--oh, how weary--weary with sin; weary with trouble; weary with bereavement. Some of you have been pierced through and through. You carry the scars of a score of conflicts, in which you have bled at every pore; and you sigh, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures and drunk it to the dregs, and still the thirst claws at your tongue, and the fever strikes to your brain. You have chased pleasure through every valley, by every stream, amid every brightness, and under every shadow; but just at the moment when you were all ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing sylvan of the wood, she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend and the eye of a satyr, her locks adders, and her breath the chill damp of a grave. Out of Jesus Christ no rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No dry-cloth to repair the split bulwark.

Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in Heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your eyes half out, your fingers worn with the needle, that in this world you may never lay down; ye discouraged ones, who have been waging a hand-to-hand fight for bread; ye to whom the night brings little rest and the morning more drudgery--oh, ye of the weary hand, and the weary side, and the weary foot, hear me talk about rest!

Look at that company of enthroned ones. It cannot be that those bright ones ever toiled. Yes! yes! These pecked the Chinese tea boxes, and through missionary instruction escaped into glory. These sweltered on Southern plantations, and one night, after the cottonpicking, went up as white as if they had never been black. These died of over-toil in the Lowell carpet factories and these in Manchester mills; these helped build the Pyramids and these broke away from work on the day Christ was hounded out of Jerusalem. No more towers to build; Heaven is done. No more garments to weave; the robes are finished. No more harvests to raise; the garners are full. Oh, sons and daughters of toil! arise ye and depart for that is your rest.

Scovill McCallum, a boy of my Sunday school, while dying, said to his mother, "Don't cry, but sing, sing."

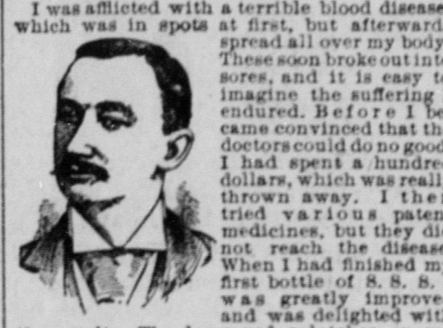
Down with him! He is an office-seeker. He is a sot. He is a libertine. Away with him! And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield.

Copper Colored Splotches.

There is only one cure for Contagious Blood Poison--the disease which has completely baffled the doctors. They are totally unable to cure it, and direct their efforts toward bottling the poison up in the blood and concealing it from view. S. S. S. cures the disease positively and permanently by forcing out every trace of the taint.

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I was afflicted with a terrible blood disease, which was in spots at first, but afterwards spread all over my body. These soon broke out into sores, and it is easy to imagine the suffering I endured. Before I became convinced that the doctors could do nothing good, I had spent a hundred dollars, which was really thrown away. I then tried various patent medicines, but they did not reach the disease. When I had finished my first bottle of S. S. S. I was greatly improved. I was delighted with the result. The large red splotches on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I regained my lost weight, became stronger, and my appetite greatly improved. I was soon entirely well, and my skin as clear as a piece of glass.

S.S.S. For the Blood

is PURELY VEGETABLE, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no opium, mercury, or other mineral. Books on the disease and its treatment mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES

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

VIA TYHONNE--WESTWARD.			
Leave Bellefonte	9:33 a.m.	arrive at Tyrone	11:10 a.m.
at Altoona	1:00 p.m.	arrive at	Pittsburg
9:50 p.m.			

VIA TYHONNE--EASTWARD.			
Leave Bellefonte	9:55 a.m.	arrive at Tyrone	11:30 a.m.
at Altoona	1:40 p.m.	arrive at	Philadelphia

VIA LOCK HAVEN--NORTHWARD.			
Leave Bellefonte	9:52 a.m.	arrive at Lock Haven	10:30 a.m.
Leave Bellefonte	1:42 p.m.	arrive at Lock Haven	2:45 p.m.

VIA LEWISBURG.			
Leave Bellefonte	8:30 a.m.	arrive at Lewisburg	10:30 a.m.
Leave Bellefonte	2:15 p.m.	arrive at Lewisburg	4:15 p.m.

RAIL EAGLE VALLEY.					
WESTWARD.			EASTWARD.		
AM	PM	STATIONS	AM	PM	STATIONS
7:30	1:00	Montandon	7:30	1:00	Montandon
8:30	2:00	Lewisburg	8:30	2:00	Lewisburg
9:30	3:00	Hamlet	9:30	3:00	Hamlet
10:30	4:00	Blind	10:30	4:00	Blind
11:30	5:00	Vicksburg	11:30	5:00	Vicksburg
12:30	6:00	Millsburg	12:30	6:00	Millsburg
13:30	7:00	Millmont	13:30	7:00	Millmont
14:30	8:00	Glen Iron	14:30	8:00	Glen Iron
15:30	9:00	Cherry Run	15:30	9:00	Cherry Run
16:30	10:00	Colburn	16:30	10:00	Colburn
17:30	11:00	Rising Springs	17:30	11:00	Rising Springs
18:30	12:00	Centre Hall	18:30	12:00	Centre Hall
19:30	1:00	Greensburg	19:30	1:00	Greensburg
20:30	2:00	Linden Hall	20:30	2:00	Linden Hall
21:30	3:00	Oak Hall	21:30	3:00	Oak Hall
22:30	4:00	Lemont	22:30	4:00	Lemont
23:30	5:00	Dale Summit	23:30	5:00	Dale Summit
24:30	6:00	Pleasant Gap	24:30	6:00	Pleasant Gap
25:30	7:00	Bellefonte	25:30	7:00	Bellefonte

There is rest for the weary. There is rest for the weary. Then putting his wasted hand over his heart, he said, "There is rest for me." But there are some of you who want to hear about the land where they never have any heartbreaks and no graves are dug. Where are your father and mother? The most of you are orphans. I look around and see one man who has parents living. I see ten who are orphans. Where are your children? Where do I see one family circle that is unbroken. I see three or four that have been desolated. One lamb gone out of this fold; one flower plucked from that garden; one golden link broken from that chain; here a bright light put out, and there another, and yonder another. With such griefs how are you to rest. Will there ever be a power that can tune that silent voice, or kindle the juster that closed eye, or put spring and dance into that little foot? When we bank up the dust over the dead, is the sod never to be broken? Is the cemetery to hear no sound but the tire of the hearse-wheel, or the tap of the bell at the gate as the long processions come in with their awful burdens of grief? Is the bottom of the grave gravel and the top dust? No! no! no! The tomb is only a place where we wrap our robes about us for a pleasant nap on our way home. The swellings of Jordan will only wash off the dust of the way. From the top of the grave we catch a glimpse of the towers gilded with the sun that never sets.

Oh, ye whose looks are wet with the dew of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy, because those well-known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is your rest. There is David triumphant; but once he be-came a Hebrew. There is Abraham enthroned; but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant; but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health; but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough, no night. No storm to rattle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cedar towers. No die throbbing heart, no electric harp. No tremor in the everlasting song; but rest--perfect rest--unending rest.

Into that rest how many loved ones have gone! Some put down the work of mid-life, feeling they could hardly be spared from the store or shop for a day, but are to be spared from it forever. Some went in old age. One came tottering on his staff, and used to sit at the foot of the pulpit, his wrinkled face radiant with the light that falls from the throne of God. Another having lived a life of Christian consistency here, ever busy with kindnesses for her children, her heart full of that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God of great price, suddenly her countenance was transfigured, and the gate was opened, and she took her place amid that great cloud of witnesses that hover about the throne!

Glorious consolation! They are not dead. You cannot make me believe they are dead. They have only moved on. With more love than that with which they greeted us on earth, they watch us from their high place, and their voices cheer us in our struggle for the sky. Hail, spirits blessed! now that ye have passed the flood and won the crown. With weary feet we press up the shining way, until in everlasting reunion we shall meet again. Oh! won't it be grand when, our conflicts done and our partings over, we shall clasp hands, and cry out, "This is Heaven?"

By the thrones of your departed kindred, by their gentle hearts, and the tenderness and love with which they now call you from the skies, I beg you start on the high road to Heaven. In the everlasting rest may we all meet.

One of the old writers wished he could have seen three things: Rome in its prosperity, Paul preaching, Christ in the body. I have three wishes: First, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by his redeemed; second, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by his redeemed; third, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by his redeemed. When on my new fledged wings I rise, To tread those shores beyond the sea, I'll run through every golden street, And ask each blissful soul I meet--Where is the God whose praise ye sing?

VIA PNEUMATIC TUBE.

The Way Diners May be Served in the Near Future If We So Desire It. An inventor has worked out a scheme by which a restaurant company, or a municipal kitchen like that at Grenoble, France, could supply any number of patrons with hot dinners via pneumatic tube, and do away at the same time with dish washing in the home, says the Philadelphia Times.

The idea is to lay a pneumatic subway from the manufacturing kitchen or restaurant, with branches to the dining-rooms of patrons. At the proper points valves worked by electricity from the restaurant shut off the tube ahead and divert the vessels traveling in the tube to the house for which they were intended.

The various edibles, including soups, dessert, etc., are to be inclosed in airtight metal balls, enameled in different colors. These balls will have tops that unscrew, and each patron will be provided with a proper tool to unscrew his dinner. He will then take the lids to one side, place the pretty circular dishes made of the lower halves in wire or other stands on his dining-room table, and proceed to dine.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.					
Time Table effective May 16, 1898.					
READ DOWN			READ UP		
No.	No.	STATIONS	No.	No.	No.
8 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	Lv. Altoona	10:15 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	Ar. Altoona
10:30	11:00	Bellefonte	12:15	12:30	Ar. Altoona
12:30	1:00	Nigh	1:45	2:00	Ar. Altoona
2:00	2:30	Zoar	3:15	3:30	Ar. Altoona
3:30	4:00	Hecla Park	4:30	5:00	Ar. Altoona
5:00	5:30	Dunkles	6:00	6:30	Ar. Altoona
6:30	7:00	Hubersburg	7:15	7:45	Ar. Altoona
8:00	8:30	Snyderstown	8:45	9:15	Ar. Altoona
9:00	9:30	Nittany	9:45	10:15	Ar. Altoona
10:00	10:30	Huston	10:45	11:15	Ar. Altoona
11:00	11:30	Clintondale	11:45	12:15	Ar. Altoona
12:00	12:30	Krider's Sidg'g	12:45	1:15	Ar. Altoona
1:00	1:30	Mackeyville	1:45	2:15	Ar. Altoona
2:00	2:30	Cedar Springs	3:00	3:30	Ar. Altoona
3:00	3:30	Salona	4:00	4:30	Ar. Altoona
4:00	4:30	MILL HALL	5:00	5:30	Ar. Altoona
5:30	6:00	AT.	6:00	6:30	Ar. Altoona
6:30	7:00	Jersey Shore	7:45	8:15	Ar. Altoona
8:00	8:30	Wmsport	9:00	9:30	Ar. Altoona
9:00	9:30	Lve. Altoona	10:00	10:30	Ar. Altoona
10:00	10:30	PHILAD.	11:00	11:30	Ar. Altoona
11:00	11:30	Atlantic City	12:00	12:30	Ar. Altoona
12:00	12:30	NEW YORK	1:00	1:30	Ar. Altoona
1:00	1:30	(Via New York)	2:00	2:30	Ar. Altoona
2:00	2:30	(Via Phila.)	3:00	3:30	Ar. Altoona
3:00	3:30	Lve. Altoona	4:00	4:30	Ar. Altoona

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