## 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 Vainly 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. His text is Micah 2: 10: "Arise ye and depart for this is not your rest."

As far as I can see, your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life, a great many 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! The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has strewn the thorns and hung the clouds, and sharpened the tusks; from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stab us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that he did not make this world as a place to loiter in. God does everything successfully, and this world would be a very different world if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does right well for a few years. In-deed, it is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixed this beverage of water, or hung up these brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill, and bird, and ocean-so that God has but to lift his hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But, after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men who tried

to rest here. They builded themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money markets. They had stock in the most successful railroads, and in safe-deposit vaults great rolls of government securities. They had emblazoned carriages, high-mettled steeds, footmen, plate that confounded lords and senators who sat at their table, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of canvas on the wall, exquisiteness of music rising among pedestals of bronze, and dropping, soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain, and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights. It is 11 o'clock at night. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids, and the air float through the half-opened lattice, drowsy with midsummer perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety, and trouble! But no! they will not stand back. They rattle the lattice. They look under the canopy. With rough touch they startle his pulses. They ery out at 12 o'clock at night, "Awake man; how can you sleep when things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that fire bell; it is your district; How if you up, the recruiting officer examines the should die soon? Awake man! Think volunteers; he tests their eyesight; he of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up! Riches some times take wings. How if you should get poor? Wake up!" Rising on one elbow, the man of for-

tune looks out into the darkness of the room, and wipes the dampness from his forehead and says, "Alas! For all this scene of wealth and mag-nificence—no rest!"

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the finest houses on the street. He said: "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity. In that one, a dissipatel son. In that, a dissolute father. In that, an idiot child. In that, the prospects

of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says: "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could gain that office; if I could only get the stand, and have my sentiments met with one good round of hand-clapping applause; if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an action that would resound!" The tide turns in his favor. His name is on ten thousand lips. He is bowed to, and sought after, and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. At his flery words the multitudes huzza! From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From housetops, as he passes, in long procession they shake out the national standards. Here let him rest. It is 11 o'clock at night. On pillows stuffed with a nation's pride let him lie down. Hush! all disturbant voices. In his dream let there be hoisted a throne and across it march a coronation. Hush! Hush!

"Wake up!" says a rough voice.
"Political sentiment is changing. How
if you should lose this place of honor! Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Hearken to the execrations of those who once caressed you. By to-morrow night there will be multitudes sneering at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when everything de-pends upon the next turn of the great tragedy, Up, man! Off of this pillow!" The man, with head yet hot from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers that lie upon his stand, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan for a public defense against the as-saults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief; exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival; yet, sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims: "No rest! no

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster: "What a statesman! What wonderful exposition of the constitution! A man fit for any position!" That same world said, after a while: "Down with him! He is an office-

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 worn-out and 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 dwelt on the day when he wrote of

Daisy, wee modest, crimson-tipped Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it trem-ble, 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 Napo-leon in his triumphs. I went into an-

other room and saw a bust of Napos leon as he appeared at St. Henena; 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 fest 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 toil,

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 not 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 street 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 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 dissipations, whatever your crimes, whatever your weaknesses, I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of redeemed souls, and I cry, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not 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 bereave-ment. 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 sylph of the wood, she turned upon you with the glare of a flend 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-dock to repair the split bulwark.

Thank God, I can tell you some-thing better. If there is no rest on earth there is rest in Heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused your backs bent, your eyes half put 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 packed 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. Those died of over-toil in the Lowell carpet factories and these in Manches ter mills; those 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

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

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 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 garland; 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 r'tune that silent voice, or kindle the inster of 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 glinted with the sun that never

Oh, ye whose looks are wet with the dews of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy, because those wellknown footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is your rest. There is David triumphant; but once he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned: but once he wept 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 No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough, no night. No storm to ruffle the crystal No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from seraphic harps. 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 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 everlast-ing 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

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

I'll run through every golden street, And ask each blissful soul I meet— Where is the God whose praise ye

O! lead me, stranger, to your King.

VIA PNEUMATIC TUBE.

The Way Dinners 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 The idea is to lay a pneumatic sub-way 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 shead and divert the vessels traveling in the tabe 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 set 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

After each meal he will screw the covers on again, drop the balls, with all refuse, back into a return pneumatic tube, and light his cigar in peace, with no worry about dish washing, and nothing else to do but pay the

Old Nelson in Disuse. Her majesty's ship Nelson, in Mel-bourne harbor, has been ordered to be sold by the admiralty. It was built in 1814, and was then the largest line-of-battle ship in the British navy. Its oak timbers are said be as sound as

when they were put in.

A Monotonous Climate. It is said that the sameness of cli-mate in the Sandwich islands makes a northerner almost hope for an earth-quake to smash up the monotony.

## Copper Colored o o o o o o o o o o 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.

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 no 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 8.8.8. I was greatly improved and 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.

H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J.

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#### RAILROAD SCHEDULES

P ENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.
In effect on and after May 17, 1867.

VIA. TTRONE-WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9 53 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 11 10 a.m., at Altoona, 1.00 p.m.; at Pittsburg

Leave Bellefonte 1 05 p m arrive at Tyrone 2 15 p m; at Altoona 2 55 p m; at Pittsburg 7 00 p m. 700 p m. Leave Bellefonte 4 44 p m; arrive at Tyrone 600; at Altoona at 7 40; at Pittsburg at 11 30 VIA TYRONE-EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9 53 a m. arrive at Tyrone
11 10; at Harrisburg 2 40 p m; at Philadelphia 5 47 p m.
Leave Bellefonte 1.05 p m. arrive at Tyrone
2 15 p m; at Harrisburg 7 00 p m; at Philadelphia 11 15 p m.
Leave Bellefonte 4 44 p m. arrive at Tyrone
6 00; at Harrisburg at .0 20 p m; at Philadelphia 4 39; a m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN-NORTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 932 am, arrive at Lock Haven 1030 am. Leave Bellefonte 142 pm arrive at Lock Haven 243 pm; at Williamsport 350 pm. Leave Bellefonte at 831 pm, arrive at Lock Haven at 9.30 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN-EASTWARD.

VIA LOCK HAVEN-EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte. 9.22 a. m. arrive at Lock Haven, 10.30, leave Williamsport, 12.40 p.m. arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p.m., at Philadel phia at 6.23 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.42 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 2.43 p.m., Williamsport, 3.50 p.m., Harrisburg, 7.10 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte, 8.31 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9.30 p.m., leave Williamsport, 12.30 a.m., arrive Harrisburg, 3.22 a.m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6.52 a.m.

VIA LEWISBURG Leave Bellefonte at 6.39 a.m., arrive at Lewisburg at 2.15 a.m., Harrisburg, 11.30 a.m., Philadelphia, 3.00 p.m. Leave Bellefonte, 2.15 p.m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.47, at Harrisburg, 7.19 p.m., Philadelphia at 11.15 p.m.

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

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