

BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE

There Is Sunshine on Every Cloud Says Dr. Talmage.

What We Consider God's Afflictions on Us Are Always Influences for Good—Why the Useful Are Taken.

[Copyright, 1898.] Washington, Dec. 4. In this discourse Dr. Talmage takes an optimistic view of many things that are usually accounted as inexplicable in human experience and shows us that even trouble and affliction may not be wholly without their brighter side.

The world is full of the inexplicable, the impassable, the unfathomable, the insurmountable. We cannot go three steps in any direction without coming up against a hard wall of mystery, riddles, paradoxes, profundities, labyrinthine problems that we cannot solve, hieroglyphics that we cannot decipher, anagrams we cannot spell out, sphinxes that will not speak.

Interrogation the first: Why does God take out of the world those who are useful and whom we cannot spare and leave alive and in good health so many who are only a nuisance to the world? I thought I would begin with the very toughest of all the seeming inscrutables. Many of the most useful men and women die at 30 or 40 years of age, while you often find useless people alive at 60 and 70 and 80.

When in England a man is honored with knighthood, he is struck with the flat of the sword. But those who have come to knighthood in the kingdom of God were first struck not with the flat of the sword, but with the keen edge of the scimiter. To build his magnificence of character, Paul could not have spared one lash, one prison, one stoning, one anathema, one poisonous viper from the hand, one shipwreck.

I take up this dark saying on my harp and give three or four thrums on the string in the way of surmising and hopeful guess. Perhaps the useful man was taken out of the world because he and his family were so constructed that they could not have endured some great prosperity that might have been just ahead, and they all together might have gone down in the vortex of worldliness which every year swallows up 10,000 households.

Interrogation the second: Why do good people have so much trouble, sickness, bankruptcy, persecution, the three black vultures, sometimes putting their fierce beaks into one set of tangled nerves? I think now of a good friend I once had. He was a consecrated Christian man, an elder in the church, and as polished a Christian gentleman as ever walked Broadway.

hold, but under the swoop of yellow fever at Fernandina, Fla., he suddenly expired. So you know good men and women who have had enough troubles, you think, to crush 50 people. No worldly philosophy could take such a trouble and set it to music or play it on violin or flute, but I dare to open that dark saying on a golden harp.

You wonder that very consecrated people have trouble? Did you ever know any very consecrated man or woman who had not had great trouble? Never! It was through their troubles sanctified that they were made very good. If you find anywhere in this city a man who has now and always had perfect health and never lost a child, and has always been popular, and never had business struggle or misfortune, who is distinguished for goodness, pull your wire for a telegraph messenger boy and send me word, and I will drop everything and go right away to look at him.

There are only three things that can break off a chain—a hammer, a file or a fire—and trouble is all three of them. The greatest writers, orators and reformers get much of their force from trouble. What gave to Washington Irving that exquisite tenderness and pathos which will make his books favorites while the English language continues to be written and spoken? An early heartbreak that he never once mentioned, and when, 30 years after the death of Matilda Hoffman, who was to have been his bride, her father picked up a piece of embroidery and said: "That is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship," Washington Irving sank from hilarity into silence and walked away. Out of that lifetime grief the great author dipped his pen's mightiest reinforcement. Calvin's "Institutes of Religion," than which a more wonderful book was never written by human hand, was begun by the author at 25 years of age because of the persecution by Francis, king of France.

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That is no guess of mine, but a Divine says so: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." "Well," says one: "I would rather have a little less in Heaven and a little more here. Discount my Heavenly robe ten per cent, and let me now put it on a fur-lined overcoat; put me in a less gorgeous room of the house of many mansions and let me have a house here in a better neighborhood." No, no; God is not going to rob Heaven, which is to be your residence for nine hundred quadrillion of years, to fix up your earthly abode, which you will occupy at most for less than a century, and where you may perhaps stay only ten years longer, or only one year, or perhaps a month more. Now, you had better cheerfully let God have His way, for, see, He has been taking care of folks for near 6,000 years and knows how to do it and can see what is best for you better than you can yourself. Don't think you are too insignificant to be divinely cared for. It was said that Diana, the goddess, could not be present to keep her temple at Ephesus from burning because she was attending upon the birth of him who was to be Alexander the Great. But I tell you that your God and my God is so great in small things as well as large things, that He would attend the cradle of a babe and at the same time the burning of a world.

And God will make it all right with you, and there is one song that you will sing every hour your first ten years in Heaven, and the refrain of that song will be: "I am so glad God did not let me have it my own way!" Your case will be all fixed up in Heaven, and there will be such a reversal of conditions that we can hardly find each other for some time. Some of us who have lived in first-rate houses here and in first-rate neighborhoods will be found, because of our lukewarmness of earthly service, living on one of the back streets of the celestial city, and clear down at the end of it at No. 808 or 909 or 1505, while some who had unattractive earthly abodes, and a cramped one at that, will in the heavenly city be in a house fronting the royal plaza, right by the imperial fountain or on the heights overlooking the river of life, the chariots of salvation halting at your door, while those visit you who are more than conquerors, and those who are kings and queens unto God forever.

and that they have festivals where great prizes are offered in the competition between harp and harp, or that weird Sebastian Erard was much of his time bent over this chorde and vibrating triangle and was not satisfied until he had given it a compass of six octaves, from E to E with all the semitones, or that when King Saul was demented through the Jesse came before him and, putting his fingers among the charmed strings of the harp, played the devil out of the crazed monarch, or that in Heaven there shall be harpers harping with their harps. So you will not blame me for opening the dark saying on the Gospel harp:

Your harp, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud the praise of love Divine Bid every string awake! Interrogation third: Why did the good God let sin or trouble come into the world when He might have kept them out? My reply is: He had a good reason. He had reasons that He has never given us. He had reasons which He could not more make us understand in our finite state than the father, starting out on some great and elaborate enterprise, could make the two-year-old child in its armchair comprehend it. One was to demonstrate what grandeur of character may be achieved on earth by conquering evil. Had there been no evil to conquer and no trouble to console, then this universe would never have known an Abraham, or a Moses, or a Joshua, or an Ezekiel, or a Paul, or a Christ, or a Washington, or a John Milton, or a John Howard, and 1,000,000 victories which have been gained by the consecrated spirits of all ages would never have been gained. Had there been no battle there would have been no victory. Nine-tenths of the anthems of Heaven would never have been sung. Heaven could never have been a thousandth part of the Heaven that it is. I will not say that I am glad that sin and sorrow did enter, but I do say that I am glad that after God has given all His reasons to an assembled universe He will be more honored than if sin and sorrow had never entered, and that the unfallen celestials will be outdone and will put down their trumpets to listen, and it will be in Heaven, when those who have conquered sin and sorrow shall enter, as it would be in a small singing school on earth if Thalberg and Gotschalk and Wagner and Beethoven and Rheinberger and Schuman should all at once enter. The immortals that have been chanting 10,000 years before the throne will say, as they close their librettos: "Oh, if we could only sing like that!" But God will say to those who have never fallen, and consequently have not been redeemed: "You must be silent now. You have not the qualification for this anthem." So they sit with closed lips and folded hands, and sinners saved by grace take up the harmony for the Bible says: "No man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."

But now I come nearer home and put a dark saying on the Gospel harp, a style of question that is asked a million times every year. Interrogation the fourth: Why do I have so hard while others have it so easy? Or, Why do I have so much difficulty in getting a livelihood, while others go around with a full portmanteau? Or, Why must I wear these plain clothes, while others have to push hard to get their wardrobes closed, so crowded are they with brilliant attire? Or, Why should I have to work so hard, while others have 365 holidays every year? They are all practically one question. I answer them by saying it is because the Lord has His favorites, and He puts extra discipline upon you and extra trial, because He has for you extra glory, extra enthronement and extra felicities.

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MARIE'S CHOICE.

Years since, there was in the city of St. Petersburg a young girl so beautiful and lovely that the greatest prince of Europe, had he met her even in a peasant's hut, might well have turned his back upon princesses to offer his hand and throne. But, far from having seen the light in a peasant's hut she was born in the shadow of the proudest throne on the earth. It was Marie Nicolaeвна, the adorned daughter of the Emperor of Russia. As her father saw her blooming like the May flower and sought for her all the heirs of royalty, he cast his eyes upon the fairest, the richest, and the most powerful of them, and, with the smile of a father and a king, said to her: "My child, you are now of an age to marry, and I have chosen for you the prince who will make you a queen, and the man who will render you happy."

"The man who will render me happy?" stammered the blushing princess, with a sigh—which was the only objection to which her heart gave utterance. "Speak, father!" she said, as she saw a frown gathering on the brow of the czar; "speak, and your majesty shall be obeyed!" "Obeyed!" exclaimed the emperor, trembling for the first time in his life; "it is then only as an act of obedience that you will receive a husband from my hands?" The young girl was silent, and concealed a tear. "Is your faith already pledged?" "Yes, father—if I must tell you—my heart is no longer my own; it is bestowed upon a young man who knows it not, and who shall never know it, but two or three times at a distance, and we will never speak to each other, if your majesty forbids it."

The emperor was silent in his turn. He grew pale. Three times he made the circuit of the salon. He durst not ask the name of the young man. "A stranger?" "Yes, father." The emperor fell back into an armchair and hid his face in his hands, like Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia. "Where shall I see him?" said the czar, rising, with a threatening aspect. "To-morrow, at the review." "How shall I recognize him?" demanded the czar, with a stamp of his foot. "By his green plume and black steed." "His wife! Go, my daughter, and pray God have pity upon the man!" The princess withdrew in a fainting condition, and the emperor was soon lost in thought. "A childish caprice!" he said, at length; "am foolish to be disturbed at it! She will forget it!" and his lips dared not utter what his heart added. "It must be, for all my power would be weaker than her tears!"

On the following day, at the review, the czar, whose eagle eye embraced all at a glance, sought and saw in his battalions a young man in a green plume and black charger. He recognized in him who wore the one and rode the other a simple colonel of the Bavarian Light Horse—Maximilian Joseph Eugene Auguste Beaurnais, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, youngest child of the son of Josephine, who was a brief time Empress of France, and of Auguste Amelia, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, of Bavaria, an admirable cavalier, in truth; but as far inferior then to Marie Nicolaeвна as a common soldier to an emperor.

"Is it possible?" said the czar to himself, as he sent for the colonel, with the design of sending him to Munich. But at the moment when he was about to crush him with a word he stopped at the sight of his daughter fainting in her carriage. "There is no longer a doubt," thought the czar; "'tis indeed he!" And turning his back upon the stupefied stranger, he returned with Marie to the imperial palace. For six weeks all that prudence, tempered with love and severity, could inspire, was essayed to destroy the image of the colonel in the heart of the princess. At the end of the first week she was resigned, at the end of the second, she wept; at the end of the third, she wept in public; at the end of the fourth she wished to sacrifice herself to her father; at the end of the fifth, she was dying. Meanwhile, the colonel, seeing himself in disgrace at the court of his host, without daring to confess to himself the cause, did not wait for his dismissal to return to his regiment. He was on the point of setting out for Munich, when an aide-de-camp of the czar came for him.

"I should have set out yesterday," he said to himself; "I might have avoided what awaits me. At the first flash save yourself from the thunderbolt!" He was ushered into the cabinet where kings only are allowed to enter. The emperor was pale and his eye was moist; but his air was firm and resolute. "Colonel duke," said he, enveloping and penetrating him with a glance, "you are one of the handsomest officers in Europe. It is said also—and I believe it is true—that you possess an elevated mind, a thorough education, a lively taste for the arts, a noble heart, and a loyal character. What think you of the grand duchess, my daughter, Marie Nicolaeвна?" "The Princess Marie, sire," exclaimed he, reading at last his own heart without daring to read that of the czar, "your anger would crush me if I told you what I think of her, and I should die of joy if you permitted it."

Red Stamps Supplant Green Ones.

After Jan. 1st the stamped envelopes issued by the postoffice department will bear a red stamp of exactly the same shade as the carmine 2-center. This is in accordance with an article in the international postal agreement, which requires all issues of the same denomination of a stamp to be uniform in color. The department will this month begin substituting the red stamp on envelopes for the green.

Jos. Horne & Co. The Week Before Christmas

Just one week for you to secure your gift things if you intend sending to us for them. There are tens of thousands of Christmas novelties here, all priced much lower than is usually quoted for Christmas goods. If you are prompt in writing us you can have your selections delivered to you by Friday or Saturday previous to Christmas.

FURS are standard for gifts to women. Fur Collars, of marten, with cluster tails, \$5.00. Electric Seal Cluster Scarfs, \$3.50 up. Electric Seal Collarets, with elegant yoke of Persian Lamb, elegantly lined, \$8.00 up. Muffs of all kinds, commencing at \$2.00 and going up as high as you wish.

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GLOVES—the real good kind for men, women and children. \$1.00 a pair for an elegant kid glove in all colors for women; \$1.00 a pair for a splendid Walking Glove made in America, for gentlemen; 50c a pair for very dressy kid gloves for children.

A GOLF CAPE makes a sensible and appropriate present for a lady. Large lines of them in splendid plaid back stuffs, beginning at \$10.00. A NOBBY JACKIE is another sensible present. Our lines are exceptionally complete, and they begin at \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10 and up.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

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

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 6:50 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 11:30 a.m.; at Altoona, 1:30 p.m.; at Pittsburg 6:50 p.m. 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. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 6:00; at Altoona 8:40; at Pittsburg at 11:50.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:53 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 11:30; at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia 10:47 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 2:15 p.m.; at Harrisburg 7:00 p.m.; at Philadelphia 4:30 a.m. 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.; at Williamsport 3:50 p.m. Leave Bellefonte at 8:21 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven at 9:30 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:52 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30; at Williamsport, 12:40 p.m.; arrive at Harrisburg, 2:30 p.m.; at Philadelphia at 6:25 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p.m.; at Williamsport, 3:50 p.m.; Harrisburg, 7:30 p.m. Leave Bellefonte, 8:21 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9:30 p.m.; at Harrisburg, 3:22 a.m.; arrive at Philadelphia at 6:52 a.m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte 6:30 a.m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9:15 a.m.; at Harrisburg, 11:30 a.m.; Philadelphia, 3:00 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 2:15 p.m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47; at Harrisburg, 7:10 p.m.; Philadelphia at 11:15 p.m.

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

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

BALD EAGLE VALLEY. WESTWARD and EASTWARD schedules.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for Bald Eagle Valley routes.

BELLEFONTE & SNOWSHOE BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and after May 17, 1897.

Leave Bellefonte 7:00 a.m. and 1:05 p.m. Arrive at Snow Shoe 7:55 a.m. and 2:02 p.m.

Leave Snow Shoe 11:20 a.m. and 3:25 p.m. Arrive at Bellefonte 12:15 p.m. and 4:20 p.m.

For rates, maps, etc., apply to ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. O. W. D., 361 Sixth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen'l. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l. Pass Agt.

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

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

Trains from State College connect with Penna. Railroad at Bellefonte for points east and west.

"f" stops on flag. "d" daily except Sunday. "M" Monday only. "S" Saturday only.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA. Time Table effective Nov. 21, 1898.

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

* Daily. † Week Days. ‡ 6:00 p.m. Sunday. Philadelphia Street Car attached to east bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 p.m. and west bound from Philadelphia at 11:50 p.m.

J. W. GEPHART, General Supt.

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