

THE LORD'S "SHUT IN"

Compensations of Sickness as Seen by Dr. Talmage.

A Sermon for Invalids from the Story of Noah and the Ark—God's Designs for Our Betterment.

[Washington, Dec. 11. Copyright, 1898.] This discourse of Dr. Talmage, which is helpful to all who find life a struggle, is especially addressed to a class of persons probably never before addressed in a sermon. The text is Genesis vii, 16, "The Lord shut him in."

Cosmogony has no more interesting chapter than the one which speaks of that catastrophe of the ages, the submersion of our world in time of Noah, the first ship carpenter. Many of the nations who never saw a Bible have a flood story—Egyptian flood story, Grecian flood story, of which Deucalion was the Noah; Hawaiian flood story, New Zealand flood story, Chinese flood story, American Indian flood story—all of which accounts agree in the immersion of the continents under universal rains, and that there was a ship floating with a select few of the human family and with specimens of zoological and ornithological and reptilian worlds, although I could have wished that these last had been shut out of the ark and drowned.

All of these flood stories represent the ship thus afloat as finally stranded on a mountain top. Hugh Miller in his "Testimony of the Rocks" thinks that all these flood stories were infirm traditions of the Biblical account, and I believe him. The worst thing about that great freshet was that it struck Noah's Great Eastern from above and beneath. The seas broke the chain of shells and crystal and rolled over the land, and the heavens opened their clouds for falling columns of water which roared and thundered on the roof of the great ship for a month and ten days. There was one door to the ship, but there were three parts to that door, one part for each of the three stories. The Bible account says nothing about parts of the door belonging to two of the stories, and I do not know on which floor Noah and his family voyaged, but my next tells us that the part of the door of that particular floor on which Noah stood was closed after he had entered. "The Lord shut him in." So there are many people now in the world who are as thoroughly shut in, some by sickness, some by old age, some by special duties that will not allow them to go forth, some surrounded by deluges of misfortune and trouble, and for them I often receive messages, and this sermon, which I hope may do good to others, is more especially intended for them. Today I address the shut in. "The Lord shut him in."

Notice first of all who closed the door so that they could not get out. Noah did not do it, nor his son Shem, nor did Ham, nor did Japheth, nor did either of the four married women who were on shipboard, nor did desperadoes who had scoffed at the idea of peril which Noah had been preaching close that door. They had turned their backs on the ark and had in disgust gone away. I will tell you how it was done. A hand was stretched down from heaven to close that door. It was a divine hand as well as a kind hand. "The Lord shut him in."

The world has no statistics as to the number of invalids. The physicians know something about it, and the apothecaries and the pastors, but who can tell us the number of blind eyes, and deaf ears, and diseased lungs, and congested livers, and jangled nerves, and neuralgic temples, and rheumatic feet, or how many took no food this morning because they had no appetite to eat or digestive organs to assimilate, or have lungs so delicate they cannot go forth when the wind is in the east, or there is a fog rising from the river, or there is a dampness on the ground or pavement because of the frost coming out? It would be easy to count the people who every day go through a street, or the number of passengers carried by a railroad company in a year, or the number of those who cross the ocean in ships. But who can give us the statistics of the great multitudes who are shut in? I call the attention of all such to their superior opportunities of doing good.

Those of us who are well, and can see clearly, and hear distinctly, and partake of food of all sorts, and questions of digestion never occur to us, and we can wade the snowbanks, and take an equinox in our faces, and endure the thermometer at zero, and every breath of air is a tonic and a stimulus, and sound sleep meets us within five minutes after our head touches the pillow, do not make so much of an impression when we talk about the consolations of religion. The world says right away: "I guess that man mistakes buoyancy of natural spirits for religion. What does he know about it? He has never been tried." But when one goes out and reports to the world that that morning on his way to business he called to see you and found you, after being kept in your room for two months, cheerful and hopeful, and that you had not one word of complaint and asked all about everybody and rejoiced in the success of your business friends, although your own business had almost come to a standstill through your absence from store or office or shop, and that you sent your love to all your old friends and told them that if you did not meet them again in this world you hoped to meet them in dominions seraphic, with a quiet word of advice from you to the man who carried the message about the importance of his not neglecting his own soul, but through Christ seeking something better than this world could give him—why, all the business men in the counting room say: "Good! Now, that is religion." And the clerks get hold of the story and talk it over so that the

welder and cooper and hielman, standing on the door-step, say: "That is splendid! Now, that is what I call religion."

It is a good thing to preach on a Sunday morning, the people assembled in most respectable attire and seated on soft cushions, the preacher standing in neatly upholstered pulpit surrounded by personal friends, and after an in spring hymn has been sung, and that sermon, if preached in faith, will do good; but the most effective sermon is preached by one seated in dressing gown in an arm-chair into which the invalid has with much care been lifted, the surrounding shelves filled with medicine bottles, some to produce sleep, some for the relief of sudden paroxysm, some for stimulant, some for tonic, some for anodyne and some for febrifuge, the pale preacher quoting promises of the Gospel, telling of the glories of a sympathetic Christ, assuring the one or two or three persons who hear it of the mighty reinforcements of religion. You say that to such a sermon there are only one or two or three hearers. Aye, but the visitor calling at that room, then closing the door softly and going away, tells the story, and the whole neighborhood hears it, and it will take all eternity to realize the grand and uplifting influence of that sermon about God and the soul, though preached to an audience of only one man or one woman. The Lord has ordained all such invalids for a style of usefulness which athletics and men of 200 healthy avoirdupois cannot affect. It was not an enemy that fastened you in that one room or sent you on crutches, the long journey you have made for many weeks being from bed to sofa and from sofa to looking glass, where you are shocked at the pallor of your own cheek and the pinchedness of your features; then back again from mirror to sofa and sofa to bed, with a long sigh saying: "How good it feels to get back again to my old place on the pillow!" Remember who it is that appointed the day when for the first time in many years you could not go to business and who has kept a record of all the weary days and all the sleepless nights of your exile from the world. O weary man! O feeble woman, it was the Lord who shut you in! Do you remember that some of the noblest and best of men have been prisoners? Ezekiel a prisoner, Jeremiah a prisoner, Paul a prisoner, St. John a prisoner, John Bunyan a prisoner. Though human hands seemed to have all to do with them, really the Lord shut them in.

No doubt, while on that voyage, Noah and his three sons and all the four ladies of the antediluvian world often thought of the bright hillside and the green fields where they had walked and of the homes where they had lived. They had had many years of experience. Noah was 600 years old at the time of this convulsion of nature. He had seen 600 springtimes, 600 summers, 600 autumns, 600 winters. We are not told how old his wife was at this wreck of earth and sky. The Bible tells the age of a great many men, but only once gives a woman's age. At one time it gives Adam's age as 130 years, and Jared's age at 162 years, and Enoch's age as 365 years, and all up and down the Bible it gives the age of men, but does not give the age of women. Why? Because, I suppose, a woman's age is none of our business. But all the men and women that tossed in that oriental craft had lived long enough to remember a great many of the mercies and kindnesses of God, and they could not blot out, and I think they had no disposition to blot out the memory of those brightnesses, though now they were shut in. Neither should the shut in of our time forget the blessings of the past. Have you been blind for ten years? Thank God for the time when you saw as clearly as any of us can see, and let the pageant of all the radiant landscapes and illumined skies which you ever looked upon kindle your rapturous gratitude. I do not see Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto" in the picture gallery of Dresden, nor Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" at Antwerp, nor Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" on the ceiling of the Vatican, nor Saint Sophia at Constantinople, nor the Parthenon on the Acropolis, nor the Taj Mahal of India. But shall I not thank God that I have seen them? Is it possible that such midnight darkness shall ever blast my vision that I cannot call them up again? Perhaps you are so deaf that you cannot hear the chirp of bird or solo of cantatrice, or even organ in full diapason, though you feel the foundations tremble under its majestic roll, or even the thunderstorm that makes Mount Washington echo. But are you not grateful that once you could hear trill and chant and carol doxology? Do you forget when in childhood you danced and skipped because you were so full of life you had not patience to walk, and in after years you climbed the mountains of Switzerland, putting your alpenstock high up on glaciers which few others ever dared and jumped long reaches in competition, and after a walk of ten miles you came in jound as the morning? Oh, you shut-ins! Thank God for a vivid memory of the times when you were free as the chamois on the rocks, as the eagle going straight for the sun. When the rain pounded the roof of the ark, the eight voyagers on that craft did not forget the time when it gaily pattered in a summer shower, and when the door of the ark shut to keep out the tempest they did not forget the time when the door of their home in Armenia was closed to keep out the spring rains while came to fill the cups of lily and honeysuckle and make all the trees of the wood clap their hands.

Again, notice that during that 40 days of storm which rocked that ship on that universal ocean of Noah's time the door which shut the captain of the ship inside the craft kept him from many outside perils. How those wretched seas would like to have got their wet hands on Noah and pulled him out and sunk him! And do all of you of the great army of the shut-in realize, though you have special temptations where you are now, how much of the outside of temptation you escape? Do you, the merchant incarcerated in the sickroom, realize that every hour of the day you spend looking out of the window or gazing at the particular figure on the wall paper or listening to the clock's ticks men are being wrecked by the allurement and uncertainties of business life? How many forgeries are committed, how many trust funds are swamped, how many public moneys are being misappropriated, how many bankruptcies suffered? It may be, it is, very uncomfortable for Noah inside the ark, for the apartment is crowded and the air is vitiated with the breathing of so much human and animal life, but it is not half as bad for him as though he were outside the ark. There is not an ox, or a camel, or an antelope, or a sheep inside the ark as badly off as the proudest king outside. While you are on the pillow or lounge you will make no bad bargains, you will rush into no rash investments, you will avoid the mistakes which thousands of men as good as you are every day making.

Notice also that there was a limit to the shut-in experience of those ancient mariners. I suppose the 40 days of the descending and uprising floods and the 150 days before the passengers could go ashore must have seemed to those eight people in the big boat like a small eternity. "Rain, rain, rain!" said the wife of Noah. "Will it never stop?" For 40 mornings they looked out and saw not one patch of blue sky. Floating around amid the peaks of mountains, Shem and Ham and Japheth had to hush the fears of their wives lest they should dash against the projecting rocks. But after awhile it cleared off. Sunshine, glorious sunshine! The ascending mists were folded up into clouds, which instead of darkening the sky only ornamented it. As they looked out of the windows these worn passengers clapped their hands and rejoiced that the storm was over, and I think if God could stop such a storm as that He could stop any storm in your lifetime experience. If He can control a vulture in mid-sky, He can stop a summer but that flies in at your window. At the right time He will put the rainbow on the cloud and the deluge of your misfortunes will dry up. I preach the doctrine of limitation, relief and disengagement. At just the right time the pain will cease, the bondage will drop, the imprisoned will be liberated, the fires will go out, the body and mind and soul will be free. Patience! An old English proverb referring to long continued invalidism, says: "A creaking gate hangs long on its hinges," and this may be a protracted case of invalidism, but you will have taken the last bitter drop, you will have suffered the last misinterpretation, you will feel the gnawing of the last hunger, you will have fainted the last time from exhaustion, you will have felt the cut of the last lancet, you will have wept under the last loneliness. The last week of the Noachian deluge came, the last day, the last hour, the last moment. The beating of the rain on the roof ceased, and the dashing of the billows on the side of the ship quieted, and peacefully as a yacht moves out over quiet Lake Cayuga, Como or Lucerne, the ark with its illustrious passengers and important freight glided to its mountain wharfage.

Notice also that on the cessation of the deluge the shut-ins came out, and they built their houses and cultured their gardens and started a new world on the ruins of the old world that had been drowned out. Though Noah lived 350 years after this worldwide accident and no doubt his fellow passengers survived centuries, I warrant they never got over talking about that voyage. Now, I have seen Dore's pictures and many other pictures of the entrance into the ark, two and two, of the human family and the animal creation into that ship which sailed between two worlds, antediluvian world and the postdiluvian world, but I never saw a picture of their coming out, yet their embarkation was not more important than their disembarkation. Many a crew has entered a ship that never landed. Witness the steamer Portland, a short time ago, with 100 souls on board, going down with all its crew and passengers. Witness the line of sunken ships reaching like a submarine cable of anguish across the ocean depths from America to Europe. If any ship might expect complete wreckage, the one Noah commanded might have expected it. But no. Those who embarked disembarked. Over the plank reaching down the side of the ark to the Armenian cliffs on which they had been stranded the procession descended. No other wharf felt so solid or afforded such attractiveness as that height of Ararat when the eight passengers put their feet on it. And no sooner had the last one, the invalid wife of Japheth, been helped down the plank upon the rock than the other apartments of the ship were opened, and such a dash of bird music never filled the air as when the entire orchestra of robin redbreast, and morning lark, and chaffinch, and mocking bird, and house swallow took wing into the bright sky, while the cattle began to low and the sheep to bleat and the horses to neigh for the pasture, which from the awful submergence had begun to grow green and aromatic. I tell you plainly nothing interests me more in that tragedy from the first to the last act than the "exit" and the "re-entrance," than the fact that the "shut-ins" became the "go outs." And I now cheer with this story all the inmates of sickrooms and hospitals, and those prisoners where men and women are unjustly undugoned, and all the thousands who are bounded on the north and south and east and west by floods, by deluges of misfortune and disaster. The ark of your trouble, if it does not land on some earthly height of vindication and rescue, will land on the heights celestial.

GRAHAM ANSWERS QUAY.

Declares He Has Documentary Evidence of the Senator's Guilt.

Philadelphia, Dec. 20.—District Attorney Graham yesterday filed with the prothonotary of the supreme court his answer to the petition of the Quays and ex-State Treasurer Haywood asking for the removal of the People's bank conspiracy charges against them from the court of quarter sessions of this county to the supreme court, and to the various denials made by the defendants to the accusations against them in the indictment found.

Mr. Graham made specific denial of the allegations advanced by the defendants, especially concerning former Judge Gordon's part in the proceedings. In reply to the defendants' assertion that they are not guilty the answer states that this is a question for a jury, but avers that the evidence adduced at the hearing before the magistrate, standing without explanation, "clearly established the guilt of the defendants." The statement of Quay and his co-defendants that a fair trial cannot be obtained is termed scandalous and untruthful and a gross imputation upon the 12 judges of the Philadelphia courts. It is declared that most of the evidence of the commonwealth is documentary and is the writing of "the conspirators" themselves.

The most striking part of the answer charged that the books and a bureau show the use of state funds, and enters into detail to explain the manner in which the alleged transaction took place.

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Dec. 20.—Frank Polechia, a German peddler, and his wife were bound and gagged in their home at Matity Saturday night by three masked men. Two trunks and a bureau drawer were broken open and \$127 taken. No clue to the robbers.

Reading, Pa., Dec. 19.—Mrs. George Sattler, who was horribly burned by the explosion of stove blacking, containing benzine, died last Saturday night, aged 36 years. Portions of the body had burned to a crisp. Her daughter, Rosie, aged 4 years, cannot survive.

Harrisburg, Dec. 21.—Mary McNair, aged 22 years, daughter of a prominent resident of Middletown, left home Monday evening to do some Christmas shopping. She left a store at 8 o'clock for home, and since then has not been seen. Foul play is suspected.

Hamburg, Dec. 18.—Samuel Heiter, aged 80 years, of near Molltown, this county, committed suicide by hanging himself. The aged man had been dependent for some time, probably due to financial troubles. He hung himself in the entry of his barn from a joist, his feet resting upon the floor.

Scranton, Pa., Dec. 19.—The body of Mrs. Charles Masten was found on the bank of the Lackawanna river at Taylor early in the morning. She had frozen to death. Mrs. Masten had been missing for three days, and was thought to be somewhat demented. She separated from her husband some time ago.

West Chester, Dec. 18.—This afternoon President John Shimer and a number of other West Chester and Philadelphia Trolley company officials came to this place on the first trolley passenger which has ever made the trip between the two places, and this borough is now connected with the city by a first class road.

Reading, Dec. 18.—While in the act of making a coupling Joseph P. Wise, a brakeman on a shifting engine in the Philadelphia and Reading yards, slipped on a piece of ice and fell under the wheels of a car, having his right arm badly crushed. He was taken to the St. Joseph's hospital, where the arm was amputated at the shoulder.

Pittsburg, Dec. 19.—As the result of a coasting accident at Turtle Creek, eight miles from Pittsburg, Joseph West, aged 30, is dead and 11 others injured, two seriously. The sled collapsed at the bottom of a steep hill and buried the party with great force in every direction. The two seriously injured are: W. B. Mady, both legs broken; Joseph Connor, left leg broken and injured badly about the head.

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Stroudsburg, Dec. 16.—Auditor Joseph H. Shull today heard the case of Emily Gearhart, an old lady, who for over 30 years was the housekeeper for the late Gersham Hull, a rich tanner. She received for her services 25 cents a week. Mrs. Gearhart is a ward of the town, and the overseers of the poor have put in a claim against the Hull estate for \$700 for six years' services at \$2 a week, less the 25 cents paid by Hull. The overseers cannot go back further on account of the law.

Philadelphia, Dec. 19.—Chancellor Laughlin, of this archdiocese, yesterday received a telegram from Papal Delegate Martenelli, at Washington, informing him that a papal bull containing the appointment of Father John W. Strahan, of Philadelphia, as bishop of Harrisburg, is on its way to this country from Rome. Father Strahan is at present pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of Our Mother of Sorrows, this city, and is superintendent of the parochial schools of the archdiocese.

Media, Dec. 18.—Following the destruction of the barn of Frank P. Willets, in Concord, Thursday night, in which 36 dairy cows perished, two more barns were destroyed in this vicinity last night, in both of which stock was burned. The barn on the William Moore estate, in Middletown, was destroyed, with two horses and a quantity of hay, straw and harness. The barn of Marshall Register, in Upper Providence, a mile distant, was also destroyed. Eighteen cows and one horse were burned to a crisp, besides many tons of hay, straw and farming implements. There is little doubt that the barn burnings were the work of an incendiary.

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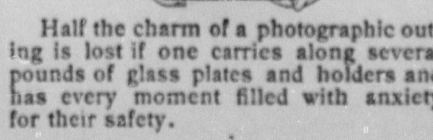
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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

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

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 11:10 a.m., at Altoona, 1:00 p.m.; at Pittsburg 5:10 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 at 7:40; at Pittsburg at 11:30.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 11:10; at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia 4:15 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.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:22 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m. Leave Bellefonte 12:42 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:43 p.m.; at Williamsport 3:50 p.m. Leave Bellefonte at 8:31 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven at 9:50 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10:30, leave Williamsport 12:40 p.m., arrive at Harrisburg 3:20 p.m., at Philadelphia at 6:25 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, 9:50 p.m., leave Williamsport, 12:30 a.m., arrive Harrisburg, 3:22 a.m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6:22 a.m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte at 6:30 a.m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9:15 a.m., Harrisburg, 11:30 a.m., Philadelphia, 3:00 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 3:15 p.m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47, at Harrisburg, 7:30 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 including Montandon, Lewisburg, Fair Ground, Vicksburg, Millintown, Cherry Run, Coburn, Centre Hall, Linden Hall, Pleasant Gap, Lemont, Dale Summit, Pleasant Gap, and Bellefonte.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for routes including Tyrona, E Tyrona, Bald Eagle, Dix, Fowler, Hannah, Fort Matilda, Marietta, Julian, Unionville, Snow Shoe Int, Milesburg, Bellefonte, Mt Eagle, Howard, Beech Creek, Mill Hall, Flemington, and Lock Haven.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE 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 11:20 a.m., and 5:15 p.m. Leave Snow Shoe 11:20 a.m., and 5:15 p.m. Arrive at Bellefonte 7:00 a.m., and 1:05 p.m. For rates, maps, etc., apply to ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. O. A. W. D., 361 Sixth Ave. Philadelphia. J. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen'l. Manager. J. E. WOOD, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for routes including Bellefonte, Coleville, Morris, Whittier, Hunters, Fillmore, Briary, Pine Grove, Lambourne, Krumrine, State College, Struble, Bloomsburg, Pine Grove, and Harrisburg.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Table with columns for READ DOWN and READ UP, listing stations and times for routes including Harrisburg, Bellefonte, Altoona, Tyrone, and Philadelphia.

\* Daily, † Week Days, ‡ 6:00 p. m. Sunday 7:30 a. m. Sunday. 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. GEPHART, General Supt.

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