

BOUND IN A BUNDLE.

Dr. Talmage Chooses a Familiar Simile for a Text.

The Precious Bundle of Life and the Care It Should Receive—Things of Earthly and Heavenly Existence.

(Washington March 5. Copyright 1899.)

Under the familiar image of a bundle Dr. Talmage shows in this sermon the things which go to make up man's earthly and heavenly life; text, I Samuel 25:29. The soul of my Lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God.

Beautiful Abigail, in her rhythmic plea for the rescue of her inebricate husband, who died within ten days, addressed David the warrior in the words of the text. She suggests that his life, physically and intellectually and spiritually, is a valuable package or bundle, divinely bound up and to be divinely protected.

That phrase "bundle of life" I heard many times in my father's family prayers. Family prayers, you know, have frequent repetitions, because day by day they acknowledge about the same blessings and sympathize with about the same misfortunes, and I do not know why those who lead at household devotions should seek variety of composition. That familiar prayer becomes the household liturgy. I would not give one of my old father's prayers for 50 elocutionary supplications. Again and again, in the morning and evening prayer, I heard the request that we might all be bound up in the bundle of life, but I did not know until a few days ago that the phrase was a Bible phrase.

Now, the more I think of it the better I like it. Bundle of life! It is such a simple and unpretending, yet expressive comparison. There is nothing like grandiloquence in the Scriptures. While there are many sublime passages in Holy Writ, there are more passages homely and drawing illustrations from common observation and everyday life. In Christ's great sermons you hear a hen clucking her chickens together and see the photographs of hypocrites with a sad countenance and hear of the grass of the field, and the black crows which our Heavenly Father feeds, and the salt that is worthless, and the precious stones flung under the feet of swine, and the shifting sand that lets down the house with a great crash and hear the comparison of the text, the most unpoetical thing we can think of—a bundle. Ordinarily it is something tossed about, something thrown under the table, something that suggests garters or something on the shoulder of a poor wayfarer. But there are bundles of great value, bundles put up with great caution, bundles the loss of which means consternation and despair, and there have been bundles representing the worth of a kingdom.

During the last spell of cold weather there were bundles that attracted the attention and the plaudits of the high heavens—bundles of clothing on the way from comfortable homes to the door of the mission-room, and Christ stood in the snowbanks and said as the bundles passed: "Naked, and ye clothed me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Those bundles are multiplying. Blessings on those who pack them! Blessings on those who distribute them! Blessings on those who receive them!

With what beautiful aptitude did Abigail, in my text, speak of the bundle of life! Oh, what a precious bundle is life! Bundle of memories, bundle of hopes, bundle of ambitions, bundle of destinies! Once in awhile a man writes his autobiography, and it is of thrilling interest. The story of his birthplace, the story of his struggles, the story of his sufferings, the story of his triumphs! But if the autobiography of the most eventful life were well written it would make many chapters of adventure, of tragedy, of comedy, and there would not be an uninteresting step from cradle to grave.

Bundle of memories are you! Boyhood memories, with all its injustices from playmates, with all its games with ball and bat and kite and sled. Manhood memories, with all your struggles in starting—obstacles, oppositions, accidents, misfortunes, losses, successes. Memories of the first marriage you ever saw solemnized, of the first grave you ever saw opened, of the first mighty wrong you ever suffered, of the first victory you ever gained. Memory of the hour when you were affianced, memory of the first advent in your home, memory of the rosy cheeks faded and of blue eyes closed in the last sleep, memory of anthem and of dirge, memory of great pain and of slow convalescence, memory of times when all things were against you, memory of prosperities that came in like the full tide of the sea, memories of a lifetime. What a bundle!

I lift that bundle to-day and unloose the cord that binds it, and for a moment you look in and see tears and smiles and laughter and groans and noontays and midnights of experience, and then I tie again the bundle with heartstrings that have some time vibrated with joy and anon been thrummed by fingers of woe.

Bundle of hopes and ambitions also is almost every man and woman, especially at the starting. What gains he will harvest, or what reputation he will achieve, or what bliss he will reach, or what love he will win. What makes college commencement day so entrancing to all of us as we see the students receive their diplomas and take up the garlands thrown to their feet. They will be Faradays in science; they will be Tennysons in poetry; they will be Willard Parkers in surgery; they will be Alexander Hamiltons in national finance; they will be Horace Greeleys

In editorial chair; they will be Websters in the senate. Or she will be a Mary Lyon in educational realms, or a Frances Willard on reformatory platforms, or a Helen Gould in military hospitals. Or she will make home life radiant with helpfulness and self-sacrifice and magnificent womanhood. Oh, what a bundle of garlands and scepters from which I would not take one sprig of mignonette nor extinguish one spark of brilliance. They who start life without bright hopes and inspiring ambitions might as well not start at all, for every step will be a failure. Rather would I add to the bundle, and if I open it now it will not be because I wish to take anything from it, but that I may put into it more crowns and hosannas.

Bundle of faculties in every man and every woman! Power to think—to think of the past and through all the future, to think upward and higher than the highest pinnacle of Heaven, or to think downward until there is no lower abyss to fathom. Power to think wrong, power to think forever, for once having begun to think, there shall be no terminus for that exercise, and eternity itself shall have no power to bid it halt. Faculties to love—filial love, conjugal love, paternal love, maternal love, love of country, love of God. Faculty of judgment, with scales so delicate and yet so mighty they can weigh arguments, weigh emotions, weigh words, weigh Heaven and hell. Faculty of will, that can climb mountains or tunnel them, wade seas or bridge them, accepting eternal enthronement or choosing everlasting exile. Oh, what it is to be a man! Oh, what it is to be a woman! Sublime and infinite bundle of faculties! The thoughts of it stagger me, swamps me, stuns me, bewilders me, overwhelms me. Oh, what a bundle of life Abigail of my text saw in David, and which we ought to see in every human, yet immortal, being!

Know, also, that this bundle of life was put up with great care. Any merchant and almost any faithful householder will tell you how much depends on the way a bundle is bound. The cord, or rope, must be strong enough to hold, the knot must be well tied. You know not what rough hands may toss the bundle. If not properly put together, though it may leave your hands in good order and symmetrical, before it reaches its proper destination it may be loosened in fragments for the winds to scatter or the rail train to lose.

Now, I have to tell you that this bundle of life is well put together—the body, the mind, the soul. Who but the omnipotent God could bind such a bundle? Anatomists, physiologists, physicists, logicians, metaphysicians, declare that we are fearfully and wonderfully made. That we are a bundle well put together I prove by the amount of journeying we can endure without damage, by the amount of rough handling we can survive, by the fact that the vast majority of us go through life without the loss of an eye, or the crippling of a limb, or the destruction of a single organ of body or faculty of mind. I subpoena for this trial that man in yonder view, 70 or 80 years of age, and ask him to testify that after all the storms and accidents and vicissitudes of a long life he still keeps his five senses, and, though all the lighthouses as old as he is have been reconstructed or new lanterns put in, he has in under his forehead the same two lanterns with which God started him, and, though the locomotives of 60 years ago were long ago sold for old iron, he has the original powers of locomotion in the limbs with which God started him, and, though all the electric wires that carried messages 25 years ago have been torn down, his nerves bring messages from all parts of his body as well as when God strung them 75 years ago. Was there ever such a complete bundle put together as the human being? What a factory! What an engine! What a motive race! What a lighthouse! What a locomotive! What an electric battery! What a furnace! What a masterpiece of the Lord God Almighty! Or, to employ the anti-climax and use the figure of the text, what a bundle!

Know also that this bundle of life is properly directed. Many a bundle has missed its way and disappeared because the address has dropped, and no one can find by examination for what city or town or neighborhood it was intended. All great carrying companies have so many misdirected packages that they appoint days of vendue to dispose of them. All intelligent people know the importance of having a valuable package plainly directed, the name of the one to whom it is to go plainly written. Baggage master and expressman ought to know at the first glance to whom to take it.

This bundle of life that Abigail, in my text, speaks of is plainly addressed. By Divine penmanship it is directed Heavenward. However long may be the earthly distance it travels, its destination is the eternal city of God on high. Every mile that it goes away from that direction is by some human or infernal fraud practiced against it. There are those who put it in some wrong conveyance, who send it off or send it back by some diabolical miscarriage. The value of that bundle is so well known all up and down the universe that there are a million dishonest hands which are trying to detain or divert it, or to forever stop its progress in the right direction.

Every human being is assailed at the start. Within an hour of the time when this bundle of life is made up the assault begins. First of all, there are the infantile disorders that threaten the body just launched upon earthly existence. Scarlet fevers and pneumonia, and diphtherias and influenzas, and the whole pack of epidemics surround the cradle and threaten its occupant, and infant Moses in the ark of bulrushes was not more imperiled by the monsters of the Nile than every cradle is imperiled by ailments all devouring. In after years there are foes within and foes without. Bell appetite joined by

DISGUSTED FISHERMEN.

It Made the Sportsmen Ill to Watch an Old Timer Catch Trout.

One day this week a Boston party, on a fishing trip to Moosehead, came across one of the old-school fishermen. He was up off the mouth of Tomhegan stream and was fishing out of a lumberman's batteau. It developed later that he was the cook for a crew of river drivers. On the bank near at hand stood the cookee, or his helper. The cook had thrown about a peck of table refuse into the lake in order to "tole" the fish, and over that lure he was having great luck. His pole was of the jib-boom variety, and when a fish bit he would derrick it over his head into the bushes where the cookee was stationed.

The Boston men from their canoes watched operations with all the disgust of the true sportsmen. "Got enough for supper yet?" shouted the fisherman over his shoulder as he sent another great trout flapping into the bushes.

"No; better catch six or eight more," shrilled back the cookee. "Say, how many fish do you two fellows usually eat for supper?" shouted a Boston man, who didn't understand the situation. "When you've cooked for twenty-two river-drivers as long as I have," yelled the cook, derricking another fish, "you'll know more about empty nail kegs."

Hardly was this enigmatic utterance out when there came a tug at his line that was nothing short of tremendous. He twitched. The fish didn't come. He braced; set his jaws and pried. His line only sawed the hissing water. "Play him! Play him!" screamed the excited sportsmen from the city. "Play your grandmother," bellowed back the cook. "I ain't here to play I'm here to fish." And as he spoke he boosted over his head a fifteen-pound laker. Any man in the Boston crowd would have given \$10 to have played him an hour at the end of an eight-ounce rod. 'Twas too much for their nerves. They came away.

An Appeal. Blanco cabled that he was running short of food and asked that supplies be sent at once.

Come send me a sandwich that is made out of meat; I am tired of living on hay; I have not had the pleasure to shake hands or greet, A square meal for many a day.

I have killed all the mules that I've found about here, And I've had them all cooked into stew; But alas this is gone and I'm seized with a fear For I really don't know what to do.

My men they are frying the soles of their shoes; Their suspenders were gone long ago; But the thought of this diet gives each one the blues, And causes their teeth to flow.

So send us a sandwich, and send it blamed quick— (Starving to death is no fun)— Or when the Yanks come we will all be so sick That none will be able to run.

"Don't you come around here with any more of your patent frauds," said Uncle Reuben. "I've been took in once, but you ain't goin' to ketch me agin." "What's the matter?" asked the gentlemanly agent. "The lightning rods I sold you are all right, aren't they?" "All right! Well, mebbe you call them all right, but they've been up for more'n six months now and the lightning hasn't hit 'em once!"

"There's a good deal of human nature in a puppy," remarked the philosopher, calmly watching Fido tearing his best hat to pieces. "Almost as destructive as one of my little nephews." Mrs. Bouncer—"Why, professor, don't you see he's got your hat!" The Professor—"Thunder! so he has. I thought it was one of the boarders' hats. Take that, you whelp!"

A Florida Reflection. "It all goes to show," said the soldier, "how events decline to accommodate themselves to the convenience of the individual."

"I guess the government's doing the best it can," suggested his comrade. "I'm not complaining. But I can't help thinking how I'd have enjoyed these warm clothes when I was getting ready to go to the Klondike."

A Broken Idol. "I hear that the people of Minneapolis have decided that Sigabee isn't much of a man after all, and that they are taking back all the nice things they said about him after the destruction of the Maine." "Why is that?" "He's in command of the St. Paul now."

His Advertisement. There was a man in our town Who wasn't overwise; He started into business, But didn't advertise. Of course there is a moral Connected with this tale; He runs an advertisement now— It's headed "Sheriff's Sale."

No Help Needed. "If any man wanted to kiss me I should scream for help." "Oh, if he really wanted to kiss you, you wouldn't need any one to make him do it."

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Is Baby Too Thin?

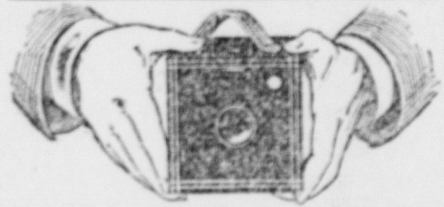
If so, there must be some trouble with its food. Well babies are plump; only the sick are thin. Are you sure the food is all right? Children can't help but grow; they must grow if their food nourishes them. Perhaps a mistake was made in the past and as a result the digestion is weakened. If that is so, don't give the baby a lot of medicine; just use your every-day common sense and help nature a little, and the way to do it is to add half a teaspoonful of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

to the baby's food three or four times a day. The gain will begin the very first day you give it. It seems to correct the digestion and gets the baby started right again. If the baby is nursing but does not thrive, then the mother should take the emulsion. It will have a good effect both upon the mother and child. Twenty-five years proves this fact.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES

In effect on and after May 17, 1897.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:15 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 11:30 a.m., at Altoona, 1:30 p.m.; at Pittsburgh 5:50 p.m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 2:15 p.m., at Altoona 2:55 p.m.; at Pittsburgh 7:00 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:32 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m., at Williamsport 12:30 p.m., at Harrisburg 2:45 p.m., at Philadelphia 4:30 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., arrive at 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. EASTWARD. May 17, 1897.

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

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 9:00 a.m. and 3:12 p.m.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

To take effect Feb. 7, 1898.

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

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 Penna.

Vick's Garden Guide

Vick's Little Gem Catalogue...

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