

FLOWERS OF EASTER.

Dr. Talmage Draws an Inspiration from Them.

The Eloquent Orator's Easter Discourse—Lessons Which the Flowers Bring to the Dispirited and the Bereaved.

(Washington, April 2. Copyright, 1899.)

In this Easter sermon Dr. Talmage interprets the message which the flowers bring to the anxious, the dispirited and the bereaved; text, Luke 12:28, "If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

The lily is the queen of Bible flowers. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times and won it, but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present beauty. In the Bible train, cassia and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphor and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ. Caesar had his throne on the hills. The lily had her throne in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan, entered the house of the interpreter and was shown a cluster of flowers and was told to "consider the lilies."

We may study or reject other sciences at our option—it is so with astronomy, it is so with chemistry, it is so with jurisprudence, it is so with physiology, it is so with geology—but the science of botany Christ commands us to study when He says: "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of petal. Inhale their breath. Notice the gracefulness of their poise. Hear the whisper of the white lips of the eastern and the red lips of the American lily.

Belonging to this royal family of lilies are the lily of the Nile, the Japan lily, the Lady Washington of the Sierras, the Golden band lily, the Giant lily of Nepal, the Turk's cap lily, the African lily from the Cape of Good Hope. All these lilies have the royal blood in their veins. But I take the lilies of my text this morning as typical of all flowers, and their voice of floral beauty seems to address us, saying: "Consider the lilies, consider the azaleas, consider the fuchsias, consider the geraniums, consider the ivies, consider the hyacinths, consider the heliotropes, consider the oleanders." With deferential and grateful and intelligent and worshipful souls, consider them. Not with insipid sentimentalism or with soporific vapidness, but for grand and practical and everyday, and, if need be, homely uses, consider them.

The flowers are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the clouds speak they thunder, when the whirlwinds speak they scream, when the cataraacts speak they always whisper. I stand here to interpret their message. What have you to say to us, O ye angels of the grass? This morning I mean to discuss what flowers are good for. That is my subject: What are flowers good for?

I remark, in the first place, they are good for lessons of God's providential care. That was Christ's first thought. All these flowers seem to address us today, saying: "God will give you apparel and food." We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to harvest, no well sweep with which to draw water, but God feeds us with the bread of the sunshine, and God has appeared us with more than Solomon's regality. We are prophesies of adequate wardrobe. "If God so clothed us, the grass of the field, will He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Men and women of worldly anxieties, take this message home with you! How long has God taken care of you? Quarter of the journey of life? Half the journey of life? Three-quarters the journey of life? Can you not trust Him the rest of the way? God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman emperor had on his table at vast expense—500 nightingales' tongues—but He has promised to take care of you. He has promised you the necessities, not the luxuries—bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will He not provide for you, His living and immortal children? He will.

No wonder Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing desk for inspiration! Through the cracks of the prison door a flower grew up to cheer Piccola. Mungo Park, the great traveler and explorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die, but, seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and traveled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now they are the evangelists of the sky.

If you ask me the question: "What are flowers good for?" I answer: "For religious symbolism." Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bible is an arboretum, it is a Divine conservatory, it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the brightest human life you will quote from Job: "Man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the psalmist: "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah: "All flesh is grass, and the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the apostle: "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away." What graphic Bible symbolism!

All the cut flowers will soon be dead, whatever care you take of them.

20, 40, 50 years of wedded life before they have begun arranges for the best. So that flowers in almost all cases are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergences of disposition will become correspondences, recklessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality.

There has been many an aged widowed soul who had a carefully-locked bureau, and in the bureau a box, and in the box a folded paper, and in the folded paper a half-blown rose, slightly fragrant, discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there 40 or 50 years ago. On the anniversary day of her wedding she will go to the bureau, she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper, and to her eyes will be exposed the half-blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her, and a tear will drop upon the flower, and suddenly it is transfigured, and there is a stir in the dust of the anther, and it rounds out, and it is full of life, and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church aisle, and the dead music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air, and vanished faces reappear, and right hands are joined, and a manly voice promises: "I will, for better or for worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of joy at the departing crowd, but a sigh on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep-fetched breath the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud, which is put into the paper and then into the box, and the box carefully placed in the bureau, and with a sharp, sudden click of the lock the scene is over.

Ah, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers on your wedding day be false prophecies. Be blind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellencies. Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand, and the benediction of the call lilies.

If you ask me the question: "What are flowers good for?" I answer, they are good to honor and comfort the obsequies. The worst grass ever made into the side of our poor earth is the grass of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable, that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery. What a contrast between a grave in a country churchyard, with the fence broken down and the tombstone aslant and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the mullein stalks and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Greenwood, the wave of rosette bloom rolling to the top of the mounds and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the pillows of dust. It is the difference between sleeping under rags and under an embroidered blanket. We want old Mortality with his chisel to go through all the graveyards in Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand we want old Mortality to have some flower seed in the palm of the other hand.

"Oh," you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them." I think you are mistaken. There are not so many steamers and trains coming to any living city as there are convoys coming from Heaven to earth, and if there be instantaneous and constant communication between this world and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why has God planted golden-rod and wild flowers in the forest and on the prairie, where no human eye ever sees them? He planted them there for invisible intelligences to look at and admire, and when invisible intelligences come to look at the wild flowers of the woods and the table lands, will they not make excursion and see the flowers which you have planted in affection and remembrance of them?

When I am dead I would like to have a handful of violets—anyone could pluck them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water lily—nothing rarely expensive, no insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites, when the display takes the bread from the children's mouths and the clothes from their backs, but something from the great democracy of flowers. Rather than imperial catafalque of Russian czar, I ask some one whom I may have helped by a Gospel sermon or Christian deed to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of China asters.

It was left for modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral gospel. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we must have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain. If I had my way, I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden-handled casket or pine box, whether a king's mausoleum or potter's field, with radiant or aromatic arborenescence. The Bible says: "In the midst of the garden there was a sepulcher." I wish that every sepulcher might be in the midst of a garden.

If you asked me the question: "What are flowers good for?" I answer: "For religious symbolism." Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bible is an arboretum, it is a Divine conservatory, it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the brightest human life you will quote from Job: "Man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the psalmist: "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah: "All flesh is grass, and the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the apostle: "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away." What graphic Bible symbolism!

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Though morning and night you baptize them in the name of the shower, the baptism will not be to them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cut them. They are bleeding their life away; they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending spirits. Oh, yes! Flowers are almost human. Botanists tell us that flowers breathe, they take nourishment, they eat, they drink. They are sensitive, they have their likes and dislikes. They sleep, they wake. They live in families. They have their ancestors and their descendants, their birth, their burial, their cradle, their grave. The zephyr rocks the one and the storm digs the trench for the other. The cowslip must leave its gold, the lily must have its silver, the rose must leave its diamond necklace of morning dew. Dust to dust. So we come up, so we prosper, we spread abroad, we die, as the flower—as the flower!

Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changeest not, abide with me!

Flowers also afford mighty symbolism of Christ, who compared Himself to the ancient queen, the lily, and the modern queen, the rose, when He said: "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." Redolent like the one, humble like the other. Like both, appropriate for the sad who want sympathizers and for the rejoicing who want banqueters. Hovering over the marriage ceremony like a wedding bell or folded like a chalice on the pulseless heart of the dead. O Christ, let the perfume of Thy name be wafted all around the earth—lily and rose, lily and rose—until the wilderness crimson into a garden and the round earth turn into one great bud of immortal beauty laid against the warm heart of God. Snatch down from the world's banners eagle and lion and put on lily and rose, lily and rose.

But, my friends, flowers have no grander use than when on Easter morning we celebrate the reanimation of Christ from the catacombs. The flowers spell resurrection. There is not a nook or corner in all the building but is touched with the incense. The women carried spices to the tomb of Christ, and they dropped spices all around about the tomb, and from these spices have grown all the flowers of Easter morn. The two white-robed angels that hurled the stone away from the door of the tomb hurled it with such violence down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulcher, and millions of dead shall come forth.

However labyrinthine the mausoleum, however costly the sarcophagus, however architecturally grand the necropolis, however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and mother, they must come out. Husband and wife, they must come out. Brothers and sisters, they must come out. Our darling children, they must come out. The eyes that with trembling fingers we closed must open in the luster of resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must join ours in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be returned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues. It must come up. Oh, how long it seems to some of you! Waiting, waiting for the resurrection. How long, how long! I make for your broken hearts to-day a cool, soft bandage of lilies. I comfort you this day with the thought of resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's cathedral in London, the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were 30 trumpeters stationed at the door of the cathedral, with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's cathedral, these 30 trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on. But I have to tell you, what 30 trumpeters could not do for one man, one trumpeter will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on, and the clock of the world's destiny strikes 9, 10, 11, 12, and time shall be no longer!

Behold the archangel hovering! He takes the trumpet, points it this way, puts its lips to his lips and then blows one long, loud, terrific, thunderous, reverberating and resurrectionary blast! Look, look! They rise! The dead—the dead! some coming forth from the family vault, some from the city cemetery, some from the country graveyard. Here a spirit is joined to its body, and here another spirit is joined to another body, and millions of departed spirits are asserting the bodies, and then reclothing themselves in forms radiant for ascension.

The earth begins to burn—the bonfire of a great victory. All ready now for the procession of reconstructed humanity! Upward and away! Christ leads, and all the Christian dead follow, battalion after battalion, nation after nation. Up, up! On, on! Forward, ye ranks of God Almighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates and let the conquerors come in! Resurrection! Resurrection!

And so I twist all the festal flowers of the chapels and cathedrals of all Christendom into one great chain, and with that chain I bind the Easter morning of 1899 with the closing Easter of the world's history—resurrection! May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will.

Not Approved.

Uncle Amos—What does this mean about woman bein' a "ministerin' angel?"

Uncle Hiram—Oh, I s'pose it's one of them silly, new-fangled notions about women goin' in the pulpit.—Brooklyn Life.

BREEDING OF HORSES.

Great Care Must Be Exercised in the Selection of the Type.

It requires six years from the time of breeding until we have the animal of marketable age generally sought for. The best time to go into the business of horse breeding is when breeding stock is cheap—little or no demands in the markets—when selections of the desired types and blood can be carefully made with the adaptation of both sires and dams to be coupled together for the most uniform results, with the view of improving all the good qualities of our horses and eradicating their defects, at a reasonable outlay of money.

To maintain any of the specific types of horses, we must confine ourselves in the selection of breeding animals to the desired type, let it be draft, coach, carriage or road horses, and never try to improve either type by crossing one type with another. By so doing we are in great danger of losing the good qualities of both and all subsequent breeding will be more or less queer work.

While we may confine all our horse breeding to a specific type, we cannot expect to overcome the imperfections of many of the individual of the type, without very careful selection of the brood mares and stallions that should be mated together for the improvement of that type, and herein lies the great secret of the improvement of all the types of our best horses. Thousands upon thousands of farmers in the last decade have had some experience in cross breeding, or rather "haphazard" breeding from which the country became flooded with a great mass of horseflesh that they themselves did not want and there proved to be no sale for at living prices, which should be a lesson for all in future efforts in horse breeding.

A Sensible Harness.

The horse is entitled to better treatment than he receives, as a rule. One of the main sources of irritation to which he is subjected is the check rein, and the use of this torture has been so common that it is frequently used when the animal is doing hard farm work. The result is that he cannot accomplish anywhere near as much work as he could if the check were not used. This illustration shows a model harness that may be made light for road use and heavy for farm work. Its main features are a well fitting



Age of sheep.

Merino sheep retain their teeth longer than any of the coarser or mutton breeds. At one year old the lamb teeth are intact, smooth, even and of uniform appearance, at 2 years the center teeth give place to two broad incisors, at 3 years two more white teeth take the place of the next two lamb teeth, likewise two more wide ones will appear at the end of the fourth year and at the end of the fifth year all of the lamb teeth will have disappeared and be supplanted by the larger ones. This is what is termed a full mouth. They will as a rule retain their broad and uniform appearance until the sheep are 7 and 8 years old. Ordinarily, at 7 years of age, the two front teeth will begin to show signs of separating; the first appearance of this will be a V shaped aperture at the top, directly in the center, which gradually widens as they grow older; at 9 and 10 years of age they will begin to drop out. These conditions of the teeth will vary some according to the condition of the animals, the way they are fed, bred and handled. In winter lambs they will develop earlier, in some instances they will have full mouths when 4 years old.

Care of Horses Hoofs.

Horses are confined to stables more in winter than in summer, and as a consequence their feet are more apt to become diseased, especially when kept upon dry board floors. The front feet are always more affected than the hind, becoming hard and brittle. To prevent this I have found that a little pure cod liver oil applied once in two or three days by means of a rag or soft brush is a great aid. Rub over the outside surface of the hoof and also the frog and sole. Apply it at night and it will have plenty of time to penetrate into the horny substance and dry off before using next morning. It is all important that superfluous growth be trimmed off occasionally.

Color Is Not a Factor.

The fact that a hog may be white, black or red does not operate for or against him in the general market. Some buyers prefer white hogs, but this feeling is not pronounced and no premium is paid for white porkers.

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Advertisement for Dietz Driving Lamp. Includes text about the lamp's features and a diagram of the lamp.

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, 3:50 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 at 7:40; at Pittsburg at 11:50

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 11:10; at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia 3:47 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 8:20 p.m.; at Philadelphia 4:30 a.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:22 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 4:44 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven at 5:30 p.m.; at Williamsport, 5:50 p.m.; at Philadelphia 6:23 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1:42 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 2:45 p.m., Williamsport, 3:50 p.m., Harrisburg, 7:10 p.m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte at 6:30 a.m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9:15 a.m., Harrisburg, 11:30 a.m., Philadelphia, 3:50 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 Lewisburg & Tyrone Railroad.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

WESTWARD. EASTWARD.

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

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 7:50 a.m. " 2:52 " 4:30 " 11:20 a.m. " 3:15 " 5:20 "

Arrive at Bellefonte 1:42 p.m. " 5:20 " For rates, maps, etc., apply to ticket agent or address Theo. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 361 Sixth Ave., Pittsburg.

J. B. HUTCHINSON Gen'l. Manager

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BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

To take effect Feb. 7, 1898.

WESTWARD. EASTWARD.

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 DOWNS and READ UP, listing stations and times for Central Railroad of Pennsylvania.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

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* Daily. † Week Days. ‡ 6:00 p.m. Sunday 1 10:50 a.m. Sunday.

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