

ALL IN GOD'S HANDS.

Dr. Talmage on Divine Interposition in Human Affairs.

Fate of Nations as Well as of Individuals Settled in Heaven—World Not Governed in a Haphazard Way.

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The idea that things in this world are at loose ends and going at haphazard is in this discourse combated by Dr. Talmage. The text is Psalm 119, 8: "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in Heaven."

This world has been in process of change ever since it was created—mountains born, mountains dying, and they have both cradled and grave. Once this planet was all fluid, and no being such as you or I have ever seen could have lived on it a minute. Our hemisphere turns its face to the sun and then turns its back. The axis of the earth's revolution has shifted. The earth's center of gravity is changed. Once flowers grew in the arctic and there was snow in the tropics. There has been a redistribution of land and sea, the land crumbling into the sea, the sea swallowing the land. Ice and fire have fought for the possession of this planet. The chemical composition of it is different now from what it once was. Volcanoes once terribly alive are dead, not one throb of fiery pulse, not one breath of vapor—the ocean changing its amount of saline quantities. The internal fires of the earth are gradually eating their way to the surfaces—upheaval and subsidence of vast realms of continent.

High up in the palace of the sun at least five things are settled—that nations which go continuously and persistently wrong perish; that happiness is the result of spiritual condition and not of earthly environment; that this world is a schoolhouse for splendid or disgraceful graduation; that with or without us the world is to be made over into a scene of arborescence; that the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off.

Do you doubt my first proposition—that nations which go wrong perish? We have in this American nation all the elements of permanence and destruction. We need not borrow from others any trowels for upbuilding or torches for demolition. Elements of ruin—nihilism, infidelity, agnosticism, Sabbath desecration, inebriety, sensuality, extravagance, fraud; they are all here. Elements of safety—God-worshiping men and women by the scores of millions, honesty, benevolence, truthfulness, self sacrifice, industry, sobriety and more religion than has characterized any nation that has ever existed; they are all here. The only question is as to which of the forces will gain dominancy—the one class ascendant, and this United States government, I think, will continue as long as the world exists; the other class ascendant, and the United States goes into such small pieces that other governments would hardly think them worth picking up.

Have you ever noticed the size of the cemetery of dead nations, the vast Greenwood and Pere le Chaise, where mighty kingdoms were buried? Open the gate and walk through this cemetery and read the epitaphs. Here lies Carthage, born 100 years before Rome, great commercial metropolis on the bay of Tunis, a part of an empire that gave the alphabet to the Greeks and their great language to the Hebrews; her arms the terror of nations, commanding at one time 16,000 miles of coast; her Hamilcar leading forth 30 myriads, or 300,000 troops; her Hannibal carrying out in manhood the oath he had taken in boyhood to preserve eternal enmity to Rome, leaving costly and imposing monuments at Agrigentum a ghastly heap of ruins; Carthage, her colonies on every coast, her ships plowing every sea; Carthage—where are her splendors now? All extinguished. Where are her swords? The last one broken. Where are her towers and long ranges of magnificent architecture? Buried under the sands of the Bagradas. As ballast of foreign ships much of her radiant marble has been carried away to build the walls of trans-Mediterranean cathedrals, while other blocks have been blasted in modern times by the makers of the Tunis railway. And all of that great and mighty city and kingdom that the tourist finds to-day is here and there a broken arch of what was once a 50-mile aqueduct. Our talented and genial friend, Henry M. Field, in one of his matchless books of travel, labors hard to prove that the slight ruins of that city are really worth visiting. Carthage buried in the cemetery of dead nations. Not one altar to the true God did she rear. Not one of the Ten Commandments was she conspicuously violated. Her doom was settled in Heaven when it was decided far back in the eternities that the nation and kingdom that will not serve God shall perish.

Our own nation will be judged by the same moral laws by which all other nations have been judged. The judgment day for individuals will probably come far on in the future. Judgment day for nations is every day, every day weighed, every day approved or every day condemned. Never before in the history of this country has the American nation been more surely in the balances than it is this minute. Do right, and we go up. Do wrong, and we go down. I am not so anxious to know what this statesman or that warrior thinks we had better do with Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines as I am anxious to know what God thinks we had better do. The destiny of this

nation will not be decided on yonder capitoline hill or at Manila or at the presidential ballot box, for it will be settled in Heaven.

Another thing decided in the high places of the universe is that this world, with or without us, will be made over into a scene of arborescence and purity. Do not think that such a consummation depends upon our personal fidelity. It will be done anyhow. God's cause does not go a-begging. If all the soldiers of Jesus Christ now living should become deserters and go over to the enemy, that would not defeat the cause. A large part of the Bible is taken up with telling us what the world will be. There is a large army, human and angelic, now in the field, but God's reserve forces are more numerous and more mighty than those now at the front, and if He could in Gideon's time rout the Midianites with a crash of crockery, and if He could in Shagar's time overcome a host with an ox goad, and if in Samson's time He could defeat an army with a bleached jawbone, and if the walls of Jericho went down under a blast of perforated ram's horn, and if in Christ's day blind eyes were cured by ointment of spittle, then God can do anything He says He will do. As yet He has taken only one sword out of a whole army of weapons. Do not get nervous, as if the Lord were going to be defeated. The redemption of these hemispheres was settled in Heaven, and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Habakkuk and Malachi and St. John only reported what the Lord God Almighty had decided upon. My only fear is that our regiment will not get into the fight to do something worthy of the Christ who redeemed us and we be left in lazy encampment at Tampa when we ought to have been at Santiago.

Oh, that coming day of the world's perfection! The earth will be so changed that the sermology will be changed. There will be no more calls to repentance, for all will have been enriched; no more gathering of alms for the poor, for the poor will have been enriched; no hospital Sunday, for diseased bones will have been set and the wounds all healed, and the incurable diseases of other times will have been overcome by a materia medica and a pharmacy and a dentistry and a therapeutics that have conquered everything that afflicted the nerve or lung or tooth or eye or limb—healthology complete and universal. The poultice and the ointment and the panacea and the catholicon and the surgeon's knife and the dentist's forceps and the scientist's X ray will have fulfilled their mission. The social life of the world will be perfected. In that millennial age I imagine ourselves standing in front of a house lighted for levee. We enter among groups filled with gladness and talking good sense and rallying each other in pleasantries and in every possible way forwarding good neighborhood; no looking askance, no whispered backbitings, no strut of pretension, no oblivion of some one's presence because you do not want to know him; each one happy, determined on making some one else happy; words of honest appreciation instead of hollow flattery; civilities and genialities instead of insinuations and pomposities; equanimity and upholstery and sculpture and painting paid for; two hours of mental and moral improvement; all the guests able to walk as steadily down the steps of that mansion as when they ascended them; no awakening next morning with aching head and bloodshot eye and incompetent for the day's duties; the social life as perfect as refinement and common sense and culture and prosperity and religion can make it; the earth made better than it was at the start, and all through gospelizing influences, directly or indirectly.

I suppose the greatest tidal wave that ever rolled the seas was that which in 1868 was started by the Peruvian earthquake. At Arica, Peru, the wave was 50 feet high and swung warships a mile forward on the land. At San Pedro, Cal., the wave was 60 feet high. It moved on to the Sandwich islands and submerged some of them and beat against the shores of New Zealand and rolled up the beach of Japan and stopped not until it had encircled the entire globe. Oh, what a wave! But the earthquake that shook the mountain where our Lord died started a higher and swifter and mightier tidal wave that will roll round and round the earth until all its rebellions and abominations have gone under.

That was an exciting scene after the battle of Bosworth, which was fought between Richard III. and the earl of Richmond, the king falling and the earl triumphing, when Lord Stanley brought the crown and handed it to the earl, seated on horseback, while the dying and the dead of the battle were lying all around. But it is a more thrilling spectacle as we look forward through the centuries and see the last armed and imperial iniquity of the world slain and the crown of universal victory put upon the conqueror and all nations "hall the power of Jesus' name." That the whole earth will be redeemed is one of the things long ago settled in Heaven.

Another thing decided in that high place is that all who are adjointed to the unparalleled One of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha will be the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off. The old adage says that "beggars must not be choosers," and the human race in its depleted state had better not be critical of the mode by which God would emplace all of us. I could easily think of a plan more complimentary to our fallen humanity than that which is called the "plan of salvation." If God had allowed us to do part of the work of recovery and He do the rest, if we could do three-quarters of it and He do the last quarter, if we could accomplish most of it and He just put on the finishing touches, many could look with more complacency upon the projected reinstatement of the human family. No soul

We must have our pride subjugated, our stubborn will made flexible and a supernatural power deconstructed in us at every step. A pretty plan of salvation that would be, of human drafting and manufacturing! It would be a doxology sung to ourselves. God must have all the glory, not one step of our heavenly throne made by earthly carpentry; not one string could we twist of the harp of our eternal rejoicing. Accept all as an unmerited donation from the skies, or we will never have it at all.

"Now," says some one, "if Christ is the only way what about the heathen, who have never heard of Him?" But you are not heathen, and why divert us from the question of our personal salvation? Satan is always introducing something irrelevant. He wants to take it out of a personality into an abstraction. Get our own salvation settled, and then we will discuss the salvation of other people. "But," says some one, "what percentage of the human race will be saved? What will be the comparative number saved and lost?" There Satan thrusts in the mathematics of redemption. He suggests that you find out the mathematical proportion of the redeemed. But he is not received. I am now discussing the eternal welfare of only two persons, yourself and myself. Get ourselves right before we bother ourselves about getting others right. O Christ, come hitting and master our case! Here are our sins—pardon them; our wounds—heal them; our burdens—lift them; our sorrows—comfort them. We want the Christ of Laramie to open our blind eyes, the Christ of Martha to help us in our domestic cares, the Christ of Olivet to help us preach our sermons, the Christ of Lake Galilee to still our tempests, the Christ of Lazarus to raise our dead. Not too tired is He to come, though He has on His whipped shoulders so long carried the world's woe and on His lacerated feet walked this way to accept our salvation.

By the bloody throes of the mountain on which Jesus died, and by the sepulcher where His mutilated body was inclosed in darkened crypt and by the Olivet from which He arose, while astonished disciples clutched for His robes to detain Him in their companionship, and by the radiant and omnipotent throne on which He sits waiting for the coming of all those whose redemption was settled in Heaven, I implore you to bow your head in immediate and final submission. Once exercise sorrow for what you have done and exercise trust in Him for what He is willing to do, and all is well for both worlds. Then you can swing out defiance to all opposition, human and diabolic. In conquering His foes He conquered yours. And have you noticed that passage in Colossians that represents Him "having despoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them, openly triumphing," so bringing before us that overwhelming spectacle of a Roman triumph?

When Pompey landed at Brindisi, Italy, returned from his victories, he disbanded the brave men who had fought under him and sent them rejoicing to their homes, and, entering Rome, his emblazoned chariot was followed by princes in chains from kingdoms he had conquered, and flowers such as only grew under those Italian skies strewed the way, and he came under arches inscribed with the names of battlefields on which he had triumphed and rode by columns which told of the 1,500 cities he had destroyed and the 12,000,000 people he had conquered or slain. Then the banquet was spread, and out of the chalices filled to throb him they drank to the health of the conqueror. Belisarius, the great soldier, returned from his military achievements and was robed in purple, and in the procession were brought golden thrones and pillars of precious stones and the furniture of royal feasts, and amid the splendors of kingdoms overcome he was hailed to the hippodrome by shouts such as had seldom rung through the capital. Then also came the convivalities. In the year 374 Aurelian made his entrance to Rome in triumphal car, in which he stood while a winged figure of Victory held a wreath above his head. Zenobia, captive queen of Palmyra, walked behind his chariot, her person encircled with fetters of gold, under the weight of which she nearly fainted, but still a captive. And there were in the procession 200 lions and tigers and beasts of many lands and 1,600 gladiators executed from the cruel amphitheater that they might decorate the day, and Persian and Arabian and Ethiopian ambassadors were in the procession and the long lines of captives, Egyptians, Syrians, Gauls, Goths and Vandals.

It was to such scenes that the New Testament refers when it spoke of Christ "having despoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them, openly triumphing." But, oh, the difference in those triumphs! The Roman triumph represented arrogance, cruelty, oppression and wrong, but Christ's triumph meant emancipation and holiness and joy. The former was a procession of groans accompanied by a clank of chains, the other a procession of hosannas by millions set forever free. The only shackles of Christ's triumph will be Satan and his cohorts tied to our Lord's chariot wheel, with all the abominations of all the earth bound for an eternal captivity. Then will come a feast in which the chalices will be filled "with the new wine of the kingdom." Under arches commemorative of all the battles in which the bannered armies of the church militant through thousands of years of struggle have at last won the day Jesus will ride, Conqueror of earth and hell and Heaven. Those armies, disbanded, will take palaces and thrones. "And they shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God." And may you and I, through the pardoning and sanctifying grace of Christ, be guests at that royal banquet!

LAST OF THE RACE.

A Remnant of Oldest of California Indian Tribes.

Aged Survivors of the Tanches with Whom Will Die the Name of a Once Feared and Respected People.

On the high table land of El Dorado county, between the north and middle forks of the Cosumnes river and among the lofty Sierra peaks, lives a remnant of the oldest of old Californian tribes. Once, ages before California knew the face of white man, the race was 3,000 strong—tall, straight and powerful. The tribal name was Tanche (the cat)—one feared and respected throughout the mountains. Now but five are left. Civilization and time have all but exterminated the race; still the wonderful vitality of the old stock remains, for these five are not only tribally the most ancient of North American natives, but individually are the oldest in the world.

With these five will die the name of Tanche, for the youngest is 95, and the old grandmother, Unchupus, has already seen 145 California winters. When Sutter was first heard of by the Indians, Unchupus' great-granddaughter was married and had three children almost grown. Of the present survivors, Oe, the daughter, is 120 years old; Unchup, the son, is 102; Olomia, the niece, is 95; while Burnt Jim, the grandson, is 104. Burnt Jim once had an Indian name, but upon the advent of the whites he acquired the fire-water habit and during a celebration had a sudden burst of conviviality which landed him face down in the camp fire. This second christening dubbed him "Burnt Jim" on the spot.

The quietest, with the exception of old Unchupus, wait on themselves and work for their living of game, roots and acorns.

They have no legal standing, no property and no agency. Under the law they are but trespassers upon the unimproved land of the whites—ignored and unmolested.

The old grandmother is sleeping out her second century. She wakens merely to take nourishment. Her hair is as white as carded wool and her flesh has wasted away from inactivity until naught but skin and bone remains. They have to lead her like a baby—of an animated wrinkle—when she walks.

These old Indians, having no children of their own, they have persuaded two families of young Indians from another tribe to camp on their grounds. Toward them they display the greatest affection, but to strangers they are invariably taciturn and cold.

Their habits and crude hovels resemble those of the wild animals among whom they have lived; still they have their own ideas of law, and to these and the ancient rites of the Tanche they cling with tribal fanaticism. One of their customs as a tribe has been the privilege of the daughters, between the ages of 13 and 20, to sell themselves in marriage, the proceeds going to the parents and no dowry to the wigwams of their lords.

On a small knoll in the center of the camp stands the oldest pow-wow wigwam in all America. It is circular, 78 feet in diameter, and the walls are of upright slabs, four feet high. It was built 130 years ago from crude cedar carried 12 miles on the backs of the braves and chopped out with stone axes. Originally the walls were seven feet high, but the structure has been moved three times and made smaller as the Tanches were gradually stricken down. Four huge logs 14 feet high support the center of the cone-shaped roof; and between these was built the pow-wow fire on state occasions, when the chiefs sat at council and watched the smoke curl up through the opening at the top.

Here are kept their dancing gear—bright caps of crow and yellow-hammer feathers and queer rattles of split sticks. At a celebration the drum seems to have been the main part of the entertainment, for it is a colossal affair of resonant boards built over a hole in the ground and operated by the stamping feet of the biggest buck in the tribe. During a dance the squaws were kept busy cooking, and the rule was eat and dance, dance and eat, until in their fanatical excitement the bucks, rolling like swine at a trough, shrieked, yelled and gorged themselves until they fell senseless—or dead.

One of their old traditions is that some day the dead Indians will all return and restore the game so ruthlessly slaughtered by the whites. Until that time arrives a beautiful Indian princess is supposed to come once a year to the council wigwam—called forth by horrible and mythical incantations—and advise them what to do that no famine may be visited upon them.

Their cooking is interesting, although not particularly appetizing. Having no metal saucepans, they use water-tight grass baskets. Into these they put corn meal and water to the consistency of starch, then drop in hot rocks that give the stuff a warm if not cooked taste. The soup is well stirred, poured into water-tight grass bowls and eaten with much gusto.—San Francisco Examiner.

Science, the final authority, had long since decreed crime to be a disease. Accordingly, when a man killed his wife and children his friends were very apprehensive for his health. In no small anxiety they waited the progress of the malady. But the next day the man killed only his grandmother and one of the servants; it was plain he was mending. The attending physicians issued hopeful bulletins, predicting that within a week or so the man wouldn't be killing anybody to speak of.—Detroit Journal.

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Table of railroad schedules for the Pennsylvania Railroad and branches, including routes like York-Westward, York-Eastward, and Lock Haven-Northward.

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

Table of railroad schedules for the Lewisburg & Tyrona Railroad, showing westward and eastward routes.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

Table of railroad schedules for the Bald Eagle Valley, showing westward and eastward routes.

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

Table of railroad schedules for the Bellefonte & Snowshoe Branch, showing westward and eastward routes.

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