

THE IMPERIAL ORGAN

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Wonders of the Eye.

The Two Great Lights of the Human Face—How They Are Honored Throughout the Bible—Windows of the Soul.

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In this discourse Dr. Talmage, in his own way, calls attention to that part of the human body never perhaps discussed upon in the pulpit and challenges us all to the study of omniscience. Text, Psalm 94:9: "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omniscience—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning."

Irreverence—"the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride—"oh, how lofty are their eyes." Inattention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivet sermon—"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human race, but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom, He would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for 30 years that some scientist with enough eloquence and magnetism did not go through the country with illustrated lectures on canvas 30 feet square to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities, and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygomyxillary fissures, the sclerotic and the chiasmata of the optic nerve and in plain, common parlance which you and I and everybody can understand present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our origin is and what we were. Oh, if some one should come forth from the dissecting table and from the classroom of the university and take the platform, and, asking the help of the Creator, demonstrate the wonders of what we are! If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, it is only to bring out in plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text: "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

I suppose my text referred to the human eye, since it excels all others in structure and adaptation. The eyes of fish and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things because they are not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the human eyes have less faculty than the two human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under the water and two eyes above the water, but the four insectile are not equal to the two human. Man placed at the head of all living creatures must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which if through some crevice of the mountain they should go into the sunlight might be developed into positive eyesight.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God without any consultation created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when He was about to make man He called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And, if God called a convention of divinity to create man, I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists, that there are 800 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters, the eyelids opening and closing 30,000 times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust: "Stay out," and saying to the light: "Come in." For inside curtain, the iris or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye so marvelously constructed it can see both by day and by night.

Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye, so marvelously constructed, has one muscle to lift the eye and another muscle to lower the eye and another muscle to roll it to the right and another muscle to roll it to the left and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round, an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them.

There is also the retina gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve about the thickness of the lamp wick, passing the visual impression on to the sensorium and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye! The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril, a contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun 95,000,000 miles away and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance. The astronomer swings and moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the telescope until he gets it to the right focus. The microscopist moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the magnifying glass until it is prepared to do its work, but the human eye without a touch beholds the star and the smallest insect. The traveler along the Alps with one glance takes in Mont Blanc and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to climb it. Oh, this wonderful camera obscura which you and I carry about with us so from the top of Mount Washington we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and yet the light coming 95,000,000 miles at the rate of 200,000 miles a second is obliged to halt at the gate of the eye, waiting until the portullis be lifted. Something hurled 95,000,000 miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke.

There also is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland by which the eye is washed and through which rolls the tide which brings relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands and that the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh, the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye! Divinely constructed vision. Two light-houses at the harbor of the immortal soul under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor.

What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen the eye flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips. The eyes of Archibald Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of their sermons. George Whitefield enthralled great assemblies with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chief-tain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye the tiger, with five times a man's strength, snarls back into the African jungle.

How it adds to John Milton's sublimity of character when we find him at the call of duty sacrificing his eyesight. Through studying at late hours and trying all kinds of medicament to preserve his sight he had for 12 years been coming toward blindness, and after awhile one eye was entirely gone. His physician warned him that if he continued reading and writing he would lose the other eye. But he kept on with his work and said after sitting in total darkness: "The choice lay before me between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight. In such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Aesculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary. I could not but obey that inward monitor. I know not what spoke to me from Heaven." Who of us would have grace enough to sacrifice our eyes at the call of duty?

But, thank God, some have been enabled to see without very good eyes. Gen. Havelock, the son of the more famous Gen. Havelock, told me this concerning his father: In India, while his father and himself, with the army, were encamped one evening time after a long march, Gen. Havelock called up his soldiers and addressed them, saying in words as near as I can recollect: "Soldiers, there are two or three hundred women, children and men at Cawnpur at the mercy of Nana Sahib and his butchers. Those poor people may any

hour be sacrificed. How many of you will go with me for the rescue of those women and children? I know you are all worn out, and so am I, but all those who will march with me to save those women and children hold up your hand." Then Havelock said: "It is almost dark, and my eyesight is very poor, and I cannot see your raised hands, but I know they are all up. Forward to Cawnpur!" That hero's eyes, though almost extinguished in the service of God and his country, could see across India and across the centuries. But let anybody who has one good eye be thankful, and all who have two good eyes be twice as thankful. Take care of your eyes and thank God every morning when you open them for capacity to see the light. I do not wonder at the behavior of a poor man in France. He had been born blind, but was a skillful groom in the stables. A surgeon, riding up one evening, gave his horses into the care of the blind groom. Late at night the traveling surgeon went to the stables and found the groom still at work upon the horses, and the grateful and sympathetic surgeon resolved in the morning to reward the blind groom with money. But in the night the surgeon bethought himself that perhaps he could give the groom something better than money. In the morning he said to the blind groom: "Step out into the sunshine! You are 40 years of age. I could surely have cured your blindness if I had seen you sooner, but come to Paris, and I will give you sight if you do not die under the operation." Paving the poor man's way to Paris, the operation was successful. For the first time the man saw his wife and children, and having taken a good look at them he turned and said: "Let me look up my friend, the surgeon, who has opened all this beautiful world to me and shown me my loved ones." Was not that glorious? Only those who have not been restored from utter blindness can appreciate the omnipotent blessing of eyesight.

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You often find in a book of manuscript a star calling your attention to a footnote or explanation. That star the printer calls an asterisk. But all the stars of the night heavens are asterisks calling your attention to God, an all-observing God. Our every nerve a Divine handwriting. Our every muscle a pulley Divinely swung. Our every bone sculptured with Divine suggestiveness. Our every eye a reflection of the Divine eye. God above us and God beneath us and God before us and God behind us and God within us. What a stupendous thing to live! What a stupendous thing to die! No such thing as hidden transgression.

A dramatic advocate in olden times at night in a courtroom, persuaded of the innocence of his client charged with murder and of the guilt of the witness who was trying to swear the poor man's life away—that advocate took up two bright lamps and thrust them close up to the face of the jury, and cried: "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, behold the murderer!" and the man practically under that awful glare confessed that he was the criminal instead of the man arraigned at the bar. Oh, my friends, our most hidden sin is a brighter light than that! It is under the burning eye of God!

He is not a blind giant stumbling through the Heavens. He is not a blind monarch feeling for the step of his chariot. Are you wronged? He sees it. Are you poor? He sees it. Have you domestic perturbation of which the world knows nothing? He sees it. "Oh, you say, 'my affairs are so insignificant I can't realize that God sees me and sees my affairs!' Can you see the point of a pin? Can you see the point of a needle? Can you see a mote in the sunbeam? And has God given you that power of minute observation and does He not possess it Himself? 'He that formed the eye, shall He not see?'"

You say: "God is in one world and I am in another world. He seems so far off from me I don't really think He sees what is going on in my life." Can you see the sun 95,000,000 miles away, and do you not think God has as prolonged vision? But you say: "There are phases of my life and there are colors, shades of color in my annoyances and my vexations that I don't think God can understand." Does not God gather up all the colors and all the shades of color in the rainbow? And do you suppose there is any phase or any shade in your life that He has not gathered up in His own heart?

Besides that, I want to tell you it will soon all be over, this struggle. That eye of yours, so exquisitely fashioned and strung and hinged and roofed will before long close in the last slumber. Loving hands will smooth down the silken fringes. So He giveth His beloved sleep.

A legend of St. Protobert is that his mother was blind and he was so sorely pained by the misfortune that one day in sympathy he kissed her eyes and by miracle she saw everything. But it is not a legend when I tell you that all the blind eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss of the resurrection morn shall gloriously open. Oh, what a day that will be for those who went groping through this world under perpetual obscuration or were dependent on the hand of a friend or with an uncertain staff felt the way, and for the aged of dim sight, about whom it might be said that "they which look out of the windows be darkened," when eternal daybreak comes in!

What a beautiful epitaph that was for a tombstone in a European cemetery: "Here reposes in God Katrina, a saint 85 years of age and blind. The light was restored to her May 10, 1840."

The Richest Gold Mine. It is estimated that greater quantities of gold and silver have been sunk in the sea than are now in circulation on earth.

DOINGS OF CONGRESS

WHAT OUR NATIONAL LAWMAKERS ARE CONSIDERING.

Some of the More Important Work of the National Congress—Bills that the Committees Report Favorably Upon—Washington Topics.

The report of the Senate Committee on Elections, together with the views of the minority, has been presented to the Senate. The report of the majority, which is signed by Senators Caffery, Pettus, Turley, Harris and Barrows, is an exhaustive paper, in which all the precedents are cited and fully discussed. The conclusion reached by the majority is in accordance with the precedents, and is based upon the general proposition that whenever the Legislature has had the right and opportunity to fill a vacancy, either before or after it begins, the Executive cannot lawfully appoint. The report covers thirteen closely-written pages, and the views of the minority ten pages. They are both able papers, and are likely to have a great value in regard to similar cases occurring in the future. The majority recommend the adoption of a resolution declaring that Colonel Quay is not entitled to the office in the First building, opposite court house. Prompt attention to all legal business.

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J. H. Wetzel, Attorney-at-law—Office in Crider's Exchange. Special attention given to surveying and engineering.

W. C. Heinle, Attorney-at-law—in building opposite court house. Consultation in German and English.

John M. Keichline, Attorney-at-law and Justice of the Peace—in opera house block, opposite court house.

J. C. Meyer, Attorney-at-law—in Crider's Exchange. Ex-district attorney. German and English. Prompt attention to all business.

James W. Alexander, Attorney-at-law—in High street, near court house. Practices in all the courts.

William J. Singer, Attorney-at-law—in Temple Court building, room No. 21, fourth floor.

The Senate has passed the bill authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to construct of steel instead of wood the proposed dry docks at the navy yard at League Island, Pennsylvania, and Mare Island, California. In the House the Pension Appropriation bill, carrying \$145,245,250, has been passed after a sharp debate. Representative Payne, of New York, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, has introduced a bill to extend the customs laws of the United States to Puerto Rico, and make it a customs district. The Senate will take the final vote on the Financial bill Feb. 15. The House resolution of inquiry regarding the conduct of the Philippine war has been adopted, as was also the Hale resolution relative to the seizure of flour by the British. In the course of the debate of the urgent deficiency bill in the House an attack was made by Mr. Richardson on the Secretary of the Treasury for his course in connection with the New York Custom House sale. Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, defended the Secretary. The Senate has ratified the Samoan treaty. The Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals has agreed unanimously to report a bill for the construction of the Nicaragua Canal.

THE MOLINEUX CASE.

Brief Summary of the Evidence Against the Prisoner.

The case of the people against Roland B. Molineux, on trial for murder in New York City by poison, has ended so far as the prosecution is concerned, and the defence has just begun. Briefly the prosecution's case stands thus: Harry S. Cornish has described his receipt by mail of a bottle of bromo seltzer. Mrs. Kate Adams took of this bromo seltzer and died. Prof. Witthaus, an expert chemist, found cyanide of mercury in fatal quantity in Mrs. Adams' body. A box of Kutnow powder, harmless in itself, was sent by mail to Henry C. Barnett. Prof. Witthaus found cyanide of mercury in Barnett's body. The best experts in handwriting, from all over the country, besides bank tellers, have sworn that it is absolutely certain that Molineux wrote the address on the poison package mailed to Cornish, as well as the letters falsely signed Barnett and Cornish, which ask for samples of patent medicine. The experts reached their decision after long and careful study of many pieces of Molineux's authenticated hand-writing and comparison of them of the writings in dispute. Nicholas Heckmann and Joseph J. Koch, proprietors of private letter boxes, have positively identified Molineux as the man who either rented them or came to ask about them. Some of the letters signed "Barnett" and "Cornish" were written on blue paper decorated with three silver crescents intertwined. Mamie Meland has reluctantly sworn that Molineux had such paper in his possession. Various witnesses have sworn that Molineux disliked Cornish because of a quarrel between them in the Kniekerbocker Athletic Club. The State has shown a reason for hatred of Barnett by indicating that Barnett had supplanted Molineux in the affections of Miss Blanche Chesborough, now Mrs. Roland B. Molineux. One of these witnesses, a colored servant girl, swore Miss Chesborough and Molineux lived together in West Seventy-fifth street, and were there known as Mr. and Mrs. Chesborough. Another servant testified that when Miss Chesborough lived on West End avenue Barnett, not Molineux, constantly visited her.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.

In effect on and after Nov 20, 1899.

VIA TYONE-WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Tyone 11:10 a.m., at Altoona, 1:50 p.m.; at Pittsburg 5:50 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m.; arrive at Tyone 2:20 p.m.; at Altoona 2:10 p.m.; at Pittsburg 6:55 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m.; arrive at Tyone 6:00; at Altoona 7:35; at Pittsburg 11:30. VIA TYONE-EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Tyone 11:10; at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia 4:47 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m., arrive at Tyone 2:20 p.m.; at Harrisburg 6:45 p.m.; at Philadelphia 10:20 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m., arrive at Tyone 6:00; at Harrisburg 9:00 p.m.; at Philadelphia 12:20 p.m. VIA LOCK HAVEN-NORTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:52 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:35 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 5:45 p.m.; at Williamsport 6:50 p.m.; at Philadelphia 10:20 p.m. VIA LOCK HAVEN-EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:52 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:35 a.m.; leave Williamsport 12:40 p.m., arrive at Harrisburg 3:15 p.m.; at Philadelphia at 6:25 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p.m.; Williamsport, 3:50 p.m.; Harrisburg, 6:50 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 5:45 p.m.; leave Williamsport, 1:15 a.m., arrive Harrisburg, 3:55 a.m.; at Philadelphia at 6:52 a.m. VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte at 6:40 a.m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9:45 a.m., Harrisburg, 11:30 a.m., Philadelphia, 2:17 p.m. Leave Bellefonte, 2:15 p.m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47, at Harrisburg, 6:55 p.m., Philadelphia at 10:20 p.m.

LEWISBURG & TYONE RAILROAD.

In effect May 17, 1897.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD directions, listing stations like Montandon, Fair Ground, Vicksburg, etc., with arrival and departure times.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD directions, listing stations like Tyrone, Bald Eagle, etc., with arrival and departure times.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOEN BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m. and 5:45 p.m. Arrive at Snow Shoe 1:35 a.m. 3:15. Leave Snow Shoe 7:30 a.m. 5:20. Arrive at Bellefonte 9:32 p.m. 5:20. For rates, maps, etc., apply to ticket agent or address Geo. T. W. D., No. 361 Sixth Ave. Pittsburg, Pa.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSA.

Time Table effective Jan. 21, 1900.

Table with columns for READ DOWN and READ UP directions, listing stations like Bellefonte, Altoona, etc., with arrival and departure times.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

To take effect Apr. 3, 1899.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD directions, listing stations like Bellefonte, Altoona, etc., with arrival and departure times.

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