

LESSONS OF MOVING.

Dr. Talmage Preaches a Timely Sermon.

Discourse in Which the Need of Patience and Equipoise is Set Forth—Moving Into the Father's House.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopfch.]

Washington, April 29. This discourse of Dr. Talmage is pertinent at this time of year, when many people are moving from house to house, and it teaches lessons of patience and equipoise in very trying circumstances. Text, Philippians, 4:12: "I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound."

Happy Paul! Could you really accommodate yourself to all circumstances in life? Could you go up without pride, and could you come down without exasperation? Teach the same lesson to us all. We are at a season of the year when vast populations in all our cities are changing residence. Having been born in a house, and having all our lives lived in a house, we do not have full appreciation of what a house is. It is the growth of thousands of years. The human race first lived in clefts of rocks, the beasts of the field moving out of the caverns to let the human race move in. The shepherds and the robbers still live in caverns of the earth. The troglodytes are a race which to this day prefer the caverns to a house. They are warm, they are large, they are very comfortable, they are less subject to violent changes of heat and cold. We come along down in the history of the race, and we come to the lodge, which was a home built out of twisted tree branches. We come further on down in the history of the race, and we come to the tent, which was a home built with a round pole in the center and skins of animals reaching out in all directions, mats on the floor for the people to sit on.

Time passed on, and the world, after most invention, came to build a house, which was a space surrounded by broad stones, against which the earth was heaped from the outside. The roof was made of chalk and gypsum and coals and stones and ashes pounded together. After awhile the porch was born, after awhile the gate. Then hundreds of years passed on, and in the fourteenth century the modern chimney was constructed. The old Hebrews had openings in their houses from which the smoke might escape if it preferred, but there was no inducement for it to leave until the modern chimney. Wooden keys opened the door, or the keyhole was large enough to allow the finger to be inserted for the lifting of the latch or the sliding of it. There being no windows, the people were dependent for light upon lattice-work, over which a thin veil was drawn down in time of winter to keep out the elements. Window glass was, so late as 200 or 300 years ago, in England and Scotland so great a luxury that only the very wealthiest could afford it. A hand mill and an oven and a few leathern bottles and some rude pitchers and plates made up the entire equipment of the culinary department. But the home planted in the old cave or at the foot of a tent pole has grown and enlarged and spread abroad until we have the modern house, with its branches and roots and vast girth and height and depth of comfort and accommodation.

Architecture in other days busied itself chiefly in planning and building triumphal arches and basilicas and hippodromes and mausoleums and columns, while they allowed the people for residences to burrow like muskrats in the earth. St. Sophia's, of Constantinople, St. Mark's, of Venice; St. Peter's, of Rome, are only the Raphaelic walls against which lean the aqueduct and the pauperism of many nations. I rejoice that, while our modern architects give us grand capitols in which to legislate and grand courthouses in which to administer justice and grand churches in which to worship God, they also give much of their time to the planning of comfortable abodes for our tired population. I have not so much interest in the arch of Trajan at Beneventum as I have in the wish that all the people may have a comfortable shelter, nor have I so much interest in the temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens as I have in the hope that every man may have an altar for the worship of the true God in his own house. And I have not so much interest in the science of ceramics, which goes crazy over a twisted vase, or a queer handled jug in use 3,000 years ago, or a pitcher out of which the ancient pharaohs poured their drunken debauch, as I have that every man have on his table a plate with plenty of healthful food and an appetite to attack it.

Thank God for your home—not merely the house you live in now, but the house you were born in and the many houses you have resided in since you began your earthly residence. When you go home to-day, count over the number of those houses in which you have resided, and you will be surprised. Once in awhile you will find a man who lives in the house where he was born and where his father was born and his grandfather was born, but that is not one out of a thousand cases. I have not been more perambulatory than most people, but I was amazed when I came to count up the number of residences I have occupied. The fact is, there is in this world no such thing as permanent residence.

In a private vehicle and not in a rail car, from which you can see but little, I rode from New York to Yonkers and Tarrytown, on the banks of the Hudson—the finest ride on the planet for a man who wants to see palatial residences in fascinating scenery. It was in the early spring and before the gen-

tleman of New York had gone out to their country residences. I rode into the grounds to admire the gardens, and the overseer of the place told me—and they all told me—that all the houses had been sold or that they wanted to sell them, and there was literally no exception, although I called at many places, just admiring the gardens and the grounds and the palatial residences. Some wanted to sell or had sold because their wives did not want to reside in the summer time in those places while their husbands tarried in town in the night, always having some business on hand keeping them away.

From some houses the people had been shaken out by chills and fever, from some houses they had gone because death or misfortune had occurred, and all those palaces and mansions had either changed occupants or wanted to change. Take up the directory of any city of England or America and see how few people live where they lived 15 years ago. There is no such thing as permanent residence. I saw Monticello, in Virginia, President Jefferson's residence, and I saw on the same day Montpelier, which was either Madison's or Monroe's residence, and I saw also the white house, which was President Taylor's residence and President Garfield's residence. Was it a permanent residence in any case. I tell you that the race is nomadic, and no sooner gets in one place than it wants to change for another place or is compelled to change for another place, and so the race invented the railroad and the steamboat in order more rapidly to get into some other place than that in which it was then. Aye, instead of being nomadic it is immortal, moving on and moving on. We whip up our horses and hasten on until the hub of the front wheel shivers on the tombstone and tips its headlong into the grave, the only permanent earthly residence. But, bless God, even that stay is limited, for we shall have a resurrection.

A day this spring the streets will be filled with the furniture carts and the drays and the trucks. It will be a hard day for horses, because they will be overloaded. It will be a hard day for laborers, for they will overfill before they get the family furniture from one house to another. It will be a hard day for housekeepers to see their furniture broken, and their carpets mislaid, and their furniture dashed of the sudden showers. It will be a hard day for landlords. It will be a hard day for tenants. Especial grace is needed for moving day. Many a man's religion has suffered a fearful strain between the hour on the morning of the 1st of May, when he took his immature breakfast, and the hour at night when he rolled into his extemporized couch. The furniture broken sometimes will result in the breaking of the Ten Commandments. There is no more fearful pass than the hall of a house where two families meet, one moving out and the other moving in. The salutation is apt to be more vehement than complimentary. The grace that will be sufficient for the 1st of January and the 1st of February and the 1st of March and the 1st of April will not be sufficient for the 1st of May. Say your prayers that morning if you find nothing better to kneel down by than a coal scuttle, and say your prayers at night through your knees come down on a paper of carpet tacks. You will want supernatural help if any of you move. Help in the morning to start out aright on the day's work. Help at night to repent. There will be enough annoyances to make a Xantippe out of a Frances Ridley Havergal. I have again and again been in crises of moving day, and I have stood appalled and amazed and helpless in the shipwreck, taking as well as I could those things that floated ashore from the breakers, and I know how to comfort and how to warn and how to encourage the people, so I preach this practical May day sermon. All these troubles will soon be gone, and the bruises will heal, and the stiffened joints will become supple, and your ruffled temper will be smoothed of its wrinkles, and order will take the place of disorder, and you will sit down in your new home seriously to contemplate.

My first word, then, in this part of my discourse is to all those who move out of small houses into larger ones. Now we will see whether, like the apostle, you know how to abound. Do not, because your new house has two more stories than the old one, add two stories to your vanity or make your brightly polished silver doorplate the coffin plate to your buried humility. Many persons moving into a larger house have become arrogant and supercilious. They swagger where once they walked, they sipper where once they laughed, they go about with an air which seems to say: "Let all smaller craft get out of these waters if they don't want to be run over by a regular Cunarder." I have known people who were kind and amiable and Christian in their smaller house—no sooner did they go over the door sill of the new house than they became a glorified nuisance. They were the terror of dry goods clerks and the amazement of ferryboats into which they swept, and if compelled to stand a moment with condemnatory glance turning all the people seated into criminals and convicts. They began to hunt up the family coat of arms, and had lion couchant or unicorn rampant on the carriage door; when, if they had the appropriate coat of arms, it would have been a butter firkin or a shoe last or a plow or a trowel. Instead of being like all the rest of us, made out of dust, they would have you think that they were trickled out of Heaven on a lump of loaf sugar. The first thing you know of them, the father will fall in business, and the daughter will run off with a French dancing master. A woman spoiled by

a finer house is had enough, but a man so upset is sickening. The lathered fool goes around so dainty and so precise and so affected in the roll of his eyes or the whirl of his cane or the clicking of the ivory handle against his front teeth or his effeminate languor, and his conversation so interlarded with "oh's" and "ah's" that he is to me a dose of ipecacuanha. Now, my friends, if you move into a larger house, thank God for more room—for more room to hang your pictures, for more room in which to gather your friends, for more room in which to let your children romp and play, for more room for great bookcases filled with good reading or wealth of bric-a-brac. Have as large and as fine a house as you can afford to have, but do not sacrifice your humility and your common sense; do not lose your balance; do not be spoiled by your successes.

Years ago we were the guests in an English manor. The stately, the ferrier, the botanical and horticultural genius of the place had done all they could to make the place attractive. For generations there had been an amassing of plate and costly surroundings. At half past nine o'clock in the morning the proprietor of the estate had the bell rung, and some 20 or 30 manservants and maidservants came in to prayers. The proprietor of the estate read the Scriptures, gave out the hymn, his daughter at the organ started the music, and then, the music over, the proprietor of the estate knelt down and commended all his guests, all his family, all his employees, to the Lord Almighty. God can trust such a man as that with a large estate. He knows how to abound. He trusted God, and God trusted him. And I could call off the roll of 50 merchant princes as mighty in worldly successes. Ah, my friends, do not be puffed up by any of the successes of this life, do not be spoiled by the number of liveried coachmen that may stop at your door on the sweep of the long trail across the imported tapestry. Many of those who come to your house are fawning parasites. They are not so much in love with you as they are in love with your house and your successes. You move down next year to 329 Low Water Mark street and see how many of their carriages will halt at your door.

I meet you this spring at the door of your new home, and while I help you lift the clothes basket over the banisters and the carman is getting red in the face in trying to transport that article of furniture to some new destination I congratulate you. You are going to have a better time this year, some of you, than you ever had. You take God and the Christian religion into your home, and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor—that will sanctify your sociabilities. God in the nursery—that will protect your children. God in the dining-hall—that will make the plainest meal an imperial banquet. God in the morning—that will launch the day brightly from the dry docks. God in the evening—that will sail the day sweetly into the harbor.

And get joy, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move. Get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a great moving day. Do you want a picture of the new house into which you will move? Here it is, wrought with the hand of a master: "We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How much rent will we have to pay for it? We are going to own it. How much must we pay for it? How much cash down, and how much left on mortgage? Our Father is going to give it as a free gift. When are we going to move into it? We are moving now. On moving day heads of families are very apt to stay in the old house until they have seen everything off. They send ahead the children, and they send ahead the treasures and the valuables. Then, after awhile, they will come themselves. I remember very well in the country that in boyhood moving day was a jubilation.

On almost the first load we, the children, were sent on ahead to the new house, and we arrived with shout and laughter, and in an hour we had ranged through every room in the house, the barn and the granary. Toward night, and perhaps in the last wagon, father and mother would come, looking very tired, and we would come down to the foot of the lane to meet them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place, and then, the last wagon unloaded, the candles lighted, our neighbors, who had helped us to move—for in those times neighbors helped each other—sat down with us at a table on which there was every luxury they could think of. Well, my dear Lord knows that some of us have been moving a good while. We have sent our children ahead, we have sent many of our valuables ahead. We cannot go yet. There is work for us to do, but after awhile it will be toward night, and we will be very tired, and then we will start for our new home, and those who have gone ahead of us they will see our approach, and they will come down in the lane to meet us, and they will have much to tell us of what they have discovered in the "house of many mansions," and of how large the rooms are and of how bright the fountains. And then, the last load unloaded, the table will be spread and our celestial neighbors will come in and sit down with our reunited families, and the chalices will be full, not with the wine that sweats in the vat of earthly intoxication, but with "the new wine of the kingdom." And there for the first time we will realize what fools we were on earth when we feared to die, since death has turned out only to be the moving from a smaller house into a larger one, and the exchange of a pauper's but for a prince's castle, and the going up-stairs from a miserable kitchen to a glorious parlor.

Mercantile Appraisers' List.

The vendors of foreign and domestic merchandise, brokers, etc. in Centre county, Pa., will take notice that they are appraised by the undersigned appraiser of mercantile and other license tax for the year 1900, as follows, to-wit:

Table listing mercantile appraisers and their locations, including AARONSBURG, BELLEFONTE, HUBBERSBURG, LEMONT, MADISONBURG, MINGOVILLE, PHILIPSBURG, and others. Each entry includes the name of the appraiser and their business details.

Table listing various businesses and their owners, including FINE GROVE MILLS, PORT MATILDA, ROMOLA, and others. Each entry includes the name of the business and the name of the owner or manager.

"A1" TABLETS FOR ALL URINARY DISORDERS. The most FATAL and PREVALENT of all diseases are those of the KIDNEYS, LIVER and BLADDER. The Kidneys are two little sieves through which all the blood in the body must pass once in every three minutes. In a Healthy condition they filter all impurities into the bladder, thence out of the body. If diseased they clog and swell, depositing uric acid and other poisons into the system, causing dull pain in the back, biliousness, rheumatism, gout, dropsy, gravel, painful and frequent urination, Loss of Albumen (the life essence), and finally "BRIGHT'S" DISEASE and DEATH! If you have any of the above symptoms "A1" TABLETS will cure you. TRY THEM AND BE CONVINCED. Recent Discovery, Phenomenal Success. Hundreds of Testimonials. Cannot be Substituted. By mail \$1.00. Send stamp for pamphlet. PAN-AMERICAN DRUG CO., New York. Sold in Bellefonte by C. M. Parrish, or mailed to any address on receipt of price. Sold in Bellefonte at PARRISH'S DRUG STORE or mailed to any address on receipt of price. Garman's Empire House, MAIN STREET, TYRONE, PA. AL. S. GARMAN, Proprietor. Everything new, clean and inviting. Special pains will be taken to entertain Centre county people when traveling in that section.