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# RIZPAH ON THE ROCK

WOMAN'S SUBLIME COURAGE.  
Drawn by Dr. Talmage from a Typical Mother's Love.

"And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sabbaths and spread a board for her feet, and she dropped upon them out of the day, and she suffered neither the heat of the day nor the cold of the night."—II Samuel xxi, 10.

There is a tragedy of the text displays the courage of woman amid great emergency. What mother or sister or daughter would dare to go out to fight the corsair and sack the city? Rizpah did it. And she would if an enemy demanded. Women are naturally timid and shrink from exposure and depend on stronger arms for their achievement of great enterprise. And she is often troubled lest there might be occasions demanding fortitude when she would fail. Not among those who are afraid to look out of the door after night-fall, and who quake in the darkness at the least uncertain sound, and who start at the slam of the door and turn pale in a thunderstorm, if the day of trial came, would be heroic and invulnerable.

God has arranged it so that that woman needs the trumpet of some great contest of principle or affection to rouse up her slumbering courage. Then she will stand under the crossfire of opposing hosts at Chalons to a painter in the trenches. Then she will carry into prison and dark lanes the message of salvation. Then she will brave the pestilence. Deborah goes out to sound terror into the hearts of God's enemies. Abigail throws herself between a raiding party of robbers and her husband's vineyard. Rizpah hurls back the vultures from the rock.

Among the Orkney Islands an eagle swooped and litte a child to its eyrie far up on the mountain. With the spring of a panther the mother mounts hill after hill, fire above, and height above height, the fire of her own eye outflashing the glare of the eagle, and with unimpaired hand stronger than the iron beak and the terrible claw she hurls the wild bird down the rocks. In the French revolution, Canute was brought out of prison, and when his daughter, then herself on the body of her father and said: "Strike, barbarians! You cannot reach my father but through my heart." The daughter parted, and linking arms father and daughter walked out free.

But from the rocks of Saragossa, Augustus carried refreshments to the gates. Arriving at the battery of Fortillo she found that all the garrison had been killed. She snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman and fired off a twenty-six pounder, then leaped on it and waved she would not be taken. The soldiers looked in and saw her daring and rushed up and opened another tremendous fire on the enemy.

The life of James I. of Scotland was threatened. Poets have sung those times and able penmen have lined upon the story. You say she is a child now; I wonder if she ever saw you when you were childish. You have no patience to wait with her on the street, she moves so slowly; I wonder if she remembers the time when you were glad enough to go slowly. I wonder if she ever saw your financial income was from one year to ten years ago. Do not brag about what you do for the old folks. I care not how much you did for them; they have done more for you.

But from the world-text of the morning comes the rushing in upon my soul a thought that overpowers me. This watching by Rizpah was an after death watching. I wonder if now there is an after death watching. I think there is. There are angels who have passed on to the other side, and they look down from their supernal and glorified state upon us, and is not that an after death watching? I cannot believe that those who before their death were interested in us have since their death become indifferent as to what happens to us and what we do. Rizpah watched, seated upon the rocks, was she more alert or diligent or armed for us than our mother, if glorified, is alert and diligent and armed for us. It is not now Rizpah on a rock, but Rizpah on a throne. How long has your mother been watching? Or what has she been doing long enough to forget you? My mother has been dead twenty-nine years. I believe she knows more about me now than she did when I stood in her presence, and I am no spiritualist either. I believe that the spirits of the dead are watching us, and that they will minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation.

Young man, better look out what you do and where you go, for your glorified mother is looking at you. You sometimes say she is yourself. "What does she know? You might cheat her once, but you cannot cheat her now. Does it embarrass us to think she knows all about us now? If she had to put up with so much when she was here, surely she will not be the least patient or exasperated now.

This tremendous thought of my text—this after death watching! What an uplifting consideration, and what a comforting thought! Young mother, you who have just lost your babe, and who feel that need of a nearer solace than that which comes from sympathy, your mother knows all about it. You cannot run in and talk it all over with her as you would if she were still a terrestrial resident, but it will comfort you some, I think—yes, it will comfort you a good deal—to know that she understands all. You see that the heavenly conditions are so great that it would not take her a half second to come to your bereft heart.

Oh, these mothers in heaven! They can do more for us now than before they went away. The bridge has been thrown down. They approach the bridge from both ways, departing spirits and coming spirits, disembodied spirits and sympathizing spirits. And so let us walk as to be worthy of the supernal citizenship, and let us understand that if we watch faithfully and trust fully our blessed Lord there will be a corresponding reward in the land of peace, and that Rizpah, who once wept on a rock, now reigns on a throne.

Westminster Abbey's Only Mechanic.  
George Graham, the only mechanic buried in Westminster Abbey, was the son of William Graham, of Blackstone, in the County of Cumberland, England. At the age of thirteen he went to London and apprenticed himself to Thomas Tompion, a noted clock and watch maker, and later was taken into partnership, and became famous for the excellence of his work. It was, however, his scientific investigations that gave him great prominence. He corrected the variations of the pendulum due to the changes of temperature, by inventing the mercenary bob. The great clock at Greenwich which regulates the time of the world, was made by him in 1727, and, although it has done duty for nearly a century and three-quarters, it is still in use and now could scarcely be surpassed in its mechanical excellence. It is said, notwithstanding the long interval since it was made, that it does not require attention oftener than once a year. The mural arch at Greenwich used by the English Government for the testing of quadrants and other instruments, was the work of his hands. So great was his reputation that when the French Government despatched Maupertuis to the polar circle to ascertain the exact figure of the earth, the instruments the navigator used during that voyage were made by George Graham. He died in 1761, aged seventy-six, and was not until four years thereafter that his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.—Boston Transcript.

# RELIGIOUS READING.

Why should I fear tomorrow?  
The Lord directs my way.  
Why should I trouble borrow?  
I live but for today.  
Whenever I am weary  
In God I find my rest.  
And when my past seems dreary  
I know I'm for the best.

Why should I fear tomorrow?  
I have a gracious friend  
Who knows my every sorrow  
And will my cause defend.  
I see Him in joy smiling,  
In trial and in joy.  
My weary hours beguiling  
In His own best employ.

I will not trouble borrow,  
There is a better way.  
For when I come tomorrow  
Will be another day.  
Oh give me grace, dear Saviour,  
Thy constant love to see;  
To-day I seek Thy favor,  
Tomorrow leave with Thee.

THE WALKING ON THE WATER.  
The real error which Peter committed in stepping out on the water was not that he undertook what the Lord did not require of him. No doubt he asked and obtained his permission, but even this shows how the Lord may permit His servants to find the bottom of their own resolutions, and in His wise love teach them deep and useful lessons which would not have been learned if he had done his own will. Peter asserted love to do by faith what faith was quite competent to do, had the Master needed it and asked it. But, taking it up of his own motion, even with the Lord's permission, the disciple threw himself into circumstances of danger at a point to which his measure of faith proved unequal.

To aim at being for Christ, to expect to do for Christ what Christ has neither enjoined nor promised, is really not faith, but fanaticism. There is considerable resemblance between the two, on the surface. The one has been again and again mistaken for the other. There is a likeness in their tone, in their earnestness, in their ardor, sometimes, for a while, in their effects; but they are entirely different in their source, in their scope, in their results. Faith rises out of grace. Fanaticism has its source in self. Faith is ruled by the Word of the Lord; fanaticism by the wish, will and impulse of the creature. Faith results in solid fruits and works for Christ. Fanaticism burns itself out in fruitless fervor, or dashes itself to pieces in a terrific fall.

The dangers of our time lie, however, for the most part, in quite another direction. The material and the secular have, in these days, the most powerful sway over the minds of men. The spiritual is treated as if it did not exist at all. For, more frequently than fanaticism is mistaken for faith, is faith ridiculed and run down as fanaticism. And, in truth, all real living and working for Christ has in it an element of paradox, which the world is very apt to mistake for the usual public purposes, and the temperance people of Scotland bring the impeachment against the hall that it is a monument to Edinburgh's drunkenness.

Terrible pictures of the degradation of the lower classes of Edinburgh, due to the use of drink, are often drawn by residents of that city.  
"On a recent Saturday night," one such resident writes to a Scottish newspaper, "I had occasion to pass through Cowgate, Canongate and High street. The scene I witnessed was a sad one to witness."  
"Drunken women, many of them with babies in their arms, jostled us every few steps. Gray-haired old men filled the air with drunken yells and vulgar language. It grieved me beyond description to see a woman, with a baby in her arms, jostled by a drunkard as he pushed his way through the crowd."  
Such scenes may be seen in many another Scotch and British city, and to some extent in American cities as well. While they are to be avoided, they are to be accepted, even for beneficent public purposes, which is the object of the temperance cause.

WHERE THE MONEY WENT.  
A rather curious experiment was made in Belgium the other day. The manager of a bank before paying his workmen, marked 700 five-franc pieces with a punch, and distributed the coins in equal number among his hands. At the same time he requested the keepers of the grog-shops adjacent to his bank to mark in the same way 700 pieces marked in the way described. Two days after the wages were paid more than three hundred of his silver coins were received by the employer. The statisticians have worked out the result, showing that in less than two days each workman had spent more than half his salary at the public house.—Le Matin.

DRINK AND DRINK SELLERS.  
The War City, organ of the Salvation Army, prints the following:  
I have heard all the arguments which are brought against respectable men for manufacturing and selling rum. I have heard them all, and I have seen them all, and I have warmly defended elsewhere, but it seems to me that I was once a witness decided in my opinion as to my own duty on this point—and that is about as far, in a matter of opinion, as any man can wisely press his arguments—i. e., to his own conscience.  
During an occasional stroll in an obscure part of the town, my attention was once attracted by the preparations for a funeral in a small house by the roadside. What induced me to enter a house of mourning, was that I was also unknown, and unknown, is not at present material.  
The room that I entered betrayed at a glance the abject poverty of its occupants. There was neither carpet nor fire, the bed was a heap of straw, four or five old broken chairs constituted all the furniture, and the walls were stuffed with rags.  
A plain board coffin—whom, from its size, must be that of a child—lay on two chairs in the center of the room; a woman, sobbing aloud, was bending over it; ten or twelve men stood around in a silent, and by a crowd of men in a bestly state of intoxication. This man, as I afterward learned, was the father of the child, whom, on the preceding day, in another fit of drunkenness, he had accidentally killed against a tankette over the roof, and the little creature was so sealed by the water that it died during the night.  
After a few minutes' silence, broken only by the sobs of the heart-broken mother, one of the men, apparently with the intention of offering to the poor woman the consolation of sympathy, approached and said to her: "Mrs. —, this is a great affliction."  
"Yes," said the woman, raising her streaming eyes from the coffin and fixing them on the speaker with all the sternness she could command at the moment. "It is a great affliction—a dreadful affliction; but it is not for you, who give him (pointing to her drunken husband) his daily liquor, and take from him the means of buying our daily bread; you who know his weakness and his habits, and who yesterday sold him a dram which made him murder our darling child, and to-day, knowing what he had done, tempted him to drink what makes him sit there like a brute beast, and the baby die by the side of him. It is not for you to offer me the consolation that can come only from God above, who will one day judge between the rich man who sells the liquor and the poor man who drinks it."

# TEMPERANCE.

WHO'S AFRAID?  
"Who is afraid?" the young man said,  
And he tugged and tugged his hair  
And the baby wine from the cup he drained,  
And with many an oath his young lips stained.  
"Who is afraid?" Not I," he said,  
And laughed, and tossed his thoughtless head.  
"Give me a draught that is stronger yet,  
There are fearful thoughts that I must forget.  
There is death in the cup, I know full well,  
I've tasted already the fires of hell.  
Yet give me a draught that is stronger yet,"  
He said, "I have thoughts that I must forget."

"I am afraid!" the young man said,  
"Visions of horror are round my bed,  
Mercy's hour I have sinned away,  
Death is coming to claim his prey.  
I am afraid!" he cried,  
With the pitiful words on his lips he died.  
—Joy Allison.

GENERAL HOWARD ON THE CANTEEN.  
General Howard, in his official report to the Secretary of War, gives the following important testimony concerning the "post exchange" canteen:  
"The post exchange presents the appearance of a small country store or refreshment room in all the promises except in the most remote parts of the country. The canteen is irresistible that beer is easily and cheaply procured, so that it is constantly forced upon the attention of the enlisted man. He is always tempted to indulge in its use. Compulsions of honor have generally agreed with me that it would be well to abolish the sale of beer entirely and to substitute for it other beverages. There seems a lack of priority in having a soldier in the uniform of the United States behind a counter dealing out beverages to officers without exception. The commanding officer, without respect to his rank, is the one to be the object of this. If there must be bar keepers in the service they should be hired for this purpose."  
"Under the present system soldiers appear to be more generally led to drink and to offend than they would be if they were the old soldier and post trade system. I am strongly convinced by actual experiment that while few drinks are moderated in their application by strong beer the remaining soldiers who fall under the temptation are more likely to be led to drink rather than increased in number."  
In view of this significant testimony, from the distinguished head of the United States Army, that beer selling is injurious to the men under his command, it is to be hoped that the canteen system will be taken for an abolition at an early day.—National Temperance Advocate.

BLOOD MONEY.  
Not long ago, in the beautiful city of Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, a fine university hall was built entirely out of the profits from the sale of a certain kind of ale. Don't think it was a generous thing for the maker of the ale to devote a share of his profits to the usual public purposes, but the temperance people of Scotland bring the impeachment against the hall that it is a monument to Edinburgh's drunkenness.

AN EARLY SKATING ACCIDENT.  
William Polecki, of Blackwood, aged 9 years, while sliding on the ice at Blackwood reservoir, near Trenton, in company with several young companions, broke through and was drowned.

JOSHUA LYDICK, a merchant of Greenville, while crossing the street from his store to his dwelling, carrying a large sum of money, was one night attacked by a robber, who, after robbing him, shot him in the leg and after riding his victim's pockets, escaped.

WILLIAM WHALEN was crushed by rock falling on him at the South West Connelville Coke Company's mines, near Mt. Pleasant. He died several hours afterward.

The business men of Bellefonte are grieved over the fact that the town will likely lose its free mail delivery service. In 1890 the postoffice receipts were \$10,000, but last year they were only about \$7,000.

SATURDAY night and Sunday the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad moved 600,000 tons from the mines in the Schuylkill region down their main line to sidewater. Each of the trains averaged 30 gondola cars in all 3,389. Each car carried an average of 28 tons, making a total of 199,200 tons for each of the company gets \$1.90 main line tolls, or in all \$2,071,600, which the purchaser pays.

EARL, a 7-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. A. Comp. of Harrisburg, was fatally burned by the explosion of an oil lamp.

A 2-year-old daughter of Robert Meehan, of Pittsburg, was fatally burned. The child was playing about a fire when her clothes ignited, literally cooking the flesh. Dr. Graham pronounced the child's injuries fatal.

# WESTONE GULLINGS

A CHANGED WATER-COURSE.  
A LAND OWNER AWARDED DAMAGES FOR INJURY TO HIS PROPERTY.

An important case was decided by a Dauphin county judge. The Lykens Valley Coal Company changed the course of a stream on its property and dumped a large quantity of coal dust into the channel of the old stream. A big flood caused an overflow of the stream and the coal was carried on the land of David S. Elder, doing much damage to it. Elder instituted suit for the recovery of \$7,500, and the jury awarded him \$1,500. If a new trial is not granted the case will be appealed to the Supreme Court by the Corporation.

MINEY HOUSES TO PLEA OVER.  
At an early hour Sunday morning the ground began to settle over the workings of the Langstaff colliery at Avesca, caused by a cave-in that took place in the mine during the night, doing considerable damage to property. The place where the surface is settled is known as "Brown's Patch" and to-day it is reported that several acres have gone down from two to six feet, causing a few of the miners' houses to topple over, while many others sustain more or less damage.

POLY LOVES HIS FELLOW-SOLDIER.  
The jury in the case of Patrick Foley, of Pittsburg, against Edith Laura of the Greensburg Arms, for criminal libel, returned a verdict of not guilty. Two-thirds of the cost were assessed on the defendant and one-third on the plaintiff. The *Argus* in a political article referred to Foley as a "courageous, honest and efficient."

FRANK HODGES and William Murphy, prisoners in the Blair county jail, at Hollidaysburg on suspicion of being the attempted murderers of a man in Altoona, escaped Friday night by digging through the walls with tools their friends on the outside sent them concealed in a mammoth potato pie.

ADJUTANT GENERAL GREENLAND says applicants for pensions, who have lost their papers, go to unnecessary expense in paying persons to secure from the department certificates showing their service in the United Army. These can be secured by simply asking the department for them.

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