FALL OF OLD POMPEIL

CHE REV. DR. TALMAGE GIVES

raphic Description of the Ancient City's Ruiss. Lessons to BeLearned From It.

TEXT: "Thou hast made of a defensed oly

A flash on the night sky greeted us as we left the rail train at Naples, Italy. What was the strange filumination? It was that wrath of many centuries—Vesuvius. Giant son of an earthquake. Intoxicated mountain of Italy. Father of many consternations. A burning so long, and yet to keep on raing until, perhaps, it may be the very sob that will kindle the last conflagration set all the world on fire. It eclipses in nee of behavior Cotopaxi and Ætna and comboli and Krakatoa. Awful mystery, meral pyre of dead cities. Everlasting roxysm of mountains. It seems like a impey of hell. It roars with flery remin-mence of what it has done and with threats of worse things that it may yet do. I would not live in one of the villages at its base for a present of all Italy.

On a day in December, 1631, it threw up shes that floated away hundreds and hun-

peds of miles and dropped in Constantino-ie, and in the Adriatic sea, and on the pennines, as well as trampling out at its own foot the lives of 18,000 people. Geoheat consumed the fron instruments and black the scorched and blistered ex-ers from the cindery and crumbling k. It seems like the asylum of maniac

At one time far back its top had been a ss, where Spartneus fought and was pricess, where Spawacus fought and was prounded and would have been destroyed ad it not been for the grapevines which lothed the mountainside from top to base, at laying hold of them he climbed hand maker land to safety in the valley. But for caturies it has kept its furnace burning as easily it that night on our arrival in November 1985.

course the next day we started to see of the work wrought by that frenzied untain. "All out for Pompeli?" was the of the conductor. And now we stand by corpse of that dead city. As we entered gate and passed between the walls I took my hat, as one naturally does in the presented to the conductor. of some imposing obsequies. That city The home of grand architecture, expainting, enchanting sculpture, unremed corousal and rapt assemblage. A wall twenty feet thick, three-fourths of all visible, encircled the city. Of those is, at a distance of only 100 yards from a other, towers rose for armed men who ched the city. The streets ran at right gles and from wall to wall, only one street

In the days of the city's prosperity its ers gilttered in the sun; eight strong ers gilttered in the sun; eight strong efor ingress and egress; Gate of the shore, Gate of Herculaneum, Gate of vius being perhaps the most important. r stood the Temple of Jupiter, imposing elevation, and with its six inthian columns of immense girth, which of like carved icebergs shimmering in the ght. There stands the Temple of the weive Gods. Yonder see the Temple of iscules and the Temple of Mercury, with liars of marble and bas-relief, wonderful hough to astound all succeeding ages of art. ad the Temple of Esculapius, brilliant with

enipture and gorgeous with painting.
Youder are the theatres, partly out into arrounding hills, and glorified with picared walls, and entered under arches of imosing masonry, and with rooms, for capti-sted and applicudatory audiences scated or standing in vast semi-circle. Yonder are the costly and immense public baths of the city, with more than the modern ingenuities of bad. Notice the warmth of those an-tepidariums, with hovering radiance of roof, and the vapor of those caldariums, with decorated alcoves, and the coid dash of their frigidariums, with floors of mosaic and flings of all skilfully intermingled hues, at walls upholstered with all the colors of setting sun, and sofas on which to recline r slumber after the plunge, Yonder are the barracks of the celebrated

rs. You'ler is the summer home of the Roman historian and Senator, the architecture as claborate as his character was corrupt. There is the residence of poet Pansa, with a compressed Louvre There is and Luxembourg within his walls. ome of Lucretius, with vases and antiquienough to turn the head of a virtuoso. onder see the Forum, at the highest place the city. It is entered by two triumphal rehes. It is bounded on three sides by oric columns.

Yonder, in the suburbs of the city, is the ne of Arrius Diomed, the mayor of the shurbs, terraced residence of billionaire-lom, gardens, fountained, statued, colonnaded, the cellar of that villa filled with bots of rarest wine, a few drops of which were found 1800 years afterward. Along the streets of the city are men of might and women of beauty formed into bronze that nany centuries had no power to bedim. Butscenes on walls in colors which all time annot efface. Great city of Pompeli! seneca and Tacitus and Cicero pronounced

Stand with me on its walls this evening of August 23, A. D. 79. See the throngs pass-ing up and down in Tyrian purple and gir-dles of arabesque, and neeks enchained with precious stones, proud official in imposing loga meeting the slave carrying trays a-clink with goblets and a-smoke with delicacies from paddock and sea, and moralist musing ver the degradation of the times passes the roffigate doing his best to make them worse, fark to the clatter and rataplan of the hoofs on the streets payed with blocks of basult. See the verdured and flowered grounds slop

ing into the most beautiful bay of all the earth—the bay of Naples.
Listen to the rumbling charlots, carrying convivial occupants to halls of mirth and nd carousal. Hear the loud dash of fountains amid the sculptured water nymphs. Notice the weird, solemn farreach-ing hum and din and roar of a city at the close of a summer day. Let Pompeli sleep well to-night, for it is the last night of peaceful slumber before she falls into the deep siumber of many long centuries. The morning of the 24th of August, A. D. 79, has arrived, and the days roll on, and it is I o'clock in the afternoon. "Look!" I say to you, in the afternoon, "Look!" I say to you, standing on this wall, as the sister of Piny said to him, the Roman essayist and naval commander, on the day of which I speak, as

she pointed him in the direction in which I point you. There is a peculiar cloud on the sky; a spotted cloud, now white, now black. Vesuvius in awful and unparalleled eruption. the smoke and fire and steam of that black monster throat rise and spread, as, by my gesture, I now describe it. It rises, a great column of flery, darkness, higher and higher, and then spreads out like the branches of a tree, with midnights enterwrapped in its foliage, wider and wider. Now the sun goes out, and showers of pumice stone and water from furnaces more than seven times heated, and ashes in avai-anche after avaianche, blinding and scalding and suffocating, descend north, south, east and west, burying deeper and deeper in mammoth sepulcher, such as never before or since was opened, Stabiæ, Herculaneum and Pompeli. Ashes ankle deep, girdle

deep, chin deep, ashes overhead.
Out of the houses and temples and theatres and into the streets and down to the of the frantic, but other not suffocated of the ashes, were scalded to death by the heated deluge. And then came heavier destruction in rocks after rocks. crushing in homes and temples and theatres. No wonder the sea receded from the beach as though in terror, until much of the shipping was wrecked, and no wonder that when they lifted Pliny the elder from the sailcloth on which he was resting, under the agitations of what he had seen, he suddenly expired.

For three days the entomburben the clouds lifted, and Then the clouds lifted, and the cursing of that Apollyon of mountains subsided. For ment of fifty prostrate columns of gray and (Me.) Journal.

for 1700 years she continued to clutch them. There at the soldiers' barracks are sixtyfour skeletons of brave men, who faithfully
stood guard at their post when the tempest
of cinders began, and after 1700 years were
still found standing guard. There is the
form of gentle womanhood impressed upon
the hardened sahes. Pass along, and here
we see the deep ruts in the basaltic pavements worn there by the wheels of the chariots of the first century. There, over the needs work there by the wheels of the chari-ots of the first century. There, over the doorways and in the porticoes, are works of art immortalizing the debauchery of a city, which, notwithstanding all its splendors, was

which, notwithstanding all its spiendors, was a vestibule of perdition.

Those gatters ran with the blood of the gladiators, who were prizefighters of these ancient times, and it was sword parrying sword, until, with one skilful and stout plunge of the sharp edge, the mauled and gashed combatant recied over dead, to be carried out amid the huzzas of enraptured spectators. We staid among those suggestive scenes after the hour that visitors are usually allowed there and staid until there was not a allowed there and staid until there was not a footfall to be heard within all that city except our own. Up this silent street and down that silent street we wandered. Into that win-dowless and roofless home we went and dame out again onto the pavements that, now for-

out again onto the pavements that, now for-saken, were once througed with life.

And can it be that all up and down these solemn solitudes, hearts more than 1800 years ago ached and rejoiced, and feet shuffled with the gair of old age or danced with childlish giee, and overtasked workmen earried their burdens, and drunkards staggered? On that mosaic floor did glowing youth clasp hands in marriage yew, and cross that threshold did pallbearers carry the beloved dead, and gay groups once mount those now

keletons of staircases? While I walked and contemplated the city seemed suddenly to be throughly with all the population that had ever inhabited it, and I ard its laughter and groan and uncleanness and infernal boast as it was on the 23d of August, 79. And Vesuvius, from the mild light with which it flushed the sky that summer evening as I stood in disentombed Pom-pell, seemed suddenly again to heave and flame and rock with the lava and darkness and desolation and wor with which more than eighteen centuries ago it submerged Pompell, as with the liturgy of fire and storm the mountain processment at the burial, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

My friends, I cannot tell what practical aggestion comes to your mind from this walk through uncovered Pompett, first thought that absorbs me is the art and culture are important, they cannot save the morals or the life of a great town. Much of the painting and sculpture of Pompeli was so exquisite that, while some is kept on the walls where it was first penelled, to be admired by those who go there, whole wagon loads and whole rooms full of it have been transferred to the Musco Barbonico at Na-

ples, to be admired by the centuries.

Those Pompelian artists mixed such durability of colors that, though their paintings were buried in ashes and scorize for 1700 years, and since they were uncovered many of them have remained there exposed to the rains and winds and winters and summers rains and winds and winters and summers 130 years, the color is as fresh and vivid and true as though yesterday it had passed from the easel. Which of our modern paintings could stand all that? And yet many of the specimens of Pompetian art show that the city was sunk to such a depth of abomination that there was nothing deeper. Sculptured and petrified and embalmed abomination. There was a state of public morals worse than belongs to any city now standing under the sun. the sun.

Yet how many think that all that is pereselevating work? Why, l'ompett had Ciecro Give us pictures of churches, of schools, half of every year for its ettizen. Have you of reformatory associations, of asylums of the idea that literature is all that is necessary to keep a city right? Why, Sallust, with a pen that was the boast of Roman literature, had a mansion in that doomed city. Do you think that sculpture and art are quite sufficient for the production of good morals? Then correct your delusion by examining the statues in the Temple of Mercury at Pompell, or the winged figures of its. Parthenon, and the colonnades and arches of this house of Diomed.

all means have schools and Dusseldorf and Dore exhibitions and galleries where the genius of all the centuries can bank it-self up in snowy sculpture, and all bric-a-brae, and all pure art, but nothing save the religion of Jesus Christ can make a city moral. In proportion as churches and Bibles and Christian printing presses and re-vivals of religion abound is a city pure and What has Buddhism or Confucianism or Mohammedanism done in all the hundreds of years of their progress for the ele-

vation of society? Absolutely nothing.

Peking and Madras and Cairo are just what they were ages ago, except as Christi-anity has modified their condition. What is the difference between our Brooklyn and their Pompeil? No difference, except that which Christianity has wrought. Favor all good art, but take best care of churches, and your Sabbath schools, and your Bibles, and your family altars.

Yea, see in our walk through uncovered Pompeti what sin will do for a city. We God. Cities are sometimes afflicted just as good people are afflicted, and the earthquake, and the cyclone, and the aridon aight to be slow to assign the judgment of and the cyclone, and the epidemic are no sign in many cases that God is angry with a but the distress is sent for som and kind purpose, whether we understand it or not. The law that applies to individuals may apply to Christian cities as well, 'All things work together for good to those

But the greatest calamity of history came upon Pompeii not to improve its future con-dition, for it was completely obliterated and It was so bad that will never be rebuilt. it needed to be buried 1700 years before even its ruins were fit to be uncovered. So Sodom and Gomorcab were filled with such turpi-tude that they were not only turned under, but have for thousands of years been kept ander. The two greatest cometeries are the cometery in which the sunken ships are bur-

ied all the way between Fire Island and Fastnet Lighthouse, and the other cometery is the cemetery of dead ettics.

I get down on my knees and read the epitapheology of a long line of them. Here the think the particular is the hammer of epitapheology of a long line of them. Here lies Babylon, once called "the hammer of the whole earth." Dead and buried under piles of bitumen and broken pottery and vitrefled brick. And I hear a wolf how and a reptile hiss as I am reading this epitaph (Isaiah xiii, 21). "The wild beast of the desert shall be there, and their house shall be followed.

be full of doleful creatures. The next tomb I kneel before in this cametery of cities is Nineveh. Her winged Hons are down, and the slabs of alabaster have are down, and the slabs of alabaster have crumbled, and the sculpture that represented her battles is as completely scattered as the dust of the heroes who fought them. Perhaps I put my knee into the dust of her Sardanspalus as I stoop to road her epitaph (Zephaniah II., 14.) "Now is Nineveh desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the Nations, both the cormorant and the bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it." And while I read it I hear an owl hoot and a hyena laugh.

The next entombed city I pres has a monu-

and without anything to show its place of a workman's spade, digging a well, strikes some antiquities which lead to the exhumation of the city. Now walk with me through some of the streets and into some of the streets of the streets of the streets and into some of the streets and some on the streets and s

It was only a few summers ago that Brook-lyn and New York felt an earthquake throb that sent the people affrighted into the streets and that suggested that there are forces streets and that suggested that there are forces of nature now suppressed or held in check, which easier than a child in a nursery knocks down a row of block houses could prostrate a city or engulf a continent deeper than Pompeii was engulfed. Our hope is in the mercy of the Lord continued to our American cities.

It amazes me that this city, which has the quietest Sabbaths on the continent and the best order and the highest tone of morals of any city that I know of, is now having

any city that I know of, is now having brought into as near neighborhood as Coney Island carnivals of pugilism as debasing as any of the gladiatorial interests of Pompell. What a precious crew that Coney Island Athletic Club is, under whose auspices these orgics are enacted! What a degradation to the adjective "athletic," which ordinarily suggests healt! and muscle developed for useful purpose? Instead of calling it an a thletic club they might better style it "The Bufflan Club For Smashing the Human

Vile men are turning that Coney Island, which is one of the finest watering places on all the Atlantic coast, into a place for the offscouring of the earth to concregate, the low horse jockeys and gambiers, and the puglists and the pickpockets, and the bloats regurgitated from the depths of the worst wards of these cities. They invite delegates from universal loalerdom to come to their carnival of knucktes. But I do not believe that the puglism contracted for and advertised for next December will take place in our neighborhood. Vilomen are turning that Coney Island, our neighborhood.

Evil sometimes defeats itself by going one step too far. You may drive the hoop of a barrel down so hard that it breaks, I will not believe that the international prize fight will take place on Long Island or in the State of New York until I see the rowdy rabble rolling drunk off the cars at Flatbush avenue and with faces banged and cut and bleeding from the imbrating scene, Against this infraction of the laws of the State of New York I lift solemn protest. The curse of Almighty God will rest upon any community that con-sents to such an outrage. Does any one thick it cannot be stopped, and that the constabulary would be overborne? Then let Governor Flower send down there a regiment of State militia, and they will clean out the

of State militia, and they will clean out the nuisance in one hour.

Warned by the doom of other cities that have perished for their ruffianism, or their cruelty, or their idelatry, or their dissoluteness, let all our American cities lead the right way. Our only dependence is on God and Christrian influences. Politics will do nothing but make things worse. Send polities to moralize and save a city, and you send smallpox to heal leprosy or a careass to relieve the air of malodor. For what polities will do I refer you to the eight weeks of will do I refer you to the eight weeks of stuitification enacted at Washington by our

American senate, American politics will become a reforma American polities will become a reformatory power on the same day that pandemonium becomes a church. But there are, I am
glad to say, benign and salutary and gracious influences organized in all our cities
which will yet take them for God and rightcousness. Let us ply the gospel machinery
to its utmest speed and power. City evangelization is the thought. Accustomed as
are religious pessimists to dwell upon statisties of evil and dolorous facts, we want some
one with sanctified heart and good digestion
to put in long line the statistics of natures sary is to cultivate the mind and advance the knowledge and improve the arts. Have you the impression that elequence will do the souls ransomed, and cities redeemed.

mercy. Break in upon the "Misercres" of complaint and despondency with "Te Deums" and "Jubilates of moral and re-Show that the day is ing when a great tidal wave of salvation will roll over all our cities. Show how Pompeti buried will become Pompeti resurrected, Demonstrate the fact that there are millions of good men and women who will give themselves no rest day nor night until cities that are now of the type of the buried cities shall take type from Jerusalem coming down from God out of

heaven. I hat the advancing morn.

I make the same proclamation to-day that Gideon made to the shivering cowards of his Gideon made to the shivering cowards of marmy. "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gileat." Close up the ranks. Lift the gos-Gilead. Close up the ranks. Lift the gos-pel standard. Forward into this Armaged All our cities for God! America for God don that is now opening and let the word run all along Free line. Brooklyn for God America for God The world for God! The most of us here gathered, though born in the country, will die in town.

Shall our last walk be through streets where sobriety and good order dominate, grogshops stench the air? Shall our last look be upon city halls where justice reigns, or demagogues plot for the stuffing of ballot boxes? Shall we sit for the last time in some church where God is worshiped with the contrite heart, or where cold formalism goes through unmeaning genutlexions? God save Righteousness is life; iniquity is death. Remember picturesque, terraced, templed, sculptured, boastful, God defying and entombed Pompeii!

Heating by Electricity.

In some of the hotels in the West a system of heat regultion which is certainly novel is carried out. For instance, a guest occupying Room 156 asks for heat. The order is transmitted to a peculiar person, the typewriter of the hotel generally. She goes to a switchboard and connection is given electrically with that room, allowing heat to pass into it. The occupant of the room is, perhaps, particular. A hot-blooded person wishes merely to keep from freezing; another wants a high temperature. Each can have his wish, for a thermostat with a pointer is on the wall, and the room will keep itself automatically as desired. The regulation is seventy degrees, but it can be departed from as stated. - Hard-

His Dog Stopped the Leak.

One of the few dogs worth having is owned by Silas Holbrook, of East Harpswell. Starting out from the wharf in a boat with his master theo other day the dog noticed that the plug was out of the bottom of the boat and the water was coming in. After calling attention to the trouble he placed his paw over the hole and kept the water out until his master found the plug and replaced it.-Lewiston

TEMPERANCE.

Amid rotting grains and rotting fruits leohol has birth. No wonder if his work lways shows the traces of his origin. Rot of barley, rot of corn. That's where Alcohol is born.

That's where Alcohol is born.
To his rotten nature true
To rot is all that he can do.
Rotten men and rotting boys;
Rotten hopes and rotten joys;
Rotten fame and reputation;
Rotten politics in the Nation
Rotten ballots, rotten laws; Parties with a rotten cause; Nursed on Nature's rotting juices, Bot is all that he produces -The Volce.

PLAYING DRUNG.

The experience of a skilful professional man was lately given me, by a friend, it about the following words: "My early pracsaid the doctor, "was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position. I mar ried a lovely girl : two children were born to d my domestic happiness was com But I was invited often to social par

piete. But I was invited often to social par ties where wine was freely erculated, and I soon became a slave to its power. Before I was aware of it I was a drunkard. My noble wife never forsook me, never taunted me with a bitter word, never consed to pray for my referenation. Through my criminal in-dulgence and neglect we became wretchedly poor, so that my family were pinched for daily bread.

One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church and left me lying on a lounge, sleep ing off my previous night's debauch. I wa hearing something fall heavily or the floor. I opened my eyes, and saw my little boy of six years old tumbling upon the carpet. His older brother said to him, 'Now carpet. His older brother said to him. Now, get up and fail again. That's the way papa does, let's play we are drunk! I watched the child as he personated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to an actor! I arose and left the house, groaning in agony and remorse. I walked off miles into the country, thinking over my abominable sin and the example I was setting before my children. I solemnly resolved that, with GoI's help, I would quit my cups, and I did. No lecture I ever heard from Mr. Gough moved my soul like the spectacle of my own sweet beys "playing drunk as papa does." I never pass a day without thanking my God for giving me a praying wife, and bestowing grace sufficient to conquer my detestable sin of the bottle. Madam, if you have a son, keep him, if you can, from ever touching a glass of wine."

The narrator of this touching story may never see it in these columns, but if he does, he will pardon its publication. It may be a timely warning to more than one father, who Is by no means a toper, and yet is putting wine-glass right before his own children. wine-glass right before his own children. It is the really excuse of many a young last for taking a glass of champagne—"We always have it at home." The decanter at home kindles the appetite, which soon seeks the drinking saloon. The thoughtless or re-views parent gives the fatal push which sends the boy to destruction.

Long labor in the temperance reform has convinced as that the

convinced me that the most promote it is at home. There is the spot where the mischief is to a often done. There is the spot to emact a "prohibitory law." Let it be written upon the walls of every house. Where there is a boy there should never be a bottle, -Evangelist.

WHAT THE PUDGE SAID.

Judge Huebard, of Nebruska, in passing sentence upon some convicted rumsellers re-cently, characterized in vigorous terms their

evil business. He said There is something in the taking of human life instantaneously that shocks and terrifles the mind of all; and yet we look upon that man who takes life quite as surely but by a slow, lingering process, if not with oft condemnation, at least, without horror. You who stand belong the court for sentence are in every marai states munterers, and you are in the spirit if not in the letter guilty o manshuighter, so the law says whoever ac-celerates the death of a human being unlawfully is guilty of the crime. Your bloated victims upon the witness-stand, and who undoubtedly committed perjury to screen you from the law, not only testify that you are accelerating death, but that you are inducing men to commit still greater crimes than your

You still maintain the appearance of respectability, but how morally teprous and scrofulous you are inwardly. The ruin, pov-erty and felleness which you are inflicting upon this community declars, as if from the usetops, that you are living to idleness and enting the bread of orphans watered with the widow's tears. You are stealthily killing your victims and murdering the peace of the community, and thereby converting happy, industrious homes into nusery, poverty and rags. Anxious mothers watch and pray in tears nightly with desolate hearts, for the coming home of your victims whom you are luring with the wiles and smiles of the devil into midnight debauchery.

PROMOTING TESTFERANCE IN BUSSIA.

In Bussla the Government new promotes, instead of opposing temperance work.

Members of the temperance societies amongst
the Moujiks undertake to abstain from volka for a twelvemonth. The first time one of them breaks his promise he is fixed three roubles, and receives nineteen strokes with The second time the punishment is

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

The Ram's Horn says: "A thirst has often sen started with a teaspoonful that barrels sould not quench.

By special request of Bishop Waterson no liquors were served at his jubilee banquet in Columbus. President Elliott, of Harvard, expresses he opinion that there is a great diminution

in drinking in the colleges, Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, declares that er, wine, and other fermented drinks are

pure bacteriological cultures, The workman with a wife and family, and an unquenchable thirst for beer, is too heavily

handleapped by the latter quality ever to make a success. The Catholic Total Abstinence Archdio cesan Union of Philadelphia adopted a resolution by a vote of 144 to 47 asking Catholic

papers to exclude liquor advertisements A gentleman, says the War Cry, affirms watching one public-house in London during one day, he observed some 4000 men, 2500 women, 1400 children, and 360 bables en-

Alcohol is not foo k; it is a poison. Every writer on toxicology so regards it; and as such, a place is given to it in the class of nur-cotic or of narcotic-acid poisons.—Dr. John

Recently the Rev. Thos. Pugb, incumbent of Gwyine, Liangedock, Wates, was apprived by the bishop of all ecclesiastical rights in the diocese for being drunk while administering the sacrament.

The Good Templars of Rosedale, Califor his, have succeeded in closing two salcons opened in that place in defiance of prohibition title-deeds, and the owners have also forfeited their land.

In one place in Africa one missionary and afty thousand barrels of whisky were landed at the same time. From July 1, 1890, to July 1, 1891, there were 1,018,591 gallons of rum shipped from Boston to Africa. In 1891 the trade was almost doubled.

The American Medical Temperance As sociation has now a membership of one hun-dred physicians. At its annual meeting held recently in Milwaukee, Dr. N. S. Davis, President, stated that he had for the last forty years totally discarded the use of alcohol

RELIGIOUS READING. KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

BE NOT CONFORMED TO THE ... WORLD.

There is great danger that you me There is great danger that you may be the cling to our natures, elements of pravity, even after our introduction into the kingdom of Christ, by which this world may draw us into affinity with itself too close for eminent spirituality. So peculiar and intimate are our relations to the world, that a too complement disposition, a desire of pleasing, a fear of offending, a dread of ridicule, a sprinking from singularity way influence. a sprinking from singularity, may influence us to a hurtful affiliation with its spirit and

When I notice that a professed follower of When I notice that a professed follower of Jesus Christ manifests: a more absorbing desire for temporal than for spiritual presperity, for the accumulation of wealth than for promoting the glory of God; is more carnest to procure for his children a coffer of gold than a crown of life, I want to say affectionable to him to say affection and the company of the same appropriate to him to say affection that the him to say affection that the him to say affect to to say affec ately to him be not conformed to this world

When I hear a professor of religion conversing with animation and interest about crops. markets, politics, news and fashions, and then notice that he is silent and indifferent when religious subjects are themes of conversation, I want to remind him of the exhorta-tion of Paul be not conformed to this world, When I observe a professor of religion seeking and enjoying the society of ungodly men, more than that of the saints, more punctual and cheerful in his attendance at a social or convival party than at the prayer meeting and the sanctuary, I should like kindly to whisper in his ear—be not conformed to this world. ed to this world.

ed to this world.

When I behold a professor of religion panting and grasping after the plaudits and honors of earth, eager to bind about his temples a fading wreath, elimbing until absorbed in his strugglings upon a crumbling pedestal of carthly fame, I want to direct his eye to the exhortation—be not conformed to

When I see a Christian female descrated with the gamey trappings of fashion, eager to catch the gaze and admiration of the vain and thoughtless, imitating the glitter of the dissolute, and exciting the chyy of the poor I want to thunder in her car, so loudly as to startle and awaken her conscience to not

onformed to this worl?.

When I observe a Christian mother sending her children to the ball-room and the theatre, the fasticanble assembly and the festive party, among the profligate and licentions, to perfect their education, and polish their man-ners, whilst I weep for her children, I want to repeat to the magnified parent the charge of Paul be not conformed to this world.— [From the Watchman and Reflector.

PAITH IN CHRIST,

Suppose we were standing on the brink of Suppose we were standing on the brain of a deep, wide river, which, in order to reach the very beautiful house which stands on the other side, and which we are to have for our own, we musteress. Yet it is so wide, and its walers so beisterous, that no one can swim across; and while we are wondering how or are to reach the opposite shore, a friend comes and tells us there is a bridge higher up, by which we may pass over without any danger. We go, but we find it is a chain bridge; and because we cannot see where and how the suspending chains are fastened, we will not trust ourselves upon it, although our friend assures us over and over again that it is quite safe, and that thousands go across upon it daily. We go back again, and attempt to swim across, and are lost! Why should we be lost! Not because the chain bridge was not strong enough and safe enough to bear us safe over, but because we had not faith in it. We could not believe what we did not see. Faith is the saving

TIME TO AWARD.

"It is high time to awake out of sleep,

lom, xiii, 11.
The very fact that Christians are asleep is The very fact that Christians are asser-a reason why they should at once awake. Should soldiers sleep on the fleid of tattie. Should soutinels sleep at theignests? Should watchnen signifer when dangers are thick on every side? Should Christians sleep on every side? Should Christians sleep. when every agent of evil is at work? Sleep when the powers of earth and bell are roin when the powers of earth and hell are com-bining for one deadly assault upon the chareh —when the purchase of the Savior's blood is yet unreclaimed, and when the world is sinking to perdition, shall they sleep for whom Christ died on when the salvation of souls depends, and for whom crowns of glory are purchased? Shall they sleep when the distant changer of trum-pets, and the sweet voices of angelic songsters and the reeling earth, and the elements are all about to proclaim. "The Bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meethim?" Sleep! when the time is so short, and the ad to so near? Ah, no; it is time to awake high time to awake out of sleep? Yes, it is no to awake, for we should never have slept I all. We have stept too long, for we should ever have gone to sleep. How much time ave we lost in our slumbers? How much and have we failed to do! How much fare failed toenjoy' How eadly have our lights on dimmed. How tearfully have our hopes on clouded. It is high time to awake. The tate of the Church demands it, and the con-Is the libble true? We all belt-Then the impenion are lost. Not that a will be lost, but they are lost now. If ther will be lost, but they are lost now. He that believeth not, is condemned already al-ready under sentence of death eternal? Sus-pended by a brittle thread over the barring late, a single dast, and they fall into pender that? And yet the Church is ackeep? Oh, it is high time to awake? The souls of the perish-ing cry in every simplering our, "Awake! awake? Shake off your drowsiness, and run to the rescue of the dying." It is much time to awake now and union

we do awake, the Savior may by and by say in bitter reproof, "Skep on now, and take your rest, behold, he is at hand that doth betray me!" Lord, is it Is Let that searchfing imputry reach every heart: Lord, is at 17 I of 12 Sleeper, it may be you! If you connue to sleep, thou art the man'-(Presby

THE EVERLASTING PRICES IN

Earthly friendships do much to brighter life, says Rev. T. J. Telford, in "The Quiver. That man is poor indeed who has no congen-ial spirit with whom to take fellowship. David found in Jonathan a friend sticking closer than a brother. The prince's timely warning saved the life of the son of Jesse; warning saved the life of the son of Jesse; his love gave the shepherd minstrel courage to bear the bitter troubles of banishment and persecution. But even this friendship, tender and beautiful though it was, lost much of its joy through separational it was soon broken off by death. David lament shows what comfort had come into life through the dead prince's love, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast then been into me; thy

very pleasant hast their been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of onen." It had supplied sympathy in sor-w, and strength to face a rough road of exte ad wandering. Such friendships have secone the chief by of many another troubled ite. Men have learned to pour out their searts to a loyal friend, and have fell that the way became brighter and easier to tread bemuse they were not left to bear their load Yet, however much human friendship may

bless our lives, the friendship of Christ brings a peace and joy which no earthly love can testow. To have the smile of Jesus in our homes, that is, indeed, the "chief good." Our lives are bleak and gray till God lifts upon us the light of His countenance. Then follows we hange like the dawn of day upon the mountains. All nature is hushed as we wait in breathless expectation for the first gleam of light. At last it comes, gleam of light. At last it comes, bringing sunshine and renewed energy to the slumbering world. The friendship of Jesus thus transforms our fives. The world's best joys grow brighter and better when He stands at our side. Henry Martyn once said that since he knew God, poetry, painting and music had gained a charm which they never possessed before. The home at Bethany was transformed by the coming of Jesus, and like joy is offered all who welcome Him.

MADE AN AWFUL ATONEMENT. A WATCHUAN CAUSES & COLLISION AND THEF KILLS HIMSELF.

ALLESTOWN-Becoming excited over the prob. m of handling two freight trains over a gra-Baer gave the . "rong signal this morning at Catasaque, which is Catasaqus, which is coal train and the tween a Lehigh Vailey and one engine, with Crave Iron Company's shift. 20 oil and coal cars. The Leby, Ray, jumped and saved their lives. Joseph. engineer of the Crane freight, was instantia. killed, and Herbert James, engineer of the Lehigh Valley train, was fatally injured Watchman Baer, realizing his responsibility, walked home, secured his revolver and shot himself dead

THE LUTHERN SYNOD ENDED.

BELLEFONTE -- At Monday's session of the Evangerical Lutheran Synod a committee was appointed to make arrangements and devise means for the erection of a home for aged and wornout ministers. The report of the statistical secretary shows that in Central Pennsylvania Synod there are 46 ministers, 87 churches, with a valuation of \$419,329. The membership is 8,784, a net gain of 244. Last year there were 696 accessions. There are 71 Lutheran and 22 Union Sunday Schools, with 1,297 officers and 10.876 scholars. During the year there were raised for pastoral support and local expenses \$42.849; for benevolence, \$8,320; by the Sunday Schools \$7,391. The Synod then adjourned after a 10 days' session to meet at Lewistown next September.

DOUBLE DEOWNING

MONONGARDLA CITY-liv the capsizing of a skiff in the Monongahela river at this point, Neal Roy and Louis Nirohr, glass workers were drowned. In company with a number of young men, some of whom were under the influence of liquor, they were crossing the river and attempted to change seats, thereby upsetting the craft. Roy leaves a wife and two children.

автов рау остовив 20.

HARRISHUR .- Superintendent of Public Instruction Schaeffer has issued a circular naming Friday, October 20, as autumnai

Jour Tunnes, a tramp discovered a kettle sided with gold pieces buried under a tree on six Mile Run, Benver county. He took the money to industry. There he bought a flat boat and when last seen, was drifting down the river with his treasure. WILLIAM CUMMISS, of Westmoreland

ity, while working in the mines was killed by a fall of slate. About the same hour his on James fell from a tree, and it is feared ous ained fatal injuries. HENRY DOYLE, of Pittsburg, climbed a hestnut tree near New Bedford. He fell,

and his clothing catching on a lime, held him tast, head downward. He was nearly dend when found Thomas and John Ackleson undertook to drive across the Panhandie road's tracks bear Bulger in advance of a train. John

and both horses were killed. A TRACT of 800 acres, near 'Franklin, has been selected as the site for the State Home for Feeble-Minded Children. The ground Will cost 824,0 00.

THE commissioners of Fayette county are objecting to the w " "to sheriff's wash bids for the jab mounts.

BENJAMIN TENNIS, the murder of 9-year old Agnes Cooper Wright, was sentenced at Harrisburg to be hanged. This advance of the toll rate on the bridges

at Beaver Fails from 1 to 2 cents has excited muca opposition. BEAVER county cost operators have re-

The Shenange Valley Steel mill at New astic started up with a force of 300 men.

all of slate at threen-burg Two inches of snow fell in Wayne couny, on Saturday,

HENRY FLYGLE was fatally injured by a

GERMAN ANNALS.

1800. Prussia almost ruined by the loss of the battles of Jena and Auerstadt. 1806. Dissolution of the German Em-

dre; succeeded by the Confederation f the | thine. 1809. Vienna again compied by Naoleon and the French, and held until

he end of the war. 1810. Most of North Germany ansexed to France by Napolean. 1813. General revolt against the

reach after the disasters of the Russian campaign. 1815. The Congress of Vienna asembled to readjust the map of Europe, 1815. Tecaty of Vietna; the Aus-

trian Empire restored to its former 1815. The Germanic Confederation formed, comprising Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtem-

berg, Denmark, and many small States nd free cities. 1816. The first Diet of the Germanie Confederation was held at Frank-

1817. A Ministry of Education established in Prussiat general interest in education.

The foundation of the Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Ancient German Elistory.

1830. Revolutions in various States f Germany: flight of the Duke of branswick; abaseation of the King of SHXORY.

1848. Great insurrections all over Jormany, Austria, and Italy: flight of the Emperor from the insurgents at Vienna. Revolution in Hungary, Beginning of the Hungarian war of inde-

1849. A proposal to re-establish the empire: King of Prussia elected and declined.

1849. Total defeat of the Hungarian revolutionists by the allied Russian and Austrian armies at Temesvar. Escape of Kossuth, Andrassy, and

others into Turkey.

1850. Treaty of Munich between various German States provided for a revision of the German Confederation. 1851. Re-establishment of the Diet of the Germanic Confederation at Frankfort.

1852. Trial by jury abolished throughout the Austrian Empire.

The World's Largest Vine. The vine at Hampton Courts is believed to be the largest in Europe, its

branches extending over a space of 2,300 feet. It was planted from a slip in the year 1768 and generally bears upward of 2,000 bunches of grapes of the black Hambro' kind.

AND RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T