

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY.



The brigades of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered from day to day—crying, begging, cursing; but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged—as bent over and tied to a low post. His bare back was inflamed with the scourges, intersticed with pieces of lead and bone—and now for whole hours the weight of his body hung on delicate tendons, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, swooning, nauseated, feverish—a world of agony is compressed in two words.

"I thirst!" O skies of Judea, let a drop of rain strike His burning tongue! O world, with rolling rivers and placid lakes and sparkling fountains, give Jesus something to drink! If there is any pity in earth or heaven or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer. The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion—a powerful opiate to deaden the pain; but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so He refused the wine. But afterward they soaked a sponge in a cup of vinegar and put it on a stick of hyssop, and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anaesthetic, and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult.

I am disposed to adopt the theory of the old English commentators, who believed that, instead of its being an opiate to soothe, it was vinegar to insult. Malaga and Burgundy for grand dukes and duchesses, and costly wines from royal vats for bloated imperialists; but stinging acids for a dying Christ!

In some lives the saccharine seems to predominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval! In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rubicund. Skies flamboyant. Days resplendent. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances, and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the success. There is a gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, gnawing its strength away; and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeur of his throne, because one day, in an interview, Beau Brummel called him by his first name, and addressed him as a servant, crying: "George, ring the bell!"

Miss Landon, honored all the world over for her poetical genius, was so worried over the evil reports set afoot regarding her that she was found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being, and all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought, and cries out: "What, then, is there formidable in a jail?"

Correggio's fine painting was hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth could not sell his best painting, except through a raffle. Andrew Delart made the great fresco in the Church of the Annunciation, at Florence, and got for pay a sack of corn. There are annoyances and vexations in high places, as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives the sour is greater than the sweets.

It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well, can sympathize with those who are sick; or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrows of those who are despised; or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ Himself took the vinegar makes Him able to sympathize to-day and forever with all those whose cup is filled with sharp acids of this life.

In the first place there is the sourness of betrayal. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of His disciples did Him good.

You have had many friends, but there was one friend upon whom you put especial stress. You feasted him. You loaned him money. You befriended him in the dark passes of life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward, he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He microscopized your faults. He flung contempt at you when you ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At first you could not sleep at nights. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That misery will never be healed, for though mutual friends may arbitrate in the matter until you shall shake hands, the old cordiality will never come back.

Now, I commend to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why, they sold Him for less than our twenty dollars! They all forsook Him and fled. They cut Him to the quick. He drank that cup of betrayal to the dregs.

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet your outgoings, and that always gives an honest man anxiety. There is no sign of destitution about you—pleasant appearance and a cheerful home for you; but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up, the wages seem to run down. But you are not the only one who has not been paid

for hard work. The great Wilkie sold his celebrated piece, "The Blind Fiddler," for fifty guineas, although afterwards it brought its thousands. The world hangs in admiration over the sketch of Gainsborough, yet that very sketch hung for years in the shop window because there was not any purchaser. Oliver Goldsmith sold his "Vicar of Wakefield" for a few pounds, in order to keep the ball out of his door; and the vast majority of men in all occupations and professions are not fully paid for their work.

You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push; and when you sit down with your wife and talk over the expenses, you both rise up discouraged. You abridge here, and you abridge there, and you get things snug for smooth sailing, and lo! suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some creditor has failed, and you are thrown abeam end.

There also is the sourness of bereavement. There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death; but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the crape hung on the doorbell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart to-day. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head and said:

"Oh, if I could only have it still!"

Oh, is it too still now! You lost your patience when the tops and the strings and the shells were left around the floor, but oh! you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again, if they were scattered by the same hands. With what a ruthless plowshare bereavement rips up the heart! But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell Him anything in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when He lost one it brought tears to His eyes. Lazarus had often entertained Him at his house. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion—the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar inmate. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Were there not four of them—Mary, and Martha, and Christ, and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, His great loving eyes filled with tears, which drop from eye to cheek, and from cheek to beard, and from beard to robe, and from robe to floor. Oh, yes, yes, He knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak!

Then there is the sourness of the death hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I shall behave when I come to die—whether I shall be calm or excited, whether I shall be filled with reminiscences or with anticipation. I cannot say. But come to the point I must, and you must. In the six thousand years that have passed, only two persons have got into the eternal world without death, and I do not suppose that God is going to send a carriage for us with horses of flame, to draw us up the steps of heaven; but I suppose we shall have to go like the preceding generations. An officer of the future world will knock at the door of our heart and serve on us the writ of ejection, and we will have to surrender. And we shall wake up after these Autumnal, and Wintry, and vernal, and Summer glories have vanished from our vision—we shall wake up into a realm which has only one season, and that the season of everlasting love.

But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds. I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together? Is there no escape from the separation?"

A great many men tumble through the gates of the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add gloom and mystery to the passage; but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of that future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which He was more appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the exquisiteness of the phosphorescence of the sea; He trod it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens; for they were the spangled canopy of His wilderness pillow. He knows about the lilies; He twisted them into His sermon. He knows about the fowls of the air; they whirled their way through His discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world; not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physicianless. He died in cold sweat, and dizziness, and hemorrhage, and agony that have put Him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom, and He gathers up the stings out of all the death pillows, and He puts them under His own neck and head. He gathers on His own tongue the burning thirsts of many generations. The sponge is soaked in the sorrow of all those who have died in their beds as well as soaked in the sorrows of all those who perished in icy or fiery martyrdom. While heaven was pitying, and earth was mocking, and hell was deriding, He took the vinegar.

To all those to whom life has been an acidity—a dose they could not

swallow, a draught that set their teeth on edge and a rasping—I bespeak the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ.

The sister of Herschel, the astronomer, used to help him in his work. He got all the credit; she got none. She used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes through which he brought the distant worlds nigh, and it is my ambition now, this hour, to clear the lens of your spiritual vision, so that, looking through the dark night of your earthly troubles, you may behold the glorious constellation of a Savior's mercy and a Savior's love! O reader! do not try to carry all your ills alone. Do not put our poor shoulder under the Apennines when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind, you rush this way, and that way; and you wonder what this man would say about it, and what that man would say about it; and you try this prescription, and that prescription, and the other prescription. Oh, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ, knowing that for our own sinning and suffering race, He took the vinegar! "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Yet, while I write I am pained at the thought that there are people who will refuse this divine sympathy, and they will try to fight their own battles, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens; and their life, instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be a hobbling on from defeat to defeat until they make final surrender to retributive disaster. Oh! I wish I could gather up in mine arms all the woes of men and women—all their heartaches—all their disappointments—all their chagrins—and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus.

Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungles of Iherl—jungles so full of malaria that no mortal can live there. He carried with him also a ruby of great lustre and of great value. He died in those jungles; his body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered. I fear that there are some who will fall back from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles of their sin, carrying a gem of infinite value—a priceless soul—to be lost forever. Oh, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation! But no. There are many, I fear, who will turn away from this offered mercy and comfort and divine sympathy, notwithstanding that Christ, for all who would accept His grace, trudged the long way and suffered the lacerating throngs and received in His face the expectations of the filthy mob, and for the guilty, and the discouraged, and the discomfited of the race, took the vinegar.

May God Almighty break the infatuation and lead you out into the strong hope and the good cheer and the glorious sunshine of this triumphant gospel!

IDOLS MADE IN ENGLAND.

The Proprietors Evidently Not proud of Their Business.

Although it may not be generally known, the people over half the earth's surface still worship idols, but, unlike the olden times, the idols are now rarely made with crude appliances and infinite toil. Our English cousins across the water have come to the rescue of the heathen, and make idols for them, after approved modern methods.

Incredible as it may seem, there is actually a factory in Birmingham, in Christian England, where any kind of idol is made to order, and a miscellaneous assortment kept in stock. The proprietors are evidently somewhat ashamed of their trade, as they refuse admittance to strangers, and will not consent to be interviewed, but some facts have been gleaned of this extraordinary industry.

Idols of all kinds are turned out, representing the gods of all heathen nations, from Tokio to Timbuctoo. The export trade to heathen countries is a fairly large one, although more gods are sent out to foreign dealers in curios in the bazaars of Cairo, Damascus and Colombo, for sale to unsuspecting travelers anxious to take home some mementos of their stay abroad.

The trade in idols is kept such a close secret that it is difficult to estimate the output, for in the board of trade returns the gods would doubtless be classed under the humiliating title of "works of art or curios." But there is no doubt that the trade is a fairly large one, and that some cute Birmingham men do very well in the business.

Out-of-Fashion Industries.

In these days, when matches are practically the cheapest things one can buy, it is difficult to realize that in some parts of the world old-fashioned tinder-boxes and flintlock guns are still in use, and that there is quite a trade in supplying the demand for these articles.

In the village of Brandon, England, there is a flourishing manufactory of gun and tinder-flints. The trade in tinder-boxes is mainly confined to the rural districts of Spain and Italy, although even travelers in uncivilized countries prefer flint and steel to matches, because of their being more trustworthy. The gun-flints go to the inner parts of Africa, where quite a number of the old-style guns are in use.—Golden Days.

A Schomer.

Little Freddie—Mamma, I met the minister, a little while ago, and I told him you wanted him to come and take dinner with us this evening.

Mamma—Why child, what do you mean? I haven't said anything about wanting the minister to take dinner here this evening.

Little Freddie—I know, but I seen you bakin' pies to-day, and I never was so darn pie hungry in my life.—Cleveland Leader.

Teddy Thoughtless—My employah is so doosid unreasonable, doncherknow! Dickie Doseup—How so, oi' fei? Teddy Thoughtless—He says "Vote the way you think!"—New York Journal.

NOW'S THE TIME TO BUY CLOTHING

BROSIOUS BRO'S,

The Clearing Sale Has Just Begun

And we will make it **The Greatest Bargain Occasion** in the short history of this store. **Prices Will Be Slaughtered** or you might say **CUT JUST ABOUT IN HALF.**



MEN'S OVERCOATS

Considered a Bargain at \$2.50 have been marked **\$1.48.**

Men's Suits, considered a bargain at \$2.50 have been marked **\$5.25**

The \$9. and \$10 Men's Suits we mark **\$6.38**

Men's Overcoats that sold at \$18 we close them out at **\$12.37**

Children's Reefers, the \$2.50 kind, we have them priced **\$1.29**

The \$5.00 kind will go at **\$3.98**

Children's Suits, the price was \$1.50, **80 Cts**

Men's Fancy Bosom Shirts that we sold at \$1 to \$1.50 we have now marked **79 Cts**

Men's Dark Outing Flannel Shirts a wonderful value at **19 Cts**

Men's all wool Shirts the \$1 and \$1.25 kind **79 Cts**

KREAMER.

There has been no school at Wetzel's school house last week on account of the illness of the teacher, D. F. Row. The editor of the Post was in town last Friday afternoon. N. C. Gutelius was in Paxinos last week, helping W. W. Roush in his shop. There was a party at A. C. Smith's last Thursday evening in honor of Mr. Keeler of Johnstown, who had been visiting friends in this place. A. B. Keck, of Selinsgrove, had auction at the Hotel last Saturday afternoon and evening. Mrs. Henry Wetzel returned home from a few weeks' sojourn in Clinton county. Reuben Hummel and P. L. Row were in Middleburgh last Saturday, attending the meeting of the Republican Standing Committee.

DIED

Jan. 10, at Kantz, Pa., Mrs. Wm. Hughes, aged 57 yrs., 11 mos. and 1 day.

Jan. 11, near Richfield, Jacob F. George, aged 65 years, 7 months and 9 days. Funeral was held on the 14th inst., at Neimond's Reformed church. Revs. O. G. Romig, H. H. Spohn and John Landis officiated.

Jan. 12, at Knousetown, Charlotte, wife of the late Peter Glotfelter, aged 66 years, 10 months and 24 days. Funeral was held on the 5th inst., at the Arbogast church. Revs. H. H. Spohn and O. G. Romig officiated.

MARRIED.

Jan. 13th, by Rev. W. M. Landis, Frederick Holsapple to Mary E. Snook, both of Adamsburg.

Jan. 9th, by Rev. L. Dice, William J. Yost of Winfield to Mazie M. Arbogast of Middlecreek, Pa.

Jan. 2, at the residence of Wm. D. Zink, by Chas. E. Deckard, J. P., W. Thomas Zink, of Liverpool, and Miss Mary A. Hinkle, of Pallas, Snyder Co.

An Empty Jail.

The Snyder county jail at Middleburgh is empty. Whether they neglect to coop bad folks down there or don't have 'em, is not mentioned. However, as the record stands, little Snyder has a better record than adjoining counties and is not to be sneezed at any longer.—Centre Reporter.

OLD COPIES WANTED.

In order to complete our files we want the following named issues of the Post: July 8, Sept. 16, 1869; Oct. 6, 13, 1870; Jan. 26, 1871; Apr. 17, 1873; Nov. 4, Dec. 23, 1875; June 15, 1876; Mar. 7 and July 25, 1878; May 15, 1879; Dec. 23, 1880; Feb. 17, Mar. 10, 1881; Nov. 30, 1882; Apr. 23, 1883; Mar. 27, June 12, Aug. 7 and Oct. 30, 1884; Sept. 17, 1885; Jan. 28, May 6, Oct. 28, Dec. 9, 16, 23, 1886; June 2 and Dec. 29, 1887; May 10, 1888.

Any of our readers having copies of the above issues will confer a favor by letting us know. Such copies in good condition will command a fair price.

MT. PLEASANT MILLS.

Candidates are busy. . . The Republican primary for Perry township will be held next Saturday Jan. 22nd. Mrs. E. E. Gilbert, of Port Trevorton, is visiting her parents, Joseph Lenich and wife, at this place. Daniel Reichenbach, who has been an invalid for nine years, is very low at present. . . J. F. Boyer, chairman of the Snyder County Agricultural Institutes is busily engaged in the work pertaining to his office. He held institutes at Beavertown last week and at Freeburg this week. . . Rev. O. G. Romig is conducting a series of protracted meetings on his circuit with great success. . . H. C. Haas and H. J. Heiser were in Philadelphia last week. . . Chas. Lewis and the Lenig Bros. gave an interesting musical entertainment in the school house on Thursday evening last.

Sale Register.

Tuesday, Feb. 1st, 1898, one and one-half miles north-west of Middleburgh, George Bickhart will sell 2 horses, 2 cows and farming implements.

Saturday, Feb. 26, one-half mile north of Middleburgh, Harry Bowersox will sell 1 mare and 4 cows and farming implements.

Monday, Feb. 28, John Gilbert will sell, at his residence 1 mile north-east of Middleburgh, live stock and farming implements.

Friday, Mar. 4, J. A. Smith, of Globe Mills, will sell farm stock and farming implements.

Saturday, Mar. 5th, in Middleburgh, Mrs. Harriet W. Smith will sell at public sale a lot of household goods.

Tuesday, Mar. 8, 1898, at Globe Mills, the E. H. Yoder estate will sell farming implements and household goods.

Tuesday, Mar. 9th, near Knousetown, Percival K. Brown will sell 2 horses and farming implements.

Tuesday, Mar. 23d, James Erdley will sell, 3 miles west of Middleburgh, live stock and farming implements.

Tuesday, Mar. 23, two and one-half miles south of New Berlin, Isaac Bigler will sell 4 horses, 5 cows and farming implements.

MIDDLEBURGH MARKET.

Corrected weekly by our merchants.	
Butter.....	90
Eggs.....	15
Onions.....	45
Lard.....	5
Tallow.....	4
Chickens per lb.....	6
Turkeys.....	9
Side.....	7
Shoulder.....	10
Bacon.....	12
Wheat.....	90
Rye.....	62
Potatoes.....	50
Old Corn.....	26
Oats.....	23
Bran per 100 lbs.....	60
Middlings.....	70
Chop.....	85
Flour per bbl.....	4.75

Caution Notice.

At the constable's sale, recently I purchased the following named articles and left them in the possession of John C. Moyer. All persons are hereby cautioned not to meddle with the same. 3 horses, lot harness, 9 shots, 1 fat hog, wagon, spring barrow, lot corn, buggy, mower, plow, 1/2 interest of twelve acres grain in ground, lot potatoes, cook stove, lot carpet, 2 beds and bedding. J. E. BOGAR, McKees Half Falls, Pa.

U. S. Civil Service Examination.

The Commission has ordered that the usual dates for the regular semi-annual Examinations for 1898 for the Internal Revenue Department for the 9th District of Penna. be changed, the exact dates for examination cannot be fixed at this time, but it is safe to say that the Internal Revenue Examinations for Spring will be held at Lancaster, Pa., between March 15, and April 25th. That Forms 117 and 101 can now be had by addressing the undersigned. All applications for this examination must be filed in proper form by March 1st, 1898. L. S. EISENHOWER, Sec'y Board of Int. Rev. Examiners, March 17, '98. Lancaster, Pa.

Sale Bills

The Post printing office is prepared to keep up its reputation for handsome Sale Posters. We are adding new features this season and would advise those who want attractive Sale Posters to visit this office before placing an order.

NOTICE

We have discovered that it is a violation of the law to issue premium tickets, and we have been advised to discontinue it. We have accordingly stopped giving them. We will, however, redeem all outstanding tickets. Respectfully, S. W. SIB, Selinsgrove