

**AMARTYR'S TRIUMPH**



From the text, Acts vii, 55-60, "Behold I see the heavens opened," etc., Dr. Talmage preaches of Stephen and his glorious death.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse and whoop and bellow they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and, seeing that he was not yet dead, they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clammers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples to his cheeks, from his cheeks to his garments, from his garments to the ground, and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" That was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!" That was for his assailants. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer and Stephen asleep.

First look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point that ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is his palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments—tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure and purple and saffron and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. John says of it, "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. The hosts keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad voiced acclamation of angelic dominion to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man in this house today so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them good-by, and they went away, but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea we stand on the dock or on the steam tug and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction, so when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the viper of pain and sorrow and bereavement keeps gnawing at your vitals, you stand still, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if amid the myriad delights they have they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulder under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older, and sometimes in the evening tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer, and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names and listen and sit gazing into heaven.

Pass on now and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God.

Just how Christ looked in this world, just how he looks in heaven, we cannot say. A writer in the time of Christ says, describing the Saviour's personal appearance, that he had blue eyes and light complexion and a very graceful structure, but I suppose it was all guesswork. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ and put them upon canvas, but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see him and with our own ears we can hear him. And yet there is a way of seeing and hearing him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth you will never see and hear him in heaven.

Belshazzar gathered the Babylonish nobles to his table, George I entertained the lords of England at a banquet, Napoleon III, welcomed the czar of Russia and the sultan of Turkey to his feast, and the emperor of Germany was glad to have our minister, George Bancroft, sit down with him at his table, but tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned and the forlorn and the wretched and the outcast to come and sit beside him?

Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it today and stand at the head of the darkest alley in any city, and say: "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see him; I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear that voice which pronounced my deliverance. Behold him, little children, for if you live to threescore years and ten you will see none so fair. Behold him, ye aged ones, for he only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold him, earth. Behold him, heaven. What a moment when all the nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way, gazing on Jesus.

I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness, and with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transfixed by the scorn of all good men Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one man who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you, it is either because you are a laggard or a doer. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice and money and influence all on the right side and some caricature him and some sneer at him and some denounce him and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say, "Stephen stoned!"

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against grog-shops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that some of the newspapers anathematize him and men—even good men—oppose him and denounce him because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say, "Stephen stoned!" The world, with infinite spite, took after John Frederick Oberlin and Paul and Stephen of the text, but you notice, my friends, that while they assailed him they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill him.

On the day of his death Stephen spoke before a few people in the sanhedrin. Now he addresses all Christendom. Paul the apostle stood on Mars hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern schoolgirl. Today he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the presidential chair, but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's theater there sprang up the new life of a nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive!

Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" The murderer standing on the trapdoor, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am ashamed before an audience, not because I come under their physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The

probability is that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround your town or city. There is no doubt but that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir, but this spirit about which Stephen prayed—what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun, will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way? Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it, but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to take up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before this day passes I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation of my text, that when we questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could remove them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on his omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, his hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures the text says of Stephen, "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he blessed with ministries of kindness and love I do not know, but from the way he lived and the way he preached and the way he died I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples come. They take him up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop and the waves crouch and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man whose life has been tossed and driven coming down at last to an infinite calm, in which there was the hush of heaven's lullaby.

I have not the faculty to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow, but I can prophesy, and I will prophesy, what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. Before this year has passed you may have to beg for bread or ask for a scuttle of coal or a pair of shoes, but at the last Christ will come in, and darkness will go out, and, though there may be no hand to close your eyes and no breast on which to rest your dying head and no candle to light the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the charlots of the King. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh and the devil," but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

You have seen enough for one morning. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

These Publishers. Penjab—Oh, I tell you I am loaming right up alongside of Anthony Hope! There is only one trifling little difference now between his stories and mine. What is that? Penjab—Way, the publishers all jump at his stories and they jump on mine.—Truth.

**KREAMER**

N. C. Gutelius and wife were visiting friends in Lewisburg over Sunday.....David Buck was visiting his daughter Mrs. A. A. Heutzelman of Lewistown over Sunday..... Sol. Fagley of Shamokin was in town on Saturday.....R. S. Heintzelman left for Paxinos last Monday where he will work during the summer.....Jes. Maurer is making preparations to erect a new house on the lot he recently purchased from Thompson Hillbish..... Geo. Schoch of Selingsgrove was in town on Saturday between trains..... Fields & Yoder loaded a car-load of timber on Saturday..... James Roush and wife were called to Sunbury several times last week on account of the illness of their daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Roush..... Miss Izora Walter is visiting her sister in Monroe township..... Philip Roush and Charles Keck were in Middleburg one day last week.

**SELINGSGROVE.**

The wedding of S. J. Pawling, Esq., and Miss Harriet Richter was largely attended. The floral decorations were fine. They left on the 8:34 p. m. train for a trip South.....The concert by the Boston Ladies Orchestra was grand, every person was delighted with the performances. We understand the troupe was highly pleased with their visit to this place. If they should return here they will be greeted by a larger audience than before.....Miss Lizzie Reitz of Fisher's Ferry was in town Wednesday.....Miss Corn App went to Michigan owing to the illness of her sister who is living in that state.....S. Weis and M. Millner of Kantz are in Philadelphia making their spring purchases, and Druggist Ullsh accompanied them.....Mrs. Anna Allemen is visiting friends in Harrisburg.....Benj. Phillips of Mahanoy City, brother of Tailor Phillips, is visiting the latter..... Rev. Chilcote has gone to Danville to attend the annual conference of the M. E. church.....Domer Ulrich was called home by the serious illness of his mother. We are pleased to say she is improving..... Rev. J. H. Weber of Sunbury on Friday afternoon delivered the first of a course of six lectures to the students of the University.....The W. C. T. U. held a memorial service for Miss Francis E. Willard on Monday afternoon in the reading room.

**Crowded out last week.**

C. P. Swann, of Oakland, Iowa, is visiting friends in this section. He is engaged in the drug business.....Geo. C. Wagenseller has bought the Shindel property including the drug store; we did not learn the price. This is a very desirable property.....Thomas Earhart, of New York, is visiting his uncle, Rev. P. Born, D. D.....Mrs. Benson nee App returned from Phila. where she had been in a hospital for treatment. We understand she has been very much improved in health..... Rev. J. H. Barb took a business trip to Maryland last week. He also represented the Lutheran C. E. Society, at the convention at Catawissa.....The outlook is for a good audience to greet the Boston Symphony Club which gives an entertainment on Wednesday afternoon in the Opera House.....Tailor Phillips and wife have gone to Phila. to lay in a spring stock of goods.....S. Weis is giving bargains to his customers.....The shoe factory is being roofed by Tinner A. N. Gemberling. The building will be ready for occupancy some time in April.....Dr. Dimm was at Bellefonte on Sunday assisting at the installation of Rev. H. C. Hallows, D. D.....Mrs. Emma Day from Mulenburg, Africa, the wife of Dr. Day, deceased, was entertained by Dr. Dimm and family on Monday and gave a talk to the U. H. & F. M. Society of Trinity Lutheran church, in the college chapel, Monday evening.

**Diamond Wall Cement**

Is used for Plastering Houses. It is a new discovery Guaranteed to last longer than any other plaster. It is preferred to Adamant. For particulars call on or address D. A. KERN, MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

**Shot His Own Duck.**

Some wag took one of Charles Forrey's tame ducks, and anchored it out in the river, near his hotel at McKees Half Falls, and then called his attention to the wild duck in the river. Charley prides himself on being a crack shot, and getting his gun he proceeded to slay the lively little duck. He fired one shot, the duck swam on, no fly, then another and another followed, the duck still swam on until about ten shot fell, when he killed it. Then there was a happy landlord.—After cheering for some time on his success, he started out on the river, and arriving at the duck, he found he had been sold, and then there was a mad landlord.—Tribune.

**Be Careful! Be Careful!**

In the use of Brandy during season of bowel complaint. Nothing is so useful to assist in checking cholera morbus or cholera infantum when ordered by your physician as Pure Brandy made only from Grapes. But where and how to get pure is the question. If it is not pure from grape it is poison and will kill the patient. The Old Climax Brandy distilled from Grapes by Mr. Speer is absolutely pure. Be sure and see that the Bottle has the cap stamped with Speer, N. J. Wine Co. Get it of your druggist; take no other. Price \$1.50 a bottle qt.; \$1 pint.

**The Sheriff Surprised**

Sheriff Wagner, of Union county, residing at Lewisburg, was awakened early Thursday morning by a vigorous pounding on his door and an urgent appeal to be let in. He was considerably astounded on coming down to find this late caller was Elmer Hassenplug who, with another prisoner, escaped from the jail last week. The sheriff had been scouring the country in the effort to recapture the fugitives, and his surprise was great at the voluntary return of Hassenplug. The explanation given was that he was tired of wandering about the country, hiding in sheds and outbuildings, with scarcely anything to eat and the fear of being seen and recognized.

**Invalid and Sacramental Wines.**

Speer's Unfermented Grate Juice is pure and unalloyed. It is made from the finest grown Port grapes, especially for the use of Christian churches, preserved from fresh and pure juice as it is pressed, and guaranteed to retain its grateful flavor and essential qualities unimpaired for any period. Much used for evening parties and invalids who do not use stimulants.

**Rev. Hertz Returned.**

The United Evangelical Conference of Central Pennsylvania was held at Hughesville last week. The appointments for Centre District are as follows:

A. Stapleton, presiding elder; Altoona, J. A. Hollenbaugh; Bellwood and Pine Croft, A. D. Gramley; Bellefonte, C. H. Gooding; Milesburg, G. W. Heiney; Howard, J. R. Sechrist; Nittany, H. T. Searle; Centre Hall, W. W. Rhoads; Spring Mills, W. M. Brown; Millheim, J. J. Lohr; Sugr Valley, G. F. Garrett; Millmont, D. P. Shaffer; Buffalo, J. Shambach; New Berlin, C. F. Shultz; Penn's Creek, J. H. S. Price; Middleburg, J. H. Hertz; McClure, L. Dice; Port Treverton, W. E. Brillhart. Lewisstown, Geo. Joseph; Patterson, S. E. Koontz; Professor A. E. Goble, D. D., president of Central Pennsylvania College and member of New Berlin Quarterly Conference.

Geo. A. Foltz and wife, who went to Moran, 3 years ago to farm for John Schoch, have returned to Monroe township and will make their home at Hummel's Wharf.

**The S. S. Workers of Snyder County.**

The executive committee of the county association have made the following division of the county: Adams, Beaver, Beaver West and Spring in charge of H. I. Romig. Perry, Perry West and Chapman in charge of Rev. O. G. Romig. Washington and Union in charge of William Moyer. Penns, Selingsgrove, Monroe and Jackson in charge of M. L. Wagenseller. Middleburg, Franklin, Centre and Middlecreek in charge of Rev. D. E. McLain. There should be as many local district conventions held before the county convention, as possible. Let those in charge see to this matter. The date for the annual convention has been fixed for May 9 and 10, 1898, in the Evangelical Lutheran church of Middleburg. M.

**COURT HOUSE CHIPS.**

Deeds Entered for Record. Mrs. Catherine Gill to Lewis Walters, ten acres in Centre township for \$650. Charles Zarr and wife to James W. Smith, 1/2 interest in house and lot on Isle of Que for \$50. Robert M. Smith and wife and Bell Smith and wife to James W. Smith, 1/2 interest in house and lot on Isle of Que for \$40. John S. Rice and wife to John L. Swineford, tract No. 1 in Union township containing 42 acres and 90 perches, tract No. 2 in Chapman township containing 57 acres, (dower of \$256 on this tract) and tract No. 3 in Union township containing 5 acres and 80 perches for \$600. F. P. Decker and wife to A. W. Knepp 172 acres and 76 perches in West Beaver township for \$4350. Henry Ott and wife to John Clopp one-half acre lot in Penn township near the Red Bridge for \$75. Adam H. Musser and wife to Jacob B. Herman, 50 acres in Franklin township for \$600. Jacob Hoffer and wife to Wm. J. Sandal, 50 acres in Monroe twp. for \$1,600. Jesse Foltz and wife to Jacob Hoffer 50 acres in Monroe twp. for \$2,300. Esther Werline and Henry S. Werline to Edward Taylor, house and lot on Water Street, Selingsgrove for \$750.

**Marring Licenses.**

(S. J. Hawling, Selingsgrove) (Harriet Richter, " ) (C. H. Mull, Freeburg) (Mary Bennage, D. V. X Road)

**OLD COPIES WANTED.**

In order to complete our files we want the following named issues of the Post: July 8, Sept. 16, 1869; Oct. 13, 1870; Jan. 26, 1871; Apr. 11, 1873; Nov. 4, Dec. 23, 1875; Jan. 15, 1876; Mar. 7 and July 2, 1878; May 15, 1879; Feb. 17, Mar. 10, 1881; Apr. 23, 1883; Mar. 27, June 12, Aug. 7 and Oct. 30, 1884; Sept. 17, 1885; Jan. 2, May 6, Oct. 28, Dec. 23, 1887.

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

Isaac F. Walte: of Mazepa was in Middleburg on Saturday and made a call at this office.

A full line of tinware can be found at Schoch and Stahlnecker stand. All kinds of repairing promptly attended to.

**Moving Notice.**

All persons having business with this office please remember that we have moved our quarters from David Ocker's building to the new building on the Bank lot near the county jail where we shall be pleased to greet our many friends and patrons.

**Important to Subscribers.**

Those of our subscribers who expect to change their postoffice address this spring, should notify us of the same. Be especially careful to give your old address and the new one. Also send in your name exactly as you find it printed on the label of your paper. By observing these points you will be sure to get your paper regularly and avoid confusion.

**Sale Register.**

Thursday, Mar. 17th, one-half mile north west of Richfield, Thos. Shellenberger will sell 2 horses, one cow and farming implements. Monday, Mar. 21st, James Erley will sell miles west of Middleburg, live stock and farming implements. Tuesday, Mar. 22, two and one-half miles south of New Berlin, Isaac Blyker will sell horses, 3 cows and farming implements. Tuesday, March, 22, on the road leading from McKees to Melserville, Mrs. Bessie Bohner, will sell household goods. Friday, Mar. 25, two and one-half miles North East of Middleburg, Mrs. Mary E. Musser will sell one horse, two cows and farming implements and household goods.

**MIDDLEBURGH MARKET.**

Corrected weekly by our merchants. Butter..... Eggs..... Onions..... Lard..... Tallow..... Chickens per lb..... Turkeys..... Hides..... Shoulders..... Ham..... Wheat..... Eye..... Potatoes..... Old Corn..... Oats..... Bran per 100 lbs..... Middlings..... Chop..... Flour per bbl.....