

DR. THURGOOD'S SUNDAY SERMON
AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Different Modes of Measuring the Flight of Time"—LIFE SHOULD NOT BE WHOLLY A SPAN OF YEARS—THE CURSE OF WEALTH—THE TRUE GAUGE.

Text: "How old art thou?"—Genesis xviii, 8.

The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges there had been brought to it from India frankincense and cinnamon and ivory and diamonds; from the north, marble and iron; from Syria, purple and silk; from Greece, some of the finest horses of the world and some of the most brilliant chariots, and from all the earth, the most valuable and the most precious stones. There were temples adorned with red sandstone, entered by the gateways that were guarded by pillars beset with hieroglyphics and with brazen serpents and adorned with winged creatures, their eyes and beaks and plumes glittering with precious stones; there were marble columns blooming into white flowers; and the air was filled with the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom.

Along the avenues, lined with sphinx and fane and obelisk, there were princes and nobles in gorgeous and splendid palanquins, carried by servants in scarlet or elsewhere drawn by vehicles and the snow-white horses, golden-bitted and six abreast, dashing at full run. On roofs of mosaic the glories of Pharaohs were spelled out in letters of porphyry and beryl and flame. There were ornaments twisted from the wood of tamarisk, embossed with silver and broken into diamonds. There were footstools made of a single precious stone. There were beds fashioned out of a crouched lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hides of leopards. There were sofas for women with the claws of wild beasts and armed with the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea on a summer day and look either way, and there are miles of breakers, white with the ocean, dashing shoreward, so it seemed as if the sea of the world's pomp and wealth in the Egyptian capital for miles and miles flung itself up into white breakers of marble temple, mansions and palaces.

It was to this capital and the palace of Pharaoh that Jacob, the plain shepherd, came to meet his son Joseph, who had become prime minister in the royal apartment. Pharaoh, in his dignity and rusticity, the gracefulness of the court and the plain manners of the field. The king, wanting to make the old country man at ease and seeing how white his beard is and how feeble he is, he said to him, "How old art thou?"

On New Year's night the gate of eternity opened to let in amid the great throng of departed centuries the soul of the year. Under the twelfth stroke of the brazen hammer of the city clock the patriarch fell dead, and the stars of the night were the funeral torches. It is most fortunate that the road of life there are so many milestones, on which we can read just how far we are going toward the journey's end. I feel that it is not an inappropriate prayer that I ask to-day when I look into your faces and see Pharaoh did to Jacob, the patriarch, "How old art thou?"

People who are truthful on every other subject lie about their ages, so that I do not solicit from you any like responses to the question I have asked. I would put no one under temptation, but I simply want this morning to see by what rod it is we are measuring our earthly existence. There is a right way and a wrong way of measuring a door, or a wall, or an arch, or a tower, and so there is a right way and a wrong way of measuring our earthly existence.

There are many who estimate their life by mere worldly gratification. When Lord Dundas was wished a Happy New Year, he said, "It will have to be a happier year than the past, for I hadn't one happy moment in all the twelve months that have gone." But that has not been the case with most of us. We have found that though the world is blasted with sin it is a very bright and beautiful place to reside in. We have had joys innumerable. There is no hostility between the gospel and the merriments and the festivities of life. I do not think that we fully enough appreciate the worldly pleasures God gives us. When you recount your enjoyments you do not go back to the time when you were a infant in your mother's arms, looking up into the heaven of her smile; to those days when you filled the house with the uproar of boisterous merriment; when you shouted as you pitched the ball on the playground; when on the cold, sharp winter night, muffled up, on skates you shot out over the resounding ice of the pond? Have you forgotten all those good days that the Lord gave you? When you were a child, you never a girl? Between those times and this how many merries the Lord has bestowed upon you? How many joys have breathed up to you from the flowers and shone down to you from the stars, and charmed to you with the voice of soaring bird and tumbling cascade and booming sea and thunders that with bayonets of fire charged down the mountainside? Joy! Joy! Joy! If there are any who love the joys of the enjoyments of the world, it is the Christian, for God has given him a lease of everything in the promise, "All are yours."

But I have to tell you that a man who estimates his life on earth by worldly gratification is a most unwise man. Our life is not to be a game of chess. It is not a dance in lighted hall, to quick music. It is not the both of them. It is not the settlements of a wine cup. It is not a banquet, with intoxication and roistering. It is the first step on a ladder that mounts into the skies or the first step on a road that ranges into the distance. "How old art thou?" Toward what destiny are you tending and how fast are you getting on toward it?

Again, I remark that there are many who estimate their life on earth by their sorrows and miseries. They are like the man of many of your lives the plow-share, that has gone very deep, turning up a terrible furrow. You have been betrayed and misrepresented, and set upon, and slapped of impudence, and poured of misery. The brightest life must have its shadows and the smoothest path its thorns. On the happiest road the hawk pounces. No escape from trouble of some kind. While glories and honors are being showered on you, suddenly broken by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains and paths, up and down which angels of God walk two and two.

In 1835 the French resolved that at Ghent they would have a kind of musical demonstration that had never been heard of. It would be made up of the chiming of bells and the discharge of cannon. The experiment was a perfect success. What with the ringing of the bells and the report of the ordinance the city trembled and the hills shook with the triumphal march that was as strange as it was overwhelming. With a most glorious accompaniment will God's dear children go into their high residence when the trumpets shall sound and the last day has come. At the signal given the bells of the towers, and of the lighthouse, and of the cities will strike their sweetness into a last chiming that shall ring into the heavens and be heard of in the realm of spirits. Now, it is all cant and insincerity to talk against money, as though it had no value. It may represent refinement and education

and ten thousand blessed surroundings. It is the spreading of the table that feeds the childless hunger. It is the lighting of the furnace that keeps you warm. It is the making of the bed on which you rest from care and anxiety. It is the carrying of you out at last to heaven's sepulcher, and the putting up of the slab on which is chiseled the story of your Christian hope. It is simply hypocrisy, this tirade in pulpit and lecture hall against money.

But I remark, there are many—I wish there were more—who estimate the life by their moral and spiritual development. It is not sinful egotism for a Christian man to say: "I am purer than I used to be. I am more consecrated to Christ than I used to be. I have more of the great many of the bad habits in which I used to indulge. I am a great deal better man than I used to be. It is not sinful egotism in that. It is not base egotism for a soldier to say: 'I know more about military tactics than I used to before I took a musket in my hand and learned to present arms and was a pest to the drill officer.' It is not base egotism for a sailor to say: 'I know more about clew down the mizzen topsail than I used to before I had ever seen a ship.' And there is no sinful egotism when a Christian man, fighting the battles of the Lord, or if you will have it, struggling toward a haven of eternal rest, says, 'I know more about spiritual tactics and voyaging toward heaven than I used to.'

Now, I do not know what your advantages or disadvantages are. I do not know what your tact or talent is. I do not know what may be the fascination of your manners or the repulsiveness of them, but I know that there is a harvest to reap, a tear to wipe away, a soul to save. If you have worldly means, consecrate them to Christ. If you have eloquence, use it on the side that will do the most good. If you have learning, put it all into the poor box of the world's suffering. But if you have none of these—neither wealth nor eloquence nor learning—you at any rate have a smile with which you can encourage the disheartened, a frown with which you may blast injustice, a voice with which you may call the wanderer back to God. "Oh, you say that it is a very sanctimonious view of life, and it is the only bright view of death. Contrast the death scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Quin, the actor, in his last moments said, 'I hope this tragic scene will soon be over, and I hope to keep my dignity to the last.' Maltesherber said to the apostle, who said in his last hour: 'Hold your tongue! Your miserable style puts me out of conceit with heaven.' Lord Chesterfield in his last moments, when he ought to have been praying for Paul the apostle, who said in his last hour: 'I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown, and I will receive it, when the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me.' Or compare it with the Christian deathbed that you witnessed in your own household. Oh, my friends, this world is a false god. It will consume you with the blaze in which it accepts your sacrifice, while the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance, and when the thrones have fallen and the monuments have crumbled and the conquerors have perished they shall banquet with the conquerors of earth and the hierarchs of heaven.

This is a good day in which to begin a new way of measurement. How old art thou? You see the Christian way of measuring life and the worldly way of measuring it. I leave it to you to say which is the wisest and best way. The worldly way has turned away swiftly, and it has hurled us on. The Christian way has gone. The new year has come. For what you and I have been launched upon it God only knows. Now let me ask you what you have made any preparation for the future? You have made preparation for time, my dear brother. Have you made any preparation for eternity? Do you wonder that when that man on the Hudson River in indignation tore up the tract which was handed to him and just one word landed on his coat sleeve, the rest of the tract being pitched into the river, that one word aroused his soul? It was the word, so long so broad, so high, so deep—"Eternity." A dying woman, in her last moments, said, "Call it back." They said, "What do you want?" "Time," she said, "call it back." Oh, it is a word we need back. We might lose our fortunes and call them back; we might lose our health, and perhaps recover it; we might lose our good name and get that back, but time goes on forever.

Now, when we can no longer get the center of things is he not to be congratulated? Does not our common sense teach us that it is better to be at the center than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel, holding on by the spokes to the tire lest we be suddenly hurled into light and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical instruments trying to peer in through the cracks and the keyholes of heaven—afraid of the sunset of the celestial expanse will be swung wide open before our enraptured vision—rushing about among the apothecary shops of this world wondering if this is good for rheumatism and that is good for neuralgia and something else is good for a bad cough, lest we be suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health where the inhabitant never says, I am sick!

What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the center! What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the May time orchards of heaven, and if our pain-piercing and our sorrow should be suddenly broken by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains and paths, up and down which angels of God walk two and two.

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PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

House. The Senate organized last Tuesday by electing Senator Snyder, of Chester, president pro tem. He commended the administration of President McKinley during the recent war, and he praised the work of the charitable institutions, saying they should receive appropriations from the Legislature as large as the revenues of the government will permit.

He recommended the increase, if possible, of the public school appropriation; the enactment of the ballot law so simple that the uneducated voter can exercise his franchise without fear of making mistakes; the building of good roads, so much to the benefit of the agricultural districts; the revocation of the patent land law; the carrying out of which, he declared, would be a benefit to the State. The claims are worth, and the holding of a brief session of the Legislature. Chief Clerk Smiley, of Venango, and John M. Rhey, of Carlisle, were re-elected. J. H. Hunsicker, of Philadelphia, was appointed Reading Clerk; Captain J. S. Crago, of Waynesboro, Message Clerk; R. M. Range, of Crawford, Executive Clerk, and Dr. B. F. Dierker, of Harrisburg, Chaplain. Herman Miller will be re-appointed Senate Librarian.

In the House last Wednesday Mr. Fow, of Philadelphia, moved to reconsider the vote by which the House non-concurred in the Senate resolution fixing April 20 for final adjournment. The motion was ruled out on a point of order made by Mr. Bliss, of Delaware. No bills will be introduced until after the appointment of the standing committees.

Speaker Farr appointed the following committee on the part of the House to arrange for the inauguration of Governor Stone on January 17: Messrs. Stewart and Fow, of Philadelphia, Kreps, of Franklin, Harris, of Clearfield, and McClain, of Lancaster. Speaker Farr is working on the committees. There for you hear a field to cultivate, a harvest to reap, a tear to wipe away, a soul to save. If you have worldly means, consecrate them to Christ. If you have eloquence, use it on the side that will do the most good. If you have learning, put it all into the poor box of the world's suffering. But if you have none of these—neither wealth nor eloquence nor learning—you at any rate have a smile with which you can encourage the disheartened, a frown with which you may blast injustice, a voice with which you may call the wanderer back to God. "Oh, you say that it is a very sanctimonious view of life, and it is the only bright view of death. Contrast the death scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Quin, the actor, in his last moments said, 'I hope this tragic scene will soon be over, and I hope to keep my dignity to the last.' Maltesherber said to the apostle, who said in his last hour: 'Hold your tongue! Your miserable style puts me out of conceit with heaven.' Lord Chesterfield in his last moments, when he ought to have been praying for Paul the apostle, who said in his last hour: 'I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown, and I will receive it, when the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me.' Or compare it with the Christian deathbed that you witnessed in your own household. Oh, my friends, this world is a false god. It will consume you with the blaze in which it accepts your sacrifice, while the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance, and when the thrones have fallen and the monuments have crumbled and the conquerors have perished they shall banquet with the conquerors of earth and the hierarchs of heaven.

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KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

FIRE AT WASHINGTON. The Hotel Main, a Well-Known Hostelry Burned—Other Buildings Destroyed. Property Valued at \$140,000.

Fire which broke out Saturday morning at Washington destroyed property valued at \$140,000, on which there was about \$115,000 of insurance. The buildings destroyed were the Hotel Main, a four-story brick structure, and the LeVino building, a three-story brick. The hotel, located at the corner of 11th and D streets, was formerly the Fulton house, was owned by Dr. G. W. Roberts, who paid \$41,000 for it several years ago. His insurance is \$25,000. D. H. Goodwin, proprietor, loses a large amount of furniture, including the body of Patrick Grady, an old hermit, was found frozen in the snow close to his hut.

The following pensions were granted: \$10 to J. M. Miller, of Springdale, \$6; Thomas Murphy, Sewickley, \$10; Thomas Honiter, Clearfield, \$10; George J. Rock, Schellsburg, Bedford, \$16 to \$30; Jacob Neely, Dead, Prospect, Butler, \$2; Amanda Weaver, dead, Grantville, \$16 to \$10; Joseph Rokenstein, Butler, \$8 to \$10; Thomas Ramage, Hopewell, Bedford, \$8 to \$10; James W. Goodwin, East, Charleston, \$16 to \$17; Cornelius Wright, Grand Valley, Warren, \$6 to \$8; Solomon Lucas, Flotz, Franklin, \$8 to \$10; Jonathan Rice, Pine Ridge, Bedford, \$8 to \$10; Anne E. Cahill, Allegheny, \$8; Sarah J. Cole, Lincolnville, Cambria, \$2; Amanda Schenckler, New Castle, \$8; Maggie McBride, Williamsport, \$8; Ruth Giffey, Leechburg, \$8; Matilda Weaver, Granville, Mifflin, \$8; Eliza A. Neely, Prospect, Butler, \$8; Mary Schell, Clearfield, \$8; Elizabeth Strausbaugh, Beltsano, Cambria, \$8; George Gray, West Finley, Washington, \$6; John Shank, Pennsylvania, Fayette, \$8; Philip Thomas, Brownsville, \$6; Albert M. Beck, Fredericktown, Washington, \$6 to \$8; Alfred Graham, Boston, Allegheny, \$6 to \$8; John Mooney, Curllsville, Clarion, \$11.25 to \$15; Josiah Lingerfelter, \$14 to \$16; James W. Swinchart, Dysart, Cambria, \$12 to \$14; Charles Tuxford, Freeport, \$6 to \$8; Charles P. DeCorde, Confluence, \$24; Elizabeth H. Snyder, Glade, Somerset, \$8; Mary Miller, Lewisburg, \$8; Jennie E. Agnew, Mifflin, \$8; Robert M. Beck, Fredericktown, Washington, \$6 to \$8; Alfred Graham, Boston, Allegheny, \$6 to \$8; John Mooney, Curllsville, Clarion, \$11.25 to \$15; Josiah Lingerfelter, \$14 to \$16; James W. Swinchart, Dysart, Cambria, \$12 to \$14; Charles Tuxford, Freeport, \$6 to \$8; Charles P. DeCorde, Confluence, \$24; Elizabeth H. 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