

# A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

## AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED, "SLEEP AS GOD'S GIFT."

The Rev. T. A. Nelson, D. D., Delivers a Stirring Address on the Subject, "Sleeplessness," With an Appropriate Text of Comprehensive Meaning.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—At the Second Presbyterian Church Sunday morning, the Rev. T. A. Nelson, D. D., preached on the subject, "Sleeplessness." He took for his text, Daniel ii, part of first verse: "His spirit was troubled and sleep went from him." and the following: "That line of the poet Young, 'Sleep, nature's sweet restorer,' like every other true poet's saying, was inspired. Blessings light on him who has invented sleep," says Saucio Panza, in "Don Quixote," and Coleridge exclaims, in the "Ancient Mariner," "O, sleep, it is a gentle thing!"

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# RAT TWO FEET LONG.

## It Gives a Philadelphia Policeman a Hard Fight.

While patrolling his beat on Germantown avenue, near Bristol road, in the northwestern part of the city, Policeman Nice, of the Twenty-third District, saw a large object creeping stealthily from under a doorstep. In the dim light he was unable to make out the form and would have passed it by but for the many rumors that recently have been circulating in the neighborhood regarding a strange animal, so he determined to investigate.

Of late weird tales of scares have been told the police. The animal which caused all the disturbance had been variously described as a wolf, fox, escaped zoological monstrosity and by the less timid as merely a vicious dog.

Seizing his club, Nice boldly approached the animal, which suddenly made a lunge at him, just missing him. Then commenced such a battle royal as Nice declares he does not wish to go through again. Despite the vicious defense the animal put up, the policeman's club was finally effective and the creature lay dead at Nice's feet.

Examination showed that the body was that of a huge rat, measuring nearly two feet in length, the tail alone being over a foot long, and the teeth were large and sharp. To verify his statement of the battle, Nice picked up the carcass and took it to the Park and Lehigh avenues station house, where it is now on exhibition.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

# POMPIN CHINESE TEMPLE

## WHAT AN ENGLISHMAN SAW IN A SHRINE OF BUDDHA.

It Was On a Day of Festival—The Scene Was Calm and Peaceful, the Air Redolent of Incense—Sacrificing to Buddha.

The breeze was filling the bells hanging from the eaves of the great temple with fitful melody. High trees threw pleasant shadows across the courtyard, and beneath their spreading branches were groups of worshippers. It was a day of festival, the time of prayer petitioned by a woman whose son was dead, but through this annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Buddha, was believed to live again.

Priests in flowing robes of yellow silk, and carrying bowls of incense, administered to the devotees, while upon a table in the centre of the court acolytes piled up the gifts—plates of fresh flowers, dishes of sweet fruits, and unboiled rice. Within the great shrine, dim and faintly lit, the pale fires of many candles were burning. Upon the floor were scattered in profusion shoes of gold and silver paper; red streamers draped the shrine. The scene was calm and peaceful.

Three priests, leaving their waiting groups, ascended the temple steps, their departure a signal to the bellringers to fill the spacious court with notes of solemn melancholy. As the bell tolled its gently warning each humble supplicant bestirred himself, turning to face the temple and to watch with no little reverence and dignity the temple priests. These were engaged upon their litanies, and as one chanted his fellows beat with their heavy clappers upon bronze gongs.

Quickly the prayers were taken up, each group responding. Presently the priests knelt, and, bending forward, supported upon their hands, prostrated their heads before the images. Slowly they leaned forward until their foreheads swept the temple floor; as slowly they recovered, each attendant worshipper following their action. In a little they had risen to their feet, and, slowly passing from the temple to the tables in the courtyard, stopped before the offerings. Once again notes from the temple bell boomed forth, flooding all heaven with mysterious reverberation; again the priests swung aloft their incense fumes; again there were the crash of cymbals and the sound of chanted song, as the priests blessed the food, begging the Divine One to accept the gifts. There was, of course, no answering response; but as the prayer died away the figures of the acolytes appeared from the shadowy recesses of the temple, and moving forward to the centre table, took by the dishes, carrying them to the High Altar. Here they were placed at the very feet of Buddha as, amid a louder strain of music, the priests themselves approached. Each dish now in its turn was blessed—the flour, the fruit, the uncooked rice—each offering the symbol of innocence and purity, the three together making the sustenance of life.

Very quietly the priests invoked the intervention of the Blessed One, singing again with gentle cadence the chants and litanies. Gradually their voices quickened until as the prayers fell from their lips the responses were thrown back to them with rapid diligence. The end of the service was approached as, with a final burst of music, priests, acolytes, and worshippers claimed in loud voice the mediation of the Spirit.

To me, the mere spectator of a charming idyll, the scene ended with some abruptness, but while I hung about the precincts of the temple other ceremonies appeared to follow. As I waited the priests left the temple house, and taking the dishes from the shrine, began to divide the little gifts into equal shares. One was dedicated to the use of Buddha, one was given to the priests, a third was allotted to their generous patron, and the fourth was distributed among the worshippers. To that already set aside for sacrifice to Buddha the lady patron added her own share, carrying it up the temple steps herself and placing it with trembling hands and tottering carriage upon the shrine. To the others the priests brought stoves and water, and while some attended to the boiling of the rice, others whipped up the flour into cakes. The fruit was left untouched, and taken when the rice was boiled and the flour baked. Then of a sudden and with a pleasant transformation the previous sad and melancholy spectacle became turned to a happy gathering where a few good souls partook of food blessed by the Mighty Lord Himself. There was no merriment in the feast, but priests and worshippers alike joined it, nibbling delicately and chattering in subdued whispers. The change was natural and altogether symbolic; their beloved friend or relation being dead, they wished to share some of the joys which the good and gracious Buddha had vouchsafed to him. Thus they ate the sacrifices which had been blessed, voicing the wish of peaceful lives to each member of the little gathering and perpetual plenty to him who had so long since departed.

Presently the little feast broke up, but not the party. Each individual member had a personal sacrifice to make, and leaving his fellow-guests, one by one each made his way into the temple. Enconced behind a pillar and quietly sitting in the shadow, I watched and waited the passing of each forlorn visitor. Tapers were burning in the temple, and yet others were added to the illumination. There were two lesser and one larger Divinity on the altarpiece, but oblations were made before each and newly lighted tapers placed in the several sockets.—Westminster Gazette.

# STONES OF MEDICAL VALUE.

## Many Minerals Have Strange Legendary Therapeutic Qualities.

The sacred, magical and curative properties of certain stones—large and small—appear to have ranked among the items of the Pseudodoxia epidemica, among all races and nations, and throughout all recorded ages. The colossal monoliths, and the small "graven images" of stones are well known examples of the first of these properties. Among the prominent specimens of the second may be noted the items of popular mediaeval belief, that a diamond placed upon the pillow would notify the conjugal infidelity of a wife; that the wearing of an agate would effectually avert the approach of a tempest; that the wearing of a chrysolite would "make one out of love with gold;" and that the carrying about of an amethyst surely preserved the owner from being "overtaken" by drunkenness—an item of belief to which the etymology of its name is due. To a kindred form of credulity must be ascribed the wondrous properties which were ascribed to China dishes, when first imported to Europe from the Celestial empire.

It was confidently said of these by Scalliger and others "that they admit no poison, that they strike fire, that they will grow hot no higher than the liquor in their ariseth." With regard to the curative powers of various stones, we may seasonably quote the remark of the celebrated author of the "Religio Medici": "He must have more heads than Janus, that makes out half of those virtues ascribed to stones, and their not only medical, but Magical properties, which are to be found in authors of great name. In Psellus, Serapion, Evax, Albertus, Aleazar Marbodeus; in Maiolus, Ruets, Mylius and many other." And the same author goes on to state some of his own opinions in this connection: "That Lapis Lazuli hath in it a purgative faculty we know, that Bezoar is Antidotal, Lapis Judaicus Diuretical, Corall, Antiepileptic, we will not deny, that Cornelians, Jaspis, Helioptropes and blood stones, may be of virtue to those intentions they are implied; experience and visible effects will make us doubt." And just now the fact of the persistence of such forms of belief is forcibly brought home to us by the announcement—in a diurnal (lay) contemporary—of the unquestioning faith which is placed in the efficacy of "madstones" by a large proportion of our own fellow citizens. There are even now many of those precious talismans in this country; and "the believers in their efficacy always know where the nearest one is kept." One of them had long been the property of an Ohio negro, and was placed after the death of its owner in the State library at Columbus. There it was recently applied to the wound caused by the bite of a supposedly rabid dog. The dog recovered, and the woman to whom it was applied died of blood poisoning caused by the unclean contact. We are also informed that such a stone was kept in the Virginia state penitentiary for years, and was open to all comers for application to the bite of a mad dog, or other allied wound. One such (perhaps the same) was at a later date sold by auction for \$89. Still more famous was a physician of that country who settled in Nevada. It had previously been exploited in that country for at least a century and a half—a fact supported by documentary evidence. The document was written in native Russian; and, as nobody concerned could read it, everybody implicitly believed what they were told of it. The owner offered the stone for sale for \$1500, and a joint stock company was formed for the purchase. A thousand shareholders advanced \$1 each, and the balance was made up by a farmer who became its keeper when the purchase was completed. Its fame still flourishes, and it is said that an offer of \$3000 has been refused for it.—American Medicine.

# KEystone STATE CULLINGS

## GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

Pennypacker Calls Attention of the People to Observance of Thanksgiving Day.

Gov. S. W. Pennypacker issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation: "Giving heed to an observance of ancient establishment and long continuance, much conducive to the moral welfare of the people, I, Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby set apart Thursday, November 24, as a day for offering thanks and praise unto the Lord for His manifold blessings and mercies. He hath delivered us out of the hands of our enemies; He hath given light to them that sit in darkness; He hath scattered the hungry with good things; He hath magnified the proud in the imagination of their hearts; He hath blessed the earth that it has brought forth its increase; He hath defended us from perils and dangers innumerable; He hath not remembered against us our offenses, nor the offenses of our forefathers; He hath then gathered together in our homes, meeting houses and churches and sent forth praise unto Him, not only with our lips, but in our lives, and let us further remember to give help to the needy and succor to the poor and afflicted."

John Kerr, 42 years old, watchman for the Pennsylvania Sweep and Smelting company, at Philadelphia, was killed by a robber, while attempting to save a fellow workman from being murdered. David Rikle, engineer for the company, came upon two young men robbing freight cars. He attempted to catch them when one of the robbers drew a revolver, and just as he pulled the trigger, Kerr jumped between the burglar and the victim. The ball entered Kerr's breast, killing him. The robbers escaped.

With every assurance that the past will be forgiven, Mrs. Bertha Reuther, who murdered her two children because she feared they would starve to death, will leave Moymensingh prison on Thursday, a free woman. Her husband will take his wife to their home at 2803 North Swanson street, Philadelphia. Mrs. Reuther, on the night of August 1, 1903, turned on the light in her bedroom, where her four little children were sleeping. Clara, eight months, and Pauline, 4 years, died.

During the anniversary observance of the installation of Rev. W. J. John, as pastor of the Emmanuel Baptist church, of New Castle, a mortgage, representing a major portion of the debt of the church, was liquidated and the document was burned at the altar amid appropriate services. The debt of \$15,000 has been reduced to \$5,000. Rev. D. C. Edwards, of Taylor, Pa., delivered the anniversary address, and Rev. John Snape, pastor of the First Baptist church, of this city, spoke.

The department store of F. H. Leisenring at Dunbar, and offices of the Dunbar Furnace company were destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$300,000, with insurance about half that amount. Timothy Bailey, the night watchman, was asleep on the third floor and was awakened by the flames. He was rescued from the burning building by means of a rope.

After being strapped tightly to a board for 19 months, day and night, little Victor Loewus of Towanda was released, and is able to walk. The youngster is 4 years old. When he was a little over 2 years old it was discovered that he had spinal trouble. A New York physician recommended the heroic treatment he has endured, and it has cured him.

The following rural free delivery routes have been established to begin on December 15: New Florence, Westmoreland county, additional service; route four; length of route, 23 1/2 miles; area covered, 12 square miles; population served, 396; number of houses on route, 99.

# WISE WORDS.

## Laziness always lays the blame on luck.

## God's designs promise us more than our desires.

## If woman lost us Paradise, she alone can restore it.—J. G. Whittier.

## I am always content with that which happens, for I think that what God chooses is better than what I choose.—Epictetus.

## Intellect may give keenness of discernment; Love alone gives largeness to the nature, some share in the comprehensiveness of God.—John Hamilton Thom.

## Without thought, grave, deliberate, self-conscious thought, life will run shallow in every channel. Every active duty needs to build foundations downward through habits of quiet thought.

## It is an excellent plan to have some place to go to be quiet when things vex or grieve us. There are a good many hard times in this life of ours, but we can always bear them if we ask help in the right way.—Miss Alcott.

## Let love not visit you as a transient guest, but be the constant temper of your soul. Let it pant in your heart, let it sparkle in your eyes, let it shine in all your actions and let there be in your tongue the law of kindness.

## Why so Formal?

## A member of the Metropolitan Club of Washington tells this story on General Miles:

## The General was engaged in conversation with a number of friends in the billiard room of the Metropolitan when a man having a very slight acquaintance with General Miles approached. The man evidently had been drinking, for as he stepped beside the General he slapped him on the back and in a loud tone exclaimed:

## "Well, Miles, old man, how are you?"

## For an instant a frown shadowed the face of the officer; but it soon gave way to a quizzical look, so he replied to the offender:

## "Don't be so formal, old chap! Why don't you call me Nelse?"—New York Press.

## Gooseberries and a Cat.

## Not long ago the officials of the Department of Agriculture were much amused by a letter sent the department by an occasional correspondent in Virginia. Among other things the writer hastened to advise Secretary Wilson to this effect:

## "My wife had a Tame cat that dyd. Being a Tortureshell and a Grate favorer, we had the same berred in the garden, and for the enrichment of the soil I had the Carkis deposited under the roots of a Gooseberry Bush. (The Frute being up to then of the smooth variety.) But the next Season's Frute, after the Cat was berred, the Gooseberries was all Hairy—and more remarkable, the Catapillers of the Same Bush was All of said Hairy description."—Collier's.

## Mr. D.'s Hunting Experience.

## Here's a crack-a-jack "big game" yarn from Harmony: Ralph Dunham, while working in the woods cutting ship knees, one day last week, was attacked by a moose. Mr. Dunham climbed up a cedar tree, but the moose beat the tree over and then hooked Dunham with his horns and tore the clothes nearly off his body. He was then thrown quite a distance and hastily climbed another tree and remained there out of the reach of the moose several hours into the night, cold and bruised, before the moose left so he could come down and go to his house, about half a mile away.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

## His Opinion.

## "It is useless," began old Otis Oliver Onderdonk, addressing in a general way the members of the Chronic Bachors and Emancipated Widows' Linen Pants and Solid Comfort Club, "it is as useless as 'tis to expect to pick pineapples off in a pine tree, to attempt to reason a woman out of any position she happens to have taken, for the reason that she wasn't reasoned into it in the first place. What say, Lester?"—Puck.

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## God's Overture to Us.

Jehovah is the unchanging God. To-day He answers our longings, desires, saying, "There is a place beside Me." He would not keep us at a distance, but always woos us to nearness. That place is the place of understanding. You must see the picture at its right angle if you would know its meaning. So it is in life. History and experience have their dark problems. The named glass window is a mystery when seen from within by artificial light. But when the sunlight streams through and transfigures it, we read its meaning. God would let His light fall upon our past experiences, and reveal His purposes working through their ever-changing vicissitudes. It is also the place of His presence. Jacob is much slower to leave Bethel than he was to run into it. The thought of Esau filled him with fear. But he saw "the place beside God," and said, "The Lord is in this place." The experiences of his life may not alter, but they are vastly different when we are conscious of God's presence amid them. It is the place of transfiguration. The unbroken calm of God's peace and the assurance of eternal security and success take possession of the soul and the outer life responds to this inner possession. This reserved place of waiting blessing is God's overture to us at the threshold of another year. May His Spirit help us to stand beside Him and accept this unspeakable gift.

## Keep Moral Ideas Clear.

We need, above all things, to keep our moral ideal clear and high. "Wee unto him that puts light for darkness and darkness for light, sweet for bitter," etc. That was into him that confounds moral distinctions. Not our patriotism or our partisanship must blind us to truth. Neither for ourselves nor our country nor our party may we condone sin or falsehood or meanness. If a prophetess, a chosen messenger of God, could go wrong, how easily may we! Duty, Hodges is just publishing a book on "The Human Nature of the Saints." A companion volume might be "The False Judgments of Christian People." Bias is almost irresistible. What tips one that which we much care for we are apt to praise without looking too closely at its moral quality. So doing, we close our insight, extinguish the light of God, and find ourselves walking in darkness rather than light, perishing, perhaps, as Balaban perished among the enemies of the Lord.

## He Completely Satisfies.

God is loved. God is light! This ancient message is also the most recent report of our own personal experience. Oh, God is ready to help; that you and those near you are provided for by Him and that you shall never want; if you have once for all learned whether awake or asleep that you are the Lord's and that you shall live together with Him, then surely you may sink into untroubled rest and sleep a refreshing and peaceful sleep.

But let me come closer still to the experience of some perhaps among professing Christians. You know that healthful sleep nature in that state in which it is most thoroughly free from all annoyance and trouble, and that is a symbol of the province. "Thou wilt keep perfect in peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." That is a wonderful promise; but there is no blinking the fact that comparatively few even among those who claim to be true followers, ever experience it in its fullness. As a rule it is far from being perfect. One of the ancient schoolmen wrote in summing up the chief characteristics of life: "I entered this world in loneliness; I have lived in anxiety; I shall leave it in fear." That about expresses the situation of many of you. Look at the faces on the street. Almost every one is careworn and anxious. There is no doubt that care sits heavily on mankind. What is wrong? Simply this: That while God has promised peace and is ready to give it, it must be received by faith. It goes without saying that the amount of peace and quiet we shall experience will be in proportion to our trust in God. If we were really able to trust God with everything instead of doing, as most Christians do, never trusting God and more than they can help and never feeling quite sure as to what He may do; if we would cast our cares upon Him instead of bearing them ourselves what unspeakable peace we should enjoy.