

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

Subject: The Glory of Simple Rectitude

Boston, Mass.—The following helpful sermon was delivered Sunday by the Rev. Charles G. Ames. It is entitled, "The Glory of Simple Rectitude," and was preached from the text, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." The man who says that has a claim on the reverent and grateful attention of all mankind. He gives voice to the universal reason and conscience; he inspires the highest and holiest hope. Heaven and earth may pass away, but the words that give life are themselves immortal. Like the utterances of the sibyl they are "simple, unadorned, unperfumed, and reaching through the ages, because of God."

Here is one sign of truth. It affects us like a part of the permanent order of things: it is all of one stuff with the word and with our own proper nature. It has the ring of reality. Like sunlight it carries its own evidence; and to the same mind it recommends itself as sunlight does to the healthy eye; but it is concealed from our grossness by its own simplicity and transparency. Who realizes this splendid miracle of the common day? In the same way we have become too familiar with some of the most obvious and important aspects of spiritual truth. These Beatitudes of Jesus may seem to be worn smooth. We have heard them from our infancy; their force and beauty appeal to unresponding hearts.

If we could have stood, one day long ago, among the Syrian peasants, on the slope of a hill in Galilee, and listened to these sayings as they fell fresh and clear out as newly minted gold from the living lips of the new prophet, perhaps we, too, should have been "astonished at the doctrine," we should have "wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth." Did it not seem as if Nature herself had at last found a voice, and that if that voice were speaking straight to her children, saying clearly and cheerily, yet soberly and solemnly, what all men vaguely think or feel, but can rarely put into words?

Yet these Beatitudes are remarkable for what they do not say. The sentences of Jesus seldom run in the groove of old commonplace. He does not sit there, like the scribe of the synagogue, complacently reciting, in tones that make men sleepy, the virtues and plies of a dead ancestry, as if it were enough to have Abraham for a father and Moses for a lawgiver. He pronounces no blessing on religious respectability, decorous conformity, doctrinal soundness, loyalty to the standard, fidelity to the traditions, or even diligence to the routine of observance and devotion. Any priest in the audience must have felt that a slight was put upon his great office, as if the speaker had forgotten to do it honor. The temple, the altar, and the sacred books are all mentioned with respect, yet they somehow fall into the background. Humanity is brought directly before us, as if it were the pure heart might see God and the impure might know the cause of their blindness.

Many a man in that company must have hung his head as the rebuke came home to him. Complacent worldlings, men proud of their estates or their learning, and without a word expecting that He would confirm the world's vulgar judgment which says, "Blessed are the prosperous, the popular, the cultivated and the comfortable." But no. The lips that opened in blessing made them shrink as if He had uttered a curse. Every world fell like a blow on their idols, and the virtues which had strutted so proudly before God and man began to unmask as ugly vices as He went on to say: "Blessed are the men of humble mind, the men of good will, the merciful, the pure in heart. Yes, blessed are they who hunger and thirst for righteousness, so that for the sake of being right they dare and bear all losses and pains, and willingly let their names be cast out as evil."

No comfort here for the self-righteous, the self-satisfied, the self-willed, the self-seeking. But centers through the company were men and women who felt their emptiness and poverty, who took no credit for their ancestry, their accomplishments or their social standing, who hardly dared so much as to lift up their eyes to heaven. Yet, as they listened, all the world above, around, within, seemed to change. The awful Jehovah, whom they had thought of as throned afar in threatening majesty, seemed a smiling Father who wished His children to be near Him and to be as perfect as Himself. They drew in deeper draughts of the country air; their eyes opened, seemed to make so much more room for God and goodness. Their cry of inward need changed into childlike trust.

Here was indeed a messenger of good tidings? Here was a doctrine as worthy of man as it was worthy of God. And does not all the best thought of our own time still travel this way? Has the weary search of mankind through the ages found anything better than a righteousness which is rooted in sonship to the highest, and which blossoms into service to the lowest? Has not our clearest conception of the divine ever been an expansion and idealization of the best qualities of the human? The one fact which we most certainly know is our own existence; and that fact, if we look deep enough and honestly enough, we shall find the revelation and witness of God. For when a man has rightly revered the decrees of conscience, he has heard the Voice; when he has really made acquaintance with his own nature, he has seen the Face.

There are times when I feel entirely satisfied with this inward proof of realities. There are high moments when there is need of no other evidence of God than the fact that I am alive. And there are times when the sight of a good man, or something seen in the face of a child, or some stir in Nature that affects me by a footstep carries with it conviction and assur-

ance. Along with this feeling comes always the perception that goodness is what I am made for. Not even a drop out of the sky could tell me more plainly that the Holy Being wills that I, too, should be holy. Along with the reproof comes the encouragement, and along with the hunger for righteousness comes the promise that the hunger shall be satisfied.

To suppose the Creator indifferent to the moral character and welfare of His creatures is essential atheism; but, if not indifferent, He must have provided all needed helps to virtue. He must have given His creatures light to find the right way and strength to walk in that way. But, even if He were indifferent, we cannot afford to be so; for our highest interest is to be found in seeking the completeness of our own being in and the harmony or rightness of our relations with all other beings and with the laws and forces of the universe in which we find our place. Everything worth having or worth desiring is involved in character, in being simply and soundly right.

The world comes right when the man comes right. What it is to each one of us depends on what we are and how we take it. We make our own hell, we can make our own heavens.

"When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings paradise around."

A rough-cast man rose in a country meeting-house to tell his experience: "It was in the north country, when the snow lay deep on the ground, that the Lord God found out Jonathan Hinkley and converted his soul. And the leafless trees gave praise to God." Is there one among us who might not report to himself something like this happy convert's story? Who has not at some time felt sure of his place in the great order, and seen all the world irradiated with a light which really shone from within the mind?

If a man has lost his faith in God and still holds fast his own integrity, well for the man. But, in this very concern to be true to the highest law he knows, he is unconsciously a worshipper. Blessed is the man who hungers and thirsts for righteousness, for already he holds in his soul the richest of all treasures. We who believe in God need not be seriously troubled about the fate or state of honest non-believers, for we may count their very honesty as a sign of the real presence and the finest inspiration.

Once accept the principle of duty, and all life becomes an honorable discipline and a steady advance. There is no higher rank on earth or in heaven than the rank of personal goodness; and he who loves it, seeks it, and practices it for its own sake is surely moving, however slowly, toward the perfect life.

Here also is the cure and the only cure for our restlessness and self-dissatisfaction. "No man can serve two masters." But he who falls heartily in love with virtue is no longer distracted by a divided allegiance. He has nothing else to do but to occupy himself with learning and doing what is right and reasonable. Having settled the central principle and leading purpose of his life, every step upward and upward makes the next easier; and the law of habit continually operates to confirm this deep-heard choice. He is no longer driven by the lash of conscience; he is no more a servant, but a son, and the Father's house is his happy home.

Here too is the secret of victory over our trials and depressions. When shall we half realize the grandeur and glory of simple rectitude. Let me again repeat a tale of real life. A young girl, and far away, I knew a woman of most fine and excellent qualities whose deeply shadowed life was like a long crucifixion and martyrdom. In one of her letters she said, "My youth is gone, my hope is dead, and my heart is heavy; but I neglect no duty." I reply I said: "If you could ask God for just one blessing, and could be sure of that one and never of another, would you dare pray that your youth might come back, or that your earthly hopes might be renewed? Would you not ask for a living principle within yourself that would make you neglect no duty? And can you not see that, in giving you the love of righteousness, He has really given you the best thing in all the universe?" In her next letter she wrote that this view of the matter was new to her own mind, but that she accepted it as true, and found in its strength to take up her burden—a burden carried, as I believe, with patience, courage, and constancy to the end, which was not far away.

There is one thing more to be said. He who really loves righteousness cannot love it for himself alone. He hungers for its triumph over all the earth; he longs for the banishment of every wrong. Hence his zeal for justice is sweetened with good will to men, so that righteousness becomes one form of benevolence. The right is always the good. Hence the ethical passion kindled from the heart of Jesus has flamed out in abhorrence of wrong and evil, and has lent support and vigor to every movement for reform and welfare. "It is a spurious virtue that can contentedly see vice thriving by its side." The gospel is no gospel if it does not turn the hearts of men toward each other as well as toward God. It is no gospel if it does not unite all believers in wise, well-considered, and earnest movements for the cleansing of the world and the better ordering of all human life. Righteousness is righteousness. To hunger and thirst for righteousness therefore is all one with the prayer that God's Kingdom may come, and that His will may be done on earth as it is in heaven.

"Never Refused God Anything."
Florence Nightingale said: "If I could give you information of my life, it would be to show how a woman of very ordinary ability has been led by God in strange and unaccustomed paths to do in His service what He has done in her. And if I could tell you all, you would see how God has done all, and I nothing. I have worked hard, very hard, that is all; and I have never refused God anything."

Do Not Delay.
To-day is a good time to mend your life where it has need of it. Take the step into your Father's service. Do it in genuine honesty and faith. Don't quibble with your doubts. Don't mistrust yourself. Don't forget that Jesus is looking on. Don't wait any longer. The door is open. You can enter. You can do it now. To-morrow may be too late.—Rev. I. Murch Chambers.

JOHN PAUL JONES.



WHAT IS REGARDED AS THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC AND LIFE-LIKE PORTRAIT OF COMMODORE JONES.

BABY CHARM.

There are points of similarity between the baby of highly civilized parentage and the offspring of the untutored savage. Both of them are delighted with toys or play with the rattle, finding much delight in the sound. Nearly all peoples have dolls for their babies, and in the museum at Cairo there are dolls exhibited which



are 7000 years old. Here is shown a baby charm carried by a childless married woman in Vechinland. It is almost similar to the baby rattle used by that savage tribe, and as a fetish it is believed to have peculiar potency.—New York Herald.

Tolerating the School.

The schools are our natural enemies, the oar and the bat our hereditary friends and allies. But, after all, one cannot imagine an Oxford without its schools; if there were nothing to make the slacker do an occasional hour's work and to spur the reading man to further efforts life up here would be very drab.—Oxford Varsity.

A ROYAL MUMMY.



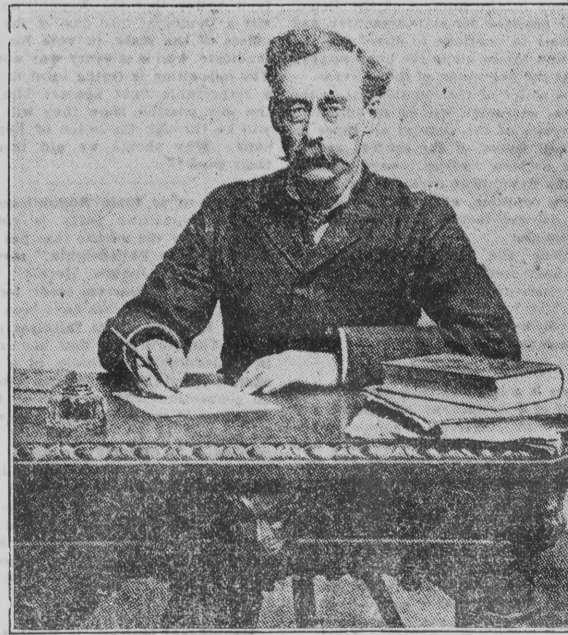
RAMSES III.

One of the greatest finds in the history of archaeology was that of the royal mummies of Egyptian kings in 1881. To conceal them from the hand of the plunderer at a time when the law was weak, they were removed from the royal tombs to a rocky cleft in the Libyan Mountains, where they remained hidden until 1875. Here they were discovered by some fellahin who did a thriving business in the relics found with them. After six years the source of their precious treasure was found out. One of these mummies was that of Ramses III., and whose well-preserved face is seen in the picture which was taken from his mummy now in the Gizeh Museum.

Omissions of History.

Jack Sprat had just informed his wife that he couldn't eat fat meat. "I think you're just as mean as you can be," tearfully exclaimed Mrs. Sprat. "You know I can eat no lean! Poor little Fido will get nothing but the bones!" But the unfeeling husband, picking up the morning paper and becoming absorbed in the details of the beef trust investigation, paid no attention to her indignant protest.—Chicago Tribune.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



COMMANDER PEARY.

He will sail in search of the North Pole in the staunch Maine-built vessel, The Roosevelt.

The Cork Tree in Arizona.

E. O. Sowers, the mining man, has just come in from Pinal County and has brought with him a sample of cork bark taken from a tree on the Irons ranch. It is perhaps the only cork tree in Arizona and one of the very few cork trees in the United States, but the thrifty condition of it proves that cork can be produced here.—Arizona Republican.

"Big Frank" McCoy, touted as the King of bank robbers, is dead.

Brief But Eloquent.

A small boy's contribution to legislative literature is as follows: "The Legislature is necessary. We've got to have it. Paw says he's going where the Legislature is. Paw ain't never had much to say at home, but he says he's going to have his say in the Legislature—if he don't see Paw in the gallery."

Mrs. Partington said, "Good health is a great blessing, especially when you are sick."

MARK TWAIN'S FAVORITES.

The Things He Likes Most in This Variegated World.

Some one asked Mark Twain to kodak his own characteristics for a Mental Photograph Album. The questions in the album were answered by Mark as follows:

Your favorite color—Anything but dun.
Tree?—Any that bears forbidden fruit.

Object in Nature?—A dumb belle.
Hour in the Day?—The leisure hour.
Season of the Year?—The lecture season.

Perfume?—Cent per cent.
Gem?—The jack of diamonds when it is trump.

Style of Beauty?—The Subscriber's. Names, Male and Female?—M'almes (Malmie), for a female, and Tacus and Marius, for males.

Painters?—Sign painters.
Piece of Scripture?—The Greek Slave, with his hod.

Poet?—Robert Browning, when he has a lucid interval.
Poetess?—Timothy Titcomb.

Prose Author?—Noah Webster, LL.D. Characters in Romance?—The Byron Family.

In History?—Jack the Giant Killer.
Book to take up for an hour?—Vanderbilt's pocketbook.

What book (not religious) would you part with last?—The one I might happen to be reading on a railroad during the disaster season.

What Epoch would you choose to have lived in?—Before the present Erie—it was safer.

Where would you like to live?—In the moon, because there is no water there.
Favorite amusement?—Hunting the "tiger" or some kindred game.

Favorite occupation?—"Like dew on the gowan—lying."
What trait of Character do you most admire in Man?—The noblest form of cannibalism—love for his fellow-man.

In Woman?—Love for her fellow man.
What trait do you most detest in each?—That "trait" which you put "or" to, to describe its possessor.

If not yourself, who would you rather be?—The Wandering Jew, with a nice annuity.
What is your idea of Happiness?—Finding the buttons all on.

Your idea of Misery?—Bheaking an egg in your pocket.
What is your bete noir?—(What is my which?)

What is your Dream?—Nightmare, as a general thing.
What do you most dread?—Exposure.

What do you believe to be your Distinguishing Characteristic?—Hunger.
What are the Sweetest Words in the World?—"Not Guilty."

What is your Aim in Life?—To endeavor to be absent when my time comes.
What is your Motto?—Be virtuous and you will be eccentric.—Philadelphia Record.

A Cheerful Person.
"Tate itself has to concede a great many things to the cheerful man." The man who persistently faces the sun so that all shadows fall behind him, the man who keeps his machinery well lubricated with love and good cheer, can withstand the hard frosts and disappointments of life indefinitely better than the man who always looks at the dark side. A man who loves shadow, who dwells forever in the gloom—a pessimistic man—has very little power in the world as compared with the bright sunny soul.

The world makes way for the cheerful man; all doors fly open to him who radiates sunshine. He does not need an introduction; like the sunlight he is welcome everywhere.

A cheerful disposition is not only a power—it is also a great health tonic. A depressed mind makes the system more susceptible to disease; encourages its development because it kills the power of resistance. A cheerful soul can resist disease, and it is well known among physicians that there is a greater chance for recovery from exhaustive diseases of a bright, sunny soul than of a gloomy, despondent one. "Cheerfulness is health; melancholy, disease." Gloom and depression feed disease and hasten its development.—Success.

A Salmon in a Tank.
An historic fish kept for nine years in captivity by Captain Cooper, of New Westminster, B. C., has recently died. It was a sockeye salmon, and was taken from the Bon Accord hatchery in 1895, soon after it was hatched. It was then placed in a large tank of water in the rear of Captain Cooper's residence, the tank being supplied with a natural flow of spring water. No food was ever given the fish, and though it apparently got plenty to live on, its growth was stunted. While a perfect sockeye in every respect, it only reached a length of ten inches, but was as brisk and lively as any salmon. The experiment amply demonstrates that fry can be raised to any stage in fresh water and may be liberated when best able to take care of themselves.—Pacific Fisherman.

Couldn't Do This.
"Now in order to subtract," explained a teacher to the class in mathematics, "things have to always be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs." A hand went up in the back part of the room. "Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"

What Wall Street Wants.
Prof. Gilmore, of the chair of physiology in the University of Nebraska, claims to be able to make short men long. What a world of fortune there would be for Prof. Gilmore in Wall street!—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

NEW STATE SECRETARY.

Governor Appoints Robert McAfee, of Allegheny, to Fill the Vacancy.

Robert McAfee of Allegheny, was appointed secretary of the Commonwealth by Governor S. W. Pennypacker. He will be succeeded as banking commissioner by John A. Berkey of Somerset. The vacancy in the state department was caused by the death of Frank M. Fuller of Uniontown.

As the result of what is claimed to have been a miscarried letter and a false identification of the party receiving it Postmaster J. L. Malcolm of Uniontown is made defendant in a suit for \$937.50, which sum it is alleged by the plaintiffs was intended for them and was paid to another. The plaintiffs are Michael and Susanna Palchan of Gilmore's works. The money, it is claimed, was the proceeds of a salt of real estate in Hungary. The money was paid last November. In their affidavit of claim Palchan and his wife charge that Postmaster Malcolm did not exercise proper precaution in the payment of the money order.

After a hearing, Charles A. Bliss, manager of the National Mercantile company, at New Castle, was held under \$500 bail for trial at court upon a charge of forgery entered by William Walton. Bliss is alleged to have secured the signatures of many merchants to contracts for collecting their unpaid accounts. A portion of each contract, it is claimed, later turned up in the hands of S. A. McCracken, a local real estate dealer in the shape of promissory notes for \$25 each.

William Griffiths of West Pittston, a well-known mining engineer and geologist, will sail August 1 for Southeast Alaska to explore and report for a company of American capitalists on the possibilities of the Matanuska coal fields being developed to supply the prospective great Pacific trade with coal for steam purposes. It is said there is an immense deposit of bituminous coal there and that it is of a superior quality.

Judge A. W. Williams sentenced John Zarkalski, the slayer of Mrs. Anna Szies and George Sark, her nephew, at West Middlesex on May 5, to 20 years in the penitentiary. Zarkalski pleaded guilty to second degree murder and manslaughter. Zarkalski fell in love with Mrs. Szies and when she refused to elope with him he shot her and also the nephew, who was in bed. He also made two attempts to kill himself.

D. F. Pincin, while waiting for a trolley car at Hutchinson siding, a mile from Altoona, was set upon by highwaymen, sandwiched and forced \$12. His clothes were taken from him. He was then carried along the road and thrown into a ditch. Pincin was found wandering around in an aimless manner. He is seriously injured.

The principal of the Institute for Colored Youths at Cheyney, near Philadelphia received a letter from Andrew Carnegie, dated Skibo Castle, Scotland, in which Mr. Carnegie gives the institute \$10,000 for a library. A summer school for teachers now being conducted by the institute is attended by teachers from nearly all the Southern States.

Bigler Johnson was hanged in the jail yard at Towanda, for the killing of his wife and her niece, Annie Benjamin, at their home near Macedonia, last September. Johnson had a four-foot fall. He was accompanied to the scaffold by his spiritual adviser, Rev. Mr. DeWitt.

The second section of the Chicago special on the Pennsylvania railroad struck a wreck train broadside at Christiana, near Lancaster. Two cars of the wreck trains and the engine on the special were wrecked. No one was injured.

An obstinate cow, which stationed herself on the track and refused to move, caused a wreck on the New Portage branch of the Pennsylvania railroad, resulting in the demolition of seven cars and causing the death of one man and fatal injury of another.

A contract has been awarded for 75 dwellings and a brick store room at Brownsville, by the Republic Iron and Steel company, Orient Coke company and Briar Hill Coal company. The contract approximates \$100,000.

Freight Brakeman Frederick Young of Altoona, was killed while making up his train at Enola. No one witnessed the accident and the dead man was found alongside the tracks by fellow railroad men.

The executive committee of the Lawrence county Prohibition party has called a convention at New Castle, Pa., on August 15. A county ticket will be nominated.

Simon C. Shuster, a prominent jeweler of Latrobe, was drowned in Lovall creek, about seven miles from Latrobe. He was 81 years old and leaves a wife and one son.

Stephen B. Patterson, aged 72 years, and a veteran of the Civil war, was found dead in an abandoned field five miles south of Tyrone, in a kneeling posture, as if in prayer.

John Saylor, of Altoona, a contractor, fell from the roof of a stable and was seriously hurt. No bones were broken, but he received internal injuries.

The steel plant of the Carnegie Steel company at New Castle which has been closed down for a month on account of a break in the machinery, has resumed work. Twelve hundred men were given employment. The furnaces began work last week.

A barn owned by James Dickson, near Midway, was destroyed by a mysterious fire, together with adjoining buildings. The loss is about \$10,000 with little insurance.

The West Penn Railways company, at Uniontown, has increased the speed of its car through the borough from five to 10 miles an hour.