

GOD'S WAY OF WORK.

IT IS NOT MAN'S WAY, BUT IT IS THE BEST WAY.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Eloquent Plea For Christian Strategem—He Uses Gideon's Battle as a Lesson—Pointed Questions For Men and Women.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—In his sermon for today Rev. Dr. Talmage discusses a subject which is of special interest to Sunday school teachers and scholars at the present time, being Gideon's battle with the Midianites near Mount Gilboa. The text chosen was Judges vii, 20, 21: "And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal. And they stood every man in his place round about the camp, and all the host ran and cried and fled."

That is the strangest battle ever fought. God had told Gideon to go down and thrash the Midianites, but his army is too large, for the glory must be given to God and not to man. And so proclamation is made that all those of the troops who are cowardly and want to go home may go, and 22,000 of them scampered away, leaving only 10,000 men. But God says the army is too large yet, and so he orders these 10,000 remaining to march down through a stream and commands Gideon to notice in what manner these men drink of the water as they pass through it. If they get down on all fours and drink, then they are to be pronounced lazy and incompetent for the campaign, but if, in passing through the stream, they scoop up the water in the palm of their hand and drink and pass on they are to be the men selected for the battle.

Well, the 10,000 men marched down in the stream, and the most of them come down on all fours and plunge their mouths like a horse or an ox into the water and drink, but there are 300 men, instead of stooping, just dip the palm of their hands in the water and bring it to their lips, "lapping it as a dog lappeth." These 300 brisk, rapid, enthusiastic men are chosen for the campaign. They are each to take a trumpet in the right hand, and a pitcher in the left hand, and a lamp inside the pitcher, and then at a given signal they are to blow the trumpets, and throw down the pitchers, and hold up the lamps. So it was done.

It is night. I see a great host of Midianites sound asleep in the valley of Jezreel. Gideon comes up with his 300 picked men, and when everything is ready the signal is given, and they blow the trumpets, and they throw down the pitchers, and hold up the lamps, and the great host of Midianites, waking out of a sound sleep, take the crash of the crockery and the glare of the lamps for the coming of an overwhelming foe, and they run and cut themselves to pieces and horribly perish.

The lessons of this subject are very spirited and impressive. This seeming worthless lump of quartz has the pure gold in it. The smallest dewdrop on the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth. God's mint coins no small change.

I learn in the first place from this subject the lawfulness of Christian strategem. You know very well that the greatest victories ever gained by Washington or Napoleon were gained through the fact that they came when and in a way they were not expected—sometimes falling back to draw out the foe, sometimes breaking out from ambush, sometimes crossing a river on unheard of rafts, all the time keeping the opposing forces in wonderment as to what would be done next.

You all know what strategy is in military affairs. Now I think it is high time we had this art sanctified and spiritualized. In the church, when we are about to make a Christian assault, we send word to the opposing force when we expect to come, how many troops we have, and how many rounds of shot, and whether we will come with artillery, infantry or cavalry, and of course we are defeated. There are thousands of men who might be surprised into the kingdom of God. We need more tact and ingenuity in Christian work. It is in spiritual affairs as in military, that success depends in attacking that part of the castle which is not armed and entrenched.

Draw the Bolt.
For instance, here is a man all armed on the doctrine of election. All his troops of argument and prejudice are at that particular gate. You may batter away at that side of the castle for 50 years, and you will not take it, but just wheel your troops to the side gate of the heart's affections, and in five minutes you capture him. I never knew a man to be saved through a brilliant argument. You cannot hook men into the kingdom of God by the horns of a dilemma. There is no grace in syllogisms. Here is a man armed on the subject of perseverance of the saints. He does not believe in it. Attack him at that point, and he will persevere to the very last in not believing it. Here is a man armed on the subject of baptism. He believes in sprinkling or immersion. All your discussion of ecclesiastical hydropathy will not change him. I remember when I was a boy that with other boys I went into the river on a summer day to bathe, and we used to dash water on each other, but never got any result except that our eyes were blinded, and all this splashing of water between Baptists and Pedobaptists never results in anything but the blurring of the spiritual eyesight. In other words, you can never capture a man's soul at the point at which he is especially entrenched. But there is in every man's heart a bolt that can be easily shoved. A little child 4 years old may touch that bolt, and it will spring back, and the door will swing open, and Christ will come in.

I think that the finest of all the fine arts is the art of doing good, and yet this art is the least cultured. We have

in the kingdom of God today enough troops to conquer the whole earth for Christ if we only had skillful maneuvering. I would rather have the 300 lamps and pitchers of Christian strategem than 100,000 drawn swords of literary and ecclesiastical combat.

Hope In a Few.
I learn from this subject also that a small part of the army of God will have to do all the hard fighting. Gideon's army was originally composed of 32,000 men, but they went off until there were only 10,000 left, and that was subtracted from until there were only 300. It is the same in all ages of the Christian church. A few men have to do the hard fighting. Take a membership of 1,000, and you generally find that 50 people do the work. Take a membership of 500, and you generally find that ten people do the work. There are scores of churches where two or three people do the work.

We mourn that there is so much useless lumber in the mountains of Lebanon. I think of the 10,000,000 membership of the Christian church today if 5,000,000 of the names were off the books the church would be stronger. You know that the more cowards and drones there are in any army the weaker it is. I would rather have the 300 picked men of Gideon than the 32,000 unsifted host. How many Christians there are standing in the way of all progress! I think it is the duty of the church of God to ride over them, and the quicker it does it the quicker it does its duty.

Do not worry, O Christian, if you have to do more than your share of the work. You had better thank God that he has called you to be one of the picked men rather than to belong to the host of stragglers. Would not you rather be one of the 300 that fight than the 22,000 that run? I suppose those cowardly Gideonites who went off congratulated themselves. They said: "We got rid of all that fighting, did not we? How lucky we have been! That battle costs us nothing at all." But they got none of the spoils of the victory. After the battle the 300 men went down and took the wealth of the Midianites, and out of the cups and platters of their enemies they feasted. And the time will come, my dear brethren, when the hosts of darkness will be routed, and Christ will say to his troops: "Well done, my brave men. Go up and take the spoils. Be more than conquerors forever." And in that day all deserters will be shot.

Again, I learn from this subject that God's way is different from man's, but it is always the best way. If we had the planning of that battle, we would have taken those 22,000 men that originally belonged to the army, and we would have drilled them and marched them up and down by the day and week and month, and we would have had them equipped with swords or spears, according to the way of arming in those times, and then we would have marched them down in solid column upon the foe. But that is not the way. God depletes the army, and takes away all their weapons, and gives them a lamp, and a pitcher, and a trumpet, and tells them to go down and drive out the Midianites. I suppose some wiseacres were there who said: "That is not military tactics. The idea of 300 men unarmed conquering such a great host of Midianites!" It was the best way. What sword, spear or cannon ever accomplished such a victory as the lamp, pitcher and trumpet?

God's way is different from man's way, but it is always best. Take, for instance, the composition of the Bible. If we had had the writing of the Bible, we would have said: "Let one man write it. If you have 20 or 30 men to write a poem, or make a statute, or write a history, or make an argument, there will be flaws and contradictions." But God says, "Let not one man do it, but 40 men shall do it." And they did, differing enough to show there had been no collusion between them, but not contradicting each other on any important point, while they all wrote from their own standpoint and temperament, so that the matter of fact man has his Moses, the romantic nature his Ezekiel, the epigrammatic his Solomon, the warrior his Joshua, the sailor his Jonah, the loving his John, the logician his Paul. Instead of this Bible, which now I can lift in my hand—instead of the Bible the child can carry to Sunday school, instead of the little Bible the sailor can put in his jacket when he goes to sea—if it had been left to men to write it would have been a thousand volumes, judging from the amount of ecclesiastical controversy which has arisen. God's way is different from man's, but it is best, infinitely best.

No Cross, No Crown.
So it is in regard to the Christian's life. If we had had the planning of a Christian's life, we would have said: "Let him have 80 years of sunshine, a fine home to live in. Let his surroundings all be agreeable. Let him have sound health. Let no chill shiver through his limbs, no pain ache his brow or trouble shadow his soul." I enjoy the prosperity of others so much I would let every man have as much money as he wants and roses for his children's cheeks and fountains of gladness glancing in their large round eyes. But that is not God's way. It seems as if man must be cut and bit and pounded just in proportion as he is useful. His child falls from a third story window and has its life dashed out. His most confident investment tumbles him into bankruptcy. His friends, on whom he depended, aid the natural force of gravitation in taking him down. His life is a Bull Run defeat. Instead of 82,000 advantages he has only 10,000. Aye, only 800—aye, none at all. How many good people there are at their wits' end about their livelihood, about their reputation? But they will find out it is the best way after awhile. God will show them that he depletes their advantages just for the same reason he depleted the army of Gideon—that they may be induced to throw themselves on his mercy.

A grapevine says in the early spring: "How glad I am to get through the

winter! I shall have no more trouble now. Summer weather will come, and the garden will be very beautiful." But the gardener comes and cuts the vine here and there with his knife. The twigs begin to fall, and the grapevine cries out: "Murder! What are you cutting me for?" "Ah," says the gardener, "I don't mean to kill you. If I did not do this, you would be the laughing stock of all the other vines before the season is over." Months go on, and one day the gardener comes under the trellis, where great clusters of grapes hang, and the grapevine says: "Thank you, sir. You could not have done anything so kind as to have cut me with that knife." "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." No pruning, no grapes; no grinding mill, no flour; no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown.

So God's way, in the redemption of the world, is different from ours. If we had our way, we would have had Jesus stand in the door of heaven and beckon the nations up to light, or we would have had angels flying around the earth proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. Why is it that the cause goes on so slowly? Why is it that the chains stay on when God could knock them off? Why do thrones of despotism stand when God could so easily demolish them? It is his way in order that all generations may co-operate and that all men may know they cannot do the work themselves. Just in proportion as these pyramids of sin go up in height will they come down in ghastliness of ruin.

O thou father of all iniquity! If thou canst hear my voice above the crackling of the flames, drive on thy projects, dispatch thy emissaries, build thy temples and forge thy chains, but know that thy fall from heaven was not greater than thy final overthrow shall be when thou shalt be driven disarmed into thy fiery den, and for every lie thou hast framed upon earth thou shalt have an additional hell of fury poured into thine anguish by the vengeance of our God, and all heaven shall shout at the overthrow, as from the ransomed earth the song breaks through the skies: "Halleluiah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Halleluiah, for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ! God's way in the composition of the Bible, God's way in the redemption of the world, God's way in everything—different from man's way, but the best.

I learn from this subject that the overthrow of God's enemies will be sudden and terrific. There is the army of the Midianites down in the valley of Jezreel. I suppose their mighty men are dreaming of victory. Mount Gilboa never stood sentinel for so large a host. The spears and the shields of the Midianites gleam in the moonlight and glance on the eye of the Israelites, who hover like a battle of eagles, ready to swoop from the cliff. Sleep on, O army of the Midianites! With the night to hide them and the mountain to guard them and strong arms to defend them, let no slumbering foe man dream of disaster. Peace to the captains and the spearmen.

Crash go the pitchers! Up flare the lamps! To the mountains! Fly, fly! Troop running against troop, thousands trampling upon thousands. Hark to the scream and groan of the routed foe, with the Lord God Almighty after them! How sudden the onset! How wild the consternation! How utter the defeat! I do not care so much what is against me if God is not. You want a better sword or carbine than I have ever seen to go out and fight against the Lord Omnipotent. Give me God for my ally, and you may have all the battlements and battalions.

Hopeless Fighters.
I saw the defrauder in his splendid house. It seemed as if he had conquered God as he stood amid the blaze of chandeliers and pier mirrors. In the diamonds of the wardrobe I saw the tears of the widows whom he had robbed and in the snowy satin the palls of the white cheeked orphans whom he had wronged. The blood of the oppressed glowed in the deep crimson of the imported chair. The music trembled with the sorrow of unrequited toil. But the wave of mirth dashed higher on reefs of coral and pearl. The days and the nights went merrily. No sick child dared pull that silver doorbell. No beggar dared sit on that marble step. No voice of prayer floated amid that tapestry. No shadow of a judgment day darkened that fresco. No tear of human sympathy dropped upon that upholstery. Pomp strutted the hall, and dissipation filled her cup, and all seemed safe as the Midianites in the valley of Jezreel. But God came. Calamity smote the money market. The partridge left its eggs unhatched. Crash went all the porcelaine pitchers! Ruin, rout, dismay and woe in the valley of Jezreel!

Alas for those who fight against God! Only two sides. Man immortal, which side are you on? Woman immortal, which side are you on? Do you belong to the 300 that are going to win the day or to the great host of Midianites asleep in the valley, only to be roused up in consternation and ruin? Suddenly the golden bowl of life will be broken and the trumpet blown that will startle our soul into eternity. The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night and as the God armed Israelites upon the sleeping foe. Ha! Canst thou pluck up courage for the day when the trumpet which hath never been blown shall speak the roll call of the dead, and the earth, dashing against a lost meteor, have its mountains scattered to the stars and oceans emptied in the air? Oh, then, what will become of you? What will become of me?

If those Midianites had only given up their swords the day before the disaster, all would have been well, and if you will now surrender the sins with which you have been fighting against God you will be safe. Oh, make peace with him now, through Jesus Christ the Lord! With the clutch of a drowning man seize the cross. Oh, surrender! Surrender! Christ, with his hand on his pierced side, asks you to

HANDLING BOA CONSTRICTORS.

The Trick by Which the Serpents Are Managed Without Danger.

Snake dealers in South America have a fine contempt for their squirming and venomous wares, though it is sometimes difficult to induce ship captains to carry them as freight. The snake dealers handle the boa constrictor with great deftness. This serpent bites, but its bite is not venomous, so that the chief danger to the handler is from the serpent's enormously powerful muscles. The dealers have learned that the boa, to be really dangerous, must have a fulcrum in the shape of something around which he may coil his tail.

The boa is, in fact, a lever in which the ordinary arrangement is power, weight, fulcrum. Knowing this, the dealers drop a soft hat over his head, and then snatch him so suddenly from his resting-place that he has no opportunity to brace himself by seizing a fixed object with his tail. After that the essential thing is to see that he is not brought within distance of any such object.

A snake dealer on board a Brazilian steamer the other day was occupied in transferring his boas from one box to another. He opened the box an instant, dropped a hat over the head of one of the creatures, snatched it from its fellows, and rushing across the deck, dropped it into the other box. The thing looked so easy that a deck hand, waiting until the snake owner's back was turned, essayed to repeat the act. He neglected to use the hat, and with a yell yanked a great snake from the box with its fangs fixed in his fingers. Not daring to let go, yet fearing to hold on, he began whirling the snake about his head, meanwhile dancing wildly over the deck.

The snake man managed to capture the reptile and box it in security. Then somebody expressed concern for the rash deck hand, to which the snake owner answered:

"What, him? He's all right! But think of my snake! He's worth twenty of that mug!"

ALMOST BACK TO LIFE.

An Encouraging Test on the Day Following the Drowning of a Boy.

The Cleveland Leader says that at Heffron's undertaking room an effort was made recently to bring back to life Louis Fisher, aged 9 years, who was drowned in the lake on the previous afternoon.

Dr. Whitney, a physician living on Wilson avenue, claims that he himself was drowned at one period of his life, and after being dead more than an hour, animation was, by a certain method, restored. Dr. Whitney has for some time desired to put this process to another test, but never availed himself of the opportunity until yesterday. His theory is that a corpse can be resuscitated, providing there are no internal injuries, by placing the entire body, except the eyes, nose and mouth, in a bath of water heated to a constant temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit, and leaving it there for at least five hours.

An ordinary bathtub was used yesterday. When the water had reached the proper temperature, Dr. Whitney and his assistants carefully deposited the body in the tub. It was then almost eleven o'clock in the morning, and from that time until four o'clock, when the experiment was given up, the condition of the corpse was studiously watched by Dr. Whitney.

Although the experiment was a failure, at times the blood was started to circulate, and the face and lips assumed their natural color. It is said that the heart was felt to throb several times. When the test was over Dr. Whitney claimed it was not successful because the boy's body was rolled over a barrel after the drowning, thus causing internal injuries.

A Note for News.

Just before reaching the North Carolina line I came upon a squatter's cabin, with the squatter himself smoking his pipe at the door, and when I turned in to ask him for a gourd of spring water he cheerily called out:

"Howdy, stranger; what's the news?"

"Well, it looks like war in Europe," I answered, as I sat down beside him.

"I don't keer nuthin' 'bout Yurup—what else?" he replied.

"They think the cholera may reach us this year."

"Dod rot the cholera! Ain't there nuthin' m're?"

"Perhaps you have heard about the great coal mine disaster in England?" I asked.

"No, and I don't want'er."

"But you asked for news."

"Sartin I did, and I want news. I want'er know if the price of tumberker has riz. I want'er know what moonshine whisky is wuth down in Knoxville. I want'er know if you'n has met up with anybody who has killed one o' them dodrotted revenew fellers lately. I want'er know if in sin the owner of this ornery patch o' land don't come down yere and drive me off and rouse up my pestiferous ambition to get a move on me! If you've got that sort o' news, stranger, spit 'er out and make me happy. If you hain't, why, jog along to Bill White's place, and leave me suck this old pipe and keep on with my thinkin'!"—Detroit Free Press.

Sufficient Cause.

Bildad—What makes you hate Van Sharp so?

Henpek—He was once engaged to marry my wife, and didn't do it.—Town Topics.

Mrs. Cahill, of Arlington, Or., recently rode a big raft down the Columbia river for a hundred miles or more, steering it through the Priest and Umattilla rapids, waters in which many a raft managed by experienced pilots has gone to pieces. She is the first woman to take the perilous trip.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Estate of Catharine Roup, decd., late of Ferguson township. Letters of administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned. State College, Sep. 25-04. JOHN T. McCORMICK, Adminr.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I have purchased, for a valuable consideration, on Sept. 2, 1904, from Daniel Baney, the following personal property: 1 horse, road-wagon harness, 1 chair, spring bed, 60 bu. potato, 8, 100 bush apples, 25 gal's apple-butter, saw sets, wrenches, cold chisels, 2 squares, 2 hand saws, piano, cant book, 3 tons of hay, Panocoma show with views, etc. Said property being in maker's (Centre Co.) also 1 portable saw mill boiler, and engine, in Gregg Twp. And all persons are hereby cautioned not to meddle with the same. JOHN D. BANEY.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE OR RENT—Wagner mill in Central City, Boggs Co., for sale or rent. Inquire at the office of J. M. K. Lehman, Bellefonte, Pa., for further information.

A. M. Hoover,
REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTION AGENCY.
(CRIDER'S EXCHANGE.)
Houses rented, rents collected, loans negotiated, and real estate transferred. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to the Agency. 7-25-3 m.

SALESMEN WANTED—
TO SELL—
NON-NICOTINE MIDGET CIGARS.
Salary or commission. Good side line. Samples free. Address: LANDIS & CO., Shippensburg, Pa.

B. C. ACHENBACH,
BAKER and CATERER.
—O—
Choicest confectionery, Tropical fruits, Finest ice creams always in stock.
*Our bakery and ice cream parlors have been removed to Allegheny street next door to Crider's Exchange.

STEADY EMPLOYMENT.
We are offering steady employment to competent men and women as general agents for our publications. Salary—\$75 A MONTH AND EXPENSES.—Our Young Folks' Natural History Series is just the line for the Holiday season. Write us for particulars. E. C. MORRE & CO., 56, Fifth Ave, Chicago, 9-25-05.

WORLD WIDE ENDEAVOR
STORY OF THE Young People's Society CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR
From the beginning and in all lands. By Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D.
Story of Y. P. S. C. E., its birth, life, and progress of the most wonderful Christian organization since the dawn of the world; its prominent members and organizers; conventions at Saratoga, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Minneapolis, New York, Montreal, Cleveland and Boston. A complete history of 25 years in foreign lands. Reads like a romance. Thrilling in interest throughout. 640 extra large pages. 600 engravings.
Never such a chance offered as in the sale of this wonderful book. Every Endeavor wants it. The grandest book of the greatest organization. Send for circulars offering exceptionally liberal terms to agents.
Gillespie, Metzgar & Kelley, 603-11 N. Broad st., Philadelphia, Pa.

INFORMATION
INFORMATION gives weekly, items covering every phase of current thought, life and research. What would in the newspapers take columns of space, is here condensed in a brief article, giving the essence of the theme, with the latest and best information obtainable. The new topics of current interest the world over are here presented in a form for instant reference.
Available for the busy man, for libraries, public and private, for schools, colleges, educational circles, etc.
SAMPLE COPY FREE.
PUBLISHED BY The Transatlantic Publishing Company, 65 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE BEST AND BEST INSTITUTION FOR OBTAINING A BUSINESS EDUCATION.
WE HAVE SUCCESSFULLY PREPARED THOUSANDS OF YOUNG MEN FOR THE ACTIVE DUTIES OF LIFE.
FOR CIRCULARS ADDRESS: P. DUFF & SONS, PITTSBURGH, PA.

SUMMER FUEL

HARD - WOOD:

Maple, Oak,

— ALSO —

Pine and Hemlock

In Billets, Bunches, Cords and in Stove Lengths.

— X —

COAL, GRAIN, HAY, STRAW & SAND

— X —

The Royal Stock Food,

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs, at

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

NEAR P. R. R. STATION,

BELLEFONTE.

— X —

INVEST - YOUR - MONEY

IN FIRST MORTGAGES

on city or country real estate worth at least double the amount of loan. Interest at six per cent, payable quarterly or semi-annually. Borrowers pay all expenses and attorneys' fees. Can secure plenty of first-class investments at all times for any one who has money to lend.

For further information and particulars, address

E. H. FAULKENDER,

8-8-ly Hollidaysburg, Pa.

— X —

DuBois Produce Co

Exclusively Wholesale Dealers in

FRUITS - and - PRODUCE

DuBOIS, PA.

— O —

Write us when you have anything to ship. 8-29.

— X —

We Are Already

Prepared

For the biggest business for this Fall and Winter we have ever done in

CLOTHING

Men's Furnishing Goods and hats.

Our orders were placed early, before the rise in goods, and

You Get The Advantage

We have already saved our customers at least 10 per cent. An early call will convince you.

Montgomery & Co.

Agents for the sale of Dunlap and Knox hats.

SILVER CREAM warranted to quickly cure Eczema, Tetter, Barber's Itch, Flup-les, Scald Head, Sea-Sc, Burns, Cuts, Chaps, and all skin diseases. It will also relieve Piles. Sold by all dealers or by mail at 10 cents per Box. T. J. REAMY, Fresno, Pa. (Oct. 2)