THE EVENING OF LIFE.

It Will Certainly Come to Every One.

If Jesus Abides With Us Death Will be as Welcome to Us as Slumber to the Evelids of a Babe.

Dr. Talmage preaches a very comfor it is toward evening.'

Two villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart, Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As with sad face and broken heart they pass on their tell him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throws over them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forget the time and notice not the objects they pass and before they are aware have come up in front of their house. They pause before the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon him their hospitalities. Night is coming on, and he may meet a prowling wild beast, or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much further now. Why not stop there, and continue their pleasant conversation? They take him by the arm and they insist upon his coming in, addressing him in the words, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The candles are lighted, the table is spread, pleasant socialties are enkindled. They rejoice in the presence of The nursery is darkened by an apthe stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and he hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the astonished people-it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resurrected body of Jesus, He vanished. The interview ended. He was

With many of us it is a bright, sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will after awhile near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I speak many of us stand in the very hour described in the text, "for it is toward evening." The request of the text is appropriate for some before me. For with them it is toward the evening of old age. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old they are. They do not, however, like to have others remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say: "Why, I'm not so old, after all." They do, indeed, notice that they cannot lift quite so much as once. They cannot walk quite so fast. out spectacles. They cannot so easily recover from a cough or any occasional ailment. They have lost their taste for merriment. They are surprised at the quick passage of the year. They say that it only seems a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something within, to remind them that it is toward evening.

The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we step on the down grade of life and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in olden times broke up the silence of the deaf with cadence of me e. When the ax-men of death hew dews whole forests of strength and be my around us, and we are left in we need the dove of divine mirey to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate the strong, beneficent Jesus in the prayer of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward

evening.

The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation in the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good-natured when everything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to oppose us, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have felt the grapple of some temptation. Your nature at some time quaked and groaned under the infernal force. You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian graces retreating. You feared that you would fall in the into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen in all the trembling of your soul; in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements, you felt with awful emphasis that it was toward evening. In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the monster that would devour you. You can unhorse the sin that would ride you down. You can sharpen the battleax with which you split the head of helmeted abomination! Who helped Paul shake the brazen-gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who heiped the martyrs to be firm when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes of the stake and put out the kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding noon the of darkness came riding upon the nearing the evening of death. I have

winds of perdition, who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

One of the forts of France was attacked and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking there was but little to do in the morning, and that the soldiery in the forts could be easily made forting sermon to all who desire to to surrender. But during the night, walk in the footsteps of Christ. His through a back stairs, they escaped text was Luke 24: 29: "Abide with us, into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So, when we are assaulted in temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape that we may be able to bear it.

The prayer of the text is appropriate way, a stranger accosts them. They for all who are anticipating sorrow. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble; but there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need to be making special preparation for its coming.

> One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of all the others. You think more about it. Youngive it more attention, not because it is any more of a treasure than the others, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye, and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the stop weaker, the

> laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through the hall and parlor. proaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on.

It is toward evening. You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit-gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for Heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your

soul sinks at the thought of a seperation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life ebbing and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy-hearted. The light is fading from the sky. The air

is chill. It is toward evening. You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair balance sheet you could see just how you stood in the world. But there came complications. Something that you imagined impossible happened. The best friend you had proved a traitor to your interests. A sudden crash of national misfortune pros-trated your credit. You may to-day be going on in business, but you feel anxious about where you are standing, and fear that the next turning of the wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder who makes

the sky so dark. It is toward evening. Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many draughts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screw-driver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the human heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common sense, our observation, reiterate in tones that we cannot mistake, and ought not to disregard. It is toward evening.

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us! He sweetens the cup. He extracts the trumpet to the ear, but you could not thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He sooths the soul that flies to Him for shelter. Let the night swoop and the euroclydon cross het sea. Let the thunders roar-soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to sooth His friends. Christ or the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the grave to scatter the darkness. Christ in the Heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such. His arms will enclose them, His grace comfort them, His light cheer them, His sacrifice free them, His glory enchant them. If earthly estate takes wings, He will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, He will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of our joy and in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown *noonday of our prosperity, He will not forsake us when the luster has faded

and it is toward evening. Listen to Paul's battle-shout with misfortune. Hark to mounting Latimer's fire song. Look at the glory that has reft the dungeon and filled the earth and Heavens with the crash of the falling manacles of despotism. And then look at those who have tried to cure themselves by human prescriptions, attempting to heal gangrene with a patch of court plaster, and to stop the plague of dying empires with the quackery of earthly wisdom. Noth-ing can speak peace to the soul. Noth-ing can unstrap our crushing burdens, nothing can overcome our spiritual foes, nothing can open our eyes to see

heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready; but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up his accounts it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest style of Christian. I know a man who used often to say at night: "I wish I might die before morning!" He became an infi-

But there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to soul time ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no bypath, no circuitous route. Die we must and it will be to us a shameful occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fail, and the eyes will close, and the heart will stop. You may hang the couch with gorgeous tapestry, but what does death care for beautiful curtains? You may hang the room with the finest works of art, but what does death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings of widowhood and orphanage, does death mind weeping?

This ought not to be a depressing theme. Who wants to live here for ever? The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds, and bathe my soul in the blue sea of Heaven; but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new Heaven, grander, higher, and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sideaches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone-bruise, or festers with the thorn, or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim, and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any you have in your wardrobe to keep you warm in that place.

Circumstances do not make so much difference. It may be a bright day when you push off from the planet, or it may be a dark night and while the owl is hooting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple orchards swinging their censors in the way. It may be winter and the earth in a s shroud. It may be autumn, and the forests set on fire by the retreating year; dead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's hand in your hand, or you may be in a strange hotel with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail train, shot off the switch and tumbling in long reverberation down the embankment-crash! crash!

I know not the time; I know not the mode; but the days of our life are being subtracted away, and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours; three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left; five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes; one minute. Then only seconds left; four seconds, three seconds, one second. Gone! The chapter of life ended! The book closed! The pulses at rest! The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work. No word on the lips. No breath in the nostrils, Hair combed back to lie undisheveled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves The lungs still. The tongue still. still. All still. You might put the stethoscope to the breast and hear no You might put a speaking sound. wake the deafness. No motion; no throb; no life. Still! still!

So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day-spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of Heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble! Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star hung up amid the gloom of the gather-

ing night! You are almost through with the abuse and backbiting of enemies. They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will no longer be misinterpreted nor your honor filched. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities! Toward evening! The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted. You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb, like Rachel weeping for her children or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped Sorrows terminated. No more away. sounding of the dead march! Toward evening. Death will come, sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire-psalm, every lake a glassy mirror; the forests transfigured; delicate mists climbing the air. Your friends will announce it; your pulses will beat it; your joys will ring it; your lips will whisper it: "Toward eveningl

Wendell Holmes said:

"If all drugs were thrown into the sea it would be better for men and worse for the fishes."

Yet for the only drug which is at once a medicine and a food we are indebted to one of those same fishes. Dr. Holmes was hasty. "No known drug," says a high English authority (Dr. A. E. Bridger), "except cod-liver oil, has power to generate any force within the human body. The stimulants and tonics waste force and create weakness." Thus we see

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

P ENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.
In effect on and after May 18, 1866. VIA. TYRONE-WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9 58 a m. arrive at Tyrone 11 10 a m. at Altoona. 1 10 p m; at Pittsburg

VIA TYRONE-EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 928 a m, arrive at Lock
Haven 10 30 a m.

Leave Bellefonte 149 p m, arrive at Lock
Haven 250 p m; at Renovo 4 55 p m.

Leave Bellefonte at 8 41 p m, arrive at Lock
Haven at 9.40 p. m.

E. H. FAULKENDER,

VIA LOCK HAVEN-EASTWARD

VIA LOCK HAVEN-NORTHWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.25 a. m. arrive at Lock Haven, 10.30, leave Williamsport, 12.35 p.m. arrive at Harrisburg, 3.29 p.m., at Philadei phia at 6.23 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.49 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 2.10 p.m., Williamsport, 4.00 p.m., Harrisburg, 7.10 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte, 8.41 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9.40 p.m., leave Williamsport, 12.25 at m., arrive Harrisburg, 3.22 a.m., arrive a Philadelphia at 6.52 a.m.

VIA LEWISBURG.

Leave Bellefonte at 6.20 a.m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9.00 a.m., Harrisburg, 11.30 a.m., Philadelphia, 3.00 p.m.
Leave Bellefonte, 2.15 p.m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.47, at Harrisburg, 7.10 p.m., Philadelphia at 11.15 p.m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILBOAD. In effect May 17, 1896.

WESTWARD.	EASTW	ARD
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	STATIONS.	-
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1 53 6 23	Biebl	4 3
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2 07 6 37	Mifflinburg 8 28	4 2
2 18 6 50	Millmont 8 2	4 1
2 25 6 58	Glen Iron 8 17	4.0
2 53 7 18	Cherry Run 7 57	3.4
3 02 7 38	Coburn 7 38	3.3
	Rising Springs 7 21	2.1
3 31 8 09	Centre Hall 7 0	20
3 37 8 16	Gregg" 7 00	9.5
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3 48 8 98	Oak Hall 6 47	5 4
	Lemont 6 4	9 9
	Dale Summit 6 3	0 9
	Pleasant Gap 6 2	200
4 15 9 55	Bellefonte 6 20	
For rates, ma	aps, etc., apply to ticket a	gent
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Fillin Ave. Pit	tsburg.	
S. M. PREVOST	J. R. WOOD,	
Gen'l. Ma	anager. Gen'l. Pass.	Ag

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Morning trains from Montandon, Williams port, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No.7 for State College. Afternoon trains from Montandon, Lewisburg and Tyrone con-nect with Train No.11 for State College. Trains from State Ccllege connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte.

fDaily except Sunday. F. H. TROMAS. Supt.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA. Time Table effective May 18, 1896.

READ DOWN

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* Daily. + Week Days. \$ 6:00 p. m. Sunday. ‡ 10:10 a. m. Sunday. Philadelphia Sleeping Car attached to east bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 p. m., and west bound from Philadelphia at 11:30 p. m. J. W. GEPHABT.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

EXP.	DAY EXP.	1117	May 18, 1896.	CAIL.	AYEX	EXP.	
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BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and after May 18 1896.

Leave Bellefonte, except Sunday,......9.58 a. m. Arrive at Snow Shoe " 11.49 a. m.

WANTED!

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Leave Bellefonte 1 24 p m: arrive at Tyrone 2 40 p m; at Altoona 3 25 p m; at Pittsburg 7 20 p m.
Leave Bellefonte 5 01 p m; arrive at Tyrone 617; at Altoona at 7 40; at Pittsburg at 11:30

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11 10; at Harrisburg 2 40 p m; at Philadelphia 5 47 p m.

Leave Belletonte 1 24 p m, arrive at Tyrone
240 p m; at Harrisburg 7 00 p m; at Philadelphia 11 15 p m.

Leave Belletonte 5 01 p m, arrive at Tyrone
617; at Harrisburg at 10 20 p m; at Philadelphia 4 30 a m.

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We keep none but the best quality of Beef, Pork, Mutton, etc. All kinds of smoked meat, sliced ham, pork sausage, If you want a nice juicy steak go to PHILIP BEEZER.