

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 Eyes of a Babe.

Dr. Talmage preaches a very comforting sermon to all who desire to walk in the footsteps of Christ.

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 tell him their anxieties and bitterness and entombment. As with sad face and broken heart they pass on their way, a stranger accosts them.

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The prayer of the text is appropriate for all who are anticipating sorrow. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble.

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 have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy.

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.

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.

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us! He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest.

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.

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.

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winds of perdition, who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment?

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.

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heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory.

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.

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.

There is no roundabout way, no by-path, 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 of their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee.

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 siccaches 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.

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 snow shroud.

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 only seconds left; four seconds, three seconds, one second. Gone! The chapter of life ended! The book closed! The pulses at rest! The feet closed 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 still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the stethoscope to the breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking trumpet to the ear, but you could not 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 gathering 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 fished. 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 away. Sorrows terminated. No more 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-palm, 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 evening!"

Oliver 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 why

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with hypophosphites has, for twenty years, been the chief dependence of physicians in all bronchial and lung diseases. Scott's Emulsion acts strictly on the lines of modern medical practice. It does not stimulate, like alcohol and quinine, or stupefy, like opium and the bromides. It nourishes, strengthens and upbuilds the system. Being a true food (digested and absorbed in cases where in other food only clogs the digestive organs, ferments, and poisons the blood), Scott's Emulsion arrests wasting, forms new flesh and tissue, revives the natural appetite and cures disease, scattering more life. For consumption, bronchitis, coughed blood, scrofula, etc., it excels all other remedies or forms of treatment.

All druggists sell and sell.

Campaign Rates

The Centre Democrat will be sent to any new address in Centre county, for

5 cts. a Month

No subscription will be accepted for less than THREE months—15 cents; or for more than SIX months—30 cents.

\$75.00 IN GOLD GIVEN.

International News and Book Co., Baltimore, Md., are making a most liberal offer of \$75.00 to any agent who will sell 90 copies in two months of their new book, "Under Both Flags" or a gold watch for selling 40 copies in one month.

Of Interest to all Women.

AN OFFER OF 200.00. R. H. Woodward Company, Baltimore, Md., make a most liberal offer of 200.00 to any agent who will sell 200 copies of their new book, "Arts of Beauty" or studies in grace, health and good looks, by Shirley Dore.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple idea to protect the hair from the effects of the sun, wind, and dust? For their \$1.00 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. In effect on and after May 18, 1896.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9:58 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 11:00 a.m., at Altoona 1:10 p.m.; at Pittsburg 3:05 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 1:24 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 2:40 p.m.; at Altoona 3:25 p.m.; at Pittsburg 5:20 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 5:01 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 6:17 p.m.; at Altoona 7:40 p.m.; at Pittsburg 11:20 p.m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9:53 a.m., arrive at Tyrone 11:10 a.m.; at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia 5:47 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 1:21 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 2:40 p.m.; at Harrisburg 7:00 p.m.; at Philadelphia 11:15 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 5:01 p.m., arrive at Tyrone 6:17 p.m.; at Harrisburg 10:20 p.m.; at Philadelphia 1:30 a.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9:25 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m.

Leave Bellefonte 1:49 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:59 p.m.; at Renovo 4:55 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 5:41 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 6:40 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte 8:41 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 9:40 p.m.; leave Williamsport, 12:25 a.m., arrive Harrisburg, 9:22 a.m., arrive a Philadelphia at 6:52 a.m.

VIA LEWISBURG.

Leave Bellefonte 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 p.m., Harrisburg, 7:30 p.m., Philadelphia at 11:15 p.m.

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

WESTWARD. EASTWARD.

11:11 100 STATIONS. 114 112

1:05 6:25 Montandon 9:10 4:55

1:45 7:15 Lewisburg 9:50 5:45

2:07 7:37 Fair Ground 9:58 6:07

2:18 7:48 Hill 9:59 6:18

2:29 7:59 Vicksburg 10:10 6:29

2:40 8:10 Millport 10:21 6:40

2:51 8:21 Glenboro 10:32 6:51

3:02 8:32 Cherry Run 10:43 7:02

3:13 8:43 Coburn 10:54 7:13

3:24 8:54 Rising Springs 11:05 7:24

3:35 9:05 Oak Hill 11:16 7:35

3:46 9:16 Gregg 11:27 7:46

3:57 9:27 Linden Hill 11:38 7:57

4:08 9:38 Oak Hill 11:49 8:08

4:19 9:49 Lemont 12:00 8:19

4:30 10:00 Dale Summit 12:11 8:30

4:41 10:11 Pleasant Gap 12:22 8:41

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