

THE GREAT FIGHT.

The Kingdom of Christ Against the Kingdom of Satan.

The Roar of the Conflict will be Heard Throughout the Universe and the Soldiers of Christ will Finally Triumph on Earth.

In his latest Washington sermon Dr. Talmage describes the last great battle between the armies of Christ and Satan which will, he claims, end in the overthrow of the Satanic forces. His text was Psalms 20: 5: "In the name of God we will set up our banners."

I hate war. In my boyhood we may have read the biography of Alexander or of some Revolutionary hero until our young heart beat high and we wished we had been born over 100 years ago, just for the glory of striking down a Hessian. For rusty swords hung up on the rafters and bullets out of log houses in which they were lodged during the great strife we had unbounded admiration, or on some public day, clothed in our grandfathers' soldierly accoutrements, we felt as brave as Garibaldi or Miltiades.

We are wiser now, for we make a vast distinction between the poetry and the prose of war. The roll of drums and the call of bugles, and the clanging of steeds foaming and pawing for the battle; 100,000 muskets glittering among the dancing plumes; "God Save the King" waving up from clarionets and trumpets and rung back from deep defiles and the arches of a prostrate city; distant capitals of kingdoms illuminated at the tidings; generals returning home under flaming arches and showering amaranths and the shout of empires—that is poetry. Chilled and half-blanketed, lying on the wet earth; feet sore with the march and bleeding at the slightest touch; hunger pulling on every fiber of flesh or attempting to satisfy itself with a scanty and spoiled ration; thirst licking up the dew or drinking out of filthy and trampled pool; thoughts of home and kindred far away while just on the eve of a deadly strife, where death may leap on him from any one of a hundred bayonets; the closing in of two armies, now changed to 100,000 maniacs; the ground slippery with blood and shattered flesh; fallen ones writhing under the hoofs of unbridled chargers maddened with pain; the dreadfulness of night that comes down when the strife is over; the struggle of the wounded ones crawling out over the corpses; the long, feverish agony of the crowded barrack and hospital, from whose mattresses the fragments of men send up their groans, the only music of carnage and butchery; desolate homes from which fathers and husbands and brothers and sons went off; without giving any dying message or sending a kiss to the dear ones at home, tumbled into the soldiers' grave trench, and houses in which a few weeks before unbroken family circles rejoiced, now plunged in the great sorrows of widowhood and orphanage—that is prose.

But there is now on the earth a kingdom which has set itself up for conflicts without number. In its march it tramples no grain fields, it sacks no cities, it impoverishes no treasuries, it fills no hospitals, it bereaves no families. The courage and victory of Solferino and Magenta without carnage. The kingdom of Christ against the kingdom of Satan. That is the strife now raging. We will offer no armistices; we will make no treaty. Until all the revolted nations of the earth shall submit again to King Emmanuel, "In the name of God we will set up our banners."

The three banners of the Lord's hosts are the banner of proclamation, the banner of recruit and the banner of victory. When a nation feels its rights infringed or its honor insulted, when its citizens have in foreign climes been oppressed and no indemnity has been offered to the inhabitant of the republic or kingdom, a proclamation of war is uttered. On the top of batteries and arsenals and custom houses and revenue offices flags are immediately swung out. All who look upon them realize the fact that uncompromising war is declared. Thus it is that the Church of Jesus Christ, jealous for the honor of its sovereign, and determined to get back those who have been carried off captive into the bondage of Satan, and intent upon the destruction of those mighty wrongs which have so long cursed the earth, and bent upon the extension of the Saviour's reign of mercy, in the name of God sets up its banner of proclamation.

The church makes no assault upon the world. I do not believe that God ever made a better world than this. It is magnificent in its ruins. Let us stop talking so much against the world. God pronounced it very good at the beginning. Though a wandering child of God, I see in it yet the Great Father's lineaments. Though tossed and driven by the storms of 6,000 years, she sails bravely yet, and as at her launching in the beginning the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy, so at last, when coming into the calm harbor of God's mercy, she shall be greeted by the huzzas of glorified kingdoms. It is not the world against which we contend, but its transgressions. Whatever is obstinate in the will, degrading in passion, harmful in custom, false in friendship, hypocritical in profession—against all this Christ makes onset. From false profession He would tear the mask. From oppression He would snatch the rod. From pride He would rend off the plumes. From revenge He would exorcise the devil. While Christ loved the world so much that He died to save it, He hates sin so well that to eradicate the last trace of its pollution He will utterly consume the continents and the oceans.

At the gate of Eden the declaration of perpetual enmity was made against the serpent. The tumult roundabout Mount Sinai was only the roar and flash of God's artillery of wrath against sin. Sodom on fire was only one of God's flaming bulletins announcing

hostility. Nineveh and Tyre and Jerusalem in awful ruin mark the track of Jehovah's advancement. They show that God was terribly in earnest when He announced Himself abhorrent of all iniquity. They make us believe that though nations belligerent and revengeful may sign articles of peace and come to an amicable adjustment, there shall be no cessation of hostilities between the forces of light and the forces of darkness until the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdom of our Lord. Affrighted by no opposition, discouraged by no temporary defeats, shrinking from no exposure—every man to his position, while from the top of our schools and churches and seminaries and asylums: "In the name of God we will set up our banners."

Again, it was the custom in ancient times for the purpose of gathering armies, to lift an ensign on the top of some high hill, so that all who saw it would feel impelled to rally around it. In modern times the same plan has been employed for the gathering of an army. Thus it is that the church of Jesus Christ lifts its flag for recruits. The cross of Jesus is our standard, planted on the hill of Calvary. Other armies demand that persons desiring to enter the lists of war shall be between such and such an age, lest the folly of extreme youth or the infirmity of advanced age be a clog rather than an advantage. But none are too young for Christ's regiment; none can be too old.

Through natural modesty do you hold back and say, "I will be of no advantage to Christ; I am too awkward to learn the step of the host, or to be of any service in the shock of battle?" To you I make the reply, Try it. One hour under Christ's drill and you would so well understand his rules that the first step of your march heavenward would make the gates of hell tremble on their hinges. We may not be as polished and trim as many Christians we have known, and we may not be as well understood sharpshooters, but there is rough work which we can all accomplish. We may be axemen, and hew a pathway through the forests. We may be spademen, and dig the trenches or throw up the fortifications. We do not care where, we do not care what—if we can only help in the cause of our King and shout as loudly as any of them at the completion of the conquest.

There are non-professors who have a very correct idea of what Christians ought to be. You have seen members of the church who were as proud as Ahab and lied as badly as Ananias, and who were as foul as Judas. You abhor all that. You say followers of Christ ought to be honorable, humble and self-denying. Amen! So they ought. Come into the kingdom of Christ, my hearer, and be just that glorious Christian that you have described. Every church has enough stinging men in it to arrest its charities, and enough proud men in it to grieve away the Holy Ghost, and enough lazy men in it to hang on behind till its wheels, like Pharaoh's chariots, drag heavily, and enough worldly men to exhaust the patience of the very elect, and enough snarly men to make appropriate the Bible warning: "Beware of dogs." If any of you men on the outside of the kingdom expect to make such Christians as that, we do not want you to come, for the church has already 1,000,000 members too many of just that kind. We do not want our ranks crowded with serfs when we can have them filled with zouaves.

Again, when a grand victory has been won, it is customary to announce it by flags floating from public buildings and from trees and from the masts of ships. They are the signals for eulogy and rejoicing and festivity. So the ensign which the church hoists is a banner of victory. There was a time when the religion of Christ was not considered respectable. Men of learning and position frowned upon it. Governments anathematized its supporters. To be a Christian was to be an underling. But mark the difference. Religion has compelled the world's respect. Infidelity, in the tremendous effort it has made to crush it, has complimented its power. And there is not now a single civilized nation but in its constitution, or laws, or proclamations pays homage to the religion of the cross.

In the war in India, when Sir Archibald Campbell found in an hour of danger that the men he ordered to the field were intoxicated, and asked for the pious men whom the Christian Havelock had under his management, he said: "Call out Havelock's saints; they are never drunk, and Havelock is always ready." That Christianity which gathered its first trophies from the fishermen's huts on the shore of Galilee, now has Samsonian strength thrown upon its shoulders and has carried off the gates of science and worldly power. We point not to fortresses and standing armies and navies as the evidence of the church's progress. We point to the men whom Christ has redeemed by His blood. What if arsenals and navy-yards do not belong to the church? We do not want them. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. The world and Satan have no idea of the strength and heroism which God will yet let out against the forces of darkness. As yet they have had only one round from the first regiment. The Lord of Hosts will soon appear in the field at the head of his troops. Depend upon it, that when God inspires the soul with a new life He puts in it the principle of "never give up."

We go not alone to the field. We have invincible allies in the dumb elements of nature. As Job said, we are in league with the very stones of the field. The sun by day and the moon by night, directly or indirectly, shall favor Christianity. The stars in their courses are marshaled for us, as they fought against Sisera. The winds of heaven are now as certainly acting in favor of Christ as in former times the invincible Armada, in its pride, approached the coast of England. As that proud navy directed their guns against the friends of Christ and religious lib-

erty, God said unto His winds: "Seize hold of them," and to the sea: "Swallow them." The Lord, with His tempests, dashed their hulks together and splintered them on the rocks until the flower of Spanish pride and valor lay crushed among the waves of the sea beach. All are ours. Aye! God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost are our allies.

By and by you would hardly know the earth if you saw it. The world as a whole shall be as greatly improved as the individual heart by conversion. Fraud, leaving its trickery, will go to work for an honest living. Knavery shall begin to make righteous bargains. Passion shall answer to the control of reason. Scoffers shall be changed into worshippers and skeptics into Bible lovers. Christ shall begin His reign on earth. Whether He shall descend onto the earth in person and establish a government at Jerusalem I cannot say; but it will be an era of more than Augustan splendor. That is enough. Knowing this we can never despair. But as we see the church of Christ putting on her beautiful garments and arising to shine, we will say, with the enthusiasm of Oliver Cromwell, who, standing before his sick and famished soldiers at Dunbar, saw the sun rising out of the morning mist, and pointing to it with his sword, uttered a prayer which hurried his men upon the crushed foe like a sky full of thunderbolts: "Arise, O God! Let Thine enemies be scattered."

With the ear of faith I catch the sound of the latter-day glory. Church of Christ, unseath thy sword and this moment into the battle! In the name of Christ, march on! Upon every school and hospital, upon every banker's desk and merchant's counter, upon every chemist's laboratory and astronomer's tower, upon shepherd's hut and woodman's cabin, upon ship's deck and sailor's hammock, far out on the sea and high up in the mountain, before the gaze of nations, under the applauds of Heaven, "in the name of God we will set up our banners."

My subject has taught you that in this contest we are not without ensigns and colors. All we want now is men to carry them. Before I sit down I must propose to each of you this great honor. Becoming a Christian is not so ignoble a thing as many have thought it. "It makes a man stoop," you say. I know it, but it is only the stoop of an heir of royalty, who on his knees is to receive a crown of dominion. We want standard bearers in all pulpits, in all places of business—everywhere. I do not ask you how old you are, nor how young; how weak or how strong; how dull or how sharp; nor what your home, nor who your ancestors. Without any condition, without any reserve, in the name of the God of Israel, I offer you the honor of carrying the church's ensigns. Do not be afraid of the assaults of a world whose ranks you desert, nor of devils who will oppose you with infernal might. It were more blessed to fall here than stand anywhere else. It were more of an honor, engaged with Christ, to be trampled under foot with this army of banners, than, opposing Christ, to be buried like Edward I. in Egyptian porphyry.

You know in ancient times elephants were trained to fight, and that on one occasion, instead of attacking the enemy they turned upon their owners and thousands were crushed under the stroke of their trunks and the mountain weight of their step. These mighty opportunities of work for Christ may accomplish great things in overthrowing the sin of the world and beating to pieces its errors, but if we do not wield them aright these very advantages will, in unguarded moments, turn terribly upon us and under their heels of vengeance grind us to powder. Rejected blessings are seven-fold curses. We cannot compromise this matter. We cannot stand aside and look on. Christ has declared it: "All who are not with me are against me." Lord Jesus, we surrender.

The prophecies intimate that there shall before the destruction of the world be one great battle between truth and unrighteousness. We shall not probably see it on earth. God grant that we may see it, bending from the battlements of Heaven. On the side of sin shall be arrayed all forms of oppression and cruelty, led on by infamous paganism, led on by their priests. The subjects of Mohammedanism, following the command of their sheiks, and gluttony and intemperance and iniquity of every phase shall be largely represented on the field. All the wealth and splendor and power and glow of wickedness shall be concentrated on that one decisive spot, and maddened by 10,000 previous defeats, shall gather themselves up for one last, terrible assault. With hatred to God for their cause and blasphemy for the battle cry, they spread out over the earth in square beyond square, and legion beyond legion, while in some overhanging cloud of blackness foul spirits of hell watch this last struggle of sin and darkness for dominion.

Scattered by the blasts of Jehovah's nostrils, plunder, and sin, and Satanic force shall quit the field. As the roar of the conflict sounds through the universe all worlds shall listen. The air shall be full of wings of Heavenly cohorts. The work is done and in the presence of a world reclaimed for the crown of Jesus, and amid the crumbling of tyrannies and the defeat of Satanic force, and amid the sound of Heavenly acclamations the church shall rise up in the image of our Lord, and with the crown of victory on her head and the scepter of dominion in her hand in the name of God shall set up her banners. Then Himalaya shall become Mount Zion, and the Pyrenees Moriah and the oceans the walking place of Him who trod the wave crests of Galilee, and the great heavens become a soundingboard which shall strike back the sound of exultation to the earth till it rebound again to the throne of the Almighty. Angel of the Apocalypse, fly! fly! for who will stand in the way of thy might or resist the sweep of thy wing?

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

The Black White and the White Black. It Was Only a False Alarm—She Called For Precious.

John White, whose address was given as being on Polk street, and Harry Black, who lives on West Congress street, were complainants against one another one morning in Justice Richardson's court, the officers who arrested them having booked each on a charge of assault and battery on the other.

Justice Richardson called for John White, and a deep African voice at once responded, "Heah!" "Harry Black!" said his honor. And a thin man, with a face like polished white marble, came forward.

"Um-m!" said his honor. "Which of you is White and which is Black?" "I'm White, sah," exclaimed the inky fellow on the right.

"I'm Black, your honor," said the pallid ghost on the left. "Well, well!" said the court. "Had any one ever tried before to tell me that black was white and white was black I'd have had him put down stairs. But as you boys have now taught me a great moral object lesson, and clearly shown me that things are not as they seem, I'll let you both go home."—Chicago News.

A False Alarm.

Two rival amateur baseball nines went down to Gloucester on a recent Sunday, intent upon the annihilation of each other and the consumption of a keg of beer which they took along in a wagon. Selecting an open piece of ground, the game was soon under way. The first inning had just been finished, when two policemen were seen running toward the crowd of baseball enthusiasts. There ensued a mad stampede. The beer keg was hastily bundled into the wagon, bats were piled in and the players scattered in all directions. The blue coated minions of the law gave valiant chase after the wagon, and, as luck would have it, one of the traces broke and the vehicle came to a standstill, just as the pursuers closed in.

"What's the matter with youse fellows?" asked one of the policemen. "What are you running away for?" "Why, because we don't want to get pulled in," replied the driver of the wagon.

"Pulled in nothing!" ejaculated the doughy officer. "We don't want to pull youse in. We heard youse had a keg of beer, an we felt like joining in, dat's all."

"Yes, an we wanter see de game," remarked the second policeman.

So they all went back, the game was resumed and the policemen umpired.—Philadelphia Record.

He Could Recommend It.

The latest fling at the "wild and woolly west" is in the shape of the following incident which a Boston exchange claims is a "true story": A Boston lady who had been recommended to go west on account of the ill health of herself and family wrote to the postmaster of a small town asking for information of various kinds regarding the healthfulness, cost of living, state of morality and church privileges in his town. His reply caused her to remark that she "preferred death in Boston," for he wrote:

DEER MADDAM—Come on. This town is all rite. The general health can't be beat. If it wadn't for the little scraps of a Saturday night and when the cowboys come in to make us a little visit, we'd have no need of a graveyard. Natural deeths are unknown, and we ain't had but 14 funerals here in three months. Society is away up. Free dances come off every night, and on Sunday nights we have a grand free dance and sacred concert in the cerry house, don't go home till mornin, and joy rules the roost. All bad characters are lynched as soon as caught. One has just been caught, and I must shut up the postoffice and go up to what we call Lynchin hill and see the fun, so I can't rite no more at present. But you come on. Let me know when you'll git here, and I'll meet you at the depot with a brass band. Come rite on.

One Use For a Servant.

A well dressed old lady walked briskly the other morning to the stamp window at the post office. She was accompanied by her maid, who stood at a respectful distance. Addressing the clerk, she requested him to weigh a bundle of newspapers, which were promptly returned with the seven 1 cent stamps required for the postage.

The maid advanced at a sign from her mistress and stuck out her tongue at full length. Without further ado the old lady moistened her stamps on the lingual appendage of her servant and after pasting them on the wrapper waddled away perfectly unconcerned. The clerk has not yet made up his mind whether his customer was lazy or afraid of the deadly bacilli.—St. Louis Republic.

She Called For Precious.

A somewhat unusual couple stood on the corner of a cross street. The man was young. He was well dressed, but one felt that in his proper sphere he would have been a "gent." The woman was not young. She was, in fact, more than elderly. She wore diamonds, however, and blond hair and a sweet sixteen hat. Her face was turned to the side street.

"Come on, precious," she called, "come to mamma." Then turning to the young man, "Call him, papa," she said. There was a patter of tiny feet on the pavement, and "precious" came to "mamma." "Mamma" kissed him lovingly, and the two set off down the street, "precious" in "mamma's" arms. "Precious" was a dog.—Washington Post.

A Hen Wanted.

A newspaper published in an Oklahoma town where the women recently carried the election sent the following order to a supply house: "Please send us one small cut of a hen. Women carried the election here, and I suppose we will have to swing out a hen instead of a rooster."—New York Tribune.

PICKED UP ON BROADWAY.

Woman in an Unconscious Condition Found on Sidewalk.

THERE WAS SUSPICION OF FOUL PLAY

Upon Examination at the Hospital, Her Body Was Discovered to be Covered with Scars Caused by the Hypodermic Injection of Morphine—Facts Published as Warning to Other Women.

The above headlines recite the actual experience of a poor wreck of a woman who had once held an honorable and lucrative position in a large mercantile house in New York. Her health began to fail, and instead of taking rest and proper medical treatment, she resorted to stimulants and morphine.

The hospital physician discovered that her primary trouble was an affection of the womb, which could readily have been cured in the first stages. If when she had first felt those severe pains in the back, the terrible headaches, the constant sense of fullness, soreness and pain in the pelvic region, she had heeded the warning that serious trouble was in store, and commenced a regular treatment with the Pinkham Remedies, as did Mrs. Bertha Lehrman of Pittsburgh, Penn., whose letter follows, the polyypus in the womb would have been dissolved and passed away, and to-day she would have been a well woman.

Why will women let themselves drift along into terrible suffering and sickness in this way, when there is monumental proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is daily relieving thousands of women from this very trouble? There is no excuse for any woman who suffers to go without help. Mrs. Pinkham is very glad indeed to give her personal advice to any one who will write for it, and the following letter simply goes to prove that the Vegetable Compound will positively cure female ills:

Mrs. Bertha Lehrman, No. 1 Erie St., 27th Ward, Pittsburg, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I can hardly find words with which to thank you for what you have done for me. I suffered nearly seven years with backache and sideache, leucorrhoea and the worst forms of womb troubles. Doctors failed to do me any good. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one box of Liver Pills and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now can say I am well and have been steadily gaining flesh; am stouter and heartier now than I have been for years. I am recommending your Vegetable Compound to my friends. Again I thank you for the good health I am now enjoying."

A STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America, which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely, any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

COLUMBIAS AT ONCE. The Columbia you want is ready for you. Not a day's delay, if you choose regular equipment. We have been preparing for months to meet the present great demand. \$100 TO ALL ALIKE Tandems, \$150 Men's Columbias Women's Columbias Tandems THE STOCK IS COMPLETE. HARTFORD BICYCLES \$65, \$50, \$45 Such quality at such prices is unheard of. But Hartfords are leaders in both price and goodness. Regular models ready for delivery. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn. Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know. A. L. SHEFFER, Agent, Crider's Exchange Building BELLEFONTE, PA.

WANTED! Money to Invest 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. No risks to run. No uncertain speculation. Write me for further information and I will get you safe investments. E. H. FAULKENDER Attorney-at-Law Hollidaysburg, Pa. 8-1-y

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. PATENTS TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HANDBOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address: MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York. BEEZER'S MEAT MARKET ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE. We keep none but the best quality of Beef, Pork, Mutton, etc. All kinds of smoked meat, sliced ham, pork sausage, etc. If you want a nice juicy steak go to PHILIP BEEZER.

GARMAN HOUSE, 611 High Street, opposite the Court House, entirely new. New Furniture, Steam Heat, Electric Light, and all the modern improvements. A. S. & C. M. GARMAN Proprietors. 1-93