

DO NOT GIVE UP.

All Mankind is Urged to Follow
Nehemiah's Example.

There is Pardon for the Greatest Sinner
If He Seeks It—God Will Comfort
the Homesick and Give Rest
to the Weary.

In his latest Washington sermon Dr. Talmage urges sinners to look over the ruins of their own hearts, repent and accept the pardon held out to them through the atonement. His text was Nehemiah 2: 15: "Then went I up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned."

A dead city is more suggestive than a living city—past Rome than present Rome—ruins rather than newly frescoed cathedral. But the best time to visit a ruin is by moonlight. The Coliseum is far more fascinating to the traveler after sundown than before. You may stand by daylight amid the monastic ruins of Melrose Abbey, and study shafted oriel, and rosetted stone and mullion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel":

Wouldst thou view fair Melrose airtight,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you Jerusalem in ruins. The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback, by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While he rides there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicious of the people. These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of bodyguard. I hear the clacking hoofs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding through that gate amid the debris of once great Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to a dead halt at the tumbled masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the brazen dragon after which the gate was named.

Heavy-hearted Nehemiah! Riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering-ram and conflagration. The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting crazy? Has his own personal sorrows, added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect? Still the midnight exploration goes on. Nehemiah on horseback rides through the fish gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the king's pool, by the dragon well in and out, in and out, until the midnight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous bodyguard, declares the dead secret of his heart when he says: "Come, now, let us build Jerusalem." "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any king's authority?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No." Yet that midnight, moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out: "Let us rise up now and build the city." Some people laughed and said it could not be done. Some people were infuriated and offered physical violence, saying the thing should not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand, sword in the other, until the work was gloriously completed.

My subject first impresses me with the idea what an intense thing is church affection. Seize the bridle of that horse and stop Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No, Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and he was a servant, a cup-bearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and one day, while he was handing the cup of wine to the king, the king said to him: "What is the matter with you? You are not sick. I know you must have some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was broken down, how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that the temple was broken down; how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "What do you want?" "Well," said the cup-bearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that, as you will find in the context, 'I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city.'" "How long shall you be gone?" said the king. The time of absence is arranged.

In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback, in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it be your own fireside. The church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for

the church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the temple was in ruins, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psalm of the expired Sabbath. What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the church of God is to you. Skeptics and infidels may scoff at the church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goody-goody people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it to-day than any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defense. You can take the words of the kingly psalm as he said: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." You understand in your own experience the pathos, the homesickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight moonlight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

Again, my text impresses me with the fact that, before reconstruction, there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asleep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider, out on some mischief. No, Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making the preliminary exploration. In this gate, out that gate, east, west, north, south. All through the ruins. The ruins must be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin. The reason that so many people in this day, apparently converted, do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the ruins of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and forge and steal, and commit abominations, and go to the penitentiary, is because they first do not learn the ruin of their own heart. They do not find out that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." They had an idea that they were almost right, and they built religion as a sort of extension, as an ornamental cupola. There was a superstructure of religion built on a substratum of unrepentance. The trouble with a good deal of modern theology is that instead of building on the right foundation, it builds on the debris of an unregenerate nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the ghastliness of the ruin.

Ah, my friends, you see this is not a complimentary gospel. That is what makes some people so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars, and impenitent in his sins, and says, "You're a pauper." It comes to a woman of fairest cheek, who has never repented, and says, "You're a sinner." It comes to a man priding himself on his independence, and says, "You're bound hand and foot by the devil." It comes to our entire race and says, "You're a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an illimitable ruin." Satan sometimes says to me, "Why do you preach that truth? Why don't you preach a gospel with no repentance in it? Why don't you flatter men's hearts so that you make them feel all right? Why don't you preach a humanitarian gospel, with no repentance in it, saying nothing about the ruin, talking all the time about the redemption?" I say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." I would rather lead five souls into safety than 50,000 into perdition. The redemption of the gospel is a perfect farce if there is no ruin. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "If any one, though he be an angel from Heaven, preach any other gospel than this," says the apostle, "let him be accursed." There must be the midnight ride over the ruins before Jerusalem can be built. There must be the clacking of the hoofs before there can be the ring of the trowels.

Again: My subject gives me a specimen of busy and triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say, "He was a cupbearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grand place." So it was. The hall of that palace was 200 feet square, and the roof hovered over 36 marble pillars, each pillar 60 feet high; and the intense blue of the sky, and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the upholstery. But, my friends, you know very well that fine architecture will not put down homesickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among these desolated streets, and by these dismantled towers, and by the torn-up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said: "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead."

Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his king, yet that penniless, expatriated Nehemiah rouses himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of absence. He gets his passports. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the piety and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months, namely, 52 days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

My friends, the whole temptation is with you when you have trouble, to do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah and that is to give up. You say: "I have lost my child and can never smile again." You say: "I have lost my property, and I never can repair my fortunes." You say: "I have fallen into sin, and I never can start again for a new life." If Satan can make you form that resolution, and make you keep it, he has ruined you.

Trouble is not sent to crush you, but to arouse you, to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into the forge and then blow away with the bellows, and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for a better use. Oh, that the Lord God of Nehemiah would rouse up all the broken-hearted people to rebuild.

Whipped, betrayed, shipwrecked, imprisoned, Paul went right on. The Italian martyr Algerius sits in his dungeon writing a letter, and he dates it: "From the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison." That is what I call triumphant sadness. I knew a mother who buried her babe on Friday, and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said: "Give me a Sabbath-school class; give me a Sabbath-school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class off the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At 3 o'clock every Sabbath afternoon, for years, in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia—a parlor pictured and statued—there were from 10 to 20 destitute children of the street. Those destitute children received religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that was going on for 16 years? I know it in this way. That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray the outcry in the room drowned out all prayer. But the Lord comforted that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go any afternoon into Laurel Hill, you would find a monument wet with the word "Walter" inscribed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there was not an hour in 20 years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sent those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons mothered ten or 20 of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness. Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says: "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. I want treasures in Heaven. I have a voice and a heart to serve God." You say that that man has failed—he has not failed, he has triumphed!

Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble never to give up. I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all your discouragements, and hardships, and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you borne down with poverty? A little child was found holding her dead mother's hand in the darkness of a tenement house, and some one coming in, the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said: "Oh, I do wish that God had made more light for poor folks."

My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with the bereavement of life? Is the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves, and the old sexton said: "Sir, you know that of such is the kingdom of Heaven, and I think the Saviour is pleased when He sees so much white clover growing around these little graves." But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer, the old sexton said: "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Oh, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns.

Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned grievously—sinned until you have been cast out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another: "Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—fell like a snowflake, from Heaven to hell—fell, to be scooped at, split on, and beat; Praying, cursing, wishing to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy, Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead."

Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you to-day, saying: "Go and sin no more," while he cries out to your assailants: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh, there is no reason why anyone in this house, by reason of any trouble or sin, should give up. Are you a foreigner and in a strange land? Nehemiah was an exile. Are you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick? Nehemiah was homesick. Are you broken-hearted? Nehemiah was broken-hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrilege grave of his father, and by the dragon well, and through the fish gate, and by the king's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you see not only the mark of sad reminiscence, but the courage and hope, the enthusiasm, of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rebuilt. I pick you up to-day, out of your sins and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

FRANKED FOR THEM.

A SOLDIER'S STORY OF PRESIDENT
LINCOLN AND BOYS IN BLUE.

An Envelope That Is More Valuable Than
the Best Stamp in Any Collection—The
Soldier Who Wouldn't Tell Lincoln a
Lie.

"Let this go. A. LINCOLN."
Unless it has been destroyed there is in a home in Fond du Lac county, Wis., a soldier letter in an envelope bearing the above words, signed by the great war president.

Frank King was a Lamartine boy, fresh from the farm, and a character our whole company took to kindly from the first.

When the army was camped in Virginia, near Washington, the winter of 1861-2, it was a common practice with the soldiers, when they got a pass, to visit the city to buy a package of envelopes and call at the capitol, send in for their senator or representative and get him to frank them.

One of our boys came back to camp in high feather. He had two packages of envelopes—one franked by Senator James R. Doolittle, now a Chicago lawyer, the other by the late Senator T. O. Howe, who succeeded Captain James as postmaster general in President Arthur's cabinet. For 20 years senators and members have been giving a good deal of their time to helping the soldiers with their pension claims. If they have done it as willingly and pleasantly as they used to frank envelopes for the boys, they must be pretty nearly angels.

"You fellows, there, are making a big blast over getting a couple of senators to frank your envelopes," said Frank King. "Just you wait till you see me come back from Washington with the president's name on some letter covers."

Within a few days Frank King and Harry Dunn, who for years after the war was a Chicago business man, went to the city. They called at the White House. It was easier to see the president than it is now. At certain hours of the day a soldier could reach the chief executive with fully as much ease as a senator can in these later years.

King was the ringleader. Approaching the guard, he said: "We want to see Mr. Lincoln. Please stand aside and let us pass."

"Who are you, and what is your business?"

"You tell old Abe we have charge of a regiment over on Arlington Heights and want to see him on an important matter. He'll let us in."

"Where are your shoulder straps?"

"We came over in our everyday clothes. Come, we are in a hurry. Let us go in and see Mr. Lincoln."

The parley had attracted the attention of the president. The door swung open and the good natured chief of the nation smiled upon the cheeky young fellows and bade them step right in.

"What can I do for you, my men?"

"Mr. Lincoln, I want you to frank these envelopes," said King.

"Better get your congressman to do that."

"I'd much rather have you do it, Mr. Lincoln. The folks at home would like to see your name on my letters."

"I'll fix one of them. Take the rest to your congressman. Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your home?"

"Lamartine, Fond du Lac county, Wis."

"That is my friend Scott Sloan's district. You go to Mr. Sloan. He will fix the rest of them."

The president shook hands with the two privates, asked them to be brave soldiers and wished them a safe return to their western homes.

Frank couldn't make his tentmates believe that the president had written: "Let this go. A. Lincoln." But the next day he wrote a letter to his father. The name of Lincoln was personally examined by all of the neighbors.

In January, 1864, our regiment was in Washington on the way home, having re-enlisted—"veteranized," as they called it. In company with two others I went to the White House. The president shook hands with us, thanked us for swearing in for three years more and expressed the hope that we would have a nice visit on our veteran furlough.

"Mr. President," said Jones—Ed Jones—"you franked a letter for one of the boys in our company, Frank King. I wish you would frank one for me."

"Odd as it may seem, you are the second soldier to make such a request. So both are of the same company? Very well."

On Jones' envelope he wrote "A. Lincoln, President," and as he handed it back he asked what had become of that other man who had asked him to pass a letter.

"He was killed at Gettysburg."

"I shall never forget the look of sadness in the president's face when the answer was given, and it had not disappeared when we left the room."

"Jones, what did you tell him about King for? Did you see how it pained him?"

"What did he ask about him for? Do you suppose I was going to lie to a man I would die for?" was Jones' indignant reply.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Court's Decision.

"You remember Howforth, who married the woman who kept house for him so long?"

"Yep."

"Well, the court granted her a divorce last week."

"Alimony?"

"Not in cash. The decision was that she could keep the house."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A hornet's nest usually contains from 200 to 400 perfect males and females and an indefinite number of workers.

The earliest use of weights is attributed to Pheidon, king of Argos, 985 B. C.

BEWARE OF MORPHINE.

Mrs. Pinkham's Urgent Appeal to
Suffering Women.

She Asks Them to Seek Permanent Cures and
Not Mere Temporary Relief From Pain.

Special forms of suffering lead many a woman to acquire the morphine habit.

One of these forms of suffering is a dull, persistent pain in the side, accompanied by heat and throbbing. There is disinclination to work, because work only increases the pain.

This is only one symptom of a chain of troubles; she has others she cannot bear to confide to her physician, for fear of an examination, the terror of all sensitive, modest women.

The physician, meantime, knows her condition, but cannot combat her shrinking terror. He yields to her supplication for something to relieve the pain. He gives her a few morphine tablets, with very grave caution as to their use. Foolish woman! She thinks morphine will help her right along; she becomes its slave!

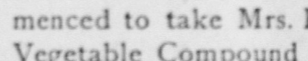
A wise and a generous physician had such a case; he told his patient he could do nothing for her, as she was too nervous to undergo an examination. In despair, she went to visit a friend. She said to her, "Don't give yourself up; just go to the nearest druggist's and buy a bottle of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will build you up. You will begin to feel better with the first bottle." She did so, and after the fifth bottle her health was re-established. Here is her own letter about it:

"I was very miserable; was so weak that I could hardly get around the house, could not do any work without feeling tired out. My monthly periods had stopped and I was so tired and nervous all of the time. I was troubled very much with falling of the womb and bearing-down pains. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; I have taken five bottles, and think it is the best medicine I ever used. Now I can work, and feel like myself.

I used to be troubled greatly with my head, but I have had no bad headaches or palpitation of the heart, womb trouble or bearing-down pains, since I commenced to take Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. I gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman. The use of one bottle will prove what it can do."—MRS. LUCY PEASLEY, Derby, Center, Vt.



Mrs. Lucy Peasley, Derby, Center, Vt.



Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.

10 times out of 10

The New York Journal recently offered ten bicycles to the ten winners in a guessing contest, leaving the choice of machine to each. All of them chose

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