

A CONSISTANT CHRISTIAN

His Life is an Illustrated Edition of the Bible.

Many Souls Have Been Turned Into the Right Path by the Example of a Follower of Jesus—They Shine Like Stars.

Dr. Talmage's latest sermon contains many comforting words for those who are endeavoring to follow in the footsteps of Christ. His text was Daniel 13: 3: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

Every man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth; his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot. His silence often is loud as thunder, and his life is a dirge or a doxology. There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or making it worse, on the Lord's side or on the devil's making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment; and we have already done work in peopling Heaven or hell. I hear people tell of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some evil that he expects to do, or a man who has saved an empire might as well talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have already consumed infinite values; or you have by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms for God.

It would be absurd for me, by elaborate argument, to prove that the world is off the track. You might as well stand at the foot of an embankment, amid the wreck of a capsized rail train, proving by elaborate argument that something is out of order. Adam tumbled over the embankment 60 centuries ago, and the whole race, in one long train, has gone on tumbling in the same direction. Crash! Crash! The only question now is, by what leverage can the crushed thing be lifted? I want to show you how we may turn many to righteousness, and what will be our future pay for so doing.

First: We may turn them by the charm of a right example. A child coming from a filthy home was taught at school to wash its face. It went home so much improved in appearance that its mother washed her face. And when the father of the household came home and saw the improvement in domestic appearance, he washed his face. The neighbors happening in, saw the change, and tried the same experiment, until all that street was purified, and the next street copied its example, and the whole city felt the result of one schoolboy washing his face. That is a fable, by which we set forth the best way to get the world washed of its sins and pollution is to have our own heart and life cleansed and purified. A man with grace in his heart and Christian cheerfulness in his face and holy consistency in his behavior, is a perpetual sermon; and the sermon differs from others in that it has but one head, and the longer it runs the better.

There are honest men who walk down Wall street, making the teeth of iniquity chatter. There are happy men who go into a sick room, and by a look help the broken bone to knit, and the excited nerves drop to a calm beating. There are pure men whose presence silences the tongue of uncleanness. The mightiest agent of good on earth is a consistent Christian. I like the Bible folded between lids of cloth, of calfskin, or morocco, but I like it better w. en. in the shape of a man, it goes out into the world—a Bible illustrated. Courage is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a man with all the world against him confident as though all the world were for him. Patience is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a buffeted soul calmly waiting for the time of deliverance. Faith is beautiful to read about; but rather would I find a man in the midnight walking straight on as though he saw everything. Oh, how many souls have been turned to God by the charm of a bright example!

When in the Mexican war the troops were watering, a general rose in his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's lines, shouting: "Men, follow me!" They, seeing his courage and disposition, dashed on after him and gained a victory. What men want to rally them for God is an example to lead them. All our commands to others to advance amount to nothing as long as you stay behind. To affect them aright you need to start for Heaven yourself, looking back only to give the stirring cry of "Men, follow."

Again: We may turn many to righteousness by prayer. There is no such detective as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hand on the shoulder of a man 10,000 miles off. It alights on a ship in mid-Atlantic. The little child cannot understand the law of electricity, or how the telegraph operator, by touching the instrument under the sea to another continent; nor can we, with our small intellect, understand how the touch of a Christian's prayer shall instantly strike a soul on the other side of the earth. You take ship and go to some other country, and get there at 11 o'clock in the morning. You telegraph to America and the message gets here at 6 o'clock the same morning. In other words, it seems to arrive here five hours before it started. Like that is prayer. God says: "Before they call, I will hear." To overtake a loved one on the road, you may spar up a lathered steed until he shall outrace the one that brought the news to Ghent; but a prayer shall catch it at one gallop. A boy running away from home may take the midnight train from the country village and reach the seaport in time to gain the ship that sails on the morrow; but a mother's prayer will be on the deck to meet him, and in the hammock before he swings into it, and at the capstan before he winds the rope around, and on the sea, against the

sky, as the vessel ploughs on toward it. There is a mightiness in prayer. George Muller prayed a company of poor boys together, and then he prayed up an asylum in which they might be sheltered. He turned his face toward Edinburgh and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward London and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward Dublin and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds off the sky, and it was dry weather. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds together, and it was wet weather. Prayer, in Daniel's time, walked the cave as a lion tamer. It reached up, and took the sun by its golden bit, and stopped it, and the moon by its silver bit, and stopped it.

We have all yet to try the full power of prayer. The time will come when the American church will pray with its face toward the west, and all the prairies and inland cities will surrender to God; and will pray with face toward the sea, and all the islands and ships will become Christian. Parents who have wayward sons will get down on their knees and say: "Lord, send my boy home," and the boy in Canton shall get right up from the gaming table and go down to find out which ship starts first for America.

Not one of us yet knows how to pray. All we have done as yet has only been pottering. A boy gets hold of his father's saw and hammer, and tries to make something, but it is a poor affair that he makes. The father comes and takes the same saw and hammer and builds the house of the ship. In the childhood of our Christian faith we make but poor work with these weapons of prayer, but when we come to the stature of men in Christ Jesus, then, under these implements, the temple of God will rise, and the world's redemption will be launched. God cares not for the length of our prayers, or the number of our prayers, or the beauty of our prayers, or the place of our prayers; but it is the faith in them that tells. Believing prayer soars higher than the lark ever sang; plunges deeper than diving bell ever sank; darts quicker than lightning ever flashed. Though we have used only the back of this weapon instead of the edge, what marvels have been wrought! If saved, we are all the captives of some earnest prayer. Would God that, in desire for the rescue of souls, we might in prayer lay hold of the resources of the Lord Omnipotent!

We may turn many to righteousness by Christian admonition. Do not wait until you can make a formal speech. Address the one next to you. You will not go home alone to-day. Between this and your place of stopping you may decide the eternal destiny of an immortal spirit. Just one sentence may do the work. Just one question. Just one look. The formal talk that begins with a sigh, and ends with a canting snuffle, is not what is wanted, but the heart throeb of a man in dead earnest. There is not a soul on earth that you may not bring to God if you rightly go at it. They said Gibraltar could not be taken. It is a rock, 1,600 feet high and three miles long. But the English and Dutch did take it. Artillery, and sappers, and miners, and fleets pouring out volleys of death, and thousands of men reckless of danger can do anything. The stoutest heart of sin, though it be rock, and surrounded by an ocean of transgression, under Christian bombardment may hoist the flag of redemption.

But is all this admonition and prayer and Christian work for nothing? My text promises to all the faithful eternal lustre. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever." As stars the redeemed have borrowed light. What makes Mars and Venus and Jupiter so luminous? When the sun throws down his torch in the heavens, the stars pick up the scattered brands, and hold them in procession as the queen of the night advances. So all Christian workers, standing around the throne, will shine in the light borrowed from the Sun of Righteousness—Jesus in their faces, Jesus in their songs, Jesus in their triumph.

Christ left Heaven once for a tour of redemption on earth, yet the glorified ones knew He would come back again. But let Him abdicate His throne, and go away to stay forever, the music would stop, the temples of God be darkened, the rivers of life stagnate; and every chariot would become a hearse, and every bell would toll, and there would not be room on the hillside to bury the dead of the great metropolis, for there would be pestilence in Heaven. But Jesus lives, and so all the redeemed live with Him. He shall recognize them as His comrades in earthly toil, and remember what they did for the honor of His name, and for the spread of His kingdom. All their prayers and tears and work will rise before Him as He looks into their faces, and He will divide His kingdom with them; His peace—their peace; His holiness—their holiness; His joy—their joy. The glory of the central throne reflected from the surrounding thrones, the last spot of sin struck from the Christian orb, and the entire nature a-tremble and a-flash with light, they shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall be like the stars in the fact that they have a light independent of each other. Look up at the night and see each world show its distinct glory. It is not like the conflagration, in which you cannot tell where one flame stops and another begins. Neptune, Herschel and Mercury are as distinct as if each one of them were the only star; so our individualism will not be lost in Heaven. A great multitude, yet each one as observable, as distinctly recognized, as greatly celebrated, as if in all the space, from gate to gate, and from hill to hill, He were the only inhabitant; no mixing up—no mob—no indiscriminate rush;—each Christian worker standing out illustrious—all the story of earthly achievement adhering to each one; His self-denials and pains and services and victories published.

Before men went out to the last war the orators told them that they would all be remembered by their country, and their names be commemorated in poetry and in song, but go to the graveyard in Richmond and you will find there 6,000 graves, over each of which is the inscription: "Unknown." The world does not remember its heroes, but there will be no unrecognized Christian worker in Heaven. Each one known by all; grandly known; known by acclamation; all the past story of work for God gleaming in cheek and brow and foot and palm. They shall shine with distinct light as the stars, forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall shine like the stars in clusters. In looking up you find the worlds in family circles. Brothers and sisters—they take hold of each other's hands and dance in groups. Orion in a group. The Pleiades in a group. The solar system is only a company of children, with bright faces, gathered around one great fireplace. The worlds do not straggle off. They go in squadrons and fleets, sailing through immensity. So Christian workers in Heaven will dwell in neighborhoods and clusters.

I am sure that some people I will like in Heaven a great deal better than others. Yonder is a constellation of stately Christians. They lived on earth by rigid rule. They never laughed. They walked every hour anxious lest they should lose their dignity. But they loved God, and yonder they shine in brilliant constellation. Yet I shall not long to get into that particular group. Yonder is a constellation of small-hearted Christians—asteroids in the eternal astronomy. While some souls go up from Christian battle and blaze like Mars, these asteroids dart a feeble ray like Vesta. Yonder is a constellation of martyrs, of apostles, of patriarchs. Our souls, as they go up to Heaven, will seek out the most congenial society.

You hear now of father or mother or child sick 1,000 miles away, and it takes you two days to get to them. You hear of some case of suffering that demands your immediate attention, but it takes you an hour to get there. Oh, the joy when you shall, in fulfillment of the text take starry speed, and be equal to 100,000 miles an hour! Having on earth got used to Christian work, you will not quit when death strikes you. You will only take on more velocity. There is a dying child in London, and its spirit must be taken up to God; you are there in an instant to do it. There is a young man in New York to be arrested from going into that gate of sin; you are there in an instant to arrest him. Whether with spring of foot, or stroke of wing, or by the force of some new law that shall hurl you to the spot where you would go, I know not; but my text suggests velocity. All space open before you, with nothing to hinder you in mission of light and love and joy, you shall shine in swiftness of motion as the stars forever and ever.

Brethren, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Wisdom that shall know everything; wealth that shall possess everything; strength that shall do everything; glory that shall circumscribe everything! We shall not be like a taper set in a sick man's window, or a bundle of sticks kindled on the beach to warm a shivering crew; but you must take the diameter and circumference of a world if you would get any idea of the greatness of our estate when we shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Lastly—and coming to this point my mind almost breaks down under the contemplation—like the stars all Christian workers shall shine in duration. The same stars that look down upon us looked down upon the Chaldean shepherds. The meteor that I saw flashing across the sky the other night, I wonder if it was no the same one that pointed down to where Jesus lay in the manger, and if, having pointed out His birthplace, it has ever since been wandering through the heavens, watching to see how the world would treat Him! When Adam awoke in the garden in the cool of the day, he saw coming out through the dusk of the evening the same worlds that greeted us last night.

In Independence hall is an old cracked bell that sounded the signature of the Declaration of Independence. You cannot ring it now, but this great chime of silver bells that strike in the dome of night, ring out with as sweet a tone as when God swung them at the creation. Look up at night and know that the white lilies that bloom in all the hanging gardens of our King are century plants—not blooming once in a hundred years, but through all the centuries. The star at which the mariner looks to-night was the light by which the ships of Tarshish were guided across the Mediterranean, and the Venetian flotilla found its way into Lepanto. Their armor is as bright to-night as when, in ancient battle, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.

To the ancients the stars were symbols of eternity. But here the figure of my text breaks down—not in defeat, but in the majesties of the judgment. The stars shall not shine forever. The Bible says they fall like autumnal leaves. As, when the connecting factory-band slips at nightfall from the main wheel, all the smaller wheels slacken their speed, and with slower and slower motion they turn until they come to a full stop, so this great machinery of the universe, wheel within wheel, making revolution of appalling speed, shall, by the touch of God's hand, slip the band of present law, and slacken and stop. That is what will be the matter with the mountains. The chariots in which the kings shall be thrown out. Star after star shall be carried out to burial amid funeral torches of burning worlds. Constellations shall throw ashes on their heads, and all up and down the highways of space there shall be mourning, mourning, mourning, because the worlds are dead. But the Christian workers shall never quit their thrones—they shall reign forever and ever.

JOAN OF ARC.

Her Faith In God's Mission Overcame All Obstacles Before the King.

Her conviction was so strong that it gained the sympathy of the poor about her. To these humble beings, for whom everything is difficulty and impossibility in life, imagination opens a rich field, where all dreams seem credible. They believed the dream of Joan and lent their aid to the accomplishment of her miracle. This help and complicity of the people she was to find everywhere on her road. The king and the nobles accepted her because she served their purpose; the people believed in her and lent her strength. Thus from the first step of her undertaking her situation was clearly outlined, as it was to be to the end—to martyrdom. The poor people gave from their poverty to buy her a horse and vestments of war, and a squire, Jean de Metz, won by the popular enthusiasm, offered to accompany her with a few men. They set out for Chinon, where the court was assembled.

The way was long and beset with danger, but Joan upheld the courage of her companions. "Fear nothing," she said. "The Lord God has chosen my route; my brothers in paradise guide me on the way." And in safety they arrived at Chinon. There new obstacles arose. It was difficult to obtain access to the king, jealously guarded from all outside influence by his favorite, La Tremoille. But, as in a fairy tale, doors were opened, walls fell before her magic, and one evening the young peasant entered the great hall where, among the courtiers, disguised in a modest costume, stood the king, whom she had never seen. Without hesitation she walked straight to the king and, falling on her knees, proffered her request with so much grace and ardor that Charles VII was moved.

But imposture, witchcraft even, was suspected, and before a decision was arrived at learned doctors and ecclesiastics were called on to examine her and scrutinize her conscience. To all the subtleties of her examiners she answered with so much simplicity, so much profundity of good sense, that they were confounded. "There is more in the book of God than in yours," she said, and added, "I know not a from b, but I am sent of the Lord God."—"The National Hero of France," by Maurice Boutet de Monvel, in Century.

QUEER BULLETS.

Nuggets of Gold and Wooden Slugs Used by Hunters in Emergencies.

When a hunter in the old days lost all his bullets or hadn't any to shoot with, he usually devised substitutes that on occasion served the purpose well. All sorts of things have been fired at game or Indians, as the case might be. Old Hank Ellison, living up in Jefferson county, N. Y., told to his dying day how he was cooped up by Indians out west once with a little lead, lots of powder, a belt full of gold nuggets, a fine rifle and a bullet mold. It was on the top of a knoll where his log cabin had been built, and he had a barrel of water and a lot of wood for emergencies. The Indians kept just out of range, dashing in once in awhile to draw his fire. He soon used his bullets up and then used the gold. He fired nearly half his fortune at the redskins before they left him.

Many a hunter has used a pebble in the hope of getting a close deadly shot. Jackknives and ramrods have served their time as missiles. Forest and Stream tells about a hunter who had only a single bullet, but lots of powder. The bullet shot the horn of a big buck off, and the buck charged the man, who took to a tree top. He spent half an hour whittling off two inch lengths of branches and putting them into his rifle. Then he rammed them down on the powder and fired at the maddened deer. His partner came along after awhile with a belt full of bullets and, making a run for the tree, gave a bullet to the shooter, who quickly killed the deer.—New York Sun.

Patent Office Profits.

"So far there have been nearly 200 patents issued for horseshoes," observed a blacksmith. "Every one of them was supposed to have merit. A large number of them were supposed to be of value for the reason that they could be put on horses by bands or clasps and thus save time and the expense of horseshoers. Six thousand dollars, therefore, has been paid into the patent office by inventors of horseshoes.

"Not one of these inventions was ever used, and today, as during the past, horses are shod. The only shoe that can be put on a horse must be nailed on by a blacksmith. There is no royal road to wealth, and there is no way to shoe a horse except to nail on the shoe. This \$6,000 is but a small part of the money paid out in connection with patented horseshoes."—Washington Star.

Sardon's Hobby.

Sardon's hobby is building himself houses. In this way he delights in spending his wealth. On Mount Boron, on the outskirts of Nice, stands a huge erection of stone, dwarfing the surrounding villas, which is merely the foundation of a palatial residence which the eminent dramatist commenced, and after an expenditure of some \$200,000 was prevented from completing on the ground that the structure would interfere with the outlook of the fort perched on the hill behind.

Expert Opinion.

The white gull, circling high in the air over the sand dunes along the lonely shore of the lake; looked with pitying contempt at the wreck of the flying machine far below. "In my opinion," said the bird, "no inventor will ever hatch a real flying machine out of his head. The human skull is too thick."—Chicago Tribune.

In no European country have so many illustrious English dead been buried as in Italy.

"ALL WORKED OUT." An Instructive Lesson in the Death Roll of Our Great Men.

Dr. Greene's Nervura a Protection Against Premature Death. Value of Vigorous Nerves and Pure Blood.

In the death of great and gifted men and women, who have filled the public mind and who are held in tender and tearful remembrances, how many have gone because they were "worked out?"



It is a lengthy and a sad list. We can easily recall many whom we have personally known, who have seemed to wear their precious lives out too soon because their deaths were premature. The world feels their loss keenly for its sudden ending.

They were not worked out; they were tired out, exhausted. They stopped because they could go no greater physical lengths. Why? Their vitality was vitiated and lost. Long years ago, Dr. Greene, studying this deep problem, discovered its prime cause and at once set



about its correction. He found the seat of health to be strength and vigor of nerve and pure blood, and determined to discover a remedy that would re-energize

the nerves and purify and enrich the blood when both become weakened, and to prevent, if taken in time, such relapse of physical force. He succeeded to such an extent that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy has gained a world-wide reputation through its wonderful cures and the benefits it has conferred on the thousands who have used it. In his study of this subject he has also become the leading authority on blood and nervous ailments, and so is sought as physician by people everywhere. He charges no fee for his opinion, and can consequently be consulted, free of charge, by letter or in person.



If you are "worked out," if weak, nervous, run down or you feel "out of sorts," or if you want to avoid the ills, weakness and exhaustion, so sure to come, don't delay. Get this grand restorer of health and strength, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, at once, and it will make you well.

Dr. Greene's Cathartic Pills act in perfect harmony with the Nervura, producing regular, natural and healthy action of the liver and bowels. Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th st., New York City, who is our most successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted without charge in regard to any case, personally or by letter.

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