

GO FORTH AND PREACH.

More Heroes are Needed in the Army of the Lord.

The Demand of the Times is For More Determined Men—Aggression Should be the Watchword of Those Who Would Convert the World.

Dr. Talmage's most recent sermon is a plea for more earnestness and zeal, on the part of the laity as well as the ministry, in the upbuilding of God's kingdom. His text was Esther 4:14: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther the beautiful was the wife of Ahasuerus the abominable. The time had come for her to present a petition to her infamous husband in behalf of the Jewish nation, and to which she had once belonged. She was afraid to undertake the work lest she should lose her own life, but her cousin, Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther has her God-appointed work. You and I have ours. It is my business to tell you what style of men and women you ought to be in order that you meet the demand of the age in which God has cast your lot. So this discourse will not deal with the technicalities, but only with the practicalities. When two armies have rushed into battle, the officers of either army do not want a philosophical discussion about the chemical properties of human blood or the nature of gunpowder; they want some one to man the batteries and take out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness, of Heaven and hell, have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions and formulas and technicalities of religion. What we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic and triumphant help.

In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be an unmistakable, aggressive Christian. Of half-and-half Christians we do not want any more. The church of Jesus Christ will be better without them. They are the chief obstacle to the church's advancement. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian are at your hand, and there is a straight path for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness. You may this moment be the bondman of the world and the next moment you may be the prince of the Lord God Almighty. You remember what excitement there was in this country, years ago, when the Prince of Wales came here—how the people rushed out by hundreds of thousands to see him. Why? Because they expected that some day he would sit upon the throne of England. But what was all that honor compared with the honor to which God calls you—to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty; yea, to be queens and kings unto God. "They shall reign with Him forever and forever."

But you need to be aggressive Christians, and not like those persons who spend their lives in hugging their Christian graces and wondering why they do not make progress. How much robustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in a dark closet? A great deal of the piety of to-day is too exclusive. It hides itself. It needs more fresh air, more outdoor exercise. There are many Christians who are giving their entire life to self-examination. They are feeling their pulses to see what is the condition of their spiritual health. How long would a man have robust physical health if he kept all the day feeling his pulse instead of going out into active, earnest every day work?

I was once amid the wonderful, bewitching cactus growths of North Carolina. I never was more bewildered with the beauty of flowers, and yet when I would take up one of these cactuses and pull the leaves apart the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it had ever been a flower. And there are a great many Christian people in this day just pulling apart their Christian experience to see what there is in them, and there is nothing left in them.

This style of self-examination is a damage instead of an advantage to their Christian character. I remember when I was a boy I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self-examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday or the day before planted. O my friends, if you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out of doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of Heaven may have their habitation. I have no patience with these flower-pot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small, exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the church of God is more strength of piety. The century plant is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful, but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom; so I have really more admiration when I see the dewy tears in the blue eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. My Christian friends, time is going so rapidly that we cannot afford to be idle.

A recent statistician says that human life now has an average of only 33 years. From these 33 years you must subtract all the time you take for sleep

and the taking of food and recreation; that will leave you about 16 years. From these 16 you must subtract all the time that you are necessarily engaged in the earning of a livelihood; that will leave you about eight years. From these eight years you must take all the days and weeks and months—all the length of time that is passed in sickness—leaving you about one year in which to work for God. O my soul! wake up! How darest thou sleep in harvest time, and with so few hours in which to reap? So that I state it as a simple fact that all the time for the exclusive service of God will be less than one year.

"But," says some man, "I liberally support the gospel, and the church is open, and the gospel is preached; all the spiritual advantages are spread before men, and if they want to be saved let them come and be saved—I have discharged all my responsibility." Ah! is that my Master's spirit? Is there not an old book somewhere that commands us to go out into the highways and the hedges and compel the people to come in? What would become of you and me if Christ had not come down off the hills of Heaven; and if He had not come through the door of the Bethlehem caravansary; and if He had not with the crushed hand of the crucifixion knocked at the iron gate of the sepulcher of our spiritual death, crying, "Lazarus, come forth?" O my Christian friend! this is no time for inertia when all the forces of darkness seem to be in full blast—when steam printing presses are publishing infidel tracts, when express trains are carrying messengers of sin, when fast clipper are laden with opium and strong drink, when the night air of our cities is polluted with the laughter that breaks up from the 10,000 saloons of dissipation and abandonment, when the fires of the second death already are kindled in the cheeks of some who, only a little while ago, were incurable.

Oh, never since the curse fell upon the earth has there been a time when it was such an unwise, such a cruel, such an awful thing for the church to sleep. The great audiences are not gathered in Christian churches; the great audiences are gathered in temples of sin—tears of unutterable woe their baptism, the blood of crushed hearts the awful wine of their sacrament, blasphemous their litany, and the groans of the lost world the organ dirge of their worship.

Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must on the one hand, avoid reckless iconoclasm, and, on the other hand, not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologies, and I am amazed to see how so many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence; and so they vacillate and swing too and fro, and they are useless and they are unhappy. New plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cis-Atlantic, trans-Atlantic—long enough to make a line reaching from the German universities to Great Salt Lake City. Ah, my brother, do not take hold of a thing merely because it is new. Try it by the realities of the judgment day. But, on the other hand, do not adhere to anything simply because it is old.

There is not a single enterprise of the church or the world but has some time been scoffed at. There was a time when men derided even Bible societies, and when a few young men met in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary society ever organized in this country there went laughter and ridicule all around the Christian church. They said the undertaking was preposterous. And so all the work of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out: "Who ever heard of such theories of ethics and government? Who ever noticed such a style of preaching as Jesus has?" Ezekiel had talked of mysterious wings and wheels.

Here came a man from Capernaum and Gennesaret, and he drew his illustrations from the lakes, from the sand, from the mountains, from the hills, from the cornstalks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! And this Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they spat in his face, and they called him "this fellow." All the great enterprises in and out of the church have at times been scoffed at, and there have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it once got out of the old rut. And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture, or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church singing, and they deride any form of religious discussion which goes down walking among every-day men, rather than that which makes an excursion on rhetorical stilts. Oh, that the church of God would wake up to an adaptability of work! We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Jesus Christ in this day do not reach the great masses. There are 50,000 people in Edinburgh who never hear the gospel; there are 1,000,000 people in London who never hear the gospel. The great majority of the inhabitants of this capital come not under the immediate ministrations of Christ's truth, and the church of God is this day, instead of being a place full of living epistles known and read of all men, is more like a dead letter post office.

"But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted; you must be patient; the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." Never, unless the church of Jesus Christ puts on more steam and energy. Instead of the church converting the world, the world is converting the church. Here is a great fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off the supplies, and says: "Now we will just wait until from exhaustion and starvation they will have to give up." Weeks and months, and perhaps a year, pass along, and finally the fortress surrenders through that starvation and exhaustion. But, my friends, the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God it

will be by storm; you will have to bring up the great siege guns of the gospel to the very wall and wheel the flying artillery into line, and when the armed infantry of Heaven shall confront the battlements you will have to give the quick command, "Forward! Charge!"

Ah, my friends, there is work for you to do and for me to do in order to this grand accomplishment. I have a pulpit. I preach in it. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanics' shop. I may stand in my place and, through cowardice or through self-seeking, may keep back the word I ought to utter; while you with sleeve rolled up and brow beset with toil, may utter the word that will jar the foundations of Heaven with the shout of a great victory. Oh, that we might all feel that the Lord Almighty is putting upon us the hands of ordination! I tell you, every one, go forth and preach this gospel. You have as much right to preach as I have or any man living.

Hedley Vicars was a wicked man in the English army. The grace of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him and said: "You are a hypocrite; you are as bad as ever you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after a while finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him a hypocrite, they said to him: "Oh, you are nothing but a Methodist!" This did not disturb him. He went on performing his Christian duty until he had formed all his troops into a Bible class, and the whole encampment was shaken with the presence of God. So Havelock went into the heathen temple in India while the English army was there, and put a candle into the hand of each of the heathen gods that stood around in the heathen temple, and by the light of those candles held up by the idols Gen. Havelock preached righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. And who will say on earth or in Heaven that Havelock had not the right to preach?

In the minister's house where I prepared for college there worked a man by the name of Peter Croy. He could neither read nor write, but he was a man of God. Often theologians would stop in the house—grave theologians—and at family prayer Peter Croy would be called upon to lead; and all those wise men sat around, wonder-struck at his religious efficiency. When he prayed he reached up and seemed to take hold of the very throne of the Almighty, and he talked with God until the very heavens were bowed down into the sitting room. Oh, if I were dying I would rather have plain Peter Croy kneel by my bedside and commend my immortal spirit to God than the greatest archbishop arrayed in costly canonicals. Go preach this gospel. You say you are not licensed. In the name of the Lord Almighty, I license you. Go preach this gospel, preach it in the Sabbath-schools, in the prayer meetings, in the highways, in the hedges. Woe be unto you if you preach it not!

I remark again that in order to be qualified to meet your duty in this particular age you want unbounded faith in the triumph of the truth and the overthrow of wickedness. How dare the Christian church ever get discouraged? Have we not the Lord Almighty on our side? How long did it take God to slay the hosts of Sennacherib or burn Sodom or shake down Jericho? How long will it take God, when He once arises in His strength, to overthrow all the forces of iniquity? Between this time and that there may be long seasons of darkness, and the chariot wheels of God's gospel may seem to drag heavily; but here is the promise and yonder is the throne, and when omniscience has lost its eyesight and omnipotence falls back impotent and Jehovah is driven from His throne, then the Church of Jesus Christ can afford to be despondent, but never until then. Despotisms may plan and armies may march and the congresses of the nations may seem to think they are adjusting the affairs of the world, but the mighty men of the earth are only the dust of the chariot wheels of God's providence. And I think before the sun of the next century shall set the last tyranny will fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of His eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned insignia of this world, God will make a path for his own triumph, and returning from universal conquest he will sit down, the grandest, the strongest, highest throne of earth his footstool.

I prepare this sermon because I want to encourage all christian workers in every possible department. Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The despots will fall, and paganism will burn its idols, and Mahometanism will give up its false prophet, and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long loud blast of the gospel trumpet. March on! march on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more sturdy blows; only a few more battle cries; then God will put the laurels upon your brow, and from the living fountains of Heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict. March on! march! For you the time for work will soon be passed, and amid the outshinings of the judgment throne and the trumpeting of resurrection angels and the upheaving of a world of graves and the hosanna and gróaning of the saved and the lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and amen.

The Human Voice. Forty-four muscles are called into play in the production of the human voice.

The Critic Paid the Score. A student in one of the hospitals is responsible for the statement that at a certain place of public entertainment one of the boys was bragging of his manifold accomplishments, until one of the company lost patience, and said, in a gruff tone: "Now, we've heard enough about what you can do. Come, tell us what there is you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself."

"Well," replied the student, with a yawn, "I can't pay my account here. So glad to find you're the man to do it." And the critic woefully paid the score, amid loud roars of laughter from the party.—Tit-Bits.

Too Suggestive. Miss De Pretty—Let's form a secret society? Miss De Pink—Let's. Just like the old fellows and red men. Call it the Ancient Order of—of King's Daughters.

Miss De Blonde—Or the "Ancient Order of Dianas." Miss De Young—Or the "Ancient Order of American—"

Miss Oldmaid—Oh don't let us call it the ancient order of anything.—N. Y. Weekly.

Utterly Unreliable. "You never can depend on the weather bureau reports. Now, to-day they predicted fine, warm, clear weather!" "Well?" "So I wore my rubbers, my mackintosh, and brought an umbrella. And now look at it. Not a sign of rain!"—N. Y. World.

A Puzzled Parent. "It is a difficult problem," said the conscientious man; "very difficult." "What is worrying you?" asked his wife.

"If I use slang before our sons and daughters it will encourage them in the practice, and if I don't they will say I am a back number."—Washington Star.

A Winter Episode. She—Very slippery coming home, was it not? He—Oh, very. "Couldn't keep your feet, I suppose?" "Oh, yes, I did manage to keep them; but they changed places with the back of my neck several times."—Yonkers Statesman.

Getting Even. Tired Traddles—Ef ye had ter work, Podner—re'ly work—wha' 'd ye do? Leery Layabout (bitterly, as he tenderly caressed his leg)—Wall, I guess the only pershuan I cud throw much sperrit inter would be dog catchin'.—Brooklyn Life.

What He Wanted. "I tell you, Parker, money is scarce." "Don't be scared. I'm not going to dun you for that ten dollars you owe me." "Oh, I wasn't thinking of that. I was fixing to ask you to lend me another ten."—Harlem Life.

The Usual Result. "How is your club for the interchange and development of ideas getting along?" "Well, so far, it has developed the idea in each member that he is the only man who has any ideas."—Indianapolis Journal.

Fitting. Jeweler—You can have this ring for two dollars, if you do not object to wearing anything gold filled. Rosie O'Grady (loftily)—I guess I can stand it; two of my teeth are gold filled. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Indications. Each season's social bids, it seems, are fairer far than those before. At least it's noticeable that the florists' bills are vastly more. —Chicago Journal.

IN A HURRY. Jenkins (to pickpocket)—Give that back at once, you rascal! I've no time to spare.—Boston Herald.

The Small Boy. Perversity observes no bounds; How often do we know it. The worse a battered tin horn sounds The more he likes to blow it. —Washington Star.

Before and After. "Rex—All men believe in luck till they've made their pile." "Bess—And what do they believe in after that?" "Rex—Themselves.—Town Topics.

A Strapping Fellow. Biedad—I thought you said your son was a strapping fellow! Why, he is not five feet tall.

Wiggins—No, but he teaches a country school.—N. Y. Truth.

Out of Sight. Cholly—I say, old boy, I've just had my mustache shaved off. How do I look?

Algy—Simply smooth.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Repeckable Tautology. Twynn—Ricketts is the most tautological chap I ever hear speak. Triplett—What is his latest offense? Twynn—He spoke of the deadly cigarette.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Instruction. Johnny—And does the gas meter measure the quantity of gas you use? Papa—No, my son; the quantity you have to pay for.—Puck.

Corroborative Testimony. Visitor—Pat says he's descended from some of the greatest houses in Ireland. Mike—Mush! So he did, many a time—on a ladder!—Tit-Bits.

Nervous Debility

Shattered Nerves, Gloomy Depression of Mind, Loss of Nerve Power and Physical Strength.

How to Regain Strong Nerves and Vigorous Bodies.

MANY a person who formerly possessed a powerful physique and strong and steady nerve, wanders at the feeling of exhaustion, lassitude and lack of inclination for physical and mental exertion. Where before there was a feeling of strong and vigorous physical and nerve power, there is now only a sense of weakness, languor, dullness and exhaustion.

Business men and clerks, whose prosperity depends upon their clearness of brain and mind, find their mental strength impaired and their endurance and power to work, read or study diminished. Professional men, women, students and mechanics often find their power of thought decreased; where formerly they could endure many consecutive hours of close application of the mind, they now find that the thoughts wander, and there is inability to fix the mind for any length of time upon one subject; with this there is an extremely nervous and irritable condition, a dull, cloudy sensation, often accompanied by disagreeable feelings in the head and eyes.

As these symptoms increase, there is usually a derangement of the digestive organs, with a gradual failing of strength, and weakness, weariness and pain in the back, especially noticeable in the morning. There is often a bad taste in the mouth mornings, the vision becomes dim, the memory is impaired, and there is frequent dizziness. Persons thus affected are often despondent and suffer from gloom and depression of the mind. The nerves become so weakened after a time that the least excitement or shock will flush the face or bring on a tremor or trembling, often attended by more or less palpitation of the heart.

If you have the above symptoms and feelings, or a portion of them, you are suffering from nervous debility caused by an exhausted condition of nerve and vital power, which is slowly but surely sapping your life and energies, and it is absolutely necessary for you, if you would prevent insanity, or total nervous prostration, to use

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