

POWER TO COMBAT EVIL.

Dr. Talmage Tells How It is to Be Used.

God Given Strength—Christian Discipline—The Lesson of Failures, The Overthrow of Evil.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage selects one of the boldest figures of the Bible to present most practical and encouraging truths; text Ephesians vi, 12, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Squeamishness and fastidiousness were never charged against Paul's rhetoric. In the war against evil he took the first weapon he could lay his hand on. For illustration, he employed the theater, the arena, the foot race, and there was nothing in the Isthmian game, with its wreath of pine leaves, or Pythian game, with its wreath of laurel and palm, or Nemean game, with its wreath of parsley, or any Roman circus, but he felt he had a right to put it in his sermon or epistle, and are you not surprised that in my text he calls upon a wrestling bout for suggestiveness? Pintarch says that wrestling is the most artistic and cunning of athletic games. We must make a wide difference between pugilism, the lowest of spectacles, and wrestling, which is an effort in sport to put down another on floor or ground, and we, all of us, indulged in it in our boyhood days if we were healthful and plucky. The ancient wrestlers were first bathed in oil and then sprinkled with sand. The third throw decided the victory, and many a man who went down in the first throw or second throw in the third throw was on top and his opponent under. The Romans did not like this game very much, for it was not savage enough, no blows or kicks being allowed in the game. They preferred the foot of hungry panther on the breast of fallen martyr.

In wrestling the opponents would bow in apparent suavity, advance face to face, put down both feet solidly, take each other by the arms and push each other backward and forward until the work began in real earnest, and there were contentions and strangulations and violent strokes of the foot of one contestant against the foot of the other, tripping him up, or, with struggle that threatened apoplexy or death, the defeated fell, and the shouts of the spectators greeted the victor. I guess Paul had seen some such contest, and it reminded him of the struggle of the soul with temptation, and the struggle of heavenly forces against Apollyonic powers, and he dictates my text to an amanuensis, for all his letters, save the one to Philimon, seem to have been dictated, and as the amanuensis goes on with his work I hear the groan and laugh and shout of earthly and celestial belligerents. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

The Amenities of Life. I notice that as these wrestlers advanced to throw each other they bowed one to the other. It was a civility, not only in Grecian and Roman games, but in later day, in all the wrestling bouts at Clerkenwell, England, and in the famous wrestling match during the reign of Henry III in St. Giles' Field between men of Westminster and people of London. However rough a twist and hard a pull each wrestler contemplated giving his opponent, they approached each other with politeness and suavity. The genuflections, the affability, the courtesy in no wise hindered the decisiveness of the contest. Well, Paul, I see what you mean. In this awful struggle between right and wrong we must not forget to be gentlemen and ladies. Affability never hinders, but always helps. You are powerless as soon as you get mad. Do not call ruffians murderers. Do not call critics ruffians. Do not call all card players and theater goers children of the devil. Do not say that the dance breaks through into hell. Do not deal in vituperation and billingsgate and contempt and adjectives dynamic. The other side can beat us at that. Their dictionaries have more objurgation and brimstone.

We are in the strength of God to throw flat on its back every abomination that curses the earth, but let us approach our mighty antagonist with suavity. Hercules, son of Jupiter and Alcmena, will by a precursor of smiles be helped rather than damaged for the performance of his "12 labors." Let us be as wisely strategic in religious circles as attorneys in courtrooms, who are complimentary to each other in the opening remarks, before they come into legal struggle such as that which left Rufus Choate or David Paul Brown triumphant or defeated. People who get into a rage in reformatory work accomplish nothing but the depletion of their own nervous system. There is such a thing as having a gun so hot at the touchhole that it explodes, killing the one that sets it off. There are some reformatory meetings to which I always decline to go and take part, because they are apt to become demonstrations of bad temper. I never like to hear a man swear, even though he swear on the right side. The very Paul who in my text employed in illustration the wrestling match, behaved on a memorable occasion as we ought to behave. The translators of the Bible made an unintentional mistake when they represented Paul as insulting the people of Athens by speaking of "the unknown god whom ye ignorantly worship." Instead of charging them with ignorance, the original indicates he complimented them by suggesting that they were very religious, but as they confessed that

there were some things they did not understand about God, he proposed to say some things concerning him, beginning where they had left off. The same Paul who said in one place, "Be courteous," and who had noticed the bow preceding the wrestling match, here exercises suavities before he proceeds practically to throw down the rocky side of the Acropolis, the whole Parthenon of idolatries, Minerva and Jupiter smashed up with the rest of them. In this holy war polished rifles will do more execution than blunderbusses. Let our wrestlers bow as they go into the struggle which will leave all perdition under and all heaven on top.

Strength From Discipline. Remember also that these wrestlers went through severe and continuous course of preparation for their work. They were put upon such diet as would best develop their muscles. As Paul says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." The wrestlers were put under complete discipline—bathing, gymnastics, struggle in sport with each other to develop strength and give quickness to dodge of head and trip of foot; stooping to lift each other off the ground; suddenly rushing forward; suddenly pulling backward; putting the left foot behind the other's right foot and getting its opponent off his balance; hard training for days and weeks and months so that when they met it was giant clutching giant. And, my friends, if we do not want ourselves to be thrown in this wrestle with the sin and error of the world, we had better get ready by Christian discipline, by holy self denial, by constant practice, by submitting to divine supervision and direction. Do not begrudge the time and the money for that young man who is in preparation for the ministry, spending two years in grammar school and four years in college and three years in theological seminary. I know that nine years are a big slice to take off of a man's active life, but if you realized the height and strength of the archangels of evil in our time with which that young man is going to wrestle, you would not think nine years of preparation were too much. An uneducated ministry was excusable in other days, but not in this time, loaded with schools and colleges. A man who wrote me the other day a letter asking advice, as he felt called to preach the gospel, began the word "God" with a small "g." That kind of a man is not called to preach the gospel. Illiterate men, preaching the gospel, quote for their own encouragement the Scriptural passage, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." Yes! He will fill it with wind. Preparation for this wrestling is absolutely necessary. Many years ago Dr. Newman and Dr. Sunderland, on the platform of Brigham Young's tabernacle at Salt Lake City gained the victory because they had so long been skillful wrestlers for God. Otherwise Brigham Young, who was himself a giant in some things, would have thrown them out of the window. Get ready in Bible classes. Get ready by giving testimony in obscure places, before giving testimony in conspicuous places.

The Silent Worker. Your going around with a Bagster's Bible with flaps at the edges under your arm does not qualify you for the work of an evangelist. In this day of profuse gab remember that it is not merely capacity to talk, but the fact that you have something to say that is going to fit you for the struggle into which you are to go with a smile on your face and illumination on your brow, but out of which you will not come until all your physical and mental and moral and religious energies have been taxed to the utmost and you have not a nerve left, or a thought unexpended, or a prayer unsaid, or a sympathy unwept. In this struggle between right and wrong accept no challenge on platform or in newspaper unless you are prepared. Do not misapprehend the story of Goliath the great, and David the little. David had been practicing with a sling on dogs and wolves and bandits, and 1,000 times had he swirled a stone around his head before he aimed at the forehead of the giant and tumbled him backward, otherwise the big foot of Goliath would almost have covered up the crushed form of the son of Jesse.

Notice also that the success of a wrestler depended on his having his feet well planted before he grappled his opponent. Much depends upon the way the wrestler stands. Standing on an uncertain piece of ground or bearing all his weight on right foot or all his weight on left foot, he is not ready. A slight cuff of his antagonist will capsize him. A stroke of the heel of the other wrestler will trip him. And in this struggle for God and righteousness, as well as for our own souls, we want our feet firmly planted in the gospel—both feet on the Rock of Ages. It will not do to believe the Bible in spots, or think some of it true and some of it untrue. You just make up your mind that the story of the garden of Eden is an interpolation, and that the miracles of Christ can be accounted for on natural grounds, without any belief in the supernatural, and the first time you are interlocked in a wrestle with sin and satan you will go under and your feet will be higher than your head. It will not do to have one foot on a rock and the other on the sand. The old book would long ago have gone to pieces if it had been vulnerable. But of the millions of Bibles that have been printed within the last 25 years not one chapter has been omitted, and the omission of one chapter would have been the cause of the rejection of the whole edition.

Alas for those who, while trying to prove that Jonah was never swallowed of a whale, themselves get swallowed of the whale of unbelief, which digests, but never ejects its victims. The inspiration of the Bible is not more certain than the preservation of the Bible in its present condition. After so many centuries of assault on the book would it not be a matter of economy, to say the least—economy of brain and economy of stationery and economy of printer's ink—if the batteries now assailing the book would change their aim and be trained against some other books, and the world shown that Walter Scott did not write "The Lady of the Lake," nor Homer "The Iliad," nor Virgil "The Georgics," nor Thomas Moore "Lalla Rookh," or that Washington's farewell address was written by Thomas Paine, and that the war of the American Revolution never occurred. That attempt would be quite as successful as this long time anti-Biblical, and then it would be new. Oh, keep out of this wrestling bout with the ignorance and the wretchedness of the world unless you feel that both feet are planted in the eternal verities of the book of Almighty God!

The Fallen May Rise. Notice also that in this science of wrestling, to which Paul refers in my text, it was the third throw that decided the contest. A wrestler might be thrown once and thrown twice, but the third time he might recover himself, and by an unexpected twist of arm or curve of foot gain the day. Well, that is broad, smiling, unmistakable gospel. Some whom I address through ear or eye, by voice or printed page, have been thrown in their wrestle with evil habit. Aye, you have been thrown twice, but that does not mean, oh, worsted soul, that you are thrown forever! I have no authority for saying how many times a man may sin and be forgiven or how many times he may fall and yet rise again, but I have authority for saying that he may fall 490 times and 490 times get up. The Bible declares that God will forgive 70 times 7, and if you will employ the rule of multiplication you will find that 70 times 7 is 490. Blessed be God for such a gospel of high hope and thrilling encouragement and magnificent rescue! A gospel of lost sheep brought home on Shepherd's shoulder, and the prodigals who got in to the low work of putting husks into swine's troughs brought home to jewelry and banqueting and hilarity that made the rafters ring!

Three sketches of the same man: A happy home, of which he and a lassie taken from a neighbor's house are the united head. Years of happiness roll on after years of happiness. Stars pointing down to activities. And whether announced in greeting or not every morning was a "Good morning" and every night a "Good night." Christmas trees and May queens and birthday festivities and Thanksgiving gatherings around loaded tables. But that husband and father forms an unfortunate acquaintance who leads him in circles too convivial too late hours, too scandalous. After awhile, his money gone and not able to bear his part of the expense, he is gradually shoved out and ignored and pushed away. Now, what a dilapidated home is his! A dilapidated life always shows itself in faded window curtains, and impoverished wardrobe, and dejected surroundings, and in broken panels of the garden fence, and the unopened gate, and the dislocated doorbell, and the disappearance of wife and children from scenes among which they shone the brightest and laughed the gladdest. If any man was ever down, that husband and father is down. The fact is, he got into a wrestle with evil that pushed and pulled and contorted and exhausted him worse than any Olympian game ever treated a Grecian, and he was thrown. Thrown out of prosperity into gloom. Thrown out of good association into bad. Thrown out of health into invalidism. Thrown out of happiness into misery; but one day, while slinking through one of the back streets, not wishing to be recognized, a good thought crosses his mind, for he has heard of men flung flat rising again. Arriving at his house, he calls his wife in and shuts the door and says: "Mary, I am going to do differently. This is not what I promised you when we were married. You have been very patient with me and have borne everything, although I would have had no right to complain if you had left me and gone home to your father's house. It seems to me that once or twice, when I was not myself, I struck you, and several times, I know, I called you hard names. Now I want you to forgive me. I am going to do better, and I want you to help me." "Help you?" she says. "Bless your soul! Of course I will help you! I knew you didn't mean it when you treated me roughly. All that is in the past. Never refer to it again. Today let us begin anew."

Sympathizing friends come around and kind business people help the man to something to do, so that he can again earn a living. The children soon have clothing so that they can go to school. The old songs which the wife sang years ago come back to her memory, and she sings them over again at the cradle or while preparing the noonday meal. Domestic resurrection! He comes home earlier than he used to, and he is glad to spend the evening playing games with the children or helping them with arithmetic or grammar lessons which are a little too hard. Time passes on, and some outsider suggests to him that he is not getting as much out of life as he ought and proposes an occasional visit to scenes of worldliness and dissipation. He consents to go once, and after much solicitation twice. Then his old habit comes back. He says he has been belated and could not get back until midnight. He had to see some western merchant that had arrived and talk of business with him before he got out of town. Kindness and geniality again quit the disposition of that husband and father. The wife's heart breaks in a new place. That man goes into a second wrestle with evil habit and is flung, and all hell catches at the moral defeat. "I told you so," say many good people who have no faith in the reformation of a fallen man. "I told you so! You made a great fuss about his restored home, but I knew it would not last. You can't trust these fellows who have

once gone wrong." So with this unfortunate, things get worse and worse, and his family have to give up the house, and the last valuable goes to the pawnbroker's shop. But that unfortunate man is snatching along the street one Sunday night, and he goes up to a church door, and the congregation are singing the second hymn, the one just before sermon, and it is William Cowper's glorious hymn:

There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains. Wavering at the Door. He goes into the vestibule of the church and stops there, not feeling well enough dressed to go among the worshippers, and he hears the minister say, "You will find the words of my text in Luke, the nineteenth chapter and tenth verse, 'The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost.'" The listener in the vestibule says: "If any man was ever lost, I am lost, and the Son of Man came to save that which is lost, and he has found me and he will take me out of this lost condition. Oh, Christ, have mercy on me!" The poor man has courage now to enter the main audience room, and he sits down on the first seat by the door, and when at the close of the service the minister comes down the aisle the poor man tells his story, and he is encouraged and invited to come again, and the way is cleared for him for membership in a Christian church, and he feels the omnipotence of what Peter, the apostle, said when he spoke of those "kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." Yet he is to have one more wrestle before he is free from evil habits and he goes into it, not in his own strength, for that has failed him twice, but in the strength of the Lord God Almighty. The old habit seizes him, and he seizes it, and the wrestlers lend backward and forward and from side to side, in awful struggle, until the moment comes for his liberation and, with both arms infused with strength from God, he lifts that habit, swings it in air and hurls it into the perdition from which it came and from which it never again will rise. Victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ! Hear it, all ye wrestlers! It threw him twice, but the third time he threw it, and, by the grace of God, threw it so hard he is as safe now as if he had been ten years in heaven. Oh, I am so glad that Paul in my text suggests the wrestler and the power of the third throw!

But notice that my text suggests that the wrestlers on the other side in the great struggle for the world's redemption have all the forces of demonyology to help them. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." All military men will tell you that there is nothing more unwise than to underestimate an army. In estimating what we have to contend with, the most of the reformers do not recognize the biggest opposers. They talk about the agnosticism, and the atheism, and the pantheism, and the Brahmanism, and the Mohammedanism as well as the more agile and organized and endowed wickednesses of our day. But these are only a part of the hostilities arrayed against God and the best interests of humanity. The invisible hosts are far more numerous than the visible. It is not so much the bottle; it is the demon of the bottle. It is not so much the roulette table; it is the demon of the roulette table. It is not so much the act of stock gambling as it is the demon of stock gambling. It is the great host of spiritual antagonists led on by Azazel or Lucifer or Beelzebub or Asmodeus or Abiramanes or Abaddon, just as you please to call the leader infernalistic. Can you doubt that the human agencies of evil are backed up by Plutonic agencies? If it were only a common war, with panting nostrils and flouting mane and clattering hoof, rushing upon us, perhaps we might clutch him by the bit and hurl him back upon his haunches, but it is the black horse cavalry of perdition who dash down and their riders swing swords which, though invisible, cleave individuals and homes and nations. I tell you, Paul was right when he suggested that we wrestle, not with pygmies, but with giants that will down us, unless the Lord Almighty is our coadjutor. Blessed be God that we have now, and further on will have in mightier degree, that divine help!

The Overthrow of Evil. The time is coming—I know it will quicken your pulses when I mention it—when the last mighty evil of the world will be grappled by righteousness and thrown. Which of the great evils will survive all the others I know not, whether war, or revenge, or fraud, or lust, or intemperance, or gambling, or Sabbath desecration. It will not be "the survival of the fittest," but the survival of the worst. It will be the evil the most thoroughly entrenched, most completely re-enforced, most patronized by wealth and fashion and pomp, most applauded by all the principalities and powers and rulers of darkness. It will stand with grim visage looking down upon the graves of all the other slain abominations—graves dug by the hot shovels of despair and surmounted by such epithaphology as this, "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." "The wages of sin is death." "Her whose ineluctable unto death and her paths unto the dead." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death." Yes, I imagine we have arrived at the time when we may say, Yonder stands the last and only great evil of all the world to be wrestled down. It stands not only looking upon the graves of all the entombed and epitaphed iniquities of the world, but ever and anon gazing upward in defiance of the heavens and shaking its fist at the Almighty, saying: "Nothing can put me down. I have seen all the other enemies of the human race wrestled down and destroyed, but there is no arm or foot, human or angelic or

deific that can throw me. I have ruined whole generations, and I swear by all the thrones of diabolism that I will ruin this generation. Come on, all ye churches and all ye legislatures and all ye thrones. I challenge you. I plant my feet on this red hot rock of the world's woe. I stretch forth my arms for the mightiest wrestle any world has ever seen. Come on. Come on."

Then righteousness will accept the challenge, and the two mighty wrestlers will grapple, while all the galleries of earth and heaven look down from one side and all the fiery chasms of perdition look up from the other side. The two wrestlers sway to and fro and turn this way and that, and how the monster, evil, seems the mightier of the two, and how righteousness seems about to triumph. The prize is worth a struggle, for it is not a chaplet of laurel or palm, but the rescue of a world, and a wreath put on the brow by him who promised, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown." Three worlds—earth, heaven and hell—hold their breath while waiting for the result of this struggle, when with one mighty swing of an arm muscled with omnipotence righteousness hurls the last evil, first on its knees and then on its face, and then rolling off and down, with a crash wilder than that with which Samson hurled the temple of Dagon when he got hold of its two chief pillars, but more like the throwing of satan out of heaven, as described by John Milton:

Him the Almighty power flung Headlong flaming from the ethereal sky, With hideous ruin and combustion, down To bottomless perdition, there to dwell In adamantine chains and penal fire, Who durst defy the omnipotent to arms. Nine times the space that measures day and night To mortal man he, with his horrid crew, Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf, Confounded, though immortal.

The Strength of Right. Aye, that suggests a cheering thought—that if all the realms of demonyology are on the other side, all the realms of angelology are on our side, among them Gabriel, and Michael the archangel, and the angel of the new covenant, and they are now talking over the present awful struggle and final glorious triumph, talking amid the alabaster pillars and in the ivory palaces, and along the broad ways and grand avenues of the great capital of the universe, and amid the spray of fountains with rainbows like the "rainbow round the throne," and as they take their morning ride in the chariots with white horses bitted with gold that were seen by John in vision apocalyptic, and while waiting in temples for the one hundred and forty and four thousand and trumpeters, and thunders and hallelujahs like the voice of many waters. Yes, all heaven is on our side, and the "high places of wickedness" spoken of in my text are not so high as the high places of heaven, where there are enough reserve forces if our earthly forces should be overpowered, or in cowardice fall back, to sweep down some morning at daybreak and take all this earth for God before the city clocks could strike 12 for noon. And the cabinet of heaven, the most august cabinet in the universe, made up of three—God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost—are now in session in the King's palace, and they are with us, and they are going to see us through, and they invite us, as soon as we have done our share of the work, to go up and see them and celebrate the final victory, that is more sure to come than tomorrow's sunrise. While I think of it, the Scotch evangelistic hymn comes upon me and stirs the strong tide of Scotch blood that rolls through my arteries:

It's a bonnie, bonnie war! that we're livin' in the now, An' a' the time, 'till we're in the King's army. An' a' the time, 'till we're in the King's army. An' a' the time, 'till we're in the King's army. An' a' the time, 'till we're in the King's army. We like the gilded summer, wi' its merry merry tread, An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its bean-ties wi' the dead, For the bonnie are the snowflakes an' the doon on winter's wing. It's fit to ken it daurna touch the palace o' the King. Nae net shall be in heaven an' nae desolation, An' nae tyrant hoofs shall trample 'the city o' the free; There's an everlastin' daylight an' a never fading spring. Where the Lamb is 'a' the glory 'o' the palace o' the King. We see our treason's await us over yonner at his gate, Then let us be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late. Let our lamps be brightly burnin, let us raise our voice an' sing. For sure we'll meet, to part nae mair, 'till the palace o' the King.

Canine Chicken Thieves. The cleverness of negro boys in Atlanta has been perverted to teaching dogs to steal chickens. When this explanation of the disappearance of poultry was made by the losers, the police were skeptical, but all doubts vanished when on the arrest of four suspected boys a dog with a chicken in his teeth followed the patrol wagon to the police station. The boys confessed and explained their method of operation. They would get a chicken in the old way, by theft from the roost, and then teach a "likely" dog to catch and fetch it. After a little practice of this kind the dog would be taken through premises where chickens were at large and would be incited to attack. Soon thereafter the dog could be depended upon to do purveying without assistance or suggestion. Two of the trained dogs were captured by the police and were condemned to death as dangerous to the welfare of the community.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Runaway Boy. "Are there any marks by which he can be identified?" asked the chief of police, preparatory to telegraphing. "No," said the father of the boy who had started to Minnesota to fight Indians, "but there will be when I get hold of him again." Exchange.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. In effect on and after May 17, 1897.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for various routes including Tyone, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia.

LEWISBURG & TYONE RAILROAD. In effect May 17, 1897.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for Lewisburg and Tyone routes.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY. Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOES RAILROAD. Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA. Table with columns for READ DOWN and READ UP, listing stations and times.

Additional schedule information for the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania.

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