

# WHAT WE LIVE FOR

Dr. Talmage Preaches on What Our Lives Should Be.

The Object of Our Existence Down to the End Should Be Action—Paradise is Only for the Workers.

Washington, Nov. 13. — To all those who feel that they have no special mission in the world, this sermon of Dr. Talmage will come as a cheering revelation; text, John xviii, 37: "To this end was I born."

After Pilate has suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and moved to Lausanne, and put into a deeper pool, which immediately became the center of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the excretion with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man, when he was in full life and power, that Christ was arraigned as in the court of eyer and terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner: "Art thou a king, then?" and Jesus answered: "To this end was I born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep him down, he is today enshrined, enthroned and coroneted king of earth and king of Heaven. That is what he came for and that is what he accomplished.

By the time a child reaches ten years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny, but by the time he or she reaches 15 years of age, the question is on the child's lips: "What shall I do? What am I going to be? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man or young woman can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less expansive scale: "To this end was I born."

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's and having a floor of precious stones and arches that must have taxed the brains of the greatest draughtsman to design, and walls scrolled and niched and paneled, and wainscoted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for and you answered "For nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis, and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no purpose and to execute no mission, and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you to find out what you are made for and help you find your spheres and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph: "To this end was I born."

First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parents or your grandparents. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line and who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you to-day. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine, or melancholic, or bilious, or lymphatic, or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England, or the cotton plantations of Louisiana, or on the banks of the Clyde, or the Dnieper, or the Shannon, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help or about circumstances that you did not decree.

Take things as they are and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say: "To this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why He is the only one who can tell? Because He can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be 80 years off. And besides that He is the only Being who can see what has been happening in the last 600 years in your ancestral line, and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of 6,000 years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and He is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves, without any implication of Divine guidance. So we have new in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruling the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts, and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence, and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences, while there are others making bricks

who ought to be remodeling constitutions or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow handle or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's "Commentaries," or your medical dictionary, or your Dr. Dick's "Didactic Theology," saying: "For this end was I born." There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the Astronomer Forbes was going to London he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out: "Bring me a telescope!"

But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and Heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and you say to yourself: "Here is something good being done, yet on a small scale," but if you go into a factory covering many acres and you find thousands of bands pulling on thousands of wheels and shuttles flying and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water or steam or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and I should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only one nerve, if you could see but not hear, or could hear and not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and as to your higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty, and you had memory but no judgment, or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I should say not much is expected of you. But stand up, oh, man, and let me look you squarely in the face. Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of hearing everything. Hands capable of grasping everything. Minds with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than any Corliss engine ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe except heaven, and would outlive all heaven if the life of the other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the greatest of economists in the universe, and He makes nothing uselessly, and for what purpose did He build your body, mind and soul as they are built? There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of \$500,000 a year and turning out goods worth 70 cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you, O man, with such semi-infinite equipment doing nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of usefulness. "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God. There's some path of Christian usefulness open. It may be a rough path or it may be a smooth path, a long path or a short path. It may be on the mount of conspicuousness or in the valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can cry out in the face of earth and hell, and heaven: "To this end was I born."

Do not wait for extraordinary qualifications. Phillip, the conqueror, gained his greatest victories seated on a mule, and if you wait for some caparisoned Bucephalus to ride into the conflict you will never get into the worldwide fight at all. Samson slew the Lord's enemies with the jawbone of the stupidest beast created. Shamgar slew 600 of the Lord's enemies with an ox goad. Under God's spittle cured the blind man's eyes in the New Testament story. Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord, here is what I have! Show me the field, and back me up by omnipotent power. Anywhere, anyhow, any time for God."

It may be helpful if I recite my own experience in this regard. I started for the law without asking any divine direction. I consulted my own tastes. I liked lawyers and courtrooms and judges and juries, and revelled in hearing the Frelinghuysens and the Bradleys of the New Jersey bar, and as assistant of the county clerk, at 16 years of age, I searched titles, naturalized foreigners, recorded deeds, received the confession of judgments, swore witnesses and juries and grand juries, but after awhile I felt a call to the gospel ministry and entered it, and I felt some satisfaction in the work; but one summer, when I was resting at Sharon Springs and while seated in the park of that village, I said to myself: "If I have an especial work to do in the world, I ought to find it out now," and with that determination I prayed as I had never before prayed, and got the divine direction, and wrote it down in my memorandum book, and I saw my life work then as plainly as I see it now. Oh, do not be satisfied with general directions! Get specific directions. Do not shoot at random. Take aim and fire.

And now I came to the climacteric consideration. As near as I can tell, you were built for a happy eternity, all the disasters which have happened to your nature to be overcome by the blood of the Lamb if you will heartily accept that Christly arrangement. We are all rejoiced at the increase in human longevity. People live, as near as I can observe, about ten years longer than they used to. The modern doctors do not bleed their patients on all occasions as did the former doctors. In those times if a man had fever they bled him; if he had consumption they bled him; if he had rheumatism they bled him, and if they could not make out exactly what was the matter they bled him. Olden time phlebotomy was death's conditior. All this has changed. From the way I see people skipping about at 80 years of age I conclude that

the life insurance companies will have to change their table of risks and charge a man no more premium at 70 than they used to do when he was 60, and no more premium at 50 than when he was 40. By the advancement of medical science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health and the fact that the people know better how to take care of themselves human life is prolonged. But do you realize what, after all, is the brevity of our earthly state? In the times when the people lived 700 and 800 years the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while banked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or depth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets it up and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead.

You have examined the family Bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerreotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to anyone to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten, or twenty, or thirty years ago, but have you ever had a picture taken of what you may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the spirit's regenerating power? Where shall I plant the camera to take the picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its imperfect state and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude. You are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God Himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be and what I am sure some of you will be.

If you realize that it is an imperfect picture, my apology is what the apostle John said: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." "To this end was I born." If I did not think so, I would be overwhelmed with melancholy. The world does very well for a little while, 80 or 100 or 150 years, and I think that human longevity may yet be improved up to that prolongation, for now there is so little room between our cradle and our grave we cannot accomplish much, but who would want to dwell in this world for all eternity? Some think this earth will finally be turned into Heaven. Perhaps it may, but it would have to undergo radical repairs and thorough eliminations and evolutions and revolutions and transformations infinite to make it desirable for eternal residence. All the east winds would have to become west winds, and all the winters changed to springtides and all the volcanoes extinguished and all the oceans chained to their beds, and the epidemics forbidden entrance and the world so fixed up that I think it would take more to repair this old world than to make an entirely new one. But I must say I do not care where Heaven is, if we can only get there; whether a gardenized America or an emparadised Europe or a world central to the whole universe. "To this end was I born." If each one of us could say that we would go with faces shining and hopes exultant amid earth's worst misfortunes and trials.

In the seventeenth century all Europe was threatened with a wave of Asiatic barbarism, and Vienna was especially besieged. The king and his court had fled, and nothing could save the city from being overwhelmed unless the king of Poland, John Sobieski, to whom they had sent for help, should with his army come down for the relief, and from every roof and tower the inhabitants of Vienna watched and waited and hoped, until on the morning of September 11 the rising sun threw an unusual and unparalleled brilliancy. It was the reflection of the sun on the swords and shields and helmets of John Sobieski and his army coming down over the hills to the rescue, and that day not only Vienna, but Europe, was saved. And see you not, O ye souls, besieged with sin and sorrow, that light breaks in; the swords and the shields and the helmets of divine rescue bathed in the rising sun of heavenly deliverance? Let everything else go rather than let Heaven go.

What a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them there be a place large enough and beautiful enough and grand enough for all the ransomed. Wherever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hall, home of light and love and blessedness! Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there!

# WARSHIPS REPAIRED

THE WORK OF FIXING THEM UP DONE "WHILE YOU WAIT."

The Vulcan Is A Floating Machine Shop, Fully Equipped To Repair Any Damage Done to Sampson's Fleet—Carries Tools and Machinery Worth \$300,000.

The queerest vessel in the United States navy, if not, indeed, the queerest float, is the aptly named Vulcan. She is literally a floating machine shop, thoroughly equipped with all the tools and appliances to be found in any shop ashore where the work of repairing machinery to vessels is done. She may not win as much popular glory as her armed sisters, she may not present so gay an appearance, and she may not do such deeds of daring, but she has her mission to fulfil, and she will not be found wanting.

The real heroes of war are not always to be found on the quarterdeck. Did you ever think of the men buried away down in the stifling bowels of the ship, the men who see nothing of the battle, but upon whose efforts the action of the ship entirely depends? That's the way it is with the Vulcan. Her labors will probably be unpraised and unsung, but they will be none the less valuable for all that.

Her mission is to remain with the fleet and repair any damage that may be done to the other vessels. For this work she is thoroughly prepared. Her equipment includes nearly a hundred tons of tools and machinery valued at \$300,000.

If you have ever visited a naval repair shop and can imagine the scene transferred to shipboard, you can get a fairly good idea of what the Vulcan looks like. There are plate bending rolls and punching and shearing machines that can bite through an inch of solid steel. There are lathes for turning castings of nearly any size, there are planers, drills and milling machines of compass enough to meet almost any demand, and there are blowers to supply the several forges and to draw foul air from between decks and send it through the ventilators above. She can even make small rapid fire guns.

There are pipe cutters, bolt cutters, forges and grindstones, and a good sized cupola for the melting of sufficient metal to make a heavy casting. A supplemental electric plant has given excellent lighting facilities throughout the ship, but principally in the workshops situated on what is termed the third deck.

There are also evaporators and distillers of a capacity equal to a daily output of quite ten thousand gallons of water, several times more than the needs of the Vulcan could demand. She has two steam cranes, with ten foot arms that will lead to the hoisting drums amidships and to the cranes to the hatches. These cranes are specially designed for removing weights from the men-of-war and for transferring machinery to the disabled ships. And, lastly, there is a magnificent little foundry for manufacturing castings up to a certain size.

Of course, skilled men are required to perform the work of repairing machinery, and the best machinists and mechanics in the service have been assigned to the Vulcan to perform the work for which it has been fitted out, and this brings to light a condition of affairs quite as unique as is the ship herself. There is no mechanical plant in the country that admits of such a variety of accomplishments as this one. The variety of departments gives the Vulcan more chief petty officers than any other ship known. A dozen such officers is the usual complement for a war ship, but the Vulcan, out of her entire crew of two hundred men, has ninety-two men who have the right to wear double breasted short coats and officer's caps.

No vessel that has yet started out for war has carried such a large complement of well-trained and educated men. The repair ship has on board some of the finest engineers in the country, and among this number is a Providence millionaire and a college professor, who entered the service of their country as soon as it was known that the United States was to have a floating machine shop.

Chief machinists, expert boiler-makers, moulders, brass finishers and electricians; copper-smiths, carpenters, joiners, ship-wrights, plumbers—all have the rating of first class petty officers. The Vulcan's captain is Lieutenant Commander Ira Harris who has been general manager of the Chicago Drop Forge and Foundry Company, and of like concerns in Kansas and Cleveland, O.

The chief engineers are Gardiner Sims, the head of the Armington & Sims Engine Works, of Providence, R. I., who has thirty of his best mechanics aboard, and Professor Aldrich, of the University of West Virginia, one of the best electrical experts of the country. Frederick C. Neilson, son of Medical Inspector John L. Neilson, United States senior medical officer at Charlestown, is an assistant engineer. The leading mechanics have quarters in the old passenger state rooms, and will live very comfortably. Officially the Vulcan is described as an engineer's repair ship, but Engineer in Chief Melville, who was responsible for her purchase and transformation, sets the mind at rest as to her position in the navy by calling her a floating machine shop. The Vulcan was formerly the merchant steamer Chatham. Shortly before the war commenced Engineer in Chief Melville recommended to the department that two vessels be acquired which could be transformed into engineers' repair ships and attached to the North Atlantic and five-

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