EV. DR. TALMAGE.

DAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Rough Sailing."

"And there were also with Him tile ships, and there arose a great wind."-Mark iv., 36, 37.

as, Galiles and Gennesaret were ames for the same lake. It lay in a great duxuriance. The surrounding igh, terraced, sloping, gorged, were by hanging gardens of beauty. The tumbled down through rocks of gray limestone, and flashing from th bounded to the see. In the time of ed thickly with veretation, and so the variety of climate that the of the torrid and the walnut tree gons climate were only a little way.

Men in vineyarts and olive gardens attering up the riches for the oil. The hills and valleys were starred insoned with flowers, from which look Histext, and the disciples learned of extinues and they.

of patience and trust. It seemed as ad dashed a wave of beauty on all se until it hung dripping from the se hills, the cleanders. On the back chanon range time glory of the earthly carried up as if to set it in range shills of teaven. ther gem ever had so exquisite a set-

ther tem eye, and so explisite a sec-ionitial Gennesaret. The waters were ad sweet and thickly inhabited tempt-amerable nets and affording a liveli-great populations. Bethsaids, Chorgreat populations. Bethswidt, Chor-learnaum stood on the bank roar-twheels of traffic and flashing with lequipages, and shooting their ves-oss the lake, bringing merchandise ascus and bassing great cargoes of product. Pleasure boats of Roman on and fishing smacks of the counwho had come down to cast a ne sed each other with nod and shout me, or side by side swung idly at ing. Palace and luxuriant bath off upon the caim sweet scene as the shadows began to drop, and Her the standard covered with perpetual the glow of the setting sun looked attabearded prophet ready to ascend f fire. I think we shall have a Not a leaf winks in the air or disturbs the surface of Clennosare fows of the great headlands stalk cross the water. The voices of ide, how drowsily they strike the splash of the boatman's oar, and ping of the captured fish on the store, and those indescribable which fill the air at nightfull. You up the beach of the take a little way you find an excitement as of an tion. A flotilla is pushing out from ern shore of the lake—not a squad-deadly armament, not a clipper to valuable merchandise, not piratic with grappling hook to hig to death our they could seize, but a flotilla with messengers of light and mercy are. Jesus is in the front ship. His and admirors are in the small boats gafter. Christ, by the rocking of and the fatigues of the preaching of the day, is induced to slumber, Him in the stern of the boat, with perhaps extemporized out of a fish-coat, sound asteen. The breezes of run their fingers through the locks of nout sleeper, and on its surface there ad falleth the light ship, like a child Starry night. Beautiful night. Run he sails, and ply all the cars, and let bothe big boat and the small boats

iding over gentle Gennesaret. sailors prophesy a change in the Clouds begin to travel up the sky signate. After awhile, even the zers hear the moan of the storm. omeson with rapid strides and with terrors of hurricane and darkness, st, caught in the sadden fury trembles deer at bay amid the wild clangor of mads. Great patches of foam are through the air. The loosened sails, in the wind, crack like pistols. ats poised on the white cliff of the emble like ocean petrels, and ange into the trough with terrifle intil a wave strikes them with thun-is, and overboard go the cordage, ding and the masts, and the drenched s rush into the stern of the boat and wild the hurrienne. "Master, carest of that we perish;" That great per-lifted he had been the conited his head from the fisherman's all walked out to the prow of sel and looked upon the storm, oldes were the small boats tossing pleseness, and from them came ies of drowning men. By to flightning I see the calmess of overel brown of Jesus and the spray a dripping from His load. He has also a mand—are for the wind, of for the sea. He looks into the temporary and the sea. looks down into the infuriate waters says, "Be still!" The thunders beat of. The waves fall flat on their faces The storm is dead. And erew are untanging the cordage cables and baling out the water bold of the ship the disciples stand struck, now gazing into the calm w gazing into the calm sen, may into the calm face of Jesus, paring one to another, "What man-

an is this, that even the winds and first, from this subject that when count to take a voyage of any kind fat to have Christ in the ship. The last those boats would all have gone oftom if Christ had not been there. ou are about to voyage out into some erprise—into some new business reou are going to plan some great o go along in the treadmill course an nothing new, you are not fulfilling assion. What you can do by the utension of body, mind and soul that to bound to do. You have no right to one! of a resignment if God calls you to and an army. You have no right to be in a steamer if God commands you to miral of the navy. You have no o engineer a ferry boat from river bank r bank if Got commands you to en-a Canarder from New York to Liver-But whatever enterprise you under-ted on wantever voyage you start, be take Christ in the ship. Here are men prospered. The seed of a small en-grew into an accumulated and overing success. Their cup of prosper-mains over. Every day sees a com-lora mechanical triumph. Yet they of paffed up. They acknowledge the ir prosperity. When disaster comes estroys others, they are only helped gaer experiences. The coldest winds er blew down from snow capped Herseed Gennesaret into foam and could not hurt them. Let the the breakers boom—al is well, it is the ship. Here are other men, may of uncertainties. When they suctive sirut through the world in greatly and wipe their feet on the sensitiveothers. Disaster comes, and they ny down. They are good sailors on

when the sky is clear and the sea

awaite the packet is tossed abeym's

ill the cargo. Push out from the shore

feboat, long boar, shallow and pin-You cannot save the enew. The storm

smooth. The crew exhilarant. The beat stanch will bound merrily over the billows. Crow ton all the canvas. Heigh, ho. Land ahead! But suppose that sickness puts its bitter cup to your lips; suppose that death overshadews your heart; suppose misfortune, with some quick turn of the wheel, hurls you backward; suppose that the wave of trial strikes you athware ships, and bowson't shitcared, and halyards sweet into the see, and gangway crowded with piratical dissen, and gangway crowded with piratical dis-asters, and the wave beneath, and the sky above, and the darkness around are filled with the clamor of voices of destruction. Ob, then you will want Christ in the ship!

I learn, in the next place, that people who ollow Christ must not always expect smooth follow Christ must not always expect smooth sailing. When these disciples got into the small boats, they said "What a delightful thing this is! Who would not be a follower of Christ when he cau ride in one of these small boats after the ship in which Jesus is sailing?" But when the storm came down these disciples found out that following Jesus did not always make smooth sailing.
So you have found out, and so I have found
out. If there are any people who you would
think ought to have had a good time in getting out of this world, the apostles of Jesus Christ ought to have been the men. Have you ever noticed how they got out of the world? St. James lost his bend; St. Philio was hung to death against a pillar; St. Matthew was struck to death by a halberd; St. Mark was dragged to death through the St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets; St. James the Levi had his brains dashed out with a fuller's club; St. Matthias was stoned to death; St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. John Huss in the fire, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanter—tid they always find smooth sailing? Why go so far?

Again, my subject teaches me that good neadle sometimes ge, very much frightened. From the tone and manner of these disciples

From the tone and manner of these disciples as they rushed into the stern of the vessel and woke Christ up, you know that they are fearfully seared. And so it is now that you often find good people wildly agitated, 'Oh!' says some Christian man, 'the infidel magazines, the bad newspapers, the spiritnalistic societies, the importation of somany torsign errors, the course of Got is going to be lost, the ship is going to founder! The ship is going down." What are you frightship is going down! What are you fright-ened about? An old iron goes into his cav-ern to take a sleep, and he lies down until his shaggy mane covers his paws. Mean-while the spiders outside begin to solu webs over the mouth of his cavern and say. "That ion cannot break out through this web," and they keep on spinning the gossamer threads until they get the mouth of the cavern covered over. "Sow," they say, "the lion's done, the lion's done." After awhite the lion awakes and slakes himself, and he walks out from the cavern, never knowing there were any spiciers' webs, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. Let the infidels and the skepties of this day on spinning their webs, spinning their toddel gossamer theories, seinning them all over the place where Christ seems to be sleeping. They say "Christ can never again come out. The work is done. He can never get through this logical we's we have been spinning." The day will come when the Lion of Judah's tribe will rouse himself and come forth and shake mightly the Nations. What then all your gossumer threads? What is a spider's web to an aroused lion? Do not fret, then, about the world's going backward. It is going forward. You stand on the banks of the sea wher

You stand on the banks of the sea when the tide is rising. The almana says the tide is rising, but the wave comes up to a certain point and then it receies. "Why," you say, "the tide is going back." No, it is not. The next wavecomes up a little higher, and it goes back. Again you say the tide is going out. And the next time the wave comes to a higher point, and then to a higher point. Notwithstanding all these recessions at last all the shipping of the world knows it is high tide. So it is with the cause of Christ in the world. One year it comes up to one in the world. One year it comes up to one point, and we are greatly encouraged. Then it seems to go back next year. We say the tide is going out. Next year it comes to a higher point and falls back, and next year it comes to a still higher point and falls back, but all the time it is advancing, until it shall be full tide, "and the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the

Again, I learn from this subject that Christ Again, I learn from this subject that Carist is God and man in the same person. I go into the back part of that boat, and I look on Christ's sleeping face and see in that face the story of sorrow and weariness, and a deeper shadow comes over His face, and I think He must be dreaming of the cross that deeper shalow comes over His face, and I think He must be dreaming of the cross that is to come. As I stand on the back mart of the heat looking on His face I say. "He is a man." But when I see Him come to the prow of the beat, and the sea kneels in His presence, and the winds fold their wings at His command, I say. "He is God! He is God!" The hand that set up the stormy pillars of the universe wiping away the tears of an orphan! When I want pay and symplethy, I go into the back part of this love, and I look at Him, and I say. "O Lot! Jesus, Thou weary One, Thou suffering Ous, have merey on me!" "Eless hand! Behold the man! But when I want some one to beat down my ensemies, when I stant faith for the great future, then I some to the front of the boat and I say. "O Christ, Thou who couldst high the storm can mish all my sorrows, all my templations, all my ferre!" "Eless Dens!" Behold the God!

I learn also from this subject that Christ can hush the tempost. Some of you, my hearers, have a heavy tout of trandles.

Some of you have west until you can week no more. Perhaps Gol took the sweeter child out of your house the one that asket the most curious questions, the one that hung around you with greatest fondness. The gravedigger's spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Or persans it was the only one that you had and your san has ever since been like a desolated castle, waers the birds of the might hoot amid the falling towers and along the crambling stairway. Or perhaps it was an age! mother that was Or perhaps it was an aget mother that was called away. You used to send for her when you had any kint of trouble. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, when they died she was there to pity you. You know that the old hand will never do any more kin here for you, and the lock of white hair that you keep so well in the cases, of the lock of does not look so well as it did on the day when not look so well as it did on the day when she moved it back from this wrintlet forestend under the old fashioned beanet in the church in the country. Or persons your property has gone. You said, "There, I have so much in bank stock, so much I have in lands, so much I have in securities," Suddenly it is all gone. Alast for the man who once had plenty of money, but who has hardly oneugh now for the morning marketing. No storm ever sweet over Gennesavet like that which has gone transoling its thunders that which has gone trampling its thunderover your quaking soul. But you awoku Christ in the back part of the saip, crying, "Master, carest Thou not that I perish?" and Christ rose up and quieted you. Jesus hush-

There is one storm into which we must all run. When a man less go this life to take hold of the next, I do not care how much grace he has, he will want it all. What is that out youder? That is a dying Christian rocked on the surges of death. Win is that have wrecked magnificant doubles or pome the and worldly power come down on the Christian sou. All the spirits of darkness seem to be let brose, for it is their last ename. The pading or kin feet seems to mingle with the swirt or the water, and the scream of the wind and the thunder or the sky. Deep to deep, billow to billow, yet no Push out from the shors the dying Christian. The fact is that from the shors the dying Christian. The fact is that from the boar, shallow and pintace the case. The sorn "When thou passess through the walets of the sor a special will be with thee." By the flash of the storn ad it assems as if she must go down wathe vessel. Down she goes! No Christ the dying Caristian sees that the harmon's that ship, speak of young people whose voyage in this ship, and the same of sunshine and of the sol of recite has an in of tropical torbook, You will have many a long, bright of prosperity. The skies clear, the sea, the tempes.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 29.

Review for the Third Quarter-Commentary.

LESSON L.-The Ten Commandments (Ex. St. 1-17). Golden Text, Luke x., 27, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy neighbor as thy self." No commandments till redeemed from Egypt. The one thing the sinner needs is righteousness, and this is found only in Christ, who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth (Rom, x., 4). This righteousness is summed up in the one word "love," for love is the fulfilling of the law, and God is love. Christ is God manifest in the flesh, and the true Christian life is, "Christ liveth in me,"
LESSON II.—The Golden Calf (Ex. XXII., 1-8, 30-35. Golden Text, I John v., 21, "Lit-

LESSON II.—The Golden Calf (Ex. XXXI), 1-8, 30-35. Golden Text, I John v., 21, "Lit-tic children, keep yourselves from idols." Gold manifest in the thunderings of Mount Sinal, or speaking by His servant. Moses, they promised to obey, but God invesible, and Moses also absent for a little senson, not-withstanding the token of His loving care in the daily manna from heaven, they turn from God to Idols. What wonder that He was grieved with them! They tempted Him ten times and would not hearken to His voice

(Num. xiv., 22). Let us cleave unto Him, and not grieve His Holy Spirit whereby we are sealed (Eph. iv., 30).

Lesson Hi.—Nadab and Abihu (Lev. x., 111). Golden Text, Lev. x., 2, "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou nor thy some with thee," The service of God is wholly spiritual. He seeketh those who will worship the interest and the second of the service o ship Him in spirit and in truth (John iv., 23, 24). The flesh is carnal and is ensuity against God (Rom, viit., 7). Therefore whatever ex-cites or stimulates the flesh is against the Spirit. No work of God is accomplished in the energy of the flesh. "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lard of Hosts" (Zach.iv., 6). See also Eph. v., 18, LESSOS IV.—Journeying to Canana Num.

x., 29-36). Golden Text, Num. x., 29, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Is-rael." It was all right thus to urge Hobab to partake of the blessings of the God of Isto particle of the blessings of the God of Larael, but it seems a'l wrong to speak of Habab's being eyes to Isreai. It looks like leaning upon him instead of upon God. The word for every child of God is, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him" (Ps. Ixii., 5).

Lisson V.—The Report of the Spies (Num. xiii., 17-20, 23-33). Golden Text, Num. xiv., 9, "The Lord is with us, fear them not."

They had the word of the Lord that it was a good land and that Ha work are to see the content of the lord that it was

a good land, and that He would streety give it to them. Yet he indulged them in permit-ting them to send spies to see, and the spies confessed that it was a good land, but they saw difficulties instead of seeing God. They saw the giants, and they saw themselves, but with the exception of Caleb and Joshua they saw not God and counted not on Him.

Lesson VL.—The Brazen Serpent (Nom., xxi., 4-9). Golden Text, John in., 14, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted About thirty-eight years between last lesson and this: a whole generation ad away. Aaron and Miriam also gone and the new generation murmuring as usual although again on the borders of the land. We will do all things without murmuring or disputing if we have confidence in God (Phil. ii., 14; Isa. xxx., 15). All manner of rebellion against our lot in life is simply re-bellion against God. The cure is to "con-sider Him" who was lifted up for us and

yield fully to Him.

LESSON VII.—The New Home In Canaan (Dant, vi., 3-15). Golden Text, Deut, viii., 10, "Thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which He hath given thee." the good land which He hath given thee." The land and all its contents were wholly a matter of grace, a free gift of God to them, that they might therefore hear and do His will and suffer Him to bless them mightly in the eyes of all Nations, that so through them He might be known. If we would keep ourselves wholly for Him, He would magniful the solutions of the solutions of the solutions.

ourselves wholly for film, He would mag-nify Himself to us.

Lesson VIII.—Crossing the Jordan (Joshua iii., 5-17). Golden Text, Isa. xlitt., 2, "When thou passeth through the waters. I will be with thee." Moses has at this time joined Aaron and Miriam in the better land, and Joshua is now the visible leader of the host. The Lord is with him as He was with Mosea, and this is the scoret of his strength. The ark is carried ahead of the host, and as the waters divide the priests bearing it advanto the midst of the river, and there abute till

to the midst of the river, and there abute till all have safety passed over. Jesus has been through Jordan for us, and we need not fear.

Lesson IX.—The Fail of Jeriche (Joshua vi., 8-20). Golden Text, Heb. xi., 30, "By faith the walls of Jeriche fell lown, after they were compassed about seven days." The same Lord who appeared to Moses at the burning bash and commanded by the to put off his spines new appears to him to put off his shoes now appears to Joshua by Jerieho with a like command, structing him in the way of victory and pomee. It is God's way to plan and to carry out His plans. It is ours to yield and obey. We must keep our shoes off, and never think

of it as our work.
LESSON X.—Caleb's Reward (Joshua xiv 5-14). Golden Text, Joshua xiv., 11, "He wholly followed the Lord God of Israel." See a man of 85, as strong as a man of 4) because God was his strength, and he changes not. His strength is made perfect in our weakness, and when we yield to Him that He may work, our weakness will be but a better occasion for Him to manifest His strength. Walled cities and giants are nothing to God, and victory depends upon His

ability, not upon our, LESSON XL.—The Cities of Refuge (Joshua xx., 1-9). Golden Text Heb. vi., 18, "Who have fled for refuge to tay hold upon the hope set before us." This lesson is very sug-gestive of Christ, who is our only refug-from the law of sin and death, and in whom alone there is safety. As we pointed out in our notes on the lesson every name is sug-gestive of Him. Notice also that the city of Caleb's inneritance (Hebron) became a city

Cateb's inneritance (Hebron) became a city of refuge, and when we follow Jesus fully and live in fellowship with Him we will in His name become a refuge for others.

LESSON XII.—Joshua Renewing the Covenant (Joshua xxiv., 14-25). Golden Text Joshua xxiv., 24, "The Lord our God will we serve, and His voice will we obey." The great thought here is that we cannot serve God unless we serve Him with the whole heart in sincerity and in truth. He has neart in sincerity and in truth. He has bought us that we might be a people for His own possession, and He wants us wholly for Himself, both for His glory and for our high-est good.—Lesson Helner.

DRINE WAS THE CAUSE.

Noticing a rather forceful looking man do-Noticing a rather forceful looking one de-ing menial service on a steamboat and in-quiring of the mate about him. I was told that the man a little while ago was drawing a salary of \$15 a week for skilled work. Now he was getting only that much a month for work that the most common tramp could perform. On asking the cause the answer was: 'Drink reduced him, and I know many more just anch cases, men of ability who more just such cases, men of ability who once held good positions but are now doing the cheapest kind of labor. It is indeed true that many of the men whom you may meet in society's most degraded level were once men of place and influence. Their degradation has come through drink. Surely all sentiment that looks to the destruction of the liquor traffic should be carnestly fortered.

-Methodist Times.

Nothing so clears the vision and urts up the Nothing so clears the vision and arts up the life as a decision to move forward in what you know to be entirely the will of the Lord. This is strength, this is peace, to feel in en-tering on every day that all its duties and tri-nals have been committed to the Lord Jesus, that, come what may, he will use us for his own glory and our real good.—J. G. Paton.

RELIGIOUS READING.

Many thousands of Christians have spent the weeks of midsummer away from their homes in rural districts. Every one of them is by profession a missionary. What this might mean if all had done the work of a missionary from the love of it is more than can be computed. What it does mean is, no can be computed. What it does mean is, no doubt, a large factor in the religious growth of our land. Country life, and especially farm life, is to a large extent isolated, it is dull. There is little to stimulate ambition. Farmers are independent thinkers, capable of appreciating the ablest efforts of pulpit and platform, but without much in ordinary times to rouse their minds or sympathics. Their families often hunger for just the new interest which the coming of summer guests into the

town brings to them.
When that visit means the coming of the fragrance of Christian life and devotion, it is in effect a religious revival. The church is the center of social interest. But for it the loneliness would often be beyond endurance. Their minds are freshened, hearts kindled in sympathy, healthful associations cultivated. New faces appearing there lit up with love to Christ, new voices in song and testimony new acquaintances made mean new life to the community. From these country places have come many of the men and women who are among the brightest ornaments of public and business and social life. No-where does the sait of the earth make its savor more manifest than through the Christian life and worship of guests in the small churches in these summer months.

Their good influence should not end with vacation. A message sent back now and then during the coming winter will be almost as valuable in the prayer meeting as a personal visit. A book or other healthful gift to the pastor, a letter to one of the Sunday school teachers, a share in the holiday festivities may be a labor of love which will long bear fruit. If the great apostle Paul had not been so deeply interested in the churches he had visited a large part of the New Testament would not have been written. The opportunities of vacation have not yet ended. The Christian nie of our country needs greatly the interchange of thought and sympathy for which these annual migrations give opportu-nity and needs to have it maintained through-

BE NOT APRAID TO DIE.

Be not anxious when you shall die: God will care for that. Do your work, and leave the future to Christ. Be not sorrowful or fearlul at the thought of death. There are many Christians troubling themselves and saying, "Am I ready to die?" That is not the question. Are you ready to live? Have you Christ in you, the hope of glory? If Christ be in you, He will take care of you. Live for him and all will be well in the dying hour. Whether you die at home or abroad is a very little matter, whether you die in the midst of friends or of enemies is of small n count. Live for Jesus, and He will never for get you. If you live for the world it may quit you; if you live for weath it may take itself wings, and you may die in poverty you live for fame, men may turn agains you; if you live for pleasure, your ability b enjoy it may pass away and your schees gro-dim; if you live for the many dance your fee may be unable to move; you may love the sound of the viol, but the ear can no longe hear, if you live for the heartiful, your sen-of sight may full you; if you live for childre they may be smitten down and leave you de olate, or, what is far worse, they may d you, and leave you worse than children cold and unfeeling world, if you live for any joy of earth, you may be forsaken; but, ou! live for Jesus, and he will never forsake you. -Bishop Simpson.

ETERNAL BEAUTY.

God is not a hypothesis to necount for the obenomena of nature. God is the eternal reality. As President Hyds, of Bowdoin College, has well put it, God is not a hypothesis; He is the hyspostasis. He is not a thesis, an opinion, a theory, a supposition, created to account for phenomena. He is the great underlying reality of which all phenomena are the manifestation. Let the manifestation. By you remember that beautiful image in Parc's Republic of man sitting in a cavern, various figures passing behind his back, and he unable to turn about and look upon them, but the bright light streaming upon them and easing their shadows on the screen before bim? So we Unseen is the divine and eternal reality that Case is the divine and elerant reality that cost them. All the beauty of flower, of sound of literature, and all the beauty of men, all the beauty of flower life, all that makes life true and great and holds, are but shadows that iffe, the invisible and eternal tiod, cashe in the screen, that we look upon thom. When Sagmed by upon the couch trembling. and the voice called out in the darkness "Samuel, Samuel, God was not a hypothesi account for the voice; God, was, and the scored volcethat should in the scale of man is the witness of a Good that is. The blocks are resulties, Lyman Abbott, D. D.

THE BLE SHIDNED ALSO HE WORK If you would have suplight in your horner

that you have work in it. Nothing under more resences and heavy-heartedness in a house, so fast as illeness. The very children gloom and sulk if they are left with nothing to do. If all have their work, they have not only their own joy in creating thought. In making thought into form, in thought, in making thought into form, in driving on something to completion, but they have the joy of ministering to the movement of the whole house when they less that what they do is part of a living whole. That in

itself is sunshine.
The morning is bright with the knowledge of how much has to be done. The midday walk is looked forward to: the hour of rest wank is looked forward to the hour of rest or play is a true joy; the evening hour, when all that has been done is talked over, is de-tightful; and sleep, "sere labor's bath," is only another piece of pleasant work. All eyes in that household look forward, all its members are bright, all honor one another, Every day there is the light of semething conquered in the eyes of those who work Time, the great shadow, takes substance walks as a friend with those who work, and no is a charming companion when we hake him out of a ghost into a reality. In such a noise, if there he also the good temper of love, aunshine never conses.

LIFE WHAT WE MAKE IT.

It is possible to mourn, and yet not re-pine; to be sad, and yet not unhappy; to carry sciemn memories, and still be joyous and useful. Lafe is largely what we make it. We may call back images of bliss and gladness, and thank God that such felicity was ones ours, thereby sweetening the present moment with the pleasures of bygone days, But we must not always be looking back. If we do, we are almost sure to go as we look. We must turn our vision sometimes to the luture, and try to carve out from what is left to us a fortune for the coming days.... God has promised that the reign shall end. "God shall wipe away tears from off all faces." We may not stop our own off all faces." We may not stop our own weeping, but God can soothe us. Shall we not ask Him to put an end to our woe, to decree away our sin and soliishness, to fill us with His own joy, and to make us spiritually glad? God can accomplish this transformation. We have only to resign ourselves actively and trustfully to Him to gata the sweet solace of the indwelling Comforter. —J. H. Potts, D. D.

Once having tasted of His grace the soul is never willing to be parted from its Lord. And as the years roll on and the shadows lengthen, the cry, "Abide with me" becomes more pathetically intense. Blessed the man, as the mists gather around his feet and the sun is going down, who still yearns for this company. Blessed is he who from past ex-perience knows that if Christ be with him, even the chills of death shall never extinroish the heart of flumb. -G. C. Lorimer,

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ADDITIONAL SIANDS OF STREET, S

I promise thee, sweet Lord, that I Will never cloud the highi

Which shines for me within my = m And makes my reason bright: For nover will I lose the power

To serve Theoby my will, Which Thou hast see within my neart Thy precepts to initial.

Ob. let me drink as Adam drank,

Ladera from Time he fell.
Ob. let me drink as Thou, dear Lord,
When faint by Sychar's well.
That from my childhead, pare from sin
Of drink and drunk in strife.

By the clear fountain I may and, O' Everlasting Life

BEKE DUS- 17.

A short time ago the concurr was horrised by the report of a raticoal mention of the Grand Trunk in Canada in which of the persons were killed and twenty-five seriously injured. It will be remembered by a change in parties a prigrims were proceeding to a given devotions at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. They filled two trains, and while the first was waiting at the Crair. Hond status, the second crashed full spectiment, with the result that mine pilgrime, including two priests, lost their lives, and a very large priests, lost their lives, and a very large number were seriously, though not fatality. number were seriously, though not latally wounded. At the inquest evidence was ad queed showing that McLead the engineer when the train stopped at Archataska sta-tion had gone into a hotel and bought a can of beer; of this he had freely impriest, and a a result there was the railroad horor. It was beer that did it; what matters 117 the Gov. erament licensed men to sell the best National Temperance Advocate,

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted." How often we hear this said to lay. Bitter though our experiences of sor ow may be, no thoughtful soul looks but upon them without perceiving that, if they had been accepted in the right spirit, they have been rich in blessing. They deepen and enrich the character. They enlarge our knowledge of life, inegense our appreciative-ness, develop our consciousness of our own need of both human and divine help, and render us more humble, gently and accessible to the influence of the Holy Spirit. Sorrow specially brings us into sympathy with our ellowmen. Nothing seems to us more unfellowmen. Nothing seems to us more un-satisfying than did that well meant but superficial, because unintelligent, sympathy which the suffering of any one calls forth from those who thus far know nothing personally of sorrow. It seems shallow and in a jequate

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Checks wasting diseases stops night sweats cures incipient consumption

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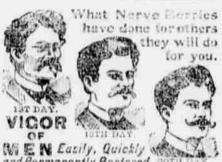
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SOMBLETE IN VILLIANT ENGINE.

A recent decision of a contravastical a com-with three drinks in him was not to be be-lieved as against a man with two, a man with two as against a man with one, a man with one as against a man with hone. Courts of justice generally observe the rule that sobriety is truthfumess. Scrutton (Penn.) Index.