HEAVENLY HELPERS.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES TO AN IMMENSE LONDON AUDIENCE.

The Struggle of St. Paul with Beasts at Ephesus Was but a Type of the Struggle Every Soul Must Have with Evil. Sympathizing Witnesses in Heaven.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—The great outpourings to hear Dr. Talmage preach continue. Probably the greatest demonstration during the past month was that at the town hall, Birmingham, when he delivered three addresses the same evening to audiences aggregating 30,000 persons. At Sheffield, Derby, Leicester, Exeter and Bristol also phenomenal audiences assembled, the most cordial welcome being everywhere accorded him. The sermon selected for publication this week is entitled "Celestial Sympathizers," the text being taken from I Cor. xv, 32, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," and Hebrews xii, 1, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great

a cloud of witnesses." Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass, or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world -the amphitheater. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings and the twenty-five thousand ex-

cited spectators.

At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food, until frenzied with hunger and thirst they are let out upon some poor victim, who with his sword and alone is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively but literally that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

GATHERING TO THE SHOW. The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gal-lery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth-all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip into his right hand. The twenty-five thousand sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild benst, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the twenty-five thousand people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race; sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs down spared; and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To one of the Roman amphitheatrical audiences of one hundred thousand people Paul refers when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a crowd of last passage is made to a race; but elsewhere, having discussed that, I take now Paul's favorite idea of the Christian life as In the ancient amphitheater the people

A BATTLE BEFORE YOU. The fact is that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it, will die and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul! Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years, but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay! that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory—the Sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trojan celebration, where ten thousand gladiators fought and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. The combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul That was with wild beasts from the jun-gle; this is with the roaring lion of hell. Men think when they contend against an evil habit that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak, and then says, "Being rompassed about with so great a cloud of

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES. Before I get through I will show you that your fight is an arena around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages; and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheater, on the day of a celebration. sat Tiberius or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns. The Roman emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our King hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat

Fail to do Our Duty. Everybody has at times failed to do their duty towards themselves. Hundreds of lady readers suffer from sick headache, nervousness, sleeplessness and female troubles. Let them follow the example of Mrs. II. Herbechter, Stevens' Point, Wis., who for five years suffered greatly from Nervous Prostration and sleeplessness, tried physicians and different medicines without success. But one bottle of Dr. Miles' Nervine caused sound sleep every night and she is feeling like a new person. Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler, Laramie City, Wyoming, who tried all other remedies, declares that after three weeks' use of the Nervine for Headache, Nervous Prostration, etc., she was entirely relieved. Sold by A. G. Daley, Ellicott City, Md. Trial bot

When you desire a pleasant physic. one that will cleanse your system and give you the clear headedness and buoyancy of youth, try St. Patrick's Pills. They are the most pleasant cathartic and liver pills in use, and after having once tried them, we are confident that you will never be satisfied with any other kind. 25 cents per box. For sale by Walter R. Rudy, Mount Airy, and A. C. Taylor, Ellicott City, Md. with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat, but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard of condescension! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of my power!"

They gave to the men in the arena in the olden time food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood. In all the anguish of our heart

The man of sorrows bore a part. Once in the ancient amphibleater a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said, "That was not fair; the lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame! shame!" at such meanness. But the King in this case is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet; he will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in him." ALL THE GOOD ANGELS SYMPATHIZE.

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are—the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child. That one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All these are messengers of light! Those drove the Spanish armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of one hundred and eighty-five thousand corpses. Those, yonder, chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem until the chant awoke the shepherds. These, at creation, stood in the balcony of heaven and serenaded the newborn world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity; but this one is leader of the ten thousand charious of God, and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command and go forth on the high behest.

Now, bring on your lions! Who can ear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot igainst a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and rdder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."
Though the arena be crowded with temptations we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God and leap on their fallen carcasses! Oh, bending throng of bright angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot! I hail you today from the dust and struggle THE PROPHETS AND APOSTLES.

I look again and I see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jere miah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah waiting for all the world to come into the ark, and Moses, waiting till the last Red sea shall divide; and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return; and John, of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that Time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at, ye were stoned, ye were spit upon! They have been in this fight themselves, witnesses." The direct reference in the and they are all with us. Daniel knows

In the ancient amphitheater the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out, "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and halleluighs.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS. I look again and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer. sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached, and so he died th night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipa tion. Who are that army of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six? They are the Theban legion, who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—eight hundred and eighty-four thousand—who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian.

Yonder is a family group, Felicitas of Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns; another was flung from a rock; another was beheaded. At last the mother occame a martyr. There they are together -a family group in heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord tonight!" Yonder is Henry Voes, who ex-claimed as he died, "If I had ten heads they should all full off for Christ!" The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands, and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by red hot pincers; they were rewed up in the skins of animals and then brown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that had been kindled

could be set at proper distances they would nake the midnight all the world over oright as noonday. THE EMINENT CHRISTIANS. And now they sit yonder in the martyrs allery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The oods cannot drown. The lions cannot de our! Courage! down there in the arena.' What, are they all looking? This night re answer back the salutation they give, nd cry, "Hail! sons and daughters of the

I look again, and I see another gallerythat of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companion-

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ship of those who on earth could not agree There is Albert Barnes, and around him the presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher, and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there is John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There is George Whitefield and the minis ters who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers, Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up they would

have started the singing.

And there the band of missionaries-David Abeel, talking of China redeemed and John Scudder, of India saved, and David Brainard, of the aborigines evangelized, and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by, vioence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs! Do we in Christ's cause suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions. I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
Or sailed through bloody seas? Toplady shouts in his old hymn: Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take;

Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid every string awake. While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little

> A charge to keep you have, A flod to glorify;
> A never dying soul to save,
> And fit it for the sky!

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

I look again and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galeries we have heard of, but these we knew. Oh, how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children— do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay; I see that child running its hand over your brow and saying, "Father, do not fret;" "Mother, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay; I see them rise up and lean over and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion they expect the King to call us, saying, "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery crying, "Be thou faithful unto death and you shall have a

crown! But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us: Hyriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again! How shall we ever become discouraged again! How shall we ever feel lonely

With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us—shall we give up the fight and die? No! Son of God, who didst die to save us No! ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us. No! ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us. No! ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us. No! we will never

Sure I must fight if I would reign— Be faithful to my Lord; And bear the Cross, endure the pain, Supported by thy Word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, though they die: They see the triumph from afar And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise. And all thine armies shine

In robes of victory through the skies.

The glory shall be thine. My hearers, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier, dying in the hospital, rose up in bed the last moment and cried, "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted "Here!" "Oh, I heard the roll call of heaven and I was only answering to my name!" I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls we shall cry, "Here! Here!"

The Sky of New York. Those whom Mars has attracted recently will never wish to see another sky than the sky of New York. Clear, proundly blue, bespattered with stars, it listens to the meditations and murmurs of the city. New York then is black, thick, immeas urable; the prodigious forests of stone, full of beings, monsters, dreams which shall become facts and change the world. In the sky that soars above it, a special divinity of New York sings on an immense rhythm its glory, its sufferings, its heroism and the ecstasies of its legitimate pride In the daytime the sky of New York seems to say that it has no special desire to display splendors for people fearfully busy, who never find time to lift up their eyes and would not find time if they lived a thousand years. Yet in its plains of gold, iron, azure and sulphur are battles of gods before cities of light; in its rivers of melting copper fall caverns of precious stones; the most magnificent of spectacles are given there every day.

The elevated railway car philosopher ays that he prefers the sky of New York rather than any other, although he knows well the sapphire sky of New Orleans. He says that the sky of New York is witty. There are of course silly skies, skies of certain summer resorts where minds, vague, commonplace, imperfectly colored, have stained nature.-New York Times.

Milk for Infants Should Always Be Boiled Milk destined for food of infants should always be boiled, without any apprehension of any alteration in the liquid, from the point of view of the preservation of its nutritive value.-Paris Revue Scientifique.

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Good Will and Sense in the Sickroom. Good will counts for very little by itself in a sickroom. Of all persons in the world sink a sickroom. The sink a sickroom is the world sink a sickroom. a nurse must know how to go ahead and do what needs to be done without ques-tions and without fuss. Mrs. Swisshelm had a new appreciation of this truth when she came to need a nurse for herself after wearing herself out in nursing wounded

coldiers. She says: When I lay ill a friend told me of an excellent woman who had come from afar and tendered her services to the government. She had exerted much influence and spent much effort to get into a hospital as nurse, but had failed. Hearing of my illness her desire to be useful led her to tender her services. Her

generous offer was accepted, and I was left for an afternon in her care.

I wanted a cup of tea. She went to the kitchen to make it, and one hour after came up with a cup of tea, only this and nothing more, save a saucer. To taste the tea I must have a spoon, and to get one she must go along a hall, down a long flight of stairs, through another hall and the kitchen, to the pantry.

When she had made the trip the tea was so much too strong that a spoonful would have made a cup. She went down again for hot water, and after she had gone to the kitchen remembered that she had thrown the water away, thinking it would not be wanted! The fire had gone out, and the woman

came up to inquire if she should make a new one, and if so, where she should find kindlings. She had spent almost two hours in running to and fro, was all in a perspiration and a fluster, had done me a great deal of harm and no one any good, had wasted all the kindlings for the evening fire, had used tea enough to serve a large family for a

oppressed with the nursing mission. Ket Used to It. Boston Lady (arriving in Philadelphia)wish to engage a guide. Policeman-The streets of this city are laid out just like a checkerboard, madam. Boston Lady-Yes, that's what confuses me.-Good News.

meal and had fairly illustrated a large part

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4.30 A.M.—Fast Mail for Norfolk and Western R. R. and Southern and Southwestern points; also Glyndon, Westminster. New Windsor, Union Bridge, Frederick Junction, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Highfield, Buena Vista Spring, Blue Mountain, Edgemont, Hagerstown, and except Sunday, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, points on B. and C. V. R. R., Martinsburg, W. Va., and Winchester, Va.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

7.00 A. M.—Accommodation for Hanover and Gettysburg,Pa., and all points on B. and H. Division and Main Line east of Emory Grove; also, Carlisle and Gettysburg and Harrisburg R. R. 13 A. M.—Mail for Williamsport, Hagerstown, Shippensburg and points on Main Line & B. & C. V. R. R., also Frederick and Emmittsburg, and points on Norfolk and Western R. R. to Shenandoah.

Western R. R. to Shenandoah.

9.15 A. M.—Pen Mar Express.

10.00 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, and Hanover, Pa., with connection at Hanover, for New Oxford, Gettysburg, Mt. Holly Springs and Carlisle.

1.25.—P. M.—Race Train for Arlington,

2.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

3.20 P. M.—Blue Mountain Express for Westminister. New Windsor, Union Bridge, Frederick, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, Buena Vista Spring, Blue Mountain, Hagerstown, Martinsburg and Winchester, (Parlor car.)

lor car.)
3.22 p. M.—Express for Arlington, Howard-ville, Owings's Mills, Glyndon and and all points on B. & H. Division, Mt. Holly Springs, Carlisleand points on Gettysburg and Harrisburg R. R. and Harrisburg R. R.
4.00 p. m.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope,
Sudbrook Park, Pikesville, Green Spring
Junction, Owings' Mills, St. George's, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Patapsco, Carrollton, Westminster, Avondale, Medford,
New Windsor and Main Line Stations West,
also Emmittsburg, B. and C. V. R. R.,
Norfolk and Western R. R. and points south.
5.15 p. m.—Accommodation for Union Bridge
and Hanover.

and Hanover.

6.13 p. m.—Accommodation for Union Bridge

8.46 p. m.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.

11,35 p. m.-Accommodation for Emory Grove. 8UNDAYS. 9.30A, M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 9.30 A, M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge-and Hanover. 2.30 P. M.—Accommodation for Alesia. 4.00 P. M.—Accommodation for Rmory Grove. TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN STATION.

Daily—7.18 p. m — Daily (except Sunday) 6.50, 7.40, 8.40, 9.31, 10.40 and 11.47, A, M., and 2.40, 5.10, 6.10, 6.52, 8.30 and 10.57 p. m, Sundays only.—9.10 and 10.20 A. M., 6.15 and 9.05; p. M.

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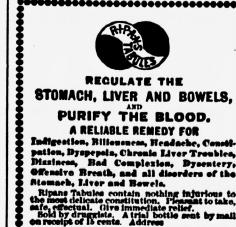
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