

A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON "THE HARBOR OF HOME."

A Grand Theme in Which Home as a Test of Character, as a Safeguard, as a School and as a Type of Heaven—Home's Significance.

Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his text on Sunday, Mark v. 19: "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." He said: "There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess."

There is one word in my text around which the most of our thoughts will revolve. The word is home. Ask ten different men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means plenty at the table, to another it means plenty at the work, to a third it means plenty at the altar, to a fourth it means plenty at the door and to a fifth it means plenty at the heart.

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I shall speak to you of home as a test of character, home as a safeguard, home as a school and home as a type of heaven. And in the first place, I remark that home is a powerful test of character. In a public life, a man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of bitterness.

Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house some times will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop myrrh and cassia, and the disposition to be as bright and warm as a sheet of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window to a wretched stock of goods.

Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent overture of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have \$500,000 or \$800,000 of bills in circulation, with no specie in the vault.

Again, I remark that home is a refuge. Life is the United States army march on the national road to Mexico, a long march, with every man and woman a skirmisher and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tents and stack our arms.

Blessed harbor! There we go for repairs in the drydock of quiet life. The candle in the window is to the tolling mace, the light-house guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the Narrows take the hand of ships. The door of the house is the wharf where heavy life is unladen.

Further, I remark that home is a political safeguard. The safety of the state must be built on the safety of the home. The Christian hearthstone is the only cornerstone for a republic. The virtues culled in the family circles are an absolute necessity for the state.

Further, I remark that home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with the plow, and it must be harrowed and reharrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground.

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children to the path of virtue and rectitude and religion! Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light which puts gold on the curtain and spots the pansy put into your dwellings.

Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk, and quill's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which, from the rocks at the mountain's foot, clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at and talking just as he hears himself.

My mind runs back to one of the best of early homes. Prayer, like a roof over it, peace, like an atmosphere in it. Prayers, personalizations of faith in it. Prayers, comfort in darkness. The two pillars of that earthly home long ago crumbled to dust.

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Again, I remark that home is a type of heaven. Christ left His home. Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when His most devoted citizen was about to desert himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach. We have often done that. He was not going to put out on one hemisphere to another hemisphere. Many of us have done that. But He was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and immensities untraveled.

THE BUBONIC PLAGUE. A Dreadful Disease of China and India That May Stride the Earth. The fact that two cases of the bubonic plague have developed in London is a reminder that this deadly epidemic is running their course, as did the plague, which was first heard from in Russia. We are exposed to two sides of invasion by the "black death" which in 1665 killed 100,000 Englishmen.

At our best estate we are on a pilgrimage. "Heaven is our home." Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in a holiday time to gather their children home again. But I have noticed that almost always there is a son or a daughter absent from the home, perhaps absent from the world.

Oh, how glad our heavenly Father will be when He gets all His children together in heaven! Every time you have given rest after long separation! Once they parted at the door of immortality, they saw only "face to face" corruption, immortality, mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and tears? Overwhelmed by the sea of death while they passed through dry shrouds.

One night, lying in my lounge when very tired, my children all around me in full romp and hilarity and laughter on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a factory, where I saw no person, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics; although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but found none. I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and put on their workmen's garb and again delve in the mine or sweated at the loom. But they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, but I saw no grave. I saw towers and castles, but not a mansion or a monument or a white steeple could I see. And I went on and on, and I saw the sun rise, and I saw the sun set, and I saw the sun rise, and I saw the sun set, and I saw the sun rise, and I saw the sun set.

Honest as the Cost of a Fortune. It is easy enough for anyone to be honest when it doesn't cost anything, but when it means the loss of a fortune it is a very different thing to be honest. A good many people make up their minds to be honest, but when they get into the matter they find that honesty costs a fortune.

Daughter—Yes, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, philosophy, etc. Practical Mother—Stop right where you are. I have arranged for you a course in roasting, broiling, stitchole, dermatology, pathology and general domestic medicine. Now get on your working clothes. Detroit Free Press.



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