

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A TALK WITH THE BEREAVED AND FAINT-HEARTED.

The Glories and Attractions of the World Beyond the Skies—"Eye Hath Not Seen Nor Ear Heard"—Corinthians 2, II-9.



I AM going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Heaven! These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to be with God for ever, and is it not natural, as well as Christianly appropriate, that our thoughts be much directed toward the glorious residence of which St. Paul speaks in the text I have chosen.

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor, the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war-galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticos, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous disquisitions. Columns, and statue, and temple beliddered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra-cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the "Corinthians," paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overturned, no has-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns, and towers, and temples (one thousand slaves awaiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence, Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh! it was not to ristics who had never seen anything grand that St. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticos and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives away among pictures, and sculpture, and architecture, and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped, until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that, and say, "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmony of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. You citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You, Corinthians, think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds, and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'"

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is heaven; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this estimate: that after all the nations had been gathered to heaven, there will be a room for each soul—a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetic calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness! Perhaps later—perhaps in these very summer days—you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp-strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations come down to us. The airs that float on the earth are unlike those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with

that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life-long invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now! Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses! Health of vision; health of spirits; immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleuritis, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. . . .

St. John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing; Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of salvation following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing; passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his sword in signal of victory, all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns flung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high," and some "Hosanna to the Son of David;" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there come up surge after surge of "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping-stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding-bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture, and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark, further, we can get no idea on earth of the re-unions of heaven. If you have ever been across the sea, and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What then will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated? After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But oh, when you stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is good-by, good-by. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail-car window, and at the steam-boat wharf—good-by. Children lip it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way—"good-by;" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Good-by! Ah! that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Good-by! good-by! But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but, no good-by. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem—little hands to take hold of it in the great home circle—little feet to dance in the eternal glee—little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said, "Your mother has gone to heaven—don't cry;" and the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into ground; and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and, looking down at the body of her mother, said, "Is this heaven?" Oh! we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here—it is darkness here—but there is merry-making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives, some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher-angel says to the newly-arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the Inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus!" "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying negro boy. "I am going to see Jesus," and the missionary said, "You are sure you will see him?" "Oh! yes; that's what I want to go to heaven for."

"But," said the missionary, "suppose that Jesus should go away from heaven—what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying negro boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment, and then he said, "Massa, where Jesus is, there can be no hell!" Oh, to stand in his presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross—to go around amid all the groups of the redeemed, and shake hands with prophets, and Apostles, and martyrs, and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion; we cannot imagine it now, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child? Is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the waters,

None! none! Unbelief says, "They are dead and exist forever," but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and find that they are neither dead nor extinct—that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion; we cannot grasp it now. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

I remark again, we can in this world get no idea of the song of heaven. You know there is nothing more inspiring than music. In the battle of Waterloo, the Highlanders were giving way, and Wellington found out that the bands of music had ceased playing. He sent a quick dispatch, telling them to play, with utmost spirit, a battle march. The music started, the Highlanders were rallied, and they dashed on till the day was won. We appreciate the power of secular music; but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted upon the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle-songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now—by voices that were aged and broken in the music—voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear these old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting homes joined in the chorus, and Scotch kirk and Sailor's Bethel and Western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the scepters of eternity beat time to the music. Away then with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary, and make the people sit silent when Jesus is coming to hosanna.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven! They all know the tune there. Methinks the tune of heaven will be made up partly from the songs of earth; the best parts of all our hymns and tunes going to add to the song of Moses and the Lamb. All the best singers of all the ages will join it—choirs of white-robed children! choirs of patriarchs! choirs of Apostles! Morning stars clapping their cymbals. Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God, roll on! roll on!—other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are full of it, and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep base voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices.

I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in the closing hymns of the churches to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through, there may come forth the strain of the jubilate voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from earth!

Mr. Moody tells a wonderful incident illustrating the power of the Holy Ghost. He says: "When we were in Philadelphia, a lady said to me, 'Mr. Moody, can woman have the power of the Holy Spirit?' I told her I saw no reason why any one should not have it that wanted to work for God. Women need it as much as men. 'Well,' said she, 'if I can have it, I want it. I have a husband who is not a Christian; I have also a Sunday school class, and they are unconverted.'"

"A week from that time she came to me and said, 'I have got it. The Lord has blessed me. My husband has been converted, and five of my Sunday school class.' That was the result of that woman's receiving the power of the Holy Ghost. It spread all through the church of which she was a member, and the people, seeing that she had something which they had not, began to inquire, and as a result five hundred members were added to the church."

A Hero. Nay, never falter; no great deed is done by falterers who ask for certainty. No good is certain but the steadiest mind. The undivided will to seek the good; 'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings A human music from the indifferent air. The greatest gift a hero leaves his race is to have been a hero. —George Elliot.

A Seven-Day Religion. A religion with force enough about it to rout you out on Sunday morning and make you change your clothes and go to church and sit and listen to the sermon is too good and forceful a thing to be kept hidden six days in the week. A religion that will make a man talk like a saint ought to keep him from acting like Satan. If you haven't enough religion for week days and Sundays, let the Sundays go.—Ram's Horn.

Managing Fast Tongues. When the world devotes as much time to the management of fast tongues as it does to the management of fast horses we will begin to look for the first streaks of the millennial dawn.—Young Men's Era.

Captain Middleton, chief organizer of the English Conservative party, distributed twelve tons of literature to English voters, among which was nothing about the tariff.

PARTY WAR HORSES.

SKETCHES OF W. B. ALLISON AND T. B. REED.

Their Candidacy for the Republican Nomination for the Presidency Excites Interest in Their Lives—The Farm the Presidential Cradle.



THE APPROACH of the "presidential year" centers interest in the men who may be safely placed in the list of "possibilities." Of late the names most frequently mentioned include Senator William B. Allison of Iowa and Thomas B. Reed of Maine. The former was born and raised on a farm, the starting point for so many who have filled the presidential chair.

Thomas B. Reed of Maine is a recognized leader of the republicans in the house of representatives. Mr. Reed was born in Maine, Oct. 18, 1839, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1860, after which he studied law. In 1864 he entered the navy as acting assistant paymaster, but after one year of service he resumed his profession. He was elected a member of the lower branch of the Maine legislature in 1868, and was state senator the following session. For two years he was attorney-general of the state, and was city solicitor for Portland for a term of four years. In 1878 he was elected a member of congress, and has since been continuously re-elected. In the Fifty-first congress



WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

Mr. Reed's political opponents that he is a man of honor and patriotism—an American throughout—with a force of intellect and character, and a training and education which make all Americans proud to have him in the forefront of public life. He is regarded by his party as a presidential timber of the Blaine brand of personal magnetism. Senator Allison of Iowa spent his early years on the farm at Perry, Wayne County, O., where he was born March 2, 1828. He was educated at Allegheny College, Pennsylvania, and at the Western Reserve College, Ohio, after which he took up the study of law, and practiced his profession in Ohio until 1857. He then went to Dubuque, Iowa, which Mr. Reed was elected speaker of the house, and the vigor of his administration, and his fearless departure from the usage of years in his rulings, attracted widespread attention, as well as a storm of criticism. He was assailed in every way that party indignation could invent, or the bitterness of defeat devise, yet his acts were said to have been vindicated. It is admitted even by city has since been his home. He was a delegate to the Chicago convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency in 1860, and in the following year became a member of the



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

states. Since 1869 she has addressed many congressional committees and conventions, and delivered numerous lectures on this subject, and for ten years she was president of the National Woman Suffrage association. In 1868 she was candidate for congress. She was an editor with Susan B. Anthony and Parker Pillsbury of The Revolution, founded in 1848, and is joint author of "History of Woman's Suffrage."

to the United States senate to succeed James Harlan, and he has been three times re-elected. Senator Allison has long been recognized as one of the strongest men in the republican party, a natural leader and a tactful organizer, combining the shrewdness of the politician with the broad-minded patriotism of the statesman, and with a personal influence second to that of no man in Washington. He has been a prominent candidate for the presidential nomination in more than one republican convention.

MRS. STANTON GRIEVED.

Does Not Like the Free Criticism on the Woman's Bible.

The new woman's bible has created a sensation and will sell as a novelty if for no other reason. It is already said that Elizabeth Cady Stanton is sorry that she undertook the work. The ridicule with which it is being treated by the papers has caused her much worry. Mrs. Stanton was born in Johnstown, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1815, and was graduated at Mrs. Emma Willard's Seminary, in Troy, N. Y., in 1832. In 1840 she was married to Henry Brewster Stanton, and in the same year, while attending the World's Anti-Slavery convention, she met Lucretia Mott, with whom she was in sympathy, and with whom she signed the call for the first Women's Rights convention. This was held at her home in Seneca Falls, July 19 and 20, 1848. She addressed the New York legislature on the rights of married women in 1854, and in advocacy of divorce for drunkenness in 1860, and in 1867 spoke before the legislature and the constitutional convention, maintaining that during the revision of the constitution the state was resolved into its original elements and that citizens of both sexes had a right to vote for members of that convention. She canvassed

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS WORTH THE READING.

The Horr-Harvey Silver Debate in Book Form—A Valuable Work—The People's Bible Has Many Attention-Notes of the Magazines.



HE Great Debate" is the title given to the official report of the Horr-Harvey silver discussion, held in Chicago in July. The book is just out and is meeting with considerable favor among those who wish to become

thoroughly informed as to the merits or demerits of the question at issue. It will unquestionably be found of great value to all. After reading it over carefully the average voter should be able to decide whether or not the free and unlimited coinage of silver would be a good thing for the country. The very strongest arguments of both sides are put forth in admirable shape. Every word of the debate is covered, from beginning to end.

The newspaper accounts printed at the time the debate was in progress were greatly condensed, and some of them, we are sorry to say, were purposely changed to suit the views of the papers in which they were printed.

It is not so much what the principals say themselves that gives the book its value. In their talks the debaters bring forward all the standard authorities on the subject from the birth of the Jewish nation up to the present time; everything bearing on the merits of either side is brought in at its proper place in the proceedings. In this connection special reference may be made to the statistical tables. The book as a whole will undoubtedly for some years be used as authority in minor discussions of the subject as well as in political campaigns. The book answers three great questions at issue between gold standard advocates and bimetalists. These questions are: Which form of money, gold or silver, was the money of the constitution? Was the act of '73, which demonetized silver surreptitiously passed through both houses of congress? Can a ratio be fixed at which gold and silver will circulate freely? An index table at the end tells on what page can be found information for ready reference. The price of the book is fifty cents. It is supplied by the trade and by the Debate Publishing Company, 134 Monroe street, Chicago. We might add that the paper used is not up to the quality of the contents. It is to be hoped that future editions will contain better paper and better binding.

The People's Bible History.

"The People's Bible History," has at last been placed before the public. It is an extraordinary book from cover to cover. Its contributors are among the ablest scholars on both sides of the water. They include William E. Gladstone, F. W. Farrar, George C. Lorimer, Professor A. H. Sayce, George F. Patecock, and nearly a score of others almost equally eminent as scholars and authors. The idea of getting up such a book as "The People's Bible History" must have been an inspiration. The Bible, its manuscripts, its difficult passages, its historical thread, explained by the foremost thinkers of the day; such is the scope of this great work. It is a "story of the Bible" for grown people. Instead of the mere narratives being retold by pleasing authors, the story is recounted in its historical, literary and scientific aspects, by specialists in each of these fields. The conclusions of so many scholars reached after years of study, gathered into one volume, must necessarily be of incalculable value to every earnest student of the holy scriptures. From a typographical standpoint the book is superb. It is 10 inches wide by 15 long and nearly four inches in thickness. It contains over two hundred full-page illustrations, and more than twelve hundred pages. The paper is heavy super-calendered and the type very large and clear, with wide margins. It is probably the handsomest book of the year. The Ram's Horn says: The fact that the Henry O. Shepard Company of Chicago are the publishers is a guarantee that it represents the highest development of the printer's art. It is a volume that will be an ornament to any home, and will be not merely an ornament but a source of unceasing blessing and benefit to the entire family.

Mrs. Ward's New Novel.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel, upon which she has been at work for the past two years, will be called "Sir George Tressady." It will appear as a serial in The Century, beginning with November.

Literary Notes.

The leading article in the September Harper's gives the impressions received by Richard Harding Davis during a recent overland journey in Honduras, undertaken for Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly. The title is "Three Gringos in Central America," and the paper is attractively illustrated. Owen Winter, in "The Evolution of the Cowboy," traces the genealogy of the American cowboy back to the Spanish crusades and the cavaliers. Illustrations have been made for the article by Frederic Remington. In "Notes on Indian Art," Edwin Lord Weeks shows that the artistic spirit is still vigorous among the Indians, and that the traditions of workmanship are well preserved. Servant of the Lord, Mr. Weeks accompanying his

Kansas in 1867 and Michigan in 1874, when the question of woman suffrage was submitted to the people of those



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Success of Mary Wilkins. The prize of two thousand dollars which Miss Mary Wilkins recently won in the detective story competition is not her first success of this kind. Her earliest published story, "The Ghost Family," secured her the prize of fifty dollars for which it was written. Miss Wilkins' bad chirography handicapped her early efforts to gain a publisher's favor. She writes an immature, school girl hand that used to prejudice publishers' readers against her, though now they are glad enough to see it. For this reason a story sent to a New York periodical remained unread for a long time, and reached the editor's notice only in a rare moment of leisure. Miss Wilkins lives in a pretty little cottage a short distance from Randolph, Mass.

Fashion is a sentiment in deference to which a woman will cheerfully wear shoes two sizes too large for her.