

## OUR FATHER'S HOME.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Glories of Heaven.

### ROOM FOR ALL GOD'S CHILDREN.

The Famous Divine Depicts the Rapture With Which Relatives and Friends Will Meet in the Great Reception Room of Heaven—The Music of That Land of Complete Harmony.

Washington, Nov. 5.—In a unique way the heavenly world is discoursed upon by Dr. Talmage in this sermon under the figure of a home; text, John xiv, 2, "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered heaven as an alternative, a stimulant and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that, though now they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says, "In my Father's house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room, that is George's room, that is Henry's room, that is Flora's room, that is Mary's room, and the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world and build their own homes, and the daughters are married or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. And after awhile the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and, seated by the evening stand, they say, "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together 40 years ago." But time goes still farther by, and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full.

Millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first he lived alone in that great house, but after awhile it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return, and many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the seraphic, angelic. The eternities are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about the many roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets and worship with them in the temple and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, heaven will be so large that if one wants an entire room to himself or herself it can be afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be 12,000 furlongs and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 948 sextillion 988 quintillion cubic feet, and then, reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he figures out that there are over 5,000,000,000,000,000 rooms, each room 17 feet long, 16 feet wide, 15 feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read, the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last.

Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardswoman swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the place

where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greets all new-comers. He redeemed them, and he has the right to the first embrace on arrival. What a minute when the ascending spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about him or talked about him or sang about him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime will it be, just for one second to see him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an orator is a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of his appearance in that reception room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggar all description. Look! They need no introduction. Look! Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul! The soul and Jesus!

But now into that reception room pour the glorified kinsfolk, enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sicknesses or their troubles—see what heaven has done for them—so radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name. They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant. Though they were in some other world on errand from God, a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say, "Oh, my lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh, my lost friend! Are we here together?" What scenes in that reception room of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son; Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gossiped, and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth, but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house is the throne-room. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne-room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war, one eventide in the summer of 1870, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuilleries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people, I found myself being closely inspected by the government officials, who, from my complexion, judged me to be a German and that for some belligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanation in very poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and, if so, how much more the throne-room! A dazzling palace is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who has ever saw the throne-room of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chalice, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throne-room of Charles Emmanuel of Sardinia, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy! But the throne-room of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the throne-rooms that ever saw scepter wave or crown glitter or foreign ambassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion. We need not stand shivering and covering before it, for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."

The crowns of the royal family of this world are tossed about from generation to generation, and from family to family. There are men comparatively young in Berlin who

have seen the crown on three emperors. But wherever the coronets of this world rise or fall they are destined to meet in one place. And I look and see them coming from north and south and east and west, the Spanish crown, the Italian crown, the English crown, the Turkish crown, the Russian crown, the Persian crown—aye, all the crowns from under the great archivolts of heaven—and while I watch and wonder they are all flung in rain of diamonds around the pierced feet.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run, His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key, but if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian choristers and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords and no music in the land of complete harmony? I cannot give you the notes of the first bar of the new song that is sung in heaven. I cannot imagine either the solo or the doxology. But heaven means music, and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller, dying at Beaufort, S.C., said, "Do you not hear?" "Hear what?" exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the windows!"

Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorrows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred rooms in all our dwellings, whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans and books in Russian lids standing in mahogany case or there be only a few plain chairs and a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfolk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burials, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh, no! Everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. However much we love our children on earth, we would consider it a domestic disaster if they stayed children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured, while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there. If 40 or 45 or 50 years be the apex of physical and mental life on earth, then the heavenly childhood will advance to that, and the heavenly old age retreat to that. When we join them in the family room, we shall have much to tell them. We shall want to know of them, right away, such things as these: Did you see us in this or that or the other struggle? Did you know when we lost our property and sympathize with us? Were you pleased when we started for heaven? Did you celebrate the hour of our conversion? And then, whether they know it or not, we will tell them all. But they will have more to tell us than we to tell them.

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it it is absolutely necessary that we take the right way, and Christ is the way, and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door, and we must start in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes, and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysolite is nothing, illumined panels of sunrise and sunset nothing, the aurora of northern heavens nothing, compared with the splendour with which I have garnished them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all our sins away. Come now! Put your weary but cleansed feet on the upward pathway. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hill-tops the old family homestead?" "In my father's house are many rooms."

Such a Shock to the Boston Girl! Boston Maid—I would be glad to have you accompany me to the meeting of our literary society. St. Louis Girl—Oh, such things make me weary! Boston Maid—But we are to have an evening with Emerson. St. Louis Girl—Indeed! Why, I thought Emerson was dead.—Chicago News.

If You Have

## SPRAIN or BRUISE

You Don't Take Chances When You Use

## St. Jacobs Oil

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IT BEGAN TO CURE PAIN AND IT'S BEEN CURING IT EVER SINCE.



### COURAGE.

Good Definitions Recently Elicited in a Ram's Horn Prize Competition.

Courage—Is sublime faith in heroic action, wherein fear and selfishness are lost in godly, consecrated soul-purpose and effort from the cause of truth and righteousness. Undaunted by obstacles, serene amidst alarms, scornful of policy, patient in tribulation. Duty's divinely inspired motive power. An essential of true character greatness.—Mrs. W. M. Bickers.

Courage—The innate fearlessness of the manly man (or the womanly woman) which enables him to meet life's vicissitudes calmly, unflinchingly; which uplifts the soul, fires the heart, nerves the arm and sends him forth to battle for his standard of right—to do, to dare, if need be, to die.—Mrs. H. C. Sankey.

Courage is the spinal column of the soul. It gives symmetry to character. It enables its possessor to face every foe in carnal and spiritual warfare. Consistency is its right hand. It lives through adversity; and hope and fidelity are its companions.—H. C. Johnson.

Courage is that quality and quantity of mind which enables a man to stand firm to his duty—though he stand alone. It is that degree of intrepidity which says: "I am going to discharge my duty to myself, to my neighbor, to the state, to the church and to God, though the heavens fall while I am doing it."—Richard Hobbs.

Courage is that God-given strength of mind and heart which enables a person to stand unmoved in the face of danger, ridicule, contempt, loss of friends, property and life; principles which he knows to be right and just.—C. H. Myers.

Courage—Strength measured by neither inches, age nor sex, that scorns an evil action, whether moral or physical; that dares to do right despite opposition. Energy that valiantly overcomes each obstacle and foe, and deems surrender and disgrace synonymous. Combined faith and frankness. A moral heroism that triumphs over every weakness.—Clifford E. Davis.

Courage is that which prompts one to lose sight of self, all consequences and surroundings, and move forward, it may be either on the field of battle or to rescue helpless ones or to stand alone for the right, or it may be to proclaim a heavenly message to unwilling ears.—A. F. Hart.

Courage is loyal devotion nerved for action. It is the dauntlessness of a God-inspired sense of duty. It is unflinching faith calmly asserting itself—the virility of hope and the sublime self-forgetfulness of love uplifting the soul to an indifference alike to danger and to the endurance of suffering.

### The Old Slave Mart of Havana.

In The Century there is an article on "Life and Society in Old Cuba," made up of extracts from the diary of Jonathan S. Jenkins, an American miniature painter, who lived in Havana during the middle of the century. Mr. Jenkins says:

A mile and a half out from Havana is a curious and painful sight—the slave-barracoons, where the newly-arrived barbarians are confined. Here were congregated not less than 2,000 negroes, ready for sale. Some were entirely naked, others nearly so. Their heads were close-shaved, and their bodies so emaciated by the horrors of the "middle passage" that they resembled beasts more than men. Certainly they did not appear to be human beings as they gazed about wildly, with anxious countenances, as if bewildered.

I have often been amused at the preliminary instruction they are put through after their arrival at the barracoons. They are seated cross-legged on the ground in a row or circle, and the negro teacher passes gravely before them all, giving the lesson. He moves his hands quickly to and from his mouth, as though putting something in it, saying "Yummy! Yummy!" all of the negroes imitating and repeating after him. This meant to eat. Tido-fino means something good, choppy-choppy to work, yarry-yarry to get sick. The teacher then goes around with a cup of native rum, and gives each a sip in token of approval. This uncouth vocabulary, when understood, is enough to enable them to labor on the estates.

Before buying a purchaser examines them to ascertain their condition of health. If this appears satisfactory, he gives the negro a hard slap in the face, and if he displays no resentment, but looks up and smiles, he is bought. When these newly imported Africans are first taken, they are made to work but very little for several months, until, by observing the other negroes, they are gradually trained to labor; for if they are discouraged by driving them at first, they are apt to commit suicide, in the belief that they will thus return to Africa.

### COUNTRY GIRL'S SLEEPING-ROOM.

Fitting and Furnishing it to Please the Daintiest Maiden.

"I know a dear little girl who is sure that her room is everything to be desired," writes Mrs. John B. Sims of "The Sleeping-room on the Farm," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "It is 15 feet square and has two wardrobes. There is a north and south window. The walls are covered with paper in a delicate shade of gray, with pink clover blossoms scattered over it; the window curtains are of silkoline in the same shades; a matting in subdued colors covers the floor. The bedroom suit, however, did not please the little miss. It was old enough to be in fashion again, but it was of walnut, heavy and dark. Then her mother came to the rescue, and when a woman, a pair of brushes and two cans of ready-mixed paint got together, success is sure to follow, and so it proved in this case. That bedroom furniture changed its color as quickly and as effectively as the world-famed chameleon of our school-days. The rule for doing such work always began with 'scrape the wood thoroughly with glass and then sandpaper it,' and it always discouraged me. In this case, however, this rule was found quite easy to break, and it was broken quickly. The solid wood was painted a very pale gray, almost silver white; the scroll work was picked out in old rose. A cane-bottomed chair was painted to match; a camp chair was covered with cretonne which harmonized. The washstand was fitted out in white. A shelf for choice books, a small home-made stand for the keepsakes and the Delft candlestick, a few dainty pictures on the walls, and the little maid was satisfied."

### The Largest Trees in the World.

The largest tree in the world is to be seen at Mascal, near the foot of Mount Etna, and is called "The Chestnut Tree of a Hundred Horses." Its name rose from the report that Queen Anne, of Aragon, with her principal nobility, took refuge from a violent storm under its branches. The trunk is two hundred and four feet in circumference. The largest tree in the United States, it is said, stands near Bear Creek, on the north fork of the Bule River, in California. It measures one hundred and forty feet in circumference. The giant redwood tree in Nevada is one hundred and nineteen feet in circumference.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## FROM GANANOQUE.

Correspondent Writes That Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Cured Him of Kidney Disease.

Daniel Boucher Experimented With Medicines for Eighteen Years—Finally Persuaded to Try Dodd's Kidney Pills—Five Boxes Cured Him.

Gananoque, Oct. 30.—Mr. Daniel Boucher, of this town, suffered with Kidney Disease for eighteen years. And for the best part of that eighteen years he has been striving to get cured. Experimenting with medicines and doctors all the time, he had never experienced the slightest relief. And now after eighteen years of it he is cured by five boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The question arises, why did he not try Dodd's Kidney Pills before? The weapon has laid ready to his hand for the last ten years, why did he not use it? Surely he must long have known that Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured hundreds of others right in his own town.

It is hard to understand. "Natural" prevarity is often the only explanation in such cases. Mr. Boucher may have been deceived by the pretensions of imitators of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He may have been prejudiced by some other means, but however it was Mr. Boucher came round to Dodd's Kidney Pills at last and is a healthy man in consequence.

He writes: "For eighteen years I have been troubled with Kidney Disease. I have used all sorts of medicines but could get no relief. I was persuaded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have finished five boxes and am completely cured. I highly recommend them to all suffering as I did. I used to have to stop work for two or three days in the week on account of back-ache, but now I can do a day's work with anybody."