

HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES AT THE HAMPTONS, NEW YORK.

Biblical Descriptions of the Glories of the Future State Should be Taken Figuratively.

TEXT: "In my Father's house are many rooms."—John xiv, 2.

There is a bottle of medicine that is a cure for the disciples and sad and Christ offered heaven as an alternative to 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 enters the scene, although he lived on 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 built after the different members of the family. That is Henry'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. The daughters are married or have talents enough to go on and do a good work in the world. After a while 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 forty years ago." But time goes still further by and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead to live, and the grand-children come with them, and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full. Many millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family immortal, able, yet to be. At first He lived alone in that great house, but after a while it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities 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 fallen angels. Now these apartments 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 that 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. The place 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 think we had better not have them live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see heaven will be so large that if one wanted 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 twelve thousand furlongs and that the length and breadth and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 948 sextillion 988 quadrillion 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 five trillion rooms, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms built on a square plan, and these rooms will be palatial. From all I can read, the rooms will be palatial. These rooms will not have enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. The fact is that most people in this world are crowded, and though out on a vast prairie or in a mountain district people may have more room than they want, it is not so in the world as to close houses, and the streets are crowded and the graves crowded in the cemetery by other graves, and one of the richest luxuries of many people in getting out of this world will be the gaining of unhampered room. And I should not wonder if instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only seventeen feet by sixteen, it should be larger than any of the imperial rooms at Berlin, St. James or Winter Palace. In my Father's house are many rooms. Carrying out still further the symbolism of the architect, we 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 scene it must witness, since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel. In that room Christ lovingly greeted all new comers. He redeemed them and He has the right to the first embrace on their arrival. What a minute when the ascending spirit sees the Lord. Better than all we ever read about Him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetimes, will it be, just for one second to see Him. The most rapturous idea ever had by man, on any occasion, is to see Him at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an orator or 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 beggars all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Michael's moment in immortal history—the first kiss of heaven's 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. So radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely. They call you by name. They greet you with an ardent proportion 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 the news like that flies 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 be amazed and overawed at their spiritual splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say: "O my lost boy!" "O my lost companion!" "O my lost friend, are you here together?" What scenes have been witnessed in the reception room of the old homestead! I think that feeling that nothing brighter than anything that I saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the Gittite;

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 martyrs of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he beamed; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gospolized; 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 exalts the heart 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 of the King Jesus living 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 eve 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 noticed that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people I found myself being closely inspected by governmental 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 explanations 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 surely guarded is the entrance to the throne room. I was not there 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 surely guarded is the entrance to the throne room. I was not there until I reached my hotel, and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American.

Oh, that throne room of Christ! "In my Father's house are many rooms." 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, something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian chorists and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for them a place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discord 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!" In that music room of our Father's house, many some day touch the old Christian masters, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doodridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose, and James Montgomery and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy, and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand," and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light," and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Alney and wife for a week but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay thirty days, and a side by side, and the Toplady, who has got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley freed from his dislike for Calvinists; and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a song maker as he was great as a preacher and the author of "The Village Hymns;" and many who wrote in verse in church or by evening candle, and many who were passionately fond of music but could make none themselves. The poorest singer there more than any earthly Grock. Oh, that music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony and chant, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and David the psalmist fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red sea bangs claps the tambal, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four-and-twenty soldiers chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

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 in joy and sorrow and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our dwellings! Whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans and books in Russian lids standing in mahogany cases, 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 perfected there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian and the descending sun of the other will set to meridian. 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 old and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there. If forty or fifty or fifty years be the apex of physical and mental life on the earth, then the heavenly childhood will advance to that and the heavenly old age will retreat to that.

want to know of them right away such things as these: Did you see us in this or that or the other street? Did you know when we lost our property and sympathize with us? Did you know we had that awful sickness? Were you ever here anywhere around when we plunged into that memorable accident? Did you know of our backsliding? Did you know that moral victory? Were you pleased when we started for heaven? Did you celebrate the hour of our conversion? And all that, whether they know it or not, we will tell them all. But they will have more to tell us than we to tell them. Ten years on earth may be very eventful, but what must be the biography of ten years in heaven! They will have to tell us the story of coronations, story of news from all immensity, story of conquerors and vanquished, story of wrecked or ransomed planets, story of angelic victory over diabolic revolts, of extinguished suns, of obliterated constellations, of new galaxies kindled and swung, of stranded comets, of worlds on fire, and story of Jehovah's majestic reign. If in that family room of our Father's house we have so much to tell them of what we have passed through since we parted, how much more thrilling and arousing that which they have to tell us of what they have passed through since we parted. Surely that family room will be one of the most favored rooms in all our Father's house. What long lingering there, for we shall never again be in a hurry. "Let me open a window," said a humble Christian servant to Lady Beatrix, who, because of the death of her child, had shut herself up in a dark room and refused to see any one; "you have been many days in this dark room. Did you not wish to get out of it in some manner when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen, and instead of leaving him in this world till he should be with me, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? Leave off weeping and let me open a window." To-day, when trying to open upon the darkness of earthly separation the windows and doors and rooms of the heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

How would it do for my sermon to leave you at that family room to-day? I am sure there is no room in which you would rather stay than in the enraptured circle of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit other rooms in our Father's house. There may be picture galleries penciled not with earthly art, but by some process revealed in this world, or the next world, the brightest and most stupendous scenes of human history. And there may be lines and forms of earthly beauty preserved for heavenly inspection in something whiter and chaster and richer than Venetian sculpture ever wrought. Rooms beside rooms. Rooms over rooms. Large rooms. Majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, amethystine rooms. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Calamities in Congress. The disaster at Johnstown makes the third colossal calamity in this country in recent years. The destruction of Portland, Me., in 1866, and of Chicago in 1871, both by fire, touched the sympathetic heart of the people just as the floods of Johnstown are doing now. In the former instances Congress at once came to the relief of the stricken communities. Direct appropriations of money were not made, but a greater measure of relief was afforded, no doubt, by abolishing the Customs and Revenue laws, so far as those points were concerned, for one year. These communities were absolved from payment of all tithes to the government. Whatever they needed, of foreign importation, to construct their homes and business houses and put them again on a fighting equality with their neighbors, was relieved of all government tax. No doubt the bill for the relief of Johnstown will be formed on the model of the Portland and Chicago bills, and the views, pro and con, given in the Senate debate of 1871 will be repeated when Congress meets in December.—[New York Telegram.]

A Cure for Lockjaw. Lockjaw is generally popularly believed to be invariably fatal. Recoveries are, indeed, comparatively rare, and yet they do take place. The proportion of them is much larger now than it was a score of years ago, and it is safe to predict that it will grow larger as time goes on and the malady is better understood. Professor Riens, since 1882, has applied one form of treatment in six cases, with the result of obtaining five cures. The essentials of his treatment are as follows: 1. The patient, having the ears stuffed with cotton or wax, is to be kept in a quiet room, and in total darkness. 2. The sick room, as well as the adjoining ones, is to be thickly carpeted in order to avoid the noise of footsteps. 3. The room is to be opened for ventilation every four hours with the greatest care. The diet is to consist of liquids, milk, eggs beaten in broth, water and wine, etc. 4. All light necessary shall carefully be covered from the sight of the sick. 5. If constipation exists, but purgatives and injection are interdicted. Above all, quietness is necessary. 6. The object of the treatment, with the exception of quieting, powdered belladonna and ergot of rye should be used.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has received from William Candy, a stonemason of Melbourne, Australia, a photograph of a beautiful and imposing monument to the memory of the late President Garfield which Candy erected in his front yard. The monument is of unique design, being a summer-house with suitable inscriptions on the stone front. A bust of Garfield ornaments a niche over the door. Candy says that he is an Englishman, but has a great love for Americans. He was always a great admirer of Garfield and knows some of his speeches by heart.

An Estimate of Elmsere. The Chicago Tribune does not mince matters in its editorial notice of Robert Elmsere. It says: "At the conclusion of the Squire's rapid talk the limp priest says: 'I will not fight you any more, Mr. Wendover,' and he does not. The reader can never be quite sure what it was that overwhelmed Robert so easily, or why he did not fight any more, or if he had ever fought before that time. If he had resisted the Squire with half the spirit of adroitness with which he resisted the charms and seductions of Mme. de Nettville, it would have gone far toward making a climax in the book and elevating the weak priest in the reader's estimation. One would like to witness a tussle between a real Squire and Prof. Patton or the Rev. Jo Cook. Blood would be drawn and blows would be hit from the shoulder. But Robert Elmsere—bah!" "There is room for congratulations, however, that the clergy have recovered from their panic; and that the church is in no danger; and that the laity once more can turn its attention to the practical work of faith, hope and charity, undisturbed by this important book, already gathering dust on the shelves. They were scared by a bug-aboo. No Christian man or woman of the tens of thousands who have waded through the volume has had his or her faith shaken, and no agnostic has had doubts strengthened. The thin stuff has done neither good nor harm, except that the time spent in reading it was wasted and the money paid for it thrown away."

Parliamentary. Brown—"Where's that fiver I laid on the table a moment ago?" Mrs. Brown—"You never expected to see that again, did you?" Brown—"And why not?" Mrs. Brown—"I supposed you understood enough of parliamentary practice to know that when a bill was laid on the table it was seldom heard of again."—Harper's Bazar.

The perfume of flowers M. Ungerer ascribes the power of protecting against and even arresting consumption. In the perfume-distilling town of La Grasse lung troubles are but little known.

Brown's Iron Bitters furnishes aid to the stomach to accomplish its work. Only a medicine which has a specific action upon the stomach will do you any good, and Brown's Iron Bitters will act directly upon that organ, toning it up and giving it strength to do its work, relieving the pressure upon the nervous system, strengthening the nerves, quickening and improving the appetite, removing fastidiously the heartburn, restoring the appetite and dispelling the dizzy spells which are so annoying, and may prove very dangerous.

Even a small barber may be called a strapping fellow. The Wheat Gift. "I bought my wife a velvet sack." "This is a lovely velvet sack." "She'll be with that sack on her back. The best dressed dame in town." "But velvet sack or diamond ring can bring no joy to suffering wife. Favorite Prescription is the thing to save her precious life."

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Dr. Pierce's Pellets—gently laxative or acutely cathartic according to dose. 25 cents.

The successful farmer has to be sharp as a raiser. "Stick to your business." Is very good advice, but still there are a great many people in the world who have no regular and profitable business to stick to; and there are others who are following a line of business which is manifestly unprofitable to them. Now, when such is the case, you had better write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will not only give you a pointer, they will help a great many men and women along the way to fortune, and now stand ready to assist you, too.

All fashions can never be popular with an era. It is tried that what a million women say after daily trial is a mistake. They say they know by test that Dobbin's Electric is most economical, surest and best. They have had 25 years to try it. You give it one trial.

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The lady who never marries should be named Idyll. One by one the roses fall, but "Tansill's Pouch" is clear overleaf them all.

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100 Doses One Dollar. "My eye was sore, I could not see, and I was very weak. Hood's Sarsaparilla in a short time did me more good than I feel like a new man. My eye is now clear, and I feel much better."—J. H. DAVIS, Jr., Providence, R. I.



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