

## REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Surpassing Splendor."

TEXT: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard."  
—I Corinthians 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 forever, 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 contounded 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 theatres, walked her porticoes and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissensions. Column and statue and temple bewildered 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 Cæsar 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 overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples (1000 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 rustics 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 porticoes 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. Yon citadel of Acrocorinth 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 16 feet long and 15 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 air that floats now 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 lifelong 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 pleurisies, 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. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem! That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—forever young again! That night when the neediewoman rained away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years, to have neither ache nor pain nor weakness nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further that we can in this world get no just idea of the splendor of heaven. St. John tries to describe it. He says, "The twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the walls are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John we see a blaze of amethyst and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun.

St. John bids us look again, and we see thrones—thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus, throne of God! And we turn round to see the glory, and it is—thrones! Thrones! Thrones!

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 halleluiahs 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 the 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 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 reunions 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 we 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 goodbye, goodbye. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail car window and at the steamboat wharf. Goodby! Children lip it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way, "Goodby!" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Goodby! Ah, that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Goodby! Goodby!

But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but no goodbye. 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. Our friends are in two groups—a group this side of the river and a group on the other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place! If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely we cannot hear the joy on the other side where their group is augmented. It is graves here and coffins and hearses here.

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 raking 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 water. None! None! Unbelief says, "They are dead and extinct 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 never were so much alive as now; 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 up on 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 devotion 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 bass 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 jubilant 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!

### Cooked Breakfast While Asleep.

Somnambulism has in all ages furnished many curious illustrations, and among them may be noted one that occurred in a West Utica residence a few days ago.

The husband and wife were aroused by the breakfast bell ringing in the middle of the night. They arose and discovered that it was 2 o'clock, but on hastily dressing and going down to the dining-room they found breakfast ready and waiting for them.

They were greatly alarmed at the condition of things, for they at first imagined that the hired girl had suddenly gone insane.

After a few minutes, however, they discovered she was asleep. She had got up, started the fire, prepared the morning meal, and had it ready for serving, but was sound asleep all the time. The only unusual thing was her failure to put on her shoes.—Utica Observer.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Art is nature concentrated.  
Merry larks are plowmen's clocks.  
Command is anxiety; obedience, ease.

A true believer is one who thinks as you do.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

There never was a house big enough for two families.

The widow is not always as mournful as she is dressed.

The passion of acquiring riches in order to support a vain expense corrupts the purest souls.

When the spirit leads, it is step by step, but the flesh always wants to do things on the run and jump.

Nothing suits a cross man more than to find a button off his coat when his wife has not time to sew it on.

The letter you expected did not come because it was never written. The postoffice department is all right.

It is remarkable how many sensible appearing men take a pride in putting on uniforms and carrying around tin swords.

Wise kings have generally wise counselors, as he must be a wise man himself who is capable of distinguishing one.

Good men have the fewest fears. He who fears to do wrong has but one great fear; he has a thousand who has overcome it.

About the wisest looking thing in the world is a boy who has been boarding in town and studying law three or four months.

Present time and future may be considered as rivals, and he who solicits the one must be expected to be discountenanced by the other.

### Corns, and How to Treat Them.

The lamented corn, or callosity produced by pressure, congestion and increased formation of epidermis, may be softened by moisture, as by soaking in warm water, by the application of a starch or soap poultice; and, being softened, the thick cuticle may be thinned by scraping with a blunt knife, or the albuminous epidermis may be dissolved by an alkaline solution, with moderate friction.

When the thickening has been reduced sufficiently, it may be kept down by daily washing with soap. The soft corn requires removal with the knife; if it be of moderate size a single pinch with a pair of pointed scissors will effect its removal, while the hard callosity will require patient digging with the point of a not too sharp knife. The eye of the corn may be always made visible by rubbing the part with eau de cologne or spirits of wine, and any remains of the corn may be detected in this way, either during or after the operation.

The removal of a corn may be very considerably aided by the use of the compound tincture of iodine painted on the swelling. Soap and water, so useful to the skin in many ways, are expressly serviceable to feet afflicted with corns, and particularly when they are soft corns. Daily washing with soap, and the subsequent interposition of a piece of cotton-wool between the toes, may be considered as a cure for a soft corn. In these cases the skin may be hardened by sponging with spirits of camphor after the washing. The cotton-wool should be removed at night, and this is a good time for the camphorated spirits.—New York Ledger.

### The Mayor Was Ready.

Two years ago there was an outbreak of cholera in France, and instructions were forwarded to the Mayor of a certain village to take all necessary precautions, as the epidemic was rapidly spreading. At first the worthy magistrate did not know what to do. After awhile, however, he reported that he was ready to receive the dread visitor. Upon inquiry being made, it was discovered that by his orders a sufficient number of graves had been dug in the local cemetery to bury the entire parish if required.