# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

### The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermou.

"Meeting Our Friends in Meaven."

TEXT: "I shall go to him."--II Samuel **xii.**, 23. There is a very sick child in the abode of David the King. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on lip and nostril of the wan and wasted, also mounts the palace stairs, and bending over the pillow blows into the face of a young Prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the King of Terrors. Alas! for David the King, He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies pros-

King of Terrors. Alasi for David the King, He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies pros-trate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outcry of woe. What are courtly attendants or victorious armies or conquered provinces under such circumstances? What, to any parent, is all splendid surrounding when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. There in that great house two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quict, one heart still. The servants come to bear the tidings to the King, but they cannot make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door whispering about the matthe tidings to the King, but they cannot make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door whispering about the mat-tur, and David hears them and he looks up and says to them: "Is the child dead?" "Yes; he is dead." David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new ap-parel, and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest? What strength was it that lifted up that King whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. No gravedigger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where the hoofs of the pale horse never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his

strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat and exclaims: "I shall go to him." Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says some one, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city, without hav-ing appointed a time and place for meet-ing, you might wander around for weeks and for mouths, and perhaps for years, and never ing, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and perhaps for years, and never see each other; and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is so vast a realm. John went up on one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said: "Thousands of thousands." Then he came upon a greater altitude of inspiratiou and he looked off upon it again, and he said: "Ten looked off upon it again, and he said: "Ten thousand times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of inspiration, and looked off again and he said: "A hundred and forty and four thousand and thousands of thousands." And he came on a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again and exclaimed: "A great multitude that no

and arcianned: "A great indication of the second se tion of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a granitic foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question. Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead. Tremendous question. It makes the lip quiver, and the cheek flush, and the entire nature thrill. Shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold, scholarly hand, on gilt-edged paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say: "Ah, that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved." But I get another letter. It is written with a trembing hand, and on what seems to be a leaf of a book, and here and there torn out is the mark of a tear, and I say: "Ob, that is a broken heart, and it wants to be comforted. The object of this sermon is to take this. theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of positive cer-tainty. People say: "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to hear upon ar accumulation of argument to bear upon this matter which will prove the doctrine future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of rennion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepul-Now, when you are going to build a ship you must get the right kind of timber. You lay the keel and make the framework of the very best materials, the keelson, stanchions, plank shear, counter timber-knee, transoms, ali of solid oak. You may build a ship of lighter material, but when the cyclone comes on it will go down. Now we may have a great many beautiful theories about the fu-ture world, built out of our own fancy, and they may do very well as long as we have smooth sailing in the world, but when the storms of sorrow come upon us, and the hur-ricane of death, we will be swamped—we will be foundered. We want a theory built out of be foundered. We want a theory built out of the solid oak of God's eternal Word. The doc-trine of future recognition is not so often pos-itively stated in the Word of God as implied, and you know, my friends, that that is after all, the strongest mode of affirmation. Your friend travels in foreign lands. He comes home. He does not begin by arguing with you to prove that there are such places as London and Stockholm and Paris and Dree London and Stockholm and Paris and Dres-den and Berlin, but his conversation implies den and Berlin, but his conversation implies it. And so this Bible does not so positively state this theory as, all up and down, its conviews take it for granted. What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this anticipation for the inspection of all ages if it were a groundless anticipation? We read in the first book of the Bible, Abra-hand died and was cathered to his people. ham died and was gathered to his peop Jacob died and was gathered to his peop Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What peoplet Why, their friends, their com-rades, their old companions. Of course it means that. It cannot mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible four times that is taken for granted. The who's how Testament is an arbor, over, who's how Testament is an arbor, over, who a this mouthine creeps like a luximigent vine full of the purple clusters of consolation. James, John and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain and lifts it into the glories of that mountain and lifts it into the glories of celestial. Christ's garments glow and His iace saines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and aligns on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and E.ias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth coull recognize these two spirits who had bean for years in heaven, do you t-i me that we, with our heavenly eyesigh; will not be able to recognize these those who have gone out from among us only five, ten, twen-ty, thirty years ago? The Bible indicates over and over aga F that the angels know each other, and then cons out from among us only five, ten, twenty, thirty years ago? The Bible indicates over and over aga F that the angels know each other, and then the Bible says that we are to be higher than the angels, and if the angels have the power of recognition shall not we, who are to be higher than they in the next realm, have as good eyesight and as good capacity? What wild Christ mean in flis conversation with Mary and Martha when He said, "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say, "Don't sry. Don't wear yourself out with the trouble. You will see Him again. The Bible describes heaven as a great home circle. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the members did not know each other. The Bible describes death as a sleep. If we know each ctier before we go to sizes shall we not know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes. We will know each other a great deal better then than now; "for now," says the mossile. "we see through a plass darkiy, but

then face to face." It will be my purified, extronde and glorifiel body gazing on your purified, enthroned and glorified body. Now I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take this theory of future recogni-tion out of the realm of speculation and sur-mise into the region of positive certainty, and no more keep saying. "I hope it is so, I have an idea it is so, I guess it is so." Be able to say, with all the concentrated energy of body, mind and soul, "I know it is so." There are in addition to these Bible argu-ments other reasons why I accept this theory. In the first place because the rejec-tion of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, lock, manner we have been so long familiar? Will death come, and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory." Abraham said to Dives: "Son, remember." If the exiled and lost remember will not the enthroned remember? athroned remember? You know very well that our joy in any

enthroned remember? You know very well that our joy in any circumstance is augmented by the compan-ionship of our friends. We cannot see a pio-ture with less than four eyes or hear a song with less than four ears. We want some one beside us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies, and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our friends with us when there rise before us the thrones of the blassed, and when there surges up in our ears the jubilate of the saved. Heaven is not a contraction; it is an expansion. If I know you here I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have a million eyes. It will be im-mortality gazing on immortality, ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit, victor beside victor. When John Evans, the Scotch minister, was seated in his study his wife came in and said to him: "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?" we are here?

Again I accept this doctrine of future re-Again 1 accept this doctrine of future re-cognition because the world's expectancy af-firms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God implanted, and if God implanted it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes: "Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Or-phous and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death I could even be able to die often."

be able to die often." Cicero, living before Christ's coming, said: "Oh, giorious day when I shall r<sup>--</sup>re from this low and sordid scene to associate with the divine assemblage of departed spiris, and not only with the one I have just now men-tioned, but with my dear Cato, the best of sons and the most faithful of men. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained. It was because I was supported by the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated." The Norwegian believes it. The Indian believes it. The Greenlander believes it.

believes it. The Greenlander Delieves it. The Swiss believes it. The Turk believes it. Under every sky, by every river, in every zone, the theory is adopted, and so I say a principle universally implanted must be God implanted, and hence a right belief. The arent is irresistible.

Again I adopt this theory because there are features of moral temperament and feat-ures of the soul that will distinguish us forures of the soul that will distinguish us for-ever. How do we know each other in this world? Is it merely by the color of the eye, or the length of the hair, or the facial pro-portions? Oh, no. It is by the disposition as well, by natural affinity, using the word in the very best sense and not in the bad sense, and if in the dust our body should perish, and lie there forever, and there should be no resurrection still the soul has enough be no resurrection, still the soul has enough features and the disposition has enough features to make us distinguishable. I can un-derstand how in sickness a man will become so delirious that he will not know his own friends; but will we be blasted with such inafferable idiocy that, standing beside our best friends for all eternity, we will never guess who they are? Again, I think that one reason why we Again, I think that one reason why we ought to accept this doctrine is because we never in this world have an opportunity to give thanks to those to whom we are spir-funally indebted. The joy of heaven, we are told, is to be inaugurated by a review of life's work. These Christian men and women who have been toiling for Christ, have they seen the full result of their work? Oh, no. In the abuseh of Scenarville N. J. John seen the full result of their work? Oh, no. In the church of Somerville, N. J., John Vredenburgh preached for a great many years. He felt that his ministry was a fail-ure, although he was a faithful minister, preaching the Gospel all the time. He died, and died amid discouragements, and went home to God; for no one ever doubted that John Vredenburgh was a good Christian minister. A little while after his death there came a great awakening in Somerminister. A little while after his death there came a great awakening in Somer-ville, and one Sabbath two hundred souls stood up at the Christian altar espousing the cause of Christ, among them my own father and mother. And what was peculiar in re-gard to nearly all of those two hundred souls was that they dated their religious im-pressions from the ministry of John Vreden-burgh. Will that good Christian man be-fore the throne of God never meet those souls brought to Christ through his instru-mentality? Oh, of course he will know them. I remember one Sabbath afternoon, borne down with the sense of my sins, and know-ing not God. I took up Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." Oh, what a dark afternoon it was, and I read the chapters, and I read the prayers, and I tried to make the prayers my own. Oh, I must see Philip Doddridge. A glorious old book he wrote. It is out of fashion now. There is a mother before the throne of There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no augmentation of it. Can-not there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. She is before the throne of God now. Years pass and that son repents of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful ives his heart to con and inters the gates of Inristian, and dies and enters the gates of seaven. You tell me that that mother's joy. heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy, cannot be augmented? Let them confront each other. The son and the mother. "Oh.' she says to the angles of God, "regioice withi me. The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! I never expected to see this lost one come back." The Bible says na-tions are to be born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Dr. Abeel? When India comes will it not know Dr. John Scudder? When the Indians come to God will they not know David Brainard? heaven. Scuder? Wen the Indians come to God will they not know David Brainard? I see a soul entering heaven at last, with overed face c5 the idea that it has done so or right to be here." A voice from the throne says: "Oh, you forget that Sunday-school class you invited to Christ. I was one of them." And another voice says: "You forget that poor man to whom you gave and of of bread and told of the heavenly bread. I was that man." And another says: "You forget that poor man to whom you gave medi-cine for the body and the soul. I was that and then Christ, from a throne over-opying all the rest, will say: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, you did it to Me." And then the seraphs will take ine for the body and the soul. I was that any in the rest, will say: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, you did it to Me." And then the seraphs will take to Me." And then the seraphs will take in for the body and it before and cry: "What song shall it be?" And Christ, bending over the harpers, shall say: "It momore reason wy I am disposed to ac-fept this doctrine of future recognition is have confirmed this theory. I speak not of persons who died in calmess and but of persons who died in calmes see their de-parted children and children see their de-parted parents. I came down to the bank wanted to go over the river, and so I waved wanted to go over the river, and so I waved wanted t

heard bim shout, and the boat came across and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes and our departed kindred are the coarsmen, the fires of the setting day tingeing the tops of the paddles. Oh, have you never sat by such a death-bed? In that hour you hear the departing soul cry, "Hark! Look!" You hearkened and you looked. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away and after awhile died. In the last moment that wan and wasted little one lifted her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next word, and cried out "Mother". You tell me she did not seeher mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me: "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where one of may neighbors was dying. He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throme. I haven't innch poetry about me, but I listened and I

good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't inuch poetry about me, but I listened and I heard them, too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or Jerusalem? Oh, no; our glorified kindred are going to troop around them. Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I

around them. Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidity of splendor, where people stand on cold for-malities and go around about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea of heaven is more like this: You are seated in the eveningtide by the fireplace, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent, for years you have not seen een absent, for years you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea of heaven—a

great home circle where they are waiting for Oh, will you not know your mother's voice

Oh, will you not know your mother's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal "Mister?" You were never any-thing but James, or John, or George, or Thomas, or Mary, or Florence to her. Will you not know your child's voice? She of the bright eye and the ruddy cheek and the quiet step, who came in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little e should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it? You could not help but know it.

but know it. Now I bring you this glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. many shadows that are stretching across if. When I was a lad I used to go out to the railroad track and put my ear down on the track, and I could hear the express train rumbling miles away and coming on; and to-day, my friends, if we only had faith enough we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrec-tion sitters. O heaven swart heaven! You the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrec-tion victory. O heaven, sweet heaven! You do not spell heaven as you used to spell it. You used to spell it h-s-a-v-s-n-heaven. But now when you want to spell that word you place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love and beauty and joy you spell it as never before in songs and hallelujahs. Oh, ye whose hearts are down under the sod of the cometery cheer up at the thought of of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion. Oh, how much you will have

to tell them when once you meet them! How much you have been through

#### Natural History in Season. BATS.

This is the time of year when we are in daily expectation of being eaten up by insects. Have you not noticed how large a number will congregate about the electric lights these warm summer evenings? I was watching them very intently and thinking about the parable of the silly moth and the candle when a monstrous black shadow crossed my vision. It was one of those creatures we call bats. Doubtless you have as great a dislike for the ugly things as most of us, but they are not really as bad as some people try to make them Heb. 7:25. appear. It is usually the case, however, that when a thing is disagreeable to look at, we are ever ready to believe

ill of it. Perhaps you will be interested enough in bats to listen to me a little while. If you do not remember all I say, you will certainly have the satisfaction of knowing something about the bat family should one ever cross your vision as it did mine. Naturalists call . them (heiroptera).

It is a Greek word (heir means hand and the root of the last syllable pteron, wing. You can see how appropriate the derivation is. The most promi-nent feature in a bat is the wings which are a thin membraneous substance extending from the shoulders and all the way down the hind legs. The wings of a bat always remind me of the parts of an umbrella cover. Do you see the re-semblance? Look for it when you see a bat again.

There are altogether about one hundred and sixty different kinds of bats. Just think of it! They vary in size from that of a mouse to that of a dog. The Kalong or flying dog as he is called is found in the Indian Islands, and his wings when extended measure five feet. That is as long as some pretty tall people.

The night is the bats' day. Those in the Northern countries sleep all winter. In the day they hang suspended from roofs of barns and other buildings on ruined castles or in caves and hollow trees. In warm climates bats usually abound in greatest numbers.

In some of those dense forests of India and South America that you have read about in books, thousands of bats hang from the boughs of trees with their heads downwards, and if roused scurry off amid a strange noise of rustling wings, shricks and cries.

We all know that bats are regarded as uncanny creatures and I think I can tell you why. They are wonderful night seers and can find their way through pitch dark caverns and narrow passages even when their eyes are put out. This they owe to the peculiar sensitiveness of their wings which warns them of the approach to any solid object and enables them to avoid

You have, some of you, heard of the very odious diet bats require, but 1 must tell you it is not all true that is told of this. Bats live chefly on insects and those who do not eat insects. take fruit instead. In warm countries they are a general nuisance for they devour all the fruit far and near and

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY, JULY 27, 1890. Lost and Found.

LESSON TEXT. (Luke 15 : 1-10. Memory verses. 4-7.)

#### LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the Saviour of Men.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER He is able to save to the uttermost .-

LESSON TOPIC: Disclosing the Sym pathy of Heaven.

LESSON OUTLINE:-	ſ 1.	Lost Men, vs. 1, 3, 4,
		Efforts to Save, vs. 2, 4, 8. Heaven's Sympathy, vs. 5-7, 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT: There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—Luke 15:10.

### DAILY HOME READINGS :

M.-Luke 15 : 1-10. Lost and found.

- T.-Gen. 37 : 23-36. Mourning over the lost.
- W.-Gen. 46:1-7, 28-30. Rejoic-ing over the found. T.-2 Kings 6 : 8-18. Heavenly hosts about Israel.

F.-Matt. 18 : 1-14. Heaven's care of the lowly. Dec. 34 : 1-22. Nearness of S.-Psa. 34

heavenly help. S.-John 10 : 1-16, 22-30. The Good Shepherd.

# LESSON ANALYSIS.

# 1. LOST MEN.

I. Represented by Publicans and All the publicans and sinners were

drawing near (1). Why eateth your Master with the publicans and sinners? (Matt. 9 :11). A friend of publicans and sinners!

(Matt. 11 : 19). Let him be unto thee as the Gentile

and the publican (Matt. 18: 17). God, I thank thee, that I am not as... this publican (Luke 18:11).

II. Represented by Lost Sheep: Having a hundred sheep, and having

lost one of them (4). I have gone astray like a lost sheep (Psa. 119:176).

All we like sheep have gone astray (Isa.

53 : 6). My people hath been lost sheep (Jer. 50:6).

Ye were going astray like sheep (1 Pet. 2:25)

III. Represented by Lost Treas-Having ten pieces of silver, if she

lose one piece (8). The kingdom ... is like unto a treasure

hidden in the field (Matt. 13: 44). What shall a man give in exchange for

his life? (Matt. 16: 26). Ye are of more value than many sparrows (Luke 12: 7). That which was lost (Luke 19: 10). 1. "All the publicans and sinners were drawing near unto him." (1)The attractive center; (2) The attracted circle; (3) The attracting power. "Having a hundred sheep, and 2 having lost one." (1) The original ion; (2) The grievous loss .---(1) The hundred; (2) The ninetynine; (3) The one.

A multitude of the heavenly host prais ing God (Luke 2: 13). A voice of many angels round about

the throne (Rev. 5: 11). 1. "He layeth it on his shoulders, re-

 "He layeth it on his shoulders, re-joicing." (1) Tender care; (2) Loving joy.—(1) Strong shoulders; (2) Assured safety; (3) Sincere joy.
"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep." (1) Search re-warded; (2) Satisfaction acknow-ledged; (3) Rejoicing proposed.
"There is in a over one sinner 3. "There is joy....over one sinner that repenteth." Joy (1) Where? (2) Why? (3) By whom?—(1) Repentance to one; (2) Joy to many.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

CHRIST THE SHEPHERD.

Foretold (Gen. 49:24; Isa. 40:11; Ezek. 34 : 23).

The chief shepherd (1 Pet. 5:4). The good shepherd (John 10 : 11, 14). The great shepherd (Heb. 13 : 20). He knows his sheep (John 10 : 14, 27). He gathers his sheep (Isa. 40: 11 ; John

10:16). He leads his sheep (Psa. 23 : 2, 3; John

10:3).

He feeds his sheep (Psa. 23:2; John 10:9).

He protects his sheep (Ezek. 34 : 10; John 10 : 28).

He died for his sheep (John 10: 11, 15).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS .- None are recorded between this lesson and the last. It is generally agreed that chapters 15 and 16 are directly connected with chapter 14.

PLACE .- In Persea, possibly at some meal

TIME .- According to Robinson, in March, 783 A. U. C.; that is, A. D. 30. According to Andrews, in the December of the previous year, 782 A. U. C.; that is, A. D. 29.

PERSONS .- Our Lord; a crowd of publicans and sinners; some Pharisees and scribes.

INCIDENTS.-The publicans and sin-ners draw near to Jesus; the Pharisees and scribes murmur at his receiving them. Three parables are uttered, two in this lesson: the first, the parable of the one lost sheep which was found; the second, the parable of the one piece of silver lost and found. The earthly joy in each case is a figure of joy in neaven over one repenting sinner.

There is no parallel passage, but Matthew 18:12, 13, resembles verses 4 to 7.

### Womanly Character.

What is it? who can explain all the meaning of those two words? "Sha has so much womanly character," we say when we meet a woman with sweet winning ways. But few of us ever attempt to analyze the characteristics that make the true womanly character. Of course there are all sorts of women in the world, and each in some way appeal to the different natures they meet. I believe every man has an ideal wo-man in his mind and heart. At least all ave admitted the fact to me. when pressed to tell something of this give the protection of their name, the

I have ever talked with on the subject. cherished ideal, he says she must have a womanly character. And so I ask, what is this that men seek in the ideal wife? Usually the boy from eighteen to twenty-two is dreaming of a pretty girl, who will sometime share his future. But the man of thirty is dreaming of the woman, the woman with a soul and heart, a heart filled with love and trust for him. I know so many, men good, kind and true, who have spoken to me on the subject in a confidential mood, and confide to me how much they dream and long for home. And as they were all men of means and have a business that shows plainly enough that they can support a wife in comfort, and as they believe in love and love only, that all they are waiting for is the one with the true womanly character, the one on whom they expect to lavish the love of their hearts.

u saw them last. On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heartaches, the loneliness, the sleepless nights, the weep-ing until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of vacant chair and empty cra-die, and little shoe only half worn out, never to be worn accessing just the shore of the foot The heartaches, to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought that the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them, and in the effort the dream greet them, and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing amid room in the midnight—alone. Talking it all lover, and then hand in hand walking up and down in the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. O, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be. In the east they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage and the birds, flying out, sing. And I would to-day bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices.

Oh, how they bound in, these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness, some break forth into uncontrolable weeping for joy, some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing, they quiver with joy, some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing, they quiver with exces-sive gladness, they gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike it on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God-fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around shout the throne of Godto hand around about the throne of God-the circle ever widening-hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows flee away. Turn thou, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

Oh, how different it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christian dies! We say, "Close his epss." In heaven they say, "Give him a palm." On earth we say, "Let him down in the ground." In heaven "Let him down in the ground." In heaven they say, "Raise him on a throne." On earth it is, "Farewell, farewell." In heaven it is, "Welcome, welcome." And I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and hesteps into the river and the water comes to the ankle. He says, "Lord Jesus, is this death." "No," says Christ, "this is not death." And he wades still descent down into the meter weild the fixed "this is not death." And he wades still deeper down into the waters until the flood comes to the knee, and he says, "Lord Jesus, Cill me, tell me, is this death?" And Christ says, "No, no; this is not death." And he wades still farther down until the wave comes to the girdle, and the soul says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." And deeper in wades the soul till the billow strikes the Hp, and the departing one cries, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." But when Christ had lifted that soul on a throne of glory, and the pomp and joy of heaven came surging to its feet, then Christ said, "This, oh transported soul, this is death."

### The Columbus Quarte-Centenary.

The celebration in 1892 of the quater-centenary of the discovery of Amer-ica by Columbus will form a grand display both in Spain and Italy. The Spaniards will keep the anniversary at all the towns where Columbus lived even for a short time and erect monuments there, while Madrid will hold a grand exhibition. Genoa, as the great discoverer's birthplace, proposes a his-toric naval exi ibition, a geographical and historical congress, regattas reproducing Genoese maritime life in the time of Columbus, and a grand opera on his career. The house where Columbus was born is to be restored and other

memorials erected.

The wise man harvests his fuel and ice cr ps early.

what they do not eat they spoil for human taste on account of the disagreeable musky flavor their touch leaves.

There are about twenty-eight species of ghoul or goblin bats, so named from their hab tation in caves and tombs, where it is believed they devour the dead. But as I have already told you, this is only a supposition. They live principally on fruit and are found all over Africa, Central Asia, the Islands of the Indian Ocean, Japan, South Sea Islands, Australia and Van Diemen's Land. These goblin bats are the very ones that the ancients called harpies, and many are the wonderful stories you have heard about them, I know.

There was Alexander the Great, the world conqueror who first showed Europeans the way to India's treasures. It is told in fable how a large army of harpies opposed the march of Alexander's army into India. In Greek mythology there was a great Trojan hero (Eneas by name.) He was leading his men from the siege of Troy to Italy when a troop of harpies pounced down on them and tore the food out of their hands. At this rate they were supposed to be regular highway-men, were they not? These bats are not found in Europe or America so you have no cause to fear them.

There is a kind of bat that is eaten for food by the Asiatics, and there are also edible bats in Java. They are called Kalongs and hang in numbers from the boughs of trees, with head downwards as we have explained before. They have the appearance of queer fruit. If disturbed they send out sharp piercing shricks and fly clumsily away. People who want them for food always have to shoot while they are on the wing; for if they shot while on the

tree they would remain hanging as far out of reach as before. Soon after sunset it is customary for them to fly to villages, forests and plantations where they devour the fruit, especially bananas. The delicate fruits have to be protected by nets or there would not be one left.

The vampire bat belougs to America It is found chiefly in Brazil and Guia na, in deep woods and ruined plantations, but none have yet been seen north of the Isthmus of Darien. This is the bat which sucks the blood of both animals and men. It has a soothing way of fanning its victim with its wings while performing the operation. The most singular of all in appear-ance is the broad winged bat of India and Africa. It has a large leaf-like membrane extending from the nose and

shaped like a lyre. The little Horse-shoe bat is found in various parts of the Old World and plentifully in England.

Among the remarkable-looking ones we may name the great-eared bat of France and the molossus bat of Castoni, found at Pisa in Italy.

I hope I have not tired your patience. Though you may not store away all this knowledge, some of the things men-tioned may have interest. You will remember such without effort and some day from the germs of this be led to look up further about bats yourselves.

L. A. N. A petrified bat was found recently near Yuma, Arizona, by some railroad men who were digging a heavy cut through a sand hill,

3. "If she lose one piece." (1) Cherished treasure; (2) Possible loss; (3) Earnest search.

## IL EFFORTS TO SAVE.

I. Receiving the Sinful: This man receiveth sinners (2). Come unto me, all ye that labor and

are heavy laden (Matt. 11: 28). He welcomed them, and spake to them of the kingdom (Luke 9: 11).

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out (John 6; 37). shelter of their homes, and to whom I come again, and will receive you unthey hope to anchor their faith and

to myself (John 14: 3). II. Seeking the Lost:

Go after that which is lost (4). I will seek that which was lost (Ezek.

34: 16). Go rather to the lost sheep (Matt. 10:

The Son of man came to seek and to save (Luke 19: 10).

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners (1 Tim. 1:15).

III. Accomplishing the Purpose: Until he find it .... Until she find it (4, 8).

He restoreth my soul (Psa. 23: 3). Of those whom thou hast given me I lost not one (John 18: 9).

Whom he foreordained, ... them he also glorified (Rom. 8: 30).

Who will also do it (1 Thess. 5: 24) 1. "This man receiveth sinners."

A Pharisaical complaint; (2) An honorable fact .- (1) The sinner; (2) The Saviour; (3) The saving. 2. "Go after that which is lost, until

he find it." (1) Searching; (2) Persevering; (3) Finding.

3. "Seek diligently until she find it." (1) Seeking diligently; (2) Persist-ing heroically; (3) Finding triumphantly.

II. HEAVEN'S SYMPATHY.

I. Joy Among the Seekers: He layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing....Bejoice with me (5, 9). The Lord rejoiced over you to do you good (Deut. 28: 63).

As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord (Psa. 103: 13).

I will....joy in my people (Isa. 65: 19). That my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be fulfilled (John 15: 11).

II. Joy Among Their Friends: He calleth together his friends, ....

saying, .... Rejoice (6). They.... returned to Jerusalem with

great joy (Luke 24: 52). There was much joy in that city (Acta 8: 8).

Therein I rejoice, yes, and will rejoice (Phil. 1: 18).

All the joy wherewith we joy for your sakes (1 Thess. 3: 9).

III. Joy Among the Angels:

There is joy in the presence of the angels (10).

Their angels do always behold the face of my Father (Matt. 18: 10). The angel said, .... I bring you good tidings (Luke 2: 10).

trust. When I find so many wealthy men who have so much to give, and are waiting only for the object on which to bestow all their precious gifts I feel that womanly character must be a lit-tle hard to find. Since the dream of all men seems to be of home, it must be the home-maker who has the most womanly character. I do not mean a house-hold drudge. But a woman who has the power of making home a plea-sant rest, peace and comfort, ---who will welcome not only her husband and children but their friends. She makes all who enter feel that they have a right to be there. Her welcome makes the atmosphere of that home sweet as a breath of summer. No chill ever strikes your heart there, and you instunctively feel that it is a safe place to bring your sorrows and cares, your joys too, and somehow it makes you think of childhood home, and you go away thinking of your mother.

You know too, that money can never buy what has made you feel so much at home in that home. No; you feel what Emerson has said; "You can buy a dinner anywhere for a dollar but kindly welcome you cannot buy." You are glad you have been a guest in that house, and you feel that somehow you have a personal share in that home. Home! that heaven of rest towards which the heart of man turns with such tender longings. Woman! ever the central figure of that home, what must you strive to be, to ma-e the ideal home a stepping place toward heaven? -- Woman's News,

MR. LOUIS CARROL, in the preface to one of his children's books, tells an amusing story of the effect of exhorta tion upon the infant's mind. A child he once knew had been instructed that one of any earthly thing was enough for any little girl, and that to ask for two buns, two oranges, two of anything, would bring upon her the charge of being "greedy." The child was found one morning, afterwards, sitting up in bed, solemnly regarding her two little naked feet, and murmuring to berself, softly and penitently-"Deedy!"

Dr. Starr of London, says that It is impossible to draw any conclusion from the size or shape of the head as to the extent or surface of the brain, and so as to the mental caracity.