

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

"Meeting Our Friends in Heaven."

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 lanes 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 pines of pain and death.

What are courtly attendants or victorious armies or conquered provinces under such circumstances? What, to any parent, is all splendid surrounding when the child is dead? Seven days have passed on. There in that great house two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, 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 matter, 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 apparel, and bows down before the Lord.

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then face to face." It will be my purified, ethereal and glorified body gazing on your purified, enthroned and glorified body.

Now I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take this theory of future recognition out of the realm of speculation and surmise 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 the concentrated energy of body, mind and soul, "I know it is so."

There are in addition to these Bible arguments other reasons why I accept this theory. In the first place because the notion of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look manner and words we were so familiar? Will death come, and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives: "Son, remember," of the exile and I remember will not the enthroned remember?

You know very well that our joy in any circumstance is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We cannot see a picture 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 blessed, 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 be a million eyes. It will be 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 know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said: "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

Again I accept this doctrine of future recognition because the world's expectancy affirms it. In all lands and ages the theory is held. That form of religion plants itself in the soil of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally shared, 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 Orpheus and Homer? If he be true, he will be the consequence of death I could even be able to die often."

Cicero, living before Christ's coming, said: "Oh, glorious day when I shall see from the lowly and scurvy sense of departed spirits, and not only with the one I have just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, the best of sons and the most faithful of men. Oh, 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. 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 argument is irresistible.

Again I adopt this theory because there are features of moral temperament and features of the soul that distinguish us forever. 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 proportions? Oh, no. It is by the disposition as well, by natural affinity, by the words 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 last features and the disposition has enough features to make us distinguishable. I can understand how in sickness a man will become so delirious that he will not know his own friends, but with the blessed in heaven, in sufferable idleness that, standing beside our best friends for all eternity, we will never guess who they are!

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 spiritually indebted. The joy of heaven, as I have said, is to be inaugurated by a review of life's work. These Christian men and women who have been toiling for Christ, have seen the full result of their work. Oh, John Vrenburgh preached for a great many years. He felt that his ministry was a failure, although he was a faithful minister, preaching the Gospel all the time, and with a disal and discouragement, and went home to God; for no one ever doubted that John Vrenburgh was a good Christian minister. A little while after his death there came a great awakening in Somerville, 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 regard to nearly all of those two hundred souls was that they dated their religious impressions from the ministry of John Vrenburgh. Will that good Christian man be forgotten? Oh, of course he will not. I remember one Sabbath afternoon, born down with the sense of my sins, and knowing 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 God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no augmentation of it. Can't there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when his 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 Christian, and dies and enters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be augmented? Let them confront each other. The son says to the mother: "She says to the angels of God, 'rejoice with 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 that he is to be born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Dr. Abel? When India comes will it not know Dr. Johnson? When the Indians come to God will they not know David Brainerd?"

I see a soul entering heaven at last, with covered face; the idea that it has done so little for Christ and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself: "I have a 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 never that poor man when you gave him a loaf of bread and told of the heavenly bread. I was that man." And another says: "You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and the soul, and I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne overlooking all the rest, will say: "Inasmuch as you did it to one of the least of these, you did it to Me." And then the seraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne and cry: "What song shall it be?" And Christ, bending over the harpers, shall say: "It shall be the 'Harvest Home.'"

One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of future recognition is that so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory. I speak not of persons who have been delicious in their last moment and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity and who were not naturally superstitious. Often the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him. How often it is in the dying moments parents see their departed children and children see their departed parents. I came down to the banks of the Mohawk River. It was evening and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waded my hat and shouted, and after a while I saw some one wading on the opposite bank and

heard him 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 side, and they will give us a signal back to us, and the boat comes and our departed kindred are the oarsmen, the fibres of the setting day tingling the tops of the paddles.

Oh, have you never seen by such a death-bell? 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 another, setting down to the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken sick 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 world, and cried: 'Mother, I have no doubt of it. I shall see you again.' And she died in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me: "What do you think I heard last night? Was in the room where my neighbors were dying. He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened and I heard it. I don't think I have a doubt of it. Why, are you to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from the jaws 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 be a million eyes. It will be 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 know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said: "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it assumed, very frequently, where people stand or cold formalities and go around about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea is that of the bright day when you are seated in the vespertide by the fireplace, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening, 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 him, and no sooner do you see him than you find 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 you to know it.

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 name of "Mr. Jones" or "Mr. Smith" or "Thomas, or Mary, or Florence to her. Will you not know your child's voice? She of the bright eyes and the ruddy cheek and the curly hair, who came in from play and sang herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul, cannot wear out. If that little one 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.

Now I bring you this glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart it would lift a great millstone from your mind, and you would be free to go to the railroad track and put my ear down on the track, and I could hear the express train rumbling miles away from me; and you would be free to go to the grave of our dead and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling of the chariot of resurrection. Oh, how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them!

How much you have been through since you were last seen, resting the word, you will talk it all over. The heartaches, the loneliness, the sleepless nights, the weeping until you had no more power to weep, scenes that have been in your mind, and you will talk it all over. The heartaches, the loneliness, the sleepless nights, the weeping until you had no more power to weep, scenes that have been in your mind, and you will talk it all over.

There are about twenty-eight species of ghouls or goblin bats, so named from their habitation 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 harpies was a great Trojan hero (Phaenax by name). He was leading his men from the siege of Troy to Italy when a troop of harpies ponned 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 called Kalongs and hang in numbers from the boughs of trees, with head downward as we have explained before. They have the appearance of queer fruit. If disturbed they send out sharp piercing shrieks 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 belongs to America. It is found chiefly in Brazil and Guiana, 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 appearance 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 mole-bat of Castor, 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 mentioned 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 petrifaction was found recently near Yuma, Arizona, by some railroad men who were digging a heavy cut through a sand hill.

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

Natural History in Season.

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 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 (heptoptera). It is a Greek word (their means hand and the root of the last syllable pteron, wing. You can see how appropriate the derivation is. The most prominent feature in a bat is the wings which are a thin membranous 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 resemblance? 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, shrieks and cries.

We all know that bats are regarded as uncanny creatures and I think I can tell you why. They are a wonderful kind of creature 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 it.

You have, some of you, heard of the very odious diet bats require, but I must tell you it is not all true that is told of this. Bats live chiefly 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 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 ghouls or goblin bats, so named from their habitation 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 harpies was a great Trojan hero (Phaenax by name). He was leading his men from the siege of Troy to Italy when a troop of harpies ponned 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 called Kalongs and hang in numbers from the boughs of trees, with head downward as we have explained before. They have the appearance of queer fruit. If disturbed they send out sharp piercing shrieks 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 belongs to America. It is found chiefly in Brazil and Guiana, 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 appearance 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 mole-bat of Castor, 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 mentioned 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 petrifaction was found recently near Yuma, Arizona, by some railroad men who were digging a heavy cut through a sand hill.

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

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.—Heb. 7: 25.

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 (John 10: 11; John 10: 16).

He leads his sheep (Psa. 23: 2; 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 Perea, possibly at some meal.

TIME.—According