

HEAVEN.

All Who Enter It Will Find Congenial Employment.

Our Life Work will be Extended and Beautified—Soldiers Will March in the Celestial Army and Artists Will Still Paint and Sing.

In his latest Washington sermon Dr. Talmage encourages his hearers with glimpses of the Eternal City, and assures them that they will all find happiness in continuing the work that they loved to do on earth. His text was Ezekiel 1:1: "Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened."

Ezekiel, with others, had been ex-patriated and, while in foreign slavery, was standing on the banks of the royal canal which he and other serfs had been condemned to dig by the order of Nebuchadnezzar—this royal canal in the text called the river of Chebar. The illustrious exile had visions of Heaven. Indeed, it is almost always so, that the brightest visions of Heaven come not to those who are on mountain-top of prosperity, but to some John on desolate Patmos, or to some Paul in Mamertine dungeon, or to some Ezekiel standing on the banks of a ditch he had been compelled to dig—yes, to the weary, to the heart-broken, to those whom sorrow has banished. The text is very particular to give us the exact time of the vision. It was in the thirtieth year, and in the fourth month, and in the fifth day of the month. So you have visions of earth you shall never forget. You remember the year, you remember the month, you remember the day, you remember the hour. Why may we not have some such vision now, and it be in the twelfth month, and in the sixth day of the month?

The question is often silently asked, though perhaps never audibly propounded: "What are our departed Christian friends doing now?" The question is more easily answered than you might perhaps suppose. Though there has come no recent intelligence from the heavenly city, and we seem dependent upon the story of 18 centuries ago, still I think we may from strongest inference decide what are the present occupations of our transferred kinsfolk. After God has made a nature he never eradicates the chief characteristic of its temperament. You never knew a man phlegmatic in temperament to become sanguine in temperament. You never knew a man sanguine in temperament to become phlegmatic in temperament. Conversion plants new principles in the soul, but Paul and John are just as different from each other after conversion as they were different from each other before conversion. If conversion does not eradicate the prominent characteristics of temperament, neither will death eradicate them. Paul and John are as different from each other in Heaven as they were different from each other in Asia Minor.

I am not going to speculate in regard to the future world, but I must, by inevitable laws of inference and deduction and common sense, conclude that in Heaven we will be just as different from each other as we are now different, and hence that there will be at least as many different employments in the celestial world as there are employments here. Christ is to be the great love, the great joy, the great rapture, the great worship of Heaven, but will that abolish employments? No more than love on earth—paternal, filial, fraternal, conjugal love, abolishes earthly occupation.

In the first place, I remark that all those of our departed Christian friends who, on earth, found great joy in the fine arts, are now indulging their tastes in the same direction. On earth they had their gladdest pleasures amid pictures and statuary, and in the study of the laws of light and shade and perspective. Have you any idea that that affluence of faculty at death collapsed and perished? Why so, when there is more for them to look at and they have keener appreciation of the beautiful, and they stand amid the very looms where the sunsets and the rainbows and the spring mornings are woven? Are you so obtuse as to suppose that because the painter drops his easel and the sculptor his chisel, and the engraver his knife, that therefore that taste, which he was enlarging and intensifying for 40 or 50 years, is entirely obliterated? These artists, or these friends of art on earth, worked in coarse material and with imperfect brain and with frail hand. Now they have carried their art into larger liberties and into wider circumference. They are at their old business yet, but without the hindrances of the terrestrial studio. Raphael could improve upon his masterpiece of "Michael the Archangel," now that he has seen him, and could improve upon his masterpiece of the "Holy Trinity," now that he has visited them. Michael Angelo could better present the "Last Judgment" after he has seen its flash and heard the rumbling battering-rams of its thunder.

Exquisite colors here, graceful lines here, powerful chiaroscuro here, but I am persuaded that the grander studies and the brighter galleries are higher up, by the winding marble stairs of the sepulcher, and that Turner and Holman Hunt, and Rembrandt, and Titian, and Paul Veronese, if they exercised saving faith in the Christ whom they portrayed upon the canvas, are painting yet, but their strength of faculty multiplied ten thousandfold. Their hand has forgotten its cunning, but the spirit has faculties far superior to four fingers and a thumb as the supernatural is superior to the human. The reason that God took away their eye and their hand and their brain was that he might give them something more limber, more wieldy, more skillful, more multiplicitous. Do not, therefore, be melancholy among

the tapestries, and the bric-a-brac, and the works of art which your departed friends used to admire. Do not say, "I am sorry they had to leave all these things." Rather say, "I am glad they have gone up to higher artistic opportunity and appreciation." Our friends who found so much joy in the fine arts on earth are now luxuriating in Louvres and Luxembourgs celestial.

I remark again that all our departed Christian friends who in this world were passionately fond of music are still regaling that taste in the world celestial. The Bible says so much about the music of Heaven that it cannot all be figurative. Why all this talk about hallelujahs and choirs on the glass and trumpets and harps and oratorios and organs? The Bible over and over again speaks of the songs of Heaven. If Heaven had no songs of its own a vast number of those on earth would have been taken up by the earthly emigrants. Surely the Christian at death does not lose his memory. Then there must be millions of souls in Heaven who know "Coronation" and "Antioch" and "Mount Pisgah" and "Old Hundred." The leader of the eternal orchestra need only once tap his baton and all Heaven will be ready for the hallelujah. If Heaven should ever get out of music, Thomas Hastings and Lowell Mason and Bradbury would start up a hundred old magnificent chorals. But what with the new song that John mentions, and the various doxologies alluded to, and the importation of sub-lunar harmonies, a Christian fond of music, dying, will have an abundance of regalement. What though the voice be gone in death, what though the ear be fallen in dissolution, are you therefore to conclude that the spirit will have no power to make or catch sweet sounds? Cannot the soul sing? How often we compliment some exquisite singing by saying, "There was so much soul in her music." In heaven it will be all soul until the body after awhile comes up in the resurrection, and then it can hear music. Do not, therefore, let it be in your household when some member leaves for Heaven, as it is in some households, that you close the piano and unstring the harp for two years because the fingers that used to play on them are still. You must remember that they have better instruments of music where they are.

You ask me, "Do they have real harps and real trumpets and real organs?" I do not know. Some wiseacres say positively there are no such things in Heaven. I do not know, but I should not be surprised if the God who made all the mountains, and all the hills, and all the forests, and all the mines of the earth, and all the growths of the universe, I should not be surprised if He could, if He had a mind, to make a few harps and trumpets and organs. Grand old Haydn, sick and worn out, was carried for the last time into the music hall; there he heard his oratorio of the "Creation." History says that as the orchestra came to that famous passage, "Let there be light!" the whole audience rose and cheered, and Haydn waved his hand toward Heaven and said, "It comes from there!" Overwhelmed with his own music, he was carried out in his chair, and as he came to the door he spread his hand toward the orchestra as in benediction. Haydn was right when he waved his hand toward Heaven and said: "It comes from there." Music was born in Heaven, and it will ever have its highest throne in Heaven, and I want you to understand that our departed friends who were passionately fond of music here are now at the headquarters of harmony. I think that the grand old church tunes that died when your grandfathers died have gone with them to Heaven. When those tunes died they did not stay on earth, and they could not have been banished to perdition, and so I think they must be in the corridors of alabaster and Lebanon cedar.

Again, I remark that those of our departed Christian friends, who in this world had very strong military spirit, are now in armies celestial and out in bloodless battles. There are hundreds of people born soldiers. They cannot help it. They belong to regiments in time of peace. They cannot hear a drum or a life without trying to keep step to the music. They are Christians, and when they fight, they fight on the right side. Now, when these, our Christian friends who had natural and powerful military spirit, entered Heaven, they entered the celestial army. The door of Heaven scarcely opens but you hear a military demonstration. David cried out: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand." Elijah saw the mountains filled with celestial cavalry. St. John said: "The armies which are in Heaven followed Him on white horses." Now, when those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified entered glory, I suppose they right away enlisted in some Heavenly campaign; they volunteered right away. There must needs be in Heaven soldiers with a soldierly spirit. There are grand parade days when the King reviews the troops. There must be armed escort sent out to bring up from earth to Heaven those who were more than conquerors.

What are our departed Christian friends who are explorers doing now? Exploring yet, but with lightning locomotion, with vision microscopic and telescopic at the same time. A continent at a glance. A world in a second. A planetary system in a day. Christian John Franklin, no more in disabled Erebus pushing toward the north pole; Christian De Long no more trying to free blockaded Jeannette from the ice; Christian Livingstone no more, amid African malarial, trying to make revelations of a dark continent, but all of them in the twinkling of an eye taking in that which was once unapproachable. Mont Blanc scaled without alpenstock. The coral depths of the ocean explored without a diving-bell. The mountains unbarred and opened without Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp.

What are our departed friends who found their chief joy in study doing now? Studying yet, but instead of a

few thousand volumes on a few shelves, all the volumes of the universe open before them—geologic, ornithologic, coneologic, botanic, astronomical, philosophic. No more need of Leyden jars, or voltaic piles, or electric batteries, standing as they do face to face with the facts of the universe.

What are our departed Christian chemists doing? Following out their own science, following out and following out forever. Since they died they have solved 10,000 questions which puzzled the earthly laboratory. They stand on the other side of the thin wall of electricity, the thin wall that seems to divide the physical from the spiritual world, the thin wall of electricity; so thin the wall that ever and anon it seems to be almost broken through—broken through from one side by telephonic and telegraphic apparatus, broken through from the other side by strange influences which men in their ignorance call spiritualistic manifestations. All that matter cleared up. They laughing at us as older brothers who laugh at inexperienced brothers, as they see us with contracted brow experimenting and experimenting, only wishing they could show us the way to open all the mysteries.

Agassiz standing amidst his student explorers down in Brazil, coming across some great novelty in the rocks, taking off his hat and saying: "Gentlemen, let us pray; we must have divine illumination; we want wisdom from the Creator to study these rocks. He made them; let us pray." Agassiz going right on with his studies for ever and ever.

What are our departed Christian friends who in this world had their joy in the healing art doing now? Busy at their old business. No sickness on earth, plenty of wounds in the different parts of God's dominion to be healed and to be medicated. Those glorified souls coming down, not in lazy doctor's gig, but with lightning locomotion. You cannot understand why that patient got well after all the skillful doctors had said he must die. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him—Abercrombie, who, after many years doctoring the bodies and the souls of people in Scotland, went up to God in 1844.

But what are our friends who found their chief joy in conversation and in sociality doing now? In brighter conversation there and in grander sociality. What a place to visit in where your next door neighbors are kings and queens? You yourself kingly and queenly. If they want to know how the sun and the moon halted, they have only to ask Joshua. If they want to know how the storm pelted Sodom, they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecai. If they want to know how the Red sea boiled when it was cloven, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they want to know the particulars about the Bethlehem advent, they have only to go over and ask the serenading angels who stood that Christmas night in the balconies of crystal. If they want to know more of the particulars of the crucifixion, they have only to go over and ask those who were personal spectators, while the mountains crouched and the heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. If they want to know more about the sufferings of the Scotch convenanters, they have only to go over and ask Andrew Melville. If they want to know more about the old-time rivals, they have only to go over to ask Whitefield, and Wesley, and Livingston, and Fletcher, and Nettleton, and Finney.

Oh! what a place to visit in! If eternity were one minute shorter, it would not be long enough for such sociality. When I get to Heaven—as by the grace of God I am destined to go to that place—I will come and see you all. Yes, I will come to all the people to whom I have administered the gospel, and to the millions of souls to whom, through the kindness of the printing press, I am permitted to preach every week in this land and to the uttermost parts of the earth. I will visit them all. I give them fair notice. Our departed friends of the ministry are now engaged in that delectable entertainment and undertaking.

But what are our departed Christian friends who in all departments of usefulness were busy, finding their chief joy in doing good—what are they doing now? Going right on with the work. What are our departed Christian friends who found their chief joy in studying God, doing now? Studying God yet. No need of revelation now, for unblanched they are face to face. Now they can handle the omnipotent thunderbolts just as the child handles the sword of a father come back from victorious battle. They have no sin; no fear, consequently.

But hark! the bell of the cathedral rings—the cathedral bell of Heaven. What is the matter now? There is going to be a great meeting in the temple. Worshipers all coming through the aisles. Make room for the Conqueror. Christ standing in the temple. All Heaven gathering around him. Those who loved the beautiful, come to look at the Rose of Sharon. Those who loved music, come to listen to His voice. Those who were mathematicians, come to count the years of his reign. Those who were explorers, come to discover the height and the depth and the length and breadth of his love. The astronomers come to look at the Morning Star. The men who healed the sick come to look at Him who was wounded for our transgressions. All different and different forever in many respects, yet all alike in admiration for Christ, in worship for Christ, and all alike in joining in the doxology, "Unto Him who washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God; to him be glory in the church throughout all ages, world without end." Amen.

To show you that our departed friends are more alive than they ever were, to make you homesick for Heaven, to give you an enlarged view of the glories to be revealed, I have preached this sermon.

A WOMAN'S LIFE.

Many Private Troubles Borne Without Complaint.

SOME THINGS MEN DON'T CONSIDER.

Men, Owing to Their Sex, are Blind to Much of Women's Suffering--A Cincinnati Girl Tells Women How to Avoid Much Personal Pain--Her Friends are Astonished at What She Says.

How many, think you, have any idea of the suffering endured by a large proportion of the women of America? Very few men have the slightest conception of the pain endured by so many women, even those in their own household. You will think us extravagant in expression, yet the fact remains, that diseases of the uterus and ovaries are universal



—If you are observant you may note their ravages in the pale faces you meet—more marked indications are dizziness, faintness, irritability, melancholy, extreme lassitude, sleeplessness, severe headache and disturbances of the stomach.

Miss Grace Collard, 1434 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes as follows about a noted cure for every woman's illness: "Words cannot express my gratitude for the good that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I have taken five bottles. The pains in my chest and abdomen have gone, my step is more steady, appetite better, and feel better in every respect. Menstru-

heretofore lasted too long, were very profuse and made me very weak. The Compound is a miracle. I had tried doctor's medicine, but of no avail. I would not give up the Compound for female complaints for all the doctor's medicine in the world. My friends want to know what makes me look so well. I do not hesitate one moment in telling them what has brought about this wonderful change. I cannot sing its praises enough. I hope every one who suffers as I have will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound a trial. It has helped me, and I know that it will take according to directions it will not only help but cure others." Miss Grace Collard, 1434 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Mrs. Marcia Morse, Columbus, O., writes: "May God bless you! I feel very grateful to you for the good medicine you have sent me. I am sixty years old, and never expected to be as well as I am."

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