

HEAVEN OUR HOME.

Loved Ones Waiting for Their Friends to Arrive.

That is the Glorious Consolation of the Dying Christian, and it is Fully Home Out by the Bible - We Will Know Each Other There.

Dr. Talmage in his latest sermon comforted his hearers by assuring them, on the evidence of the Scriptures, that in Heaven their broken family circles would be reunited and happiness would be theirs for all eternity. His text was II. Sam. 12: 23: "I shall go to him."

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 prostrate 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 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 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 grave digger'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 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 someone, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city, without having appointed a time and place for meeting, 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 inspiration and 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 man can number."

Now, I ask, how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining after all a falsity? Is this doctrine of future recognition 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 got 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 trembling hand, and on what seems to be a torn-out leaf of a book, and there and here is the mark of a tear; and I say: "Oh, that is a broken heart and it wants to be comforted."

Now, when you are going to build a ship you must get the right kind of timber. You lay the keel and make the frame work of the very best materials, the keelson, stanchions, plank-shear, counter-timber, knees, transoms, all iron or 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 future 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 hurricane of death, we will be swamped—we will be foundered. We want a theory built out of God's eternal word. The doctrine of future recognition is not so often positively 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 Dresden and Berlin, but his conversation implies it. And so this Bible does not so positively state this theory as, all up and down its chapters, 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 Abraham died and was gathered to his people. Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, 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 whole New Testament is an arbor over which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant 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 the celestial. Christ's garments glow and His face shines like the sun. The door of Heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and alight on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth could recognize these two spirits who had been for years in Heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only five, ten, twenty, thirty years ago?

The Bible indicates, over and over again, that 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 did Christ mean, in his conversation with Mary and Martha, when he said "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say, "Don't cry. Don't wear yourselves out with this trouble. You will see him again. Thy brother shall rise 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 other before we go to sleep, 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 apostle, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." It will be my purified, enthroned, 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 all the concentrated energy of body, mind and soul, "I know it is so!"

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, 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.

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. Cannot 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 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 and the mother. "Oh," 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 nations are 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. John Scudder? When the Indians come to God will they not know David Brainerd?

I see a soul entering Heaven at last, with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ, and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, "I have no right to be here." A voice from a 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 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. I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all the rest, will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye 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 delirious in their last moments 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 waved my hat and shouted, and after awhile I saw someone waving on the opposite bank, and I 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 shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes, and our departed

kindred are the oarsmen, the fires of the setting day tinging the tops of the paddles.

Oh, have you never sat by such a deathbed? 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 was and wasted little one lifted her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried out, "Mother!" Do you tell me that she did not see her 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 my neighbors was 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 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 us.

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidly of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities 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 evening-side 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 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 us. 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 anything 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 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 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 many shadows that are stretching across it. 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 resurrection victory.

O Heaven! sweet Heaven! You do not spell Heaven as you used to spell it, H-e-a-v-e-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 out as never before, in songs and hallelujahs. Oh, ye whose hearts are down under the sod 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 since you saw them last. On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heartaches. The loneliness. The sleepless nights. The weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of vacant chair, and empty cradle and little shoe only half worn out, never 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 broke and you found yourself standing amid-room in the midnight—alone. Talking it all over, and then, hand in hand, walking up and down in the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. Oh, 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 different it is on earth from the way it is in Heaven when a Christian dies. We say, "Close his eyes." In Heaven they say, "Give him a palm." On earth we say, "Let him down in the ground." In Heaven they say, "Hoist him on a throne." And so I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and he steps into the river, and the water comes up to the ankle. He says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "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, tell me, is this death?" and Christ says, "No, no, this is not death." And he wades still further 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 lip, and the departing one cries, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." But when Christ has lifted the soul on a throne of glory, and all the pomp and joy of Heaven came surging to its feet, then Christ said, "This, O transported soul! is death!"

LOVE IN THE CIRCUS.

TWO ROMANCES WHICH TERMINATED ON THE TRAPEZE.

How Sam Myers Proposed and Was Accepted by His Annie—The Tragedy Which Grew Out of the Love of the Howland Brothers For Jennie Dunbar.

"Ah!" "Oh!" All the spectators of the giant leap for life in the circus tent held their breaths with terror while the lithe acrobat plunged forward, released his hold and shot through space, to be securely caught in the firm grasp of his partner, who hung from his toes from another treacherous trapeze.

Twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight persons caught their breaths again as the feat was accomplished. The two remaining persons of the 13,000—a big circus tent always holds 13,000 persons, you know—watched the proceedings with an air of perfect nonchalance, as if a swing for life was no more serious matter than signaling an electric car.

Well might they be calm, for they were retired circus performers, and the perils of the tents were old stories to them, and then, as the show went on, they began exchanging reminiscences, while the listening Journal man forgot all about what was before him in his interest in these yarns.

"That jump reminds me of the way Sam Myers proposed to Annie Johnson ten years ago."

The Journal man noticed that the veteran circus man omitted the "Signor" and "Ma'amelle" from his conversation, so that Sam Myers and Annie Johnson did not bear in private life the names which adorned the circus programme and the particularized lithographs which inflame the circus going propensities of Young America.

"You see, Sam Myers and Pete Wilson and Annie Johnson were albinos that season and did a great act on the flying trapeze, in which Annie made ever so many jumps across the tent and was caught by Sam, while Pete was performing on a third bar way up above them. One jump after another was made all right by her, and suddenly everybody was surprised to see Sam lift Annie in the air as he caught her and kiss her before she turned to make the leap back to her own trapeze. Everybody wondered what it all meant, and after the act was over they soon found out.

"It seems that Sam and Pete had both fallen in love with Annie, and just before the act Pete confided to his chum his intentions of proposing to the pretty partner. Sam made up his mind that he would not be left in a case like this, but he had no chance to speak for himself until they began.

"When Annie made her first jump, he started to pop the question, and the proposal continued with interruptions as the young lady would swing back and forth and jump to and fro in the regular custom of her performance. Finally the question was asked just as she swung. Sam, hanging by his toes, waited until she made the next leap and as he heard her say 'Yes' he lifted her up and kissed her with such a smack that it could be heard all over the big tent.

"Everybody congratulated the pair but Pete. Somehow he had the impression that he had not been treated squarely in this proposal, and the firm broke up then and there."

"That reminds me of another team which was with a circus that I was performing in a dozen years ago. The Howland brothers were doing a double trapeze act, with all sorts of daring jumps, much the same sort as the one we just saw. In the same circus the leading rider was Jennie Dunbar, who was the cleverest little woman who ever jumped through a hoop, and both the boys fell in love with her.

"She was really fond of both of them, but when they proposed she accepted Will and told Fred that she could only be a sister to him. When Fred proposed, we were performing up in Canada, and the proposal was made just before the afternoon performance. When the boys came up for their turn, we all noticed that Fred was pale and nervous, while Will was just the reverse. Their act went on just the same as usual, and finally came their last jump, which was the most daring of all. Fred hung by his toes, and Will made the swing clear across the tent. We never knew how it happened, whether Fred was so nervous that he lost his grip or whether he did it deliberately, but just as Will came flying through the air Fred trembled and dropped from his hold down into the net, while Will shot through the air and fell in the ring clear beyond the edge of the net. When they ran to him, he was dead. Jennie was almost crazy with grief, and Fred had an attack of brain fever, from which he did not recover for months.

"No one could tell whether he deliberately dropped to get rid of his rival or whether he was so sick that he could not hold himself longer. At any rate, as soon as he got well he proposed to Jennie again and was accepted. They are married now and retired from the business."—Boston Journal.

A Novel Advertising Scheme.

An ingenious German bicycle manufacturer has invented the following device as an advertising scheme: He has published a notice in the daily press, according to which he promises to give a high grade machine and a bicycling suit to any one who pays 1 cent spot cash; but, according to the agreement, the purchaser must pay for two weeks the double of the amount that had been paid the preceding day. It is but a simple problem in arithmetic to discover that at the end of two weeks the bicycle and suit will have cost something over \$160.

Ingenuous advertisements, as will be seen, are not confined exclusively to the United States.—Exchange.

BACKACHE

A Very Significant Indication of Organic Derangement.

WOMEN SHOULD HEED THE WARNING

Mrs. A. H. Cole of New Rochelle, N. Y., Says That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the Only Remedy Women Should Rely Upon.

The back is the mainspring of women's organism and quickly calls attention to trouble by aching; it tells with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in the loins, weight in the lower part of the body and that all-gone feeling, that nature requires assistance at once. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women are now testifying, has for twenty years been the one and only effective remedy in such cases; it speedily removes the cause and effectually restores the organs to a healthy and normal condition.

Mrs. John H. Juey, of Susquehanna Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I have taken your Vegetable Compound and I think there is no medicine like it in the world. There is no other medicine for suffering women that will come anywhere near it. I have been troubled with female weakness and was so bad with falling of the womb that I could not do any work and did not leave the house for a long time. I tried good doctors and they did me no good. I gave up hopes, for I was so bad I thought my back would break. I read your little book, sent and got a bottle and the first dose I took did me good and it eventually cured me. If more women would take it there would be less suffering."



Remember the all-important fact that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are communicating your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience is greater than any male physician in America. You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man. Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., is more than ready and willing to have you write her if you are in doubt. She will gladly answer every letter. Her advice is free.

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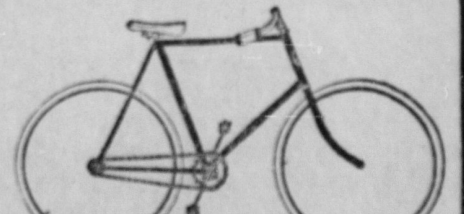
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