OUR HOME IN HEAVEN

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Glories of Our Father's House.

There Are in It Many Rooms, and There Is a Place for Every One of God's Chil-

(Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch.) Washington, Nov. 5.

In a unique way the Heavenly world is discoursed upon by Dr. Talmage in this sermon under the figure of a home; text, John 14:2: "In my father's house are many rooms."

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered Heaven as an alternative, a stimulant and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that, though they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of Heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all Heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of Heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says: "In my Father's house are many rooms."

This Divinely authorized comparison of Heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room, that is George's room, that is Henry's room, that is Flora's room, that is Mary's room, and the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world and build their own homes, and the daughters are married or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After awhile the father and mother are almost alone in the house, and, seated by the evening stand, they "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together 40 years ago." But time goes still farther by, and some of the children are unfortunate, and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them, and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full.

Millennia ago God built on the hills of Heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first He lived alone in that great house, but after awile it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return, and many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about the many roomed home. stead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in Heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets and worship with them in the temple and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, Heaven will be so large that if one wants an entire room to himself or herself it can be af-

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twentyfirst chapter, that the Heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be 12,000 furlongs and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make Heaven in size 948 sextillion 988 quintillion cubic feet, and then, reserving a certain portion for the court of Heaven and the streets and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over 5,000,000,000,000 rooms, each room 17 feet long, 16 feet wide, 15 feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read, the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. The fact is that most people in this world are crowded, and, though out on a vast prairie or in a | got over his dislike for Methodists, and mountain district people may have Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike more room than they want, in most cases it is a house built close to house, and the streets are crowded, and the eradle is crowded by other cradles, and the graves crowded in the cemetery by other graves, and one of the richest luxuries of many people in getting out of this world will be the gaining of unhindered and uneramped room. And 1 should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out St. James or Winter palace. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands, and go | and David the psalmist fingers the harp, steps an invisible guardsman awings to the right into the reception room of | der matchless duet in the music room the old homestead. That is the first of the old heavenly homestead! "In place where we first meet the welcome | my Father's house are many rooms."

of Heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters, and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this worldwhat scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fraticide, pious Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greets all newcomers. He redeemed them, and He has the right to the first embrace on arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about Him or or there be only a few plain chairs and talked about Him or sang about Him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime will it be, just for one second, to see Him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of Him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio is a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of His appearance in that reception room. At that moment when you confront each other. Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Chris:, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggar all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history-the first kiss of Heaves! Jesus and the soul! The soul and

But now into that reception room

pour the glorified kinsfolk, enough of

earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or sicknesses or their troubles-see what Heaven has done for them! -- so radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name. They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and Heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant. Though they were in some other world on errand from God, a signal would be thrown out that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of Heavenly salutation, and we will say: "Oh, my lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh, my lost friend! Are we here together?" What scenes in that reception room of the old homestead bave been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son: Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gospelized, and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth, but gloriously met in Heaven Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of Heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not so much as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key, but if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian choristers and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for them some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords and no music in the land of complete harmony? I cannot give you the notes of the first bar of the new song that is sung in Heaven. I cannot imagine eitner the solo or the doxology. But Heaven means music, and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller, dying at Beaufort, S. C., said: "Do you not hear?" "Hear what?" exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the win-

In that music room of our Father's house you will some day meet the old masters. Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doddridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose, and James Montgomery, and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy, and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's ley mountains and India's coral strand," and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light," and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week, but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay 36 years, and side by side Augustus Toplady, who has for Calvinists, and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a song-maker as he was great as a preacher and the author of "The Village Hymns," and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by eventide cradle, and many who were passionately fond of music, but could singer there more than any earthly prima donna and the poorest players there more than any earthly Gottschalkas only 17 feet by 16, it should be Oh, that music room, the headquarters larger than any of the rooms at Berlin, of cadence and hythm, symphony and chant, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, up to this majestic homestead and see and Miriam of the Red sea banks claps for ourselves. As we ascend the golden | the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four and twenty open the front door, and we are ushered | elders chant, and Lind and Parepa ren-

Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorrows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our dwellings, whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans and books in Russian lids standing in mahogany case a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfolk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burials, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh, no! Everything is perfect there. The child will go shead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian. However much we love our children on earth, we would consider it a domestic disaster if they staid children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured, while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there. If 40 or 45 or 50 years be the apex of physical and mental life on earth, then the Heavenly childhood will advance to that, and the Heavenly old age will retreat to that. When we join them in that family room we shall have much to tell them. We shall want to know of them, right away, such things as these: Did you see us in this or that or the other struggle? Did you know when we lost our property and sympathize with us? Did you know we had that awful sickness? Were you hovering anywhere around us when we plunged into that memorable accident? Did you know of our backsliding? Did you know of that moral victory? Were you pleased when we started for

than we to tell them. Ten years on earth may be very eventful, but what must be the biography of ten years in Heaven? They will have to tell us the story of coronations, story of news from all immensity, story of conquerors and hierarchs, story of wrecked or ransomed planets, story of angelic victory over diabolic revolts, of extinguished suns, of obliterated constellations, of new galaxies kindled and swung, of stranded comets, of worlds on fire and story of Jehovah's majestic reign. If in that family room of our Father's house we have so much to tell them of what we have passed through since we parted, how much more thril!ing and arousing that which they have to tell us of what they have passed through since we parted! Surely that family room will be one of the most favored rooms in all our Father's house. What long lingering there, for never again be in a hurry! "Let me open a window," said a humble Chris tian servant to Lady Raffles, who, because of the death of her child, had shut herself up in a dark room and refused to see anyone. "You have been many days in this dark room. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen, and, instead of leaving him in this world till he should be worn with trouble, has not God taken him to Heaven in all his beauty? Leave off weeping and let me open a window." So to-day I am trying to open upon the darkness of earthly separation the windows and doors and rooms of the Heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Heaven? Did you celebrate the hour

of our conversion? And then, whether

they know it or not, we will tell them

all. But they will have more to tell us

How would it do for my sermon to leave you in that family room to-day I am sure there is no room in which you would rather stay than in the enraptured circle of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit other rooms in our Father's house. There may be picture galleries penciled not with earthly art, but by some process unknown in this world, preserving for the next world the brightest and most stupendous scenes of human history and there may be lines and forms of earthly beauty preserved whiter and chaster and richer than Venetian sculp ture ever wrought - rooms beside rooms, rooms over rooms, large rooms, majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, amethystine rooms. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it it is absolutely necessary that we make the right way, and Christ is the way, and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door and we must start in time, and the only hose you are sare of is the hour the lock now strikes, and the only second he one your watch is now ticking. hold in my hand a roll of letters invit ing you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roft of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood I have built for you a great residence. make none themselves, the poorest . It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysoprasus is nothing, illumined panels of sunrise and sunset nothing. the aurora of the northern heavens nothing, compared with the splendor with which I have garnitured them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a

sins away. Come now! Put your weary

but cleansed feet on the upward path-

way. Do you not see amid the thick

foliage on the heavenly hilltops the

old family homestead?" "In my Fa-

ther's house are many rooms."

WRECK OF A CRUISER

The Charleston a Total Loss, But All on Board Saved.

LANDED READY FOR A FIGHT.

But Instead of Finding Hostiles They Found a Half savage People Who Regarded Them With Curiosity-Many Escaped in Under Clothing.

Manila, Nov. 14.-The United States cruiser Charleston, which has been patrolling the northern coast of Luzon, was wrecked on a reef off the northwest coast on Tuesday, Nov. 7. All on board were saved.

The vessel struck an uncharted coral reef ten miles east of Kamiguin Island. Her stern was almost submerged and the bow almost out of water. A heavy Cheap in Price but not in Quility, sea was on, and the cruiser began roliing violently. The water tight doors were quickly closed, but were stove in under the engine compartment, the

largest of the ship. After the first efforts to right her the officers feared she might slide off because of the heavy sea, and therefore abandoned the attempt to save her. They hurried to the launch and boats and rowed away, prepared to fight for a landing, with two Colt guns, 134 rifles and ten days' rations. Some of the officers and men were dressed only in pajamas and their under clothing. Two hours after the Charleston struck all had gotten away. A party returned two days later, but found it impossible to save anything.

The first landing was made on a little island, with a front of barren rocks. Next day the boats again took to the water and proceeded to Kamiguin Island, where a landing was made in the expectation that fighting would be necessary. So far from this being the case, however, the Charleston's men found a half savage people, who regarded them with curiosity rather than hostility

On the third day the storm had greatly subsided and Lieutenant John D. McDonald, with Boatswain Dominick Glynn and six men, started for the Gulf of Lingayen in a 30 foot sailing launch, hoping to find an American warship, but entirely ignorant of General Wheaton's expedition.

Lieutenant McDonald was four days affoat, keeping under shelter of the hostile shore for two days on account of the high seas, being most of the time in a soaking rain. Finally, flying the Union Jack down, clad in their under clothing and drenched to the skin, the officer and his companions overtook the transport Aztec, which carried them to the battleship Oregon. The gunboat Helena was due to ar-

arrive at Kamiguin Island Monday. In naval circles the accident is considered quite unavoidable. The only wonder is that there are not more such disasters in Philippine waters,

which are most indifferently charted. The Charleston lies practically in the open sea, and there is no hope of saving her or the valuable paraphernalia and contents of the cruiser.

The Charleston, which was built in San Francisco in 1888, had a displacement of 3,730 tons, was 312 feet 7 inches in length, 46 feet 2 inches in beam, and 21 feet 8 inches in draught. She was of steel, having two propel lers, one funnel and two masts, with military tops. She carried two inch guns, six 6-inch guns, four 6pounders, two 3-pounders, six pounders, two machine guns and one light gun, with four torpedo tubes. She had a complement of 306 men.

GENERAL CRONJE'S PROTEST.

He Declares the British Are Violating the Geneva Convention.

London, Nov. 15 .- There is no additional news regarding the progress of hostilities in South Africa morning except a dispatch from Mafeking, forwarded by a runner, dated suitings-40 to 52 inches wide. Oct. 31, which says that during the afternoon General Cronje, the Boer commander, sent an envoy to Colonel Baden-Powell, under a flag of truce, to declare that he did not consider the Geneva convention authorized the flag of the Red Cross society to fly from several buildings at once in the town, and that in his opinion the employment of natives against whites and the use of dynamite mines were both opposed to the rules of war.

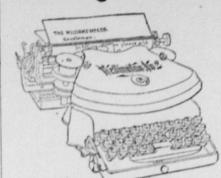
Colonel Baden-Powell replied that the Geneva convention did not stipulate as to the number of Red Cross stations permissible, and that Boers were only required to respect the convent, the hospital and the women's laager, all of which were beyond the town limits. The British commander also pointed out that mines were recognized adjuncts of civilized warfare. extensively mined. Moreover, he reminded General Cronje that the Boers had fired upon natives, burned their kraals and raided their cattle, and that the natives only defended their and wrappers. lives and property.

Despite three warnings from Colonel Baden-Powell *he Boers continued de- at 5c. liberately to sell the hospital and the women's laaber. The sending of the Boer envoy was regarded as a mere pretext for penetrating the British

A Cigarmakers' Trust. New York, Nov. 15,-The Tribune says: A syndicate of cigar manufacturers has been formed, with a capital of \$7,000,000 common stock and \$3,-000,000 preferred stock. The men interested in the new combine met yesterday to elect officers and to talk over the final details of the plan. It is understood that Isldor Hernshelms, of New Orleans, was elected president of the syndicate. The purpose of the combination is to reduce competition and incidentally the expense of doing

Dower to Transfer His Home. Washington, Nov. 15 .- Preliminary steps have been taken, it is said, to transfer to Mrs. Dewey the title to the Dewey home, 1747 Rhode Island avenue, which the American people presented to the admiral in recognition of fountain where you may wash all your his brilliant naval victory at Manila. The matter is in the hands of the District Title company, and the papers, it is understood, have been drawn and await the necessary signatures. Dewey and his bride returned from New York

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11 10 a m. at Altoona, 1.00 p m; at Pittsburg
Leave Bellefonte 1 05 p m: arrive at Tyrone
2 15 p m; at Altoona 2 55 p m; at Pittsburg
7 00 p m.
Leave Bellefonte 4 44 p m; arrive at Tyrone
6 00; at Altoona at 7 40; at Pittsburg at 11 3

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9 55 a m, arrive at Tyrone 11 lu; at Harrisburg 2 40 p m; at Philadelphia 5 47 p m.

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VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 932 a m, arrive at Lock
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Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m. arrive at Lock
Haven, 10.30, leave Williamsport, 12.40 p.m.
arrive at Harrisburg, 3.29 p.m., at Philadei
phia at 6.22 p.

arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadel phia at 6.22 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 1.42 p. m., arrive at Lock Baven, 2.43 p. m., Williamsport, 3.50 p.m., Harrisburg, 7.10 p. m.
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