

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 Children.

(Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopfch.) 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 say: "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 awhile 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 rooms homestead. "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 afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first 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 955 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 mountain district people may have more room than they want, in most cases it is a house built close to house, and the streets are crowded, and the cradle 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 untramped room. And I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only 17 feet by 16, it should be larger than any of the rooms at Berlin, 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 up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardswoman swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the first place where we first meet the welcome

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 world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the fratricide, 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 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 orator 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 Christ, 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 Heaven! Jesus and the sinner! The soul and Jesus!

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 have 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 heart-break of Bethany; Timothy and grand-mother 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 beamed; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gossiped, 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 either 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 windows!"

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 icy 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 got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike 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 evenside cradle, and many who were passionately fond of music, but could make none themselves, the poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna and the poorest player there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh, that music room, the headquarters of cadence and hymn, symphony and chant, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and David the psalmist fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four and twenty elders chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old Heavenly homestead! "In my Father'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 sea was on, and the cruiser began rolling 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 Boutswain Dominick Glynn and six men, started for the Gulf of Lingayen in a 20-foot sailing launch, hoping to find an American warship, but entirely ignorant of General Wheaton's expedition.

Lieutenant McDonald was four days afloat, 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 Atzet, which carried them to the battleship Oregon. The gunboat Helena was due to 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 propellers, one funnel and two masts, with military tops. She carried two 8-inch guns, six 6-inch guns, four 1-pounders, two 3-pounders, six 1-pounders, two machine guns and one light gun, with four torpedo tubes. She had a complement of 506 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 this morning except a dispatch from Mafeking, forwarded by a runner, dated 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 the Boers were only required to respect the convention, 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, and that the defenses of Pretoria were 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 lives and property.

Despite three warnings from Colonel Baden-Powell the Boers continued deliberately to fire on the hospital and the women's laager. The sending of the Boer envoy was rewarded as a mere pretext for penetrating the British lines.

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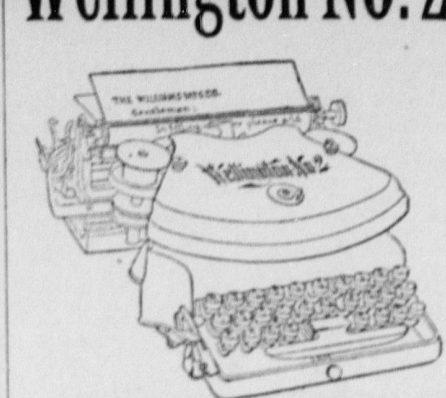
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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. In effect on and after May 17, 1897.

VIA TYONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Tyone 11:10 a.m., at Altoona, 1:55 p.m.; at Pittsburgh 5:50 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m., arrive at Tyone 2:15 p.m.; at Altoona 2:55 p.m.; at Pittsburgh 7:00 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m., arrive at Tyone 6:00; at Altoona 6:40; at Pittsburgh at 11:35

VIA TYONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Tyone 11:10; at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia 5:47 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m., arrive at Tyone 2:15 p.m.; at Harrisburg 7:00 p.m.; at Philadelphia 9:57 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m., arrive at Tyone 6:00; at Harrisburg at 10:20 p.m.; at Philadelphia 4:30 a.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p.m.; at Williamsport 3:50 p.m. Leave Bellefonte at 8:31 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven at 9:30 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10:30, leave Williamsport, 12:45 p.m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3:30 p.m., at Philadelphia at 6:25 p.m. Leave Bellefonte, 1:42 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 2:45 p.m., Williamsport, 3:50 p.m., Harrisburg, 7:30 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 8:31 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9:30 p.m., leave Williamsport, 12:30 a.m., arrive Harrisburg, 3:22 a.m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6:52 a.m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte at 6:30 a.m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9:15 a.m., Harrisburg, 11:30 a.m., Philadelphia, 3:50 p.m., 12:45 p.m. Leave Bellefonte, 2:15 p.m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47, at Harrisburg, 7:10 p.m., Philadelphia at 11:15 p.m.

LEWISBURG & TYONE RAILROAD. In effect May 17, 1897.

Table with columns for WESTWARD, STATIONS, and EASTWARD. Includes stations like Montandon, Lewisburg, Fair Ground, Hill, Vicksburg, Millmont, Cherry Run, Coburn, Rising Springs, Greig, Linden Hill, Lemont, Summit, and Pleasant Gap.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

Table with columns for WESTWARD, STATIONS, and EASTWARD. Includes stations like Tyone, Bald Eagle, Fowler, Hannal, Fox Matilda, Martha, Julian, Unionville, Snow Shoe Int, Milesburg, Bellefonte, Curtin, Mt Eagle, Howard, Eagleville, Beech Creek, Mill Hill, Pennington, and Lock Haven.

BELLEFONTE & SNOWSHOE BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after May 17, 1897. Leave Bellefonte 7:00 a.m. and 1:05 p.m. Arrive at Snow Shoe 9:00 a.m. " 2:32 "

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Time Table effective Nov. 21, 1898.

Table with columns for READ DOWN, STATIONS, and READ UP. Includes stations like Jersey Shore, Wmport, and New York.

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