TALMAGE'S TRIP.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON

Preached at Athens, Greece, on the Glory of the After Life.

[illegible] outburstings joy such as none but a glorified intelligence could experience. Oh! to gaze full upon the brow that was lacerated, upon the side that was pierced, upon the feet that were nailed, to stand close up in the presence of Him who prayed for us on the mountain, and thought of us by the sea, and agonized for us in the garden, and died for us in horrible crucifixion, to feel of Him, to embrace Him, to take His hand to kiss His feet, to run our fingers along the scars of ancient suffering, to say, "This is my Jesus! He gave Himself for me." I shall never leave His presence. I shall forever behold His glory. I shall eternally hear His voice. Lord Jesus, now I see Thee! I behold where the blood started, where the tears coursed, where the face was disturbed. I have waited for this hour. I shall never turn my back on Thee. No more sighing through intercessory prayer. No more studying Thee in the darkness. But as long as the throne stands and the angels fling their flags and chaplets and lyres, and as long as the ransomed shall sing the song of victory, I shall be Thine, Thine forever! Jesus, Lord, I come! I come! I come! [illegible] and forever—Amen.

The rest of my texts is just as the wing applied to God's people. Who has a right to come pass to the thoroughly improbable? You say, "But what does this mean? What is God going to do with me now? He tells me that all things work together for good. This does not look like it." You continue to study the dispensation, and after a while guess about what God means. He means to teach me this. Perhaps it is to teach me that. Perhaps it is to humble my pride. Perhaps it is to make me feel more dependent. Perhaps to teach me the uncertainty of life. But after all, it is only a guess—a looking through the glass darkly. The Bible assures us there shall be a satisfactory unfolding. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." You will know why God took to Himself that only child. Next door there was a household of seven children. Why not take one from that group instead of your only one? Why single out the dwelling in which there was only one heart beating responsive to yours? Why did God give you a child at all, if He meant to take it away? Why fill the cup of your gladness brimming, if He meant to dash it down? Why allow all the tendrils of your heart to wind around that object, and then, when every fibre of your own life seemed to be interlocked with the child's life, with strong hand to tear you apart, until you fall bleeding and crushed, your dwelling desolate, your hopes blasted, your heart broken? Do you suppose that God will explain it? Yea, He will make it plainer than any mathematical problem—as plain as that two and two make four. In the light of the throne you will see that it was right—all right. "Just and true are all Thy ways, Thou King of saints."

Here is a man who cannot get on in the world. He always seems to buy at the wrong time and to sell at the worst disadvantage. He tries this enterprise, and fails; that business, and is disappointed. The man next door to him has a lucrative trade, but he lacks customers. A new prospect opens. His income is increased. But that year his family are sick, and the profits are expended in trying to cure the ailments. He gets a discouraged look. Becomes faithless as to success. Begins to expect disasters. Others wait for something to turn up; he waits for it to turn down. Others, with only half as much religion and character, get on twice as well. He sometimes guesses as to what it all means. He says, "Perhaps riches would ruin me. Perhaps poverty is necessary to keeping humble. Perhaps I might, if things were otherwise, be tempted into dissipation." But there is no complete solution of the mystery. He sees through a glass, darkly, and must wait for a higher unfolding. Will there be an explanation? Yes, God will take that man in the light of the throne, and say, "O child immortal, hear the explanation! You remember the failing of that great enterprise. This is the explanation." And you will answer, "It is all right."

I see every day, profound mysteries of Providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are loudreels of graves that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne, no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly unintuitable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind, and Lazarus that he was covered with sores, and Joseph that he was cast into the pit, and Daniel that he dwelt with lions, and Paul that he was shipwrecked, and David that he was driven from Jerusalem, and the sewing-woman that she could get only a few pence for making a garment, and that invalid that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow, and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. You know that in a song different voices carry different parts. The sweet and overwhelming part of the hallelujah of heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places, and gave sumptuous entertainments, but poor children will sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed lunatics will sing it, those who were once the offscouring of earth will sing it. The hallelujah will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes and aching brows, and exhausted lands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies.

Again. The thought of my texts is true when applied to the enjoyment of the righteous in heaven. I think we have but little idea of the number of the righteous in heaven. Infidels say, "Your heaven will be a very small place compared with the world of the lost; for, according to your teaching, the majority of men will be destroyed." I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the finally lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful. I suppose that the few sick people in the hospitals of our great cities, as compared with the hundreds of thousands of well people, would not be smaller than the number of those who shall be cast out in suffering, compared with those who shall have upon them the beauty of heaven. For we are to remember that we are living in only the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this whole world is to be populated and redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to follow on. If this be so, the multitudes of the saved will be in vast majority. Take all the congregations that have assembled for worship throughout Christendom, put them together, and they would make but a small audience compared with the thousands and tens of thousands and ten thousand times ten thousand and thousand times ten thousand and forty and four thousand that shall stand around the throne. Those that fled up to heaven in martyr fire, those tossed for many years on the invalid couch, those fought in the crusades of liberty, and those as they fell, those tumbled from high scaffolding or slipped from the mast or were washed off into the sea. They come up from Corinth, from Laodicea, from the Red Sea bank and Gennesaret's wave, from Egyptian brickyards and Gideon's threshing floor. Those who died years ago slept the last sleep, and those who died this moment, having their eyes closed, and their limbs stretched out for the sponger.

A General expecting an attack from the enemy stands on a hill and looks through a field glass, and sees in the great distance multitudes approaching, but has no idea of their number. Because I cannot tell anything about them, I merely know that there are a great number. And so I am now attempting to present says, "A great multitude that no man can number." We are outbursting joy such as none but a glorified intelligence could experience. Oh! to gaze full upon the brow that was lacerated, upon the side that was pierced, upon the feet that were nailed, to stand close up in the presence of Him who prayed for us on the mountain, and thought of us by the sea, and agonized for us in the garden, and died for us in horrible crucifixion, to feel of Him, to embrace Him, to take His hand to kiss His feet, to run our fingers along the scars of ancient suffering, to say, "This is my Jesus! He gave Himself for me." I shall never leave His presence. I shall forever behold His glory. I shall eternally hear His voice. Lord Jesus, now I see Thee! I behold where the blood started, where the tears coursed, where the face was disturbed. I have waited for this hour. I shall never turn my back on Thee. No more stoking through intercessory prayer. No more studying Thee in the darkness. But as long as the throne stands and the angels fling their flags and chaplets and lyres, and as long as the ransomed shall sing the song of victory, I shall be Thine, Thine forever! Jesus, Lord, I come! I come! I come! Amen.

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We get very imperfect ideas of the reunions of heaven. We think of some festal day on earth, when father and mother were yet living, and the children came home. A good time that! But it had this drawback—all were not there. That brother went off to sea, and never was heard from. That sister—did we not lay her away in the freshness of her young life, never more in this world to look upon her? Ah! there was a skeleton at the feast, and tears mingled with our laughter on that Christmas day. Not so with heaven's reunions. It will be an uninterrupted gladness. Many a Christian parent will look around and find all his children there. "Ah!" he says, "can it be possible that we are all here—life's perils over, the Jordan passed and not one wanting? Why, even the prodigal is here! I almost gave him up. How long he despised my counsels! but grace hath triumphed. All here! all here! Tell the mighty joy through the city. Let the bells ring, and the angels mention it in their song. Wave it from the top of the walls. All here!"

No more breaking of heartstrings, but face to face. The orphans that were left poor, and in a merciless world, kicked and cuffed of many hardships, shall join their parents over whose graves they so long wept, and gaze into their glorified countenances forever, face to face. We may come up from different parts of the world, one from the land and another from the depths of the sea, from lives affluent and prosperous, or from scenes of ragged distress. But we shall all meet in rapture and jubilee, face to face.

Many of our friends have entered upon that joy. A few days ago they sat with us studying these Gospel themes, but they only saw dimly—now revelation hath come. Your time will also come. God will not leave you floundering in the darkness. You stand wonder-struck and amazed. You feel as if all the loveliness of life were dashed from you. You stand gazing into the open chasm of the grave. Wait a little. In the presence of your departed and of Him who carries them in His bosom, you shall soon clasp them face to face. Oh! that our last hour may kindle up with this promised joy! May we begin to say, like the Christian not long since dying, "Though a pilgrim walking through the valley, the mountain tops are planning from peak to peak" or, like my dear friend and brother, Alfred Cookman, who took his flight to the throne of God, saying in his last moment that which has already come from Christian classics, "I am sweeping through the pearly gate, washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES

The next convention of the National W. C. T. U. will be held in Atlanta, Georgia.

It is stated that ninety-three per cent. of all children taking the temperance pledge remain faithful to their early vows.

"When a young man starts out to get a drink and passes an old drunkard on the way, we wonder that he doesn't think of him."

A total of 1,671 Young Women's Christian Temperance unions, with 71,657 regular and 6,000 honorary members, was reported to the convention.

There are among beverages more than half the bulk of which is alcohol. Irish and Scotch whisky contain nearly fifty-five per cent. Brandy and gin nearly as much. In strong ale there is nearly seven per cent. of alcohol.

Dr. Jessica Strong, author of "Our Country," says: "At no time in all the year and at no place in all the land is there so much of the saving power of the nation gathered together as at the annual convention of the W. C. T. U."

In the first nine months of last year England consumed 11,213,471 gallons of wine, 18,261,251 gallons of spirits, and 18,851,818 gallons of beer. In this year she has consumed 11,365,296 gallons of wine, 18,734,201 gallons of spirits, and 21,920,993 gallons of beer.

Professor William T. Anderson, head of the Brooklyn Normal School for Physical Education, addressed the National Convention at Chicago on his specialty and generously offered to train gratuitously five young women for W. C. T. U. evangelists of physical culture.

While the number of existing drink-houses in London has not increased of late years, the dram-shops of Paris have risen from 24,000 in 1880 to nearly 30,000 in the present year. In thirty years the consumption of alcohol in France has trebled, and in ten years it has doubled, the average consumption being twelve quarts for each male adult.

Miss Sallie A. Moore, of Philadelphia, President of St. Malachi's Ladies' Total Abstinence Society—the first Roman Catholic woman to address a public assembly in the presence of a bishop and priests—recently sent the following message to Miss Frances Willard: "No sectarianism in religion, no sectionalism in politics, no sex in citizenship, but each and all of us for God and home and native land."

Have we a Christian civilization? We are told that in the city of New York 150,000 children are day and night, and night and day, under the demoralizing influences of the saloon; we are told by the Citizens' League of Chicago that 30,000 children go day after day into your saloons and drink and bring away drink. We have heard from the platform here of your $70,000,000 for liquor, and $26,000,000 for beer. Do you think the churches pointing heavenward, do you think great societies that meet together and send away their millions to the heathen can atone for that?—*Mrs. Clara Hoffman.*

ALCOHOL AND THE HEART

"The smallest amount of alcohol, says Dr. Kate Mitchell in the *Temperance Banner*, will increase the beats of the heart, and people generally take it in order to produce this effect. As the heart beats more quickly, the blood seems to circulate more freely through the blood-vessels, and there is for the moment a feeling of renewed energy and strength all over the body. When, however, the effects of the alcohol have worn off, the heart beats more slowly than it should do, and the person feels depressed and languid until some more of the same drug is taken. Thus the heart is always being made to work than it should do, and never getting enough rest, and is thus the extra wear and tear begins to tell upon it, and it labors hard to do the work which it ought to accomplish easily and unconsciously. The greater the quantity of alcohol taken, the greater is the injury done to the heart. As time goes by its muscular fibres become thickened, and there is a fat amongst them; this is called fatty degeneration, which prevents a free action of the heart. The lining membrane of this organ becomes inflamed, and the natural passage of the blood is thus obstructed, and it becomes enlarged and diseased. The lungs also suffer in the same way, and at last may become so diseased that they are powerless to prevent the blood flowing through them. When this condition of the lungs, in addition to that of the heart, is established with and disturbed, and death must result, because it is impossible to keep the heart back to a healthy condition. Whenever the heart is diseased it is incurable, and even total abstinence will not let alone to anything to keep. The best thing is to prevent such a terrible state of things from happening, for prevention is better than cure."

How Hail Is Formed.

A correspondent of *Nature* contributes to that journal a theory of the formation of hail, which is so short and clear that it will interest many readers. The writer says:

Limiting our notice to such compound hailstones as are the most destructive, and are produced during a tornado or a violent thunder-storm, the following is, in a few words, the theory of their formation:

When the winds gyrate rapidly round an axis, more or less inclined to the earth, the space at and about the axis is rarefied. When air charged with vapor is drawn into this rarefied space, it may be condensed into cloud or rain, but at a greater elevation into snow. Now supposing the rain formed in the lower region to be drawn up by the ascending current into the snowy region, and so held for a short space, the drops will be frozen, and then, if propelled beyond the gyrations, it will fall to the ground as a shower of ordinary hail. But if in the descent they are again drawn in by the inflowing current, they will be again carried up into the cold region, and so acquire another coating of snow, or, if wetted in the previous descent, the water will freeze into of transparent ice. In this way the globule may make a number of ascents and descents, and acquire a fresh coating each time.

Some Queer Customs.

The Hindoo falls in the dust before his superior.

The Chinaman dismounts when a great man goes by.

It is common in Arabia Petraea to put cheek to cheek.

In Germany brothers kiss each other every time they meet.

Germans consider it an act of politeness to kiss a lady's hand.

A Japanese removes his sandals, crosses his hands and cries out, "Spare me!"

The Burmese pretends to smell of a person's face, pronounce it sweet, and then ask for a "smell."

A striking salutation of the South Sea Islands is to fling a jar of water over the head of a friend.

In some of the South Sea Islands natives spit on their hands and rub the face of the complimented person.

The Australian natives practice the singular custom, when meeting, of sticking out their tongues at each other.

The Arabs hug and kiss each other, making simultaneously a host of inquiries about each other's health and prospects.

The Tuts crosses his hands upon his breast and makes a profound obeisance, thus manifesting his regard without coming in personal contact with its object.

A Moorish gentleman rides at his friends at a gallop, shoots his pistol, and fancies that he has done everything in the line of courtesy which can be expected of him.

A Boy Eaten by an Alligator.

Tom Washington, in company with his father and another colored man went fishing the other day in Dennis's mill pond in Camden County, S. C. After supplying themselves with a half boat-load of the finny tribe, the party headed their boat for the landing. Just before starting, however, Tom was ordered to change from the prow to the stern of the boat. In attempting to do this he fell overboard. Before he could regain the boat a monster alligator arose to the surface and fastened his jaws about the boy's body. The boy began to shriek and cry most pitifully, and called to his father for help. Human assistance, however, could avail nothing, and the boy was carried beneath the waters.

The two colored men then returned to the landing and told the story over to the community, and, securing a party, they put back to the fatal scene. The men were all armed, and after reaching the spot, a little dog, brought along for the purpose, was thrown into the water as a bait for the alligator. No sooner did the dog strike the water than the monster made an attack upon it. At a given signal everybody fired upon the huge animal, killing him instantly. The alligator's body was then taken ashore and cut open. In its entrails human flesh and clothing were found.

Movable Birthdays.

There lives, or there did a few years ago, an old lady in this country, who has a movable birthday. She had the good fortune to be born on Easter Sunday, and she insists on receiving presents and congratulations on that festival, no matter when it occurs. Lots of people have tried to reason with the old lady, calendar in hand, but she replies to them all: "I was born on Easter Sunday morn fifty-six years ago, and till I die Easter Sunday will be my birthday."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops, best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address, Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Ore.

The lawyer quits at five for to-day, but he neglects two-fifths.

Tutt's Liver Pills are delight. Address a boost on Cigar.

The People

are not slow to understand that, in order to warrant their manufacturers in guaranteeing them to benefit or cure, medicines must possess more than ordinary merit and curative properties. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the only blood medicine sold through druggists under a *positive guarantee* that it will benefit or cure or money paid for it will be returned. In all blood, skin and scalp diseases, and for all scrofulous affections, it is specific.

$500 Reward offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incurable case.

Experts at picking locks—wig makers.

Agents' Bonanza. Hill's Champion Steam Cooker. Nice work. Large profits. Hill, Whitney & Co., Boston, Mass.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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50 Cts.
COLD IN HEAD
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Act on the liver and bile, clear the complexion, cure biliousness, sick headache, costiveness, malaria and all liver and stomach disorders. We are now making a small size Bile Bean especially adapted for children and women, very small and easy to take. Price of either size 25c per bottle.

A panel size PHOTO-GRAVURE of the above picture, "Kissing at 1 A. M.," mailed on receipt of 2c stamp. Address the makers of the great Anti-Bilious remedy—"Bile Beans."

I. F. SMITH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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I was troubled so badly with rheumatism in my right shoulder and joints of my legs as not to be able to walk. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now I don't feel any aches or pains anywhere. I sell newspapers right in the middle of the street every day in the year, and have been doing so for five years, and standing on the cold stones ain't no picnic, I can tell you. And if Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me it certainly ought to be good for those people who don't stand on the cold stones. I can be seen everyday in the year at corner Tompkins and Dekalb Avenues. EVERETT W. HOWARD, Brooklyn, N.Y. N. B.—Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

100 Doses One Dollar

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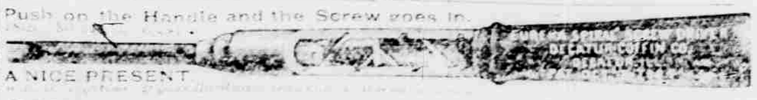

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