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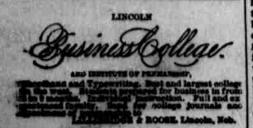
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#### THE COMING GLORY.

NEW YEAR'S SERMON BY THE REV. DR. TALMAGE.

In This World We Get no Idea of the Extent and Glory of Heaven-Eye Hath Not Seen nor Ear Heard Anything Like the Advancing Splendors.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 1 .- At the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., announced that next Sabbath he will begin a course of sermons to the women of America, with practical hints for men, the following subjects among others;

"The Women Who Have to Fight the Battle of Life Alone," "Marriage for Worldly Success, without Reference to Moral Char-neter," "Is Engagement as Binding as Marriage," "Women Who Are Already Uncongenially Married," "Indinences Abroad for the Destruction of Women," "Wifely Ambi-tion Right and Wrong," "What Kind of Men Women Should Avoid," "Simplicity as Opposed to Affectation," "Reformation in Dress," "Plain Women," "The Female Skeptic" and "Christian Housewifery,"

This morning Dr. Talmage's subject was:
"The Coming Glory;" his text, I Corinthians
ii, 0: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." He said: Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight. How strange it looks, and how strange it sounds! Not only is the past year dead but the century is dying. Only twelve more long breaths and the old giant will have expired. None of the past cen-turies will be present at the obsequies. Only the Twentieth century will see the Nine-teenth buried. As all the years are hastening past, and all our lives on earth will soon be ended, I propose to cheer myself, and cheer you with the glories to come, which shall utterly eclipse all the glories past; for my text tells us that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, anything like the advancing splen-

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor the world beholds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks scross the isthmus and sat them down in the sea on the other side.

The revenue officers of the city went
down through the clive groves that lined
the beach to collect a tariff from all natious. The mirth of all people sported in her Islamian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her portices and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column, and statue, and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains, into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health giving quali-ties. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burn-ished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the corintharii, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arcse, with its magnificent burden of columns and towers and towers and towers and towers within and towers and temples (1,000 slaves waiting 100 dozen Ladies Alexandre Kid Gloves at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly five hook, embroidered backs at \$1. Real impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand ared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticos and melting in even-ing groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architect-ure and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is the New Jerusalem; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this estimate: that after all the nations have been gathered to beaven, there will be room for each soul-a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear

heard," nor arithmetics calculated. I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sick-ness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your standard and ness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harpstrings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to The diseases of past generations came down to us. The airs that float now upon the earth are not like those which floated above Paraare not like those which floated above Para-dise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing beemaciation. Look at that soul standing be-fore the throne. On earth she was a life long invalid. See her step now, and hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses— health of vision, health of spirits, immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleuri-sies, no consuming fevers, no exhaust-ing pains, no hopitals of wounded

swinging health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headno side sches, no backaches, That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem. old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of old age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete-for ever young again. That night when the needlewoman fainted away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years to have neither ache, nor pain, nor weakness, nor fatigue. "Eye

hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." I remark, further, that we can, in this world, get no just idea of the splendors of John tries to describe them. He mys "the twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John, we see a blaze of amethyst, and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a calaract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun.

John bids us look again and we see thrones; thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus - throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory and it is thrones! thrones!

thrones!

John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing; us, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of heaven following on white horses. Infinite cavalende passing, passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dis-pensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America pressing into line. Islands of the sea, shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his sword in signal of victory, all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns slung out, and all chimes rung, and all halle-lujabs chanted, and some cry: "Glory to God most high," and some, "Hosanna to the son of David;" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"-till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there comes up surge after surge of "Amen! amen! and imen!" "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not

Skim from the summer waters the brightest parkles and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendor of earthly cities and they would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture and every moment an esctacy.

Eye had not seen it, ear hath not heard it." I remark further, we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the seas and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated. After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But oh, when we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed." In this world have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is goodby; goodby. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail car window, and at the steamboat wharfgoodby. Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way which the soul breaks down. Goodby! Ah. that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Goodby; goodby. But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but, no goodby. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem—little hands to take hold in the great home circle-little feet to dance in the eternal glee, little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups-a group this side of the river and a group on the other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place. If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down! Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely, we cannot hear the joy on the other side when that group is augmented. It s graves here, and coffins and hearses here. A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven-don't cry," and the next day they went to the graveyard and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground; and the little girl ame up to the verge of the grave, and, looking down at the body of her mother, said: "Is this heaven?" Oh, we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here-it is darkness here—but there is merrymaking yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the Inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus." am going to see Jesus," said a dying boy; "I am going to see Jesus." The mis-sionary said, "You are sure you will see him?" "Oh! yes; that's what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, suppose Jesus should go away from heaven —what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then," The dying boy thought for a moment, and then said, "Where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh! to stand in his presence! That will be heaven! Oh! to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross—to go around amid the groups of the redeemed, and shake hands with the prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion; we cannot imagine it now, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they on't seem to come to us. We go on the bank of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child? Is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice come back over the water. None! none! Unbelief says, "They are dead, and they are annihilated;" but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and we find they are neither dead nor annihilated—that they never were so much alive as now-that

them that love him." Oh, what a place of

explanation it will be! I see every day profound mysteries of Providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves in Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and nsane, almshouses for the destitute, and world of pain and misfortune that demand more than buman solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined a plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimens will thank God that be was blind; and Lazarus, that he was covered with sores; and Joseph, that he was cast into the pit; and Daniel, that he denned with the lions; and Paul that he was humpbacked; and David that he was driven from Jerusalem; 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. The song will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies But we can get no idea of the anthem here. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiriting to than a whole congregation lifted or the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now-by voices that were aged and broken in the music-voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear these old songs sung it seems as if all the old country meeting homes joined in the chorus, and city church and sailors' bethel and western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the scepters of eternity beat time to the music. Away, then, with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is marching on to victory. When generals come back from victorious wars, don't we cheer them and shout, "Huzza huzza?" and when Jesus passes along in the conquest of the earth, shall we not have for him one loud, ringing cheer!

All hail the power of Jesus' name; Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all."

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven? They all know the tune there. All the best singers of all the ages will join it-choirs of white robed children, choirs of patriarchs, choirs of apostles. Morning stars clapping their cymbals. Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God, roll on! roll on!-other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are all full and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Cabriel of the trum pet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her match-

I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in our closing hymn today we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows that but when the heavenly door opens today to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven, it might meet half way a song coming up from earth.

They rise for the doxology, all the multitude of the blest! Let us rise with them; and so at this hour the joys of the church on earth and the joys of the church in heaven will mingle their chalices, and the dark apparel of our morning will seem to whiten into the spotless raiment of the skies. God through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ we may all get there.

The Blind Yacht Builder A fine looking man, led by a handson young lady, walked up to the office of the Murray Hill hotel recently and asked for a sunshiny room, one that was cheerful and in-He was Mr. John B. Herreshoff, of Rhode Island, the famous blind yacht builder and the young lady with him was his faithful niece, who accompanies him on his travels. A sunshiny room has to be given him, for although he is blind he knows an inviting room as well as if he had two good eyes. His lower face is covered with a fine, long brown beard, and one of his eyes is closed. The other looks natural, although he cannot see with it. There are no traces of old age about him, and the probabilities are that he will live to build vachts much faster than the Stiletto, the Now Then, and other swift vessels that gained him his reputation.

A boat, he declared, was just like a man, and the speed that was usually supposed to come from a fine model did not have any more to do with it than the fine personal ap pearance of a man had to do with his agility or prowess. Speed depended on the lung er, the machinery, the shape of the hull and the general arrangements within. He thought it highly probable that in time a yacht could be built to go thirty-five miles an hour, but one had to run thirty miles an hour before the greater achievement could be ac complished.—New York Commercial Adver-

The Bell Telephone in Austria. The efforts of the telephone company of Austria to get the Bell patent canceled have at last been successful. Their manager, Mr.

R. Howard Krause, believed this possible from the commencement, and with the assistance of Mr. Otto Shaffler the company has been the means of securing free trade in telephones in Austria. The result of the decision of the Austrian ministry of commerce and the Hungarian ministry of agriculture, industry and trade, dated Oct. 28, 1887, seems to be that all those clauses of Bell's patent which refer to the telephone are canceled, only those referring to the multiplex telegra phy being allowed to stand. Certain clauses were canceled because the Telephone company of Austria was able to prove prior publication, and others were canceled because the company proved that they embodied scientific principles which, according to Austrian law, cannot be the proper subject of a patent.—Scientific American.

Condemning Cold Storage.

Orange growers on the Pacific are con mning cold storage for oranges, also the refrigerator transportation across the conti-nent. They maintain that the fruit is O. K. while under the influence of the low temperature, but claim that it begins to decay instantly when removed from that influence, and that large losses are thereby made,--Boston Budget.

Dairy Farms for Canada.

An effort is being made to induce capitalthey are only waiting for our coming, and that we will join them on the other side of ists to establish dairy farms and to build butter and cheese factories in the more western territories of Canada. An English authority who spent last surmer in that region thinks the river. Oh, glorious reunion! we cannot grasp it now. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear seard, neither have entered into the heart of it is better adapted to dairying than to the production of grain.—Chicago Times. man the things which God hath prepared for

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