

A VIEW OF HEAVEN.

DR. TALMAGE TELLS OF A THIRTY MINUTES' GLIMPSE OF PARADISE.

A Sermon on the Beautiful but Oft Neglected Text from Revelation VIII, 1. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

BROOKLYN, Jan. 31.—Dr. Talmage has of late been preaching on texts of Scripture that seem to have been neglected, and here is a sermon on a beautiful text which probably was never before selected for a discourse. Revelation VIII, 1. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the center from which all good influences start. It is the goal at which all good spirits arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or charioted. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll, and the trumpets to sound, and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their chargers. The doxologies were hushed and the processions halted. The hand of arrest was put upon all the splendors. "Stop, heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop at other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows nor sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 31, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an intermission of sound took place, I am certain. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

HONORED SILENCE.

And first of all we may learn that God and all heaven honored silence. The longest and wisest dominion that ever existed is that over which stillness was queen. For an eternity there had not been a sound. World making was a later day occupation. For unimpassable ages it was a mute universe. God was the only being, and there was no one to speak to there, and there was no utterance. But that silence has been all broken up into worlds, and it has become a noisy universe. Worlds in upheaval, worlds in conflagration, worlds in revolution. If geologists are right—and I believe they are—there has not been a moment of silence since this world began its travels, and the crashings, and the splittings, and the uproar, and the hubbub are ever in progress.

But when among the supernals a voice cried, "Hush!" and for half an hour heaven was still, silence was honored. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Oftentimes, when we are assailed and misrepresented, the mightiest thing to do is to do nothing, and the mightiest thing to do is to do nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves set right accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or social or political injustice.

Stronger than any bitter or sarcastic or revengeful answer was the patient silence. The famous Dr. Morrison, of Chelsea, accomplished as much by his silent patience as by his pen and tongue. He had asthma that for twenty-five years brought him out of his couch at two o'clock each morning. His four sons and daughters died. The remaining child by a stroke made insane. The afflicted man said, "At this moment there is not an inch of my body that is not filled with agony." Yet, he was cheerful, triumphant, silent. Those who were in his presence said they felt as though they were in the gates of heaven.

Oh, the power of patient silence! Eschylus, the immortal poet, was condemned to death for writing something that offended the people. All the pleas in his behalf were of no avail, until his brother uncovered the arm of the prisoner and showed that his hand had been shot off at Salamis. That silent plea liberated him. The loudest thing on earth is silence if it be of the right kind and at the right time. There was a quaint old hymn, spelled in the old style, and once sung in the churches:

The race is not forever gone
By him who fastest runs,
Nor the battle by those people
That shoot with the lightest guns.

My friends, the tossing sea of Galilee seemed most to offend Christ by the amount of noise it made, for he said to it, "Be still!" Heaven has been crowning kings and queens unto God for many centuries, yet heaven never stopped a moment for any such occurrence, but it stopped thirty minutes for the coronation of Silence. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

HEAVEN AN ACTIVE PLACE.

Learn also from my text that heaven must be an eventful and active place, from the fact that it could afford only thirty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in heaven that seemed to demand a whole day or whole week or whole year for celestial consideration. If Grotius was right and this silence occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that scene was so awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks.

After fourfold besiegement of the two fortresses of Jerusalem—Antonia and Hippicus—had been going on for a long while, a Roman soldier mounted on the shoulder of another soldier hurried into the window of the temple a firebrand, and the temple was all aflame, and after covering many sacrifices to the holiness of God, the building itself became a sacrifice to the rage of man. The hunger of the people in that city during the besiegement was so great that as some outlets were passing a doorway and inhaled the odors of food, they burst open the door, threatening the mother of the household with death unless she gave them some food, and she took them aside and showed them it was her own child she was cooking for the ghostly repast.

Six hundred priests were destroyed on Mount Zion because the temple being gone there was nothing for them to do. Six thousand people in one cloister were consumed. There were one million one hundred thousand dead, according to Josephus. Grotius thinks that this was the cause

of silence in heaven for half an hour. If Mr. Lord was right and this silence was during the Diocletian persecutions, it is which eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians suffered death from sword and fire and banishment and exposure, why did not heaven listen throughout at least one of those awful years? No! Thirty minutes! The fact is that the celestial programme is so crowded with spectacles that it can afford only one recess in all eternity and that for a short space.

While there are great choruses, in which all heaven can join, each soul there has a story of its own, peculiar to itself and it must be a solo. How can heaven get through with all its recitatives, with all its cantos, with all its grand marches, with all its victories? Eternity is too short to utter all the praise. In my text heaven spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches, when there are many to take part, we have to counsel brevity, but how will heaven get on rapidly? The good let the one hundred and forty-four thousand get through each with his own story, and then the one hundred and forty-four million, and then the one hundred and forty-four billion, and then the one hundred and forty-four trillion.

TRIUMPHS OF ALL TIME TO BE COMMEMORATED.

Not only are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs of the future. We not only know of God, but what we will know of him after everlasting study of the Deific. If my text had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes. Why, there will be a many friends to hunt up, so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see, so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained, so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity for cessation.

How busy we will be kept in having pointed out to us the heroes and heroines that the world never fully appreciated—the yellow fever and cholera doctors who died, not flying from their posts; the female nurses who faced pestilence in the lazaretto; the railroad engineers who staid at their places in order to save the train though they themselves perished.

Hubert Goffin, the master miner, who landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine, just as he heard the waters rush in, and when one jerk of the rope would have lifted him into safety, put a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child in the bucket and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying, "Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost, but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery," and then giving the command to the other miners till they dugged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the majority. No child on earth that amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour. You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of intercourse, more of worship.

There is not so much difference between Brooklyn seventy-five years ago, when there were five houses down on the East river and the village reached up only to Sands street, as compared with what this great city is now—yes, not so much difference between New York when Canal street was far up town and now when Canal street is far down town, than there is a difference between what heaven was when my text was written and what heaven is now. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and if we now have no time to spare we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour!

A HALF HOUR'S IMMORTALITY. My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours or heaven are measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past and the millions of ages to come not one is especially measured off in the Bible. The half hour of my text is made immortal. The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text.

Oh, the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half hours. Tell me the history of your half hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious, noble, inspiring or desperate. Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity.

It was the half hours between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith; the half hours between professional calls as a physician that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher; the half hours between his duties as schoolmaster that made Salmon P. Chase chief justice; the half hours between shoe last that made Henry Wilson vice president of the United States; the half hours between canal boats that made James A. Garfield president.

The half hour a day for good books or bad books, the half hour a day for prayer or indolence, the half hour a day for helping others or blessing others, the half hour before you go to business and the half hour after you return from business, that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours.

The half hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there; the half hour when I decided to become a preacher of the Gospel; the half hour when I first realized that my son was dead; the half hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn; the half hour in which I entered Jerusalem; the half hour in which I ascended Mount Calvary; the half hour in which I stood on Mars hill; the half hour in which the dedicatory prayer of this temple was made, and about ten or fifteen other half hours are the chief times of my life. You may forget the name of the exact years or most of the important events of your existence, but those half hours, like the half hour of my text, will be immortal.

I do not query what you will do with the twentieth century. I do not query what you will do with 1892, but what will you do with the next half hour? Upon that hinges your destiny. And during that some of you will receive the Gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal. Oh, that the next half hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence.

Let us look in history a great geographer stood with a sailor looking at a globe that represented our planet, and he pointed to a place on the globe where he thought there was an undiscovered continent. The geographer who pointed where he thought there was a new world was Martin Behaim, and the sailor to whom he showed it was Columbus. This last was not satisfied till he had spoken that gem out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography. Oh, ye who have been sailing up and down the rough seas of sorrow and sin, let me point out to you another continent, yet, another world, that you may yourselves find a rapturous world, and that is the world a half hour of which we now study. Oh, set sail for it! Here is the ship and here are the compasses.

In other words, make this half hour, beginning at twenty minutes of twelve by my watch, the grandest half hour of your life and become a Christian. Pray for a regenerated spirit. Louis XIV, while walking in the garden at Versailles met Mansard, the great architect, and the architect took off his hat before the king. "Put on your hat," said the king, "for the evening is damp and cold." And Mansard, the architect, the rest of the evening kept on his hat. The dukes and marquises standing with bare heads before the king expressed their surprise at Mansard, but the king said, "I can make a duke or a marquis, but God only can make a Mansard." And I say to you, my hearers, God only by his convicting and converting grace can make a Christian, but he is ready this very half hour to accomplish it.

A WAY OF STUDYING HEAVEN.

Again, my text suggests a way of studying heaven so that we can better understand the fullness of "eternity" that we handle so much in an innumerable words. Knowing that we could not understand that word the Bible uses it only once. We say, "Forever and ever," but how long is "forever and ever?" I am glad that my text puts under our eye heaven for thirty minutes. As when you would see a great picture you put a sheet of paper into a scroll and look through it, or join your forefinger to your thumb and look through the circle formed, and the picture becomes more intense, and this interposition of Henry St. John is more impressive when we take only thirty minutes of it at a time. Now we have something that we can come near to grasping, and it is a quiet heaven. When we discourse about the multitudes of heaven it must be almost a nervous shock to those who have all their lives been crowded by many people and who want a quiet heaven.

For the last thirty-five years I have been much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I have sometimes thought for a few weeks after I reach heaven I would like to go down in some quiet part of the realm with a few friends and for a little while try comparative solitude. Then there are those whose hearing is so delicate that they get no satisfaction when you describe the crash of the eternal orchestra, and feel like saying, as a great woman in Hudson, N. Y., said, after hearing me speak of the mighty chorus of heaven, "That must be a great heaven, but what will become of my poor head?" Yes, this half hour of my text is a still experience.

"There was silence in heaven for half an hour." You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's Palace and take only a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all heaven. "Is that for the last thirty-five years I have been much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I have sometimes thought for a few weeks after I reach heaven I would like to go down in some quiet part of the realm with a few friends and for a little while try comparative solitude. Then there are those whose hearing is so delicate that they get no satisfaction when you describe the crash of the eternal orchestra, and feel like saying, as a great woman in Hudson, N. Y., said, after hearing me speak of the mighty chorus of heaven, "That must be a great heaven, but what will become of my poor head?" Yes, this half hour of my text is a still experience.

What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace! Why, he looks as if far and beyond all young. But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr row. Do you see that immense structure? That is the biggest house in heaven; that is "the House of Many Mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of heaven, Jasper for the bottom and sapphire at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson, or the Alabama, or the Rhine, or the Shannon say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." That is the chief river of heaven—so bright, so wide, so deep. But you ask, "Where are the asylums for the old?" I answer, "The inhabitants are all young. But come on, the hospitals for the lame?" "They are all alike." "Where are the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?" "They all see and hear." "Where are the almshouses for the poor?" "They are all multimillionaires." "Where are the inebriate asylums?" "Why, there are no saloons." "Where are the graveyards?" "Why, they never die." Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire and see the innumerable streets built by the Architect of the universe into homes over the threshold of which sorrow never steps, and out of whose windows faces, once pale with earthly sickness, now look rubicund with immortal health. "Oh, let me go in and see them?" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those there who would never consent to let you come up. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to the earth before this half hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half hour of silence is ended.

The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not now. I am now only showing you heaven at the distant half hour of all the eternities. Come on! There is something in the celestial appearance which makes me think that the half hour of silence will soon be over. Yonder are the white horses being hitched to chariots, and yonder are seraphs fingering harps as if about to strike them into symphony, and yonder are conquerors taking down from the blue halls of heaven the trumpets of victory.

Remember, we are mortal yet, and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour. Hark! the clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike and the half hour is ended. Descend! Come back! Come down till your work is done! Should a little longer your invaders fight a little longer your battles? Weep a little longer your griefs! And then take heaven not in its dimmest half hour, but in its mightiest pomp, and instead of taking it for thirty minutes take it world without end!

YOUR FIRST HALF HOUR IN HEAVEN. But how will you spend the first half hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration before the throne in worship of him who made it possible for you to get there at all, I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book, containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English government in honor of great battles; these medals pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army on great occasions, the royal family present, the Crimean medal, the Victoria cross, the Waterloo medal, and the like.

In your first half hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal house of heaven and receive the insignia while you are announced as victor over the droughts and freshets of the farm field, victor over the temptations of the Stock exchange, victor over professional allurements, victor over domestic infidelities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over the storehouse, victor over home sweeterments, victor over physical distresses, victor over hereditary depressions, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries—mainly, angelic and divine!

The saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer though they die. Take the crown of life from afar. And seize it with their eye.

The Young Woman of Today.

Now, woman can do anything she tries, even to singing bass in her own quartet of girls, so that weak man is a superfluity in the choir. She has harnessed her grace-hoops tandem and made a bicycle of them; she rows, she fishes, she shoots, inasmuch that all men, and it may be that some game's shot, she is shooting (joke); she wears her brother's hat and his smoking cap, his shirt front, his four-in-hand tie, and many things that are her brother's. She is stronger than her mother, and can stand a great deal more rest; she is quite as happy, and far more independent. She hangs on to the strap in the street car, when her mother had a seat in the omnibus if every man rode outside in the rain. She gets jostled and pushed about in the crowd, when some morose old man, bowing low, says to many way for her grandmother. With weary patience she stands in line at the ticket office; woe is she if she presume on the privilege of sex to step in ahead of a man; she gets hustled back to her place.

Much she hath gained by freedom; somewhat also hath she lost. She cannot eat her cake and keep it. Still, if she didn't eat it, it would become fearfully staid, or somebody else would get it. And cake is only good to eat anyhow. Scarcely would she exchange her independence for deference and helplessness. Her loss is more in form than fact. Men are more uselessly chivalrous toward her than ever their fathers were; but this hurrying age of gallop and gulp has trampled upon the deliberate grace and studied elegance of a lazier day, when men bowed lower and did less; when men abandoned loafing and went to work they quit their faces at their wrists and arms at their sides; they ceased to talk in blank verse and conversed in plain prose; they cut off their long ringlets and the curling tongs were detroned by the clippers.—Robert J. Burlette in Ladies' Home Journal.

Weird Old Crampus on Deck.

English visitors to the Austrian capital just before Christmas must take away with them a funny notion of the customs of the city when they leave it. St. Nicholas is approaching and trade is taking into its hands the old, quaint peculiarities which are different in every Continental town. In Vienna Crampus has always reigned supreme—a weird, horrible personification of the evil one, with broken chains hanging from his wrists, horns on his black face, a long, red tongue and frightful glass eyes. He is armed with a rod and a bag from which generally emerge a couple of babies. The dress of Crampus varies from scarlet to black. He is sometimes composed of French plums and generally dressed in fur.

The saintly Bishop Nicholas, who ought to be the hero of the day, has to stand behind Crampus now. It is impossible to estimate the number of effigies of this bogey shown in every market, street, shop and ground floor window. At the confecturers there are Crampuses six feet high, dressed in the height of fashion, with only horns to betray their infernal antecedents. Every luxury in the way of sweets is offered in this tempting form, and the little ones wander from shop to shop, never tired of gazing on the wonders of the season.—Cor. London News.

They Don't Mind the Cold.

It is not unusual to see a half dozen half grown boys skylarking in Thirty-third street, hatless, coatless, barefooted and barelegged, though the mercury may be freezing around zero. They work in a big wallpaper factory near by, and in play hour is between 12 and 1. When you are hustling along with a heavy ulster buttoned to your chin and thinking of something hot inside and then suddenly come across these strapping barefooted lads racing over the frozen streets, dodging among the trucks and shouting, it makes the cold chills run up and down your spine. The cheeks of these boys are fairly aglow with ruddy health, and the frosty paving stones seem to make no more impression on their bare feet than on the iron shod horses. Such a grand thing is youth! Clothing and warmth are but relative terms after all.—New York Herald.

Women Crowding Two Lines of Work.

Mrs. T. M. Wheeler, president of the Society of Associated Artists, says that judging from her correspondence and observation all the girls that ambition or necessity compels to be self supporting go into job making or designing. Having been taught art in the schools or studied it in special schools, and having failed to paint the great picture for which the world waits, they write from all parts of the country for advice concerning the best methods of taking up the business of designing. It is remarkable how this has taken the place of other industries open to women.—New York Sun.

Horned Fish.

Some fishes have horns which are actually bent out of the heads. The boxfish, which inhabits the warm waters of the globe—a little fellow six or eight inches long—has horns an inch in length.—Washington Star.

"COURIER" PREMIUMS!

READ!

3-Three Great Premiums-3

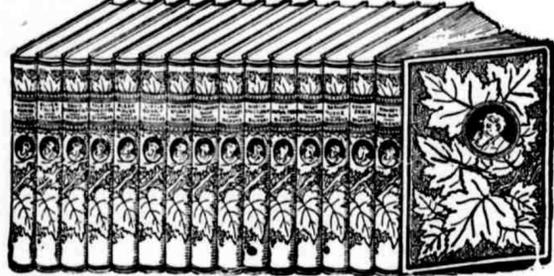


A NEW Illustrated Set OF CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS

IN 15 FINE CLOTH VOLUMES,

At the Price of Paper Covers!!

THIS handsome set of books is printed on fine paper from clear electrotypes plates and finely illustrated. The binding is executed in the most handsome and substantial manner. The best binders' cloth is used and the embossing is in ink and gold, from original design. Charles Dickens is eminently the novelist of the people. His works teem with shafts of sparkling wit, touches of pathos, thrusts of satire; his characters are original and real as well as quaint and grotesque; he unmask's vice in all its forms. The lights and shadows of life are delineated in a thrilling and dramatic style. To own a complete set of his incomparable books is to be possessed of an inexhaustible mine of interesting literature. No person is well read who has not perused them.



OLIVER TWIST, MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, TALES OF TWO CITIES, REPRINTED PAGES, PICKWICK PAPERS, OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, SKETCHES BY BOZ, AMERICAN NOTES, OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, HARD TIMES, BLEAK HOUSE, DAVID COPPEFIELD, GREAT EXPECTATIONS, MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD, DOMBEY AND SON, CHRISTMAS STORIES, NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, LITTLE DORRIT, BARNABY RUDGE, UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER, CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND

This set of books is worthy a place in every home. The handsome dressing of this edition will place them in the best libraries in the land while

OUR REMARKABLE OFFER

insures a set going to those of the most limited means.

This set and The Courier 1 year \$5.00

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY'S COMPLETE WORKS

IN TEN VOLUMES.

Large Long Primer Type, the only large type.

FINE CLOTH BINDING.



VANITY FAIR AND LOVEL THE WIDOWER, THE VIRGINIANS, PENNENS, THE NEWCOMES, THE ADV. OF PHILIP, AND CATHERINE, HENRY ESOMOND, BARRY LYNDON AND DENIS DUVAL, ROUNDABOUT PAPERS, AND THE FOUR GEORGES, BURLESQUES, AND YELLOW-FLUSH PAPERS, PARIS AND EASTERN SKETCHES, AND THE IRISH SKETCH BOOK, CHRISTMAS BOOKS, AND THE HOGGARTY DIAMOND.

No one could ask for a richer store than these works of Thackeray, from which to draw for literary recreation during the evenings of the winter or the days of the summer outing.

Thackeray was the king of satirists. His brilliant wit scintillates like the gleams of light from the facets of the diamond. His shafts pierce like the point of a rapier.

The foibles and fashions, the fads and follies of the upper crust are held up to scathing ridicule, while the habits and habits of the masses are laid bare for instruction, amusements and general edification. No man or woman should be without Thackeray's Works.

No household has the right to withhold Thackeray from its youths and maidens. Everyone should avail themselves of the following

SPECIAL OFFER

This set and The Courier 1 year \$4.25

For Premium No. 3 [George Eliott] see adv. page 6