

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN OSKA LOOSA, IA., SUNDAY, FEB. 21.

Heavenly Congratulations III. Theme. The Nearness of the Celestial and the Terrestrial—Joy in Heaven Over the Repenting of One Sinful Soul.

OSKALOOSA, Feb. 21.—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached here today to an enormous audience. He expects to be absent from home about ten days, during which period he speaks in as many cities. The subject of his sermon was "Heavenly Congratulations." His evident intention was to make worlds that seem a great way off from each other appear very near. His text was taken from Luke xv, 7, "Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

A lost sheep? Nothing can be more thoroughly lost. I look through the window of a shepherd's house at night. The candles are lighted. The shepherd has just placed his staff against the mantel. He has taken off his coat, shaken out of it the dust and hung it up. I see by the candlelight that there are neighbors who have come in. The shepherd, fagged out with the long tramp, sits down on a bench, and the wife and children and the neighbors say to him, "Come, now, tell how you found the poor thing." "Well," he says, "this morning I went out to the yard to look at the flock. No sooner had I looked over the fence than I saw something wrong. The fact was they did not count right. Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine—only ninety-nine. McDonald, you know we had a hundred. And I wondered which one was gone, and I began again, and I counted: ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine. Well, I whistled up the dogs, and I started on the fields and across the bridges, and I tracked the moors, and I leaped the gullies, but no bleating of the poor thing did I hear. I said to myself, 'The lamb must have fallen into a ditch, or a pack of wolves from the mountain must have torn it to pieces and sucked its life out.' But I could not give it up. You see it was a jet black spot on the right shoulder that used to come and lick my hand as I crossed the field, and somehow I could not give it up. So I went on and on and on until after awhile I heard the dogs bark, and I said, 'What's that?' Then I hastened to the top of the hill, and I looked down and there I saw the poor lamb had fallen into the ditch, and as I came where it was bent over the ditch and stooped down to lift the poor thing out, I wish you could have seen the loving and imploring and tender way it looked at me. I lifted it out, and it was all covered with the slush and the mud. It was an awful thing to do, but I lifted it out, and it was so lame and so weak it could not walk alone, so I threw it over my shoulder and I started homeward, and the condition of that lamb you may judge of from the coat which I have just hung up. But I tramped on and on until it is safe in the yard, poor thing! Thank God, thank God! Then the shepherd's wife spread the table and brought out the best fare that the cabin could afford, and they sat up very late that night, and they talked, and they laughed, and they sang, and they ate, and they drank, and they danced, and told over and over and over and over the story of the lost sheep that was found.

JOY OVER THE PENITENT. With such tenderness and rusticity of illustration does Christ represent the soul's going off and the soul's coming back, when he says, "Likewise there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." To repent is to feel that you are bad and to be sorry about it, and to turn over a new leaf, and to pray for forgiveness and help. Just as soon as a man does that, they hear right away of it in heaven. There are no gossipers in glory going around to chatter and laugh when a man falls, but there are many souls in glory who are glad to run about and tell to a man in a saved. The news goes very quick from gate to gate, and from north wall to south wall, and from east wall to west wall, and in three minutes every citizen of heaven has heard of it, for "there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

I can very easily understand how there should be joy in heaven over a Pentecost with three thousand souls saved in one day—no mystery about that; I can understand how there should be joy in heaven over the Parish of Schotta, when four hundred souls were saved under one sermon of Mr. Livingston; I can understand how there should be joy in heaven over the great awakening in the time of Harland Page, when in one year four hundred and seventy-three thousand souls were brought to God in the United States; I can understand very easily how there should be joy in heaven over five hundred thousand souls converted in 1857, in this country; but mark you, my text announces there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one, just one, sinner that repenteth. Some cathedrals have one tower; some cathedrals have two, three, four towers. Did you ever hear them all ring at once? I am told that the bell in the cathedral of St. Paul rings only on rare occasions, for instance, at the death or the birth of a king. Have you seen a cathedral with four towers, and have you heard them all strike into one great chime of gladness? Here is a man who is moral. He is an example to a great many professors of religion in some things; he never did a mean thing in his life; he pays all his debts, and is a good citizen and a good neighbor, but he says he is not a Christian.

Some day the Holy Spirit comes into his heart and he sees that he cannot depend upon his morality for salvation. He says: "O Lord God, I have been depending upon my good works; I find I am a sinner, and I want thy salvation. Lord, for Jesus' sake, have mercy on me!" And God pardons him, and immediately one of the towers of heaven strikes a silvery chime, for there are four towers to the heavenly temple. Here is a man who is bad; he knows he is bad, and everybody else knows he is bad, but he is not an outcast—far from being an outcast. He moves in respectable circles. But one day, by the power of the Holy Ghost, he arouses up to see his sinfulness and he says: "O Lord, have mercy! I am a wretched, and without thee I perish. Have mercy!" God hears him, and immediately two of the towers of heaven strike a silvery chime.

But here is an outcast. He was picked up last night out of the gutter and carried to the police station. He has been in the penitentiary three times. He is covered and soaked with loathsomeness and abomination. Arousing from his debauch, he cries out: "O God, have mercy on me. Thou who didst pardon the penitent thief, hear me cry for mercy." And the Lord listens and pardons, and no sooner is the

poor wretch pardoned than three of the great towers of heaven strike up a silvery chime. "But here is a wail of the street. She passes under the gaslight, and your soul shudders with a great horror. No pity for her. No commiseration for her. As she passes down the street she hears a song in a midnight mission, and as she listens to that song she weeps."

All may come, whoever will. This man receives poor sinners still. She puts into that harbor, she kneels by the rough bench near the door; she says: "O Lord! Thou who didst have mercy on Mary Magdalen, take my blistered feet off the red hot pavement of hell." God says, "My daughter, thy sins are forgiven, thee, go in peace." Now, all the four towers of heaven strike a silvery chime, and they who pass through the celestial streets say: "What's that? Why, the worst sinner must have been saved. Hear all the four towers ring and ring and ring!" "And there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

HEAVEN'S HAPPINESS MAY BE AUGMENTED. My subject impresses you, I think, with the thought that it is possible for us to augment the happiness of heaven. People think that souls before the throne are as happy as they can be. I deny it. Look at that mother before the throne of God. When she died she left her son in this world a vagabond. That son repented of his iniquities and came to God. The report of that salvation has reached heaven. Do you tell me that mother before the throne of God has not her joy richly augmented? There is many a man in the house today who could go out with a torch and kindle a new bonfire of victory on the hills of heaven. If you would this day repent and come to God, the news of your salvation would reach heaven, and then, hark! to the shout of the ransomed. You little child went away from you into the good land. While she was here you brought her all kinds of beautiful presents.

Sometimes you came home at nightfall with your pockets full of gifts for her, and no sooner did you put your night key into the latch than she began at you, saying, "Father, what have you brought me?" She is now before the throne of God. Can you bring her a gift today? You may. Coming to Christ and repenting of sin, the things will go up to the throne of God and your child will hear of it. Oh, what a gift for her soul today! She will skip with new gladness on the everlasting hills when she hears of it.

I was at Sharpsburg during the war, and one day I saw a sergeant dash past on a lathered horse, the blood dripping from the spurs. I said, "That sergeant must be going on a very important message. He must be carrying a very important dispatch, or he wouldn't ride like that." Here are two angels of God flitting through the house, flitting toward the throne on quick dispatch. What is the news? Carrying up the story of souls repentant and forgiven, carrying the news to the throne of God, carrying the news to your kindred who are forever saved. Oh, "there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." And suppose the whole audience should turn to the Lord? Heaven would be filled with doxologies. O heaven, beat with all thy hammers that the rock may break. O heaven, strike with all thy gleaming swords that our souls may be free.

"I was reading of a king who, after gaining a great victory, said to his army, 'No, no shouting; let everything be in quiet; no shouting.' But if this hour your soul should come to God, nothing could stop the shouting of the armies of God before the throne, for 'there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'"

SYMPATHY IN HEAVEN FOR EARTH. My subject also impresses me with the idea that heaven and earth are in close sympathy. People talk of heaven as though it were a great way off. They say it is hundreds of thousands of miles before you reach the first star, and then you go hundreds of thousands of miles before you get to the second star, and then it is millions of miles before you reach heaven. They say heaven is the center of the universe and we are on the rim of the universe. That is not the idea of my text. I think the heart of heaven beats very close to our world. We measure distances by the time taken to traverse those distances.

It used to be a long distance to San Francisco. Many weeks and months were passed before you could reach that city. Now it is six or seven days. It used to be six weeks before you could voyage from here to Liverpool. Now you can go that distance in six or seven days. And so I measure the distance between earth and heaven, and I find it is only a flash. It is one instant here and another instant there. It is very near today. Do you not feel the breath of heaven on your face? Christ says in one place it is not twenty-four hours' distance, when he says to the penitent thief, "This day, this day, shalt thou be with me in paradise." It is not a day, it is not an hour, it is not a minute, it is not a second.

Oh, how near heaven is to earth. By oceanic cable you send a message. As it is expensive to send a message, you compress a great deal of meaning in a few words. Sometimes in two words you can put vast meaning. And it seems to me that the angels of God who carry news from earth to heaven need to take up this hour in regard to your soul, only two words in order to kindle with gladness all the redeemed before the throne, only two words, "Father saved," "mother saved," "son saved," "daughter saved." And "there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

SALVATION OF THE SOUL. My subject also impresses me with the fact that the salvation of the soul is of vast importance. If you should make \$200,000 this year, do you suppose that news would be carried to heaven? It would not be of enough importance or significance to be carried heavenward. If at the next quadrennial election you are made president of the United States, do you suppose that news would be carried to heaven? Do you suppose that the news of a revolution in France or Spain would be carried to heaven? These things are not of enough importance, but there is one item that is sure to be carried. It is the salvation of your soul. It is your repentance before God.

over one sinner forgiven. It must be of vast importance to be of any moment in heaven, your salvation, in that land where gladness are the everyday occurrence, in that land where the common stones of the field are Jasper and emerald and chrysolite and carbuncle and sardonyx. And yet the news of your salvation makes joy before the throne of God.

You remember years ago, a stage driver in the White mountains became very reckless. He had a large number of passengers on the stage, and the stage was drawn by six horses, wild and ungovernable, and he drove near the precipice, and he drove off, the stage with its precious freight rolling down the embankment, and many were slain, but few were saved. I suppose when they got home they wrote with congratulation at their rescue. The angels of God look down and they see men driving on the edge of great precipices of ruin and danger, drawn by wild, leaping, foaming and ungovernable perils in this life, and if any shall escape before they capsize, do you not suppose the angels of God rejoice, crying: "Good, good! Saved from sin, saved from death, saved from hell, saved forever!"

The supreme court of the United States does not adjourn for anything trifling. It must be the death of a cabinet minister, or the death of a president, or some matter of very great moment. When I find all heaven adjourning its other joys for this one joy I make up my mind it is of very great importance if heaven can afford to adjourn all other festivities to celebrate this one triumph.

Do you wonder that so many of these Christian people have toiled night and day in this work of soul saving, if it is of such vast importance? Do you wonder that Nettleton and Finley and Bishop Ashbury and John Wesley and George Whitefield and Paul and angels and Christ and God stripped themselves for the work? Around that one soul circles the mist, the fire, the darkness, the joy, the anthem, the wailing, the hallelujah and the woe of God's universe. If the soul is saved, then lip comes to trumpet and fingers to harp and hammer to bell and "there is joy among the angels of God over that one soul forgiven."

COMMENDING RELIGION. Having found in my own experience that this religion is a comfort and a joy, I stand forth to commend it to you. In the days of my infancy I was carried by Christian parents to the house of God, and consecrated in baptism to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; but that did not save me. In after time I was taught to kneel at the Christian family altar with father and mother and brothers and sisters, the most of them now in glory; but that did not save me.

In after time I read Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" and Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," and all the religious books around my father's household, but that did not save me. But one day the voice of Christ came into my heart saying, "Repent, repent; believe, believe," and I accepted the offer of mercy, and though no doubt there was more joy in heaven over the conversion of other souls because of their far-reaching influence, I verily believe when I came to God there were some spirits in heaven the gladder for the deed. "There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Turn this day to the Lord who bought you. Let this whole audience surrender themselves to Jesus Christ. If for ten, twenty, fifty years you have not prayed, begin now to pray.

"Now, I tell you how I'll arrange it. I'll go to sleep with my hand up, and then when Jesus comes through the hospital by night he will see my hand lifted, and he will know by that I want to go with him." So it was done. For that night Jesus went through the hospital and took the suffering lad, and the next morning the nurse passing through the wards of the hospital saw a dead hand lifted braced on one side against the pillow, and the left hand holding the elbow of the right arm. Jesus had seen the signal and answered it. Oh, sick soul, wounded soul, dying soul, canst thou not give some signal? Wilt thou not lift one hand or pray? God grant that this day there may be joy in heaven among the angels of God over your soul forgiven!

MUSIC IN HEAVEN. The thrum of harpstrings; silvery psalms; music from the golden wires; the echoes of angel trumpets; the praises of a thousand choirs; harpers harping with their harps; the shout of one hundred and forty and four thousands on the summit of the holy mountain with the Lamb; the song of victory sung by the redeemed; the ten thousand times ten thousand and thousand of thousands; the hallelujah choruses like the noise of many waters, and the sound of mighty thunders, in which thanksgiving roars like a fiery flame and gratitude swells like an infinite tempest. These hallelujah choruses are nothing short of a sacred storm.

Not element has the place in heaven that the element of music has. In it are soba and antiphonal responses and full choruses and magnificent jubilation. The angels sing; the nations sing; the white robed multitudes sing; the four living creatures sing; the four and twenty elders sing; outburst of praise follows outburst of praise, rolling east and rolling west, rolling north and rolling south, until the very throne of God trembles and quivers with praise.—Rev. David Gregg.

Changed the Subject. He (gently)—Are you not afraid some one may marry you for your money? She (sweetly)—Oh, dear, no. Such an idea never entered my head. He (tenderly)—Ah, in your sweet innocence you do not know how coldly, cruelly mercenary some men are. She (quietly)—Perhaps not. He (with suppressed emotion)—I would not for the world have you such a terrible fate happen to you. The man who wins you should love you for yourself alone. She—He'll have to. It's my cousin Jennie who has money, not I. You've got us mixed. I haven't a cent. He—Er—very pleasant weather we're having.—New York Weekly.



How to Stock a Lunch Basket for a Long Railroad Trip.

No person, man or woman, should ever start on a railroad trip without a well stocked lunch basket. A trip only intended to last six hours has been known to last six days, and an overland train is often blocked two and three weeks. In the first place, a square wicker basket has better stowing capacity than any other. On the bottom put a layer of small tins of sardines, potted chicken, pates, or any of the preserved meats that are best liked; also a can opener. Above them have one of these little alcohol tripod stoves that cost twenty-five cents, a pint tin cup, one or more cans of condensed milk, a pound of sugar in one closed tin canister and tea or coffee in another. A small tin coffee or teapot and a pint of alcohol are also to be packed in. Half a dozen lemons should come next, and at least one a day should be eaten with the food as a corrective. A small bottle of olives or pickles are also nice; so is cold tongue, or better still a nice chicken cooked at home. The rest of the space should be filled in with oatmeal and small crackers, bread and apples or other fruit, and if there is any room more lemons and perhaps some plain cake. No pie, it mashes and doesn't look tasty. The meats and bread, if any, should be wrapped in waxed paper, and a couple of dozen of Japanese paper napkins put in, with a knife, fork and spoon, and a pretty mug for coffee and a plate can be tucked in somewhere. You can make coffee or tea with one of those little spirit lamps. To pack as much as is mentioned here you require a basket about eighteen inches long, a foot wide and a foot deep. It will hold sufficient for a week's rations.

How to Convert. Speak distinctly, and neither too rapidly nor too slowly. Never speak with your mouth full. Tell your jokes first, and laugh afterward. Do not use superfluous words. Appear sincere, avoiding conceit and affectation. Never force a laugh, and only talk when you have something interesting to tell.

How to Estimate Shingles for a Roof. There is an easy method of calculating the number of shingles necessary to cover a roof: Get the length of the ridge-pole in inches and multiply it by the length in inches from the ridge pole to the edge of the eaves. Cut off the right hand figure and the result will be the number of shingles required for both sides of the roof.

How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair. First get a pair of wide pincers and saw kid on the ends tightly, so as not to cut the hairs. Then take soft pitch pine, or failing that, get an ounce of resin and ounce of turpentine and let them stand in a bottle with a wide mouth over night. The turpentine dissolves the resin and it becomes sticky. Rub a little of this on the edges of the kid covered pincers and then take hold of the hairs one or two at a time and pull them with a slow, even movement, avoiding any jerk which will break the hair. In this way the hair will be pulled out of its place root and all, bringing usually the little fat follicle and breaking up the nerve cell that kept the hair alive. After the hair is out, touch the place with a little clear turpentine and then wipe the whole off with cold cream. Repeating this process a few times will cure the worst cases of superfluous hairs. The turpentine should be used sparingly, as it stings, but the cold cream will calm that and the skin will not be injured in the slightest degree.

How to Detect Chickenpox. Chickenpox begins with more or less fever and burning of the skin. The eruption looks very much like that seen in smallpox, only the pustules are round instead of square. They are usually in clusters of three or four close together. Chickenpox is rarely dangerous, but it is a very annoying disease from the intense itching. The whole body will be quite red, the eruption dark, changing to yellowish and watery and later to dark brown scabs.

How to Cure Stammering. Take a full breath and talk very slowly. The chief difficulty is with words beginning with consonants, and any violent effort to force the words out only increases the trouble. In order, then, to get over the consonants form them first. For example, take the word blanket, which to a stammerer is a verbal pitfall. Begin by making the sound of "bl," then pause. Make it again and follow it with the rest of the word, "bl—anket." You will be surprised to find how easy it is. Read aloud to yourself, stopping to take breath the moment you begin to stammer, and working out all words over which you have any difficulty in the manner indicated. When with people, as stammering is almost purely a nervous failing, have something in your hands to play with, as this will help greatly. The cure is slow, but absolutely sure. When you are by yourself, talk, working out each word over which you have any difficulty. In talking to others, remember that stammering shows you are speaking too quickly, or you have not breath, or both.

How to Make a Barrel Trap. This is the simplest and most ingenious trap made, and is particularly available for the catching of skunks. Put a stone on the ground and lay a barrel across it so that the open end will just overbalance the other end and therefore rest upon the ground. Put a piece of meat in the high end. The skunk walks up to it, his weight tips the barrel down and he is captured. The only objection to this trap is that it is interfered with by heavy winds.

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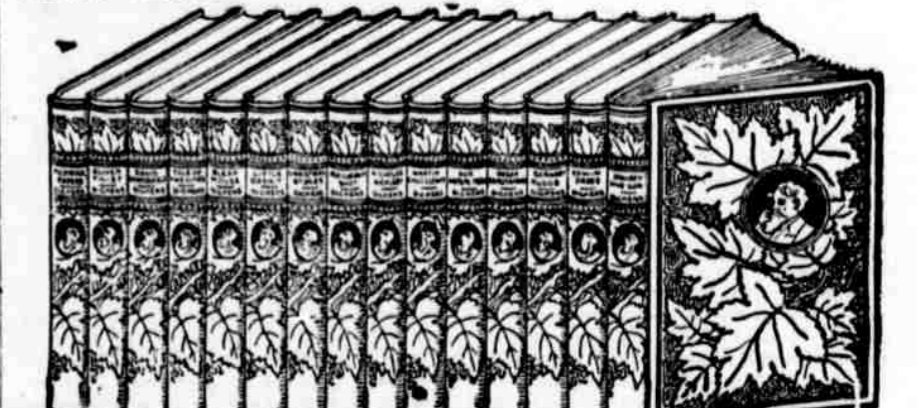
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