

# OUR FATHER'S HOUSE

GLORIES OF THE HEAVENLY MAN-SION WITH MANY ROOMS.

## THE HOME OF GOD'S CHILDREN.

Ideal earthly home a type of the permanent, final and real home in heaven. The coming felicity is a bright picture on the dark background of earthly sorrows.

Washington, Nov. 5.—In a unique way the heavenly world is discoursed upon by Dr. Talmage in this sermon under the figure of a home, text, John xiv. 2, "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered heaven as an alternative, a stimulant and tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He tells them know that, though now they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, made up his mind as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says, "In my Father's house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room, that is George's room, that is Henry's room, that is Flora's room, that is Mary's room, and the home is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world and build their own homes, and the daughters are married or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. And after awhile the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and, seated by the evening stand, they say, "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together 40 years ago. But time goes still further by, and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead. The children and grandchildren come with them and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full. Millennia ago God bought the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first he lived alone in that great house, but as he saw that it was empty, he began to build up a family, and many of the inhabitants passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return, and many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the eternities. The eternities are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's house every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

And you I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence. I thought you would like to get some more particulars about the many rooms of the Father's house. You see, the place is to be apportioned of to many. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some who want an entire room to himself or herself it can be afforded. A statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured, and that it was 12,000 furlongs and that its length and height and breadth were equal, says that would make it 960,000 miles long, 960,000 miles high, and 960,000 miles wide, and then, reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets and the world they live in, he says that there are over 5,000,000,000,000,000 rooms, each room 17 feet high, 15 feet wide, 15 feet high. But have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can tell, the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last.

Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardswoman swings open the front door, and we are ushered up the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel! In that room Christ joyfully greets all new-comers. He redeems them, and he has the right to do the first and greatest thing. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about him of talked about him or sang about him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetimes will it be, just

one second to see him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio is a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of his appearance in that reception room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggars all description. The soul and Jesus!

Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul! But now into that reception room pour the glorified kinsfolk, enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sicknesses or their troubles—see what heaven has done for them—no radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name. They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant. Though they were in some other world on errand from God, a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernatural splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and you will say, "Oh, my lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh, my lost friend!" Are we here together? What scenes in that reception room of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son; Alfred and George Cookman; and the mystery of the last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoner whom he once released, and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth, but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the scenes that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house is the throne-room. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne-room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through the outer vestibule of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war, one eve, in the summer of 1870, I stood studying the exquisite architecture of the gate of the Tuilleries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was extending suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people, I found myself being closely inspected by the government frons. I referred to my companion, judged me to be a German and that for some belligerent reason I might be examining the palace. My poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel and were not satisfied until I had been in my room for some time. I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of the palace are guarded, and if, as how much more the throne-room! A dazzling palace is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who has ever seen the throne-room of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of the chair. What a conflagration of brilliance the throne-room of Charles Emmanuel of Savoy, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Bonaparte of Italy! But the throne-room of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the throne-rooms that ever saw scepter, war or crown, glories or foreign ambassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion. We need not stand shivering and cowering before it, for our Father is a Father, and on day come up and sit on it beside him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."

The crowns of the royal family of this world are tossed about from generation to generation, and from family to family. There are men comparatively young in Berlin who have seen the crown on three emperors. But wherever the crowns of this world rise or fall they are destined to meet in one place. And I look and see them coming from north and south and east and west, the Spanish crown, the Italian crown, the English crown, the Turkish crown, the Russian crown, the Persian crown—aye, all the crowns from under the great arch of heaven—and while I watch and wonder they are all hurrying in rain of diamonds around the pierced feet. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run. His kingdom stretch from shore to shore.

Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling strings or evoked by touch of ivory key, but if not that, then something better. There are many Christian harpists and Christian organists and Christian chorists and Christian symphonists that have gone up from earth, there must be some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world

of discords and no music in the land of complete harmony? I cannot give you the notes of the first bar of the new song that is sung in heaven. I cannot imagine either the solo or the doxology. But heaven means music and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller, dying at Beaufort, S.C., said, "Do you not hear?" Hear what? exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the windows!"

Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorrows and all the experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred rooms in all our dwellings, whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans and books in Russian side standing in mahogany case or there be only a few plain chairs and a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfolk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burials, the festive days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh, everything is perfect fact there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. However much we love our children on earth, we would consider it a domestic disaster if they stayed children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house we will be glad that they have grown grandly and gloriously matured, while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most vigorous and vigorous immortality there. If 40 or 45 or 50 years be the apex of physical and mental life on earth, then the heavenly childhood will be a retreat to that. When we join them in the family room, we shall want to know of them, right away, such things as these: Did you see us in this or that or the other struggle? Did you know when we lost our property and sympathize with us? Were you pleased when we started for heaven? Did you tell us the multitudes and outbursts of our conversion? And then, whether they know it or not, we will tell them all. But they will have grown so much since we parted, since we parted! Surely that family room will be one of the most favored rooms in all our Father's house. What long lingering there, for we shall never again be in a hurry! "Let me open a window," said a humble Christian servant to Lady Raffles, who, because of the death of her child, had shut herself up in a dark room, and refused to see any one. "You have been many days in this dark room. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen, and instead of leaving him in this world till he should be worn with trouble, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? Leave off weeping and let me open a window."

How would it do for any person to leave you in that family room to-day? I am sure there is no room in which you would rather stay than in the enraptured circle of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit other rooms in our Father's house. There may be picture galleries penciled not with earthly art, but by some process unknown in this world, preserving for ever the most beautiful scenes of human history, and there may be lines and forms of earthly beauty preserved whiter and chaster and richer than Venetian sculpture ever wrought—rooms beside rooms, rooms over rooms, large rooms, majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, amethystine rooms. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it it is absolutely necessary that we take the right way, and Christ is the way, and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door, and we must start in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes, and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of letters inviting you to all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysoprasus is nothing, illumined panels of sunrise and sunset nothing, the aurora of northern heavens nothing, compared with the splendour with which I have garnished them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have paved the way with the light of the gospel. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hill-tops the old family homestead? In my Father's house are many rooms."

## FASHION'S FANCIES.

Veils, Hair-dressing Styles and Hair Ornaments.

White veils with a black dot are always worn. The newest have a mesh so fine as to be almost invisible, while the dots are so widely distributed as to suggest the patches of the eighteenth century. Blue and beige veils are also worn.



GIRL'S CLOAK.

And indeed veils of all tints are to be had, but black, gray and white are the only ones which are becoming. Hairdressers are striving to revive the old style of coiffure where the hair is coiled or looped at the top of the head, waved smoothly over the brow and allowed to drop over each ear in a little bunch of curls. At the back of the head is an ornamental comb. For the present the hair continues to be waved and kept rather stiff, but there are indications that this style has not much longer to live. The mass of the hair is kept on the top of the head.

## WINTER SKIRTS.

Prevailing Shapes of the Newest Models.

The double skirt has obviously come to stay. The majority of more elaborate winter models show it in one form or another. The long open pelisse over a skirt much trimmed with ruffles or other decorations is a favorite style. There are also many crumpled tunics, and tunics of the plain poplin variety, cut in the



VISITING GOWN.

different forms at the lower edge and falling over an ample circular blouse, which finishes the foot of the lower skirt. The general shape of skirts continues the same—that is, they are narrow and tight at the top, flaring at the foot, made very long and their lower amplitude still further enlarged by trimmings. A new style divides just below the hips into four or five panels more or less ornamented around the edges and falling over a plain lower skirt trimmed with a gold buckle. From this low springs a curved black feather mottled with white.

## WINTER FASHIONS.

New Jackets For Cold Weather—A Handsome Reception Gown.

For cold weather traveling there are long, half-fitting jackets of plaid gold cloth. They are edged all round with a neat circular ruffle, over which falls plaid worsted fringe. Fancy wool, diagonals, serges and checks will be worn, but above all, cloth and cashmere. Gray blues, violets and greens, with neutral and undecided tints, are the favorite colors, but some brilliant and attractive reds are shown which will be well represented among winter costumes. Blue and purple and blue and green with black and white are fashionable.



RECEPTION GOWN.

The reception gown illustrated is of silk damask having a pompadour design. It is in the form of a long redingote, the skirt being bordered with two scant circular bouffes edged with bands of orange silk. The loose front of white lace falls over orange silk, and the plaid collar is of orange silk. The half-length sleeves have triple caps edged with orange and terminate in a lace frill headed by an orange band and bow. The immense cravat is of orange tulle.

## TAILOR MADE STYLES.

Finish and Trimmings of Early Winter Costumes.

Tailor made gowns are in great favor and are made in the same general style, varying only in detail. Light cloth is the usual material. The skirt is clinging. The bodice is a jacket of greater or less length or a bolero, the latter being preferred as having a smarter look. The finish is as carefully made as that of a riding habit, while the decoration may be of simple stitching or of straps and applications of cloth of the same or a different shade. Lines of silk stitching of a con-



VISITING GOWN.

trasting color are now often used, white stitching on dark cloth being most frequently employed. Revers of velvet, white or colored, covered with heavy lines of silk stitching, are a novelty and are sometimes made to harmonize with the gown, sometimes to contrast with it. Orange velvet revers appear on a black and white checkered costume, white or pale blue revers upon dark blue.

The illustration shows a gown of red cloth. The skirt, which is bordered with a stitched bias fold of white silk, opens at the side over a panel covered with three bouffes of red plaid silk edged with a white silk fold. The tight red cloth bodice, bordered with white silk, fastens at the right side with dull gold buttons. The collar and revers are of plaid silk bordered with white, and in front is a plastron of guipure over white silk. The sleeves of red cloth have deep cuffs. The hat is of red silk, which forms a large bow in front, fastened with a gold buckle. From this bow springs a curved black feather mottled with white.

## His Improvement.

A colonel in the French army who had a great eye for neatness but not much of an ear for music took occasion one day to compliment his bandmaster on the appearance of his men. "Their uniforms are neat," said the colonel, "and their instruments are nicely polished and kept in order, but there is one improvement I must insist upon." "You must train your men, when they perform, to lift their fingers all at exactly the same time and at regular intervals on their instruments, so—once, two, one, two!"

## FASHION NOTES.

Items of News Concerning the Fashionable Wardrobe.

Short, tight coats and boleros are worn open over fronts of silk or satin. New trimmings consist of applications of cloth upon satin and of silk upon cloth. The silk applications are often stitched in lozenges, which puff up in the middle as if they were wadded. The ap-



GIRL'S COSTUME.

plications are often outlined with a cord which sometimes shows an interwoven metallic thread. Gowns intended for ceremonious wear have the bodice matching the skirt. The bodice differing from the skirt is still worn, but is comparatively informal. Traveling gowns are usually in the tailor made style. They are of wool goods of substantial quality, never of silk. Absolute neatness, correctness and harmony are the requisites of the traveling costume, which should have the same character throughout. Plumes, spangles, lace and furbelows of all kinds are quite out of place and are to be avoided. Boleros of cloaking, velvet and fur will be worn this winter.

## OUT OF DOOR COSTUMES.

Jackets and Gowns For Cold Weather Wear.

Straight jackets are much used for little girls. There are also short capes, falling no farther than the elbows. They are made without any fullness at all and are sometimes triple. Stitching is the usual finish for them.

The newest finish for jackets is the shawl collar, cut in sealings around the edge and covered with lines of stitching. There are some very attractive specimens of Scotch plaid among the winter



BOLERO.

models. They are decorated with their own fringe, the shawl points often forming a tunic. Tailor made costumes of velvet, both plain and fancy, are seen in all colors, from very light to very dark. Cloth is perhaps the most favored material and applications of stitched blue cloth bands, and the revers are bordered with a little black velvet ruffle. The sleeves are trimmed with black cord and have velvet cuffs matching the collar. The cravat is of black satin bordered with lace. The hat of brown felt has a band and chow of black velvet, two black ostrich plumes and a garland of blue flowers.