

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Baptism of Fire."

Text: "None of these things move me..."

The Rev. Dr. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, his first sermon after the destruction of the Brooklyn Tabernacle by fire. His audience was of vast size, and public interest was extraordinary.

Dr. Talmage's subject was "The Baptism of Fire," and he said: "But, Paul, have you not enough affliction to move you? Are you not exiled from your native land? With the most genial and loving nature, have you not, in order to be free for missionary journeys, given yourself to calumny? In this you are turned away from the magnificent worldly success that would have crowned your illustrious genius? Have you not endured the sharp and stinging neuralgias, like a thorn in the flesh? Have you not been mobbed on the land, and shipwrecked on the sea; the sanhedrin against you, the Roman Government against you, all the world and all the nations against you?"

"What of that?" says Paul. "None of these things move me." It was not because he was a hard natured, gentle woman was never more exalted into the air, than you could not even bear to see anybody cry, for in the midst of his sermon when he saw some one weeping he sobbed aloud, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? For I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die for Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

When I say that, I do not mean that I have no feeling about it. Instead of standing here to-day in this brilliant auditorium, it would be more consistent with my feeling to sit down among the ruins and weep at the words of David: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Why, let me say to the stranger who has wept at the blackened ruins of the dear and consecrated spot and with an aroused faith in this living God, cry out: "None of these things move me."

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If you put gold and iron and lead and zinc in sufficient heat, they will melt into a conglomeration; and I really feel that last Sabbath's fire has fused us all, grosser and finer natures, into one great mass, and we all had our hands on a wire connected with an electric battery; and when this church started it thrilled through the whole circle, and we all felt the shock. The old man and the youngest child could join hands in this misfortune. Grandfather said: "I expected from those altars to be buried," and one of the children last Sabbath cried and said: "I shall never be next to our own house. You, we are supported and confident in this time by the cross of Christ."

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have set that light there in the window." No; guess again. Jesus set it there; and He will keep it burning until the day we put our finger on the latch of the door and go in to be at home forever. Oh! when my sight gets black in death, put on my eyelids that sweet ointment. When in the last weariness I cannot take another step, just help me put my foot on that doorknob. When my ear catches no more the voice of wife and child, let me go right in, to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the heaviest hammer. Heavens never burns down! The fire of the last day, that are already kindled in the heart of each, but are hidden because God keeps down the latches—those internal fires will after a while break through the crust, and the plains, and the mountains, and the seas will be consumed, and the flames will fling their long arms into the skies; but all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the fire of the setting sun which kindle up the window glass of the house on yonder hill top. Oh, blessed land! But I do not want to go there until I see the Brooklyn Tabernacle rebuilt. You say: "Will you not go to-morrow morning, or if the next spring will put gardens on its head. You and I may not do it—and I may not live to see it; but the wish of God does not stand on two legs nor on a thousand legs."

How did the Israelites get through the Red Sea? I suppose somebody may have come and said: "Well, you might try; you will get your feet wet; you will spoil your clothes; you will drown yourselves. Who ever heard of getting through such a sea as that?" How did they get through? Did they go back? No. Did they go to the right? No. Did they go to the left? No. They went forward in the strength of the Lord. They went through the Red Sea. By going forward. But says one: "If we should build a larger church, would you be able with your voice to fill it?" I have been wearing myself out for the last sixteen years in trying to keep my voice in. Give me room where I can preach the glories of Christ and the grandeur of heaven. Forward! We have to march on, making down all bridges behind us, making retreat impossible. Throw away your knapsack if it impedes your march. Keep your sword arm free. Strike by the Lord when they were through a furnace about two hundred feet wide. Our Jesus! shall we take out of Thy hand the flowers and the fruits, and the brightness and the joys, and then turn away because Thou dost give us one cup of bitterness to drink? Oh, no, Jesus! we will drink it. But how it is changed! Blessed Jesus, what has Thou put into the cup to sweeten it? Why, it has become the wine of heaven, and our souls grow strong. I come to a place both my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I cry out with an exhilaration that I never felt since the day of my conversion: "Victory! victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

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Your harp, ye trembling saints, sound from the willows take. Lead to the praise of love divine Bid every string awake. We are also reinforced by the increased consolation that comes from fraternity of sorrow. The people who, during the last sixteen years, sat on the other side of the aisle, whose faces were familiar to you, but to whom you had never spoken—you greeted them this week with smiles and tears as you said: "Well, the old place is gone, but it did not want to be torn, and so you swept the aisle near the corner of the eye, and pretended it was the sharp wind making us weep." Ah! there was nothing in it, matter with your eyes; it was your soul bubbling over. I tell you that it is impossible to sit for years around the same church, to reside and not have sympathy with the community. Somehow you feel that you would like those people on the other side of the aisle, about whom you know but little, prospered and pardoned and blessed and saved. You feel that you were in the same boat, and you want to glide up the same harbor and want to disembark at the same wharf.

If you put gold and iron and lead and zinc in sufficient heat, they will melt into a conglomeration; and I really feel that last Sabbath's fire has fused us all, grosser and finer natures, into one great mass, and we all had our hands on a wire connected with an electric battery; and when this church started it thrilled through the whole circle, and we all felt the shock. The old man and the youngest child could join hands in this misfortune. Grandfather said: "I expected from those altars to be buried," and one of the children last Sabbath cried and said: "I shall never be next to our own house. You, we are supported and confident in this time by the cross of Christ."

"That is used the fire. On the dark day, we saw the lightning struck it from above, and the flames of hell dashed up against it from beneath. That fearful, painful, tender, blessed cross still stands. On that day we were all in the light of it we expect to make the rest of our pilgrimage. Within sight of such a sacrifice, such a symbol, who can be discouraged, however great the darkness that may come down upon him? Jesus lives! The loving, patient, sympathetic, mighty Jesus! I shall not be told on earth, or in hell, or in heaven, that three Hebrew children had the Son of God beside them in the fire, and that a whole church was saved by the Lord when they went through a furnace about two hundred feet wide. Our Jesus! shall we take out of Thy hand the flowers and the fruits, and the brightness and the joys, and then turn away because Thou dost give us one cup of bitterness to drink? Oh, no, Jesus! we will drink it. But how it is changed! Blessed Jesus, what has Thou put into the cup to sweeten it? Why, it has become the wine of heaven, and our souls grow strong. I come to a place both my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I cry out with an exhilaration that I never felt since the day of my conversion: "Victory! victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Household Art.

WRITTEN BY MARGARET PERCY.

There is very little excuse in these days for bare and cheerless rooms in the homes of those who are above the condition of penury and want. We should make our homes as attractive as our means will reasonably permit. The refining influence of an attractive home is beyond estimating. If more attention was paid to this matter, there would be less of desire on the part of the boys and girls in many families to seek enjoyment and recreation away from home. There is an innate sense of the beautiful in the human breast. The humblest and even the most barbarian classes of mankind, are not insensible to the charm which attaches to beautiful objects. Some ornamentation is needed to give an air of coziness and cheeriness such as is seen in a well-furnished true home. Much may be done with simple means, and that, which there may be no money to buy, the hands of love can make.

A bracket, however pretty, is rendered much prettier by a dainty scarf. One may be made from a square of China or pongee silk or from a silk handkerchief of a pretty pattern. Sew small silk tassels or balls across the ends and gather it little at one side of the length, so that the ends will be of different lengths. Cover the gathering with a bow of ribbon, and drape the scarf over one corner of your bracket. This makes an inexpensive and pretty bit of decoration.

A very delicate and pretty cover for a pin cushion consists of a small square of soft, creamy pink silk, which is first embroidered with a design of primroses and buttercups, worked in natural colors, and then placed on a square of white or light-colored silk. It is secured to this foundation by fancy stitches, and the edge of the foundation itself, is finished with a fringe of gold lace.

A most convenient piece of bed-room furniture is a boot and shoe box. The width of the box should be sufficient for the boots and shoes it is to contain about twenty-six inches long and nine inches high would be about the right size. It may be covered with plush or cloth, or covered with cambric, and the cover of the box should be lightly padded with cotton before covering with the plush; which is decorated with embroidery. Olive plush or diagonal cloth decorated with single blossoms of golden coccinella would be very handsome for this. The box can be placed either before the dressing-table or fender, thus serving the double purpose of shoe box, and hassock. The cover or lid of box only, is to be decorated with embroidery, not the whole box.

A handsome scarf to throw over a writing desk when open is of robin's egg blue silk, embroidered with large yellow pansies in the natural shades. The ends are finished with tiny silk tassels in blue and yellow.

A cheap yet beautiful cover for the bedside is greatly to be desired by most women. One may be made of fine linen or cotton, which costs about twelve and a half cents a yard. Cut it long enough so that the ends will hang over about one-quarter of a yard, fringe the ends deeply and knot the fringe differently at each end, then make three rows of drawn work above the fringe, and if you wish to still further ornament it, a simple vine in outline stitch may be worked on each end. Work this with crewel; it will wash better than longer stitches with good effect. Two rows of these simple scarves will not cost as much as one very handsome one, and yet you will be able to keep the bedside looking neat and orderly every day.

A handsome box for holding collars is made thus. Take a round box, such as gentlemen's collars come in, and cover the outside with pale blue silk; line with silk of a pale yellow tint, placing a layer of perfumed cotton wool over the lining. Cover and line the cover of the box in the same way, and paint on it a bunch of buttercups. A box for cuffs to match may be made in the same way, selecting a somewhat deeper box than is used for the collars.

A novel and pretty catchall may be made of celluloid; cut a piece twelve inches square and line with pale pink crepe silk. Now turn three corners together in envelope shape and lace the edges together with pink silk cord through holes pierced for the purpose. In each corner paint a pink cactus blossom or a head of pink clover. Place a loop of ribbon at the fourth corner for suspending the catchall.

A very pretty ornament is made of pine cones. Gild seven cones and suspend them by narrow ribbons of different lengths. Fasten together at the top with a bow of broad ribbon making one long loop on which sew a thermometer.

A valente, neatly covered with plush or velvet and hung to the wall with large bows of ribbon, is useful for displaying small photos and little ornaments.

A handsome sofa cushion made of cretonne with a large flowered design. Outline the largest leaves and flowers with gold tinsel cord, and work the centers in French knots, and work the background in a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and after shaking them together long and violently, leave them to rest for some days. A clear liquid will settle, with a turbid one above. The lower to be sucked out from beneath the upper with a siphon, taking the utmost care not to carry down any of the latter to mix with the clear fluid.

A bubble blown with this will last for several hours, even in the open air. Or the mixed liquid, after standing twenty-four hours, may be filtered.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 2, 1890. David's Rebellious Son.

LESSON TEXT. 2 Sam. 15: 1-12. Memory verses, 4, 6, 7.

LESSON PLAN. TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Prosperity and Adversity. GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: As long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.—2 Chron. 26: 5.

LESSON TOPIC: The Baseness of Filial Ingratitude.

LESSON OUTLINE: 1. It Exalts Self, vs. 1-4. 2. It Fosters Deception, vs. 5-12. 3. It Dishonors Parents, vs. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT: Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—Exod. 20: 12.

DAILY HOME READINGS: M.—2 Sam. 15: 1-12. The Baseness of filial ingratitude. T.—2 Sam. 14: 1-20. A plea for Absalom in exile. W.—2 Sam. 14: 21-33. Clemency for Absalom. T.—2 Sam. 15: 13-30. David's flight before Absalom. F.—2 Sam. 16: 1-14. David's sorrowful journey.

S.—Psa. 3: 1-8. David's confidence when he fled. S.—Eph. 6: 1-3. Filial gratitude enjoined.

LESSON ANALYSIS. I. IT EXALTS SELF.

I. Worldly Display: Absalom prepared him a chariot and horses, and fifty men (1). He took six hundred chosen chariots (Exod. 14: 7). Adonijah... exalted himself... he prepared him chariots (1 Kings 1: 5). Naaman came with his horses and with his chariots (2 Kings 5: 9). Some trust in chariots, and some in horses (Psa. 20: 7).

II. False Friendship: He put forth his hand, and took hold of him, and kissed him (5). Joab took Amasa... to kiss him. But... he smote him (2 Sam. 20: 9, 10). The kisses of an enemy are profane (Prov. 27: 6). He came to Jesus, and said, Hail, Rabbi; and kissed him (Matt. 26: 49). Judas betrayed thou the Son of man with a kiss? (Luke 22: 48).

III. Treasonable Popularity: So Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel (6). I will rise up evil against thee out of thine own house (2 Sam. 12: 11). The hearts of the men of Israel are after Absalom (2 Sam. 15: 13). Let every soul be in subjection to the higher powers (Rom. 13: 1). They beguile the hearts of the innocent (Rom. 16: 18).

IV. Hypocritical Request: Let me go and pay my vow... in Hebron (7). He arose and went to Hebron. But Absalom sent spies (2 Sam. 15: 9, 10). Then ye shall say, Absalom is king in Hebron (2 Sam. 1