REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Three Tabernacles, a Story of Trials and Triumphs."

TEXT: "Let us make three tabernacles." -Luke 1X., 33.

-Luke ix., 33. Our Arab ponies were almost dead with fatigue, as, in December, 1889, we rode near the foot of Mount Hermon in the Holy Land, the mountain called by one "a mountain of ice," by another "a glittering breastplate of ice," by another "a glittering breastplate of ice," by another "the Mont Blanc of Palestine." Its top has an almost unearthly brilliance. But what must it have been in the time to which my text re-fers? Peter and James and John were on that mountain top with Jesus when, sud-denly, Christ's face took on the glow of the noonday sun, and Moses and Elijah, who had been dead for centuries, came out from the heavenly world and talked with our Saviour. What an overwhelming three-Moses, representing the law: Elijah, repre-senting the prophets, and Christ, represent-ing all world. senting the prophets, and Christ, representing all world

Impetuous Peter was so wrought upon by the presence of this wondrous three, that, without waiting for time to consider how without waiting for time to consider how preposterous was the proposition, he cried out, "Let us make three tabernacles—one for Thee, one for Moses and one for Etijah." Where would they get the material for building one tabernacle, much less material enough to build two tabernacles, and still enough to build they get the material for enough to build two tabernacies, and still less, how would they get the material for building three? Where would they get the hammers? Where the gold? Where the silver? Where the curtains? Where the costly adornments? Hermon is a barren peak, and to build one tabernacle in such a place would have been an undertaking bekind of a chariot that Elijah took from the banks of the Jordan. That Sunday mornyond human achievement, and Peter was propounding the impossible when he cried out in enthusiasm, "Let us build three taber-

And yet that is what this congregation has been called to do and has done. The first Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in first Broosty. IS70, and destroyed by the second Brooklyn Tabernacie was deducated in April, 1891, and in that we are worshiping to-day. What sounded absurd for $P_{e,eet}$ to propose, when he said on Mount Hermon, in the words of my text, "Let us build three tabernac.es," we have not only done, but in the mysterious province of God were com-the mysterious province of God were at this day that we are at Ar-

financial difficulties are now fully and satis-factorily adjusted. Cur income will exceed our outgo, and Brooklyn Tabernacle will be yours and belong to you and your children after you, and anything you see contrary to this you nay put down to the confirmed debtedness, considerably more than \$150,000. I have preached here twenty-three years,

and I expect, if my life and health are con-tinued, to preach here twenty-three years longer, although we will all do well to re-member that our breath is in our nostrils, and any hour we may be called to give an account of our stewardship. All we ask for the future is that you do your best, contribing to another denomination, responded with heartiness, as though we were used to the liturgy, "Good Lord, deliver us." During the short time we occupied that building we had a constant downpour of religious swakening. Hosannah! Ten mil-lion years in heaven will have no power to dim my memory of the glorious times we had in the first Tabernscie, which, because of its invasion of the usual style of church Hely Circus," and by other mirthful nomenhad in the first Tabernscle, which, because of its invasion of the usual style of church architecture, was called by some "Talmage's Hiopodrone,' by others, "Church of the Holy Circus," and by other mirtiful uomen-clature. But it was a building perfect for acoustics, and stool long enough to have its instantion in all the long enough to have its tion, as near as we could find it, is where we now stand. Having selected the spot, should we build

on it a barn or a tabernacle, beautiful and commodious? Our common sense, as well as our religion, commanded the latter. But

what push, what industry, what skill, what sacrifice, what faith in God were necessary ! Impeliments and hindrances without number were thrown in the way, and had it not been for the perseverance of our church offl-cisls, and the practical help of many people, and the prayers of millions of good souls in t all parts of the earth, and the blessing of Almighty God, the work would not have been done. But it is done, and all good people who behold the structure feel in their hearts, if they do not utter it with their lips, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts" On the third Sabbath of last April this church was dedicated, Dr. Hamiln, of Washington, preaching an insoiring ser-mon, Dr. Wendell Prime, of New York, offering the dedicatory praver, and some fitteen clerzymen during the day taking part in the services. Hosannah! How suggestive to many of us are the ber were thrown in the way, and had it not between the sheats of iron took fire no engine hose could play upon it. And they were right. During those days we educated and sent out from a lay college under our charge some twelve hundred young men and women, many of them becoming evangelists and many of them becoming evangeists and many of them becoming regularly or-dained preachers, and I meet them in all parts of the land foiling mightily for God.

part in the services. Hosannah! How suggestive to many of us are the words spelled out in flowers above the pul-pit—''1809" and ''1892"—for those dates bound what raptures, what griefs, what struggles, what triumphs. I mention it as a matter of gratitude to God that in these twenty-three years I have missed but one Sabbath through physical indisposition, and hut three in the thirty-sit years of my min-One Sunday morning in December, 1872, the thermometer nearly down to zero, I was on my way to church. There was an excite-ment in the street and much smoke in the but three in the thirty-six years of mv min-istry. And now, having reached this twenty-third milestone, I start anew. I have in my memorandum hooks analyses of more sermons than I have ever yet preached, and I have preached, as near as I

preached, and I have preached, as near as I can tell, about 3380. During these past years I have learned two or taree things. Among others I have learned that "all things work together for good." My positive mode of preaching has sometimes seemed to stir the hostilities of all earth and hell. Feeling called upon fifteen years ago to explore underground New York city life, that I might report the evils to be combated, I took with me two elders of my church and a New York police commissioner sands standing in the street, and the crash that shook the earta, is as vivid as though church and a New York police commissioner and a policeman, and I explored and re-ported the horrors that needed removal and the alluraments that endangered our young There came upon me an outburst of assumed indignation that frightened almost everybody but myself. That exploration put into my church thirty or forty news-paper correspondents from north, south, east and west; which opened for me new avenues in which to preach the Gospel that our outgo, and belong to you and your children after you, and anything you see contrary to this you hay put down to the confirmed habit which some people have got of min-representing this church, and they cannot stop. When I came to Brooklyn I came to a small church and a big indebtedness. We have now this, the largest Protestant church in America, and financially as a congrega-in America, and financially as a congregaotherwise would never have been opened. Years passed on and I preached a saries of sermons on Amusements, and a false re-port of what I did say—and one of the seressarily somewhat rune, and developed it into an elaborate plan that was immediately licemen to see that no harm was done. That excitement opened many doors, which I entered for preaching the Gospel. After awhile came an ecclesiastical trial, But how to raise the money for such an

expensive undertaking was the question-expensive not because of any senseless adornment proposed, but expensive because in which I was arraighed by people who did not like the way I did things, and although I was acquitted of all the charges, the contast shook the American church. That battle of the immense size of the building needed shook the American cource. That battle to hold our congregation. It was at that tutions. Our best days are yet to come: our greatest revivals of religion, and our might-iest outpourings of the holy Ghost. We have got through the Red sea and stand to-day on the other bank ciapping the cymbals



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both in the way it acts, and in the way it's sold, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for women. It acts in this way :

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liver complaint, pain in back, poor ap-FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT petite and constitution run down gen-NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial erally. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root did Lottlefree, Dr. Kline, 931Arch St., Phila., PL me more good than all the other medicine I had ever taken. At present am

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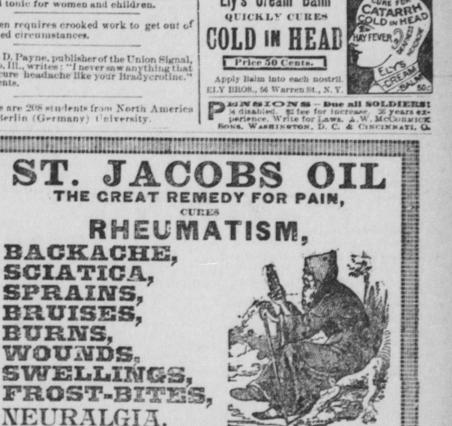
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of victory.

I came to live in Brooklyn, and they have been to me eventiul years. It was a prostrated church to which I came, a church so flat down it could drop no farther. Through controversies which it would be useless to rehearse it was well nigh extinct, and for a long while it had been without a pastor. But nineteen members could be mustered to sign a call for my coming.

As a committee was putting that call before me in an upper room in my house in Philadephis, there were two other commit-tees on similar errands from other churches in other rooms, whom my wife was enter-taining and keeping apart from unhappy collision. The auditorium of the Brookyn church to which I came defied all the laws church to which I came defied all the laws of acoustics; the church had a steeple that was the derision of the town, and a high box pulpit which shut in the preacher as though he were dangerous to be let loose, or it acted as a barricade that was unnecessary to keep back the people, for they were so few that a minister of ordinary muscle could have kept back all who were there.

My first Sabbath in Brooklyn was a sad day, for I did not realize how far the church was down until then, and on the evening of was down until then, and on the evening of that day my own brother, through whose pocket I entered the ministry, died, and the tidings of his decease reached me at 6 o'clock in the evening, and I was to preach at half past seven. But from that day the bissing of God was on us, and in three months we began the entargement of the building. Be-fore the close of that year we resolved to construct the first Tabernacle. It was to be a temporary structure, and therefore we called it a Tabernacle instead of a Temple. What should be the style of architecture was the immediate question. I had always thought that the amplicheatrical shape would be appropriate for a church.

be appropriate for a church. Two distinguished architects were em-ployed, and after much hovering over designs they announced to us that such a building was impossible for religious pur-poses, as it would not be churchly, and would subject themselves and us to ruinous griticism; in other words, they were not ready for a revolution in church archi-tecture. Utterly disheartened as to my favorite style of architecture. I said to the trustees, "Build anything you please, an i I must be satisfied." But one morning a must be satisfied. But one morning a young architect appeared at my house and asked if we had yet selected a plan for our church. I said, "No, and what we want we cannot get." "What kind of building do you want?" he asked. And taking out a lead pencil and a letter envelope from mv pocket, in less than a minute by a few curved lines I indicated in the rough what we wanted. "But," I said, "old architects tell us it can't be done, and there is no use in you trying." He said, "I can do it. How long can I have to make out the plans?" I said, "This even-ing at 8 o'clock everything is to be decided."

ing at 8 o'clock everything is to be decided." At 8 o clock of that evening the architect presented his plans, and the bids of builder and mason were presented, and in five min-utes after the plans were presented they were unanimously adopted. So that I would not be in the way of the trustees dur-ing the work I went to Europe, and when I got back the church was well nigh done. But there came in a staggering hindrance. We expected to pay for the new church by the sale of the old building. The old one had been sold, but just at the time we must have the money the purchasers backed out and we had two churches and no money. By the help of God and the indomitable and unparallele1 energy of our trustees

By the help of God and the indomitable and unparalle's energy of our truster works visit the Hoiy Land, and that the off-member and there one of them present to-day, but the most in a better world, we got the building ready for consecration, and on September 25, 1870, morning and evening dedicatory services were held, and in the afternoon the children, with sweet and multi-tudinous volces, consecrated the place to God. Twenty thousand dollars were raised that day to ply a floating deb. In the glory of the Episcopal Church and the chrysostom of the American pulpit, preached a sermon which lingered in its gracious effects as long as the building stood. He read enough out of the Episcopal prayer book to keep Jimself from being repr-manded by his bishop for preaching at anon-Episcopal service; and we, although belong.

ents without number went | tion, not an assault, during all these twenty-Victory. Yes, twenty-three years have passed since down. Through what struggles we passed three years, but turned out for our advan the eternal Go1 and some brave souls to-day tage, and ought I not to believe that "al remember. Many a time would I have glad-ly accepted calls to some other field, but I could not leave the flock in the wilder-

adopted.

air. Fire engines dashed past. But my min! was on the sermon I was about to

preach, until some one rushed up and told me that our church was going up in the same

ing tragedy, with its wringin; of hands and frozen tears on the cheeks of many thou-

it were yesterday. But it was not a perfect

At last, after, in the interragnum, having worshiped in our beautiful Academy of Music, on the morning of February 22, 1874, the anniversary of the Washington who con-quered impossibilities and on the Sabbath that always celebrates the resurrection, Dr. Byron Sunderland Charlein of the United that always celebrates the resurrection, Dr. Byron Sunderland, Chaplain of the United States Senate, thrilled us through and through with a dedicatory sermon from Hazgai ii., 9, "The glory of this house shall be creater than that of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts." The corner stone of that building had been laid by the illus-trious and now enthroned Dr. Ireneous Prime. On the platform on dedication day sat, among others, Dr. Dowling, of the Bapsat, among others, Dr. Dowlinz, of the Bab-tist Church, Dr. Crook, of the Methodist Church, Mr. Bescher, of the Congregational Church, and Dr. French, of the Presbyterian Church. Hosannah! Another \$35,000 was raised on that day.

The following Sunday 328 souls were re ceived into our communion, mostly on-confession of faith. At two other communions over 500 souls joined at each one. At another ingathering 628 souls entered this communion and so many of those gathered throngs have already entered heaven that we expect to feel at home when we get there. My! mv! Won't we be glad to see them-My!mv! Won't we be giad to see them-the men and women who stood by us in days that were dark and days that were jubilant! Hosannah! The work dons in that church on Schermerhorn street can never be und

What self sacrifices on the part of many, who gave almost till the blood came! What hallelujahs! What victories! What wedding marches played with full organ! What baptisms! What sacraments! What obse-quies! One of them on a snowy Saboath afternoon, when all Brooklyn seemed to afternoon, when all Brooklyn seemel to sympathize, and my eldest son, bearing my own name, lay beneath the pulpit in the last sleep, and Florence Rice Knox sunz, and a score of ministers on and around the plat-form tried to interpret how it was best that one who had just come to manhood, and with brightest worldly prospects, should be taken and we left with a heart that will not come to sche until we meet when the cease to sche until we meet where tears

That second Tabernacie! What a stupen-dous reminiscence! But, if the Peter of my text had known what an undertaking it is to build two tabernacies he would not have build two tabernacies he would not have proposed two, to say nothing of three. As an anniversary sermon must needs be some-what autobiographical, let me say I have not been idle. During the standing of those two Tabernacles fifty-two books, under as many titles, made up from my writings, were published. During that time also I was permitted to discuss all the great questions of the day in all the great cities of this conti-nent, and in many of them many times, be-sides preaching and lecturing minety-six times in England, Scotland and freland in ninety-four days.

ninety-four days. During all that time, as well as since, I During all that time, as well as since, I makes engaged in editing a religious news-paper, believing that such a periodical was capable of great usefulness, and I have been a constant contributor to newspapers and periodicals. Meanwhile all things had be-come easy in the Brookivn Tabernacle. On a Sabbath in October, 1859, I announced to my congregation that I would in a few weeks visit the Holy Land, and that the offl-cers of the church had consented to my go-ing, and the wish of a life to me was about to be fulfilied. The next Sabbath morning, about 2 o'clock, or just atter midnight, a member of my household awakened me by saying that there was a strange light in the sky. A thunderstorm had left the air full of electricity, and from horizon to horizon everything seemed to blaze. But that did not disturb me, until an observation taken from the 'upola of my house declared that the secon 1 Tabernacle was putting on red wings.

tage, and ought I not to believe things work together for good?" Hosannah! Another lesson I have learned during these twenty-three years is that it is not nee preach error or pick flaws in the Bible in order to get an audience; the old Book without any fixing up is good enough for me, and the higher criticism, as it is called, means lower religion. Higher criticism is another form of infideiity, and its disciples will believe less and less, until many of them will land in Nowhere and become the worshipers of an eternal "What is it." The most of these higher critics seem to be seaking notoriety by pitching into the Bible. It is such a brave thing to strike Bible. It is such a brave thing to strike your grandmother. The old Gospel put in modern phrase, and without any of the conventionalities, and adapted to all the wants and woes of humanity. I have found the mightiest magnet, and we have never laciad an antimum. lacked an autisuce.

lacked an autimee. Next to the blessing of my own family I account the blessing that I have always had a great multitude of people to preach to. That old Gospel I have preached to you these twenty-three years of my Brooklyn pastorate, and that old Gospel I will preach the the set of the set of the the pastorate, and that old Gospel 1 will prach till I die, and charge my son, who is on the way to the ministry, to preach it after me, for I remember Paul's toun lerbolt, "if any man preach any other Gospel, let him be accurated." And now, as I stand here on my twenty-third andiversary. I see two andi-ences. The one is made up of all those who have worshiped with us in the past, but have been translated to higher realize. been translated to higher realms. What groups of children-too fair and too

sweet and too lovely for earth, and the Lord took them, but they seem present to-oay. The croup has gone out of the swollen throat and the pallor from the chcek, and they have on them the health and radiance of heaven. Hail, groups of glorified children! How giad 1 am to have you come back to us to-day! And here sit those aged ones, who departed this life seaving an awful vacancy in home and church. Where are your staffs and where and church. Where are your staffs and where are your gray locks, and where you stooping shoulders, ye blessed old folks? "On" they say, "we are all young again, and the bath in the river from under the throne has made us agile and bounding. In the place from which we come they use no staffs, but scepters!" Hail, fataers and mothers in Israel; how glad we are to have you come back to greet us. But the other audience I see in imavination is unde up of all taces to see in imagination is made up of all taose to whom we have had opportunity as a church, directly or indirectly, of presenting the Gospel. Yea, all my parishes seem to come back to-day. The people of my first enarge in Belleville, New Jersey. The people of my second charge in Syracuse, New York. The people of my third charge in Philadelphia. And the people of all these three Brooklyn Tabernacles. Look at them, and all those whom, through tae printing press, we have invited to God and heaven, now seeming to sit in galleries above galleries, fifty galleries. see in imagination is made up of all taose to

sit in galleries above galleries, fifty galleries, a hundred galleries, a thousand galleries him

a hundred galleries, a thousand galleries hige. Igreet them all in your name and in Christ's name, all whom I have confronted from my first sermon in my first village charge, where my lips trembled and my knees knocked together from affright, speak-ing from the text, Jeremiah i., 6, "Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child!" until the sermon I preach to-day from Luke ix, 33, "Let us make three taber-nacles," those of the past and the present, all gather in imagination, if not in reality, all of us grateful to God for past mercies, all of us sorry for misimproved opportuoites, all hopsful for eternal raptures, and while the visible and the invisible audiences of the present and the past commingie, I give out to be sung by those who shall read of this scene of reminiscence and congratuiation, that hymn which has been rolling on since Isaac Watts started it one hundred and fifty years ago:

Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come: Our shelter from the stormy bi.st, And our evenal noise.

ledo, Ohio, which holds 66,000 gallons

the nuts, which they dropped into the funnel and down into the bucket below, and as regularly as night came the almond grower would in his turn empty it of its contents and set it back for a new supply, This was kept up until the entire crop had Bowels, been gathered, and the yellowham-Liver. mers had departed broken-hearted at the heartless deception practiced upon Kidneys, them.-Sutler (Cal) Enterprise.

Oregon as a Fruit State.

Fruit-growers in the West are enthusiastic over the possibilities of Oregon as a fruit-growing region, and especially for prune culture. One fruit expert says that Italian prunes grown in the Williamette Valley are superior to those grown in Italy. The climate, he says, is like the great fruit region of Asia Minor. One grower has planted about fifteen thousand prune trees on 150 acres in the Williamette, and it is said that prunes and other fruits are being planted in thousands of other farms. That part of the State promises to be a vast fruit orchard in the near future.



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