REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Our Departed Still Living."

TEXT: "And when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived. And Israel said: 'It is enough; Joseph, my son, is yet alive.'"—Genesis xlv., 27-28.

Israel said: 'It is enough; Joseph, my son, is yet alive.' "—Genesis xiv., 27—28.

The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges there had been brought to it from India frankincense, cinnamon, and ivory, and diamonds; from the North, marble and iron; from Syria, purple and silk; from Greece some of the finest horses of the world, and some of the most i rilliant chariots; and from all the earth that which could best please the eye, and charm the car, and gratify the taste. There were temples aflame with red sandstone.entered by gateways that were guarded by pillars bewildering with hieroglyphics, and wound with brazen serpents, and adorned with winged creatures—their eyes, and beaks, and pinions glittering with precious stones. There were marble columns blooming into white flower-buds: there were pillars, at the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom. Along the avenues, lined with sphinx, and fane and obelisk, there were princes who came in gorgeously upholstered palanquin, carried by servants in scarlet, or elsewhere drawn by vehicles, the snow-white horses golden-bitted, and six abreast dashing at full run. There were fountains from stone-wreathed vases climbing the ladders of the light. You would hear a bolt shove, and a door of brass would open like a flash of the sun. The surrounding gardens were saturated with odors that mounted the terrace, and dripped from the arbors, and burned their incense in the Egyptian noon. On floors of mosaic the glories of Pharaoh were spelled odt in letters of porphyry, and beryl, and flame. There were font-stools made out of a single precious stone. There were leds fashioned out of a crouched lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hide of leopards. There were beds fashioned out of a crouched lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hide of leopards. There were sofas footed with the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea on a summer day, and look either way, and there are

breakers of marble temple, mausoleum, and obelisk.

This was the place where Joseph the shepherd boy, was called to stand next to Pharaoh in honor. What a contrast between this scene and his humble starting, and the pit into which his brothers threw nim. Yet he was not forgetful of his early home; he was not ashamed of where he came from. The Bishop of Mentz, descended from a wheelwright, covered his house with sposses, and hammers, and wheels; and the King of Sicily, in honor of his father, who was a potter, refused to drink out of anything but an earthen vessel. So Joseph was not ashamed of his early surroundings, or of his old-time father, or of his brothers. When they came up from the famine-stricken land to get corn from the King's corn crib, Joseph, instead of chiding them for the way they had maitreated and abused him, sent them back with wagons, which Pharaoh furnished, laden with corn; and old Jacób, the father, in the very same wagons, was brought back, that Joseph, the son, might see him, and give him a comforatable home all the rest of his days.

Well, I hear the wagons, the King's wagons,

give him a comforatable home all the rest of his days.

Well, I hear the wagons, the King's wagons, rumbling down in front of the palace, On the outside of the palace, to see the wagons go off, stands Pharcah in royal robes; and beside him Prime Minister Joseph, with a chain of gold around his neck, and on his hand a ring given by Pharaoh to him, so that any time he wanted to stamp the royal seal upon a document he could do so. Wagon after wagon rolls on down from the palace, laden with corn and meat, and changes of raiment, and every thing that could help a famine-struck people. One day I see aged Jacob seated in front of his house. He is possibly thinking of his absent boys (sons, however old they get, are never to a father any more than boys); and while he is seated there, he sees dust arising, and he hears wagons rumbling, and he wonders what is coming now, for the whole land had been smitten with the famine, and was in silence. But after a while the wagons have come near enough, and he sees his sons on the wagons, and before they come quite up, they shout: "Joseph is yet alive!" The old man faints dead away. I do not wonder at it. The boys teil the story how that the boy, the long-absent Joseph, has got to be the first man in the Egyptian palace. While they unload the wagons, the wan and wasted creatures in the neighborhood come up and ask for a handful of corn, and they are satisfied.

One day the wagons are brought up, for

Ged.

One day the wagons are brought up, for Jacob, the old father, is about to go to see Joseph in the Egyptian palace. You know it is not a very easy thing to transplant an old tree, and Jacob has hard work to get away from the place where he has lived so long. He bids good-bye to the old place, and leaves his blessing with the neighbors, and then his sons steady him, while he, determined to help himself, gets into the wagon, stiff, old and decrepit. Yonder they go, Jacob and his sons, and their wives, and their children, eightytwo in all, followed by herds and flocks, which the herdsmen dave along. They are going out from famine to luxuriance; they are going from a plain country home to the finest palace under the sun. Joseph, the which the herdsmen dave along. They are going out from famine to luxuriance; they are going from a plain country home to the finest palace under the sun. Joseph, the Frime Minister, gets in his chariot, and drives down to meet the old man. Joseph's charioteer holds up the horses on one side—the dust-covered wagons of the emigrants stop on the other. Joseph, instead of waiting for his father to come, leaps out of the chariot and jumps into the emigrants' wagon, throws his arms around the old man, and weeps aloud for past memories and present joy. The father, Jacob, can hardly think it is his boy. Why, the smooth brow of childhood has become a wrinkled brow, wrinkled with the cares of state, and the garb of the shepherd boy has become a robe royally bedizened! But as the old man finels out it is actually Joseph, I see the thin lip quiver against the toothless gum as he cries out: "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face: behold Joseph is yet alive." The wagons roil up in front of the palace. Help out the grandchildren, and take them in out of the hot Egyptian sun. Help old Jacob out of the wagon. Send word to Pharach that the old shepherd has come. In the royal apartment Pharach and Jacob meet—dignity and rusticity—the gracefulness of the field. The King, wanting to make the old countryman at ease, and seeing how white his beard is, and how feeble his step, looks familiarly into his face, and says to the aged man: "How old art thou?" Give the old man a sext. Unload the wagons; drive out the cattle toward the pastures of Goshen. Let the javes in scarlet kneel and wash the feet of the newly-arrived, wiping them on the finest linen of the palace. From vases of perfume let the newly-arrived be sprinkled and refreshel; let minstrels come in with sandals of crimson, and thrum the harps, and clap the cymhals, and jungle the tambourines, while we set down, at this grent dislance of time and space, and learn the large, and what they take back.

In the first place, like those that came from the fields and the orchards a

sheep's back? Oh, I wish we could see through every grain field, by every sheep fold, under the trees of every orchard, the King's wagons. They drive up three times a day—movning, noon, and night. They bring furs from the Arctic, they bring fruits from the tropic, they bring bread from the temperate zone. The King looks out, and he says: "There are twelve hundred millions of people to be fed and clothed. So many pounds of meat, so many barrels of flour, so many yards of cloth, and linen and flannel, so many hats, so many socks, so many shoes;" enough for all, save that we who are greedy get more shoes than belong to us, and others go barefooted. None but a God could feed and clothe the world. None but a King's corncrib could appease the world's famina. None but a King could tell how many wagons to send, and how heavily to load them, and when they are to start. They are coming over the frozen ground today. send, and how heavily to load them, and when they are to start. They are coming over the frozen ground to-day. Do you not hear their rumbling? They will stop at noon at your table. Oh, if for a little while they should cease, hunger would come into the nations, as to Utica when Hamilcar b-sieged it, and as in Jerusalem when Vespasian surrounded it; and the nations would be holloweyed, and fall upon each other in universal cannibalism; and skeleton would drop upon skeleton; and there would be no one to bury the dead; and the earth would be a field of bleached skeletons; and the birds of prey would fall dead, flock after flock, without any carcasses to devour; and the earth out any carcasses to devour; and the earth in silence would wheel around, one great black hearse! All life stopped because the King's wagons are stopped. Oh, thank God for bread—for bread!

King's wagons are stopped. Oh, thank God for bread—for bread!

I remark again, that like those that came from the Egyptian palace, the King's wagons bring us good news. Jacob had not heard from his boy for a great many years. He never thought of him but with a heart-ache. There was in Jacob's heart a room where lay the corpse of his unburied Joseph; and when the wagons came, the King's wagons, and told him that Joseph was yet alive, he faints dead away. Good news for Jacob! Good news for us! The King's wagons come down and tell us that our Joseph-Jesus is yet alive; that He has forgiven us because we threw Him into the pit of suffering and the dung eon of shame. He has risen from thence to stand in a palace. The Bethlehem shepherds were awakened at midnight by the rattling of the wagons that brought the tidings. Our Joseph-Jesus sends us a message of pardon, of life, of heaven; corn for our hunger, raiment for our nakedness. Joseph-Jesus is yet alive!

I go to hunt up Jesus. I go to the village

I go to hunt up Jesus. I go to the village of Bethany, and say: "Where does Mary lives." They say: "Yonder Mary lives." I go in. I see where she sat in the sitting-room. I go out where Martha worked in the kitchen, but I find no Jesus. I go into the kitchen, but I find no Jesus. I go into the pulce and the prisoner's box, but no Jesus. I go into the Arimathean cemetery: but the door is gone, and the shroud is gone, and Jesus is gone. By faith I look up to the King's palace; and behold I have found him! Jesuph Jesus is still alive! Glorious religion, a religion made not out of death's heads, and cross-bones, and undertaker's screw-driver, but one bounding with life, and sympathy and gladness. Joseph is yet alive! ness. Joseph is yet alive!

"I know that my Redeemer lives.
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living itead!

"He lives to grant me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there. "He lives, all glory to His name:
He lives, my Jesus, still the same.
Ob, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Hedgemer lives!"

The King's wagons will after a while unload, and they will turn around, and they will go back to the palace, and I really think that you and I will go with them. The King will not leave us in this famine-stricken world. The King has ordered that we be lifted into the wagons, and that we go over into Goshen where there shall be pasturage for our largest flock of joy, and then we will drive up to the palace, where there are glories awaiting us which will melt all the snow of Egyptian marble into forgetfulness.

I think that the King's wagons will take

us up to see our lost friends. Jacob's chief anticipation was not seeing the Nile, nor of seeing the Nile, nor of seeing the throne-room. There was a focus to all his journeyings, to all his anticipations; and that was Joseph. Well, my friends, I do, not think heaven would be worth much if our brother Jesus was not there. If there were two heavens, the ore with all the pomp and paraphernalia of an eleman monarchy, but no Christ, and the other were a plain heaven, humbly thatched, with a few daise in the yard, and Christ were there is would say: "Let the King's wagons take me up to the old farm-house." If Jesus were not in heaven, there would be no music there; there would be but few people there; they would be off looking for the lost Christ, crying through the universe; "Where is Jesus" was the people there; they would be no music there; they would be read they had found him, with loving violence they would take him and bear him through the gates; and it would be the greatest day known in heaven within the memory of the oldest inhabtant. Jesus never went off from heaven but once, and He was so badly treated on that excursion they will never let Him go again.

Oh, the joy of meeting our brother. Joseph-Jesus: After we have talked about Him for ten, or fifty, or seventy years, to talk with Him, and to clasp hands with the hero of the ages; not crouching as underlings in His presence, but, as Jacob and Joseph, hug each other. We will want some new term by which to address Him. On earth we call Him Saviour, or Redeemer, or friend; but when we throw our arms around Him in everiasting embrace, we will want some new term by which to address Him. On earth we call the was the beautial; and the clouds wept the country of the first rush of our emotions, what we shall do I cannot imagine. Oh, the overwhelming glory of the first sixty seconds in heaven. Mentally had been the first pown of the family Bible, and the world. How many years is it now last christnas, or the fourteenth of next month; they are all red, and you hav

mother always went to church; that was a habit they had. On those stormy Sabbaths when we staid at home, the absence of our when we staid at home, the absence of our parents seemed very much protracted, for the roads were very bad, and they could not get on very fast. So we would go to the window at twelve o'clock to see if they were coming, and then we would go at half-past twelve to see if they were coming, and at quarter to one, and then at one o'clock. After a while, Mary, or David, or De Witt would shout: "The wagon's coming?" and then we would see it winding out of the woods, and over the brook, and through the lane, and up in front of the old farm-house; and then we would rush out, leaving the doors wide open, with many things to tell them, asking them many questions. Well, my dear brethren, I think we are many of us in the King's wagons, and we are on the way home. The road is very bad, and we get on slowly; but road is very bad, and we get on slowly; but

road is very bad, and we get on slowly; but after a while we will come winding out of the woods, and through the brook of death, and up in front of the old heavenly homestead; and our departed kindred, who have been waiting and watching for us, will rush out through the doors and over the lawn, out through the doors and over the lawn, crying: "The wagons are coming! the King's wagons are coming!" Hark! the bell of the City Hall strikes twelve. Twelve o'clock on earth, and likewise it is high noon in heaven. Does not the subject of to-day take the gloom out of the thoughts that would otherwise be struck through with midnight? We use it o think that when we died we would have to go afoot, sagging down in the mire, and the hounds of terror might get after us, and if we got through into Heaven at all, we would come in torn, and wounded, and bleed ing. I remember when my teeth chattered and my knees knocked together when I heard anybody talk about death; but I have come to think that the grave will be the softest bed I ever slept in, and the bottom of my feet will not be wet with the passage of the Jordan. "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

I was reading of Robert Southey, who said

I was reading of Robert Southey, who said he wished he could die far away from his friends—like a dog, crawling into a corner and dying unobserved. These were his words. Be it ours to die on a couch surrounded by loved ones, so that they with us may hear the glad, sweet, jubilant announcement: "The King's wagons are coming." Hark! I hear them now. Are they coming for you or me!

Hoardings of Years Go Up in Smoke. Mr. and Mrs. Grube arrived in this country many years ago, and by their industry and econ by saved \$900, all of which on Saturday went up in smoke through the stovepipe in their home at 1037 West Twenty-second street.

Grube is employed at the malleable iron works. His wife on Saturday concluded to do some extra washing for the children, so that they could appear in a better shape at Sunday-school next day. After lighting a big, hot fire in the stove she rummaged through the closets for little fineries which she thought would not be needed for the rest of the year,

but which the spell of Indian summer urged her to reproduce for a day or two. In her search among the closets she came across a little bag in the bottom of which were the whole heardings of the industrious years of herself and husband, amounting to \$900 in greenbacks. The roll of bills she held for a moment in her hands, thrust it into a stocking, and threw the stocking under a bed, where she thought it would be safest while she was doing her washing. But worse than burglars were in the house while she was working.

Two of her little children, a boy and a girl, were playing and rummaging around and of course crawled under the bed. Then they found the stocking, and in their glee, after thumping each other with it for a while, threw it into the stove to see what a nice blaze the nice pictured pieces of paper would make. The stocking was soon ablaze, and so were the greenbacks, and when Mrs. Grube found out what they had done there was but a little speck of ashes to mark where all the fortune and the financial hopes of herself and husband had vanished .- Chicago Times.

Japanese Home Life.

The home life of the Japanese is such that fires can hardly be avoided. Instead of using matches for lighting their cigars, they have little bowls of charcoal called hibachis, and these are kept on the floor, hibachis, and these are kept on the floor, which is usually covered with straw matting. The kitchen stove is merely a stone box, and the partitions of the houses are of thin paper or of boards, which will spring into flame at a touch. There is no such thing as gas in the ordinary Japanese house, and the candle and the coal-oil lamp are the illuminating powers. The lanterns are the ordinary paper lanterns, which you see at dinery paper lanterns, which you see at American lawn fetes, or square boxes of oiled paper stretched over a wooden frame, in which a lamp or candle burns. The lamps and lanterns are placed on the floor, and about them the children play and the family sprawl. It is a wonder indeed, that there are not more fires, and when it is remembered that there is not a chimney on any of the houses of Japan, and that the fuel of the country Japan, and that the fuel of the country is to a large extent charcoal, the danger from fire is appreciated. The ordinary Japanese smokes a pipe, and the fact that his pipe must be refilled about two times a minute adds to the danger of fire. The bowl of a Japanese pipe is not bigger than the bottom of a thimble. It holds about two puffs of smoke, and it is usually made of brass or metal.—

A Goldbeater's Marvelous Skill. It is said that a single Cincinnati establishment each year beat out 21,000 gold dollars into gold leaf, and as each dollar can be made into a sheet that will carpet two rooms sixteen and a half feet square, some idea may be formed of its extreme tonuity. It requires 1400 thick-nesses of gold leaf to equal a sheet of thin paper, and 280,000 to form an inch. The metal, which must be twenty-three carats fine, is first run into bars one inch wide and about seven inches long, and then rolled to the thickness of letter paper. It is then cut into inch squares, 200 of which are interleaved with four-inch squares of parchment and beaten by hand with heavy hammers upon a solid block till they spread to the parchment's dimensions. Then they are subdivided and again beaten out, and the process goes on and on, till the limit is reached, when the moulds pare into the hands of girl sorters and counters, who trim each sheet to the size of 3½ inches, and lay them between tissue paper in the "books" of commerce.—Commercial Advertiser. carats fine, is first run into bars one inch

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