REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN. DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Baptism of Fire."

TEXT: "None of these things move me."-

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

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

And rides upon the storm.

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 an exile 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 celibacy? Have you not turned away from the magnificent worldly successes that would have crowned your illustrious genius? Have you not endured the sharp and stinging neuralgias, like a thorn in the flesh? Have neuralgias, like a thorn in the flest? Have you not been mobbed on the land, and shipwrecked on the sea; the sanhedrim again

wrecked on the sea; the sahnedrim against you, the Roman Government against you, all the world and all hell against you?

"What of that?" says Paul. "None of these things move me?" It was not because be was a hard nature. Gentlest woman was never more easily dissolved into tears. He could not even bear to see anybody cry, for in the midst of his sermon when he saw some one weeping her sobs aloud, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."
What then did Paul mean when he said, "None of these things move me?" He meant, "I will not be diverted from the work to which I have been called by any and all the adversities and calamities."

I think this morning I express not only my own feelings but that of every man, woman and little child belonging to the Brooklyn Tabernacle, or that was converted there, or comforted there, or blessed there, when I look toward the blackened ruins of the dear and consecrated spot and with an aroused faith in a loving God, cry out: 'None of these things move me."

When I say that, I do not mean that we have no feeling about it. Instead of stand-ing here to-day in this brilliant auditorium, it would be more consonant with my feelings it would be more consonant with my recings to sit down among the ruins and weep at the words of David: "If I forget thee, O Jerusa-lem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Why, let me say to the strangers here to-day in explanation of the deep emotion of my flock, we had there in that building sixteen years of religious revival. I believe that a hundred thousand souls were born there. They came from all parts of the earth and we shall never see them again until the books are opened. Why, sirs! our children were there baptized, and at those altars our young men and maidens took the marriage vow, and out of those gates we carried our dead. When from the roof of my house last Sun-day morning at 3 o'clock I saw our church in flames, I said: "That is the last of the buildthat is the last of the building from which we buried our De Witt on that cold December day when it seemed all Brooklyn wept with my household."

And it was just as hard for you to give up your loved ones as for us to give up ours. Why, like the beautiful vines that still cover some of the fell. that still cover some of the fallen walls, our affections are clambering all over the ruins, and I could kiss the ashes that mark the place where it once stood. Why, now that I think of it, I cannot think of it as an inanimate put as a sould a wicktream. pile, but as a soul, a mighty soul, an indestructible soul. I am sure that majestic organ had a soul, for we have often heard it speak and sing and shout and wail, and when the soul of that organ entered heaven I think Handel, and Haydn, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn, and Beethoven were at the gates to welcome it. So I do not use the words of my text in a heartless way, but in the sense that our work by the appalling disasters which have befallen us. We will not turn aside one inch from our determination to do all we can for the present and everlasting happiness of all the people whom we may be able to meet.
"None of these things move me. None of

When I looked out through the dismal rain when I looked out through the dismal rain from the roof of my house and saw the church crumbling brick by brick and timber by timber, I said to myself: "Does this mean that my work in Brooklyn is ended? Does this terminate my association with this city, where I have been used the where I have been more than twenty years glad in all its prosperities, and sad in all its misfortunes?" And a still small voice came

misfortunes?" And a still small voice came to me, a voice that is no longer still or small but most emphatic and commanding, through pressure of hand, and newspaper column, and telegram and letter, and contributions saying: "Go forward!"

I have made and I now make appeal to all Christendom to help us. We want all Christendom to help, and I will acknowledge the receipt of every contribution great or small tendom to help, and I will acknowledge the receipt of every contribution, great or small, with my own hand. We want to build larger and better. We want it a national church, in which people of all creeds and all nations may find a home. The contributions already sent in make a small hearted church forever impossible. Would not I be a sorry spectacle for angels and men if, in a church built by Israelites and Catholics, as well as all the styles of people commonly called a comall the styles of people commonly called evan-gelical, I should, instead of the banner of the Lord God Almighty, raise a fluttering rag of small sectorianism? If we had three hundred thousand dollars we would put them all in one great monument to the mercy of God.

People ask on all sides about what we shall build. I answer, it all depends on the contributions sent in from here and from the ends of the earth. I say now to all the Baptists, that we shall have in it a baptistery. I say to all Episcopalians, we shall have in our services as heretofore at our communion table portions of the Liturgy. I say to the Catholics we shall have a cross over the pulpit and probably on the tower. I say to the Methodists, we mean to sing there like the voices of mighty thunderings. I say to all denominations, we mean to preach a religion as wide as heaven and as good as God. We have said we had a total loss. But there was

wide as heaven and as good as God. We have said we had a total loss. But there was one exception. The only things we saved were the silver communion chalices, for they happened to be in another building, and I take that fact as typical that we are to be in communion with all Christendom. "I believe in the communion of saints?"

I think, if all the Brooklyn firemen and all insurance companies should search among those ruins on Schermerhorn street, they would not find a splinter large as the tip end of the little finger marked with bigotry. And as it is said that the exhumed bricks of the walls of Babylon have on them the letter N, standing for Nebuchadnezzar, I declare to you that if we ever get a new church the letter we should like to have on every stone and every timber would be the letter C, for that would stand both for Christ and Catholicity. The last two words I uttered in the old church on Friday night, some of you may remersher, were "Hallelujah! Amen!" The two words that I utter now as most expressive of my feelings in this our first service after the Baptism of Fire, are Hallelujah! Amen! "None of those things movemen."

lujan! Amen! "None of these things move

We are kept in this mood by two or three considerations. The first is, that God rules. In what way the church took fire I do not know. It has been charged on the lightnings. Well, the Lord controls the lightnings. He managed them several thousands of years before our electricians were born. The Bible indicates that, though they flast down the sky recklessly, God builds for them a road to travel.

In the Psalms it is said: "He made a way for the lightning and thunder." Ever since the time of Benjamin Franklin the world has been trying to tame the lightnings, and they seem to be quite well harnessed, but they occasionally kick over the traces. But though we cannot master great natural forces, God can and does, and that God is

our Father and best Friend, and this thought

our Father and best Friend, and this thought gives us confidence.

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." You did not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the sleeve near the corner of the eye, and wetended it was the sharp wind made your eyes weak. Ah! there was noth-

your eyes weak. Ah! there was nothing the 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 fireside and not have sympathies in common. 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 as if you were in the same boat, and you want to glide up the same harbor and want to disembark at the same

If you put gold and iron and lead and zinc in sufficient heat, they will melt into a conglomerate mass; and I really feel that last Sabbath's fire has fused us all, grosser and finer natures, into one. It seems as it we all had our bands on a wire connected with an electic battery; and when this church sorrestarted it thrilled through the whole circle, and we all felt the shock. The oldest 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: Grandpa, that place was next to our own

'Grandpa, that place was next to our own house.' Yea, we are supported and confident in this time by the cross of Christ.

That is used to the fire. On the dark day when Jesus died, the lightning struck it from above, and the flames of hell dashed up against it from beneath. That tearful painful, tender, blessed cross still stands. On it was hang all our hopes: beneath it we put we hang all our hopes; beneath it we put down all our sins; in the light of it we ex-pect to make the rest of our pilgrimage. Within sight of such a sacrifice, who can feel he has it hard? In the sight of such a sym-bol, who can be discouraged, however great the darkness that may consider upon the the darkness that may come down upon him? Jesus lives! The loving, patient, sympathizing, mighty Jesus! It shall not be told on earth, or in hell, or in heaven, that three He-brew children had the Son of God beside them in the fire, and that a whole church was forsaken by the Lord when they went through a furnace about two hundred feet

O Lord 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 dry. 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 now, and place both of my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I cry out with an exhilaration that I never feit since the day of my soul's emancipation, "Victory! victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ?"

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take, Loud to the praise of love divine Bid every string awake.

We are also re-enforced by the Catholicity that I have already referred to. We are in the Academy to-day, not because we have no other place to go. Last Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock we had but one church; now we have about thirty, all at our disposal. Their pastors and their trustees say: "You may take our main audience rooms, you may take our lecture rooms, you may take our church parlors, you may baptize in our baptisteries, and sit on our anxious seats." Oh! if there be any larger hearted ministers or larger hearted churches anywhere than in Brooklyn, tell me where they are, that I may go and see them where they are, that I may go and see them before I die. The millenium has come. People keep wondering when it is coming. It has come. The lion and the lamb lie down nas come. The hon and the lamb he down together, and the tiger eats straw like an ox. I should like to have seen two of the old time bigots, with their swords, fighting through that great fire on Schermerhorn street last Sabbath. I am sure the swords would have melted, and they who wilded them have become text in a heartless way, but in the sense that we must not and will not be diverted from our work by the appalling disasters which have hefallen us. We will not true sold in the sense that who wielded them have learned war no more. I can never say a word against any other denomination of Christians. I thank God I never have been tempted to do it. I cannot be a sectarian. I have been told I ought to be, and I have tried to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the thing most done, there comes a fire, or something else, and all is gone. The angels of God shake out on this air, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." I do not know but I see on the horizon the first gleam of the morning which shall unite all denominations in one organization, distinguished only by the heality as in apostolic times. It was then the Church of Thyatira, and the Church of Thessalonica, and the Church of Antioch, and the Church of Laodicea. So I do not know but that in the future history, and not far off either, it may be simply a distinction of locality, and not of creed, as the Church of New York, the Church of Brooklyn, the Church of Boston, the Church of Charleston, the Church of Madras, the Church of Constantinople, the Church of America. and on earth peace, good will toward men."

I do not know but I see on the horizon the

My dear brethren, we cannot afford to be severely divided. Standing in front of the great foes of our common Christianity, we want to put on the whole armor of God and march down in solid column, shoulder to march down in solid column, shoulder shoulder! one commander! one triumph!

The trumpet gives a martial strain O Israel gird thee from the fight; Arise, the combat to maintain; Arise, and put thy foes to flight.

Arise, the combat to maintain;
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.

We also feel reinforced by the thought that we are on the way to a heaven that can never burn down. Fires may sweep through other cities—but I am glad to know that the New Jerusalem is fireproof. There will be no engines rushing through those streets; there will be no temples consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that Church, we will find them open, resonent with songs, and not cries of fire. Oh, my dear brother and sister! if this short lane of life comes up so soon to that blessed place, what is the use of our worrying? I have felt a good many times this last week like Father Taylor, the sailor preacher. He got in a long sentence while he was preaching one day, and lost himself, and could not find his way out of the sentence. He stopped and said: "Brethren, I have lost the nominative of this sentence, and things are generally mixed up, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow."

of this sentence, and things are generally mixed up, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow."

And during this last week, when I saw the rushing to and Iro and the excitement, I sate to myself: "I do not know just where we shall start again, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow." I do not want to go just yet I want to be pastor of this people until I am about eighty nine years of age, but I have sometimes thought that there are such glories ahead that I may be persuaded to go a little earlier—for instance, at eighty two or three; but I really think that, if we could have an appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, we would want to go, stepping right out of the Academy of Music into the glories of the skies.

Ah! that is a good land. Why, they tell me that in that land they never have a heart ache. They tell me that a man might walk five hundred years in that land and never see a tear or hear a sigh. They tell me that our friends who have left us and gone there, their feet are radiant as the sun, and that they take hold of the hand of Jesus familiarly, and that they open that hand and see in the palm of it a healed wound that must have been very cruel before it was healed. And they tell me that there is no winter there, and that they never get hungry or cold, and that the sewing girl never wades through the show bank to her daily toil, and that the clock never strikes twelve for the night, but only twelve for the day.

See that light in the window, I wondow who set it there. "Oh!" you say: "My father that went into glory must have set that light in the window," No; guess again. "My mother, who died fifteen years ago in Jesus, I think must have set that light there." No; guess again. You say: "My darling little child, that last summer I put away for the resurrection, I think she must

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 evelids that sweet ointment. When in the last weariness I cannot take another step just help me of the second step. ment. When in the last weariness I cannot take another step, just help me put my foot on that doorsill. When my ear catches no more the voices of wife and child, let me go right in, to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the harpers whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free.

Heaven never burns down! The fires of the last day, that are already the last day.

the last day, that are already kindled in the heart of the earth, but are hidden because heart of the earth, but are hidden because God keeps down the hatches—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 fires of the setting sun which kindle up the window glass of the house on yonder hill to. Oh, blessed land! But I do not want to go there until I see the Brooklyn Tabernacle rebuilt. You say, "Will it be?" You might as well ask me if the sun will rise to-morrow morning, or if the next spring will put gar-lands on its head. You and I may not do it—you and I may not live to see it; but the Church 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: "There is no need of trying; you will get your feet wet; you will spoil your clothes; you will drown yourselves. Whoever heard of getting through such a sea as that?" How did they get through it? 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 Almighty; and that the left is the way were the strength of the Lord Almighty. is the way we mean to get through the Rest Sea. By going forward. But says some one "If we should build a larger church, would you be able with your voice to fill it?" Why. I have been wearing myself out for the las sixteen years in trying to keep my voice in.
Give me room where I can preach the glories
of Christ and the grandsurs of heaven.
Forward! We have to march on, breaking

down all bridges behind us, making retreatimpossible. Throw away your knapsack if i impedes your march. Keep your sword arn free. Strike for Christ and His kingdom while you may. No people ever had a better mission than you are sent on. Prove yourselves worthy. If I am not fit to be your leader, set me aside. The brightest goal on earth that I can think of is a country parsonage amidst the mountains. But I am not afraid to lead you. I ains. But I am not afraid to lead you. I have some dollars; they are at your disposal. I have good physical health; it is yours as long as it lasts. I have enthusiasm of soul: I will not keep it back from your service. I have some faith in God, and I shall direct it toward the rebuilding of our new spiritual house. Corne on them. I will lead your Come on, ye aged men, not yet passed sover Jordan! Give us one more lift before you go into the promised land. You men in middle life, harness all your business faculties to this enterprise. Young man, put the fire of your soul into this work. Let women consethis enterprise. Young man, put the fire of your soul into this work. Let women concrate their persuasiveness and persistence to this cause, and they will be preparing benedictions for their dying hour and everlasting rewards; and if Satan really did burn that Tabernacle down, as some people say he did, he will find it the poorest job he ever under-

Good-by, old Tabernacle. I put my fingers to my lips and throw a kiss to the departed church. In the last day, may we be able to meet the songs there sung, and the prayers there offered and the sermons there preached. Good-by, old place, where some of us first felt the Gospel peace, and others heard the last message ere they fled away into the skies! Good-by, Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1873! But welcome our new church. (I see it as plainly welcome our new church. (I see it as plainly as though it were already built.) Your gates wider, your songs more triumphant, your ingatherings more glorious. Rise out of the ashes and greet our waiting vision! Burst on our souls, oh day of our church's resurrection! By your altars may we be prepared for the hour when the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. Welcome. Brooklyn Tabsernacle of 1800! come, Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1890!

COL. WILLIAM M. FULLER of Perryopolis, Pa., bears a striking resemblance to ex-President Cleveland. He has often been followed by crowds who thought they were gazing at the nation's executive. In Baltimore, three years ago, Col. Fuller was serenaded by a brass band, which played "Hail to the Chief," while the Pennsylvanian lay in his bed at midnight. At another time a play was stopped in a Washington theater to give the audience a chance to applaud Cleveland's double as he walked modestly to a seat in the

A RAILROAD conductor wanting to teach a new brakeman his duties told him to go to the other end of the car and when he, the conductor, called out the names of the stations along the route that he should say the same at that end of the car. When they came to the first station the conductor called out "Ma-wash-in-e-ta!" which is a small town between Indianapolis and Elkhart, Ind., and the brakeman yelled out with all the might his lungs would permit him: "The same at this end!"

A FRENCH woman invented one of the most original methods of dealing with a refractory child ever revealed to the public. She fastened on the hat of her 8-year-old daughter, who had been naughty, a placard inscribed with the words, "Mademoiselle is a thief and a liar," and walked her through the streets. It took a policeman to rescue the lady from the mobbing of an indignant crowd.

THE largest county in the United States is Custer County, Montana, which contains 36,000 square miles, being larger in extent than the States of Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island. Onetenth of our present population could find a means of livelihood in this one county, and then it would not be so populous as Belgium.

BAYLUS CADE, of Raleigh, N. C., has invented a system of telegraphing to and from moving railway trains. A wire is placed along and near the railway track, and connections are made with the moving train by a drag descending from the car. The project is

THE Constitution of North Dakota provides that the property of the wife, acquired before or after marriage, cannot be taken for the debts of her Are Your Pullets Laying?

The late ones, as late as July and August, can be brought forward so as to pay well, while eggs bring good prices. Strictly fresh eggs will probably retail as high as 50 cents per dozen, in Boston and New York markets before January 1st. Mrs. L. J. Wilson, of Northboro, Mass., says: "In past years when my pullets laid at all, they would lay a litter and then mope around for weeks doing no laying. Last fall and winter there was no inlaying. Last fall and winter there was no interruption of their laying. The results were the best I ever saw in an experience of eighteen years. My thirty pullets were all six months old. In just eight weeks they laid 1437 eggs, which I ascribed to the use of Sheridan's Condition Fowder, to make hens lay." I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House street, Boston, Mass., (the only manufacturers of Sheridan's Powder), will send post-paid for 25 cents in stamps, two 25 cent packs of Sheridan's Powder and a Poultry Guide for 60 cents, five packs for \$1. A large 2½ pound cents, five packs for \$1. A large 21/2 pound an of the Powder for \$1.20 and the Guide six cans \$5, express prepaid; testimonials sent free. For 5 cents a copy of the best Poultry paper sent postpaid. The paper one year and a can of Powder for \$1.50.

The Primate of Hungary, the Cardinal archbishop of Grau, has an income of \$400,000 a year, a larger annuity than If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle is enjoyed by any other prelate in the

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Find us farther than to-day."
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