

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

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

TEXT: "Let us make three tabernacles."—Luke ix, 33.

Our Arab ponies were almost dead with fatigue, as, in December, 1889, we rode near the foot of Mount Hermon as one Holy Land, the mountain called by one "a mountain of ice," by another "a glittering breasted plate of ice," by another "the Mount of Palestine."

It has an almost unearthly brilliancy, but when you are in the time to which my text refers? Peter and James and John were on that mountain top with Jesus when, suddenly, Christ's face took on the glow of the moon-day 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 presence, Moses, representing the law; Elijah, representing the prophets, and Christ, representing all worlds.

Impetuous Peter was so wrought upon by the presence of this wondrous three, that, 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 Elijah."

Where would they get the material for building one tabernacle, much less material enough to build two tabernacles, and still less, how would they get the material for building three? But when Peter was in the hammer? Where the gold? Where the silver? Where the curtains? Where the costly ornaments? Hermon is a barren peak, and to build one tabernacle in such a place would have been an undertaking for a human hand, and Peter was propounding the impossible when he cried out in enthusiasm, "Let us build three tabernacles."

And yet that is what this congregation has been called to do. The first tabernacle was dedicated in 1870, and destroyed by fire in 1872. The second Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in 1874, and destroyed by fire in 1880.

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ing to another denomination, responded with bitterness, as though we were used to the lightning, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

During the short time we occupied that building we had a constant downpour of religious awakening. Hosanna! Ten millions years in heaven will have no power to dim my memory of the glorious times we had in the first Tabernacle, which, because of its invasion of the usual style of church architecture, was called by some "Talmage's Hospital," by others, "Church of the Holy Circus," and by other derisive nomenclature.

But it was a building perfect for acoustics, and stood long enough to have its imitation in all the large cities of America and to completely revolutionize church architecture. People saw that it was the common sense way of seating an audience.

Instead of putting them in an angular church, where each one chiefly saw the back part of somebody else's head, the audience were arranged in semicircles, so that they could see one another's faces, and the auditorium was a great family circle seated around a fireplace, which was the pulpit. It was an iron structure, and we supposed it proof, but the insurance companies looked at it and after we had gone too far to stop in its construction they declined to insure it except for a mere nothing, declaring that, being of iron, it was inflammable material between the sheets of iron tins from which the building was made up. 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 ordained preachers, and I meet them in all parts of the land toiling mightily for God.

One Sunday morning in December, 1872, the thermometer nearly down to zero, I was on my way to church. There was an ice on the ground and in the streets and smoke in the air. Fire engines dashed past. But my mind 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 air, as a chariot that Elijah took from the banks of the Jordan. That Sunday morning tragedy, with its wringing of hands and frozen tears on the cheeks of many thousands standing in the street, and the crash that shook the earth, is as vivid as yesterday. But it was not a perfect loss.

All are anxious to do something, and as on such occasions sensible people are apt to do unusual things, one of the members, at the risk of his life, rushed in and set up a banner, mounted the pulpit and took a glass of water from the table and brought it to the street. So you see it was not a total loss. Within an hour from many churches came kind invitations to preach. Mr. Beecher made the opening prayer, which was full of commiseration for me and my homeless flock, and I preached that night the sermon that I intended to preach that morning in my own church, the text being, "The congregation will worship to-night in synagogues and churches, and they will be full of grief for me, and I will be full of grief for them." Mr. Beecher made the opening prayer, which was full of commiseration for me and my homeless flock, and I preached that night the sermon that I intended to preach that morning in my own church, the text being, "The congregation will worship to-night in synagogues and churches, and they will be full of grief for me, and I will be full of grief for them."

At last, after, in the interregnum, having worshipped in our beautiful Academy of Music, on the morning of February 23, 1874, the anniversary of the Washington who conquered impossibilities and on the Sabbath that always celebrates the resurrection, Dr. Byron Sunderland, Chaplain of the United States Senate, thrilled us through and through with a dedicatory sermon from Isaiah ii, 2. "The glory of this house shall be greater than that of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts." The corner stone of that building had been laid by the illustrious and now enthroned Dr. Trenchard Hall, on the platform on which he stood, as among others, Dr. Dowling, of the Baptist Church, Dr. Crook, of the Methodist Church, Mr. Beecher, of the Congregational Church, and Dr. French, of the Presbyterian Church. Hosanna! Another \$35,000 was raised that day.

The following Sunday 325 souls were received into our communion, mostly on confession of faith. At two other communions over 500 souls joined at each one. At another ingathering 625 souls entered, and the following Sunday and so many of those gathered through have already entered heaven that we expect to feel at home when we get there. My! My! Won't we be glad to see them—men and women who stood by us in days that were dark and days that were bright. Hosanna! The work done in that church on Schermerhorn street can never be undone.

What self-sacrifices on the part of many, who gave almost till the blood came! What heroic deeds! What victories! What warring marches played with full organ! What baptisms! What sacraments! What obsequies! One of them on a snowy Sabbath afternoon, when all Brooklyn seemed to sympathize, and my eldest son, bearing in his arms, lay beneath the pulpit in the last sleep, and Florence Ries Knox sang, and a score of ministers on and around the platform tried to interpret how it was, that one who had just come to manhood, and who had just entered the army, and who had just taken and left with a heart that will not cease to ache until we meet where tears never fall.

That second Tabernacle! What a strenuous reminiscence! But, if the Peter of my cannot get it, "What kind of building do you want?" he asked. And taking out a lead pencil and a letter envelope from my 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 cannot be done, and there is no use in my trying." He said, "I can do it. How long can I have to make out the plans?" I said, "This evening at 8 o'clock everything is to be decided."

"I think that ends my work in Brooklyn. Surely the Lord will not call a minister to build three churches in one city. The building of one church generally ends the usefulness of a pastor. There can be no prosaic at the bottom of three churches!" But before twenty-four hours had passed we were compelled to cry out, with Peter of my text, "Let us build three tabernacles. We must have a home somewhere. The old building has been the center of our congregation, and the center of the congregation, 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 comfortable? Our common sense, as well as our religion, commanded the latter. But what, what faith, what industry, what sacrifice, what faith in God were necessary? Impediments and hindrances without number were thrown in the way, and it had not been for the perseverance of our church officials, and the practical help of many people, and the prayers of millions of good souls in all parts of the earth, and the blessing of Almighty God, the work would never 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!"

"How suggestive to many of us are the words spelled out in flowers above the pulpit:—'1870' 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 infirmity, and but three in the thirty-six years of my ministry. And now, having reached this twenty-third milestone, I mention it as a matter of gratitude to God that in these twenty-three years I have missed but one Sabbath through physical infirmity, and but three in the thirty-six years of my ministry. And now, having reached this twenty-third milestone, I mention it as a matter of gratitude to God that in these twenty-three years I have missed but one Sabbath through physical infirmity, and but three in the thirty-six years of my ministry."

During these past years I have learned two or three things. Among them 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 the interior of the world, I took with me two elders of my church and a New York police commissioner and a policeman, and I explored and reported the horrors that were being perpetrated in that wilderness. There came upon me an outburst of assumed indignation that frightened almost everybody but myself. That exploration put into my church thirty or forty newspaper correspondents, who spent for me new avenues in which to preach the Gospel that otherwise would never have been opened.

Years passed on and I preached a series of sermons on Amusements, and a false report of what I did said in one of the sermons that I had been preached by me was not mine in a single word—roused a violence that threatened me with poison and dirk and pistol and other forms of extinguishment, until the chief of Brooklyn police, without warning, ordered me to leave the session of the church with twenty-four policemen 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, the expenses of which were not mine, and I was acquitted of all the charges, the contest shook the American church. That battle made me more friends than anything that ever happened and gave me position and power. In my church, which is now a busy one, I have not a single enemy, and I have a large audience. On the demolition of each church we got a better and a larger church, and not a disaster, not a caricature, not a persecution, not an assault, during all these twenty-three years, but turned out to be "all things work together for good!" Hosanna!

Another lesson I have learned during these twenty-three years is that it is not necessary to preach error or pick flaws in the old Bible in order to get an audience. To preach 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 infidelity, and its disciples will believe less and less, and many of them will lead in nowhere and become the worshippers of an eternal "What is it." The most of these higher critics seem to be seeking notoriety by pitching into the Bible. It is such a brave thing to strike your grandmothers. The old Gospel put in modern phrases, 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 lacked an audience.

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 till I live, and I will preach it after me, for I remember Paul's thunderbolt, "if any man preach any other Gospel, let him be accursed." And now, as I stand here on my twenty-third anniversary, I see two audiences of people who have been saved through my preaching, and who have 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, and the pallor from the cheek, and they have on them the health and radiance of heaven. Hail, groups of glorified children! How glad I am to see you come back to us to-day! And here sit those gray ones, who departed this life leaving an awful vacancy in home and church. Where are your staffs and where are your gray locks, and where you stooping shoulders, ye blessed old folks! "Oh!" they say, "we are all young again, and the bath in the river from now on, has made us as agile and bounding. In the places from which we come we use no staffs, but canpers!" Hail, fathers and mothers in Israel; how glad we are to have you come back to greet us. But the other audience I see in imagination is made up of all those to whom we have had opportunity as a church, directly or indirectly, of presenting the Gospel. Yes, all my parishans seem to come back to-day. The people of my first charge in Belknap, 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 the printing press, we have visited by letter, and with how many, to sit in galleries above galleries, fifty galleries, a hundred galleries, a thousand galleries high.

I greet 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 afflict, speaking from the text, Jeremiah i, 6, "Ah, Lord (said) behold I cannot speak, for I am a child!" until the sermon pressed to-day from my lips, and I said, "Let us make three tabernacles," those of the past and the present, all gathered in imagination, if not in reality, all of us grateful to God for past mercies, all of us sorry for misimproved opportunities, all happy for eternal raptures, and while the present and the past commingle, I give out to be sung by those who are here to-day, and to be sung by those who shall read of this scene of reminiscence and congratulation, that by which I have 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 blast, And our eternal home.

A cask has recently been built in Toledo, Ohio, which holds 66,000 gallons and weighs 40,000 pounds.

The Toad and the Centipede.

In the Court house yard there are quite a number of large, sleek-looking toads. One of these toads was seen by the loungers about the place engaged in an earnest attempt to swallow something that seemed to tax all his energies. A closer examination revealed the fact that the toad had seized a centipede by the rear end and was slowly and placidly stooping him away within his jaws, in spite of the victims frantic efforts to escape. Nearly one-half of the reptile had disappeared, when the centipede, with the unnumbered balance of his 100 feet, succeeded in getting a ground hold, and with a desperate effort freed himself from the jaws of the devourer, and was moving rapidly away when the toad, finally realizing the situation, made a jump and again caught his victim. This time the centipede seemed to realize the hopelessness of his situation and frantically turned to the right and left, each time tipping his enemy severely upon the lips and head, but all to no purpose. The toad would coolly brush away these attacks, first with one foot, and then with the other, all the time taking the centipede in, until at last nothing remained but the toad calmly and serenely seated upon his haunches, considering the next move.—El Paso (Texas) Herald.

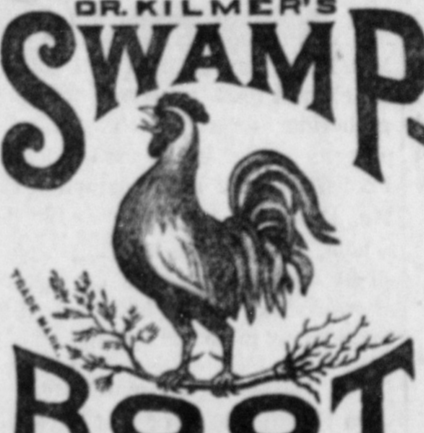
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