

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Moses and Miriam on the Banks of the Red Sea."

TEXT: "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, 'Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.'—Exodus xv., 20, 21."

Sermonizers are naturally so busy in getting the Israelites safely through the parted Red sea and the Egyptians submerged in the returning waters that but little time is ordinarily given to what the Lord's people did after they got well up high and dry on the beach. That was the beach of the Red sea, which is at its greatest width 200 miles and at its least width 12 miles. Why is the adjective "red" used in describing this water? It is called the Red sea because the mountains on its western coast look as though sprinkled with brick dust, and the water is colored with red seaweed and has red zoophyte and red coral.

This sea was cut by the heels of Egyptian, Phoenician and Arabian shipping. It was no insignificant pond or puddle on the beach of which my text calls us to stand. I hear upon it the sound of a tambourine, for which the timbrel was only another name—an instrument of music made out of a circular hoop, with pieces of metal fixed in the sides of it, which made a jingling sound, and over which hoop a piece of parchment was stretched, and this was beaten by the knuckles of the performer.

The Israelites, standing on the beach of the Red sea, were making music on their deliverance from the pursuing Egyptians, and I hear the Israelitish men with their deep bass voices, and I hear the timbrel of Miriam as she leads the women in their jubilee. Rather lively instruments, you say, for religious service, the timbrel or tambourine. But I think God sanctions it, and rather think we will have to put a little more of the festive into our religious services and drive out the gloom and funeral, and the day may come when the timbrel will resume its place in the sanctuary. All the men and women of that Israelitish host was the celebration of their victory. They had crossed. They had triumphed. They were free.

More wonder was this victory and defeat than when the hosts of Richard overcame the hosts of Saladin at Acre, than when at Bannockburn Scotland was set free; than when the Earl of Northumberland was driven back at Branham Moor, than when at the battle of Wakefield York was slain, than when at Bosworth Richard was left dead, than when the Athenians under Miltiades at Marathon put the Persians to flight, for this victory of my text was gained without sword or catapult or spear. The weapon was a lifted and prostrated Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, 'Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.'

Brooklyn Tabernacle to-day feels much as Moses and Miriam did when they stood on the banks of the Red sea after their safe emergence from the waters. By the help of God and the generosity of our benefactors, we have cleared our \$140,000 of floating church debt forever gone, and this house, which, with the ground upon which it stands, represents \$410,000, I this day reconsecrate to God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. A strange debt, how could this church get into debt to an amount that would build several large churches? My answer is, Waves of destruction, stout as any that ever rolled across the Red sea of my text.

Examine all the pages of church history and all the pages of the world's history and show me an organization, sacred or secular, that ever had to build three great structures, two of them destroyed by fire. Take any of your biggest life insurance companies, or your biggest storerooms or your biggest banks, or your biggest newspaper establishments and let them have to build three times on the same foundation, and it would cost them a struggle if not demotion. My text speaks of the Red sea once crossed, but one Red sea would not have so much overcome it. It was with us Red sea after Red sea. Three Red seas! Yet to-day, thanks be to God, we stand on the shore, and with organ and cornet in absence of a timbrel we chant: "Sing ye unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

But why the great expense of this structure? My answer is the immensity of it and the firmness of it. It cost over \$34,000 to dig the cellar before one stone was laid, reaching as the foundation down from street to street, and then the building of the house was constructed in a way, we are told by experienced builders who had nothing to do with it, for durability of foundation and walls such as characterizes hardly any other building in this city. To the day of your death and mine, and for our children and grandchildren after us, it will stand here a house of God and a gate of heaven.

For me personally this is a time of gladness more than tongue or pen can ever tell. For two or three years I had been building churches in Brooklyn and seeing them burn down until I felt I could endure the strain no longer, and I had written my resignation as pastor and had appointed to read it two months ago, and now my work in Brooklyn is forever. I felt that my chief work was yet to be done, but that I could not do it with the Alps on one shoulder and the Himalayas on the other. But God has interfered, and the way is clear, and I am here and expect to be here until my work on earth is done.

My thanks must be first to God and then to all who have contributed by large gift or small to this emancipation. Thanks to the men, women and children who have helped, and sometimes helped with self sacrifice that I know must have been the apples of the heavens. If you could only read with me a few of the thousands of letters that have come to my desk in The Christian Herald office, you would know how deep their sympathy, how large their sacrifice has been. "I have sold my bicycle and now send you the money," is the language of one noble young man who wrote to The Christian Herald. "This is my dead son's gift to me, and I have been led to send it to you," writes a mother in Rhode Island.

As a church we from this day make new departures. We will preach more instructive sermons. We will offer more faithful prayers. We will do better work in all departments. We will in the autumn resume our lay college. We will fill all the rooms of this magnificent pile with work for God and suffering humanity. More prayers have been offered for this church, and on both sides the sea, than for any church that has ever existed, and all those prayers will be answered. Clear the track for the Brooklyn Tabernacle! "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

If we never shouted victory till we got clear through the struggles of this life, we would never shout at all. Copy the habit of Miriam and Moses. The moment you get a victory celebrate it. The time and place to hold a jubilee for the safe crossing of the Red sea is on its beach and before you leave it. It is awful, the delayed hosannas, the belated hallicans, the postponed doxologies, the trains of thanksgiving coming in so long after they are due!

The time to thank God for a rescue from temptation is the moment after you have broken the wine flask. The time to thank God for your salvation is the moment after the first flash of pardon. The time to be grateful for the comfort of your bereft soul is the first moment of Christ's appearance at the mausoleum of Lazarus. The time for Miriam's tambourine to sound its most jubilant note is the moment the last Israelite puts his foot on the sand on the parted inland ocean. Alas, that when God's mercies have such swift wings our praises should have such lean feet!

Notice that Miriam's song in my text had for its burden the overthrown cavalry. It was not so much the infantry or the men on foot over whose defeat she rejoiced with ringing timbrel, but over the men on horseback—the mounted troops! "The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." Tremendous arm of war is the cavalry! Josephus says that in that host that crossed the Red sea there were 60,000 cavalrymen. Epaminondas rode into battle with 5000 cavalrymen and Alexander with 7000. Marlborough depended on his cavalry for the triumph at Blenheim. It was not alone the snow that depopulated the French armies in retreat from Moscow, but the mounted Cossacks. Cavalrymen decided the battles of Leuthen and Leipzig and Winchester and Hanover Court House and Five Forks. Some of you may have been in the relentless raids led on by Forrest or Chalmers or Morgan or Stuart of the southern side, or Pleasanton or Wilson or Kipparick or Sheridan of the northern side. The army saddles are the thrones of battle. Hurricanes in stirrups are the cavalrymen.

No wonder that Miriam was chiefly grateful that the Egyptian cavalrymen, pursuing the Israelites down to midway the Red sea, were unassailed, unstrapped, unhorsed.

And I have to tell you, O child of God, that the Lord, who is on your side now and forever, has at His disposal and under His command all waters, all winds, all lightnings, all time and all eternity. Come, look me in the face while I utter the word God commands me to speak to you. "No weapon formed against you shall prosper." Don't throw away your tambourine. You will want it as you sit there and I stand here, and the tune you will yet play on it, whether standing on beach of time or beach of eternity, will be the tune that Miriam played when she cried "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

I expect to have a good laugh with you in heaven, for the Bible says in Luke, sixth chapter, twenty-first verse, "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh. We shall not spend all eternity pining and sighing, but sometimes in review of the past, as Christ says, we shall laugh. There is nothing wrong in laughter. It all depends on what you laugh at, and when you laugh. Nothing, it seems, will more thoroughly kindle our heavenly hilarities after we have not got the peary gate than to see how in this world we got soared at things which ought not to have frightened us at all.

How often we work ourselves up into a great stew about nothing! The Red sea before may be deep, and the Egyptian cavalry behind us may be well mounted, but if we trust the Lord we will go through no more hurt by the water than when in boyhood we rolled our garments to the knee and barefooted the meadow brook on the old homestead. The odds may seem to be all against you, but I guess it will be all right with you if you have God on your side and all the angelic, cherubic, seraphic and archangelic kingdoms. "If God be for you, who can be against you?"

But let me criticize Miriam a little for the instrument of music she employed in the divine service on the sandy beach. Why not take some other instrument? The harp was a sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? The organ was a sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? The trumpet was a sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? Amid that great host there must have been musical instruments more used in religious service. No. She took that which she took for the best and on which she could best express her gratulation over a nation's rescue, first through the retreat of the waves of the Red sea, and then through the clapping of the hands of their destruction. So I withdraw my criticism of Miriam. Let every one take for his best mode of divine worship and celebration. My idea of heaven is that it is a place where we can do as we please and have everything we want. Of course we will do nothing wrong and want nothing harmful.

How sublime of the material and physical world finally make up the heavenly world I know not, but I think Gabriel will have his trumpet, and David his harp, and Handel his organ, and Thalberg his piano, and the great Norwegian his violin, and Miriam her timbrel, and as I cannot make music among all of them I will move around among all of them and listen. But there are our friends of the Scotch Covenanter church who do not like musical instruments at all in divine worship, and they need not have this.

What a day it will be when we stand on the beach of heaven and look back on the Red sea of this world's sin and trouble and celebrate the fact that we have got through and got over and got up on the other shore, and that the troubles that were to follow have been cleared down the waves.

Oh, crimson floods roll over them and drown them, and drown them forever! In this world we have so little time for that, I am looking forward to eternal sociality. To be with God and never sin against Him. To be with Christ and forever feel His love. To walk together in robes of white with those with whom on earth we walked together in black raiment of mourning. To get up with the members of our scattered families and embrace them with no embarrassment, though all heaven be looking on.

A mine in Scotland caved in and caught amid the rocks a young man in a few days was to have been united in holy matrimony. No one could get heart to tell his affianced of the death of her beloved, but some one made her believe that he had changed his mind about the marriage and willfully disappeared. Fifty years passed on, when one day the miners delving in the earth suddenly came on the body of that young man, which had all those years been kept from the air and looked just as it was the day of the calamity. Strong, manly, noble youth, he sat there looking as on the day he died. But no one recognized the silent form.

After awhile they called the oldest inhabitants to come and see if any one could recognize him. A woman with bent form and her hair snowy white with years came last, and looking upon the silent form that had been so completely preserved gave a bitter cry and fell into a long swoon. It was the one to whom half a century before she was to have been wedded, looking then just as when in the days of their youth their affections had kindled. But the emotion of her soul was too great for mortal endurance, and two days after those who fifty years before were to have joined hands in wedlock were at last married in the tomb, and side by side they waited for the resurrection.

My friends, we shall come at last upon those of our loved ones who long ago halted in the journey of life. They will be as fair and beautiful—yes, fairer and more beautiful than when we parted from them.

I see them now—the glorified—sembled as a celestial night and more radiant than that on the banks of the Red sea, and from all lands and ages, on beach of light above beach of light, gallery above gallery and throne above throne, in circling sweep of 10,000 miles of surrounding and upturned splendor, while standing before them on "sea of glass mingled with fire" Michael, the archangel, with swinging scepter beats time for the multitudinous chorus, crying "Sing! Sing! Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

THE scene of getting England to accept American corn products for table use is an excellent one. If the idea ever gets established over there it will doubtless find imitators in this country.

A SAN FRANCISCO lad, in shooting at a target, missed it and hit a Chinaman. This must not be construed as evidence of a malevolent spirit. Accidents are bound to happen, and Chinamen are thick.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An electric railroad is one of the sights of Siam.

The Greenwich clock was electrically connected with several London railway clocks in 1860.

Scientists affirm that ice frozen at zero temperature is more durable than that which forms when the mercury is above that point.

The Lancet says that Egypt as regards sanitation is now about on a level with what England was in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when the mortality of London was forty-five per 1000.

It has been determined that the temperature of an electric arc light remains constant at about 3500 degrees. This temperature cannot be increased or diminished by changing the size or amperage of the arc.

It has long been known to architects that the perpendicularity of monuments is affected by the rays of the sun. This phenomenon is due to the greater expansion of the side upon which the sun's rays fall.

A remarkable increase in the use of oil as a fuel on Russian railroads is shown by recent statistics. In 1881 there were used 1914 tons of naphtha, while in 1890 there were used 291,307 tons of naphtha and naphtha residues.

A French novelty in the way of a timepiece is a floral clock, the long hands of which sweep above twelve flower beds, each bed being different from all the others in color and variety of flower. The hands are moved by subterranean mechanism.

The smallest holes pierced by modern machinery are one-thousandth of an inch in diameter. This drilling apparatus, which was the invention of one John Wennstrom, is designed to make 22,000 revolutions per minute and is used in boring sapphires, rubies, diamonds and other gems.

It is estimated that the Mississippi River annually discharges into the Gulf of Mexico 19,500,000,000 cubic feet of water. Of this prodigious quantity the 1-200th part will be sediment. Thus the Mississippi River annually suffices alone into the Gulf of Mexico siltic mud to cover a square mile of surface to a height of 240 feet.

It is a well-known fact that heavenly bodies invisible to the human eye, even when assisted by the most powerful telescope, may be detected by the photographic plate. A practical illustration of the value of photography in this connection is found in the experience of March, when no fewer than eighteen small planets were detected photographically. Twelve of these were discovered by M. Charlois, at Nice.

Dr. E. Hutchinson said, in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution, at London, that with an electric motor a speed of 1000 miles an hour could be obtained—"though beyond that point they perhaps entered the region of projectiles rather than of locomotives." This remarkable speed is obtainable because of the great advantage of the purely rotary motion of an electrical motor over the reciprocal motion of the piston and connecting rod of the steam locomotive.

Something wonderful in the clock line has been constructed by a mechanic in Warsaw, Poland. It represents a railway station with a clock tower giving the time in four countries. Trains run into or depart from the station every fifteen minutes. Station agents, telegraphers, ticket sellers, with lines of passengers, are seen in action, and the usual bustle and tumult of a station are heard and seen, bells ringing, whistles blowing, etc.

The Garden War.

In a little village in Sussex, England, there is a veritable milky way of lilies, where thousands of white blossoms shed their perfume and where women gardeners tend and pack and ship the fragrant products. Twenty-five years ago a single lily bulb was given to Mrs. Bates, a farmer's daughter, who tended the gift with the care women bestow on flowers, and when sixteen bulbs had resulted from the original one, and Mrs. Bates, finding that her children, as she called them, had outgrown the sunny window where they grew, she planted them in the corner of the garden. Ten years ago a daughter of Mrs. Bates, inspired by the enterprise of the time, sent some blossoms to the London market, and now, in association with her sisters, has made the Bates lilies famous for their beauty and perfection. The daughters are keen business women, interviewing their buyers at the six o'clock market, selling without interference of agents to private customers, florists and commission merchants. The average product is 600 dozens a week, which are packed by women in the gardens. Women are taking up floriculture to a considerable extent in England, and at the Horticultural College landscape and kitchen gardening are taught by lectures, demonstrations and practical work. It is an interesting fact that applications are received at the college faster than the women can be trained.—Prairie Farmer.

How to Secure Confidence. This from an authority: "Don't ask questions, don't mention names, listen occasionally, and you will find yourself a society favorite." The first "don't" seems to have been most correctly placed. There is nothing which creates a pleasanter impression, and which really leads to the most complete confidence than the tact which listens sympathetically to all a companion will say, but never probes deeper by an impulsive interrogation. One learns to trust such an acquaintance, and feels in her company a peculiar sense of security that is very satisfying.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Expensive Fishing Privileges.

There is in these days no more profitable possession in Great Britain than a really good stretch of salmon fishing, and the value of noted waters is steadily rising. Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, having to go abroad for the benefit of his health, has let the celebrated Glen Tana water, on the Dee, for two months, and the tenants are to pay \$4600, which is certainly the largest rent ever received for fifty-two days' angling. The Glen Tana water, which formerly belonged to the Marquis of Huntly, extends for about six miles, and contains many of the best pools and casts in the Dee. The Earl of Ancestor is now receiving \$5500 a year for his Stobhill water, on the Tay, the rent paid by the last tenant having been \$3000, and in 1865 the famous stretch was let at \$250 a year. Birgham Dub cast, on the Tweed, brings \$1250 a year to the Duke of Roxburgh.—New York Journal.

Remarkable Fact in Natural History. A remarkable fact in natural history is the tendency of Nature to be continually furnishing evidence contradicting herself, or perhaps, to put the matter more fairly, contradicting man's interpretation of Nature's behavior. Everywhere around us, for instance, we see what appears to be a special contrivance of some kind or another to enable seeds to be well distributed. Seed vessels often burst suddenly and eject the seeds long distances. A recent author shows that while in the common wood rush the capsules burst as usual, apparently to allow the escape of the seeds, the latter are retained in place by an arillus, which declines to let them go. They are held in place long after they are exposed, swinging about like balloons when the flower stalk is disturbed. How they finally escape the author does not determine, but presumably by birds, or perhaps by the rotting away of the connecting parts.—New York Independent.

Holland's Names for the Months. In Holland the following names for the months are in use: January—Lauromaand, chilly month; February—Sprokkelmaand, vegetation month; March—Lentmaand, spring month; April—Grasmaand, grass month; May—Blowmaand, flower month; June—Zomermaand, summer month; July—Hooymaand, hay month; August—Oostmaand, harvest month; September—Hertemaand, autumn month; October—Wynmaand, wine month; November—Slagmaand, slaughter month; December—Wintermaand, winter month.—New York Tribune.

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Oddities From Utah.

"Our Territory produces two very remarkable mineral curiosities," said a visitor from Salt Lake City to the Elbitt House the other day. "Furthermore, they are found in such great quantities as to have important commercial value. One of them is geodic marble—a fossil stone filled with a sort of concretions called 'geodes.' These geodes are formed by deposits in concentric layers about nuclei, which may be a worm, a seed, a shell or a twig. A polished surface one foot square may contain hundreds of them. Of course, ages have elapsed since they became

part of the solid rock. This marble is very beautiful. Though extremely rare elsewhere, Utah has vast deposits of it.

"In the northeast part of the Territory are enormous deposits of a kind of mineral wax called 'ozokerite.' It has great industrial value, being readily converted into gas, oil, a high grade of paraffine or into hard, white wax. There is a sufficient quantity of this material on hand to supply all of the United States with candles for an indefinite period."—Washington Star.

A white whale has been seen playing near the wharves of Harpswell, Me.

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"Sleep covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak. It is most for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, food for the cold and cold for the hot. In short money that buys everything, balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the monarch and the fool to the wise."