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THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Rubies Surpassed."

TEXT: "*Wisdom is better than rubies.*"—Proverbs viii., 11.

You have all seen the precious stone commonly called the ruby. It is of deep red color. The Bible makes much of it. It glowed in the first row of the high priest's breastplate. Under another name it stood in the wall of heaven. Jeremiah compares the ruddy cheek of the Nazarites to the ruby. Ezekiel points it out in the robes of the king of Tyre. Four times does Solomon use it as a symbol by which to extol wisdom or religion, always setting its value as better than rubies.

The world does not agree as to how the precious stones were formed. The ancients thought that amber was made of drops of perspiration of the goddess Ge. The thunderstones were supposed to have dropped from a stormcloud. The emerald was said to have been made of the firefly. The lapis lazuli was thought to have been born of the eye of the Indian gods. And modern mineralogists say that the precious stones were made of gases and liquids. To me the ruby seems like a spark from the anvil of the setting sun.

The home of the genuine ruby is Burmah, and sixty miles from its capital, where lives and reigns the ruler, called "Lord of the Rubies." Under a careful Governmental guard are these valuable mines of ruby kept. Rarely has any foreigner visited them. When a ruby of large value was discovered, it was brought forth with elaborate ceremony, a procession was formed, and, with all banners pomp, military guard and princely attendants, the gem was brought to the king's palace.

Of great value is the ruby, much more so than diamond, as lapidaries and jewelers will tell you. An expert on this subject writes, "A ruby of perfect color weighing five carats is worth at the present day ten times as much as a diamond of equal weight." It was a disaster when Charles the Bold lost the ruby he was wearing at the battle of Grandson. It was a great affluence when Rudolph II of Austria inherited a ruby from his sister, the queen dowager. It was thought to have had much to do with the victory of Henry V. as he wore it into the battle of Agincourt.

It is the pride of the Russian court to own the largest ruby of the world, presented by Gustavus III to the Russian Empress. Wonderfuns ruby! It was a Eastern characteristic, and there are lightnings compressed in its double six sided prisons. What shall I call it? It is frozen fire! It is petrified blood! In all the world there is only one thing more valuable, and my text makes the comparison. "Wisdom is better than rubies."

But it is impossible to compare two things together unless there are some points of similarity as well as of difference. I am glad there is nothing lacking here. The ruby is more beautiful in the night and under the lamplight than by day. It is preferred for evening adornment. How the rubies glow and burn and flash as the lights lift the darkness! Catherine of Russia had on her throne a ruby that fairly lightened the room. Sir John Mandeville, the celebrated traveler of 600 years ago, said that the Emperor of China had a ruby that made the night as bright as day. The probability is that Solomon, under some of the lamps that illumined his cedar palace of a night, saw the ruby like a pillar glow of the ruby as it looked in the hilt of a sword, or lame in some fold of the quiver, or beautified the lips of somebodies while he was thinking at the same time of the excellency of our holy religion as chiefly seen in the night of trouble, and he cries out "Wisdom is better than rubies."

Oh, yes, it is a good thing to have religion while the sun of prosperity rides high and everything is brilliant in fortune, in health, in worldly favor. You can do it much more hardly tell how much it is natural gas, science and how much it is the grace of God. But let the sun set, and the shadows darkenlanche the plain, and the thick darkness of sickness or poverty or persecution or mental exhaustion fill the soul and fill the house and fill the world; then you sit down by the lamp of God's word, and under its light the consolations of the gospel come out; the peace of God which passeth all understanding appears. You never fully appreciated their power until in the deep night of trouble the Divine Lamp revealed their exquisite ness. Pearls and amethysts for the day, but rubies for the night.

All of the books of the Bible attempt to some way the assessment of misfortune. Of the 150 psalms of David at least nine allude to trouble. There are sighings in every wind, and tears in every brook, and pangs in every heart. It was originally proposed to call the President's residence in Washington "The Palace" or "the Executive Mansion." But after it was burned in the war of 1814 and rebuilt it was painted white to cover up the marks of the smoke and fire that had blackened the stone walls. Hence it was called "The White House." Most of things now white with attractiveness were once black with disaster.

What the world needs most is the consolatory, and here it comes, our holy religion with both hands full of anodynes and sedatives and balsams, as in Daniel's time to stop mouths lecumes; as in Shadrach's time to cool blast furnaces; as in Ezekiel's time to console captivity, as in St. John's time to unroll an apocalypse over rocky Patmos. Hear its soothing voice as it declares "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My loving kindness shall not depart from you." "Weep not!" "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw itself, for the Lord God shall be thy everlasting light, and the days of your mourning shall be ended." "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." "He giveth more grace." "He giveth more grace." "He giveth more grace