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SERMONS IN THE STONES.

DR. TALMAGE'S CONGREGATION DEDICATES THE NEW TABERNACLE.

Suggestive Lessons Drawn from Their Experience in Building—All Denominations Contributed Something and the Congregation Is Composite.

BROOKLYN, April 26.—Sermon of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in the new Brooklyn Tabernacle, on Clinton avenue, this evening, the building having been dedicated in the morning at 10:30. A great union meeting, in which clergymen of all denominations of Christians participated, was held in the afternoon. Six thousand persons were present at each of the services and many thousands were turned away. Text, "What mean ye by these stones?" (Joshua iv, 6).

The Jordan, like the Mississippi, has bluffs on the one side and flats on the other. Here and there a sycamore shadows it. Here and there a willow dips into it. It was only a little over waist deep in December as I waded through it, but in the months of April and May the snows on Mount Lebanon thaw and flow down into the valley, and then the Jordan overflows its banks. Then it is wide, deep, raging and impetuous. At this season of the year I hear the tramp of forty thousand armed men coming down to cross the river. You say, why don't they not go up nearer the rise of the river at the old camel ford? Ah! my friends, it is because it is not safe to go around when the Lord tells us to go ahead. The Israelites had been going around forty years, and they had enough of it. I do not know how it is with you, my brethren, but I have always got into trouble when I went around, but always got into safety when I went ahead.

THE COLD AND RUSHING JORDAN.

There spreads out the Jordan, a raging torrent, much of it snow water just come down from the mountain top; and I see some of the Israelites shivering at the idea of plunging in, and one soldier says to his comrade, "Joseph, can you swim?" And another says, "If we get across this stream we will get there with wet clothes and with damaged armor, and the Canaanites will slash us to pieces with their swords before we get up the other bank." But it is no time to halt. The great host marches on.

The priests carrying the ark go ahead; the people follow. I hear the tramp of the great multitude. The priests have now come within a stone's throw of the water. Yet still there is no abatement of the flood. Now they have come within four or five feet of the stream, but there is no abatement of the flood. Bad prospect! It seems as if these Israelites that crossed the desert are now going to be drowned in sight of Canaan. But "Forward!" is the cry. The command rings all along the line of the host. "Forward!" Now the priests have come within one step of the river. This time they lift their feet from the solid ground and put them down into the raging stream. No sooner are their feet there than Jordan flies.

On the right hand God piles up a great mountain of floods, on the left the water flows off toward the sea. The great river for hours halts and rears. The back waters, not being able to flow over the passing Israelites, pile wave on wave, until perhaps a seabird would find some difficulty in scaling the water cliff. Now the priest and all the people have gone over on dry land. The water on the left hand side by this time has reached the sea, and now that the miraculous passage has been made, stand back and see this stupendous pile of waters leap. God takes his hand from that wall of floods, and like a hundred cataracts they plunge and roar in thunderous triumph to the sea.

How are they to celebrate this passage? Shall it be with music? I suppose the trumpet and cymbals were all worn out before this. Shall it be with banners waving? Oh! no; they are all faded and torn. Joshua cries out: "I will tell you how to celebrate this: build a monument here to commemorate the event;" and every priest puts a heavy stone on his shoulder, and marches out and drops that stone in the divinely appointed place. I see the pile growing in height, in breadth, in significance; and in after years men went by that spot and saw this monument, and cried out one to another, in fulfillment of the prophecy of the text, "What mean ye by these stones?"

WITHOUT THE LORD BUILDING IS VAIN.

Blessed be God, he did not leave our church in the wilderness! We have been wandering about for a year and a half worshiping in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and the Academy of Music, New York, and some thought we would never reach the promised land. Some said we had better take this route and others that. Some said we had better go back, and some said there were sons of Anak in the way that would eat us up, and before the smoke had cleared away from the sky after our Tabernacle had been consumed people stood on the very site of the place and said, "This church will never again be built."

We came down to the bank of Jordan; we looked off upon the waters. Some of the sympathy that was expressed turned out to be snow water melted from the top of Lebanon. Some said, "You had better not go in; you will get your feet wet." But we waded in, pastor and people, farther and farther, and in some way, the Lord only knows how, we got through; and tonight I go around about this great house, erected by your prayers and sympathies and sacrifices, and cry out in the words of my text, "What mean ye by these stones?"

It is an outrage to build a house like this, so vast and so magnificent, unless there be some tremendous reasons for doing it; and so, my friends, I pursue you tonight with the question of my text, and I demand of these trustees and of these elders and of all who have contributed in the building of this structure, "What mean ye by these stones?" But before I get your answer to my question you interrupt me, and point to the memorial wall at the side of this pulpit, and say, "Explain that unusual group of memorials. What mean you by those stones?" By permission of the people of my beloved charge I recently visited the Holy Lands, and having in mind by day and night during my absence this rising house of prayer, I bethought myself, "What can I do to make that place significant and glorious."

On the morning of December the 3d we were at the foot of the most sacred mountain of all the earth, Mount Calvary. There is no more doubt of the locality than of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc. On the bluff of this mountain, which is the exact shape of the human skull, and so called in the Bible "The place of a skull," there is room for three crosses. There I saw a stone so suggestive I rolled it down the hill and transported it. It is at the top of this wall, a white stone with crimson veins running through it—the white typical of purity, the crimson suggestive of the blood that paid the price of our redemption. We place it at the top of the memorial wall, for above all in this church for all time, in sermon and song and prayer, shall be the sacrifice of Mount Calvary. Look at it. That stone was one of the rocks rent at the crucifixion. That heard the cry, "It is finished." Was ever any church on earth honored with such a memorial?

MOUNT SINAI AND MARS HILL.

Beneath it are two tables of stone which I had brought from Mount Sinai, where the law was given. Three camels were three weeks crossing the desert to fetch them. When at Cairo, Egypt, I proposed to the Christian Arab that he bring one stone from Mount Sinai, he said, "We can easier bring two rocks than one, for one must balance them on the back of the camel;" and I did not think until the day of their arrival how much more suggestive would be the two, because the law was written on two tables of stone. Those stones marked with the words "Mount Sinai" felt the earthquake that shook the mountains when the law was given. The lower stone of the wall is from Mars Hill, the place where Paul stood when he preached that famous sermon on the brotherhood of the human race, declaring, "God hath made of one blood all nations." Since Lord Elgin took the famous statuary from the Acropolis, the hill adjoining Mars Hill, the Greek government makes it impossible to transport to other lands any antiquities, and armed soldiery guard not only the Acropolis but Mars Hill.

That stone I obtained by special permission from the Queen of Greece, a most gracious and brilliant woman, who received us as though we had been old acquaintances, and through Mr. Tricoupis, the prime minister of Greece, and Mr. Snowden, our American minister plenipotentiary, and Dr. Manatt, our American consul, that suggestive tablet was sawed from the pulpit of rock on which Paul preached. Now you understand why we have marked it "The Gospel." Long after my lips shall utter in this church their last message, these lips of stone will tell of the law and the sacrifice and the gospel. This day I present them to this church and to all who shall gaze upon them. Thus you have my answer to the question, "What mean you by these stones?"

But you cannot divert me from the question of the text as I first put it. I have interpreted these four memorials on my right hand, but there are hundreds of stones in these surrounding walls and underneath us, in the foundations, and rising above us, in the towers. The quarries of this and transatlantic countries, at the call of crowbar and chisel, have contributed toward this structure. "What mean ye by these stones?"

You mean among other things that they shall be an earthly residence for Christ. Christ did not have much of a home when he was here. Who and where is that child crying? It is Jesus, born in an outhouse. Where is that hard breathing? It is Jesus, asleep on a rock. Who is that in the back part of the fishing smack, with a sailor's rough overcoat thrown over him? It is Jesus the worn out voyager. O Jesus! is it not time that thou hadst a house? We give thee this. Thou didst give it to us first, but we give it back to thee. It is too good for us, but not half good enough for thee.

Oh, come in, and take the best seat here. Walk up and down all these aisles. Speak through these organ pipes. Throw thine arm over us in these arches. In the flaming of these brackets of fire speak to us, saying, "I am the light of the world." O king! make this thine audience chamber. Here proclaim righteousness and make treaties. We clap our hands, we uncover our heads, we lift our ensigns, we cry with multitudinous acclamation until the place rings and the heavens listen, "O king! live for ever!"

THE TEMPLE OF A LIVING LORD.

Is it not time that he who was born in a stranger's house and buried in a stranger's grave should have an earthly house? Come, in O Jesus! not the corpse of a buried Christ, but a radiant and triumphant Jesus, conqueror of earth and heaven and hell.

He lives, all glory to his name,
He lives, my Jesus, still the same.
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives.

Blessed be his glorious name for ever! Again, if any one asks the question of the text, "What mean ye by these stones?" the reply is, we mean the communion of saints. Do you know that there is not a single denomination of Christians in Brooklyn that has not contributed something toward the building of this house? And if ever, standing in this place, there shall be a man who shall try by anything he says to stir up bitterness between different denominations of Christians, may his tongue falter and his cheek blanch and his heart stop! My friends, if there is any church on earth where there is a mingling of all denominations it is our church. I just wish that John Calvin and Arminius, if they were not too busy, would come out on the battlements and see us.

Sometimes in our prayer meetings I have heard brethren use the phrases of a beautiful liturgy, and we know where they came from; and in the same prayer meetings I have heard brethren make audible ejaculation, "Amen!" "Praise ye the Lord!" and we did not have to guess twice where they came from. When a man knocks at our church door, if he comes from a sect where they will not give him a certificate, we say, "Come in by confession of faith." While Adoniram Judson the Baptist, and John Wesley the Methodist, and John Knox the glorious old Scotch Presbyterian, are shaking hands in heaven, all churches on earth can afford to come into close communication, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism."

Oh, my brethren, we have had enough of Big Bethel fights—the Fourteenth New York regiment fighting the Fifteenth Massachusetts regiment. Now let all those who are for Christ and stand on the same side get shoulder to shoulder, and this church, instead of having a sprinkling of the divine blessing, go clear under the wave in one glorious immersion in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

I saw a little child once in its dying hour put one arm around its father's neck and the other arm around its mother's neck, and bring them close down to its dying lips and give a last kiss. Oh, I said, those two persons will stand very near to each other always after such an interlocking. The dying Christ puts one arm around this denomination of Christians, and the other arm around that denomination of Christians, and he brings them down to his dying lips while he gives them this parting kiss: "My peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you."

How swift the heavenly course they run
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.

ALL ARE ONE IN CHRIST.

I heard a Baptist minister once say that he thought in the millennium it would be all one great Baptist church; and I heard a Methodist minister say that he thought in the great millennial day it would be all one great Methodist church; and I have known a Presbyterian minister who thought that in the millennial day it would be all one great Presbyterian church. Now I think they are all mistaken. I think the millennial church will be a composite church; and just as you may take the best parts of five or six tunes, and under the skillful hands of a Handel, Mozart or Beethoven entwine them into one grand and overpowering symphony, so, I suppose, in the latter days of the world, God will take the best parts of all denominations of Christians and weave them into one great ecclesiastical harmony, broad as the earth and high as the heavens, and that will be the church of the future. Or, as mosaic is made up of jasper and agate and many precious stones cemented together—mosaic a thousand feet square in St. Mark's, or mosaic hoisted in colossal seraphim in St. Sophia—so I suppose God will make, after awhile, one great blending of all creeds, and all faiths, and all Christian sentiments, the amethyst, and the jasper, and the chalcedony of all different experiences and belief, cemented side by side in the great mosaic of the ages; and while the nations look upon the columns and architraves of that stupendous church of the future, and cry out, "What mean ye by these stones?" there shall be innumerable voices to respond, "We mean the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Still further you mean by these stones the salvation of the people. We did not build this church for mere worldly reforms, or for an educational institution, or as a platform on which to read essays and philosophical disquisitions, but a place for the tremendous work of soul saving. Oh, I had rather be the means in this church of having one soul prepared for a joyful eternity than five thousand souls prepared for mere worldly success. All churches are in two classes, all communities in two classes, all the race in two classes—believers and unbelievers.

To augment the number of the one and substract from the number of the other we built this church; and toward that supreme and eternal idea we dedicate all our sermons, all our songs, all our prayers, all our Sabbath handshakings. We want to throw defection into the enemy's ranks. We want to make them either surrender unconditionally to Christ or else fly in rout, scattering the way with canteens, blankets and knapsacks. We want to popularize Christ. We would like to tell the story of his love here until men would feel that they had rather die than live another hour without his sympathy and love and mercy. We want to rouse up an enthusiasm for him greater than was felt for Nathaniel Lyon when he rode along the ranks; greater than was exhibited for Wellington when he came back from Waterloo; greater than was expressed for Napoleon when he stepped ashore from Elba.

We really believe in this place Christ will enact the same scenes that were enacted by him when he landed in the orient; and there will be such an opening of blind eyes, and unstopping of deaf ears, and casting out of unclean spirits—such silencing bestormed Gennesarets as shall make this house memorable five hundred years after you and I are dead and forgotten. Oh, my friends, we want but one revival in this church, that beginning now and running on to the day when the chisel of time, that brings down even St. Paul and the Pyramids, shall bring this house into the dust.

"HOIST THE FLAG FOR THE NEXT TRAIN."

Oh, that this day of dedication might be the day of emancipation of all imprisoned souls. My friends, do not make the blunder of the ship carpenters in Noah's time, who helped to build the ark; but did not get into it. God forbid that you, who have been so generous in building this church, should not get under its saving influence. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Do you think a man is safe out of Christ? Not one day, not one hour, not one minute, not one second.

Three or four years ago, you remember, a rail train broke down a bridge on the way to Albany, and after the catastrophe they were looking around among the timbers of the crushed bridge and the fallen train, and found the conductor. He was dying, and had only strength to say one thing, and that was, "Hoist the flag for the next train." So there come to us tonight, from the eternal word, voices of God, voices of angels, voices of departed spirits, crying: "Lift the warning. Blow the trumpet, give the alarm. Hoist the flag for the next train."

Oh, that tonight my Lord Jesus would sweep his arm around this great audience and take you all to his holy heart. You will never see so good a time for personal consecration as now. "What mean ye by these stones?" We mean your redemption from sin and death and hell by the power of an omnipotent Gospel.

Well, the Brooklyn Tabernacle is erected again. We came here tonight not to dedicate it. That was done this morning. Tonight we dedicate ourselves. In the Episcopal and Methodist churches they have a railing around the altar, and the people come and kneel down at that railing and get the sacramental blessing. Well, my friends, it would take more than a night to gather you in circles around this altar. Then just bow where you are for the blessing. Aged men, this is the last church that you will ever dedicate. May the God who comforted Jacob the Patriarch and Paul the aged make this house to you the gate of heaven; and when, in your old days, you put on your spectacles to read the hymn or the Scripture lesson, may you get preparation for that land where you shall no more see through a glass darkly. May the warm sunshine of heaven thaw the snow off your foreheads!

Men in midlife, do you know that this is the place where you are going to get your fatigues rested, and your sorrows appeased, and your souls saved? Do you know that at this altar your sons and daughters will take upon themselves the vows of the Christian, and from this place you will carry out, some of you, your precious dead? Between this baptismal font and this communion table you will have some of the tenderest of life's experiences. God bless you, old and young and middle aged. The money you have given to this church today will be, I hope, the best financial investment you have ever made.

Your worldly investments may depend upon the whims of the money market, or the honesty of business associates, but the money you have given to the house of the Lord shall yield you large percentage and declare eternal dividends long after the noonday sun shall have gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil and all the stars are dead.

The Englishman's Breakfast.

An American should always understand what is meant by a breakfast in London. He will probably take breakfast in his lodgings, or, if he lives in a hotel, in the coffee room at a fixed charge. There are two distinct classes of breakfast, the light and the substantial, with prices to match. The first is one cup of coffee, one boiled egg and three slices of toast; the latter is one small chop, one egg, a penny loaf of bread, a buttered muffin and coffee. The principal dish of this latter menu is varied in lodging houses from day to day, the chop becoming sausage on Tuesday, ham on Wednesday, fried sole on Thursday, and then the lonely chop again, with the subsequent rotation kept up ad infinitum.—London Cor. Chicago Herald.

In relation to his scheme for a tubular railway across the Straits of Dover, Sir E. J. Reed points out that, unlike the tunnel, the tube can be destroyed if required with torpedoes or mines by the fleet, and hence could never be used by an enemy to maintain the communication of an army of invasion.

HE MARCHED WITH SHERMAN, trudged all the way on foot, over mountain and through morass, carrying knapsack and gun, slept on brush heaps to keep out of the mud, caught cold, from the effects of which his friends thought he would never recover. Lingering with slow consumption for many years, he saw Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery advertised in a country newspaper, and he determined to try it. A few bottles worked a change; six months' continued use cured him. Always too independent to ask his country for a pension, he now says he needs none. He helped save his country, he saved himself! Consumption is Lung-scrofula. For scrofula, in all its myriad forms, the "Discovery" is an unequaled remedy. It cleanses the system of all blood-taints from whatever cause arising, and cures all Skin and Scalp Diseases, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, and kindred ailments. It is guaranteed to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded. Sold by druggists.

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