THE USES OF TROUBLE.

SERMON PREACHED BY DR. TAL-MAGE, SUNDAY, GOT, ST.

& Plescores Basel Spon the Recont Affice. than suffered by the Congregation of the Popular Bronklyn treine & Large Con-

Palmage, D. D., preached to an overflowing ecogregation at the Academy of Music today.

The Coming Farminacea.

Before preaching he said that a mistaken action was abroad that the insurance on his destroyed church was enough to rebuild. The reposition of disasters left us in debt. We have practically built three churches since to came to trocklyn. First, the original Taba-nacle. Som after that we made an enlarge ment that cost almost as much as a church. A few years after it all burned. Then we sut up the building recently destroyed, and reared it in a time when the whole country was in its worst financial distress. It was these repeated dispeters that left us in debt. My congregation have done magnificently but any church would be in debt after so many calamities. Now for the first time we are out of debt. But we need at least one andred thousand dollars to build a church large enough, and we call on people of all erestly and all lands to help.

Potoro i noto dechente a new cource we must have every dollar of it paid. I will nover ugain be paster of a church in done t has crippled us in all our movements, and shall nover again wear the shackles have for the last stateen years preached to shout five thousand people afting and stands his, twice a Satisath, but every body knows that we need a place that will hold eight thousand. I shall not be surprised if some man of worth shall say; "Hore are a hundrod thousand dotters if you will put up a monorial structure, and call it after the name of my departed father or child whose momory I want put before all nations and for all time." And so it would be done ALL PRANS TO BE WIFED AWAY.

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wild

ere,

be Tulmage's both was: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. vit, 17. Hilling across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and white a long distance from any shelter. there came a sudden shower, and while the fain was falling in forrents, the sun was shining as brightly as ever I mw it shine;

and I thought, what a bountiful speciacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midtight storm, but rain on paneled prairies in from sweet and golden similight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Faul's tours, and Christ's tours, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of hours (200) intros them. God founds there, that shows them where to full. God exhalos them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their

Ponts of had mon are not kept. Alexander, th his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his borses and mules, and made a great ado about ate grief; took in all the vases of heavon there to not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good, Alas, not they are falling all the time. In summer you some there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not some any whore near you. So, though it may to all tright around about us, there is a diower of trouble somewhere all the time.

What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this world where all the people are well and stornal strangers to pain and achies! What he the nee of an exetern storm when we might have a perpetual nor wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all lives the family record tellings story of marriages and forthe but of no deaths. Why not have the harwaste chase each other without fatiguing toll? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard Arigular It leaver mough to explain a smile, of a survey, of a constrabilition; but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all Mar philosophies and all your religious, and she more plain a toar. A chambet will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime, and other Component parts; but he misses the chief inc greationts the action of a source life, the vipering sting of a bitter momery, the fragments of a broken boart. I will tall you what a boar is it is morny in solution.

Hour me, then, while I discourse to you of the new of tenuble. WE HUST FRAVE THIS WORKE Pirst it is the design of frontie to keep this world from being too attractive. Some

thing must be done to make us willing to anit this existence. If it were not for brouble this world would be a good enough heavon for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years, if there were no trouble. The earth eightened and upholstered and pillared and chandelered with such expense, no story of other worlds could exchant us. We would say; "Let well enough alone, if you want to the and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a relectial advisioner, then you can got but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louves at Puris and fell him to haston off to the parture gatteries of Ventes or Phorenes.

"Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Hembrandts and futions and Raphants here that I haven's looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a hotter house. To enra this wish to stay here, that must somehow events a dispust for our surroundings. How shall he do it! He cannot afford to deface his horizon, or to lear off a flory panel from the sunset, of to subtrack an author from the water life, or to banish the pungent around from the magning another, or to drag the robes of the morning in the mire. You cannot expect a Christodrat, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Jerael in Egypti" and you cannot expect the architecture and music of his own world. How, then, are we to be made wilting to leave. Here is where frontle witting to loave. Here is where trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose root doesn't hak, I would like to live there." doesn't look, I would like to live there,"
If there is an atmosphere comewhere that
does not distress the lungs, I would like to
breathe it. If there is a seciety somewhere
where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to
thre there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to
there there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to
the there. If there is a home circle some
where where I can find my lost friends,
would like to go there." If we lost friends,
would like to go there." If we lost to read the
first part of the Hitle chiefly, now he reads
the last part of the Hitle chiefly, now he reads
the last part of the Hitle chiefly, now he reads
the last part of the Hitle chiefly, now he reads
to be anxious chiefly to know how this
world was made, and all about its geological
construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to
mow how the next world was made, and how
it looks, and who live there, and how the
where he reads tencels once. The old deep,

rate; the country in which he has lote at ready laid out, and evenues speed, and tree all antes, and manufacts built. The thought of line been manufacts built the thought of line been some over me mightily, and I declare that if this louis were a greater, and or hand could launch that ship into the stories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility, and launch you all into glory with one stroke, holding on to the did of the boat until I could get in myself.

And yot there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear outs, I do not blame you. It is naturally, after a while, you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavenments and carbuncles and a pest of a

bereavements and carbuncles and a post of a wife that he wanted to see God. It was not until the proligal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less, and heaven worth-

OUR DEPENDENCE PFOR GOD

Again: It is the use of trouble to make us test our complete dependence upon food. King Alphonso said that, if he had been present at the creation, he could have made better world than this. What a pity he was not present. I do not know what God willdo when some men die. Men think they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay our great plans, and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes as down. As Fromethous was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got Well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feet our dependence upon God until we get

I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said "Certainly," I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after a while me met a team, and we had to turn out. The road was nor fow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse," So we are all children, and on this horse," So we are all children, and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while we meet some tacle, and we have to turn out, and the fond is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides, and then we are willing that ('od should take the reins and drive. All my friends, We get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon moush

Can you not tell when you hear a man pray whether he has ever had any troublet can. The endence, the phrascology indicate Why do women pray botter than men! Because they have had more trouble. Before a man has any fromble his prayers are poetle, and he begins away up among the sun, moon and stars, and gives the Lord a great deal of astronomical information that must be highly gratifying. He then comes on down gradually over beautiful tablelands to "forever and ever, amen." But after a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of floot and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember.

Once, on the Cincinnati express train going

at forty miles an hour, and the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty foot deep; and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats, and erled out: "O, God, save us." There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say: "He made the most beautiful prayer f ever heard?" What makes it beautifulf It is the earnestness of it. Oh, I tell you a man is in carnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feet one dependence upon flod. We do not know one own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of that we catch hold of God only. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a great deal of money, and raise it quickly. He porrows on word and note all he can borrow. After awhile he puts a mortgage on his house. After awhile he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks

Well, having failed everywhere, complete by fathed, he gets down on his knees and says: O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything, now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort. There are men who have paid ten cents on a dollar who could have paid a hundred cents on a dollar if they had gone to God in time. Why, you do not know who the Lord is. He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us

in every crisis and predicament of life.
I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of monoy. He sends for the hotel gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a communicain the same initialing. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his decreased father. No relief. He writes to an

old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes and he is moved to the hospital. Getting there he is frenziel with srief, and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, sayings "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minttes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter.
At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go stary miles an hour.
She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My
son, what does all this mean! Why didn't

son, what does alt this mean! Why didn't you send for me! You sent to everybody but me. You knew! Could and would help you. Is this the reward! get for my kindness to you always? She bundles bim up, takes him home and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you out into a financial perplexity you call on the banker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel, you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help then you as to God. You say, "Oh Lord, I come to the Edy me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord come, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before! As one whom his mother comforted, as will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon an all-comforting God that we have this ministry of tears. ness to your always? She bundles him up, takes him home and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your overlifors, you call on the broker, you call on your overlifors, you call on your lawyse for legal counsel, you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help then you go to God. You say, "Oh lord, I come to the fler forme, though it is the eleventh four. He says: "Why did you not send for me before As one whom his mother come ferteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon an all comforting God that we have this ministry of tears. They priested me for the office of sympathy. The priested me for the office of sympathy and the sympathy and the bound of the river you thought to the river you then of a Christian's death. If you stand on the stand on the office of the river you regiote that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you regioted the they go. If you stand on the other side of

romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Whyf They mow how to talk. Take an aged mother, 70 years of age, and she is almost complotent in comfort. Whyf She has been through it alk Af f o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. Af B o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul.

She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years at the door wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. Af 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one worked all the years of your earthly existence are severally all. She goes over to sit up with some one worked all the years of your earthly existence are severally all. She goes over to sit up with some one worked all the years of your earthly existence are

night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all has been doc her life, spreading plasters, and pouring out bitter drops, and shaking up hot pillows, and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian and Dear met Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it? And when she lifted her spectacles against her wrinkled forehead, so she could look closer at as wound, it was three-fourths healed.
And when the Lord took her home, al-

though you may have been men and women 30, 40, 50 years of age, you lay on the coffin-lid and sobbed as though you were only 5 or 10 years of age. O man, praise God, if you have in your memory the picture of an hon-est, sympathetic, kind, self sacrificing, Christlike mother. Oh, if takes these people who have had frouble to comfort others in fronble. Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistlet Where did Pavid get the ink to write his comforting psalms! Where did John get the ink to crits his comforting Revelation! They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been froubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit today, than to play a time that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance. I am an herb doctor. I put into the caldron the root out of dry ground without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will ours the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul, Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise, And on the darkness shall break the morning, and (ied will wipe all tears from their eyes."

You know on a well spread table, the food mes more delicate at the last, I have fed you today with the bread of consolation. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of heaven. Let the King's cup bearers come in. Good morning, heaven! says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contracticts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven, de that (lod will wipe any away?" I answer, have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next; and while she was laughing, you saw the tears still on her face? And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resun glee and wiped off those delayed tears. So, I think, after the heavenly raptures

have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while those tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea, God will wipe them away. How well he can do that. Josus had enough trial to make him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the lible tells the story: "Jesus The scar on the back of either hand, the sear on the arch of either foot, the row of sears along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble and wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentlet Why, his step is softer than the step of the dow. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to

It will be a Father who will take you on his left arm, his face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand he shall wipe away all tears from your eyes I have noticed when the children get hurt, and their mother is away from home, they go right past me and to her; I am of no account. So, when the soul comes up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul, or Moses, or David, or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying:
"Where is Jesus?" Dear Lord, what a magnificent thing to die if thou shalt thus wipe away our tears. Methink it will take us some time to get used to heaven; the fruits of God without one speck; the fresh pastures without one nettle; the orchestra without one snapped string; the river of gladness without one torn bank; the solferines and the saffron of sunrise and sunset swallowed up in the eternal day that beams from God's countenance! Why should I wish to linger in the wild When thou art waiting, Father, to receive thy

Sirs, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our everyday work. Professor Leonard, formerly of lowa university, put in my hands a meteoric stone—a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me. And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on bearing the multitudes of the

redeemed. We analyze these aerolites, and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," BO YOU UNDERSTAND HEAVEN'S GLORIES! Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are baving in heaven! How different it is when they got news there of a Christian's death from what is here. It is the difference between emissions are the state of the control barkation and coming into port. Everything

nds upon which dide of the river you

them after awhile."

I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the glaciness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone. No trouble getting good society for them. All kings, queens, princes and princesses. In 1751 there was a bill offered in the English parliament proposing to change the almanac so that the 1st of March should come immediately after the 18th of February. But, oh, what a glorious change in the calendar when all the years of your earthly existence are swallowed up in the eternal year of God!

My friends, take this good cheer home with you. Those tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What

is the use, on the way to such a const tion—what is the use of fretting about any thing? Oh, what an exhibaration it ought to be in Christian work. See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the few days that shall remain for us. The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons were all armed. The Britons had no weapons at ail; and yet history tells us the Britons got the victory. Why? They went into battle shouting three times, "Hallelujah!" and at the third shout of "Hallelujah" their enemies fled panic struck; and so the Britons got the victory.

And, my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come, we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power of earth or hell could stand before us; and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout they Would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of halleluiah. I put this balsam on the wounds of your

heart. Rejoice as the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street, And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

A Parisian Joke, The many acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, prominent members of the First Baptist church of this city, are telling an amusing story in which the two were the chief characters. The scene is laid in gay Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds recently made a lengthy European trip. While in Paris they were patrons of a fashionable hotel. For several months previous to leaving for the tour abroad Mrs. Reynolds assiduously applied all her energies to studying the French language. She was an unusually apt scholar. When the time for leaving home came Mrs. Reynolds' teacher congratu her upon the rapid manner in which she had mastered the language, and Mrs. Reynolds personally believed she was preficient enough to cope with the Parisians in their own tongue when the great metropolis should be reached.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds spent many a pleasant day in Paris, and only have in remem-brance one brief half day of agonizing misery. It happened this way: In Parisian hotels the attaches are suave and obliging. One afternoon Mr. Reynolds journeyed down town alone. When Mrs. Reynolds found herself ready to leave her apartments she turned to the bright eyed waiting maid, and, with the best French at her co the girl to tell her husband, wherehe returned to the room, that she had gone down into the

knowing smile and a low courtesy. It was evident the girl had had such commands (A. DUNLOP, Master).

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Thereafter, however, Mrs. Reynolds insisted that the language of her forefathers was good enough for her.—Minneapolis Jour-

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