TO A VAST CONGREGATION.

Brooklyn's Divine on Something Vivid as Well as Unique.

The Rev. Talmage Speaks of God's Intimate Scrutiny at the Album of Man's Countenance—Satan Has Offenses Endeavored to Transform a Lake-scene of a Skinny Photograph Into One of His Z with C an, But His Satanic's Cravings Were Bocked at Kich Point, Ga.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 28.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., preached at the Tabernacle this morning. A vast congregation attended the service. The pastor expounded a chapter about the room of imagery in Ezekiel, after which the hymn beginning:

"Thine earthly Sabbaths Lord we love,
But there a nobler rest above;"

was sung. Reference was made to parodied at the grand organ and rendered a Concerto in B flat by Handel. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was "God's Album of Memories of Pictures." His text was Isaiah. Ch. 2, parts of the 11th and 16th verses: "The way of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon all pleasant pictures." He said:

Pictures are to some relegated to the realm of the fanciful, accidental, secondary, worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of Divine observation and arch gument.

The Divine mission of pictures is my subject.

That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the interests of the bad is to be lamented. After the ashes and acra were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii the walls of those cities discovered to the explorers a degradation in art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his dark angels wave wanted the fingering of the cassis; they would rather have possession of the pen than the art of printing. For types sets and pictures are the most vivid, as well as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph, and have, when they have secured a respectable parlor or public art gallery they can hang a canvas embarassing to the pious, and, hiding behind it, cry, "Ha, ha!"

It is not in a spirit of prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth when I say that you have no right to hang in your parlors, or your dwelling houses that which would be offensive to good people if the figures pictured were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, if that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss, ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and cut a rear through to the bottom, and a ranger thrust in and the rear cut and ripping clear through to the left. Never till the Doubts of the Last Day are cleared will we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictures and unpicturesque art galleries. Depend a men's imagination and be becomes moral curious. The slow windows of English and American cities in which the low theatres have sometimes hung long, lines of bracelets and actresses in stile like suiting to all propriety, have made a broad path to death for dull houses of people. But so have all the other arts been at times subverted, and. How has music been belaying glad! is there any place so low down in obscuriteess that lion it has not been carried David's harp, and Handel's organ, and Scarlatachi's piano and the Bull's violin, and the Ole Bull's fiddle, which Heaven after so longe-fleant a thing as the Sicilian and Italian Vespers seem to have side like flute boys, yet for thousands of years has been a pitfall and ruin-maker, are born in the heart of Him who made the worlds, under is arches and across its floors what humanism so ever recreation have been accord. It is not against any of these arts that I have been so long and loud in my plea. What a poor world this would be if it were not for what the world call the fine arts. I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been much aided by mouted by the woodcuts or engravings in the old family Bible, which Father and Mother read out of, and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were large enough. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not gotten from the Bible itself, but from the Bible pictures. I prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I had lifted. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind Jacob's ladder, and Noah in the Bible engraving of Jacob's ladder, and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son, the massacre of the innocents, Christ blessing little children, the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings which I carried before I could read a word. That is true with nine hundred in ten. If I could see the door of your forehead I would find that you are a much more great scholar in great intelligence about the Bible than has come from the general reading of the book, for the pictures of the people are in the little, if they read it at all, but all the sacred scenes have been put into the great masses, and not Jacob's ink but the pictorial art made Jacob's ladder a fact of achievement. First, God's pencil for the favored few, and then engraver's plate or wooden cut has not been the mightiest, overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what reformation had for patriarch, prophet, apostle and Christ, what distribution of Scriptural knowledge of all nations, in the pains-taking and sugratings there from of Herman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ," Raphael's "Michael the Archangel," Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse," Michael Angelo's "Plague of the Fiery Serpents," Tintoretto's "Flight of Egypt," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper," Claude's "Queen of Sheba," Bellini's "Madonna at Mount Orcanna's "Last Judgment," and hundreds of miles of pictures if they were put in one illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, fixedating Bible truth, and yet, until the Scriptures are not to-day so much on paper as on canvas, not so much in ink as in all the hues of the spectrum. In 1853 forth from Strasburg, Germany, there came a child that was to eclipse in speed and boldness and grandeur anything and everything that the world had seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul Gustav Dore. At eleven years of age he published marvelous lithographs of his own. Saying nothing of what he did for Doré's "Peridise Lost," embalming it on the attention of the world, he taken up the Book of Books, the monarch of literature, the Bible, and in his pictures "The Creation of Light," "The trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by his Brethren," "The Brazen Serpent," "Ruth and Boaz," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage Cana," "Babylon Fallen," and two hundred more Scriptural scenes in all, with a boldness and a grasp and sinuous supernatural affluts that make the heart throb, and the brain reel, and the tears start, and the cheeks blanch, and the entire nature quake with the tremendous things of God and eternity and the dead. I actually staggered down the steps of the London Art Gallery under the power of Doré's "Christ Leaving the Pretorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman, and see not in these masterpieces of art, acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?

It is no more the word of God when put before us in printer's ink than by skillful lapping on of colors, or desirous on one of Hunt's inclision or cornice on. What a lesson in morals was presented by Hogarth in the Bible in his two pictures, "The Rake's Progress," and "The Miser's Feast," and by Thomas Cole's engravings of the "Voyage of Human Life," and the "Course of Empire," and in "Turner's Slave Ship." God in art! Christ in art! Patriarchs, prophets and apostles in art! Angels in art! Yes, yes!

The word and the church ought to come to the highest perfection of the Divine mission of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left in Bohemian starvation. The great painter, toiled in unappreciation and, being a great shaker, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of General Bloomfield of the English army, and through coming to admire Wolf as a skater, they gradually came to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his hand as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued, and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson, of England, were sold for the fabulous sums of money after his death, but the living painter was glad to get for his "Alcmene" a piece of fifteen cheese. From 1640 to 1643 there were 4,000 pictures willfully destroyed. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles the First it was ordered by Parliament that all pictures of Christ be burnt. Painters were so badly treated and humiliated at the beginning of the eighteenth century that they were lowered clear down out of the sublimity of their art, and obliged to give colonial accounts of what they did with their colors, as a painter's bill which came to publication in Boston, in 1707, indicated. An old painter had been touching up some old pictures in his shop, and he sends in his accounted bill to the vestry: "To filling up a crack in the Red Sea and repairing the damages to Pharaoh's horses, 3s. 6d. To the pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness." "To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard," "To giving a shade to the cheek of Eve, to prevent her apple to Adam;" "To making a bridle for the Good Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs;" "To putting on a new hands on Moses' tables and fitting tortoises, and adding more feet to the fire in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace." So painters were humiliated clear down below the majesty of their art. The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Chaucer, is ough now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Spenin Rosa, who began life from blacksmith's anvil till as a painter he won wide recognition. The first missionaries to Mexico made the best use possible of the crowing pictures, for the loss of which art and religion must ever lament. But why go so far away back when in this year of our Lord, 1884, and within twelve years of the nineteenth century, to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect? Not, however, all of the poorly honed, because poorly appreciated? When I hear a man is a painter, I hate to say what I feel, and I hate for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commentaries, I hate to say what I feel.

But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Bach died in poverty, and Handel nearly starved. Over Goldsmith had such a big patch on the rear over his left breast that when he went out walking he had to hold in his hand closely pressed over the patch. The world renowned Hans Anberg had a salary of 864 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the sufferings men of genius. It is no commentary on Christ, no strike for higher wages. But with a keenness of nervous organization and a sensitiveness of interiors genius, these artists suffer more than others, and God can reach, in the sufferings of a concerted effort for the suffering artists of America, a big, big, big,