

## MYRON W. REED AT DENVER.

His First Sermon Attracts a Large Audience Despite a Driving Storm.

A Beautifully Decorated Church and a Well Pleased Audience—Text of the Discourse Delivered by Mr. Reed.

## THE CHURCH AND THE SERVICE.

Beautiful Decorations, Fine Music, and a Large Audience.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

DENVER, Col., April 6.—Rev. Myron W. Reed delivered his first sermon at the First Congregational Church this morning. A driving snow storm prevailed, but notwithstanding the bad weather the church, which is one of the largest in the city, was well filled. The pulpit and the platform surrounding it were elaborately and handsomely decorated with flowers, potted flowering plants and ferns. At the front of the sacred desk was a cluster of brightly-colored blossoms, red and yellow roses, geraniums and cala lilies. Foremost among the other decorations was a handsome panel of ivy and fern, entwined with cala lilies, passion flowers and arbutus. The exercises opened with singing, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," and brief invocation by the new pastor followed. The choir, consisting of Miss Callie Brinker, soprano; Mrs. Mills, contralto; Mr. Vickers, basso, and Mr. Griswold, basso, rendered a Te Deum anthem. Mr. Frank Damrosch, a son of the great musical director, presided at the organ. The first Scripture lesson of the morning was the twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and the second, the first chapter of St. John, "In the beginning was the word." Among the hymns sung by the choir and congregation united were, "Nearer, my God, to Thee" and "In the Cross of Christ I glory." The sermon was closely listened to, and produced a fine impression.

At the close of the sermon, and after the singing of the grand old hymn, "Coronation," Mr. Reed made a few remarks, thanking his people for coming out in such large numbers on such a stormy morning, and expressing the hope that, as they became better acquainted, the work would go on pleasantly. He had regretted leaving Indianapolis, where he worked so long, to come among strangers. He should do all that was possible on his part to make the new relations pleasant ones. The winning manner of the new pastor, and his originality and his broad culture greatly pleased those who heard him. He preached to a crowded house in the evening, and has prospects of a very successful ministry.

## THE SERMON.

The Inferences To Be Drawn from the Life of Bezaleel, the Inspired Mechanic.

Exodus, chapter xxxv—verses 30 to 34. And Moses said unto the children of Israel, "See, the Lord hath called by name Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah: And he hath filled him with the spirit of God in wisdom and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship to devise cunning works to work in gold and in silver, and in brass and in the cutting of stones to set them, and in carving of wood, to make all manner of cunning work."

I have chosen as a subject the history of this humble mechanic, because, though brief, it contains many interesting points. The model of the tribe of Judah was not a saint, a prophet nor a priest, but a workman—a carpenter and joiner, a gold and silversmith. He could carve wood or he could cut diamonds. He could make any manner of cunning work of the engraver or of the embroiderer, in blue and in purple and in scarlet. He was a genius; had the use of his fingers and had the use of his eyes. The point of notice, the emphatic thing is this: that the spirit of God was in him to devise and to do handiwork. That he was fit with wisdom that he might carve wood.

We say of such a man he has a gift. Moses tells us who gave it. The inference is that his fellow-craftsmen have been, and are, divinely superintended equipped of God, inspired. His history is a foundation for saying that God is in art—art, coarse and fine—arts of use and beauty. Moses says God was in art at one time, and I infer that He is in art at all times. I will now go on to strengthen, as best I can, the inference drawn.

If we classify our thoughts they will be found in three divisions. Some we have gained from others; some we have taken up by them aside by themselves. Some we have learned for, and they are ours by mental effort—bought by our labor. They smell of midnight oil; set them aside. There still remain thoughts which cannot be accounted for—thoughts that come like a flash. They are not children of the mind, born in weakness, to be slowly reared to strength. They come not from long meditation, being brooded over while the lamp burned low. They are uninvited visitors. Sitting at ease in the door of our tent at the close of day they came across the floor. We judge these thoughts by the trifling we shall see that, as the angels came to Abraham, so our best thoughts come to us down from above.

We say a thought strikes you, and thereby express the sense that it is from without. It is not a child needing reflection to bring it on. It needs no molding. It is well grown, well-defined and vivid as is the sun. I must believe that a great deal of our wisdom is sent to us. The door opens from without, and in the guest walks. It is self-conceit to call it our child. If we think so, and tell the neighbors so, we deceive ourselves.

Consider how many apples fell, seen by how many eyes, before the fall of that famous one which enlightened Newton as to the law of gravitation. What is an illustration of a law good for unless the teacher stands by to apply it? How long the rivers ran and the seas rolled before the steam engine? How many times was the lid of a hot teakettle lifted in vain? The parable was always being spoken, but nobody likened it to anything until the interpreter came. The pupils sat stupid and looked out of eyes that saw not.

He sat low in his Rachel, as much as Robert Hargrave did in Jenny, but he impeded not spinning Rachel that the yarn for a coat of many colors might be quickly drawn out. Invention waits God's time. The children will always wonder at the dullness of the fathers. They ought not to wonder. The children will not have any more wisdom than they need to use. God gives not to man's importunity, but always to man's need.

When the family is become large and the home narrow, Columbus is born. Whence came the impulse that sent him across an unknown sea to an unknown shore? The labor of man accounts for the way, but the cause is to be found in the soul of the man. It is a fact that Columbus must be seven years for ships and a crew, but before all this there must have been something to set him a-begging. If the impulse which thus hurries him to widen the world is not the pressure of the finger of God, what is it?

I think that Columbus must have divined the riddle. God said of him as of Cyrus, "For this cause I have raised thee up." Think of the steadfast faith that in the long voyage from morning to evening looked right on to the west for the world that must be. A faith that stood lonely amid the mutiny of all the crew. Not only the world believed in him, but he believed with him, except one woman. "One faith against a world's unbelief; one soul against the flesh of all mankind." He had laid his hand to the plow, his keel turned a straight furrow, he did not look back. Think of the stress upon him in that last day, when he had promised if land was not found he would turn back. It was one day, but it was time enough. It was the day God had sent.

Not only we can not account for Columbus, Gallileo and Watt, and the rest of civilizers, sailors and explorers, but there is another who has been widened and cleared and lifted up, but they can not account for them selves. Livingstone, in the Dark Continent feels himself held to his errand by a power not his

own. All this kind of men have acted like men possessed. It is reasonable to suppose they were. It was born in upon them to do as they did. The opinion of the world has said that there was no sense in the reformer and the discoverer and the inventor; and the world was right—they had something better than sense.

It is well to distract this doctrine that the men who discover truth are often weak and wicked. Treasure may be carried in an earthen vessel. The message of Jonah was better than he was—so much better that he tried to run away from it or lose it in the sea. But to Jonah there is no road that does not lead to Nineveh. Embarked in any water-craft, to Nineveh he must go. What God cares for is the message. It must be delivered.

The fact that these men used by God are often exceedingly human in their quality refutes the doctrine that the truth they utter is not theirs, but His who sent them. The message is so much pure that they are that they must be only the channel, the medium, the urn for heaven's lighting.

Trace back the poems and find the poets. They are of the earth, earthly. These lines were not written from themselves—on the low mortal level of their daily lives—but from some mount of vision, in some happy hour, when the eye was unclouded and beauty passed by.

The true worker is lifted up above himself as a workman and represents the truth that the untrained hand makes. So it is that we can account for sweet poems from bitter poets; words of love and duty from men hateful in life. The saintly song, "Come, Ye Disconsolate," was written by the careless sinner Tom Moore, in an hour when the gospel found him. It sings like a redeemed one, because a redeemed one sing it to him. He was good enough not to suppress it; he was not good enough to tell us whence he received it.

How do you account for the pages of Christian experience in the *Wife of Bath's Tale*? How do you account for the poems of the poor, the ignorant and the unlettered? How do you account for the hymns of thanksgiving that slavery has gone, and thank God, it has gone for ever, the South and North sing alike in chorus and harmony their hymns of thanksgiving that slavery has gone?

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land redeemed from the curse, and see a piece of new earth lifting a harvest to the sun—bread for children, instead of typhoid fever. But I am shut out from claiming this for the work of the world. I see that the world has come down to such times when there shall be neither sorrow nor crime, neither shall there be any more pain, the work of good physicians smoothing the path of children along the road that has been so cruel—the whole treatment of the insane, of the sick, of the feeble-minded, of all losers by the accidents of life—it is something like what Christ did, is it not? It seems like the outcome of His spirit and mind, does it not?

If the native human spirit without any prompting, does this kind of work, why did the untrained, unlettered, illiterate, half all the deformed and feeble-minded children—killed them for the welfare of the state? Apart from the New Testament it is the policy to kill all these unfortunates. Apart from the New Testament they are a burden. Even with the New Testament some advocate the taking of their lives.

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land

redeemed from the curse, and see a piece of new earth lifting a harvest to the sun—bread for children, instead of typhoid fever. But I am shut out from claiming this for the work of the world.

When I see the prophecy of God being thus fulfilled, I would like to put out my hands and feel the machinery by which it is fulfilled, and see if I cannot find His initials on it. But I am told that it came from a godless machine shop. It is a work

of the Devil. I see the machinery that the men who discover truth are often weak and wicked. Treasure may be carried in an earthen vessel. The message of Jonah was better than he was—so much better that he tried to run away from it or lose it in the sea. But to Jonah there is no road that does not lead to Nineveh. Embarked in any water-craft, to Nineveh he must go. What God cares for is the message. It must be delivered.

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land

redeemed from the curse, and see a piece of new earth lifting a harvest to the sun—bread for children, instead of typhoid fever. But I am shut out from claiming this for the work of the world.

When I see the prophecy of God being thus fulfilled, I would like to put out my hands and feel the machinery by which it is fulfilled, and see if I cannot find His initials on it. But I am told that it came from a godless machine shop. It is a work

of the Devil. I see the machinery that the men who discover truth are often weak and wicked. Treasure may be carried in an earthen vessel. The message of Jonah was better than he was—so much better that he tried to run away from it or lose it in the sea. But to Jonah there is no road that does not lead to Nineveh. Embarked in any water-craft, to Nineveh he must go. What God cares for is the message. It must be delivered.

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land

redeemed from the curse, and see a piece of new earth lifting a harvest to the sun—bread for children, instead of typhoid fever. But I am shut out from claiming this for the work of the world.

When I see the prophecy of God being thus fulfilled, I would like to put out my hands and feel the machinery by which it is fulfilled, and see if I cannot find His initials on it. But I am told that it came from a godless machine shop. It is a work

of the Devil. I see the machinery that the men who discover truth are often weak and wicked. Treasure may be carried in an earthen vessel. The message of Jonah was better than he was—so much better that he tried to run away from it or lose it in the sea. But to Jonah there is no road that does not lead to Nineveh. Embarked in any water-craft, to Nineveh he must go. What God cares for is the message. It must be delivered.

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land

redeemed from the curse, and see a piece of new earth lifting a harvest to the sun—bread for children, instead of typhoid fever. But I am shut out from claiming this for the work of the world.

When I see the prophecy of God being thus fulfilled, I would like to put out my hands and feel the machinery by which it is fulfilled, and see if I cannot find His initials on it. But I am told that it came from a godless machine shop. It is a work

of the Devil. I see the machinery that the men who discover truth are often weak and wicked. Treasure may be carried in an earthen vessel. The message of Jonah was better than he was—so much better that he tried to run away from it or lose it in the sea. But to Jonah there is no road that does not lead to Nineveh. Embarked in any water-craft, to Nineveh he must go. What God cares for is the message. It must be delivered.

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land

redeemed from the curse, and see a piece of new earth lifting a harvest to the sun—bread for children, instead of typhoid fever. But I am shut out from claiming this for the work of the world.

When I see the prophecy of God being thus fulfilled, I would like to put out my hands and feel the machinery by which it is fulfilled, and see if I cannot find His initials on it. But I am told that it came from a godless machine shop. It is a work

of the Devil. I see the machinery that the men who discover truth are often weak and wicked. Treasure may be carried in an earthen vessel. The message of Jonah was better than he was—so much better that he tried to run away from it or lose it in the sea. But to Jonah there is no road that does not lead to Nineveh. Embarked in any water-craft, to Nineveh he must go. What God cares for is the message. It must be delivered.

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land

redeemed from the curse, and see a piece of new earth lifting a harvest to the sun—bread for children, instead of typhoid fever. But I am shut out from claiming this for the work of the world.

When I see the prophecy of God being thus fulfilled, I would like to put out my hands and feel the machinery by which it is fulfilled, and see if I cannot find His initials on it. But I am told that it came from a godless machine shop. It is a work

of the Devil. I see the machinery that the men who discover truth are often weak and wicked. Treasure may be carried in an earthen vessel. The message of Jonah was better than he was—so much better that he tried to run away from it or lose it in the sea. But to Jonah there is no road that does not lead to Nineveh. Embarked in any water-craft, to Nineveh he must go. What God cares for is the message. It must be delivered.

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land

redeemed from the curse, and see a piece of new earth lifting a harvest to the sun—bread for children, instead of typhoid fever. But I am shut out from claiming this for the work of the world.

When I see the prophecy of God being thus fulfilled, I would like to put out my hands and feel the machinery by which it is fulfilled, and see if I cannot find His initials on it. But I am told that it came from a godless machine shop. It is a work

of the Devil. I see the machinery that the men who discover truth are often weak and wicked. Treasure may be carried in an earthen vessel. The message of Jonah was better than he was—so much better that he tried to run away from it or lose it in the sea. But to Jonah there is no road that does not lead to Nineveh. Embarked in any water-craft, to Nineveh he must go. What God cares for is the message. It must be delivered.

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land

redeemed from the curse, and see a piece of new earth lifting a harvest to the sun—bread for children, instead of typhoid fever. But I am shut out from claiming this for the work of the world.

When I see the prophecy of God being thus fulfilled, I would like to put out my hands and feel the machinery by which it is fulfilled, and see if I cannot find His initials on it. But I am told that it came from a godless machine shop. It is a work

of the Devil. I see the machinery that the men who discover truth are often weak and wicked. Treasure may be carried in an earthen vessel. The message of Jonah was better than he was—so much better that he tried to run away from it or lose it in the sea. But to Jonah there is no road that does not lead to Nineveh. Embarked in any water-craft, to Nineveh he must go. What God cares for is the message. It must be delivered.

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land

redeemed from the curse, and see a piece of new earth lifting a harvest to the sun—bread for children, instead of typhoid fever. But I am shut out from claiming this for the work of the world.

When I see the prophecy of God being thus fulfilled, I would like to put out my hands and feel the machinery by which it is fulfilled, and see if I cannot find His initials on it. But I am told that it came from a godless machine shop. It is a work

of the Devil. I see the machinery that the men who discover truth are often weak and wicked. Treasure may be carried in an earthen vessel. The message of Jonah was better than he was—so much better that he tried to run away from it or lose it in the sea. But to Jonah there is no road that does not lead to Nineveh. Embarked in any water-craft, to Nineveh he must go. What God cares for is the message. It must be delivered.

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land

redeemed from the curse, and see a piece of new earth lifting a harvest to the sun—bread for children, instead of typhoid fever. But I am shut out from claiming this for the work of the world.

When I see the prophecy of God being thus fulfilled, I would like to put out my hands and feel the machinery by which it is fulfilled, and see if I cannot find His initials on it. But I am told that it came from a godless machine shop. It is a work

of the Devil. I see the machinery that the men who discover truth are often weak and wicked. Treasure may be carried in an earthen vessel. The message of Jonah was better than he was—so much better that he tried to run away from it or lose it in the sea. But to Jonah there is no road that does not lead to Nineveh. Embarked in any water-craft, to Nineveh he must go. What God cares for is the message. It must be delivered.

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land

redeemed from the curse, and see a piece of new earth lifting a harvest to the sun—bread for children, instead of typhoid fever. But I am shut out from claiming this for the work of the world.

When I see the prophecy of God being thus fulfilled, I would like to put out my hands and feel the machinery by which it is fulfilled, and see if I cannot find His initials on it. But I am told that it came from a godless machine shop. It is a work

of the Devil. I see the machinery that the men who discover truth are often weak and wicked. Treasure may be carried in an earthen vessel. The message of Jonah was better than he was—so much better that he tried to run away from it or lose it in the sea. But to Jonah there is no road that does not lead to Nineveh. Embarked in any water-craft, to Nineveh he must go. What God cares for is the message. It must be delivered.

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land

redeemed from the curse, and see a piece of new earth lifting a harvest to the sun—bread for children, instead of typhoid fever. But I am shut out from claiming this for the work of the world.

When I see the prophecy of God being thus fulfilled, I would like to put out my hands and feel the machinery by which it is fulfilled, and see if I cannot find His initials on it. But I am told that it came from a godless machine shop. It is a work

of the Devil. I see the machinery that the men who discover truth are often weak and wicked. Treasure may be carried in an earthen vessel. The message of Jonah was better than he was—so much better that he tried to run away from it or lose it in the sea. But to Jonah there is no road that does not lead to Nineveh. Embarked in any water-craft, to Nineveh he must go. What God cares for is the message. It must be delivered.

Again, I see a swamp drained, and the land