

THE GREATEST NAME.

JESUS, THE NAME HIGH OVER ALL, IN HEAVEN, EARTH OR SKY.

Dr. Talmage speaks of the Power and Beauty and Glory of Jesus' Name—He Tells of the Potency and Consolation of the True Religion.

BROOKLYN, May 1.—While Dr. Talmage is able to hold vast audiences spellbound by his eloquence, whatever subject he has in hand, he is never so eloquent or so evidently a great orator as when he preaches Christ as the one hope for the regeneration of the world.

Paul is here making rapturous and enthusiastic description of the name of Christ. There are merely worldly names that sometimes thrill you through and through.

It is a sin to call a child Jehoiakim or Tighai-pleaser—or by anything that is disagreeable. Because you have had an exasperating name yourself is no reason why you should inflict it upon your progeny.

When Paul, in my text and in other passages of Scripture, burst forth in ascriptions of admiration for the name of Christ, I want to inquire what are the characteristics of that appellation.

Can it be that in all this church this morning there are representatives of any household where the children are familiar with the names of the father and mother and brother and sister, yet know nothing about that name which is above every name?

When an aged father was dying one of the children came and said, "Father, do you know me?" and in the delirium of the last sickness he said, "No, I don't know you."

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wreath it on the wall. Let it drip from harp's string and let it thunder out an organ's diapason. Sound it often, sound it well, until every star shall seem to shine it, and every flower shall seem to breathe it, and mountain and sea, and day and night, and earth and heaven acclaim in full chant, "Blessed be his glorious name forever."

Have you ever heard in a Methodist church, during a time of revival, a score of souls come to the altar and cry out for mercy under the power of just two lines of glorious old John Wesley?

In heaven, or earth, or sky. To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday school girl, to the snow white octogenarian it is beautiful.

The aged man comes in from a long walk, and he tremulously opens the door of his home, and he hangs his hat on the old nail, and he puts his cane in the usual place, and he lies on his couch, and he says to his children and his grandchildren, "My dear, I am going away from you."

And the little child comes in from play, and she flings herself in your lap, and she says, "Mamma, I'm so sick, I'm so very sick, and you put her to bed, and the fever is worse and worse, and some midnight, while you are shaking up the pillow and giving the medicine, she looks up in your face and says, "Mamma, I'm going away from you."

And she says, "Why, where are you going to Jesus?" and so the old man falls away into heaven.

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all, it will be embalmed in the hearts of all the good of earth and all the great ones of heaven. Shall the emancipated bondman ever forget who set him free? Shall the blind man ever forget the divine physician who gave him sight? Shall the lost and wandering ever forget who brought them home?

Why, to make the world forget that name would be to burn up all the Bibles and burn down all the churches, and then in the spirit of universal arson go through the gate of heaven and put the torch to all the temples and mansions and palaces until in the awful conflagration all heaven went down and the people come out to look upon the charred ruins, but even then they would hear the name of Christ in the thunder of falling towers and in the crash of temple walls, and see it interwoven into the flying banners of flame, and the redeemed of heaven would say, "Let the temples and the palaces burn; let them burn; we have Jesus left." Blessed be his glorious name forever.

How will you account him? My friends, have you made up your mind by what name you will account Christ when you see him in heaven? Now that is a practical question. For you will see him, child of God, just as certainly as you sit there and I stand here. By what name have you made up your mind to call Christ when you first meet him in heaven? Will you call him "Anointed One," or "Messiah," or will you take some one of the symbolic terms which you read in your Bible on earth—terms by which Christ was designated?

Some day perhaps you will be wandering among the gardens of God on high, the place abloom with eternal springtime, infinite luxury of lily and rose and amaranth, and perhaps you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, thou art the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." Some time there will be a new soul come into heaven to take its place in the firmament and shine as the stars forever and ever, and the luster of a useful life will shine forth in remembrance of beautiful things you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, thou art a brighter star, the Morning Star, the Star of Jacob, the Star of the Redeemer."

Some day you will be walking among the fountains that toss in the sunlight, falling in crash of pearl and amethyst into golden and crystalline urn, and wandering up the round banked river to the place where the water first tinkles its silver on the rock, and from chalice of love you will be drinking to honor and everlasting joy, and you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, my Lord, thou art the Fountain of Living Water." Some day you will be wandering among the lambs and sheep of heaven feeding by the rock, rejoicing in the care of him who brought you out of the wilderness world into the sheepfold, and you will look up into his face and say, "My Lord, my Lord, thou art the Shepherd of the Everlasting Hills."

THE SUN THAT NEVER SETS. But there is another name by which you can call him. Perhaps that will be the name I have not mentioned yet. Imagine that heaven is all full. Every throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. All the wealth of the universe has come into heaven. There is nothing to be added. The song full. The ranks full. The mansions all full. Heaven full. The sun will set and with it will splendor the domes of the temple, and burnish the golden streets into a blaze, and be reflected back from the solid pearl of the twelve gates, and it will be noon in heaven. Noon on the river. Noon on the hills. Noon in the valleys. High noon. And then you will look up, gradually accustoming your vision to the light, shading your eyes at the first lest they be extinguished with the insufferable splendor, until after awhile you can look upon the full irradiation, and you will cry out, "My Lord, my Lord, thou art the Sun that Never Sets."

But at this point I am staggered by the thought that there may be persons in this house for whom this name has no charm, though it is so easy, though it is so beautiful, though it is so potent, though it is so enduring. Oh, come today and see whether there is anything in Christ! I challenge you to test with me this morning whether God is good, and whether Christ is precious, and whether the Holy Ghost is omnipotent.

Come, my brother, I challenge you. Come, and we will kneel at the altar of mercy. You kneel on one side of the altar and I will kneel on the other side of the altar of mercy, and we will not get up from our knees until our sins are pardoned and we are able to ascribe all honor to the name—you pronouncing it and I pronouncing it—"the name which is above every name."

His worth if all the nations knew. Sure the whole earth would love him too. I pray God we may move upon this assemblage now, that we may see him walking through all these aisles, that the Holy Spirit may spread his wings over this auditory. Now is your time for heaven. Oh, my friends! meeting once, perhaps never again until the books are opened, what shall we say of this morning's service? Have I told you the whole truth? Have you listened to the whole truth? Now is your time for heaven. Come into the kingdom. If you never had an invitation before, I give it to you now.

I do not ask what your sin has been or what your wandering. That is not pertinent to the question. The only thing is whether you want Christ. Come in, the farthest off. Come, the nearest by. "Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound." Is there in all this august assemblage a man who feels he is too wicked to come? You are mistaken. Come now. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

NO GLOOMY RELIGION. O ye who are young, come now! It is no gloomy religion that I preach. It will take no luster from your eye. It will take no color from your cheek. It will take no spring from your step. I know what I am talking about. I have felt the consolation of this grace in my own heart. It is not a theory with me. I know in whom I believe, and he has been so good a friend to me, I have a right this morning to commend his friendship to all the people.

Oh, come into the kingdom! Do not say you are too bad. "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts." "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth." How is he going to do—drive you into the kingdom? He will not do it. If you get in at all, it will be because you are drawn in by his love. What does he say? "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth." He was lifted up. What for? To drive? No! lifted up to draw. Oh, come now, come now into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus!

You have heard of that warrior of ancient times who went into battle against Christ. He hated Christ, and he went into battle fighting Christ, but in the battle he got wounded, he was struck by the arrow and he lay with his face up to the sun and the life blood was oozing away, he put his hand to his heart and took a handful of blood from the wound and held it

up toward the sun and cried out, "Oh, Jesus! thou hast conquered." And if today, my hearer, struck through by the arrow of God's gracious Spirit, you realize the truth of what I have been saying, you would surrender yourself to the Lord who bought you, you would say: "I will no longer battle against Christ's mercy. Lord Jesus, thou hast conquered." Glorious name! I know not what you will do with it; but I will tell you one thing before I stop—I must tell it. I will tell you one thing here and now, that I take him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my comfort, my salvation, my heaven. Blessed be his glorious name forever. "The name which is above every name."

A Story of Dr. Talmage. I heard a good story about T. De Witt Talmage the other day. When he was in the theological seminary at New Brunswick, N. J., the stately Dr. Campbell, head of the institution, despairingly said to him: "Go home, young man, go home. You'll never make a preacher. You're unlike anything I ever saw. You're a young man did not 'go home.' The prediction did not come true. The description, however, remains unimpeached to this day. The despairing remark and desperate counsel ascribed to Dr. Campbell were due, it is declared, to the effect of a 'trial sermon' which Student Talmage was required to preach before the critics of the faculty and of the senior class. The text was, 'Whosoever shall deny me before men, I will deny him before my Father who is in heaven.' Young Talmage's analysis of his text was to the effect that the text showed there were three kinds of poor—the Lord's poor, the devil's poor and the poor devils." He said he proposed briefly to consider the latter, which he did with all his might of sympathy and of dispraise.

Dr. Campbell was prevailed on to give the young man a chance, and this time the text assigned to him was, "A good wife is from the Lord." The analysis was equally remarkable. The student declared that a good wife meant one good wife at a time. The conclusion was drawn that, as a good wife was from the Lord, presumably a bad wife was from the devil, and that, inferentially, the devil was married. A lurid photograph in words of Zeebel as Satan's probable hag wound up the discourse with an effect that could not be exceeded by any who should go through space, under the pilotage of balloons, firing off Roman candles over a wondering world. Dr. Campbell lived long enough to become a great admirer of Dr. Talmage, and was as deliberately careful to adopt him as a protégé as he had been unjustly precipitant in desiring to eject him as an impossibility—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Warning to Ice Cream Fiends. During the scorching weather of July and August you often rush into an ice cream saloon with the avowed intention of cooling your body to at least a few degrees below the melting point. If you are in a great hurry you are apt to make the first few spoonfuls of the cooling mixture rather large. This almost immediately gives you a violent pain in the temples or some where in the region of the eyes. Why is this; did you ever stop to think? One who has studied the physiology of the case says that it is caused in the following manner: The frozen mixture coming in contact with the nerves of the throat (the larynx, pharynx, etc.) temporarily paralyzes them. The sensation instantly shoots to the center of those nerves, which is in the brain, but finds there a side connection in the shape of the great facial nerve which starts from in front of the ear and extends its branches over the sides of the face.

One branch of this facial nerve, extending across the temple, is a "nerve of sensation," while the other branches are simply "nerves of motion," utilized chiefly to govern the play of the mouth. This great facial nerve sidetracks the pain which proceeds from the chill, throwing it out along the nerve branch which traverses the temple, the pain being most agonizing at the points where the nerve branches. If the irritation be extraordinary the "reflex" action which takes place may cause a violent pain in the eyeballs as well as in the temple, the eye pain being simply sympathetic.

The person who rashly swallows great mouthfuls of frozen milk should remember that every time it comes in contact with the nerves of his throat, the whole nervous system is injured to a greater or less extent.—St. Louis Republic.

The Guelph Fund. King George of Hanover left to his widow, Queen Marie, 1,000,000 German dollars (£150,000), and to each of his daughters half that sum, that is, another £150,000 between them. He directed these legacies to be paid out of the interest of the Guelph fund, which had been in possession of the Prussian government for more than eleven years before his death. King George had no right to dispose of any part of the fund except the interest which came in during his lifetime. The interest amounted to £80,000 a year. So there were enormous arrears when the king died. Queen Victoria was appointed executrix, in the hope that through her influence a portion of the lost interest might be recovered for the king's widow and daughters.

The queen so far has never been able to obtain the payment of the legacies for Queen Marie and her daughters, but has often endeavored most strenuously to exact the money from the Prussian government. Prince Bismarck appears to have expended the interest in the secret service as fast as it came in.—London Cor. New York Tribune.

A Competent Witness. In one of our courts recently a nine-year-old boy was placed on the witness stand, but before he began to testify the defendant's counsel objected and would not allow him to give his evidence, asking the court to pass on his intelligence and his idea of the responsibility of an oath.

"Question him on those points," was the judge's reply. "How old are you?" began the lawyer. "Nine years old." "Work or go to school?" "Do both—sell papers and flowers." "Do you know what an oath is?" "Tell the truth in this case, sure." "Now, if you should not state the truth and tell a lie, what would become of you in the next world?" The boy, after hesitating awhile, answered: "I don't know what will become of me in this world, let alone the next."

"Proceed, Mr. Attorney," said the judge; "the boy seems to have more than ordinary intelligence."—Boston Herald.

Wanted Nothing Fast During Lent. Rubicund Passenger—Have you the time? Sanctimonious Passenger—No, sir. I stopped my watch during Lent. Rubicund Passenger—Stopped your watch during Lent? Sanctimonious Passenger (emphatically)—Yes, sir. My watch is fast, sir.—Jeweler's Circular.



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