

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE CHIEFTAIN" SUBJECT OF DISCOURSE.

The Golden Text: "The Chiefest Among Ten Thousand"—Canticles, Chapter V, Verse 10—Jesus Christ Is Chief of Heaven.



HE MOST CONSPICUOUS character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overlapping figure of all time. He is the "vox humana" in all music, the gracefulst line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedral grandeur, and the prerogative of all language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter and the last letter, the Alpha and the Omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters or all the letters between them: "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end."

What does that Scripture mean which says of Christ, "He that cometh from above is above all?" It means after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pella, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all unite in the words of Paul, and cry out, "Above all! Above all!" But Solomon in his text prefers to call Christ "The Chieftain," and so today I hail him.

First, Christ must be chief in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is the most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil—individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism, of all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the barn-yard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sunday-school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo, and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work in the Sabbath-school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need, is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death, when there is such fillimitable source. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes, Milton employed 8,900 different words for poetic purposes, Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than 1,000 words that we can manage, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ the Conqueror, we are going to draw our smiles from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signal, but those eighteen flags they can put into sixty-six different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to these young men who come from the

theological seminaries into our services, and are, after awhile, going to preach Jesus Christ: You will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers no sweetness, sunset sky no color, compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm; complete pardon for direst guilt; sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony; brightest hope for grimmest death; grandest resurrection for darkest sepulchre. Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ the Chief! His birth, His suffering, His miracles, His sweat, His tears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went there, the herald and the forerunner. The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared to put it on. But this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the weakest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded, grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins!" said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brawny German student had found a Latin bible that made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake; and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and join us great and awful sinners, saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we that have been such very awful sinners praise His grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first-rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking-glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and purifying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt! And how much we need him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock, the Christian, from the cups of granite, lily-rimmed, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again I remark that Christ is chief in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stone mason should come and consult him about the tombstone that after awhile he would need. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say: "Behold all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a commonsensical idea on this subject that you need to consider—there are only two styles of departure. A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, tolling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and broken on the hiliards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosis and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked—and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home. You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want your room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's

gate? Can human hand pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death, and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas! poor soul, if that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going; and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? "To go to heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Toplady, the great hymn-maker, say in his last hour? "Who can measure the depths of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, but surely no one can live in this world after such glories as God has manifested to my soul."

So, also, Christ is chief in heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His face, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit, shall recite the Savior's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of His suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flames through which they passed, will say, "This is the Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say, "This is the Jesus, whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say, "This is the Jesus who took us in His arms and blessed us, and, when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place." The multitude of the bereft will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke." Many who wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say, "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and He brought us home. We were guilty, and He made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together in a great chorus, which will make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed \$160,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land, in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way said: "And I heard in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and the men walked on them, harps in their hands, to ring praises withal, and after that they shut up the gates which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

PHILOSOPHY.

Fame is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bestirring the dead, furnishes out their funerals and follows them to the grave.—Colton.

Quick is the succession of human events: the cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and when we lie down at night we may safely say to most of our troubles, "We have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."—Cooper.

Beleave me, sir, those who attempt to level never equalize. In all societies consisting of various descriptions of citizens, some description must be uppermost. The levelers, therefore, only change and pervert the natural order of things; they load the edifice of society by setting up in the air what the solidity of the structure requires to be on the ground.—Burke.

It is a good plan, with a young person of a character to be much affected by ludicrous and absurd representations, to show him plainly, by examples, that there is nothing which may not be so represented. He will hardly need to be told that everything is not a mere joke, and he may thus be secured from falling into a contempt of those particular things which he may at any time happen to find so treated.—Whately.

Cicero says that "to study philosophy is nothing but to prepare a man's self to die." The reason of which is, because study and contemplation do in some sort withdraw from us and deprive us of our souls, and employ it separately from the body, which is a kind of learning to die, and a resemblance of death; or else because all the wisdom and reasoning in the world does in the end conclude in this point, to teach us not to fear to die.

When the prodigal started back to his father's house he didn't have to go all the way alone.

God's help is all the weakest man needs, and what the worst may have if he will repent.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI.—SUNDAY, SEPT. 15.—"CITIES OF REFUGE."

Golden Text: "Who Have Fled for Refuge to Lay Hold Upon the Hope Set Before Us"—Hebrews VI: 18—"Allotment of Canaan."



1. The Lord also spake unto Joshua, saying:

2. Speak to the children of Israel, saying: Appoint out for you cities of refuge whereof I spake unto you by (the agency) the hand of Moses. (A right of asylum for those falsely accused.)

3. That the slayer who killed any person unawares and unwittingly may flee thither; and they shall be for your refuge from the avenger of blood.

4. And when he that does flee to one of those cities shall stand at the entering of the gate of the city and shall declare his cause in the ears of the elders of that city, they shall take him into the city unto them, and give him a place that he may dwell among them.

5. And if the avenger of blood pursue after him, then they shall not deliver the slayer up into his hand, because he smote his neighbor unwittingly.

6. And he shall dwell in that city until he stands before the congregation



THE CITY OF REFUGE.

of judgment and until the death of the high priest that shall be in those days; then shall the slayer return and come unto his own city and unto his own house unto the city from whence he fled.

7. And they appointed Kadesh in Galilee, in Mount Naphtali, and Shechem, in Mount Ephraim, and Kirjath-arba, which is Hebron, in the Mountain of Judah.

8. And on the other side of Jordan, by Jericho, eastward, they assigned Bezer in the wilderness upon the plain outside of the tribe of Reuben, and Ramath, in Gilead, out of the tribe of Gad, and Golan, in Bashan, out of the tribe of Manasseh.

9. These were the cities appointed for all the children of Israel, and for the stranger that sojourneth among them, that whosoever killeth any person at unawares might flee thither and not die by the hand of the avenger of blood until he stood before the congregation. A modern object lesson to be derived from the above section is: "Christ is the True City of Refuge."

Christ is the city of refuge because God has so appointed. To go to him involves repentance of sin, forsaking of sin, the choice of God and goodness as our portion, a new heart, and a new nature of love. It brings us within every heavenly power that can save from sin, every high motive, the presence of the Holy Spirit. Christ is not an arbitrary, but a necessary city of refuge from sin.

Third. Christ is made as easy of access as possible. He is everywhere present. The conditions of salvation are as simple and easy as it is possible to make them. Sabbaths, churches, meetings, invitations from Christians bring Christ as near as possible to every soul.

Fourth. God has done all he can to aid and draw men to Jesus. Now, beloved, I think this is a picture of the road to Christ Jesus. (See above, in No. 2, under facts about the cities of refuge.) It is no roundabout road of the law; it is no obeying this, that, and the other; it is a straight road: "Believe and live." It is a road so hard that no self-righteous man can ever tread it; but it is a road so easy that every sinner who knows himself to be a sinner might by it find his way to Christ and heaven. And, lest they should be mistaken, God has sent me and my brethren in the ministry to be like hand posts in the way, to point poor sinners to Jesus; and we desire ever to have on our lips the cry, "Refuge, refuge, refuge." Sinner, that is the way; walk therein, and be thou saved.—Spurgeon.

PROVERBS FOR TO-DAY.

(From the Ram's Horn.) Little duties are the greatest duties, when they are the ones God chooses for us.

Telling a child the story of Jesus may be a greater thing than building a church steeple.

When the preacher knows his Bible well he won't have to pound it to keep people awake.

The man who talks to the biggest crowd is not always being watched the closest by the angels.

THE WHITE HEN'S GUINEAS.

A Pleasant Little Episode of Poultry-Yard Life.

When the old white hen came off with fifteen chirpy little guineas instead of her accustomed brood of chicks she took to them most kindly, and made as usual, a fond, busy mother. Her little pink-toed charges proved very tender and hard to raise, and at what might be termed the adolescent stage in poultry life, her brood of fifteen had been reduced to three. This trio, however, lavished an unusual amount of affection on the old hen, and she repaid it with a zealous and prolonged care, which she had never bestowed on her more familiar offspring. After several fruitless attempts to wean the guineas, she philosophically submitted to the inevitable, and became as constant to the trio as they were to her, and we often spoke of their harmony and content.

One morning, not long since, I was disturbed by a continuous noise from the guineas under the window, and at last I noted that I could detect no answering cluck from the mother-hen. When I went out into the yard to investigate I found the old hen lying stiff and cold almost beneath my window, while the guineas hovered near, no doubt, puzzled by her silence and her lack of motion. After the hen was removed, though they were now well-nigh grown, they wandered about noisily and hopelessly, and for several days seemed lost. Whether or not they have found a resemblance to the mother, I cannot say, but they have at last willfully attached themselves to another white hen, and I cannot but believe that in time she must submit to the adoption, in spite of her efforts to rid herself of the responsibility so deliberately imposed upon her. The guineas evidently will accept no rebuff. They permit her neither to dodge nor desert them. When she attempts to run off from them, they scamper after her, and, in desperation, she flies aloft and seeks some airy perch, they range themselves beneath, crane their necks in her direction, and send up a plaintive "pot-rack" of appeal. Right there they will remain, and keep up their chorus until the foster-mother, touched into relenting or harassed by the restless persistence of her self-inflicted charges, is constrained to fly down and accept their attachment. E. A. M.

5. And if the avenger of blood pursue after him, then they shall not deliver the slayer up into his hand, because he smote his neighbor unwittingly.

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A modern object lesson to be derived from the above section is: "Christ is the True City of Refuge."

Christ is the city of refuge because God has so appointed. To go to him involves repentance of sin, forsaking of sin, the choice of God and goodness as our portion, a new heart, and a new nature of love. It brings us within every heavenly power that can save from sin, every high motive, the presence of the Holy Spirit. Christ is not an arbitrary, but a necessary city of refuge from sin.

Third. Christ is made as easy of access as possible. He is everywhere present. The conditions of salvation are as simple and easy as it is possible to make them. Sabbaths, churches, meetings, invitations from Christians bring Christ as near as possible to every soul.

Fourth. God has done all he can to aid and draw men to Jesus. Now, beloved, I think this is a picture of the road to Christ Jesus. (See above, in No. 2, under facts about the cities of refuge.) It is no roundabout road of the law; it is no obeying this, that, and the other; it is a straight road: "Believe and live." It is a road so hard that no self-righteous man can ever tread it; but it is a road so easy that every sinner who knows himself to be a sinner might by it find his way to Christ and heaven. And, lest they should be mistaken, God has sent me and my brethren in the ministry to be like hand posts in the way, to point poor sinners to Jesus; and we desire ever to have on our lips the cry, "Refuge, refuge, refuge." Sinner, that is the way; walk therein, and be thou saved.—Spurgeon.

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A Syndicate of Monsters.

Here are the names of the abominable trio that compose it, and the most successful way to attack and subvert these united monsters. Take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and they will pull up stakes and make tracks for parts unknown, leaving no trace behind. The Bitters also exterminate malaria, rheumatic and kidney trouble and nervous ailments.

One Point in Etiquette. P. P. C. cards should be left on the occasion of a long absence of over three months, on leaving town at the close of the season, on leaving a neighborhood where you have resided for months, or where you have resided for weeks, but not when changing houses in the same neighborhood, not even when about to be married, unless your future home is to be in another city. The words "pour prendre congé" signify "to take leave," and when good-bye is not intended, and future meetings are anticipated, there is no ostensible motive for leaving P. P. C. cards.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Price, 50 cents. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Weeds in Walks. The best way to get rid of these is to get a barrel of the cheapest salt, or a sack of it, at the price of \$1, or less, and scatter it over the weeds after a shower, or when the dew is on the ground. It will kill the weeds, and, if the walk be graveled or made of crushed stone, it will brighten it exceedingly. If it is only of earth, it will clean it and keep it from being dusty. It is excellent on stone flagged walks to keep the grass from growing up through the crevices, and it will keep the ants from working in these openings and piling up their disagreeable sand heaps.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No matter how long you have suffered from this terrible disease, you can be cured. Send for testimonials, free. Price, 50 cents. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Unchangeable in Price. It is just as well for young men to note that the phenomenal decrease in the price of oats does not extend to the wild variety.—Chicago Chronicle.

Tickets at Reduced Rates. Will be sold via the Nickel Plate road on occasion of the meeting of the German Catholic Societies of the United States at Albany, N. Y., Sept. 15th to 18th. For further information address J. V. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago.

ODD ENDS. The eleven cables now in operation across the Atlantic have cost upward of \$70,000,000.

It is said that a church in Topeka has employed a woman whistler to whistle sacred music every Sunday.

Most of the biggest London and provincial English papers are printed on presses made in New York.

Goggles are now supplied by the British admiralty to the officers and sailors serving on fast torpedo boats, as the high speed has been found to be injurious to the eyes.

Bicycle weddings are increasing in popularity in France. At the close of a wedding ceremony recently the bridal couple started off on their honeymoon on a "bicycle built for two."

A sporting Boer in the Transvaal has, according to the Cape newspapers, two racing ostriches, one of which has a stride of fourteen feet, and can go twenty-two miles in an hour.

By actual experiments it has been ascertained that the explosive power of a sphere of water only one inch in diameter is sufficient to burst a brass vessel having a resisting power of 27,000 pounds.

Georgia papers are telling in apparent good faith of a negro at Blakely, Ga., who was struck on the head by a bolt of lightning a few days ago, and who, though receiving a deep gash in his scalp, is now as spry as ever.

FLOATING WIT. Mankind may now be divided into those who ride bicycles, and those who dodge them.—Puck.

Going!—This was the tempting notice lately exhibited by a dealer in cheap shirts: "They won't last long at this price!"

Cumso—a good sewing machine is said to do the work of twelve women. Do you believe that, Cawker? Cawker—No, it can't talk.

Wife (tearfully)—You have broken your promise! Husband (kissing her)—Never mind, my dear—don't cry; I'll make you another.

"Dad, what's a miracle?" "A miracle, Bobby, is that which cannot be accomplished by man alone." "Is getting married a miracle, dad?"

Very Amateur Singer (at evening party sings)—"Oh, let me like a soldier fall!" Agonized Guest—You certainly should if I had a gun anywhere handy.

A short man was asked if he had fallen in love with a certain tall woman. "Do you call it falling in love?" replied he. "It's more like climbing up to it."

Winston—What do people mean when they say of a girl she is "quaint"? Weston—They mean usually that it is charitable not to express their real opinion of her.

Wife—How people stare at my new dress! I presume they wonder if I've been shopping in Paris. Husband—More likely they wonder if I've been robbing a bank.

Lady (engaging a servant)—We are all total abstainers; but I suppose you don't mind that? Servant—Oh, no, mum! I've been in a reformed drunkard's family before.

Traveler