

ABOVE ALL NAMES.

Dr. Talmage on the manifold beauties of the Name Jesus.

A Name Easy to Speak and of Wonderful Power—Beautiful Aliter to Young and Old Christians—All the Earth to Sing Its Praises.

During the European tour of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage the vessel upon which he was a passenger stopped at Queens-

town and the distinguished divine took advantage of the opportunity to preach. His subject was "What is in a Name?"

His text, Philippians II, 9: "A name which is above every name." The eminent preacher said:

On my way from the Holy Land, and while I wait for the steamer to resume her voyage to America, I preach to you from this text, which was one of Paul's rapturous and enthusiastic descriptions of the name of Jesus.

By common proverb we have come to believe that there is nothing in a name, and so parents sometimes present their children for baptism regardless of the title given them, and not thinking that that particular title will be either a hindrance or a help.

Strange mistake. You have no right to give to your child a name that is lacking either in euphony or in moral meaning. It is a sin for you to call your child Jehoiakim or Tigliath-Pileser.

and earth and Heaven acclaim in full chant: "Blessed be His glorious name forever. The name that is above every name."

Jesus, the name high over all, in Heaven, and earth, and sky.

To the repeating soul, to the ex-hausted invalid, to the Sunday school girl, to the snow-white octogenarian, it is beautiful. The old man comes in from a long walk and tremblingly opens the doors, and hangs his hat on the old nail, and sets his cane in the usual corner, and lies down on a couch and says to his children and grandchildren: "My dears, I am going to leave you. And they say: "Why, where are you going, grandfather? "I am going to Jesus." And so the old man faints away into Heaven.

The little child comes in from play and throws herself on your lap and says: "Mamma, I am so sick, I am so sick." And you put her to bed and the fever is worse and worse until in some midnight she looks up into your face and says: "Mamma, kiss me good-bye, I am going away from you." And you say: "My dear, where are you going to?" And she says: "I am going to Jesus."

And the red cheek which you thought was the mark of the fever only turns out to be the carnation bloom of Heaven! O, yes, it is a sweet name spoken by the lips of childhood, spoken by the old man.

Still further, it is a mighty name. Rothschild is a potent name in the commercial world, Cuvier in the scientific world, Irving a powerful name in the literary world, Washington an influential name in the political world, Wellington a mighty name in the military world; but tell me any name in all the earth so potent to awe, and lift, and thrill, and rouse, and agitate, and bless as this name of Jesus.

That one word unbroken Saul and flung Newton on his face on ship's deck, and to-day holds 400,000,000 of the race with omnipotent spell. That name in England to-day means more than Victoria; in Germany, means more than Emperor William; in France, means more than Carnot; in Italy, means more than Humbert of the present or Garibaldi of the past.

I have seen a man bound hand and foot in sin, when his hard task matter, in a bondage from which no human power could deliver him, and yet at the pronunciation of that one word he dashed down his chains and marched out forever free.

I have seen a man overwhelmed with disaster, the last hope fled, the last light gone out; that name pronounced in his hearing, the sea dropped, the clouds scattered, and a sunburst of eternal gladness poured into his soul.

even then they would hear that name in the thunder of falling towers and the crash of crumbling walls, and see it wrought in the flying banners of flame, and the red-embosomed of the Lord on high would be happy yet and cry out: "Let the palaces and the temples burn, we have Jesus left!"

Have you ever made up your mind by what name you will call Christ when you meet Him in Heaven? You know He has many names.

Wandering some day in the garden of God on high, the place abloom with eternal spring-tide, infinite luxuriance of rose and lily and amaranth, you may look up into His face and say: "My Lord, Thou art the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

Some day, as a soul comes up from earth to take its place in the firmament, and shine as a star for ever and ever, and the luster of a useful life shall beam forth tremulous and beautiful, you may look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Lord, Thou art a brighter star—a morning star—a star forever."

Wandering some day amid the fountains of life that toss in the sunlight and fall in crush of pearl and amethyst in golden and crystalline urn, and you wander up to the round-banked river to where it first tingles its silver on the rock, and out of the chalice of love you drink to honor and everlasting joy, you may look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Lord, Thou art the fountain of living water."

Some day, wandering amid the lambs and sheep in the heavenly pastures, feeding by the rock, rejoicing in the presence of Him who brought you out of the wolfish wilderness to the sheepfold shore, you may look up into His loving and watchful eye and say: "My Lord, Thou art the shepherd of the everlasting hills."

But there is another name you may select. I will imagine that Heaven is done. Every throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. Heaven has gathered up every thing that is worth having. The treasures of the whole universe have poured into it.

The last one died. He was a better. He was born in Western New York as long ago as 1816, and went to the metropolitan city of New York to be a lawyer.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A Meadville (Pa.) man is authority for the statement that a rooster, served at his home the other day, had two fully developed and perfectly formed wish-bones.

—Queen Victoria's crown, kept with other royal regalia under strong guard at the old tower, and worn only on state occasions, is worth 200,000 metal, gems and decorations included.

—In a Wheeling store where looking-glasses were formerly scattered around rather generously they have all been taken down.

—Frogs are improving with the rest of the world, and are evidently developing a capacity for turning the tables on their persecutors.

—A writer who contends that old-fashioned out-of-door games are the best form of exercise for children says: Running makes a trim ankle and a shapely leg, and girls should be encouraged to run as often as possible.

—A hawk pursued a pigeon into a house at Brunswick, Ga., the other day. The pigeon took refuge under a table in the kitchen.

THE NAVAJO BLANKET.—The Navajo tribe of Indians own immense flocks of well-bred sheep and the wool clip averages 1,500,000 pounds annually.

The weavers are important persons, and will only perform the labor of making the blanket, therefore the work of erecting the loom, which contains the loom, devolves upon the squaw.

PECCOLIANTIES OF PEOPLE.—Known, the wizard of electricity, now declines to see visitors at his Mend Park laboratory.

Mary people will sympathize with Mr. Gladstone in his forenoon for liking to lie in bed in the morning.

A New Orleans letter-writer says that old Jubal Kelly, now an annex of the Louisiana lottery, goes slouching about the corridors of the St. Charles Hotel like a ghost of the past.

WANT WRITERS in the most picturesque character in American literature to-day. His splendid wealth of white hair is a fitting frame for a face of majestic beauty.

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Advertisement for SYRUP OF FIGS, featuring an illustration of a woman and child. Text includes: "ONE WHO ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken..."

Advertisement for SCOTT'S EMULSION, featuring an illustration of a man carrying a large fish on his back. Text includes: "Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda"

Advertisement for Turt's Pills FOR TORPID LIVER. Text includes: "Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Piles."

Advertisement for BILE BEANS. Text includes: "The GREAT BEAN of the world. It is the only bean that is good for you."

Advertisement for "MOTHERS FRIEND" CHILD BIRTH EASY. Text includes: "MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY LESSENS PAIN PROMOTES HEALTH TO LIFE"

Advertisement for SALVATION OIL. Text includes: "For a Cough or Hoarse Throat the best medicine is Hall's Holy Ointment and Tar. It is the only one that is good for you."

Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Text includes: "NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REPAIRS. Hood's Sarsaparilla. 100 Doses One Dollar."