THE GREATEST NAME.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES FROM PHILLIPIANS 2, 9.

Something in a Name-Paul's Rapturous Declaration Over the Name of Christ-Names Should be Beautiful, Mighty, and Enduring-A Powerful Sermon

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 1, 1892.—This morning Dr. Talmage discoursed from the text Phillipians 2, 9: "The name which is above every name."

Paul is here making rapturous and en-thusiastic description of the name of Christ. There are merely worldly names that sometimes thrill you through and through. Such was the name of Henry Clay to a Kentuckian, the name of William Wirt to a Virginian, the name of Daniel Webster to a New Englander.

By common proverb we have come to believe that "there is nothing in a name": and so parents sometimes at the baptismal altar give titles to their children, reckless of the fact that that title, that name, will be a lifetime hindrance or a lifetime help. You have no right to give your child a name lacking either in euphony or moral meaning. It is a sin to call a child Jehoiakim, or Tiglath-pileser-or by anything that is disagreeable. Because you have had an exasperating name yourself is no reason why you should inflict it upon your pro-And yet how often is it that we see a name full of jargon rattling down from generation to generation, simply because a ong while ago some one happened to be afflicted with it. Institutions and great enterprises sometimes without sufficient deliberation take nomenclature. Mighty destinies have been decided by a name. While we may, by a long course of Christian behavior, get over the misfortune of having been baptized with the name of a or cheat, how much better it would have been if we could have all start-

ed lif without any such encumbrance! When Paul, in my text and in other passages of Scripture, burst forth in aspirations of admiration for the name of Christ, I want to inquire what are the characteristics of that appellation, "The name which is above every name." In the first place, speaking to you in regard to the name of I want to tell you it is an easy name. You are sometimes introduced to people with long and unpronounceable names, and you have to listen cautiously to get the names, and you have to hear them pronounced two or three times before you risk trying to utter them; but within he first two years the little child folds its hands and looks upward, and says "Jesus." Can it be that in all this church this morning there are representatives of any household wherein 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?" Sometimes you forget the name of a quite familiar friend, and you have to think before you get it; but can you imagine any freak of intellect by which you should forget the name of Jesus? That word seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. Down to old age, when the voice is tremulous, and uncertain, and indistinct, even then this regal word find potent ut-

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." Another child came and said, "Father, do you know me?" "No." he said, "I don't Then the village pastor came in and said, "Do you know me?" He said, "No, I don't think I ever saw you." said the minister, "Do you know Jesus?"
"Oh, yes!" said the dying man, "I know Jesus, chief among ten thousand is he, and the one altogether lovely." Yes, for all ages and for all languages, and for all con-

itions Jesus' is an easy name.
But I remark further in regard to this name of Christ, that it is a beautiful name. Now you have noticed that you cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has it. There are some names. for instance, that are repulsive to my ear. Those names are attractive to your ear. What is the difference? Why, I happened to know some persons of that name who were cross, or sour, or queer, or unsympathetic, and the persons you have happened to know of that name were kind and Since, then, we cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has the name, that consideration makes the name of Jesus unspeakably beautiful. I cannot pronounce that name in your presence, but you think of Bethle hem and Gethsemane and Golgotha, and you see his loving face and you hear his tender voice, and you feel his gentle touch. As soon as I pronounce his name in your presence you think of him who banqueted with heavenly hierarchs, yet came down and breakfasted on the fish which the rough men hauled out of Genesaret; you think of him who, though the clouds are the dust of his feet, walked footsore on the road to Emmaus. I cannot speak his name in your hearing this morning, but you think right away of the shining one who helped the blind man to sunlight, and who made the cripple's crutch useless, and who looked down into the laughing eyes of the babe until it struggled to go to him; then flinging his arms around it, and impressing a kiss upon its beautiful brow, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Oh, beautiful name, the name of Jesus. which stands for love, for patience, for selfsacrifice, for magnanimity, for everything that is good and glorious and tender and sympathetic and kind! It is aromatic with dors. It is accordant wish all har-Sometimes, when I look at that name of Jesus Christ, it seems as if the letters were made of tears, and then they seem to be gleaming crowns. Sometimes that name seems to be twisted out of the straw on which he lay, and then it seems to be built out of the thrones on which his people are to reign. Sometimes I sound they word Jesus, and I hear it in the sob or Gethsemane and the groan of Calvalry, and then I speak his name and it is all a-ripple with gladness and a-ring with hosanna. Glorious

Take all the glories of bookbindery and put them around the page on which that name is printed. On Christmas morning wreath it on the wall. Let it drip from harp's string and let it thunder out in 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 for-"The name which is above every

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

Jesus, the name high over all, 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. snow-white octogenarian, it is beautiful.

The aged man comes in from a long walk, and he tremulously opens the door of his heme, 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 grand-children:

"My dears, I am going away from yeu."

And they say: "Why, where are yeu got throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. All the wealth of the universe has the should be designed into the sheepfold, and you will look up into His sheepfol home, and he hange his hat on the eld nail, and he puts his cane in the usual place, and he lies on his couch, and he says

ing, grandfather?" "Oh," he says. "1 am going to Jesus"; and so the old man faints

away into heaven.

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." You say, "Why, where are you going, my darling?" And she says, "I am going to Jesus." And the red cheek that you take to be the mark of the favor turns out to be only the carmation fever turns out to be only the carnation oom of heaven.

Oh! was it not beautiful when a little child heard that her playmate was dying, and went to the house, and she clambered upon the bed of her dying playmate, and she said to the dying playmate, "Where are you going to?" and the dying girl said, "I'm going to Jesus." Then said the little girl that was well, as she bent over to give the parting kiss to her dying playmate, "Well, then, if you are going to Jesus, give my love to Him." It is a beautiful name, whether on the lips of childhood or on the lips of the old man. When my father was dying, the village minister said to him, quoting over his pillow this passage: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and there hestopped. Then my father finished the quotation by "of whom I am chief."

But I remark again, in regard to this name of Christ, that is a mighty name. Rothschild is a name mighty in the commercial world, Silliman is a name mighty in the scientific world, Irving is a name mighty in the literary world, Washington is the name mighty in the political world, Wellington is a name mighty in the military world; but where in all the earth is a name so potent to lift, and thrill, and arouse, and rally, and bless, as the name Jesus? Why, the sound of that one name unhorsed Saul, and threw Newton on his face on ship's deck; and that one name today, while I speak, holds a hundred million souls under omnipotent spell. That name in England to-day means more than Victoria. In Germany that name to-day means more than Emperor William. Oh,

mighty name! I have seen a man bound hand and foot of the devil and captive of all evil habits, at the sound of that name dash down his shackles and march out forever free. I have seen a man overcome of misfortune and trial, every kind of troubles had he; but at the sound of that name the sea dropped and the clouds parted, and the sunburst of eternal gladness poured upon his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelity, defiant of God, full of jeer and scoff, jocose of the judgment day, reckless of eternity, at the sound at that name blanch, and cower, and groan, and kneel, and weep, and repent, and pray, and beli-

eve, and rejoice, and triumph. But I remark again, the name of Christ is an enduring name. You get over the fence of the graveyard and you pull the weeds back from the name that has nearly faded from the tombstone, and you wish that Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" would come along and rechisel it so that you might really find out what the name is. Why, that was the name of the greatest man in all the town, in all the country, in all the State, now almost faded from the tombstone. And so the greatest names of this world either have perished or are perishing. Gregory VI., Sancho of Spain, Conrad I. of Germany, Richard I. of England, Catharine of Russia. Those names were once mighty, and they made the earth tremble. Who cares for them now? so poor as to do them reverence. But the name of Christ is enduring forever. It will be preserved in the world's fine art. There will be other Bellinis to sketch the Madonna, and other Ghirlandaajos to present the baptism of Christ, and other Bronzinos to show Christ visiting the spirits in prison, and other Giottos to appal the vision with the Crucifixion. It will be preserved in the world's literature. There will be other Alexander Popes to write the "Messiah," and other Dr. Youngs to celebrate His triumph, and other Cowpers to sing His love. It will be preserved in the world's grand and elaborate architecture, and Protestantism shall have its St. Mark's and its St. Peter's. It shall be preserved in the world's literature, for there will be other Paleys to write the "Evidences of Christianity." More than 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 for-get 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

My friends, have you made up your mind by what name you will accost 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?

be His glorious name forever. The name

which is above every name.

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 amaranthe, and perhaps you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, thou art the Rose of Shron 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 lustre of a useful life will shine forth tremulous and beautiful, and you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, thou art a bright 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 trinkles its silver on the rock, and from chalices 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 Foun-tain of Living Water." Some day you will be wandering among the lambs and sheep of Heaven feeding by the rock, re-joicing in the care of Him who brought

added. The song full. The ranks full.

The mansions all full. Heaven full. The sun will set afire with its 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 sight, shading your eyes at the first lest they be extinguished with the insufferable splendor, until after a while you can look upon the full irradiation and you will are out "My Lord my

tion, and you will cry out, "My Lord, my Lord, Thou art The Sun that never Sets." But at this point I am staggered with 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 to-day, 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.

He Made Us Free. As flame streams upward, so my longing thought

Flies up with thee,
Thou God and Saviour, who has truly wrought Life out of death, and to us, loving brought A fresh, new world, and in thy sweet chains caught,

And made us free! As hyacinth makes way from out the dark,

My soul awakes,
At thought of thee, like sap beneath the bark;
As little violets in field and park Rise to the trilling thrush and meadow lark, New hope it takes.

As thou goest upward through the nameless space We call the sky, Like jonquil perfume softly falls the grace; It seems to touch and brighten every place, Fresh flowers crown our wan and weary

O thou on high. Hadst thou not risen, there would be no joy Upon earth's sod; Life would be still with us a wound or toy, A cloud without the sun—O babe, O boy, O man of mother pure, with no alloy, O risen God!

Thou God and king, didst "mingle in the (Cease, all fears, cease !) For love of us--not to give Virgil's fame Or Crœsus' wealth, not to make well the

Or save the sinner from deserved shame, But for sweet peace! For peace, for joy-not that the slave might

In luxury;
Not that all woe from us should always fly, Or golden crops with Syrian roses vie
In every field, but in thy peace to die
And rise—be free!
—Maurice Francis Egan.

Things Worth Knowing.

It is a good idea to have a dish of lemons served with any kind of fish. The true physiological method of treating burns or scalds is to at once exclude the air with cotton batting, flour, scraped potato, varnish, white of an egg, paste, or anything that is most quickly obtained.

A clean paste may be made of two parts gum tragacanth and one part powdered gum arabic. Cover with cold water until dissolved, then reduce to the desired consistency with the same. To prevent souring add a few drops of carbolic acid.

A Society Echo. He was one of those nicety-nice little

men who always answer in the stilted conventional phrase of the day, whether the subject is giddy or grave. And she was a tall girl who looked down on him from her graceful height and murmured in a sorrowful voice: "It's too bad to be so high up in the

world, Mr. Blank, isn't it'?" And he said with his usual happy facility of response:

'Not a tall, not a tall," and then wished he hadn't said it.

Human Endurance.

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly-The capacity of the human organism to stand a prolonged strain is wonderful. I preached a sermon once three hours and a half long, and was as fresh at the close as when I began. have always looked upon it as a most remarkable instance of human endurance. The Rev. Dr. Goodman-It was, indeed. But a congregation that is under good control will sometimes endure a great deal.

Misapplied Truth "Just look at him !" said a new lawyer in a Pennsylvania court, "there is 'villain' written upon his very brow. He has the hang-dog look of the murderer. I ask you, gentlemen, to look at him and say if you ever saw a worse frontispiece on a mor-

The court (interrupting)-That, sir, is the crown attorney you are pointing at.
"Very well, your honor, even the truth is sometimes misapplied!"

Car Fire From Electric Light. A car of the Great Northern, of England. is supposed to have taken fire from the electric lighting wires with which it was equipped. The cars are lighted by electricity, the current being supplied by a dynamo in the rear guard's van. Flames were discovered issuing from the chamber in which the dynamo stands. The train was stopped and the fire quickly extinguish-

ed. It is supposed that the fire was set by defective insulation. A Difference of Opinion. Rivers-I always admired Borus. I think he is a remarkably gifted man. Banks—I suppose he is, but he's tiresome.
I wish he wasn't always trying to show off

his elocution Rivers-Why, great Cæsar, man! That's his gift ! Tubes Between England and France. The proposed plan for the postal tube between France and England is to suspend

two tubes, each about three feet in diameter, by means of steel cables thrown across the channel, 120 feet above the level of the water. A Case of Necessity. Von Bloomer-Iunderstand that you have

bought a cottage at the seashore for this De Tootville-I bought two, side by side. Von Bloomer-What do you want two for, with your small family?

De Tootville—One is for my

A LESSON FOR MOTHERS.

THE EVILS ATTENDANT UPON GIVING CHILDREN HELP.

Their Education Thus Becomes Inefficient When the Problems of Life Confronts Them-An Incident From Real Life

Which Carries Its Own Moral.

Margaret Paget was a young girl of no especial mental force, nor, on the other hand, of any decided stupidity, who was blessed, if one may so regard it in this case, with a mother of exceptional ability. The mother had written many brilliant literary mother had written many brilliant literary

Margaret's father was dead. When the child went to school, her mother began to perform her tasks for her. As the time went by, therefore, the girl became more and more dependent upon her mother. Through the failure to develop her own powers, she seemed to be able to do nothing on her own account.

All this, of course, left Margaret very illy grounded in all her studies, and reflected upon her standing in her examina-tions, so that she made slow progress. At last the mother, ashamed to see her lag behind, took her out of school, and made a weak pretence of instructing her at

Margaret was pretty and amiable, and when she had become eighteen years old, her hand was asked in marriage by a worthy young man. The mother gave a conditional consent:

and as the young man lived at some distance, a correspondence was begun, of course, under the eye of the mother. It was then that the mother realized how defective her daughter's education had been. She was unable to write a creditable

letter. Her messages, as she showed them to her mother, were ill-thought, ill-expressed, even ill-spelled. "This will never do," said the mother. She began to write her daughter's responses to the letters of the young man to whom she was betrothed. Her own wit and feliof expression characterized them, and the young man was charmed. Once embarked upon such a course of deceit, the mother dared not make a confession. The

young man himself was an excellent writer, and his efforts spurred the mother to her most brilliant efforts as a correspondent. After this charming correspondence, the young people were married. Neither the mother nor the daughter dared confess the fraud. Neither had "meant much" at the beginning, but both had gone very deep into a course of deception. The young husband was soon astonished

to find that his wife was an ignorant person, incapable of writing even a sensible letter. He questioned her sharply, and she confessed her fault. "Mamma always does things for me,"

she said, helplessly.

The husband found his wife also incapable of caring for a household. She presently sent for her mother to come and live with her; though the husband, having had so forcible a lesson as to her deceitfulness. could only regard her with suspicion and The marriage was an unhappy one. The

whole lives of the two young people had been utterly spoiled by this tendency on the part of a mother to spare her child unpleasant tasks and deprive her of nourishing, inspiring wear and tear of self-help. - Youth's

Idlers' Influence on the Labor Problem. Perhaps the very worst influence of the idlers, however, is to be found in the effect of the spectacle of their lives on what is "the labor problem." "The labor problem" is really the problem of making the manual laborers of the world content with their lot. In my judgment this is an insoluble problem. No discoveries of inventions will ever solve it as long as population continues to press close on the available products of human industry. The causes of the dissatisfaction of the masses with their condition may change from age to age, but the dissatisfaction will continue, and the blame will be always laid on those who have a larger share of the world's goods than others. But there is no question that the existing discontent is, and not unreasonably, aggravated by the spectacle of the enjoyment by the growing idle class of the benefits of the social and political organizations, with-out any contribution worth mention to the trouble and cost of maintaining these organizations. The taxes paid by the annuitant or rentier class are but a trifling return in reality for the security they possess for person and property. The workers of the world provide them with police, with courts of justice, and means of travel, in short, every agency which makes their enjoyment possible, for sums in cash which they would hardly pay to a poor club. Reasonably or unreasonably, the masses resent this more and more. It gives mere envy an air of respectability and rational-They say that even if a good defence may be made for inequality of conditions based on inequality of capacity and services, there ought not in truly democratic communities be any people who render no service at all, and who allow others to till, and spin and weave, and police, and fight, and teach, and invent and discover, plough the seas and dig the mines for them, while they look on and draw their quarterly dividends and spend them in childishness; that

we shall never have social peace till every man has a fair share of the social burdens. -E. L. Godkin, in the May Forum. It Pleases the Oculists.

"There's a good time time coming for eculists and opticians," remarked an eye specialist to the reporter. * "A while ago the blackboards in the public schools aided us greatly in sending to us round-eyed children for treatment for near-sightedness. The press all over the country called attention to the fact, and the method of instruction in our public schools has been changed for the better in that respect. But a new class of patients is coming on. These cheap editions of standard authors, where thousands upon thousands of impressions are taken from one set of stereotyped plates, are ruinous to eyesight. The letters are blurred and gently smeared so that they blurred and gently smeared so that they run into each other, nothing being clear and distinct. The same is true of the cheap editions of the "Encyclopædia Johnbullanica," which may not be so bad for occasional reference, but will, if stuck to, put out the eyes of the innocents, who, if they knew the dreadful fate before them, would plead as pathetically against this cheap edition as little Prince Arthur with Hubert against having his everally seared with hot iron at having his eyeballs seared with hot iron at the command of cruel King John."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Trembling Wolf Fish.

The trembling wolf fish has entered Clay The trembling wolf fish has entered Clay Pit Creek, an estuary of the North Shrewsbury River in New Jersey. Capt. William C. Towen, of the New Amsterdam Hotel, at Locust Point missed his Irish wolf dog Paddy a week ago and found the animal dead on the banks of the creek, about a mile from his hostelry, which is the head-quarters for all the anglers and hunters in

that section. Only the hind legs of the dog were missing, having been eaten off by some animal with remarkably sharp teeth, had been severed by a saw. Fred Vogel, a professional fisherman, lest a young calf whose hind legs were bitten off in the same 12.00 p.m. Mixed from Torento to Lindsay, 1.55 p.m. Local direct from Port Hope via Bothany.

manner. Capt. Joe Depreaux, another old settler at Locust Point, tells of a wolf fish that climbs the bank. The fish wobbled over his garden patch like an old man with the palsy. The front teeth of the fish pro-trude like those of a Russian bloodhound. Eels have disappeared from Clay Pit Creek since these monsters first showed themselves. Last week Capt. Towen with his Remington rifle killed one that was eating the hind legs of a horse. It weighed sixty pounds, and trembled for 1 hour and 18 minutes after the bullet entered its brain.

New York Sun. Compensation. In that new world toward which our feet are Shall we find aught to make our hearts for-Earth's homely joys, and her bright hours of Has heaven a spell divine enough for this? For who the pleasure of the spring can tell When on the leafless stalk the brown buds When the grass brightens and the days grow

long,
And little birds break out in rippling song Oh, sweet the drooping eve, the blush of The star-lit sky, the rustling fields of corn, The soft airs blowing from the freshenin

The sun-flecked shadows of the stately trees, The sun-necked snadows of the stately trees, The mellow thunder and the falling rain, The warm, delicious, happy summer rain, When the grass brightens and the days grow And little birds break out in rippling song! Oh, beauty manifold, from morn till night, Dawn's flush, noon's blaze and sunset's ten-

der light! Oh, fair, familiar features, changes sweet Of her reviving seasons, storms and sleet, And golden chains, as start the wheels through space From snow to roses; and how dear her face, When the grass brightens, when the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

Oh, happy Earth! Oh, Home so well be-What recompense have we, from thee re-One hope we have that oversteps the whole: The hope of finding every banished soul We love and long for daily; and for this Gladly we turn from thee and all the bliss, Even at thy loveliest, when the days are

long, And little birds break out in rippling song. Raced Right In.

The office boy came in and gave a thump on the horse editor's desk. "There's a jay outside as wants to see you," he announced. "Show the jay in," responded the horse editor, and the jay was shown in.

"Good morning," he said, coming forward hesitatingly. "Are you the horse "I am," replied that gentleman gracious-

"Well, you will excuse me, I hope," the visitor proceeded with more or less uncer-"but I came in to inquire if you had heard anything of the rumor that hereafter most of the horse races were to be run during Lent?"

"Something, I guess" (this very modest-

Iy). "What's the object in making the change?" and the h. e. got out his pencil as the visitor pulled himself together. "It's because Lent is a recognized fast

When the horse editor returned he said he never saw a man enjoy seven drinks more than that jay did, all of which the horse editor paid for.—Detroit Free Press.



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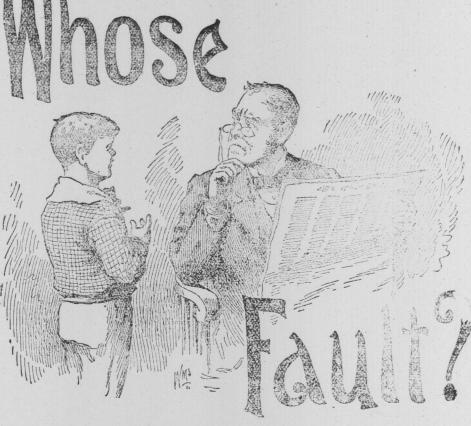
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