THE ONE FROM ABOVE

A SERMON DELIVERED IN THE CHIEF CITIES OF SCOTLAND.

Dr. Talmage Much Sought for Since His Return from Russia—His Views on the Method of Preaching, Right Use of Words, the Joys of Faith and Life.

LONDON, July 31.—Since his return from Russia Dr. Talmage has been literally flooded with invitations to address congregations and lyceums on the subject of his journey to the land of the czar, whither he went with Mr. Louis Klopsch to direct the distribution of The Christian Herald relief cargo. While expressing his high appreciation of the cordial welcome and splendid hospitality extended by the officials of St. Petersburg and Moscow, of the civic honors heaped upon the American visitors and of Russia's national gratitude to America, as personally expressed by the czarowitz at Peterhof, where he entertained them as guests, Dr. Talmage has been compelled to adhere to his original programme. During the week he has been preaching in the leading Scottish cities. His arrangements for next week include services at Newcastle and Sunderland, and thereafter he goes to the Isle of Man for a few days. The sermon selected for this week is entitled "Pre-eminent," the text being John iii, 31, "He that cometh from above is above all."

The 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 genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the vox humana in all music, the gracefulest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedraled grandeur and the peroration of all splendid 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 and all letters between them. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Or, if you prefer the words of the text, "above all."

ALL HUMAN MEANS FALL INFINITELY SHORT.

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. Pelion, 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 well unite in the words of the text and say, "He that cometh from above is above all."

First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the world that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is 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, that 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 or 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 spittle, the salve, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars, and we do not propose in our Sabbath school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

THE POWER OF RIGHT WORDS.

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 stones? 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 your 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 illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed fifteen thousand different words for dramatic purposes. Milton employed eight thousand different words for poetic purposes, Rufus Choate employed over eleven thousand different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, less than five hundred, 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 similes 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 thousand 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 young men who 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.

EVERY MAN HATH HIS PROPER GIFT OF GOD.

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the sublimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned up against the side of the pulpit and wept out his discourse, while George Whitefield, with the manner, and the voice, and the start of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing if Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city or John Bunyan had attempted an essay on the human will.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas are all these Gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky has 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 embassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulcher.

Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, his suffering, his miracles, his parables, 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 ahead, 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 put it on; but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the wanest 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 had 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 who 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 putrefying 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 cups of granite, lily rimmed and vine covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

THERE IS NO OTHER NAME.

Again, I remark that Christ is above all 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 stonemason should come and consult him about his 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 the tunic he had on him to be carried after his death on a 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 and I need to consider—that there are only two styles of departure.

A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out to sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and broken on the halyards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosies and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, 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 the 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 when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hands pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can an 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.

DEATH SWEET TO THE CHRISTIAN.

Gordan Hall, far from home, dying in the 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, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymn maker, say in his last hour? "Who can measure the depth of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live in this world after such glories as God has manifested to my soul."

What did the dying Faneway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches and honor and glory and majesty and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from the guardsmen and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for him. Sir Charles Hare, in his last moment, had such rapturous vision that he cried, "Upward, upward, upward!"

And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his fingers upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it, and so great was his placidity that after awhile he said, "Stopped," and his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the worn out first missionary when in the Mamartine dungeon he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is above all in dying alleviations?

WE ARE HASTENING TO THE GRAVE.

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the first [illegible]

When I see the spring blossoms scattered I say, "Another season gone forever." When I close this Bible on Sabbath night I say, "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky they go at a bound.

There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will with solemn tread carry us to our resting place. Aye, it is known in heaven whether our departure will be a coronation or a banishment. Brighter than a banqueting hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpeters will be the sepulcher through whose rifts the holy light of heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send his angels to guard your slumbering ground until at Christ's behest they shall roll away the stone.

So also Christ is above all 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 Saviour'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 flame through which they passed, will say, "This is 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 multitudes of the bereft will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke." Many who had 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 shall make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and peace and triumph.

TO THE HOLY LAND.

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 today whose hearts are already in the holy land of heaven. Where your treasures are there are your hearts also. John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he 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 men walked on them, harps in their hands, to sing praises with all; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

FOR DYSPEPSIA,
Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
All dealers keep it, $1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Notice of Bridge Letting.

Office of the County Commissioners,
Denton, Md., July 26th, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that the County commissioners will receive sealed proposals at their office in Denton until Aug. 9th 1893, to be opened at 1 o'clock p. m. of that day for building a new bridge in the 3rd election district of county aforesaid over the stream known as "Watts Creek" on the road leading from Denton to "Hobbs Corner" and at the foot of the hill near the 'Slaughter Farm' the bridge to be built according to the following specifications.

The bridge to be 28 feet long 16 feet wide with 3 tiers of piling each having 3 piles making 9 in all, the piles must not be less than 8x10 inches, 12 feet long —3 of said piling to be 14 feet long.

The piling to be driven until they become solid but not less than 4 feet, each to have a tenon 2x6, cut on the top end, 3 cap sills 8x10 16 feet long must be mortised and pined to the tops of the piles. There must be 14 sleepers 3x9 15 feet long and shouldered at each end 1½ inches. The leaf or floor is to be of good white oak timber 16 feet long and 2 inches thick, 4 pieces of railing 4x4 15 feet long. Railing for posts from cap sills to be 3 feet high. 4 boards 15 feet long 6 inches wide 1½ inches thick to be mortised in post between railing and bridge, the bridge to have a raise in center of 2 inches. The floor is to be well spiked down, the contractor to fill up at the ends if necessary. The above timber to be of the best white oak, the contractor to furnish all material and complete the job to the satisfaction of the county commissioners before any money is paid therefor.

By order county commissioners.
GEO. A. DEAKYNE, Clerk.

Order Nisi.

B. Gootee Stevens, Trustee,
vs.
Samuel C. Culver, and Hester A. Culver his wife

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County In Equity.

Ordered this 19th day of July 1892 that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause by B. Gootee Stevens Trustee be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 22d day of September next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Caroline County once in each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $600.00

EDWIN C. FIELDS Clerk

True copy
Test: EDWIN C. FIELDS, Clerk.
July-21-4t

Order Nisi.

MARY E. GAREY, infant, by her next friend ROBERT J. W. GAREY and others
vs.
FREDERICK FOUNTAIN LIDEN.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County No. 641 Chy.

Ordered this 26 day of July 1892 that the sale of the property mentioned in the proceedings made and reported by Robert J. W, Garey and T. Frederick Garey, Trustees, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 28 day of September next: provided a copy of this order be inserted tn some newspaper published in Caroline County once in each of three suecessive weeks before the 27 day of Angust next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $8,025.00

EDWIN C. FIELDS, Clerk,

True Copy
Test: EDWIN C. FIELDS, Clerk.
July 28 4t.

MONEY SAVED

—AND—

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AND GETTING

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DENTON, MD.

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