

## IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using ST. JACOB'S OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M.D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOB'S OIL DID IT."

## AT THE TABERNACLE.

R. TALMAGE ON THE POTENCY OF THE NAME OF CHRIST.

The Name Itself Has a Certain Beauty of Sound, but No Familiar Name Can Be Dissociated from the Character of the Person Who Bears It.

BROOKLYN, May 1.—While Dr. Talmage is able to hold vast audiences spell-bound 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 or the regeneration of the world. The act was proved this morning when he discoursed from the text, Philippians ii.

"The name which is above every name."

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. 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, regardless 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 Jeohakim or Thrill-a-pleser, 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, and yet how often it is that we see a name full of jargon rattling down from generation to generation simply because a long 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 get over the misfortune of having been baptised with the name of a despot or a cunct, how much better it would have been if we could have all started life without any such inclusions!

### SWEET TO THE MEMORY.

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 Christ, 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 the first two years the little child holds its hands and looks upward and says "Jesus."

Can it be that in all this church 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?" Sometimes you forget the name of a quite familiar friend, and you have to think and 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 the royal word finds potent utterance.

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 know you." Then the village pastor came in and said, "Do you know me?" He said, "No, I don't think I ever saw you." Then 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 conditions an easy name.

Jesus, I love thy charming name,

"Tis music to my ear;

Fain would I fount it so loud;

That heaven and earth might hear.

### LOVELY NAMES IN SCRIPTURE.

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 genial. Since then, we cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has the name, that consideration makes the name of Jesus unusually beautiful.

I cannot pronounce that name in your presence, but you think of Bethlehem, 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 Gennesaret; you think of him who, though the clouds are the dust of his feet, walked footloose 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 restored the centurion's daughter, and who helped the blind man's sunlight, and who made the cripple's crutch needless, 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."

O, beautiful name, the name of Jesus,

up all other crowns. That empire will yet compass all dominions. All crimes shall cease and ancient frauds shall fall.

Returning Justice left her scales,

Peace over the world her olive branch extend,

And the applied innocence from heaven descend.

### WHO CAN FORGET THE DIVINE PHYSICIAN?

But I remark again, taking a step forward in this subject, that 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 rebuke 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, Sauchio of Spain, Conrad I of Germany, Richard I of England, Catherine of Russia. Those names were once mighty, and they made the earth tremble. Who cares for them now? None 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 Ghirlandajos to present the baptism of Christ, and other Brontzinos to show Christ visiting the spirits in prison, and other Giottos to appeal the vision with the Crucifixion. It will be preserved in the world's literature.

To write the "Messiah," and other Dr. Youngs to celebrate his triumph, and other Couperos to sing his love. It will be preserved in the world's grand and elaborate architecture, and Protestantism shall yet have its St. Mark's and 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 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 the name which is above every name!"

And the little child comes in from play and she flings herself into 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 fever turns out to be only the carnation bloom of heaven.

Oh, was it not beautiful when a little child heard that her playmate was dying, and she 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?" 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 acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and there he stopped. Then my father finished the quotation by saying, "of whom I am chief."

But I remark again, in regard to this name of Christ, that it 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 a 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 unshors San 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 today means more than Victoria. In Germany that name today means more than Emperor William. Oh, mighty name!

### IT ACTS LIKE A TALISMAN.

I have seen a man bound and foot of the devil and captive of all evil habits, at the sound of that name dash down his shackles and march on forever free. I have seen a man overcome of misfortune and trial, every kind of trouble 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 fear and scoff, jocose of the judgment day, reckless of eternity, at the sound of that name blanch and cower and groan and kneel and weep and repeat and pray and believe and rejoice and triumph.

Oh, it is a mighty name. Under its power the last temple of superstition will come down and the last judgment of inquiry will be shattered to pieces. The red horse of carnage, spoken of in apocalyptic vision, and the black horse of death must come back on their manes, while the white horse of victory goes forth, mounted of him who hath the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tars. Mighty name! It will first make the whole earth tremble, and then it will make all the nations sing. Mighty name!

Other dominions seem to be giving way; France had to give up some of her favorite provinces; Spain has lost a great deal of her power; many of the thrones of the world are being lowered; many of the scepters of the world are being shortened, but every traitor, every Bible printer, every Christian institution established spreads abroad the mighty name of Christ. It has already been heard under the Chinese wall, and in the Siberian snow castle, and in the Brazilian grove, and in the eastern pagoda. That name will swallow up all other names. That crown will yet cover

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—yon 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 he 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.

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