

THE ONE ABOVE ALL.

Dr. Talmage Sounds Praises of the World's Redeemer.

Be Puts Before Us the Portraits of Some of His Great Disciples and Exponents—The Glories of Heaven.

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In this discourse Dr. Talmage sounds the praises of the world's Redeemer and puts before us the portraits of some of His great disciples and exponents; text, John 3, 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 gracefulness line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedrals grandeur and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of 24 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 with those two letters and all the 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."

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. Pelson, 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—Leah 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 may 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 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 go on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sunday 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 an illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes, Milton employed 8,000 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, less than 500, 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 18 flags by which they give signal, but those 18 flags they can put into 66,000 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.

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 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 ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for the 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 wretched and the worst may wear.

"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 threat of his soul.

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 at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and broken on the barboards, we may die a sailor's death. In mission of mercy in hospital amid broken bones and reeking leprosy and raging fevers we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving our 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 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 narrowness 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! Alas, poor soul, if that is all! Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and far from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ would 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 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 hymnwriter, 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 here after such glories as God has manifested to my soul!"

What did the dying Janeway 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-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!" 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 its halting beats until his life had ended here to begin in Heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the worn-out 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. Henceforward 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?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say: "Another season gone forever." When I close the 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 roobooks 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. 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 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 ship wreck and the scourging through which they went,



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OUR NEW ENGINE
No more jarring, no more noise, no more disturbance of our neighbors. We have placed in our office "Lightning Balanced" gas engine. We bought of the Kansas City Engine Company. Our office being on the floor we were compelled to use the first gasoline engine which was an account of the vibration that the floor and walls of the building which made it almost impossible sitting on the floor under the noise with any degree of ease.

Our new engine is the smallest in town and it does its work and with each little noise there is more hardly know how the engine. We feel so good about it that we want to tell all our neighbors over the country about it, and if they happen to be in our town we will take as much time in showing it to them as they take in showing a new toy.

This new engine adds to our one thing it has so long needed, it is the most convenient and best office in the county, and best in the state. We have our press and two smaller and a larger press and we just built the lines on to our "Lightning" engine seem to know that she has pulled.

It is easy to start and, once started, it just let it alone and the rest. It has no special oil under it. We simply put a form on two by four pieces and a board floor over that. It has needle valves with small openings that would be liable to get sediment and cause delay just when the engine is needed most. It has in the pump to wear out and change, thus making it economical. On account of the fact that the double piston in the cylinder and explosion takes place between the full force is utilized and no jarring is prevented.

Yes, we are tickled with our engine and we don't mind our readers so.

Rush-Peak Wedding
A very pretty but quiet wedding solemnized Wednesday afternoon 6 o'clock at the home of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. James Peak, at their eldest daughter, Miss Cora, united in marriage to Dr. J. C. Forest City, Arkansas, Dr. H. C. officiating. The parlors were decorated with ported plants and flowers.

The groom is a stranger to Lexington citizens, but he was born and reared in our midst, and to one of our old and most respected families. She is a young, excellent christian character and disposition and is possessed of the qualifications which fit her for a companion of the chosen one with she has linked her future. The GENSER wishes the couple a prosperous journey through life. Dr. and Mrs. Rush left on the train Wednesday for a western tour after May 15 they will be at Forest City, Ark.

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