THE WORLD'S REDEEMER.

Dr. Talmage Gives Portraits of Some of His Great Disciples and Exponents.

The Love of Christ Set Forth-"He That Cometh From Above is Above All."

[Coypright 1901.] WASHINGTON, D. C.—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 iii, 31, "He that cometh from above is above all."

The most conspicuous character of his-

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.

—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the vox humana in all music, the gracefullest 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 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 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

"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. 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 root they piled by these three goalst the policy of the second that the piled by these three goalst the second the second they piled by these three goalst the second they piled by the second they piled 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. and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and arch-angel, 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 "He that cometh from above is above

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, 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. 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 pro-pose 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 theigh 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 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 Sunday-school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about cabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ in heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such an illimitable resource. Snakespeare eman illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes. Milton employed 8000 different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, less than 500, and that makes us manage, less than 500, and that makes us

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 has eighteen flags by which they give signal, but those eighteen flags they can put into 66,000 different combinations, combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to young men everlasting. And let me say to young men who are after a while going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

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 his pulpit and wept out
his discourse, while George Whitefield,
with the manner and the voice and the
art 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 dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city or John Bunyan had at-

tempted an essay on the human will. Brighter than the light, fresher than the

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 year awful sinners praise. 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

erable 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 heard the blast of the apocalyptic trum-pets. 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 enjoy-ment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock, the Chris-tian, from cups of granite, hily rimmed and vine covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

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 coron-nation the stonemason should come and consult him about his tombstone that after a while be would need, and there are men who are monomanical on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less prepared are they to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, nor 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 congruency." emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumu-lated, nothing did he retain but this

I have no sympathy with such behavior or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to de-parture from this life to the next. There is a common-sensical idea on this subject

is a common-sensical idea on this subject that you and I need to consider — that there are only two styles of departure.

A thousand feet under ground, 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 rathines and broken on the halyards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeling leprosies and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death.

On the field of battle, serving 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

of the righteous and of the wicked, and
we all want to die the former.
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 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 "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's dis-ciples that he put his finger 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 wornout 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?

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 carthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have!

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.

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 in 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 re-echo with the eternal

celestial city or John Bunyan had tempted an essay on the human will.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are these gospel themes. Song has not 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 itercession—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 wannest and the worst may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Luther to Staupitz; "my sins, my sins." and 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

The recent expedition of Messrs, Mc-Iver and Wilkin, in Algeria, has thrown If Your Wife light upon the prehistoric connections between Libya and Egypt, says the Youth's Companion. Resemblances of

pottery are regarded as establishing the

fact that the ancestors of the modern

Berbers had close relations with prehis-

toric Egypt. The explorers say the Ber-

bers are essentially a white race, and

are the true representatives of white

Libyans pictured in the old Egyptian

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