

# CHRIST BRINGS JOY.

Dr. Talmage Corrects Some False Notions About Religion.

Sermon Drawn from the Story of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba—Religious Ways Are Ways of Pleasantness.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopfch, N. Y., Washington, Aug. 4.]

In this discourse Dr. Talmage corrects some of the false notions about religion and represents it as being joy inspiring instead of dolorous; text, 2 Chronicles, 9:9: "Of spices great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

What is that building out yonder glittering in the sun? Have you not heard? It is the house of the forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to it his bride, the princess of Egypt. You see the pillars of the portico and a great tower, adorned with 1,000 shields of gold hung on the outside of the tower—500 of the shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order, 500 were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon goes up the ivory stairs of his throne between 12 lions in statuary and sits down on the back of the golden bull, the head of the huge beast turned toward the people. The family and the attendants of the king are so many that the caterers of the palace have to provide every day 100 sheep and 13 oxen, besides the birds and the venison. I hear the stamping and pawing of 4,000 fine horses in the royal stables. There were important officials who had charge of the work of gathering the straw and the barley for these horses. King Solomon was an early riser, tradition says, and used to take a ride out at daybreak, and when, in his white apparel, behind the swiftest horses of all the realm and followed by mounted archers in purple, as the cavalcade dashed through the streets of Jerusalem. I suppose it was something worth getting up at five o'clock in the morning to look at.

Solomon was not like some of the kings of the present day—crowned imbecility. All the splendors of his palace and retinue were eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everything. He was the first great naturalist the world ever saw. Peacocks from India strutted the basaltic walk, and apes chattered in the trees, and deer stalked the parks, and there were aquariums with foreign fish and aviaries with foreign birds, and tradition says these birds were so well tamed that Solomon might walk clear across the city under the shadow of their wings as they hovered and flitted about him.

More than this. He had a great reputation for the conundrums and riddles that he made and guessed. He and King Hiram, his neighbor, used to sit by the hour and ask riddles, each one paying in money if he could not answer or guess the riddle. The Solomonic navy visited all the world, and the sailors, of course, talked about the wealth of their king and about the riddles and enigmas that he made and solved, and the news spread until Queen Balkis, away off south, heard of it and sent messengers with a few riddles that she would like to have Solomon solve and a few puzzles that she would like to have him find out. She sent, among other things, to King Solomon a diamond with a hole so small that a needle could not penetrate it, asking him to thread that diamond, and Solomon took a worm and put it at the opening in the diamond, and the worm crawled through, leaving the thread in the diamond. The queen also sent a goblet to Solomon, asking him to fill it with water that did not pour from the sky and that did not rush out from the earth, and immediately Solomon put a slave on the back of a swift horse and galloped him around and around the park until the horse was nigh exhausted, and from the perspiration of the horse the goblet was filled. She also sent to King Solomon 500 boys in girls' dress and 500 girls in boys' dress, wondering if he would be acute enough to find out the deception. Immediately Solomon, when he saw them wash their faces, knew from the way they applied the water that it was all a cheat.

Queen Balkis was so pleased with the acuteness of Solomon that she said: "I'll just go and see him for myself." Yonder it comes—the cavalcade—horses and dromedaries, chariots and charioteers, jingling harness and clattering hoofs and blazing shields and flying ensigns and clapping cymbals. The place is saturated with the perfume. She brings cinnamon and saffron and calamus and frankincense and all manner of sweet spices. As the retinue sweeps through the gate the armed guard inhales the aroma. "Halt!" cry the charioteers as the wheels grind the gravel in front of the pillared portico of the king. Queen Balkis alights in an atmosphere bewitched with perfume. As the dromedaries are driven up to the king's storehouses, and the bun-

des of camels are unloaded, and the sacks of cinnamon and the boxes of spices are opened, the purveyors of the palace discover what my text announces: "Of spices, great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

Well, my friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ and in making the queen of Sheba a type of every truth seeker, and I will take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard and cassia and frankincense which the queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon are mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities and angular facts and chronological tables and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to nightshade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon.

The fact is that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from time to time, are stupid often and insane and intolerable. Here are men who have been battering, climbing, pounding, hammering, for 20 years, 40 years, 50 years. One great, long drudgery has their life been, their faces anxious, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life and to sweeten that acid disposition and to put sparkle into the man's spirits? The spicery of our holy religion. Why, if between the losses of life there dashed the gleam of an eternal gain, if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ, if in dull times in business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our office and store and shop, everyday life instead of being a stupid monotone would be a glorious inspiration, penduluming between calm satisfaction and high rapture.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals and stitching garments that will soon be rent again and deploring breakages and supervising tardy subordinates and driving off dust that soon again will settle and doing the same thing day in and day out and year in and year out until the hair silvers and the back stoops and the spectacles crawl to the eyes and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony! But when Christ comes to the drawing-room and comes to the kitchen and comes to the nursery and comes to the dwelling, then how cheery become all womanly duties! She is never alone now. Martha gets through fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus. All day long Deborah is happy because she can help Lapidoth. Hannah because she can make a coat for young Samuel. Miriam because she can watch her infant brother. Rachel because she can help her father water the stock, the widow of Sarepta because the cruse of oil is being replenished. O woman, having in your pantry a nest of boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not tried in your heart and life the spicery of our holy religion? "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insipid. There is nothing piquant or elevating about it. Men and women go around humming psalms in a minor key and cultivating melancholy, and their worship has in it more sighs than raptures. We do not doubt their piety. Oh, no! But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin and death and hell and on their way to a magnificent Heaven, they act as though they were trudging on toward an everlasting Botany Bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the windpipe and become a tight strangulation instead of an exhilaration. All the infidel books that have been written, from Voltaire down to Herbert Spencer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as lugubrious Christians. Who want a religion woven out of the shadows of the night? Why go growling on your way to celestial enthronement? Come out of that cave and sit down in the warm light of the Sun of Righteousness. Away with your odes to melancholy and Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs."

Then let our songs abound  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

I have to say also that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teaching, whether it be in the prayer-meeting or in the Sunday school or in the church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in

our lungs and our heart and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more filices of the field. We want fewer rhetorical elaborations and fewer suscipudalian words, and when we talk about shadows we do not want to say adumbration, and when we mean queerness we do not want to talk about idiosyncrasies, or if a stitch in the back we do not want to talk about lumbago; but, in the plain vernacular of the great masses, preach that Gospel which proposes to make all men happy, honest, victorious and free. In other words, we want more cinnamon and less gristle. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us. Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common-sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand, they will be very glad to come and receive the truth we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice-laden dromedaries into all our sermons and prayer-meeting exhortations!

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The poor do not want so much to be groaned over as sung to. With the bread and medicines and garments you give them let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the wretchedness of their abode, and the hunger of their looks, and the hardness of their lot. Ah, they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the bright side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times will come. Tell them that for the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in help, like the queen of Sheba, also send in the spices.

We need more spice and enlivenment in our church music. Churches sit discussing whether they shall have choirs or precentors or organs or bass viols or cornets. I say take that which will bring out the most inspiring music. If we had half as much zeal and spirit in our churches as we have in the songs of our Sunday schools, it would not be long before the whole earth would quake with the coming God. Why, nine-tenths of the people in church do not sing, or they sing so feebly that the people at their elbows do not know they are singing. People mouth and mumble the praises of God, but there is not more than one out of a hundred who makes a joyful noise unto the Rock of Our Salvation. Sometimes, when the congregation forgets itself and is all absorbed in the goodness of God or the glories of Heaven, I get an intimation of what church music will be a hundred years from now, when the coming generation shall wake up to its duty.

Now, I want to impress you with the fact that religion is sweetness and perfume and spikenard and saffron and cinnamon and cassia and frankincense and all sweet spices together. "Oh," you say, "I have not looked at it as such. I thought it was a nuisance. It had for me a repulsion. I held my breath as though it were a malodor. I have been appalled at its advance. I have said if I have any religion at all I want to have just as little of it as possible to get through with." Oh, what a mistake you make, my brother! The religion of Christ is a present and everlasting redolence. It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the stand beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curtains and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cup of bitter medicine and throws a glow on the gloom of the turned lattice. It is a balm for the aching side and a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain. It lifted Samuel Rutherford into a revelry of spiritual delight while he was in physical agonies. It helped Richard Baxter until, in the midst of such a complication of diseases as perhaps no other man ever suffered, he wrote "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," and it poured light upon John Bunyan's dungeon—the light of the shining gate of the shining city.

Have you read of the Taj Mahal, in India, in some respects the most majestic building on earth? Twenty thousand men were 20 years in building it. It cost about \$16,000,000. The walls are of marble inlaid with carnelian from Bagdad and turquoise from Tibet and jasper from the Punjab and amethyst from Persia and all manner of precious stones. A traveler said that it seemed to him like the shining of the enchanted castle of burnished silver. The walls are 245 feet high, and from the top of these springs a dome 30 more feet high, that dome containing the most wonderful echo the world has ever known, so that ever and anon travelers standing below with flutes and drums and harps are testing that echo, and the sounds from below strike up, and then come down, as it were, the voices of angels all around about the building. There is around it a garden of tamarind and banyan and palm and all the floral glories of the ransacked earth. But that is only a tomb of a dead empress, and it is tame compared with the grandeur which God has builded for your living

## GUARANTEE

We the undersigned Reed Manufacturing Company, do hereby certify that . . . . .

### Vaughan & McClelland


of Lexington, Missouri, has an agency for Reed's Patent Anti-Rusting Tinware. We hereby warrant and guarantee against rust, each and every piece of our anti-rusting tinware. Should any be returned rusted at any time we Guarantee to replace same with new goods free of charge.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto affixed our corporate seal and signature this 20th. day of June 1901.

### Reed Manufacturing Company,

Newark, New York

## Special Low Round Trip Rates



The Mo. Pac. Ry. Co. are selling tickets to almost everywhere at very low rates for the round trip. Note this list of low rates:

- St. Paul and Minneapolis and return \$13.50. Tickets on sale from August 1 to 31. Good to return until October 31.
- From Lexington to Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Denver and return, \$16.30. Tickets on sale from August 1 to 10. Good to return until October 31.
- Home-seeker dates August 6 and 13, September 3 and 17.
- Buffalo \$25.50 and \$32.65; on sale daily good returning 10 and 15 days.
- McAlester Springs and return \$1.25; on sale daily.
- McAlester Springs and return \$1.25; on sale Friday and Saturday.
- McAlester Springs and return \$5.00; on sale Sundays only.
- Pertle Springs and return \$3.85; on sale daily.
- Pertle Springs and return \$2.95; on sale daily.
- Pertle Springs and return \$1.95; on sale Sundays only.
- Louisville, Ky., and return, August 1 to 26, \$16.95.
- Springfield, Mo., and return, August 7 to 12, \$6.50.
- New York and return, on sale daily \$43.50.
- San Antonio and return, September 1 to 16, \$25.20.
- Kansas City and return, October 1 to 26, \$1.75.
- Kansas City and return, October 1 to 12, \$1.30.
- St. Louis and return, October 1 to 11, \$6.95.
- Cleveland, Ohio and return, September 8 to 11, \$20.65.

For further information please call on A. S. LOOMIS, Agent.

### Needed in Every Home . . . . .

Nothing is productive of more happiness in the family than a good SEWING MACHINE and

## THE SINGER

is the best machine on earth. It is always in order and can be depended on to do every kind of work. If you are interested, write or send word to . . . . .

**L. W. BRELSFORD,**  
Local Agent, Lexington, Mo.

### When Tired And Weary . . .

With the heat and dust of travel or the labors of the day, drop in at

## THE FORT

Where you can secure a good luncheon, a refreshing drink of the choicest beverages to be found anywhere or a delightful smoke in the cooling shade.

## Grand Central Hotel,

REOPENED AND NEWLY FURNISHED

Good Meals and best service. Your patronage solicited.

**D. M. FRAZIER, PROP.**

**Geo. I. Smith, D. V. S.,**  
VETERINARIAN,  
Phone 117 LEXINGTON, MO.

### Look Pleasant. Hot Weather Prices.

Have your pictures made at MILLER'S GALLERY at greatly reduced prices on all styles for twenty days only. Call and get prices. We can save you money. Over Sedwick's Store, Lexington, Mo.

## C S Mitchell & Sons

### FEED STORE

The best and cheapest line of feed kept in Lexington at the Franklin St. Feed Store. We do a general exchange business with the farmers for wheat or corn. Our Flour is the best on the market. Phone 129.

### Cigar Clippings

granulated and coarse  
30 - Cents a Pound - 30

### HINESLEY'S SMOKER

**DR. C. T. RYLAND,**  
Office on second floor  
Kriehn building.  
TELEPHONE NO. 129.

**DR. T. B. RAMSEY**  
Successor to Hassell & Ramsey  
**SURGEON DENTIST**  
Office over Schawe & Weis, Corner 10th and Main Streets.  
Nitros Oxide Gas Given.