CONSIDER THE LILIES.

DR. TALMAGE'S EASTER SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

He Discusses the Uses of Flowers and the Lessons Taught by Them-Orange Blossoms for the Bride, a Handful of Violets for the Tomb.

BROOKLYN, April 1.-The platform and galleries of the Tabernacle were this morning profusely decorated with flowers. On the previous evening the church had been open to prepare the decorations, for which the congregation had been invited to bring flowers.

The immense audience room is not large enough to contain the people on ordinary occasions; it must be left to the imagination to suggest the throngs, both inside and outside the church, on this great festal day.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., look for his text Luke xii, 28: "If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you." He said:

The lily is the queen of the Bible flowers. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times, and won it: but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present beauty. In the Bible train, cassia and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphire and the rose follow the Fourteen times in the Bible is the mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ,

Cesar had his throne on the hills. The lily had her throne in the valley. In the reatest sermon that was ever preached, there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bun-yan, entered the house of the interpreter. and was shown a cluster of flowers, and was told to "consider the lilies."

We may study and reject other sciences at our option. It is so with astronomy, it is so with chemistry, it is so with jurisprudence, it is so with physiology, it is so with geology; but the science of botany Christ commands us to study when he says: "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of netal. Inhale their breath. Notice the gracefulness of their poise. Hear the whisper of the white lips of the eastern and of the red lips of the American lily. Belonging to this royal family of lilies is the lily of the Nile, the Japan lily, the

Lady Washington lily of the Sherras, the Golden Band lily, the Giant lily of Ne-paul, the Turk's Cap lily, the African lily from the Cape of Good Hope. All these lilies have the royal blood in their veins. But I take the lilies of my text this morning as typical of all flowers, and this Easter day, garlanded with all this opulence of floral beauty, seems to address us, saying: "Consider the lilles, consider the azalias, consider the fuchsins, consider the geraniums, consider the lvies, consider the hyacinths, consider the heliotropes, consider the oleanders." With differential and grateful and intelligent and worshipful souls, consider them. Not with insipid sentimentalism or with sophomoric vaporing, but for grand and practical and everyday, and, if need be, homely uses, consider them, The flowers are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the cloud. ak, they thunder; when the whirlwinds speak, they scream: when the catarac's speak, they roar; but when the flowers speak, they always whisper. I tand here to interpret their message. What have you to say, oh ye angels of the grass, to this worshipful multitude? This morning I mean to discuss what flowers are good for. That is my subject: What are flowers good for? 1. I remark, in the first place, they are good for lessons of God's providential That was Christ's first thought. All these flowers seem to address us today, saying: "God will give you apparel and food. We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to harvest, no well sweep with which to draw water; but God slakes our thirst with the dew, and God feeds us with the bread of the sunhine, and God has appareled us with more than Solomonic regality. We are prophetesses of adequate wardrobe. If God so clothed us, the grass of the field, will he not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith?" Men and women of worldly anxieties, take this message home with you. How long has God taken care of you? Quar-tar of the journey of life? half the jour-ney of life? Three-quarters the journey of life? Can you not trust him the rest of the way? God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman emperor had on his table at vast expense -500 nightingales' tongues-but he has promised to take care of you. He has romised you the necessities, not the luxuries-bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will be not provide for you, his living and immortal children? He will. No wonder Martin Lather always had flower on his writing desk for inspiration. Through the cracks of the prison **Goor a flower grew up to cheer** Picciola. Mungo Park, the great traveler and ex-plorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die, but, seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and traveled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now they are the evangels of the sky. 2. If you insist on asking me the ques-tion: What are flowers good for? I re-spond, they are good for the bridal day. The bride must have them on her brow, and she must have them in her hand. The marriage altar must be covered with A wedding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music. At such a time they are for congratulation and prophecies of good. So much of the pathway of life is sovered up with thorns, we ought to sover the beginning with orange blos-Flowers are appropriate on such occa-ons, for in 99 out of 100 cases it is the ery best thing that could have hap-aned. The world may criticise and pro-ounce it an inaptitude, and may lift its yebrows in surprise and think it might

suggest something better; but the God who sees the twenty, forty, fifty years of wedded life before they have begun, arranges all for the best. So that flowers, in almost all cases, are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergences of disposition will become correspondences, recklessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality. There has been many an aged widowed soul who had a carefully locked bureau, and in the bureau a box, and in the box

a folded paper, and in the folded paper a half blown rose, slightly fragrant, dis-colored, carefully pressed. She put it there forty or fifty years ago. On the anniversary day of her wedding she will go to the bureau, she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper, and to her eyes will be exposed the half blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her, and a tear will drop upon the flower; and suddenly it is transfigured, and there is a stir in the dust of the anther, and it rounds out, and it is full of life, and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church aisle, and the dead music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air; and vanished faces reappear, and right hands

are joined, and a manly voice promises: "I will for better or for worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of joy at the departing crowd; but a sigh on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep fetched breath, the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud, which is put into the paper, and then into the box, and the box carefully placed in the bureau, and, with a sharp, sudden click of the lock, the scene is

Ah, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers on your wedding day be false prophecies. Be blind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellences. Above all, do not both get mad at once! Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand, and the benediction of the calla lilies.

3. If you insist on asking me the question, what are flowers good for? I answer, they are good to honor and comfort the obsequies. The worst gash ever made into the side of our poor earth is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery.

What a contrast between a grave in a country churchyard, with the fence broken down and the tombstone aslant, and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the mullein stalks and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Green-wood, the wave of rosente bloom rolling to the top of the mounds, and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the pillows of dust. It is the difference between sleeping under rags and sleeping under an embroidered blanket. We want Old Mortality with his chisel to go through all the graveyards of Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand, we want Old Mortality to have some flower seed in the palm of the other hand.

"Oh," you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them." I think you are mistaken. There are not so many steamers and rail trains coming to any living city as there are convoys coming from heaven to earth; and if there be instantaneous and constant communication between this world and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why has God planted "golden rod" and wild flowers in the forest and on the prairie where no human eye ever sees them? He planted them there for invisible intelligences to look at and admire, and when invisible intelligences come to look at the wild flowers of the woods and the table lands, will they not make excursions and see the flowers which you have planted in affectionate remembrance of them? When I am dead, I would like to have a handful of violets-any one could pluck them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water lily—nothing rarely expensive or insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites where the display takes the bread from the children's mouths, and the clothes from their backs, but something from the great democracy of flowers. Rather than imperial catafalque of Russian czar, ask some one whom I may have helped by gospel sermon or Christian deed to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of china asters. It was left for modern times to spell repect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral gospel. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we have as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain. If I had my way, I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden handled casket or pine box, whether a king's mausoleum or Potter's Field, with radiant and aromatic arboresence. The Bible says, in the midst of the garden there was a sepulcher. I wish that every sepulcher might be in the midst of garden. 4. If you insist on asking me the question: What are flowers good for? answer for religious symbolism. Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bible is an arbetum, it is a divine conservatory, it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the brightest human life, you will quote from Job: "A man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the Psalmist: "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone.' Or you will quote from Isaiah: "All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the apostle: "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away." What graphic Bible symbolism ! All the cut flowers this Easter day will soon be dead, whatever care you take of them. Though morning and night you baptize them in the name of the shower, the baptism will not be to them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cut them. They are bleeding their life away; they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending

Botanists tell us that flowers breathe, they take nourishment, they eat, they drink. They are sensitive. They have their likes and dislikes. They sleep, they wake. They live in families. They have their ancestors and their descendants, their birth, their burial, their cradle, their grave. The zephyr rocks the one, and the storm digs the trench for the other. The cowslip must leave its gold, the lily must leave its silver, the rose must leave its diamond necklace of morning dew. Dust to' dust. So we-come up, we prosper, we spread abroad, we die, as the flower-as the flower!

Change and decay on all around I see; O thou who changest not, abide with me!

Flowers also afford mighty symbolism of Christ, who compared himself to the ancient queen, the lily, and the modern queen, the rose, when he said: "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys." Redolent like the one, humble like the other. Like both, appropriate for the sad, who want sympathizers, and for the rejoicing, who want banqueters. Hovering over the marriage ceremony hke a wedding bell, or folded like a chaplet on the pulseless heart of the dead.

Oh, Christ! let the perfume of thy name be wafted all around the earthlily and rose, lily and rose-until the wilderness crimson into a garden, and the round earth turn into one green bud of immortal beauty laid against the warm heart of God. Snatch down from the world's banners engle and lion, and put on lily and rose, lily and rose.

But, my friends, flowers have no grander use than when on Easter morning we celebrate the reanimation of Christ from the catacombs. All the flowers of today spell resurrection. There is not a nook or corner in all the building but is touched with the incense. The women carried spices to the tomb of Christ, and they dropped spices all around about the tomb, and from those spices have grown all the flowers of Easter morn. The two white robed angels that hurled the stone away from the door of the tomb, hurled it with such violence down the hill that it crashed in the door of the world's sepulcher, and millions of the stark and dead shall come forth.

However labyrinthian the mausoleum, however costly the sarcophagus, however architecturally grand the necropolis, however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the lord of the resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and motherthey must come out. Husband and wife -they must come out. Brothers and sisters-they must come out. Our darling children-they must come out. The eyes that with trembling fingers we closed must open in the luster of resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must join ours in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be returned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues-it must come up.

Oh, how long it seems for some of you. Waiting-waiting for the resurrection. How long! how long! I make for your broken hearts today a cool, soft bandage of Easter lilies. Last night we had come in the mails a beautiful Easter card-on the top of it a representation of that exquisite flower called the "trumpet creeper,"

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Herr Strauss, the composer, is a clever hand with the pencil and delights in making caricatures, Baby King Alfonso XIII is suffering

from epilepsy, a hereditary disease in his mother's family, the Hapsburgs.

Mr. P. D. Armour, the Chicago millionaire, has gone to Carlsbad, Germany, for the benefit of his health. Before leaving he gave each of the clerks in his office an order for a new suit of clothes. Orders were given on one tailor alone for over \$1,600, and there were smaller orders on several others,

A Philadelphia servant has distinguished herself by an original sort of private theatricals. While her mistress was away she attired herself in the best dress of the lady of the house, made calls upon strange ladies and invited them to return her courtesy. When they called she entertained them appropriately, showed them over the house and feit provoked because her girl had gone out. The farce continued for some time. Prince William of Prussia, since his

accent removal from Potsdam to Berlin, has ceased to be the holder of a season ticket on that branch of the railway. As an economical "pater familias," he preferred to subscribe for a first class return ticket at a reduction rather than to pay the regular tariff rate, the company courteously holding a first class car at his disposal. His wife, who has had far commutation ticket, but paid the regu-

lar fare as she went or came. about certain remedies for diseases, or about things one ought not to take as remedial agents, Mr. James G. Blaine believes they are pernicious stirrers up of otherwise well ordered systems, and openly declares that they are not good for either man or beast. Col. Ingersoll pins his faith to bicarbonate of soda as a cure all. "I declare," he said, when telling what a wonderful thing it is, "I wouldn't

it perhaps was the morbid, the introspective; her impatience with any literature that encouraged the young, and especially young girls, to "peer and pry into the state of their little spiritual insides," was sometimes rather "vitriolic," as George Elliot would say, in its expression. She pronounced the Wordsworth maxims, 'To look outward and not in'' and "to lend a hand" to be "sound mental hy-giene." Like all strong hearts she honored strength in others, and sometimes resented its opposite. Once I remarked with some surprise on the evident enjoyment of an almost exclusively feminine tea party by a gentleman of our acquaintance, and I vividly recall the sudden flash of her eyes, and smile, as she said: 'Oh, yes; but he's not a man; he's a transmigrated pussy cat; it's his mission in life to sit in a corner and purr affably !"

A Foremen's Association.

An organization just formed in Pittsburg is called the Foremen association. and consists of foremen from every large industry in the city, from the iron mills

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Is located at San Jose, in the lovely Santa Clara Valley, and less occasion to go to Berlin, never took a the picturesque Santa Cruz Mountains, a region that grows every variety of grapes known on the favored Rhine of ch Famous men all have fixed notions the sunny slopes of the Mediterranean.

In this beautiful, fertile valley the purple, golden and deli cious grapes are ripened to perfection, and among these deli is strongly set against Turkish baths. He cious harvests of vineyard products are made their

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DR. THOS. PRICE.

Oh, yes! flowers are almost human.

and under it the inscription: "The to the paint shops. Its object is to secure a suitable reading room, library, gymnabe raised." I comfort you this day with the thought of resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's cathedral in London, the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were thirty trumpeters stationed at the door of the cathedral, with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's cathedral these thirty trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on.

But I have to tell you what thirty trumpeters could not do for one man one trumpeter will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on, and the clock of the world's destiny strikes nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and time shall be no longer

Behold the archangel hovering. He takes the trumpet, points it this way. puts its lips to his lips, and then blows one long, loud, terrific, thunderous, reverberating and resurrectionary blast. Look! Look! They rise! The dead! The dead! Some coming forth from the family vault. Some from the city cem-Some from the country graveetery. yard. Here a spirit is joined to its body, and there another spirit is joined to another body, and millions of departed spirits are assorting the bodies and then reclothing themselves in forms now radiant for ascension.

The earth begins to burn-the bonfire of a great victory. All ready now for the procession of reconstructed humanity! Upward and away! Christ leads and all the Christian dead follow, battalion after battalion, nation after nation. Up, up On, on! Forward, ye ranks of God Almighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the conquerors come in! Resurrection! Resurrection!

And so I twist all the festal flowers of this church with all the festal flowers of chapels and cathedrals of all Christendom into one great chain, and with that chain I bind the Easter morning of 1888 with the closing Easter of the world's history-Resurrection! May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will.

Rags Spreading Diseases.

The state board of health of Massachusetts reports, through Dr. Withington, the spread of infectious diseases by means of rags. Small pox is proved to have been, in some cases, thus transmitted; and more frequently by domes-tic than by foreign rags. Cholera, especially, has been traced to the same "There is evidence that clothsource. ing from cholera patients, and, possibly, clothing merely packed in an infected iocality, has, when transported to a distance, and there unpacked, caused the disease, thus starting a fresh cholera focus." Danger is also averred to exist in the cases of phthisis, consumption and other diseases; as the dust rising from rags may convey to the lungs the germs of such diseases. -Globe-Democrat.

sium, and especially a lecture hall, where new ideas, both theoretical and practical, may be exchanged;" to secure places for skilled workmen in all trades; to inaugurate a system of visits to the principal shops and mills for the interchange of suggestions and comment, and for the general advancement of the interests of the foremen themselves, of the employers for whom they work, and the men whom they direct. It is the inten-

one .- New York Sun.

Want to Change Their Color.

tion to make the organization a national

A few nights ago a party of colored men were hunting coons near Ocala swamps, in the southern part of Georgia. Zeke Mason, one of the party, while attempting to cut a tree that a coon was supposed to occupy, cut a deep gash in his leg. His first act was to run to a marshy, stagnant pool near by, and gathering handfuls of the slimy mud, poultice i the wound, thereby obstructing the flow of blood. The next day the wound had healed, and the entire part of the leg on which the mud had been placed had turned almost white. Colored people from far and near are now making pilselves with mud in the hope of becoming white.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Paid the Price.

Because Louisa M. Alcott received about \$100,000 from the sales of her books many a hopeful and inexperienced writer will imagine that literature is the highway to fortune as well as fame, Let them remember one of Emerson's nuggets of wisdom. That is, that we can take whatsoever we will if we but pay the price. Miss Alcott paid the price -it was a price few could pay. She began teaching school and writing stories when about 16, and although she loathed the teaching she was forced to keep on at it for fifteen years before her writings produced an income sufficient to enable her to depend entirely upon her pen for support .- New York Press "Every Day

In a little one story frame dwelling in St. Paul, lives one of the most peculiar of women. She is a voodoo queen, and is absolutely worshiped by many of the colored people of St. Paul. She is about 55 years of age, as black as black can be, with short, kinky hair, and deep set, bloodshot eyes. She foretells the future, cures all ills, and can tell the lucky numbers that will win at policy. She has a peculiar song which she sings on Friday, and wears several amulets. Her influence over the colored people of the city is said to be simply wonderful .-Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Addition to the Letter Box. A thoughtful patron of Uncle Sam's mail service, who complains that papers and packages, when placed on the top of letter boxes, are frequently blown away by the wind and lost, suggests that i wire basket or a like contrivance be af-

The great assayer and chemist of San Francisco says: "I have submitted your Brandy to a most searching chemical analysis and find no adulteration, no fusel oil. It is a remarkably pure article."

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of San Francisco, says: "I have analyzed the Jarvis Reisling Grape Brandy, and find it pure and a genuine good article."

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Knowing there are many spurious ciders sold in this market we offer the above xplanation with the eminent testimonial of Prof. J. H. Long. Very Respectfully, THE G. M. JARVIS CO., Sole Proprietors,

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Chicago, July 7th, 1887.

I have made made a chemical examination of the sample of Jarvis' Pear Cider submitted to me a few days ago, and would report these points among others noted.

The liquid is non-alcoholic and has a specific gravity of 10.65. The total extracve matter amounts to 10.25 per cent., containing only .025 per cent of free acid. The sts show this acid to be malic acid as usually found in fruit juices. I find no other cid or foreign substance added for color or flavor.

I believe it, therefore, to consist simply of the juice of the Pear as represented. Yours truly,

J. H. LONG, Analytical Chemist, Chicago Medical College.

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