

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE GARDEN OF GOD" WAS LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Golden Text: Thou shalt be like a Watered Garden and Like a Spring of Water Whose Waters Fall Not—Isaiah Lviii, 2.



THE Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling anti-thesis and rapturous lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and a devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollock, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser.

This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands, and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything in this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing-floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels; from the fish-pools of Hesbon up to the Psalmist praising God with the diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job's imagery of Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpellier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants.

One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world; but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious, than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave three hundred pounds for it; he sold it for seventeen thousand. And yet I am to tell you today of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the Church, which belongs to Christ. He bought it, he planted it, he owns it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart.

The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the Church, of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted him and let him down! Tell me, thou son, thou didst hide; ye rocks that fell! Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it. If the garden of the Church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come, thou, O blessed Jesus, today; walk up and down these aisles and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself.

The Church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is the place of choice flowers, of select fruits, and of thorough irrigation. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be only the old-fashioned hollyhock, or dahlia, or daffodil; but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus, the blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever dowered the world. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you see where they have been by the brightened face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the new window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kisses for sting; and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble, has found that they had covered it all over with flowery jasmine, running in and out amid the crevices. These flowers in Christ's garden are not, like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but wherever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night-blooming cereuses.

But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within; men with sharp points of character. They would almost everyone that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpness. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial he has raised even the smallest crop of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister, "Doc-

tor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years."

It is harder for some men to do right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said, "I dare not join the Church." "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large quantity of water into the milk-can, and I said to him, 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the Church?" Nevertheless, that very same man, who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, sweetness within—the best specimen of the Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue, that we occasionally find, called "Giants of Battle," the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wicklives, Latimers, and Samuel Rutherford. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylae. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "Giants of Battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the Church?" "I say, 'Why don't you have in the world more Humboldts and Wellingtons?' God gives to some ten talents; to another one.

In this garden of the Church which Christ has planted, I also find the snow-drops, beautiful, but cold-looking, seemingly another phase of winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter, and their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In their music of life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the Church, and they must be of some service or they would not be there; snowdrops—always snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower of all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a century plant your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion-plant of the cross! Prophets foretold it; Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting; and the dead got up in their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its breath is heaven. Come, O winds from the north and winds from the south and winds from the east and winds from the west and bear to all the earth the sweet-smelling savor of Christ, my Lord!

His worth if all the nations knew, Sure the whole earth would love him, too.

Again, the Church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, or peaches, or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on the sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the Church, Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity; but he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the Church.

Religion is not a mere sentimentality. It is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit—not poison, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." In reply, I ask where did your asylums come from? and your hospitals? and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; he planted them in his garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus he laid the corner-stone to every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee he laid the corner-stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk," he laid the corner-stone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison and ye visited me," he laid the corner-stone of every prison-reform association that has ever been organized. The church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit.

I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to be thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab-apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted; and yet you are going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm-eaten leaves in Fontainebleau, and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there; but let us be just as frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and

hundreds of thousands of glorious Christians men and women—holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander, nobler collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them and you cannot get in. It is so with a king's garden. The only glimpse you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden, this King's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems; but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities he confronted a looking-glass, and he saw himself and said: "There, that is true. I look just as I am; done up in body, mind, and purse." So it was of Shenstone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down and amid those bowers and said: "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry and envious and frantic, and despise everything around me just as it becomes a madman to do."

O ye weary souls! come into Christ's garden today and pluck a little heart-ease. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it, five, ten, twenty, thirty years—do you not feel as if now your honor of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? O man, what grudge hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come today in some of your hearts.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one lifeboat. In that lifeboat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered, and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went, came and went, but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman, "Save me next! Save me next!" "Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin! Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why, not, this moment, make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you, and heaven and earth ring with the cry, 'Save me next! Save me next!' Now is the day of salvation! Now! Now!

This Sabbath is the last for some of you. It is about to sail away for ever. Her bell tolls. The planks thunder back in the gangway. She shores off. She floats out toward the great ocean of eternity. Wave farewell to your last chance for heaven. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate." Invited to revel in a garden, you die in a desert! May God Almighty, before it is too late, break that infatuation.

A Belligerent Laureate.

Alfred Austin would not sign the petition of British authors for peace between the United States and Great Britain. The cause may have been that he has no book rights in this country, and the effect may have been to aid him in securing the laureateship.—Boston Journal.

NEWSA TRIFLES.

A journal devoted to the interests of the pen, ink and paper trade claims that the world uses 3,500,000 steel pens daily.

Ancient coins, many of which antedate the Christian era, are made in large quantities in London and are sold all over the world.

The average duration of human life in European countries is greatest in Sweden and Norway and lowest in Italy and Austria.

The Bulgarian troops constantly sing on the march, like the Russians, with whom the singing almost takes the place of drums and trumpets.

It is claimed that 21,000,000 gallons of champagne are drunk every year. England heads the list of countries, with America in the second place.

Ohio has five and one-half times and Illinois five and four-fifths times the inhabitants of Maine, but Maine has more saving banks depositors than either.

That one deer does duty in many an adventure is proved by the fact that a deer shot in Weld, Me., the other day was carrying eleven bullets in its body.

The last census shows that while in twenty years the increase of men in all industries has been 150 per cent, the increase of women at work has been 1,500 per cent.

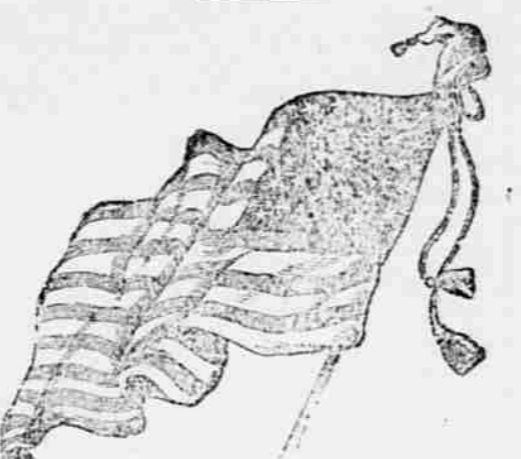
Since the cold weather began one Connecticut hardware factory has received orders for 30,000 pairs of skates. The factory will have to run night and day to fill them.

A Kennebec, Me., man was shoveling gravel out of a bank into his wagon the other day, and was naturally a little surprised when he shoveled a woodchuck into the cart with a spadeful of gravel.

WHICH WAS THE BEST?

BUSINESS IN ENGLAND AND UNITED STATES.

If Free Trade Was Good for England Then Protection Was Much Better for America—Statistics Sustain the Glorious Growth.



The idea is being spread by the enemies of the policy of protection that a free-trade policy has proven to be an excellent thing for the United Kingdom, hence that it must necessarily be good for the United States. They forget that there are many different conditions in the two countries. British farmers have had enough experience of free trade, and so have British manufacturers of cotton goods, iron and steel ware, brooms and brushes, matches, mats, buttons and other things made on the continent of Europe that are now being sold largely in the English market. Let us grant for the sake of argument, that free-trade has been a good thing for the United Kingdom. But let us see if protection has not been a better thing for the United States.

From 1876 to 1895, with the exception of four different years, the balance of trade has been against the United States—our imports being larger than our exports. From 1876 to 1895, a period of twenty years, this was the case during only three years, our total exports being \$2,236,332,480 larger than our imports during the other seventeen years; the net excess of exports for the twenty years being \$2,186,861,863. During this same period, 1876 to 1895, British

But the real test of trade lies in its extent according to population. Although an excessive import trade is, according to free-trade theory, so wonderfully beneficial, yet the British import trade declined \$4.54 per capita during the quarter of a century, while ours increased by 19 cents per capita. The British export trade decreased by \$2 per capita, while ours decreased by 27 cents only per capita. Had our export figures for 1895 been taken there would be an increase, not a decrease, in our per capita of exports. British foreign trade has declined \$6.54 per capita of population under free-trade since 1870; American foreign trade has practically held its own under protection. Now let us look at some other statistics:

	Population.	United States.
1894	British.	28,779,900
1876	British.	33,093,439
Increase	5,685,561	23,138,000
	National Debt.	
	British.	United States.
1876	\$3,834,852,729	\$1,710,635,450
1894	3,345,520,120	635,041,890
Decrease	\$39,332,609	\$1,075,643,560
	Debt Per Capita.	
	British.	United States.
1894	\$86	\$13.17

During the quarter of a century, British population increased by only 5,685,561 persons. Ours increased by 23,138,000 persons, or more than four times as much.

The British national debt was decreased by \$39,332,609; ours by double that amount—\$1,075,643,560. The British debt, in 1894, was \$86 per capita; ours was \$13.17 per capita. Next take the rate of increase of:

	British.	United States.
1875	\$2,749,490,000	\$9,098,518,507
1894	47,669,950,950	65,977,491,197
Increase	\$1,260,460,950	\$1,968,972,689

British wealth has increased by four and a quarter billions of dollars in the quarter of a century. American wealth increased more than eight times as

That

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly every body at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Tired

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

Feel-

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, &c. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

How Many different advertisements of
COLUMBIA BICYCLES
HAVE YOU SEEN?
The variety of Columbia Bicycle advertising is great. All the good points of Columbia, all the delight of riding them, cannot be fully described in any one advertisement, nor in a hundred.
We wish to know how many announcements can reach any one person, and so offer a **COLUMBIA PRIZE BICYCLE** as a prize
to whoever shall send us the greatest number of different Columbia Bicycle advertisements clipped from newspapers or magazines issued since Jan. 1, 1896.
Many advertisements differ only in a word or two; others in the style of type; distinct variations only, however, will be counted. Each advertisement must have plainly attached to it the name and date of the newspaper or magazine from which it is clipped. Separate entries cannot be combined. Entries must be received by us at Hartford on or before Tuesday, June 30, 1896. In case of a tie, the award will be made according to priority of receipt and entry. Address: Department of Statistics, POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Seeds raised in Foreign Countries and Marketed in the United States during the two fiscal years ending June 30 1894 and 1895 \$6,335,581
Flaxseed and Other Seeds Imported 1895 Gorman Tariff
\$2,395,603
5 Million Dollars
4 Million Dollars
2 Million Dollars
2 Million Dollars

	Imports.	United States.
1876 \$1,875,773,515	\$469,741,190
1895 2,084,986,550	751,969,965
Increase,	1895	\$ 209,212,935 \$271,228,775

	Exports.	United States.
1876 \$1,008,196,020	\$525,582,247
1895 1,130,822,370	793,392,590
Increase	1895	\$122,626,350 \$267,810,343

	Per Capita of Population.	United States.
1876	\$56.66 \$10.29
1895	52.12 10.48
	-\$4.54 plus \$0.19
1876	\$30.31 \$11.64
1895	28.31 11.37
	-\$2.00 -\$0.27

British imports increased, during the quarter of a century, at the rate of \$209,212,935 a year. Ours increased at the rate of \$271,229,000 a year. Therefore, upon the free-trade theory, our larger annual increase of imports was more advantageous to us than the smaller British increase. In the matter of exports their annual increase was \$122,626,000 a year, as against our increase of \$267,810,000 a year. Therefore, according to the policy of protection, our export trade was more advantageous than that of England.

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WELL MACHINERY
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