

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: The Garden of the King—Christ the Founder and Gardener—The Flowers and Fruits of Religious Devotion—The Beauty of Right Living.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—This sermon Dr. Talmage sends from a halting place in his journey through the valleys of Switzerland. It seems to have been prepared amid the bloom and aroma of garden midsommer. The text is Song of Solomon v. 1, "I am come into my garden."

The Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm and melody and a startling antithesis and rapturous lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montaigne, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollok, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Shelley, more great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flowers of judgment into its garlands and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything that is beautiful, that makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer thrashing floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the troughs for the camels in the wash pools of Hebron up to the psalmist presiding with 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 Montpelier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the finest spots on the coast of Normandy is Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world, but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantages of that place were 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 were hedges of yew, and 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 £300 for it; he sold it for £17,000. And yet I would tell you to-day 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, for my text says so. 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 these gardens, you can almost think you see the broken heart of the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last £100,000 sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's love and Christ's grace are 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 women who saw Him lifted Him and let Him down! Tell me, thou sun that 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, then, O blessed Jesus, to-day; walk up and down these aisles, and pluck that Thou wilt of sweetness for Thyself!

The church is a garden, and is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation.

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers, no thorns, no 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 and blazing azalea and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to His garden, and He plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon 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 find them where they have been by the brightest light of the invalid and the spig of geranium on the stand and the new window curtains keeping out the glow of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the cantuculus, creeping swiftly along amid the thorns and brambles of life, giving kiss for sting, and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble has found that they have covered it with flowers 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 comes, they stand, they need 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, lowliness within; some with sharp points of character. They would almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them, notwithstanding 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 scrap of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, 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 keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said, "I dare not join the church." I said, "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 be insured me.' 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 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 "giant of battle," the Martin Luther, St. Paul, Chrysostom, Wycliffe, Latimer 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 garden, but only a few "giant 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 Humboldt and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents, to others one.

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 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 flowering sentimentality, it is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what the garden of the church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from, your hospitals, and your nations of mercy? Christ planted every one of them. He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus, He laid the cornerstone of every blind asyleum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the denunciation of Galilee, He laid the cornerstone of every lunatic asyleum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man, "Stand up and walk," He laid the cornerstone of every hospital of the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison, and ye visited Me," He laid the cornerstone 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 things that ought to be thrown away, 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. But are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little garbled 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 the house because there are a few specimens of garbled fruit.

I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there, but let us be frank and admit that there are hundreds of men and women of glorious Christian men and women—holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians. There are Christians in every church whose religion is not a matter of psalm singing and churchoing. Tomorrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated in their worldly occupation as it ever kept them at the communion table. There are women with us to-day of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go into the kitchen to help Martha in her work, that she may sit there too. There is a woman who has a drunken husband, who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than did any other woman in the world. There is a man who has been fifteen years on his back, unable to carry himself, yet calm and peaceful, though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven, watching the oarsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river!

I have not told you of the better tree of the garden, and of the better fruit, which was planted just outside Jerusalem a good while ago. When that tree was planted, it was so split and bruised and barked men said nothing would ever grow out of it, but so soon had that tree budded and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit, and it fell into the lap of the nation, and the men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in it an antidote to all thirst, to all poison, to all sin, to all death, the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Eschol, which two men carried under their arms, and it was one apple in Eden killed the race, this one cluster of mercy shall restore.

Again, the church in my text is appropriately called a garden because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. It has seemed as if Jesus Christ took the best. From many of your households the best one is gone. You know that she who is too good for this world, she who is gentlest in her ways, the dearest in her affection, and when at last the sickness came you had no faith in medicines. You knew that the hour of parting had come, and when, through the rich grace of God, the unknown boy in the face, cutting it in a horrible manner.

Fire From Gasoline Explosion.
Samuel H. Erb, a farmer residing east of Manheim, entered a large wagon shed on his premises with a lighted lantern to take some gasoline from a barrel. In a moment the fumes ignited and an explosion occurred. The entire structure was burned, together with several vehicles. Mr. Erb was severely stunned on the right arm and badly stunned.

Tried to Take His Life.
"The insurance on my life would be of more value to my wife and family than I am," was the explanation Harry Cole, of Scranton, gave of the cause that led him to try to kill himself. He put a revolver to his forehead and fired, but the bullet glanced and by rendering Cole unconscious for a few minutes prevented him from completing the work of self-destruction.

Boy Drowned at South Danville.
A sad drowning case occurred at South Danville. The body of the 7-year-old son of Samuel Gulick was found in the river beyond the second pier of the bridge. Life was extinct, and no one was with him it is supposed he was seized with cramps as the water where he drowned was only three feet deep.

Gold and Silver Ore Found.
The recent discovery of gold ore on the farm of Simon Shives, at Bloomsburg, which an analysis shows to be worth \$14.43 per ton, has been eclipsed by a more important find. An assay of another ore taken from the same ledge shows a value of \$32.47 per ton. This is silver ore.

A Harrisburg Man's Awful Death.
Thomas Bradley, a bookkeeper of a manufacturing establishment at Harrisburg, met a frightful death near Greensburg. He fell from a westbound train in the Derry yards and was ground to pieces. It is not known how he met with the accident.

Three Deaths in One Family.
There were three deaths in one family in Heidelberg Township inside of a week. Lewis B. Reitz, a well-known distiller, died one day last week. His mother died six hours later. Thursday one of his children died.

Prospecting a New Oil Field.
The Pine Creek Gas and Oil Company's well at Waterville was shot, but there were no indications of oil. This was the first well put down by the company, which has thirty miles of territory under lease. Another well will be drilled at once.

Thieves Lost a Station.
The Central Station at Conalide was again robbed, merchandise valued at \$100 and a Hungarian's trunk being taken. The Hungarian was about to leave for his native home, and claims to have had \$500 in his trunk.

Duke of Manchester a Bankrupt.
The Duke of Manchester has been adjudicated a bankrupt, entailing his resignation from all his clubs.

KEYSTONE STATE.

LATEST NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS.

WILLIAM HAYDEN RETURNS

On His Way Home to Share His Wealth With His Family, He Was Robbed—Two Injured by Torpedo Explosion—Two Tramps Threaten to Kill a Woman—Thieves Take \$500 from a Hungarian.

William Hayden, once well known in Greensburg, and for many years believed to be dead, turned up, to the wonder of his wife and children, well and hearty and wealthy besides. Above all the gladness, however, there was a sorrow. Hayden, after leaving home nearly nine years ago, located near Cumberland, Md. Poor when he left, he worked hard and soon acquired big interests in lumber lands and saw mills. Two days ago he concluded to go home and share his wealth with his family. Placing \$1000 in a trunk, he started, but on the way the trunk was broken open by thieves and the money stolen.

It is said that it was through Mrs. Hayden's persistency with the Government, for the transfer to her of her husband's pension that the lost man was found.

Intimidated by Robbers.
Two tough-looking tramps entered the residence of Bruce Johnson, a wealthy farmer of New Wilmington, and demanded something to eat. Mrs. Johnson was alone, and when she started to the kitchen one of the robbers held a revolver to her head and demanded that she sit down and make no outcry. The other robber then ransacked the house, securing a large sum of money. They made their escape, leaving no clue. Mrs. Johnson has been in a state of nervous collapse since.

Sudden Death of an Editor.
Wm. H. Smith, editor of the Benton "Argus," was found dead sitting at his desk. A few minutes previously he had left his home apparently in the best of health, and his sudden death is attributed to apoplexy. The deceased was aged 58 years, and was one of the most prominent newspaper men in this section of Pennsylvania. Prior to his establishing the Benton "Argus" he edited the Milton "Argus."

Jailed for Train Jumping.
Frank Trout, Philip Rupert, James Devine, Adam Kitchman and John Howard, all residing in West Philadelphia, were arrested by Pennsylvania Railroad Special Officers Mullaney and Jennings and committed to the Montgomery county jail for 20 days for illegal train riding. The boys told the "Squire" that they were "going after apples and to take a swim."

Put a Torpedo on the Track.
Some unknown person placed a railroad torpedo on the tracks of the Montgomery and Chester Electric Railway Company, in Spring City. A lad who was waiting to take the trolley to Phoenixville was painfully injured. As the car passed over the torpedo it exploded and a fragment struck the unknown boy in the face, cutting it in a horrible manner.

Hardwoods
Will also carry on a General Commission Business of
Room 21, Marine Bank Building,
33 S. GAY ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

It affiliated with
Thompson's Eye Water

FREE BLOOD AND SKIN CURE.

Cancers, ulcers, old sores, scrofula, bumps and riners on the skin, pimples, boils, catarrh, offensive eruptions, aches and pains, eating sores, blood poison, eczema, scabs or scales, and all blood troubles cured forever by taking 1- to 5 bottles of the famous B. B. B. Thoroughly tested for 50 years. B. B. B. heals every sore, stops every ache and makes the blood pure and rich. B. B. B. cures obstinate cases after all else fails. Cures guaranteed. Druggists, \$1. Trial treatment sent free by writing Blood Balm Co., 25 Mitchell street, Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble, and medical advice free.

Sid Faber Abdul Krimm Tazzi, the new Paoha of Tangier, is a fine-looking man, and has made a very favorable impression on the diplomatic corps.

Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYE. Sold by all druggists.

Boycotters displayed a Kansas City tailor's name on big posters, with the result that several men saw their clothes and nothing else and came in and ordered.

All Women Know

That ordinary treatment fails to relieve painful periods.

They know Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will and does and has, more than any other medicine.

Every woman knows about Mrs. Pinkham's medicine.

Every woman knows some woman Mrs. Pinkham has cured.

But nine women out of ten put off getting this reliable remedy until their health is nearly wrecked by experiments or neglect!

Then they write to Mrs. Pinkham and she cures them, but of course it takes longer to do so. Don't delay getting help if you are sick.

She has helped a million women. Why not you?

H. L. GRUBE,

SOLE AGENT OF THE
J. S. HOSKINS LUMBER CO. OF BALTIMORE
SOLICITS ORDERS OF
PINE AND OAK PILING, R. R. TIES,
TELEGRAPH POLES, POPLAR WOOD,
AND LUMBER OF all Kinds.

Will also carry on a General Commission Business of
Room 21, Marine Bank Building,
33 S. GAY ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

It affiliated with
Thompson's Eye Water

30 FEET OF BOWELS



are packed away in your insides and must be kept clean, in order and doing business.

It's a long way, with many turns and pitfalls to catch the refuse and clog the channel if not most carefully cleaned out every day.

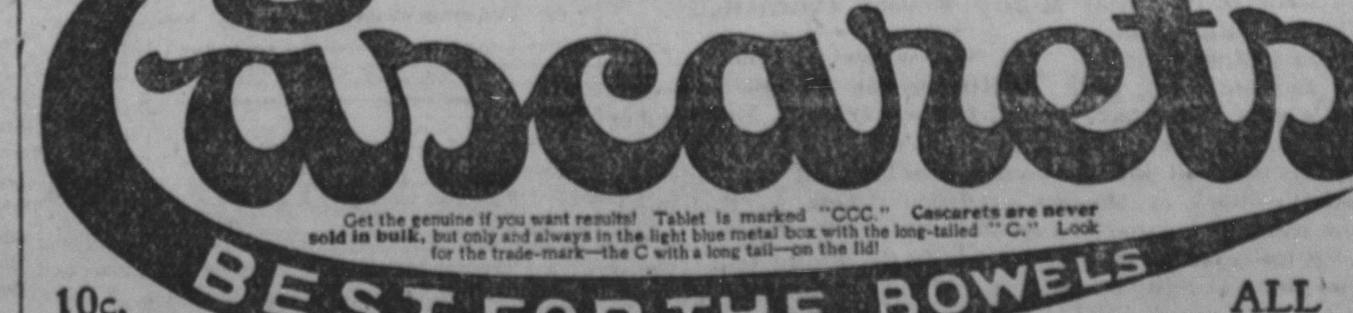
When this long canal is blocked, look out for trouble—furred tongue, bad breath, belching of gases, yellow spots, pimples and boils, headaches, spitting up of food after eating—an all-around disgusting nuisance.

Violent pill poisons or gripping salts are dangerous to use for cleaning out the bowels. They force out the obstruction by causing violent spasms of the bowels, but they leave the intestines weak and even less able to keep up regular movements than before, and make a larger dose necessary next time.

Then you have the pill habit, which kills more people than the morphine and whiskey habits combined.

The only safe, gentle but certain bowel cleansers are sweet, fragrant CASCARETS, because they don't force out the fecal matter with violence, but act as a tonic on the whole 30 feet of bowel wall, strengthen the muscles and restore healthy, natural action. Buy and try them! (Look out for imitations and substitutes or you can't get results. Cascarets are never sold in bulk. Look for the trade-mark, the long-tailed "C" on the box.) You will find that in an entirely natural way your bowels will be promptly and permanently

Made CLEAN and STRONG by



Get the genuine if you want results! Tablet marked "CCC" Cascarets are never sold in bulk, but only in the light blue metal box with the long-tailed "C." Look for the trade-mark—the C with a long tail—on the lid.

10c. 25c. 50c.

ALL DRUGGISTS

To any needy mortal, who can't afford to buy, we will mail a box free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists.

The shipyards of Great Britain, all working together, could turn out a big steamship every day in the year.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

A Luzerne paper says that a showman at Aarau was fined fifteen francs for exhibiting an artificially colored rabbit.

Pilo's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Public offices in Bangalore are to be provided with motors for punkah-pulling and also with electric lights.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The Arabic letters in the Khedive's recent poem to Victoria have a numerical value of 1900 when counted up.

Have you ever experienced the joyful sensation of a good appetite? You will if you chew Adams' Peppin Tuffi Fruit.

The so-called ship-worm, which bores holes in the wood of ships, is in reality a form of shellfish.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S Signature is on each box. 25c.

The London County Council will soon be asked to introduce season tickets on its tram lines.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Small bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. B. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

More doctors, it is claimed, are kept busy in Australia than in any other country.



"Well, I say that the very best of men don't know the difference between their souls and their stomachs, and their fancy that they are a-wrestling with their doubts when really it is their dinners they're a-wrestling with."

"Take my old man. A kinder husband never drew breath; yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork he begins to worry hisself about the doctrine of Election, till I say, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the minister with my doubts when an Ayer's Pill would set things straight again.'"

J. C. AYER COMPANY,

Practical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Serranilla Ayer's Pills Ayer's Hair Vigor Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Ayer's Comestone