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R. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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CHAPTER I.

I, Sir Joan Priestly, Knight and M. D., of Berkeley street, Mayfair, have been asked by one of the most charming of my patients to extract from my diary portions which refer to a mysterious drama which took place in 1872, and in which I played a small but important part. I have no hesitation in granting my fair patient's request, paraphrasing rather than merely transcribing the contents of my note book.

"Beg pardon, sir; where to?"

"Where to? Oh, anywhere—the first station you come to! No, to St. Pancras," I replied, and was about to step into the hansom, upon which my traveling bag had been deposited, when a detaining hand was laid heavily upon my shoulder.

I turned, and faced a man, tall, swarthy, slightly built, and elegantly dressed. His eyes were fixed with a curious expression upon my face.

"Dr. Priestly, I believe," he said, speaking with a slight foreign accent.

I nodded.

"And you are about to start upon a journey?" he continued. "May I ask is it is of very great importance?"

"Of no importance whatever," I replied. "I was merely going away somewhere for a few days' rest and change."

"That is fortunate, since you will have less scruple in assisting. I require your immediate attention for a case of urgent danger."

I looked at him more carefully, and noticed that he seemed much agitated, yet he was a man of stern cast of countenance. My behavior seemed to trouble him, for he again put his trembling hand upon my arm.

"There is no time to lose," he said, "while we are standing here the patient may die. Pray come!"

Then, taking the management of affairs into his own hands, he ordered my man servant to remove my luggage from the cab, hurried me into another, took his seat beside me and we rattled away. The whole affair had taken place so rapidly that the cab had covered at least a mile before I began to wonder what it all meant.

The cab stopped at the top of Park lane; we alighted, and walked on. Presently we entered a side street, and stopped before a door, which my guide opened with a latch key.

We were now in comparative darkness. I could make no note whatever of the surroundings, but I followed quickly upon the footsteps of my guide, and was finally ushered into a large room furnished as a boudoir in the extreme of modern fashion. Upon a couch lay what appeared to be the lifeless body of a gentleman dressed in evening attire. By his side was a lady, also in evening dress, kneeling upon the floor, her face buried in her hands.

"Madam," said my guide, "I have brought a surgeon; will you have the great goodness to retire?"

Sobbing bitterly, the lady rose, while the gentleman led her to a door concealed by curtains of pale blue satin, and when she disappeared he returned to me.

"That is your patient, doctor," said he; "save his life, and you will be made a comparatively rich man."

I proceeded to make a careful examination. The patient was a powerfully built man of four or five and twenty, with a strikingly handsome cast of countenance. His shirt front was suffused with blood, issuing from a wound in the breast—an old flesh wound, which, after partially healing, had suddenly reopened.

"The man is in mortal danger," I said.

"But he may recover?"

"There is one way of treating the case, which would mean either life or death."

"Are you willing to try that method?"

"Well, I will undertake it."

"Good! Now, to begin with, he must be removed. If he remains in this house, not all the skill in Christendom will save his life."

The first thing to be done was to dress the wound. In the course of the operation the gentleman recovered consciousness. As his eyes rolled slowly around the room he muttered feebly:

"Constance, where are you?"

Before he could say more my companion stepped quickly to his side and whispered something in his ear. At this the sick man groaned, turned his head wearily upon the pillow, and closed his eyes.

"My dear doctor," said my guide, "while you have been working I have been thinking. I have sketched in my mind our plan of action, and it must be followed or nothing can be done. For the present, then, your work is finished. Go home and wait for your patient, who will be removed to your house."

"To my house?"

"The whole arrangement," he continued, not heeding my interruption, "must be carried out with the utmost secrecy. Not a soul must see the patient carried from here—not a soul must see him enter your doors. I will arrange for the secrecy here—you must arrange for it on your side. Oblige me by making the requisite preparations, and, for the present, good-by."

Seeing that I was dismissed, I prepared to leave the room. I was reconducted down a flight of stairs, along a dark passage, and finally was shown again into the street.

My first move was to hail a hansom and drive at once to my house, my next to inform my servants that owing to sudden and unexpected work I should not be able to pay my visit to the country.

At 11 o'clock that night everything was in readiness for the patient's reception. My servants were all in bed and sleeping soundly—all except my man Schmitz, of whom I could rely, when I was startled by the faint ringing of my door bell. I answered it, and a figure hurriedly entered. A lady, clothed from head to foot in black and heavily veiled. She was trembling violently, and her dress was saturated with the heavily falling rain.

"Sir," she said, hurriedly, "I wish to speak to you, if you are Dr. Priestly."

Without a word I led the way into my study. She quietly raised her veil. Then I saw that my visitor was a young girl, about 20 years of age. Her skin was as white as alabaster, her hair as black as jet, while her eyes, large and lustrous, were fixed upon my face with a look which went to my very soul.

"Sir," she said sweetly, "I came to look at your face. I am glad that I came. The sight of you gives me courage."

"Indeed!" I replied; "I do not understand."

"I will explain, sir. You are about to receive into your care a patient, a young man who is suffering from a dangerous wound. I have come to tell you, sir, that that young man's life is more precious to me than my own; that if he dies, his innocent blood will be the stain upon me which will drag me to my grave, and—and," she added in trepidation, "I wish you to receive this, and also my solemn assurance that the day the gentleman is pronounced out of danger, I will make you a rich man!"

She held a pocketbook toward me. I saw that it was filled with notes. I motioned it back.

"If you will permit me to kiss your hand," I said, "and hear your name, that is all I ask."

At this peculiar request she drew herself up, and a strange look passed over her face, but after a moment's hesitation she extended her left hand. I raised the fingers and touched them with my lips.

"Your name is——"

"The Duchess d'Azzeglio."

"Married?"

"Yes, married," she repeated; and as she spoke the words I felt unaccountably troubled and disappointed. What did it all mean? Was I mad, or dreaming? It seemed that I was both, for one look into that face had changed my whole nature. And who was this man whom I was about to receive under my care? was he her husband—or—but no, not even in thought could I couple evil with such a face as that.

I rubbed my eyes to make sure of my wakefulness; I turned again to speak to the lady—she was gone. I ran to the door and opened it; there was no sign of a soul.

More mystified than ever, I returned to my room, and the first thing I saw was the pocketbook lying upon my table. I put it safely away under lock and key, and then, strangely agitated, I sat down to await the arrival of my mysterious patient.

Here for the present must end the transcript from Dr. Priestly's note book. It is now necessary to chronicle the events which culminated in the mysterious episode of the wounded man.

CHAPTER II.

Three years before the occurrence of the event chronicled in the preceding chapter, a lady was seated in a richly furnished dressing room in a house in Portland Place. It was 1 o'clock in the morning.

The lady, who was about 70 years of age, held a letter in her left hand, which hung at her side, and her whole attitude betokened expectancy.

At last there was a light tap upon the door and a young girl looked cautiously into the room, and crossing it, sunk upon the floor at the lady's feet.

"Dear grandmamma," she said, "it is so late for you to be up. When Osborne told me you wished to see me I could scarcely believe it. Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter that need alarm you, Constance. Why are you home so early?"

"The countess was indisposed, and wished to leave, so, of course, she brought me home. Grandma, that letter is from Frank, is it not?"

"Yes, dear."

"And it was to speak about that—that you determined to sit up until I returned from the ball?"

"Yes."

"Well," continued the girl, growing more nervous as she proceeded, "I had better tell you at once that Frank was at the ball to-night, and—and he proposed to me again!"

This time the old lady did not speak, but her face grew hard as iron. The girl trembled, noticing the change.

"Ah, do not be angry, dear," she said, showering warm kisses on the withered hands. "Do not blame Frank. He loves me, and I—oh, I love him so much; if you persist in keeping us apart, I shall not care to live!"

"This is folly, Constance," returned the old lady, gravely.

"That was what you said last year, grandma, and then I thought you might be right; I did not know. And since you wished it so very much, I promised you that I would try to cease to care for Frank. Well, I have tried; for one whole year I have neither seen him nor heard from him, but when he came into the room to-night I felt that never, until my dying day, could I love another man. Grandma, tell me why it is you are so obdurate. Do you think Frank is unworthy? Do you not see that you are breaking his heart—and mine?"

"Yours? Why should your heart break? What have you in the world to wish for? You have a title which most girls would give their souls for and you have all my wealth!"

"Wealth—a title—what are they without happiness! I tell you, grandma, I would rather be the poorest beggar that lose my Frank."

"Then this is your final decision; you are determined to marry Frank Howarth?"

"Yes."

"Despite all my care and devotion, in spite of all the money I have endowed you with; despite the fact that all my life I have been working to secure your happiness, you refuse to grant the only request I have ever made."

"Oh, do not say so! I would do anything in the world but that."

"Anything but that! What other request have I ever made or am likely to make? Well, the matter must rest so, I suppose. Good-night."

Slowly and deliberately she rose, her left hand grasping the letter with a cruel, venomous grip. For a moment the girl watched her with streaming eyes and wildly beating heart; then the old lady stooped to kiss her, but her kiss was as cold as ice.

At 10 o'clock the next morning Mrs. Meason took her place in the breakfast room at 6 Portland place with as calm an air as if nothing whatever had occurred to disturb her serenity on the night before.

When at length Lady Constance entered her face was pale and her eyes showed signs of recent tears. It was the dreariest of breakfasts; scarcely a word was spoken by either of the ladies present. When the meal was over, and the servants had left the room, Lady Constance walked over to where the old lady sat and knelt beside her chair.

"My child," she said, "you have done of your own free will the deed I would have shielded you from. You have laid beneath your own feet a mine which may one day destroy you."

"Grandma," cried the girl in terror, "what do you mean?"

"I mean that the day you marry Frank Howarth all happiness for you will end. He has his own family traits. Had you been a different girl, had you been cold, hard-hearted and callous, I should have given a very different answer that day when this young man asked for your hand. I should have married you to him, and through your agency your mother might have been avenged. But I saw that, despite my stern training, you had grown into a tender, timid girl, capable of loving very deeply, and, seeing this, I knew that your cousin Frank was the last man on whom you should set your heart."

"You disliked him so much even then," said the girl, reproachfully.

"Do you expect to find a fig upon a pear tree or a rose upon a thistle? He is a Howarth; that is enough."

There was a knock at the door; the footman entered, bearing a card, upon which the old lady read:

"Captain Frank Howarth."

"I will come to the drawing room," she said, and the footman retired.

Constance leaped to her feet, her face turning from red to deathly white; her hands, which trembled violently, eagerly clutched her companion's dress.

"Grandma," she cried, "what will you say?"

"If I send him away your heart will break; if he remains"—the old lady sighed heavily—"Well, perhaps it is better to enjoy a few hours of happiness," she continued, "since the issue must be the same." With these words she left the room.

Fully an hour passed, when the door again opened, and this time the figure of a young man appeared. He stretched forth his arms.

"Constance," he said, softly. With a glad cry Constance fluttered across the room and fell upon his breast.

"One hour, Connie," said he; "but you were waiting for me, my love, so it seemed to you like three."

"Now you are laughing. If you do not become serious and tell me what I wish to know I shall go to grandma. She is so strange; I cannot understand her, Frank. Sometimes I think she hates me."

"Yes, she is very singular," returned the young man, gravely, "but she does not hate you, darling."

"Then why is she afraid to see me happy, Frank—do you know?"

"Yes; but the story is a very sad one. Why should our happiness be clouded at the outset?"

(To be continued.)

Convinced.

It is said that although the celebrated advocate, Lord Erskine, was sometimes jocular and occasionally a little unfair in his treatment of witnesses, no man was better able than he to make them realize the foolishness or utter irrelevance of their replies without giving offense.

At one time a witness obstinately refused to be sworn in the usual manner, but stated that although he would not "kiss the book," he would "hold up his hand" and swear.

Erskine asked him what reason he had for preferring such an eccentric way to the ordinary method.

"It is written in the book of Revelations," replied the obstinate man, "that the angel standing on the sea 'held up his hand.'"

"That is very true," said Erskine, with a smile, "but I can hardly see how that applies to your case. In the first place, you certainly are not an angel. And in the second place you cannot tell, you have no means of knowing, how the angel would have sworn if he had stood on dry ground as you do."

There was no flippancy or irreverence in Erskine's tone, and after a moment's reflection the stubborn witness yielded the point, impressed by the advocate's common-sense view of the matter, and took the oath in the usual manner.

Oak Stain.

Equal parts of potash and pearl ash two ounces each to about one quart of water, give a good oak stain. Use carefully, as it will blister the hands. Add water if the color be too deep.

—According to La Nature, angle worms can be obtained anywhere by wetting the ground with a solution of blue vitriol or with soapsuds—which will bring them out in surprising numbers.

—M. Raoul Pictet, who has done much original chemical work at low temperatures, suggests that by making use of low temperatures syntheses may be obtained which would be otherwise impossible.

—Miss Alice C. Fletcher was elected one of the sectional Vice-Presidents of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the first honor of the sort extended to a woman by the association.

—A Frenchman has fitted his bicycle for hill climbing purposes with a pair of direct-acting cranks on the front wheel and a second saddle nearer the handle bars.

—Mexican fruit has become very popular in Kansas City, and quite a trade has grown up over the Mexican railroads. Chicago and Baltimore have received smaller quantities.

—Miss Ella Knowles, of Montana, settled a lawsuit between two mining companies by submitting an agreement so obviously just that both parties accepted it and paid her $10,000.

—A paper published in Germany, called the Fahrrad Export, is a cycle trade paper with every article and advertisement printed in German, English, French, Spanish and Russian.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S WALKS.

First Lady of the Land Takes a Daily Five-Mile Tramp.

Mrs. Cleveland always did walk more or less, but since her return to the White House last fall she has let very few samples of severe weather deter her from her daily constitutional. That is what it really is, a constitutional. Although nobody says anything about it, Mrs. Cleveland has been gaining flesh, and she has also been working energetically to keep it down.

Mrs. Cleveland doesn't ride a bicycle. She doesn't skate or play golf. She doesn't ride or hunt. In fact, she has none of the fun of the outdoor life that is open to women who live in an executive mansion and have to keep up official dignity. That is why she has taken to walking. Rain or shine, no matter

MRS. CLEVELAND OUT IN THE RAIN.

what is on for the evening, Mrs. Cleveland is ready for her constitutional about 10:30.

Under ordinary circumstances any woman in Washington would be delighted to be honored with an invitation to keep Mrs. Cleveland company for a couple of hours during the forenoon. Most of them did try it for a while. After a couple of experiences all but the strongest have been content to make a plea of sickness.

Mrs. Cleveland's preference is always for a black skirt. This winter she has usually worn one of the wide-gored black skirts of heavy cheviot. Over this she has a short jacket, single-breasted, with the buttons concealed under the flap of the coat. The sleeves of the coat are not abnormally immense. A superb chinchilla cape of the new winter fashion, very full and ripply, covers her shoulders. Its high collar is turned up only in the most biting weather. It is an immense cape, and must have been made to order to suit Mrs. Cleveland's shoulders. On her head is a little black toque of velvet and astrakhan, with a couple of wings at the side and front. There is nothing striking or especially fashionable about the outfit. It is quiet and comfortable, and designed for ease also.

The daily stretch is not less than five miles. If there is time and a companion who is equal to it it is six or seven miles. This is one of the reasons everybody has been saying how well the President's wife looked, says the New York World. When she comes up the walk to the White House her eyes are clear and bright. Her cheeks are flushed with the exercise, and it is to be hoped that the real purpose of the training is being accomplished. Two of the women who have held out best and have been her most frequent companions are Mrs. Minot, the daughter of Secretary of State Olney, and Miss Harmon, daughter of the new Attorney General of the Cabinet.

SOUTH AFRICAN RULER.

Judge Steyn, the New President of the Orange Free State.

Judge Steyn, who has recently been elected president of the Orange Free State, was chief justice of that country before his elevation to the office of the presidency. The position had been filled by the late F. W. Reitz.

JUDGE STEYN.

Judge Steyn's election is considered a Boer victory, as his candidacy was indorsed and promoted by President Kruger, of the Transvaal. Dr. Jameson and his raid into the South African republic had the sympathy of the uitlanders, or noncitizens, of the Orange Free State. Steyn stood for the conservative or Boer interests, and his election shows the tide is flowing against British domination in this part of Africa. He is an able jurist, a good statesman and a strong man. The country over which he will rule is an independent Dutch republic in South Africa. On the south of it is Cape Colony, on the west Griqualand, the Transvaal on the north and Natal on the east. Its area is 48,326 square miles. The total population numbers 207,508, of whom nearly 80,000 are whites. The government consists of a president and a council appointed by the volksraad. The country is divided into nineteen districts, with a "landrost" to each appointed by the president and confirmed by the volksraad. The volksraad is a legislative body elected by the adult white burghers, half of the body vacating seats every two years.

IN HER COUNTRY'S BEHALF.

Wife of the Spanish Minister Working Hard for Spain's Cause.

One of the best diplomats that Spain has in this country is Mme. Dupuy de Lome, wife of the Spanish minister in Washington. She is a tall and beautiful woman and speaks English as fluently as she does her native tongue. It is said she has tried to get the wives of the statesmen to promise to use the influence of their husbands in the interest of Spain, and that she has even herself furnished documents to those

MME. DUPUY DE LOME.

who wished them. There is no doubt but that she takes the deepest interest in the plans of her husband, feeling that the success of his diplomatic mission depends on his efforts to stem the tide of Cuba's popularity. She is doing all that her womanly attractiveness can to make more easy her husband's difficult pathway. Nor does she confine her efforts to her own sex. She has approached Senators in a delicate, womanly way, and it is said has made of some of them champions of Spain's cause.

The family of Minister de Lome is a very happy one, there being two pretty boys of about 8 and 10, who are taught daily by their mother.

BAR ROOMS HIGH AND LOW.

The Highest Is on a Mount and the Lowest in a Mine.

Wherever civilization goes the sale of alcoholic liquor goes with it. This great and remarkable fact receives fresh illustration from the pictures of the high-

AT THE TOP OF MONT BLANC.

est and lowest bar rooms in the world. One of these bar rooms, that at the bottom of the mine, is a new thing. The other is a necessary attachment of a highly respectable institution, an observatory on Mont Blanc.

One bar room is 750 below the surface of the earth, in the Chantler mine, St. Louis County, Minnesota. The Chantler is one of the numerous mines in the Vermillion range, a hard iron ore belt, and is about ninety miles from Duluth. The miners who work there are Finlanders and Hungarians, and extremely fond of alcohol. They all carry knives, with blades four inches long, which they draw frequently.

From time to time miners were arrested for committing murderous assaults in the mines, and sent to Duluth for trial. They were in an advanced state of intoxication. The managers of the mines noticed that men who went

AT BOTTOM OF A COAL MINE.

down perfectly sober came up blind drunk. This could not be due to the influence of coal dust, but it was some time before the true cause was discovered.

The other bar is a very different affair. It is in connection with the French observatory, at the top of Mont Blanc, which is 15,777 feet high. There you can get the best of French cognac and champagne. Everything is in striking contrast to the raw alcohol of the mine.

The Vastness of the Oceans.

The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles; taking the whole surface of the globe at 197,000,000, and its greatest depth supposed to be equal to that of the highest mountain, or four miles. The Pacific ocean covers 78,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 25,000,000, the Mediterranean 1,000,000.

"To my mind," remarked Squildig, "Nansen's greatest difficulty is not finding the north pole." "What is Nansen's greatest difficulty?" asked McSwilligen. "Finding his way back home."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

If you thing anyone is wise, it is because you don't know him very well.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Church Garden."

TEXT: "Thou shalt be like a watered garden."—Isaiah, lviii., 11.

The Bible is a great poem. We have it in faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling antitheses and rapturous lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and 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 this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer thrashing floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels, from the fish pools of Heshbon 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 Leasowers," 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 £300 for it. He sold it for £17,000. And yet I am to 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. 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 can see 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 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 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 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 there the cactus, the flaming azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to His garden, and He plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowed 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 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 canunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting, and many a man who has come to some great black rock of trouble has found that they have 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 wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. 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, "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 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." 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 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 radiants, always impressive, more like the roses of deep hue than we occasionally find, called "Giants of Battle," the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wycliffs, Latimers and Samuel Rutherfords. 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 prayers take fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylæ. 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 snowdrops, 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; 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 Cabove 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 startled. You say, "Why, this flower has been 100 years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be 100 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 1900 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 its 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. His 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 appropriately be 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 posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." I 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 cornerstone to every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee, He laid the cornerstone 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 cornerstone of every hospital 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 glourious 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, but are you 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 tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women—holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander, nobler collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

There are Christian men in this house whose religion is not a matter of psalm singing and church going. To-morrow 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 here to-day of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work that she may sit there too. There is a woman who has a drunkard husband who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage that Ridley in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Hers has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has been fifteen years on his back, unable to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven, watching the cameos dip their paddle in the crystal river! Why, it makes me think of one of St. Paul threw to us a pomologist's catalogue of the fruits growing in this great garden of Christ—love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy, glorious fruit, enough to fill all the baskets of earth and heaven.

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. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around us were dearth and barrenness, but there were pipes, and aqueducts, reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through those aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains, until every root and leaf and flower was saturated. That is like the church. The church is a garden in the midst of a room desert of sin and suffering, but it is well irrigated, for "our eyes are unto the hills from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. "There is a river the stream whereof shall make glad the city of our God." Preaching the gospel is one of the aqueducts. The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's supper are aqueducts. Water to slake the thirst, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the Son of Righteous, showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh, was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated! You know that the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place, Chatsworth, one day when strangers are not to be admitted, but by an inducement which always seemed as potent with an Englishman as an American I got in, and then the gardener went far up above the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement coming down from step to step until it came so near I could hear the musical rush and all over the high, broad stairs it came foaming, flashing, roaring down, until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the church of God. Everything comes from above—pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, sanctification from above.

Hark? I hear the latch of the garden gate, and I look to see who is coming. I hear the voice of Christ. "I am come into My garden." I say: "Come in, O Jesus! We have been waiting for Thee. Walk all through the paths. Look at the flowers, look at the fruit; pluck that which Thou wilt for Thyself." Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man and touches him, and says: "Almost home, father; not many more aches for thee. I will never leave thee. Take courage a little longer, and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest. Courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path, and He comes to a soul in trouble and says: "Peace! All is well. I have seen thy tears. I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil. He will preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled spirit!"

Then I see Jesus going up another garden path, and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I hasten up that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and lo! He is breaking off flowers sharp and clean from the stem, and I say, "Stop, Jesus; don't kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says: "I have come into My garden to gather lilies, and I mean to take these up to a higher terrace, for the garden around My palace, and there I will plant them, and in better soil and in better air they shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them forever." I looked up into His face and said: "Well, it is His garden, and He has a right to do what He will with it. Thy will be done!" the hardest prayer ever man made.

It has seemed as if Jesus Christ took the best; from many of your households the best one is gone. You know that she was too good for this world; she was the gentlest in her ways, the deepest in her affections, 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 the Lord Jesus Christ, you surrendered that treasure you said: "Lord Jesus, take it. It is the best we have; take it. Thou art worthy!" The others in the household may have been of grosser mold. She was of the finest.

The heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun until you get there. All the kindness shown them by immortals will not make them forget you. There they are, the radiant throngs that went out from your homes. I throw a kiss to the sweet darlings. They are all well now in the palace. The crippled child has a sound foot now. A little lame child says, "Ma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No, my darling, you won't be lame in heaven." A little sick child says, "Ma, will I be sick in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be sick in heaven." A little blind child says, "Ma, will I be blind in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be blind in heaven. They are all well there."

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 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 to-day and pluck a little heart's 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 hour 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 to-day 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 forever. Her bell tolls. The planks thunder back in the gangway. She shoves 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.

EARLY ELECTIONS.

Seven States Cast Their Votes Previous to November.

Elections will be held in seven States of the Union prior to the general election of November. In five of the States the elections will be for State, municipal and county officials only, but in the two other States will include also the election of members of the National House of Representatives.

Vermont will hold a general election September 1 for the election of Governor, State officials, Legislature and county officials and the members of the National House of Representatives. Maine will hold an election September 14, and will choose a Governor, a Legislature and county officers, the Legislature selecting the higher State officers. At this election the members of the National House of Representatives will also be chosen.

Arkansas will hold an election September 7, at which will be chosen all State, county and municipal officers, from constable to Governor, with Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Associate Justice and Legislature. The contest is mainly between the Democrats and Republicans, but the Democrats are confident of carrying the State.

In Alabama, August 3 has been set aside for the election of Governor, other State officials, the Legislature and some of the county officers. The contest will be principally between the Populists and the Democrats, unless the Populists and the Republicans should make a combination.

In Florida an election will be held October 5 to choose a Governor, other State officials, a majority of the county officials, all of the Lower House of the Legislature and half of the State Senate. The campaign has not fairly opened, and the contest for the nominations has not begun. It is said there is little doubt that the Democrats will carry the State, and the Democratic State Convention has been called for June 16.

Georgia will hold an election October 7, at which will be chosen everything except the Federal officials. It is said that the Governor and the other State officers will doubtless be renominated. The Democrats are confident of carrying the State, and will hold their State convention June 25.

Louisiana held an election April 21 for Governor and State officers, a Legislature and district, parish and local officers. The Leg