DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

Subject: "Significance of the Flowers"— They Bear Messages of Cheer to the Heart-sick and Despairing—Their Ap-propriateness at Obsequies.

TEXT: "If then God so clothe the grass which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?"—Luke xii., 28.

The lily is the queen of Bible flowers. The lose may have disputed her throne in modern times and won it, but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present becuty. In the Bible train, cassia and hyssop and frankineense and myrrh and spikenard and camphor and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ, Cæsar had his throne on the hills. The lily had her throne in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan, entered the house of the interpreter, and was shown a cluster of flowers and was told to "consider the lilies."

for you, His living and immortal children?
He will.
No wonder Martin Luther always had a
flower on his writing desk for inspiration!
Through the cracks of the prison floor a
flower grew up to cheer Picciola. Mungo
Park, the great traveler and explorer, had
his lite saved by a flower. He sank down
in the desert to die; but, seeing a flower
near by, it suggested God's merciful care,
and he got up with new courage and
traveled on to safety. I said the flowers
are the angels of the grass. I add now they
are evangels of the sky.
If you ask me the question, What are
flowers good for? I respond, they are
good for the bridal day. The bride must
have them on her brow, and she must
have them in her band. The marriage
altar must be covered with them. A wed
ding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music, At
such a time they are for congratulation
and prophecies of good. So much of the
pathway of life is covered up with thorns,
we ought to cover the beginning with orange blossoms.

Flowers are appropriate on such occasions, for in ninety-nine out of 100 cases
it is the very best thing that could have
happened. The world may criticise and
pronounce it an inaptitude and may lift
its eyebrows in surprise and think it might
suggest something better, but the God

tis the very best thing that could have happened. The world may criticise and pronounce it an inspitude and may lift its eyebrows in surprise and think it might suggest something better, but the God who sees the twenty, forty, fifty years of wedded life before they have begun arranges for the best. So that flowers, in almost all cases, are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergences of disposition will become correspondences, recklessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality.

There has been many an aged widowed soul who had a carefully locked bureau and in the bureau a box and in the box a folded paper and in the folded paper a half blown rose, slightly fragrant, discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there forty or fifty years ago. On the anniversary day of her wedding she will go to the bureau, she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper and to her eyes will be exposed the half blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her and, a tear will drop upon the flower and suddenly it is transfigured, and there is a stir in the dust of the anther and it rounds out and it is full of life and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church asle, and the dead music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air, and vanished faces reappear and right hands are joined and a manly voice promises, "I will, for better or for worse." and the wedding march thunders a saivo of joy at the departing crowd, but a sigh on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep fetched breath the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud, which is put into the paper and then into the box and the box carefully placed in the bureau, and with a sharp, sudden click of the flowers on your wedding day be false prophecies! Be blind to each other's excellences. Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand and the benediction of the calla lilies.

If you ask me the qu

between a grave in a country churchyard, with the fence broken down and the tombstone asiant and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the muliein stalks and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Greenwood, the wave of roseate bloom rolling to the top of the mounds and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the billows of dust. It is the difference between sleeping under rags and sleeping under an embroidered bianket. We want old Mortality with his chisel to go through all the graveyards in Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand we want old Mortality to have some flower seed in the palm of the other hand.

"Oh," you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them." I think you are mistaken. There are not so many steamers and trains coming to any living city, as there are convoys coming from

you are mistaken. There are not so many steamers and trains coming to any living city, as there are convoys coming from heaven to earth, and if there be instantaneous and constant communication between this wor'd and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why had God planted "goldenrod" and wild flowers in the forest and on the prairie, where no human eye ever sees them. He planted them there for invisible intelligences to look at and admire, and when invisible intelligences come to look at the wild flowers of the woods and the tablelands, will they not make excursion and see the flowers which you have planted in affectionate remembrance of them?

When I am dead, I would like to have a handful of violets—any one could pluck them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water lily—nothing rarely expensive, no insane dis-

them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water lily —nothing rarely expensive, no insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites, where the display takes the bread from the children's mouths and the clothes from their backs, but something from the great democracy of flowers. Rather than imperil catafalque of Russian Czar, I ask some one whom I may have helped by gospel sermon or Christian deed to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of China asters.

It was left for modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral gospel. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pligrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain. If I had my way, I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden handled casket or pine box,

er up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden handled casket or pine box, whether a king's mausoleum or potter's field, with radiant or aromatic arborescence. The Bibie says, "In the midst of the garden there was a sepulchre." I wish that every sepuichre might be in the midst of the garden.

If you ask me the question, What are flowers good for? I answer, "For religious symbolism." Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bibe is an arboretum, it is a divine conservatory, it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to filustrate the brevity of the brightest human life, you will quote from Job, "Man comethorth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the psalmist, "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth; the wind passeth over it and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah, "All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the apostle, "As the flower of the grass, so the apostle, "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away." What graphic Bible

the aposeth away." What graphic bloom he passeth away." What graphic symbolism? Flowers also afford mighty symbolism of Christ, who compared Himself to the ancient queen, the illy, and the modern queen, the rose, when He said: "I am the rose of Sharon and the illy of the valley." Redoint like the one, humble like the other. Like both appropriate for the sad who want pathizers and for the rejoicing who hanqueters. Hovering over the marginal statement of the same symbol.

oatnizers and for the rejoicing who hanqueters. Hovering over the marsym.

yant riage ceremony like a handling bell, or want of the dead. Ob, Christ, let the perfume of Thy name be watted all around the earth—lily and rose, lily and rose—until the wilderness crimson into a garden and the round earth turn into one great bud of immortal beauty laid against the warm heart of God! Snatch down from the world's banners eagle and lion and put on lily and rose.

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

However labyleness have no present and the proverse the second and the proverse the second and the proverse the second and the mauscleum.

However labyrinthine the mausoleum, however costly the sarcophagus, however architecturally grand the necropolls, however architecturally grand the necropolls, however be beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and mother—they must come out. Hothers and sisters—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that with trembling fingers we closed must open in the lustre of resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must join ours in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be returned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues—it must come up. Oth, how long it seems for some of you! Waiting—waiting for the resurrection! How long! How long! I make for your broken hearts to-day a cool, soft bandage of lilies. I comfort you this day with the thought of resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were thirty trumpeters stationed at the door of the cathedral with instruments of music in hand waiting for the signal, and when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's Cathedral these thirty trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on. But I have to tell you what thirty trumpeters could not do for one man one trumpeter will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on and the clock of the world's destiny strikes 9, 10, 11, 12, and time shall be no longer! Behold the archangel hovering! He takes the trumpet, points it this way, puts its lips to his lips, and then blows one long, loud, terrific. thunderous, some from the country graveyard. Here a spirit is joined to another body, and millions of departed spirits are assorting the boddes, and then recon

Li Hung Chang to Return to Power. It is reported at Pekin, China, that Li Hung Chang will soon return to Pekin.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Saloon-Keeper's Song—An Appeal to Those Citizens Who Look With Easy Complacency Upon the Terrible Mis-ery Produced by Intemperance.

ery Produced by Intemperance.

Give us a call! We keep good beer,
Wine, brandy and whisky here.
Our doors are open to boys and men,
And even women, now and then.
We lighten their purse, we taint their
breaths,
We swell up the column of awful deaths.
All kinds of crimes we sell for dimes,
In our sugared poison so sweet to taste.
If you've money, position, or time to
waste,

Give us a call!

Give us a call!

Give us a call! we'll dull your brains,
We'll give you headaches and racking
pains,
We'll make you old when you yet are
young,
Io lies and slander we'll train your tongue.
We'll make you shirk from all useful work, Make theft and forgery seem fair play, And murder a pastime sure to pay, Give us a call!

Give us a call! we are cunning and wise: We are bound to succeed, for we advertise In the family papers, the journals that

In the family papers, the journals called claim

To be pure in morals and fair of fame. Husbands, brothers and sons will read Our kind invitations, and some will heed And give us a call; we pay for all The space in the papers we occupy.

And there's little in life that money won't buy

And there's intermine the world, and buy
If you would go down in the world, and not up,
If you would be slain by the snake is the cup,
Or lose your soul in the flowing bowl,
If you covet shame and a blasted name,
Give us a call

Are There Such Men?

Are There Such Men?

If there are men who care not for the body the brain or the soul of their fellow man, who can visit public penal and pauper institutions and asylums for the insane and idiotic, and look, with easy complacency upon their terrible evidences of preventible misery—men whose standard of basiness prosperity is represented by the revenue of some hotel barroom—whose estimates of real estate appreciation or depreciation are basel upon the available rental, for gin-shops, of shanties that no reputable business would occupy, if rent free—men who can think of no moral or social happiness except as attained in the parlor of a fashlonable liquor drinking club—men who measure the spiritual and religious status of the people by the visible piety of the average daily newspaper. Men who think that the implements and institutions for educating young men into bummers and tramps are entitled to equal legal protection and encouragement to that accorded to public schools, and that homes, churches and schools havo no rights relative to the rum-shop other thar the rights of a gladiator minus decent protection for a fair fight. Men who insist that their own facilities for guzzling muss not be impaired no matter what becomes of starving and beaten wives and children, of starving and beaten wives and children, of the duty of a clizen is represented if the ability to trade his influence in behalf of protection to rum-shops, in exchange for their votes, if there be such men, our words will neither profit nor interest them. They must await a special manifestatior of divine power and grace, before any influence of mere human words can find entrance to their souls.—National Temper

trance to their souls.—National Temper ance Advocate.

Conquered by a Drinking Cup Conquered by a Drinking Cup.
Alexander the Great, made an imperiabanquet at Babylon, and though he had
been drinking the health of guests all one
night, and all next day, the second night
he had twenty guests, and he drank the
health of each separately. Then calling
for the cup of Hercules, the giant, a monster cup, he filled and drained it twice, to
show his endurance; but as he finished the
last draught from the cup of Hercules, the
giant, he dropped in a fit from which he
never recovered.
Alexander who conquered Sardis, and

guar, ne dropped in a fit from which he never recovered.

Alexander who conquered Sardis, and conquered Halicarnassus and conquered Azia, and conquered the world, could not conquer himself.

And there is a threatening peril that this good land of ours, having conquered all with whom it has ever gone into battle, may yet be overthrown by the cup of the giani evil of the land, that Hercules of infamystrong drink. Do not let the staggering embruted host of drunkards go into the next century looking for insane asylums, and aims houses, and delirium tremens, and dishonored graves.—Rev. Dr. T. DeWitTaimage.

No Respecter of Homes.

Former United States Senator Merriman of South Carolina, said: "I have never drank or meddled with liquor. I have seldom used it in my family as a medicine, and yet it has meddled with me—it has made my boy a wandering vagabond, has broken my wife's heart. Yes, when I was asleep, thinking him at home in his bed, he was being made a drundard in the barrooms in the city of Raleigh. What assurance, my friend, have you that this may not be repeated in your home? The saloon is no respecter of homes. It invades the homes of love, of wealth and of Christian people alike, and knows no sympathy for tears, heartache and disappointed love. No the saloon will not—does not—let you alone."

Drinking or a Sheep.

Drinking or a Sheep.

A farmer employed a man. His new hand was addicted to drinking alcoholies. "John," said the farmer, "I'll give ye one o' my best sheep if ye'll give up drinking while ye work for me."

"It's a bargain."

A grown son of the farmer said: "Pa, will you give me a sheep, too, if I'll not drink?"

will you give me a sade, told drink?"

"Yes."

The little boy said: "Pa, will you give me a sheep, too, if I'll not drink?"

"Yes."

The little boys said: "Pa, hadn't you bet ter take a sheep?"

"I'll try it."

The old gentleman declared that he had made the best investment in sheep that season he had ever made."

Shots at the Rum Demon.

Look before you leap, the ditch may be

Look before you star, deep.

A saloon keeper is never so happy as when his spirits are steadily going down.

Total abstinence is not a fad. With some it is a necessity, with others a means for self-sanctification.

There are only sixteen breweries in Mexico, of which three are in the capital. The largest is in Monterey.

The statement is made that as many die annually in England from drunkenness as in India from war, famine and pestilence combined.

Often drunk, never sober, falls like leaves in October. in October.

The discouragements incident upon total abstinence work are more than made up for in the thought that there really is continual progress in the direction of temperance. On every side we see evidence of this fact.

this fact.

The home is the test school of temperance, and blest are the children who find in their home life an atmosphere of temperance, and who are accustomed from their earliest years to an attitude of hostility to drink and its sevil consequences.

China Like a Graveyard.

The wife of an American naval officer stationed at Tien-Tsin, China, writes thus to a friend in Baltimore: "The trip by train from the landing to Tien-Tsin takes about an hour and a half. The cars are not palatial, but they are comfortable. When you land hundreds of coolies besiege you for your baggage. You wonder how it ever reaches it; destination in safety. The trip is somewhat interesting, but rather desolate to take alone. You pass through miles of graveyards. There are thousands of mounds without a sign of green grass or green leaf. out a sign of green grass or green leaf. China seems to be one vast graveyard, for they bury their dead anywhere they wish. They bury in large coffins placed on the surface of the ground, covered over with a surface of the ground. ered over with mud and earth. This is blown and washed away, and then the coffins are exposed to view. A few miles from the railroad station on the river you come to trees and vegeta-tion. It reminds you of some of the poor land that some of our railroads at home go through."—New York

Cincinnati people love to tell this story on General Benjamin F. Butler: He was one of a commission to examine young applicants for admission to the bar, and before him came a youth who failed miserably on all that pertained to invisure deeper. pertained to jurisprudence, case law, civil law, sumptuary law, unwritten law and due process of law. Finally, Butler, who rather liked the chap and wanted to see him through, asked: "What would you like to be examined what would you like to be examined in? You have failed in everything we have suggested." The reply came: "Try me on the statutes; I'm up on them." Butler shook his head solemnly. "My young friend," he said, "I'm afraid you won't do. You may he ever so femiliar with the soid, "I'm afraid you won't do. You may be ever so familiar with the statutes, but what is to prevent a fool Legislature from repealing all you know?"-New York Press.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money

The Chinese are gradually blending themselves into the social community in Australia.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

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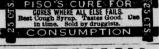


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