

## SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALLMAGE'S  
STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Maytime Thoughts."

TEXT. "A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters and streams from Lebanon."

Some of the best gardens of olden times were to be found at the foot of Mount Lebanon. Snow descended, and winter whitened the top of the mountain. Then when the warm spring weather came the snows melted and poured down the side of the mountain and gave great luxuriance to the gardens at the foot, and you see now the allusion of my text when it speaks of the fountain of gardens and streams from Lebanon.

Again and again the church is represented as a garden all up and down the word of God, and it is a figure specially suggestive at this season of the year, when the parks and the orchards are about to put forth their blossom and the air is filled with bird song.

A mother wished to impress her child with the love of God, and so in the spring-time, after the ground had been prepared in the garden, she took a handful of flower seeds and scattered them in shape of letters all across the bed of the garden. Weeks passed by, and the rains and the sun had done their work, and one day the child came in and said: "Mother, come quickly to the garden—come now." The mother followed the child to the garden, and the little child said: "Look here, mother. See! It is spelled all over the ground in flowers, God is love."

Oh, my friends, if we had faith enough we could see Gospel lessons all around and about us—lessons in shells on the beach, lessons in sparkles on the wave, lessons in stars on the sky, lessons in flowers all over the earth.

Well, my friends, you know very well that there have been some beautiful gardens created. There was the garden of Chambray, and you remember that this king of the gardeners laid out all through the realm and decided by decree of government what kind of flowers should be planted in those gardens. Henry IV., at Montpelier decreed that there should be flowers planted throughout his realm and gardens laid out, and he specially decreed that there should be Alpine pyramids and French plants. Shenshens, then, was more celebrated for his gardens than for his poetry. His poetry has faded from the ages for that part, but his gardens are immortal. To all the beauty of his place he added perfection of art. Pallades and arch and arbor and fountain and rustic temple had their most wonderful specimens, and the oak, and the hazel, and the richest woods of the forest were planted in that garden. He had genius, and he had industry, and all his genius and all his industry he applied to the beautification of that garden. He gave for it \$1500, and he sold it at last for \$35,000, or what was equal to that sum of dollars. It was an expensive garden, but it was a great garden. And yet I have to tell you now of a garden of vaster expense—the garden spoken of in my text—a fountain of gardens with the streams from Lebanon.

Walter Scott, the great ambition of his life to build Abbotsford and lay out extensive gardens round about it. It broke his heart that he could not complete the work he desired it. At his last payment of £100,000, after laying out these gardens and building that palace at Abbotsford, at that time his heart broke, his health failed, and he died almost an imbecile.

A few years ago, when I walked through those gardens and I thought at what vast expense they had been laid out—at the expense of a man's life—it seemed I could see in the crimson flowers the blood of the old man's broken heart. But I have to tell you now of a garden laid out at vast expense. Who can calculate that vast expense? Tell me, ye women who watched him hang; tell me, ye executioners who lifted and let him down; tell me, thou son that didst hide and ye rocks that didst hide the laying out of this garden cost. This morning, amid the aroma and brightness of the springtime, it is appropriate that I show you how the church of Christ is a garden.

I remark first that it is a garden because of the rare plants in it. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. I: you cannot find them anywhere else, you will find them along the paths, and you will find them at the gateway.

If there be no especial taste and no especial means, you will find there the hollyhock, and the dahlia, and the dahlia. If there be no especial taste and no especial means, you will find the Mexican cactus and the bluebell, and the arbutus, and the clusters of oleanders.

Flowers there must be in every garden, and I have to tell you that in the garden of the church are the rarest of flowers. Sometimes you will find the violet, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven—Christian souls with no pretense, but of vast usefulness, comparatively unknown on earth, but to be glorious in time. You cannot tell where these Christians have been saved by the brightening face of the invalid, or the steaming tureen of the stand near the sick pillow, or the new curtain that keeps out the glare of the sun from the poor man's cot. Such characters are perhaps better typified by the ranunculus which goes creeping between the thorns and the briars of this life, giving a kiss for a while, and many a man has thought that life before him was black rock of trouble and found it covered all over with delightful jasmine of Christian sympathy.

In this garden of the Lord I find the Mexican cactus, loveliness within, thorns without, men with great sharpness of behavior and manner, but within them the peace of God, the love of God, the grace of God. They are hard men to handle, ugly men to touch, very apt to strike back when you strike them, yet within them all loveliness and attraction, while outside so completely unlovely, Mexican cactus all the time. I said a placid elder to a Christian minister. "Doctor, you would do better to control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the placid elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." These people, gifted men, who have great exasperation of manner and seem to be very different from what they should be, really have in their souls that which commends them to the Lord. Mexican cactus all the time. So a man said to me years ago: "Do you think I ought to become a member of the church? I have such a violent temper."

"Yesterday I was crossing Jersey City ferry. It was very early in the morning, and I saw a milkman putting a large quantity of water into his can, and he said: 'That is enough, sir, and he got off the boat and insulted me, and I knocked him down.' Well," said he, "do you think I could ever become a Christian?" That man had in his soul the love of the Lord Jesus, but outside he was full of thorns, and full of brambles, and full of exasperations, but he could not hear the story of a Saviour's mercy told without having the tears roll down his cheek. There was loveliness within, but roughness outside. Mexican cactus all the time.

But I remember in boyhood that we had in our garden a flower which was called the Giant. It was a peculiar flower, very red, and very large, and so in the garden of the

Lord we had that kind of flower—the Pauls and Martin Luthers, the Weyffs, the John Knoxes—giants of battle. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they pray, their prayers take fire; when they suffer, they sweat great drops of blood; when they preach, it is a pentecost; when they fight, it is Thermopylae; when they die, it is martyrdom—giants of battle. You say, "Why have we not more of them in the church of Christ at this time?" I answer your question by asking another, "Why have we not more Cromwells and Humbolds in the world?" God wants only a few giants of battle. They do their work, and they do it well.

But I find also in the church of God a plant that I shall call the snowdrop, very beautiful, but cold. It is very pure—pure as the snowdrop, beautiful as the snowdrop and as cold as the snowdrop. No special sympathy. That kind of man never loses his patience; he never weeps, he never passes with anger; he never utters a rash word. Always cold, always proper, always passive—beautiful snowdrop, but I don't like him. I would rather have one Giant of Battle than 5000 snowdrops.

Give me a man who may make some mistakes in his ardor for the Lord's service rather than the kind of nature which spends its whole life in doing but one thing, and that is keeping equilibrium. There are snowdrops in all the churches—men without any sympathy. Very good; they are in the garden of the Lord; therefore I know they ought to be there, but always snowdrops.

You have seen in some places perhaps a century plant. I do not suppose there is a person in this house who has ever seen more than one century plant in full bloom, and when you see the century plant your emotions are stirred. You look at it and say, "This flower has been waiting for its opportunity for a whole century, and it will bloom again for another hundred years." Well, I have to tell you that in this garden of the church, spoken of in my text, there is a century plant.

In his gathered up its bloom from all the ages of eternity, and in centuries ago it put forth its glory. It is not only a century plant, but a passion flower—the passion flower of Christ, a crimson blood, blood at the root and blood on the leaves, the passion flower of Jesus, the century plant of eternity. Come, O winds from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and let them perfume this flower through all Nations.

His worth, if all the Nations knew, Sure the whole earth would love Him too. Thou, the Christ of all the ages, hast garments smelling of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces.

Go further and say the church of Christ is a garden, and the garden of the church is a garden because of its thorough irrigation. There can be no luxuriant garden without plenty of water. I saw a garden in the midst of the desert amid the Rocky mountains. I said, "How is it possible you have so many flowers, so much rich fruit, in a desert for miles around?" I suppose some of you have seen those gardens. Well, they have had aqueducts and pipes reaching up to the hills, and the snows melted on the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky mountains and then poured down in water to those aqueducts, and it ran out in the fields in great luxuriance.

And I thought to myself, how like the garden of Christ! All around the barrenness of sin and the barrenness of the world, and yet the water of life, the water of grace, the water of the Holy Spirit, and it runs down the hills, and it runs down the mountains, and it runs down the valleys, and it runs down the fields, and it runs down the gardens, and it runs down the streets, and it runs down the paths, and it runs down the hearts of men.

Water to refresh the fainting, the thirst, the unclean, water to toss up in fountain under the sun of righteousness until you can see the rainbow around the throne.

I wandered in a garden of Brazilian cashew nut, and I saw the luxuriance of those gardens was helped by the abundant supply of water. I came to it on a day when the water was not admitted, but by a strange coincidence, at the moment I got in, the king's chariot passed, and the gardener went up on flashing down the broad stairs of stone until sunlight and wave in gleams, myrtle tumbled at my feet. And so it is with this garden of Christ. Everything comes from above—pardon from above, peace from above, comfort from above, sanctification from above. Streams from Lebanon. Oh, the consolation in this thought! Would God that the gardeners turned on the fountain of salvation in the place where we sit and stand might become Elin with twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees, but I hear His sound at the garden gate. I hear the lifting of the latch of the gate. I hear the coming of the Gardener. He passes in through the garden gate, and He comes to the aged man, and He says: "Old man, I come to help thee. I come to strengthen thee. Down to hoary hairs I will shelter thee; I will give thee a new heart; I will give thee a new life. I will never forsake thee. Peace, broken hearted old man; I will be thy consolation forever."

Christ, the Gardener, comes up another path of the garden, and He says: "I am a soul in great trouble, and He says, 'Hush, troubled spirit; the sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night; the Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; the Lord shall preserve thy soul.' And then the Gardener comes up another path of the garden, and He comes to the aged man, and He says: 'Old man, I come to help thee. I come to strengthen thee. Down to hoary hairs I will shelter thee; I will give thee a new heart; I will give thee a new life. I will never forsake thee. Peace, broken hearted old man; I will be thy consolation forever.'"

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this world are looking for that flower they never can find except in the garden of Christ!

Substantial comfort will not grow in pasture's barren soil.

All we can boast till Christ we know is vanity and toil.

How many have tried all the fountains of this world's pleasure, but never tasted of the stream from Lebanon! How many have revelled in other gardens to their soul's ruin, but never plucked one flower from the garden of our God! I swing open all the gates of our garden and invite you in, whatever your history, whatever your sins, whatever your temptations, whatever your trouble. The invitation comes no more to one than to all, "Whosoever will, let him come."

The flowers of earthly gardens soon fade, but, blessed be God, there are garlands that never wither, and through the grace of Christ Jesus we may enter into the joys which are provided for us at God's right hand. Oh, come into the garden. And remember, as the closing thought, that God not only brings us into a garden here, but it is a garden all the way with those who trust and love and serve Him, a garden all through the struggles of this life, a garden all up the slope of heaven.

There ever, in spring abides And never withering flowers, Death, like a narrow stream, divides That heavenly land from ours.

### WHITE CAPS' WAR

Mississippi Troops Are Ordered to Fire at Their Approach.

JACKSON, Miss., May 8.—On an urgent telegram from Sheriff McNair, endorsed by several citizens, Gov. Stone has ordered the military companies of Crystal Springs and Hazlehurst to leave for Brookhaven at once for duty. Adj.-Gen. Henry has left for Brookhaven, and will assume command. Gov. Stone left last night. The excitement at Brookhaven is greater than it has been at any time since the mob's visit.

Reliable information has been received that the Whitecaps are organizing at several places near Brookhaven, that they have purchased immense quantities of ammunition of the surrounding towns and are preparing to make an attack immediately.

Adj.-Gen. Henry has instructed the troops to fire just as soon as the Whitecaps enter the town and to keep on firing as long as one is left.

### \$50,000 PAY FOR OVERTIME

Letter Carriers Claim from the Government Under the Eight-Hour Law.

PHILADELPHIA, May 4.—The eight-hour law in the Post Office, which went into effect on Monday promises to be a very expensive and troublesome measure for the Government.

About 300 letter carriers, who have claims for overtime against Uncle Sam, met last night in Mercantile Library Hall and adopted resolutions to place these claims amounting to over \$50,000 in the hands of Washington attorneys for collection through the court of claims. The resolutions also requested that all the claims for overtime under the original eight-hour law of May 1, 1887, ordered by the law of 1888, be placed in charge of the same attorneys. This makes in all claims of about \$50,000 against the United States on the part of the Philadelphia letter carriers.

About 30 claims of Central Station carriers have already been paid.

### TOWNSEND REMANDED

Not Yet Decided Whether Gladstone's Would-be Murderer Is Insane.

LONDON, May 5.—William Townsend, who was arrested on the charge of having discharged a revolver in a public place, but really on suspicion of intending to murder Prime Minister Gladstone, was brought up at noon in the Bow Street Police Court to answer the accusation.

The doctor whose duty it is to examine prisoners supposed to be mentally unsound, certified that he had as yet been unable to ascertain the mental condition of Townsend.

The prisoner was therefore remanded.

### A Farmer's Daughter Attempts Suicide.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., May 4.—Miss Grace G. Taber, daughter of a farmer who resides about two miles from Adams, this county, attempted suicide by taking cyanide of potassium, because her lover, Sidney Farnsworth, a farmer boy, had informed her of his determination that they must part in obedience to the wishes of his parents. The prompt summoning of a physician and the use of emetics saved her life.

### New York Corporations.

ALBANY, May 3.—The following companies were incorporated yesterday: The Columbia Steamboat Company of New York City; capital \$20,000; the Empire Sanitary Company, of New York City to dispose the garbage etc.; capital \$50,000; Huntington Electric Light Company, of Huntington, Suffolk county, capital \$30,000; the Nyack Gas Light and Fuel Company, capital \$30,000.

### Gold in the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—An official statement of the gold in the treasury made to Secretary Carlisle for use at the Cabinet meeting shows: Gold in the Treasury \$97,401,000; gold in transit \$356,000. Total \$97,757,000. These figures bear out the statement made in the despatches that the gold in the Treasury had fallen on account of exports to Canada to about \$98,000,000.

### Bark Helios Saw the Eclipse.

BOSTON, May 4.—The Norwegian bark Helios, which has arrived from Melbourne observed an eclipse of the sun on April 15. On March 2 one of the seamen, named Christopher Gunderson, fell from the top-sail yard into the sea and was drowned. He was a native of Norway, 20 years of age.

### Killed Himself With Dynamite.

KINGSTON, N. Y., May 4.—August Wilmon, a German, Tuesday night placed a dynamite cap in his mouth and then bit on it. His lifeless body with the head blown off was found near Wilbur. He was a laborer in a cement quarry. No cause is known for his suicide.

### Bowie's Murderers to Die June 30.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., May 4.—The Governor has appointed Friday, June 30, as the day for the execution of William Pinkney and Daniel Harper, convicted of the murder of Francis M. Bowie.

## HOW THE CHINESE WORSHIP.

A Description of Their Temples and Curious Customs.

Every Chinese temple is a house of prayer or worship, but no sermon is preached, no priest installed, no religious instruction given and no seating accommodations provided, according to a recent census bulletin. There is always at least one shrine, the more frequented temples having several, so that a number of persons can perform the usual ceremony, each for himself, without being obliged to take turns. The worshippers do not meet in a body, nor is any particular time set for devotions. When about to enter upon a new enterprise or to take a journey, or when in doubt concerning any particular course of action, the Chinese are careful to consult their gods and patron saints. Every worshiper provides himself with incense sticks, candles and sacrificial papers, which are generally to be had of attendants at small cost. Offerings of wine and meat are added on special occasions. The candles and incense sticks are lighted and placed in their proper receptacles.

If wine is used it is put in minute cups scarcely larger than thimbles, and these are placed in a row before the shrine. The meat offerings may be roast chicken, roast pig or any other table luxury. When everything is properly placed the genuflections begin and the request is presented. If the answer required is a simple affirmative or negative the worshiper drops a pair of lenticular pieces of wood on the floor a number of times and calculates the answer from the number of times each face turns up. Another method of obtaining responses, particularly when fuller responses are desired, is by shaking a box filled with numbered slips of bamboo, one of which will fall out, and then consulting a book containing numbered answers in Chinese verse.

The interior of Chinese temples is often highly decorated. The walls and ceilings are hung with tablets having inscriptions in the Chinese character, and there are often rows of lanterns and embroidered silk umbrellas. Fine wood carving is also to be seen. The decorations are the gifts of worshippers.

Most Chinese temples are free to all. No register is kept of members. Of the four temples in New York City, one, Chung-wa-kung-saw, claims 7,000 worshippers; Ching-sing-tung, 700; Hok-san-kung-saw, 1,000; Lung-kong-kung-saw, 1,000. Chung-wa-kung-saw is an organization in which every Chinaman in New York is supposed to be interested. Ching-sing-tung admits laundries only, and the other temples are supported by those who come from Hok-san and Lung-kong, respectively. A laundryman from the district of Hok-san may, therefore, be a member of three of the temples. For this reason no statistics of members can be given.

Chinese temples are usually well supported. The revenues are derived largely from the privilege, sold at auction to the highest bidder, of selling the articles of worship, which every worshiper must have. Thus the privilege of selling for the Lung-kong-kung-saw of San Francisco brought in 1890 \$12,365.50, and that for the How-wang-mew in the same city \$3,961.60.

According to the returns of population there are 107,475 Chinese in the United States, of whom 72,472 are in California, 9,540 in Oregon, 3,260 in Washington, and 2,937, the next largest number, in New York. In view of the fact that one of the four temples in New York City claims 7,000 worshippers, while the whole state has a Chinese population of less than 3,000, there would seem to be a large discrepancy. If that one temple has 7,000 worshippers, the number of visitors must be greater than the resident Chinese population. Doubtless 7,000 is the number that worship in the temple in the course of a year. In other words, the same individual is counted many times. A considerable number of the Chinese are members of Christian churches. [Washington Star.

Tattooing in New Zealand.

A New Zealand boy of fifteen has his face newly covered with tattooing, says The Ledger. The New Zealanders tattoo the face and hands, but very rarely touch the body. Their method of tattooing is peculiar and differs from that of any other tropical country.

The work of tattooing is done with a sharply pointed instrument, which is dipped first in a colored fluid. The point of the instrument is placed on the face and is driven into the skin by a sharp blow from a piece of wood. This is repeated again and again until the tattooing is done. The process makes the skin very sore, and only a little can be done at a time.

The New Zealanders tattoo in rings. And the girls are even more gorgeously decorated than the boys. Tattooing is nearly always done before the boys and girls have completed their growth, so that the colored pigment becomes firmly fixed in the texture of the skin.

### The Blue Book.

There are something like 20,000 clerks in Washington, and the number increases every year. The Blue Book, which contains their names, holds as much type as a dictionary, and it gives every salary in the government service. The Blue Book is for private circulation. Each Senator and each Representative has two, and there is one in the hands of each government official. Aside from these, there are only about 2,000 extra copies printed. The book is one of the most useful volumes in existence. It costs over \$15,000 to set the type, and it would take a good typesetter ten years to set it.

## THE TESTIMONIALS.

We publish are not purchased, nor are they written up in our office, nor are they our employees. They are facts, proving Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses absolute merit, and that Hood's Cures

You never hear of the heirs of rich grandfather advising the gentleman not to try bicycle riding for his health.

## Three Great Enemies

Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Dyspepsia

Another Victory for Hood's.

For over 20 years I have suffered with neuralgia, rheumatism and dyspepsia. Many times I could not turn in bed. Several physicians have treated me, but I have tried different remedies, but all failed to give me permanent relief. Five years ago I began to take Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me a vast amount of good. Since beginning to take it I have not had a sick day. I am 72 years old and enjoy good health, which I attribute to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. E. M. Burt, West Kendall, N. Y.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver, Bile, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache, etc.

## "August Flower"

What is August Flower?

As easily answered as asked. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reason for knowing it. To-day it has an honored place in every town and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country, and sells everywhere. The reason is simple. It does one thing, and does it right. It cures dyspepsia.

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