

TALMAGE'S SERMON

"Are there not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your father."

You see the Bible will not be limited in the choice of symbols. There is hardly a beast or bird or insect which has not been called to illustrate some divine truth—the ox's patience, the ant's industry, the spider's skill, the hind's surefootedness, the eagle's speed, the dove's gentleness, and even the sparrow's meanness and insignificance. In Oriental countries none but the poorest people buy the sparrow and eat it—so very little meat is there on the bones, and so poor is it, what there is of it. The comfortable population would not think of touching it any more than you would think of eating a bat or a lamprey. Now, says Jesus, if God takes such good care of a poor bird that is not worth a cent, will he not care for you, an immortal?

We associate God with revolutions. We can see a divine purpose in the discovery of America, in the invention of the art of printing, in the exposure of the Gunpowder plot, in the contrivance of the needle-gun, in the ruin of the Austrian or Napoleonic despotism; but how hard it is to see God in the minute personal affairs of our lives! We think of God as making a record of the starry host, but cannot realize the Bible truth that he knows how many hairs are on our head. It seems a grand thing that God provided food for hundreds of thousands of Israelites in the desert; but we cannot appreciate the truth that when a sparrow is hungry, God stoops down and opens its mouth and puts the seed in. We are struck with the idea that God fills the universe with his presence, but cannot understand how he encamps in the crystal palace of a dewdrop, or finds room to stand between the alabaster pillars of the pond lily. We can see God in the clouds. Can we see God in these flowers at our feet?

We are apt to place God on some great stage—or to try to do it—expecting him there to act out his stupendous projects, but we forget that the life of a Cromwell, and Alexander, or a Washington, or an archangel, is not more under divine inspection than your life or mine. Pompey thought there must be a mist over the eyes of God because he so much favored Caesar. But there is no such mist. He sees everything. We say God's path is in the great waters. True enough; but no more certainly than he is in the water in the glass of the table. We say God guides the stars in their courses. Magnificent truth! but no more certain truth than that he decides which road or street you shall take in coming to church. Understand that God does not sit upon an indifferent or unsympathetic throne, but that he sits down beside you to-day, and stands beside me to-day, and no affair of our lives is so insignificant but that it is of importance to God.

In the first place, God chooses our occupation for us. I am amazed to see how many people there are dissatisfied with the work they have to do. I think three-fourths wish they were in some other occupation, and they spend a great deal of time in regretting that they got in the wrong trade or profession. I want to tell you that God put into operation all the influences which led you to that particular choice. Many of you are not in the business that you expected to be in. You started for the ministry and learned merchandise; you started for the law and you are a physician; you preferred agriculture and you became a mechanic. You thought one way; God thought another. But you ought not to sit down and mourn over the past. You are to remember that God arranged all these circumstances by which you were made what you are.

Hugh Miller says: "I will be a stonemason," God says, "You will be a geologist." David goes out to attend his father's sheep; God calls him to govern a nation. Sam goes out to hunt his father's asses, and before he gets back finds the crown of regal dominion. How much happier would we be if we were content with the places God gave us! God saw your temperament and all the circumstances by which you were surrounded, and I believe nine-tenths of you are in the work you are best fitted for. I hear a great racket in my watch, and I find that the hands and the wheels and the springs are getting out of their places. I send it down to the jeweler's and say, "Overhaul that watch and teach the wheels, and the spring, and the hands to mind their own business." You know a man having a large estate. He gathers his working hands in the morning and says to one, "You go and trim that vine;" to another, "You go and weed those flowers;" to another, "You plow that tough glebe;" and each one goes to his particular work. The owner of the estate points the man to what he knows he can do best, and so it is with the Lord.

I remark further that God has arranged the place of our dwelling. What particular city or town, street or house you shall live in seems to be a mere matter of accident. You go out to hunt for a house, and you happen to pass up a certain street, and happen to see a sign, and you select that house. Was it all happening so? Oh, no! God guided you in every step. He foresaw the future. He knew all your circumstances, and he selected just that one house as better for you than any of the 10,000 habitations in the city. Our house, however humble the roof and however lowly the portals, is as near God's heart as an Alhambra or a Kremlin. Prove it, you say. Proverbs, xiii. 33, "He blesteth the habitation of the just."

I remark further that God arranges all our friendships. You were driven to the wall. You found a man just at that crisis who sympathized with you and helped you. You say, "How lucky I was!" There was no luck about it. God sent that friend just as certainly as he sent the angel to strengthen Christ. Your domestic friends, your business friends, your Christian friends, God sent them to bless you, and if any of them have proved traitorous it is only to bring out the value of those who remain. If some die, it is only that they may stand at the outposts of heaven to greet you at your coming.

You always will have friends, warm-hearted friends, magnanimous friends;

and when sickness comes to your dwelling there will be watchers; when trouble comes to your heart there will be sympathizers; when death comes, there will be gentle fingers to close the eyes and fold the hands and gentle lips to tell of a resurrection. Oh, we are compassed by a body guard of friends! Every man, if he has behaved himself well, is surrounded by three circles of friends—those of the outer circle wishing him well; those in the next circle willing to help him; while close up to his heart are a few who would die for him. God pity the wretch who has not any friends!

I remark again that God puts down the limit of our temporal prosperity. The world of finance seems to have no God in it. You cannot tell where a man will land. The affluent fall; the poor rise. The ingenious fail; the ignorant succeed. An enterprise opening grandly, shuts in bankruptcy, while on the other hand, a peasant dug up from some New England marsh, the plowman builds his fortune. The poor man thinks it is chance that keeps him down; the rich man thinks it is chance which hoists him; and they are both wrong. It is hard to realize that God rules the money market, and has a hook in the nose of the stock gambler, and that all the commercial revolutions of the world shall result in the very best for God's children.

My brethren, do not kick against the divine allotments. God knows just how much money it is best for you to lose. You never gain unless it is best for you to gain. You go up when it is best for you to go up, and down when it is best for you to go down. Prove it, you say. I will, Romans, viii. 28, "All things work together for good to them that love God." You go into a factory and you see twenty or thirty wheels, and they are going in a different direction. This band is rolling off this way, and another band another way; one down and another up. You say, "What confusion in a factory?" Oh, no! all these different bands are only different parts of the machinery. So I go into your life and see strange things. Here is one providence pulling you one way, and another in another way. But these are different parts of one machinery by which He will advance your everlasting and present well-being.

Now you know that a second mortgage and a third and fourth mortgage are often worth nothing. It is the first mortgage that is a good investment. I have to tell you that every Christian man has a first mortgage on every trial, and on every disaster, and it must make a payment of eternal advantage to his soul. How many worments it would take out of your heart if you believed that fully. You buy goods and hope the price will go up, but you are in a fret and a frown for fear the price will go down. You do not buy the goods using your best discretion in the matter, and then say, "Oh, Lord, I have done the best I can." You cannot commit this whole transaction into "Thy hands!" That is what religion is good for or it is good for nothing.

There are two things, says an old proverb, you ought not to fret about: First, things that you can help; and second, things which you cannot help. If you can help them, why do you not apply the remedy? If you cannot help them you might as well surrender first as last. My dear brethren, do not sit longer moping about your ledger. Do not sit looking so dependent upon the stock of unsalable goods. Do you think that God is going to allow you, a Christian man, to do business alone? God is the controlling partner in every firm; and, although your debtors may abscond, although your securities may fail, although your store may burn, God will, out of an infinity of results, choose you the very best results.

Do you have any idea that you can overstep the limit that God has laid down for your prosperity? You will never get one inch beyond it. God has decided how much prosperity you can stand honorably, and employ usefully, and control righteously; and at the end of the year you will have just so many dollars and cents, just so much wardrobe, just so much furniture, just so many bonds and mortgages, and nothing more. I will give you one hundred dollars for every penny you get beyond that. God has looked over your life. He knows what is best for you, and He is going to bless you in time, and bless you for eternity; and he will do it in the best way. Your little child says, "Daddy, I wish you would let me have that knife." "No," you say, "It is a sharp knife and you will cut yourself." He says, "I must have it." "But you cannot have it," you reply. He gets angry and red in the face, and he says he will have it; but you say he shall not have it. Are you not kind in keeping it from him? So God treats his children. I say, "I wish, Heavenly Father, to get that." God says, "No, my child." I say, "I must have it." God says, "You cannot have it." I get angry and say, "I will have it." God says, "You shall not have it," and I do not get it. Is He not kind and loving and the best of Fathers? Do you tell me there is no rule and regulation in these things? Tell that to the men who believe in no God and no Bible. Tell it not to me!

A man of large business concludes to go out of his store, leaving much of his investments in the business, and he says to his sons, "Now, I am going to leave this business in your hands. Perhaps I may come back in a little while, and perhaps not. While I am gone you will please to look after affairs." After a while the father comes back and finds everything at loose ends, and the whole business seems to be going wrong. He says, "I am going to take possession of this business—you know I never fully surrendered it; and henceforth consider yourselves subordinates." Is he not right in doing it? He saves the business. The Lord seems to let us go on in life, guided by our own skill, and we make miserable work of it. God comes down to our shop, or our store, and says, "Things are going wrong. I come to take charge, I am Master, and I know what is best, and I proclaim my authority." We are merely subordinates. It is like a boy at school with a long sum that he cannot do. He has been working at it for hours, making figures here and rubbing out figures there, and it is all mixed up; and the teacher, looking over the boy's shoulder, knows that he cannot get out of it, and, cleaning the slate, says, "Begin again." Just so God does to us. Our affairs get into an inextricable entanglement, and he rubs everything out and says, "Begin

again!" Is He not wise and living in so doing?

I think the trouble is, that there is so large a difference between the divine and the human estimate as to what is enough. I have heard of people striving for that which is enough, but I never heard of any one who had enough. What God calls enough for man, man calls too little. What man calls enough, God says is too much. The difference between a poor man and a rich man is only the difference in banks. The rich man puts his money in the Washington bank or the Central bank or the Metropolitan bank, or some other bank of that character, while the poor man comes up and makes his investments in the bank of Him who runs all the quarries, all the mines, all the gold, all the earth, all heaven. Do you think a man can fail when he is backed up like that?

You may have seen a map on which is described, with red ink, the travels of the children of Israel through the desert to the promised land. You see how they took this and that direction, crossed the river, and went through the sea. Do you know God has made a map of your life, with paths leading up to this bitterness and that success; through this river and across that sea? But, blessed be God, the path always comes out at the promised land. Mark that! Mark that!

I remark again, that all those things that seem to be but accidents in our life are under the divine supervision. We sometimes seem to be going helmsless and anchorless. You say, "If I had some other trade; if I had not gone there this summer; if I had lived in some other house." You have no right to say that. Every tear you wept, every step you have taken, every burden you have carried, is under divine inspection, and that even which startled your whole household with horror God met with perfect placidity, because He knew it was for your good. It was part of a great plan projected long ago. In eternity when you come to reckon up your mercies, you will point to that affliction as one of your greatest blessings.

God has a strange way with us. Joseph found his way to the prime minister's chair by being pushed into a pit; and to many a Christian down is up. The wheat must be threshed, the grapes must be trodden, the diamond must be ground; the Christian must be afflicted; and that single event, which you supposed stood entirely alone, was a connecting link between two great chains, one chain reaching through all eternity past and the other reaching through all eternity future—so small an event fastening two eternities together.

A missionary, coming from India to the United States, stopped at St. Helena while the vessel was taking water. He had his little child with him. They walked along by an embankment, and a rock at that moment became loosened, and falling instantly killed the child. Was it an accident? Was it a surprise to God? Had He allowed his servant, after a life of consecration, to come to such a trial? Not such is my God. There are no accidents in the divine mind, though they may seem so to us. God is good, and by every single incident of our life, whether it be adverse or otherwise, before earth and heaven, God will demonstrate His mercy.

I hear a man say, "That idea belittles God." You bring him down to such little things." Oh, I have a more thorough appreciation of God in little things than I have in great things! The mother does not wait until the child has crushed its foot or broken its arm before she administers sympathy. The child comes in with the first bruise, and the mother kisses it. God does not wait for some tremendous crisis in our life, but comes down to us in our most insignificant trials, and throws over us the arms of His mercy.

Going up the White mountains some years ago, I thought of that passage in the Bible that speaks of God as visiting mountains in a rainbow. As I looked at those great mountains, I thought, can it be possible that God can put these great mountains in scales? It was an idea too great for me to grasp; but when I saw a blue-bell down by the mule's foot, on my way up Mount Washington, then I understood the kindness and goodness of God. It is not so much of God in great things I can understand, but of God in little things.

There is a man who says, "That doctrine cannot be true, because things do go so very wrong." I reply, it is no inconsistency on the part of God, but a lack of understanding on our part. I hear that men are making very fine shawls in some factory. I go in on the first floor, and see only the raw materials, and I ask, "Are these the shawls I have heard about?" "No," says the manufacturer; "go up to the next floor;" and I go up, and there I begin to see the design. But the man says, "Do not stop here; go up to the top floor of the factory and you will see the idea fully carried out." I do so, and, having come to the top, see the complete pattern of an exquisite shawl. So in our life, standing down below on a low level of Christian experience we do not understand God's dealings. He tells us to go up higher and higher, until we begin to understand the Divine meaning with respect to us, and we advance until we stand at the very gate of heaven, and there see God's idea all wrought out—a perfect idea of mercy, of love, of kindness. And we say, "Things are going wrong. We are inconsistent and true are all they were." It is all right at the top. Remember there is no inconsistency on the part of God, but it is only our mental and spiritual incapacity.

Some of you may be disappointed this summer—vacations are apt to be disappointments—but whatever your perplexities and worriments, know that "Man's heart deviseth his ways, but the Lord directeth his steps." Ask these aged men in this church if it is not so. It has been so in my own life. One summer I started for the Adirondacks, but my plans were so changed that I landed in Liverpool. I studied law and got into the ministry. I resolved to go as a missionary to China, and I stayed in the United States. I thought I would like to be in the East, and I went to the West, all the circumstances of my life, all my work, different from that which I expected. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

So, my dear friends, this day take home this subject. Be content with such things as you have. From every

grass-blade under your feet learn the lesson of divine care, and never let the smallest bird fit across your path without thinking of the truth, that two sparrows are sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Blessed be His glorious name forever. Amen.

THE OLDEST OBELISK.

Gravestone of an Egyptian City of which but One Relic Remains.

The oldest of all the obelisks is the beautiful one of rosy granite which stands alone among the green fields on the banks of the Nile, not far from Cairo. It is a gravestone of a great city which vanished and left only this relic behind. That was the city of Bethshemes of the Scriptures, the famous On, which is memorable to all Bible readers as the residence of the priest of On, Potiphar, whose daughter, Asenath, Joseph married. The Greeks call it Heliopolis, the city of the sun, because there the worship of the sun had its chief center and its most sacred shrine. It was the seat of the most ancient university of the world, to which youthful students came from all parts of the world to learn the occult wisdom which the priests of On alone could teach.

Thales, Solon, Eudoxus, Pythagoras and Plato all studied there, perhaps Moses, too. It was also the birthplace of the sacred literature of Egypt, where were written on papyrus leaves the original chapters of the oldest book in the world, generally known as the "Book of the Dead," giving a most striking account of the conflicts and triumphs of the life after death, a whole copy or fragment of which every Egyptian, rich or poor, wished to have buried with him in his coffin, and portions of which are found inscribed on every mummy case and on the walls of every tomb.

In front of one of the principal temples of the sun, in this magnificent city, stood, along with a companion, long since destroyed, the solitary obelisk which we now behold on the spot. It alone has survived the wreck of all the glory of the place. It was constructed by Userfen I, who is supposed to have reigned 2800 B. C., and has outlived all the dynastic changes of the land, and yet stands where it originally stood, nearly forty-seven centuries ago. What appears of its shaft above the ground is but 68 feet in height, but its base is buried in the mud of the Nile, and year after year the inundation of the river deposits its film of soil around its foot and buries it still deeper in its sacred grave.—Fall Mail Gazette.

TREATED MEN TO DRY GOODS.

How One Man Demonstrated the Stiffness of an American Habit.

There is one habit, exclusively American, which should be discontinued. It is a foolish habit, and leads to excess. It is the treating habit. If a man was invited into a restaurant to take a meal, when he had just partaken of all his stomach demanded, he would politely decline, and nothing would be thought of it. Why should it be considered discourteous to decline a drink when invited by a "treater"? The absurdity of the treating habit is exemplified by the following anecdote as a true incident: "A party of gentlemen entered a public place and one of them suggested that they 'take something.' They took something—chatted awhile, and then another suggested that they 'take something.' More chatting—when another suggested that they 'take something.' The remaining gentleman, who had not treated, suggested a walk, and passing by a dry goods store he further suggested that they go in and 'take something.' 'Why, this is a dry goods store,' said one of the party. 'Well, what of it?' said the inviter; 'come in.' In they went, ranged themselves along the counter, and the gentleman who had invited them in said, 'What will you take?' One took a box of collars, another a clean shirt, and so on. The inviter paid the bill, and as they were walking out they looked at each other point and the foolishness of the whole treating business, and mentally, but unreservedly, swore off. Moral: Drink when you are thirsty, but taboo treating.—Oakland Echoes.

The Cow Pea.

It is beginning to be understood that the legumes, such as clover, alfalfa and pea vines, are not only the best green feed for the dairyman's herd during the summer, but among the best for the winter hay, if properly cured. The difficulty of curing the hay of the pea vine has done much to prevent its use for a winter feed, among dairymen who have fed it with profit during the summer. We select from one of our exchanges the following plan for the cutting and preserving of the hay from this useful leguminous plant.

The practical man who gives us the information says: "After the vine commences to bear, and some of the pods half grown, I take a grass blade and cut the vines some five or six inches above the ground. 'This work is done after the dew has dried off and the vine clear of all moisture from rain or dew. While the process of cutting the vines is going on, I have prepared a lot of fence rails—or poles will do. I commence a pen, first by flooring it with rails or poles. I then build it, say two feet high. I then fill up the space with the fresh cut vines as fast as I can. After the space is filled, then I floor again; go two feet high, and fill this space, and continue until I get the pen ten feet high. On the last space I manage to have it sloped. After you fill the last space cover with boards to prevent them from getting wet, and the job is done. No need of handling them any more, not even for feeding.'—Farm News.

A Passion for Purple.

The rage for things purple increases daily. From purple hats we have gone to purple gowns and purple gloves; we even see tints of purple in dainty parasols; all we have left are the shoes and lingerie not yet invaded.

As fetching and wholly alluring as the purple hats are, not every one who will wear them; it is an infinitely trying color, horribly unbecoming to a pale face, but making the pink-cheeked girl bloom like a rose. The astute milliner schemes to alleviate the sharpness of the next to the face by facing the hat with cream color, or some soft white stuff, or even with yellow straw.—Philadelphia Inquirer.



MRS. STOWE AT EIGHTY-FIVE

The Home and Daily Life of the Famous Authoress.

Writing of "Harriet Beecher Stowe at Eighty-five," Richard Burton, in June Ladies' Home Journal, gives a delightful picture of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of her home in Hartford, and of her daily life. "For some years now," he says, "entirely withdrawn from society, Mrs. Stowe is much aloof in the open air, her strength for one of her years, being remarkable. In the summer time the slight, bent figure, with its white hair crowning the dark, wrinkled face, is a familiar sight to the neighbors, as she wanders under the boughs, gathering consolation from sun and shade and wind, or strays down the steep bank to where a little silvery stream winds its tortuous length behind the Clemens and Warner grounds. On such walks a trusty attendant is always by her side. It is likely that Mrs. Stowe's fondness for exercise and out door life has done much to sustain her bodily vigor to her present age. But she comes of a sturdy stock."

* Mrs. Stowe's working days have been long over. None of her conspicuous literary productions is associated with her present residence, and her condition requires that she be carefully guarded in every way by her family from the intrusion of strangers. Yet as she walks the street, always followed by a fat little pug, who is an autocrat in the house (it may be remarked that the Stowe family is devoted to dogs), one often sees lion-hunting visitors eager to catch a glimpse of the most noted literary woman of the land. Requests at the door for a sight of the mistress are not infrequent, while letters petitioning for autographs are, of course, legion. Occasionally still the latter favor is granted, or the authoress pens a bit of a note in acknowledgement of some courtesy. * * Her modest way of living implies the fact that the rewards of distinguished success in literature are other than monetary. Such success is not to be measured by tangible things. The aims and ambitions of those who seek to do work with the pen worthy to live, and helpful to their fellowmen, are not those of mere practical pursuits. How can be estimated in dollars the deep moral glow of satisfaction experienced by Mrs. Stowe on the day when the Emancipation Proclamation was given to the world?

An Original Dress.

The gown in the illustration is of shot taffetas, bright violet and green. The skirt is made with a flat apron, the other breadths being round the waist in bouquets of puckers more thrown backward than at the sides and forming godets. Ten centimetres from the bottom of the skirt are five rows of thick bobbin of the same taffetas. The corsage is close fitting both before and behind, and is covered with a semi-bolero beginning at the seam below the arm, made of cream colored India muslin, embroidered with branches and leaves.

It opens over the pleats of the corsage and is fixed at the top by several rows of bobbins. The same trimming of India muslin draped like a fichu and crossing in the center beneath a white satin bow is repeated in the back. The back and front are connected by semi-braces of black satin, with enamel, gold and steel buttons. The sleeves are half-length, composed of a large pleat down to the elbow, edged with taffetas bobbins sewn into the inset.



Violet and Green Changeable Taffetas. giving fullness. The neck trimming is of black satin, ending in front in streamers of English lace. The waistband is of black satin ribbon, No. 60, with a large bow of the same behind. The dress is very effective.

A Child's Dress.

Here is a description of a child's dress: It is of cream-printed foulard with a pattern of roses and egplantine, with foliage in dead green. The skirt has gathers at the waist, very closely placed behind. Twelve centimetres from the bottom are two rows of embroidery with eyelets, through which are drawn narrow green ribbon.

The corsage is low necked and is slightly gathered at the waist both before and behind, and a small bouquet of gathers adds to the effect of the décolleté. A fringe of mousseline de soie over a transparency of pink silk brings up the body at the neck, which is trimmed with lace. The four de cou is ornamented with a small brood collar of mousseline de soie and lace.

and at the back are three small bows of green satin ribbon, No. 5. There is a draped fichu which goes under the waistband; it is of cream mousseline de soie and trimmed with a bouce and narrow insertion and Mechlin ecru lace.

The sleeves are short and balloon shaped and are confined at the elbow by a green satin ribbon, which forms a bow. The waistband is of narrow green satin ribbon and fastens behind



Child's Dress in Cream Foulard, with a bow; in front two short ends end in bows over the skirt ten centimetres from the waist.

Cerise Taffetas Corsage.



To Be No More Dancing.

The summer maid of '96 will have to fold away her crisp organdies and send her satin ball frock to the heathen if what a recently published London book says is to be believed. It appears that dancing as a polite pastime is going out of fashion. It is all about the decline of dancing, and says that some one else has explained the sole trouble to lie with the men, who come to the ballroom doors unwilling to exert themselves, which perversity one might expect to be a symptom, but hardly an excuse. Men are not more indolent than they were. Sir Augustus Harris lately remarked with some contempt that the barn dance of the modern ballroom is a true gauge of the contemporary taste; and that in Paris the cotillon has degenerated into a childish romp, in which the gentlemen trot on papier mache hobby-horses and break a pasteboard lance for the lady. It would seem that the amateurs of poetry of motion have some reason to complain.

Household Hints.

If a dish full of cold water is kept in a cake box it will keep the cake fresh and moist. The water should be renewed every twenty-four hours.

Kerosene oil added to the water with which mirrors, windows or anything of glass is to be washed will give a lustre. A pint of water and three tablespoonfuls of oil will wash four large windows. First dust the windows carefully, then rub well with kerosene and water, wipe with a cloth and polish with an old newspaper.

It is an old saying, but a true one, that "one keep clean is worth twenty make clean," but it is none the less worthy of observation that "have a place for everything and keep everything in its place," while to "wash on Monday, iron on Tuesday, visit on Wednesday, mend on Thursday, sweep on Friday, work on Saturday and rest on Sunday" are good old New England household sayings that promise peace, comfort and even prosperity to those who observe them.

A new banana pudding vouched for by Mrs. Lincoln, and delicious as she said it would be, is made in the following way: Peel six bananas and cut them in halves lengthwise and crosswise. Put a layer of the fruit in a baking-dish, sprinkle well with sugar and lemon juice and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Add another layer of the fruit and treat it in the same way as the first. Bake about fifteen minutes in a quick oven. When slightly cool cover with a meringue flavored with lemon juice.

At a luncheon given the other day the centerpiece was a large mat of primrose and white sweet peas resting on a round table mirror. In the center of the mat there was a large white satin sachet bag, from which there overflowed many choice white roses. Smaller sachet bags of white, tied with green ribbons, that held a large bunch of white sweet peas, were at each corner. The chair used was all in white and green and gold, and the tops of white roses were served on plates of green glass, decorated with gold.