Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Staunton Spectator.

VOL. 63. STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1886. NO. 45.

Staunton Spectator.

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ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at the rate of 12½ cents per line, for the first, and 6¼ cents for each subsequent insertion.

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feb17, '86-tf

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DR. H. M. PATTERSON offers his professional services to the citizens of Staunton. Office No. 113, Main Street, opposite the Opera House. may20 tf

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OFFICE—The same formerly occupied by his father, Col. Geo. Baylor, dec'd, on Augusta st., opposite the Court-house. no 21

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Courts—Alleghany, Bath and Highland, Va., and Pocahontas, West Virginia.
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ELDER & NELSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
and Real Estate Agents, STAUNTON, VA.
may 5

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VALLEY MARBLE WORKS, STAUNTON, VA.

To the People of Augusta and the Valley counties:
Keep your money at Home is to prosper, Send it away is to become impoverished.

Everything is at very low prices, and I am selling Monuments, Head and Foot Stones, as low for cash as any local or traveling agent, or any Marble dealer in the United States. Don't believe anything to the contrary, till you come and see.
J. C. MARQUIS.
P. S.—I also call attention to my Catalogue Designs of the Wonderful White Bronze Monuments and Head Stones. au27-tf

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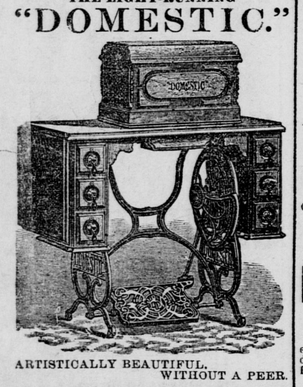
LIVERY! LIVERY!

Having purchased the excellent Livery of S. T. Thornburg, I shall continue to offer to the citizens of Staunton and traveling public splendid double and single teams.
Fine rolling stock of all kinds and splendid riding horses.
MR. GEO. H. PLATT, so well and favorably known to the public in connection with the business, will continue with me.
Very respectfully,
ALEXANDER HARMAN.

In thanking the public for the liberal patronage extended me, I ask a continuance of their favor to my successor, feeling assured that he fully deserves them. Respectfully,
feb 3, '86—tf S. T. THORNBURG.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD
THE LIGHT-RUNNING
"DOMESTIC."



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In its mechanical construction it has no Rival.
The new line of attachments that are now being placed on each "Domestic" are specialties. No other machine has them. These Attachments and the Wood-work make the "Domestic" more than ever, without question,
The Acknowledged Standard of Excellence.
For sale by TREIBER & COYNER, Staunton, Va.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territory. Address DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Richmond, Va. may19 '86-1y

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TO THE PUBLIC!

Parties wishing to buy BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, &c., &c., both home-made and Western work, can do so of us on and after the 10th of January, 1882. We have made arrangements with one of the largest and best Cincinnati manufacturing establishments, by which we will keep on hand a large assortment of the very best of Cincinnati work. We have just returned from Cincinnati where we thoroughly examined all the materials of which the vehicles are made, and we took special care to select

THE VERY BEST.

Having had a life-long experience in this business, we know what carriage work is and how it is made, and we are satisfied we can give you a better buggy for the money than any other shop in this city or in the Valley.—We ask you to call and examine and we will make it to your interest to buy of us.
☞ We will also manufacture any vehicle to order of the best materials, and in the most workmanlike manner, at LOWEST PRICES.
CLINEDINST & BODELL,
NEAR VIRGINIA HOTEL,
dec Staunton, Va.

A GIFT Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you *free* a royal, valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making *more money* at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immense pay sure for those who start at once. wo18'85-1y* STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

WANTED!
Dry Yellow Poplar Lumber
by CLINEDINST & BODELL, Carriage Manufacturers,
jan11-tf Staunton, Va

☞ CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000. ☜
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

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Louisiana State Lottery Company.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in The Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.
J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
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By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2nd, A. D., 1879.
The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.
It never scales or postpones.
Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly, and the Extraordinary Drawings regularly every three months instead of Semi-Annually as heretofore.
A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. EIGHTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS H, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY August 10, 1886—195th Monthly Drawing
CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.
100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.
LIST OF PRIZES:—

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1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$6000	12,000
5	do	2000	10,000
10	do	1000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
300	do	100	30,000
500	do	50	25,000
1000	do	25	25,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
9	do	do 500	4,500
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Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.
For further information, write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed
M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.
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Make P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to—
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, July14-tt New Orleans, La.

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Invaluable to all who are Run Down, Nervous, Dyspeptic, Bilious, Malarious or afflicted with weak kidneys. **Beware of Imitations.**
HER MAJESTY'S FAVORITE COSMETIC GLYCERINE.
Used by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and the nobility. For the Skin, Complexion, Eruptions, Chapping, Roughness. **$1.00.** Of druggists.
LIEBIG CO'S Genuine Syrup of Sarsaparilla, is guaranteed as the best Sarsaparilla in the market.
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NOT WHEN
PLASTIC PAINT
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PARKER'S TONIC,
A Pure Family Medicine that Never Intoxicates.
If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use PARKER'S TONIC.
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Sold by all druggists in large bottles at One Dollar.

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27 Park Place and 24-26 Murray St., New York.
Make lowest rates on all newpapers in the U. S. and Canada. **Established 1867.**
SPECIAL OFFER. We will insert a one-inch advertisement one month in our selected list of 225 Dailies and Weeklies, covering the U. S., for $260. Circulation 6,980,292 copies per month.
Send for Catalogue. Parties contemplating a line of advertising, large or small, are requested to send for estimate of cost.
We will insert a one-inch advertisment one month in our
POPULAR LOCAL LISTS
of 1,130 Daily and Weekly newspapers for $600. No patent list papers are included. jy7-4t

FARMERS, before you buy either MOWERS, REAPERS, or BINDERS, call and examine the splendid line of *Champion Goods* for 1886.
The NEW CHAMPION MOWER,
The CHAMPION FOLD-BAR REAPER,
The CHAMPION DROPPER,
The CHAMPION STEEL MOWER,
The CHAMPION LIGHT STEEL BINDER.
The only *steel* machines ever built.
LYNN & CO., Ag'ts, Staunton, Va.

CORN SHELLERS.—A lot of excellent Shellers in stock and for sale at *low figures.*

HAY CUTTERS for hand use, and **Fodder Cutters and Masticators.** Light running and strongly built for rapid work.

WAGONS.—A fine line of Farm Wagons, (one-, two-, and three-horse), for sale low. LYNN & CO.

JAS. M. WILSON,
HOUSE CARPENTER,
Builder and Contractor.
Steam Saw, and Planing-mill, Manufacturer and dealer in Flooring, Ceiling, Wood Mouldings, Window Frames, Sash, Blinds, &c., Greenville Avenue, adjoining Shomo Building,
june23-3mos. STAUNTON, VA.

COUNTY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTICE.—My office days in Staunton will be Wednesday and Saturday of each week, and Court Days—which days I will devote exclusively to School business.
☞ Office with W. A. Reed.
H. SHEFFEY ROLLER, Co. S. S. School
jy17-tf

RURAL SERMONS.

A SERIES OF HOLIDAY DISCOURSES BY DR. TALMAGE—"VOICES OF GARDENS AND FIELDS."

"THE HAMPTONS," July 11.—Continuing his series of rural sermons, entitled "Voices of Gardens and Fields," the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., to-day preached from the Song of Solomon, chapter v., verse 1: "I am come into my garden."—He said:—

The Bible is a great poem. We have in its faultless rhythm, and bold imagery, and startling antithesis, 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 Pollok, 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 threshing-floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels; and the fish pools of Heshbon up to the Psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job leading forth Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpelier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the 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 Leasowes," 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 three hundred pounds for it; he sold it for seventeen thousand. 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, for my text says so. He bought it, He planted it, He owns it, and He shall have it. Walter Scott in his outlay at Abbotsford ruined his fortune; and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart.—The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds 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, thousun 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 a 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 the old-fashioned hollyhock, or dahlia, or daffodil; but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus, and blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to His garden and He plants there some of the brighest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, unconspicuous, 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 glow of the sunlight. They are perhaps more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting; and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble has found that they have covered it it all over with flowery jessamine, 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 everyone that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns; but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpness. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial that he has raised even the smallest scrap of grace.—A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder and the placid elder said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder; "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." It is harder for some men to do right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might 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 amount 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 Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's Garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find called "giants of battle;" the Martin Luthers, St Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffs, 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 prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylæ.—When they die it is a martydom. 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 others, 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 "C" above 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 in 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 a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred 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 nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to wither.—It is the passionplant 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 their 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. Its 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 be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of select 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 hillsides; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the Church, Christ has planted a great many beautifal things—patience, charity, generosity, intergrity; but He intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the Church.—Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "O," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the Church has yielded." 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 corner-stone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee He laid the corner-stone 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 corner-stone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said: "I was in prison and ye visited Me," He laid the corner-stone of every prison reform association that has ever been formed. The Church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit.

I know there is some poor fruit in it.—I know there are some 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 guarled fruit? You will find worm-eaten leaves in Fontainebleau, and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champ-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; 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 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 drunken husband who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Ridley in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Her's has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has been fifteen years on his back, unable even to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven watching the oarsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river! Why, it seems to me this moment as if 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.

I have not told you of the better tree in this garden and of the better fruit. It was planted just outside Jerusalem a good while ago. When that tree was planted, it was so split and bruised, and barked, men said nothing would ever grow upon it; but no sooner had that tree been planted than it budded, and blossomed, and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit, and it fell into the lap of the nations, and men began to pick it up and eat it: and they found in it an antidote to all thirst, to all poison, to all sin, to all death—the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Eshcol, which two men carried on a staff between them. If the one apple in Eden killed the race, this one cluster of mercy shall restore it.

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 was dearth and barrenness; but there were pipes, 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 great 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 these 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 Sun of Righteousness, showing us the rainbow around the throne. O, was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated? You know that the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the 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 applicable to 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 t icame 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. O, that now God would turn on the waters of salvation, that they might flow down through this heritage, and that to-day we might find this very place to be "Elim, with twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm-trees!"

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 piant 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." And 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 a man ever 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 mould. She was of the finest.—One day a man was taking me from the depot to a village. He was very rough and coarse and very blasphemous; but after awhile he mellowed down as he began to talk of his little son whom he had lost. "O, sir," he said, "that boy was different from the rest of us. He never used any bad language—no, sir. I never heard him use a bad word in my life. He used to say his prayers, and we laughed at him; but he would keep on saying his prayers, and I often thought, 'I can't keep that child,' and I said to my wife, 'Mother, we can't keep that child.' But, sir, the day he was drowned, and they brought him in and laid him down on the carpet, so white and so beautiful, my heart broke, sir. I knew we couldn't keep him."

The heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun until you get there. All the kindnesses 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 I 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 heartsease. 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 life-boat. 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!" O, 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 for ever. 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.

Lampas.

By Our Agricultural Editor.

This is nothing more than a local enlargement or swelling of the bars of the mouth caused by impure blood or some general disturbance of the system. It causes little trouble, and will depart of itself.

The treatment should be, first, a dose of epsom salts—half a pound or more, and the mouth may be washed daily with a pretty strong solution of borax or of chlorate of potash.

The old and barbarous practice of burning with a hot iron, or scoring the swollen bars with a sharp knife, cannot be too strongly condemned. There is no need of it, as the swelling will subside as the animal's general health improves. A slight bleeding with a lancet or phleme will do good, but nothing more severe should be attempted. Indeed, the disease, originating in the state of the blood, must be cured by ridding the blood of its impurity, fever, &c. Quinine is a good tonic to restore tone to the animal's system, and this will remove the lampas.—*Index-Appeal.*

WILLING TO TURN HER COAT.—A Western Michigan wool buyer who was circulating among farmers to engage their clips met with one who was inclined to look upon the matter as a kind of gambling affair.

"You agree to buy my wool for so much, a month in advance of shearing," said he. "How do you know that wool won't go up or down? The price may be too much or not enough. It looks like flying in the face of Providence." After a long argument he agreed to leave it to his wife, and she replied:

"Look a-here, Samuel, I'm just as good a Baptist as your are, and if there is anything in our religion which says we shant take twenty-eight cents a pound for our wool when we didn't expect above twenty-five, we'll accept the offer on the wool and flop over to the Methodists."—*Wall Street News.*

Bravest of the Brave.

PICKETT'S MARVELOUS CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

[Boston Traveler.]

Mr. Charles A. Patch, in the Bay State *Monthly*, gives an account of the Confederate attack on Cemetery Hill, on the third day of the battle of Gettysburg, from which we copy as follows:—

Lee called a council of his Generals at Longstreet's headquarters, and the plan of attack was formed. It is said that the level-headed Longstreet opposed the plan, remarkable so it was, but in keeping with his remarkable generalship. The attack was to be opened with artillery fire to demoralize and batter the Federal line, and was to be opened by a signal of two shots from the Washington Artillery. At 1:30 the report of the first gun rang out on the still Summer air, followed a minute later by the second, and then came the roar and flash of 138 rebel cannon.

Almost immediately 100 Federal guns responded and the battle had begun. Shot and shell tore through the air, crushing through batteries, tearing men and horses to pieces; the very earth seemed to shake and the hills to reel at the terrible thunders rechoed amongst them. For nearly an hour every conceivable form of ordnance known to modern gunnery hissed and shrieked, whistled and screamed, as it went forth on its death mission, till, exhausted by excitement and heat, the gunners slackened their fire and silence reigned again.

Then Pickett and his brave legion stood up and formed for the death struggle; three remnants of brigades, consisting of Garnett's brigade—the Eighth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-eighth, Fifty-sixth Virginia; Armistead's brigade—the Ninth, Fourteenth, Thirty-eighth, Fifty-third, Fifty-seventh Virginia; Kemper's brigade—the First, Third, Seventh, Eleventh, Twenty-fourth Virginia. Their tattered flags bore the scars of a score of battles, and from their ranks the merciless bullet had already taken two-thirds their number.

In compact ranks, their front scarcely covering two of Hancock's brigades, with flags waving as if for a gala day, General Pickett saluted Longstreet and asked:—"Shall I go forward, sir?" But it was not in Longstreet's heart to send those heroes of so many battles to certain death, and he turned away his head—when Pickett, with that proud, impetuous air, which has earned him the title of the "Ney" of the rebel army, exclaimed:—"Sir, I shall lead my division forward!" The orders now rang out, "Attention! Attention!" and the men, realizing the end was near, cried out to their comrades, "Good-by, boys, good-by!" Suddenly rang out on the air the final order from Pickett himself, and his sabre flashed from its scabbard:—"Column forward! Guide centre!" and the brigades of Kemper, Garnett, and Amistead moved toward Cemetery Ridge as one man. Soon Pettigrew's division emerged from the woods and followed in echelon on Pickett's left flank, and Wilcox, with his Alabama division, moved out to support his right flank—in all about 15,000 men.

The selection of these supports shows a lack of judgment which it would almost seem impossible for Lee to have made.—Pettigrew's division was composed mostly of new troops from North Carolina, and had been terribly used up in the first day's fight, and were in no condition to form part of a forlorn hope. Wilcox's troops had also received very severe punishment in the second day's engagement in his attack on the Ridge, and should have been replaced by fresh, well-tried brigades. But the movement had now begun, and Lee, with his Generals about him, watched anxiously for the result.

It was nearly a mile to the Union lines, and as they advanced over the open plain the Federal artillery opened again, plowing great lanes through their solid ranks, but they closed up to "guide centre" as if upon dress parade; when half way over, Pickett halted his division amidst a terrible fire of shot and shell, and changed his direction by an oblique movement coolly and beautifully made.

But here occurred the greatest mistake of all. Wilcox paid no attention to this change of movement, but kept straight on to the front, thus opening a tremendous gap between the two columns and exposing Pickett's right to all the mishaps that afterwards overtook it. To those who have ever faced artillery fire it is marvelous and unexplainable how human beings could have advanced a mile under the terrible fire of a hundred cannon, every inch of air being laden with the missiles of death; but in splendid formation they still came bravely on till within range of the musketry; then the blue line of Hancock's corps arose and poured into their ranks a murderous fire. With a wild yell, the rebels pushed on, un