

# THE KING'S GARDEN

Dr. Talmage Discusses a Christ and the Crucifix

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and the Best of Fruit—Why the Savior Picks the Choicest

First—The Day of Salvation.

This sermon Dr. Talmage sends from a balcony place in his journey through the valleys of Switzerland. It seems to have been prepared amid the bloom and aroma of a garden mid-summer.

The Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling metaphors and rapturous lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and devotional psalmic thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montaigne, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Coleridge, more tender than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its crown, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands and pours eternal life into its rhythm.

Everywhere in this book touches it. Everywhere in the plain language of the summer thrashing floor to the daughters of Nazareth in the troughs for the lambs, from the fish pools of Bethesda up to the Psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind and Job's imagery of Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer's recollection. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charles II. decreed that the glory of his garden should be published all through the realm. Deciding upon the names of the flowers to be planted there, Henry II. at Montpellier established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Stenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world, but his garden, the "Leasowes," will be immortal.

To the natural advantages of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and fountain became a garden. One who has been here had their crowning oak and yew and hazel path, their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Stenstone, and all that diligence and genius he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave £200 for it. He sold it for several thousand. And yet I am to tell you today of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of Christ, the garden of the church.

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, today. 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 no flowers, they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be only the old-fashioned hollyhock or dahlia or daffodil. But if there be larger means than you will find the Mexican cactus and blazing azalea and the clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden, and he plants there some of the brightest plants that ever were in the garden. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them very often perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightened face of the invalid and the sprig of geranium on the stand and the glow of the sunlight. They are perhaps more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for kiss. And many a man who has had a hard time of it, has found that they have covered it all over with bowery jasmine, running in and out amid the crevices. These flowers in Christ's garden are not, like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but wherever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted there they stand, night blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus-thorns without, loveliness within, with sharp points of character. They would almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them, notwithstanding all their sharpness. May a man have a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through the smallest scrap of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the minister, "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "I can't control my temper in five minutes than you do in five years."

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 Luther, St. Pauls, Christyons, Wyclifites, Luthers and Samuel Rutherford. What in other men is a spark in them is a conflagration. When they speak, they speak great words of fire. When they pray, their prayers are fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the garden, 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 talents, to others none. In this garden of the church which Christ has planted 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. They never flutter, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over, 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 to you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a century plant, your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years waiting for its bloom. Before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was waiting up for all eternity and that, 1,900 years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion plant of the cross. Prophets foretold it. Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud, the rocks shook at its bursting and the dead got up in their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crucifixion flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on the leaves, its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its perfume is heaven. Come, oh 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-scented savor of Christ, my Lord!

His worth is all the nations know. Sure the whole earth would love him too. Again, the church may be appropriately compared to the garden, because it is a place of fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums or peaches or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard of the church, the choicest fruits in the garden. So in the world outside the church Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity. But he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit, not posies, but apples.

"Oh," says somebody, "don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." Where did your apples come from? And your hospitals? And your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; he planted the sick in his garden. When the corner-stone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soiled the cornerstone of every insane asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk," he laid the cornerstone of every hospital of the world. When Christ said, "I was in prison and you visited me," he laid the cornerstone of every prison reform association that has ever been organized. 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 removed over the fence. I know there are some crab apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted, but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm eaten leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit.

I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there, but let us be just as frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant men and women—collection in all the earth, than the collection of Christians. There are Christian men in every church whose religion is not a matter of psalm singing and church going. Tomorrow 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 with us today of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They are not sitting 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 20 minutes. Hers has been a 20 years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has been 15 years on his back, unable to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green cushions of the East. They are the men and women who are the crown of the church. 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.

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 dearest in her affection, and when at last the sickness came you had no faith in medicines. You knew that the hour of parting had come, and when, Ours! Escaped the Crowds.

Bryan left Wexford, Va., for Chicago Friday morning. He had endeavored to keep his route secret, but at Cambridge there was assembled a crowd of several hundred people, who demanded a speech of the candidate. Mr. Bryan spoke for three minutes, confining himself to the trust along the same lines he used in former speeches. He said that he used to expect remedial legislation from the Republican party, which demands a large extent upon these combinations for campaign contributions. He said that if the working man did not know how to vote in order to hurt the trusts he should watch the way the trust magnates voted and then vote the other way. He was cheered and applauded during his remarks.

Winchester, Ga., Dec. 8, 1899. Pitts' Antiseptic Invigorator has been used in my family and is perfectly satisfied that it is all, and will do all, you claim for it. A. B. Dorsey.

P. S.—I am using it now myself. It's doing me good.—Sold by The Murray Drug Co., Columbia, S. C., and all druggists.

# A SHORT COTTON CROP.

If the Farmers Are Wise They Will Get Good Prices.

A dispatch from Galveston, Texas, says cotton is selling for a higher price at the depots in Texas than September contracts are quoted at New York. The planter has not the control of the market. The crop is not so good as last year. It is one of the latest in many years.

Such cotton as is on the market is being a ready sale at from 81 to 90 cents per pound in the interior. The staple is excellent and the list of extraordinary good color.

The cotton is selling in appearing that it is difficult to tell how long this demand will continue, but for the present at least the planter is sought by the buyer, and not the buyer by the planter.

Cotton men are perplexed as to how the chasm between the old crop and the new is to be bridged. There are offers here for all the cotton obtainable in the first half of September at 91 cents, f. o. b. Galveston.

Local dealers are inclined to think the interior people will take their time about marketing this crop.

Lammers & Flint, cotton factors and buyers, said today: "Cotton is selling in the interior of Texas at 81 cents or a trifle higher. There is a pronounced demand, indicating that there are a great many engagements for early shipment to be filled."

"The supply is not equal to the demand, and it is the producer who is fixing the price and the buyer who is doing the bidding."

"The planters of Texas are in better shape to market cotton slowly than have to market it before. No one can tell what they will do."

"They are well informed as to the needs of the world and the general outlook for the crop."

"They expect good prices. Too little of the crop has come into sight for speculators to get hold of any of it. Such as is coming along is rushed to the seaboard for immediate shipment."

# LIGHT AS CURE FOR MEASLES.

Experiments Show That Sunshine Will Alleviate the Severity of Disease.

Recent experiments indicate that the sun may be a potent remedial agent in the case of persons attacked with the smallpox, scarletina and measles. These experiments were made by Dr. Finson, of Copenhagen, and Dr. Chatinier, of St. Mande, and so novel were they that they have aroused a good deal of discussion among the members of the Academy of Medicine in Paris, says the New York Herald.

Dr. Chatinier a short time ago treated 12 children who had measles according to his new method, which is scientifically known as phototherapy. The light was the only cure which he used, and this he made serviceable in the following manner: On the windows of the sick room he hung red curtains and on the table near each bed he placed a lamp which carried a red light. He noted that because he felt satisfied that the irritation of the skin in cases of measles is due to the chemical rays of the solar spectrum, or, in other words, to the ultra violet rays, and not to the so-called calorific or heat rays. If this were not so how account for the fact that the pustules and scars are especially deep and marked on the face and hands, which are the very parts of the body most exposed to the solar rays? The result showed that he had not erred in arriving at this conclusion. His little patients rapidly regained their health, and the virtue that lies in red curtains and red lamps is being extolled by many physicians.

Impressed, like Dr. Chatinier, by the fact that the influence of the solar rays is especially manifested on the face and hands of patients, Dr. Finson conceived the idea of subjecting persons suffering from smallpox to the influence of ultra-violet rays, which reached them after the light had been filtered through thick red curtains. The result was that the little vesicles or bladders gradually disappeared and the patients did not suffer from the customary fever and, furthermore, were not marked. The ultra-violet rays, indeed, in the case of these patients produced the same effect as the red light in that of Dr. Chatinier's patients. This is the most striking proof of the efficacy of the absence of fever and the reappearance of the gradual disappearance of the eruptions before coming to maturity. It was also noticed that the rays had a marked effect on the malady in so far as they affected the bronchial tubes.

Dr. Finson's method of cure has been introduced into France by Dr. Larat and is being used not only in cases of smallpox, but also in cases of certain forms of skin diseases.

## HOW TO DRESS WELL.

A Woman's Identity Should Not Be Sacrificed to the Taste of the Dressmaker.

If a woman is afraid to decide about her own style, let her get an artist to tell her what it is, and what she can wear to the best advantage, says the Ledger Monthly.

Having ascertained her style and the colors she should wear, then she should strengthen herself to ignore the wonderful bargains in the wrong styles and colors, and prepare herself to endure a certain amount of monotony in her wardrobe. But her reward lies in being invariably well dressed and in having an air never to be acquired by sinking one's identity in the nondescript taste of the average dressmaker.

A business woman is wise to select some one standard color that best suits her—say brown, or navy blue, or gray—and then, having bought the principal garments in this tone, to buy all others in harmony with it. It affords a woman a wonderful opportunity to appear smartly dressed, and to do so at a moderate cost. And it is a fact that a woman who dresses in this way is sure to attract a lot of attention. The longer Ted looked at that winning little face, the longer he wanted to look; it was so wise, so tender, so impressively gray.

"Tatters," said Ted, putting his hand under the silky uplifted chin, "I'm going to be very good to you always, and I return I want you to be very good to some one else. Come, let us go and see her, and you'll know why."

She sat on a couch beside a sunny window, her hands folded lightly over an open book, her eyes fixed unseeingly on luminous space. Ted affected not to notice the deathlike transparency of the flower-like face; he proceeded cheerfully to introduce Tatters to his new mistress, and Tatters "sat up" very prettily until he was lured by the look in Nadine's eyes to make a step closer and put his paws on her knees.

# NO TIME.

No time, do we say—for a beautiful thought To lighten the burdens of hearts that ache? No time for encouraging, cheering words? That are healing balm to the hearts that break?

No time, do we say—for a kindly act? For the comfort and sunshine of a song? No time for the tenderness that is life, As careless and heedless we pass along?

The tender words we neglect to speak To our hungry hearts we so fondly love. Yet the tender words go up to God And each flower we give will blossom above.

Still we grieve our own by hasty words And acts that in vain try to forget. Then beautiful things we say of our dead And cover with flowers our vain regret.

Oh, pray, to the living give time each day In some way to gladden the lonely hours. By the touch of a hand, a smile, a word—Tis the living who need our kindness.

—Ruth Reed, in Detroit Free Press.

# TATTERS

By Helen Frances Huntington.

AN INEXPLICABLE instinct had gnawed Jimmy through forbidden grounds direct to Ted's library door, where he stood, cap in hand, a decently clean, soot-faced boy of 12, with a little grizzled mop of a dog wriggling apologetically at his heels. "This name's Tatters," he knelt and sat up on an "ance" snarl, said Jimmy. Whereupon Tatters "sat up" and peered anxiously through the ragged dun-colored fringe that veiled his bright black eyes. For the rest he was the most dejected, forlorn little creature that ever begged his way through a hard and thankless world.

"What are you two doing here?" Ted demanded, coldly. "I'm here, won't you take 'im in?" Jimmy entreated. "The home's sendin' me to Kansas an' the man what's hired me won't take Tatters. You kin have 'im for a dollar."

"But I don't want him," Ted answered, heartlessly, as if Jimmy Tatters dropped his smudgy paws limply and turned to Jimmy, with a look of hopeless appeal which said, as plain as human speech could say: "Why is the hand of every man turned against me?"

"He eats so little you'd never miss it," Jimmy explained, nervously. "Tatters promised, mule, to eat still less if Ted would take him, and Ted's heart's not against that. Last night he had good-naturedly and assured him that he should have abundant food and a roof to shelter him as long as he behaved in a fit and proper manner. He has never owned a dog in my life, he explained, deprecatingly, 'but I'll take Tatters and do the best I can for him.' The leave-taking consumed half a minute. It was plain that the dog suffered most acutely; but he had been made to understand that it was all part of the inexplicable fate that had branded him as a vagrant. When the door closed behind Jimmy he ran about from window to window, till he found the one overlooking the avenue where he sat very still, watching the lessening figure of his late master until his breath blurred the pane hopelessly; then he whined softly until Ted brought himself to his promise and carried him out to be bountifully fed and groomed after the manner befitting his adoption.

# A GREAT SPEECH.

The Hepas and Ambitions of the Laboring Men.

## WHAT BRYAN SAYS ABOUT IT.

The Secret Ballot the Working Man's Protection and Power. H. W. He Gout to Use It.

W. J. Bryan's Labor Day speech at Chicago is attracting a great deal of attention. There were a number of truthful declarations in it that were "from the shoulder," as the sport world put it, and which are now being re-quoted throughout the country.

He points out, in striking manner, why the laboring man demands consideration. "The first thing to be considered is the laboring man's ambitions; what are his aims and his purposes, for what is he striving? The animal needs only a roof and a shelter beam; but man's wants are more numerous. The animal complains when it is hungry and is contented when its hunger is appeased, but man, a mere link in the image of his Creator, is a three fold being and must develop the head and the heart as well as the body. He is not satisfied with mere physical existence; rather will he be content unless all avenues of advancement are open to him. His possibilities must be as unlimited as his aspirations."

With this in mind the man who eats at a well supplied table forgets the man who has to go to the factory for a loaf of bread. The animal complains when it is hungry and is contented when its hunger is appeased, but man, a mere link in the image of his Creator, is a three fold being and must develop the head and the heart as well as the body. He is not satisfied with mere physical existence; rather will he be content unless all avenues of advancement are open to him. His possibilities must be as unlimited as his aspirations."

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# ETIQUETTE OF THE DANCE.

A Few Things That Should Be Known by Every Devotee of Terpsichore.

The etiquette of the ballroom or the private dancing party ought to be familiar to all who attend such diversions, but, if so, its observance is far from universal. A few general rules should always be borne in mind, says the Chicago Chronicle.

When a man is presented to a young woman at a dance he usually says almost at once: "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" After dancing and walking about the rooms two or three times the young man may take the girl back to her chaperon and plead another engagement, or, better, she suggests that he take her to a place near her mother or chaperon. The lady is the one to first intimate her desire to stop dancing.

If a man holds a girl too tightly she should drop her hand from his shoulder as to bring it between her partner and herself. If he does not take her under some pretext or another, then dance with another; neither should she dance with the same man more than two or three times.

A young man invited to a house should dance as early as possible with the daughter of his hostess and pay them every possible attention.

Illinois is Democratic. The Chicago Daily News says: "Illinois is for Bryan and Alschuler, according to a poll of the state which the Democrats have made, from which Secretary Nelson, of the Democratic state committee says that practically complete returns have been received. Contrary to general expectations, Alschuler is said to have run only about even with Bryan save his own county where he is exceedingly popular. This failure of Alschuler to run far ahead of Bryan is thought to be due to the fact that no poll was taken in Cook county and it is right strength is supposed to lie in the bulk of the Jewish vote, which is considered solid for Alschuler, being centered in this city."

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