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There have been placed upon the market several cheap reprints of an obsolete edition of "Webster's Dictionary." They are being offered under various names at a low price.

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THE CHURCH A GARDEN

Dr. Talmage Draws a Beautiful Picture of the King's Garden.

CHRIST TAKES BEST FLOWERS.

This Garden Is Open to All Who Choose to Enter—Christ the Passion Plant, Whose Perfume Is to Fill All the Nations of the Earth.

Washington, Sept. 2.—This sermon Dr. Talmage sends from a halting place in his journey through the valleys of Switzerland. It seems to have been prepared amid the bloom and aroma of a garden midsummer. The text is Song of Solomon v. 1: "I am come into my garden."

The Bible is a great poem. We have it in 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 Montaigne, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollock, 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 thrashing floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the troughs for the camels, from the fish pools of Heshbon 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 rejoicing. 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 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 Shennong, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world, but his garden, the "Leaves," will be immortal. To the natural advantages of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here and there crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shennong, 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 to-day of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden of Christ, 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 \$100,000 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 on the cross, how many times he lifted him and let him down! Tell me, thou son 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 thorough irrigation. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If no flowers else, 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 in the Mexican cactus and blazing azalea and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden, and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but sweet as leaven. Yes, 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 now 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 all over with flowery 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 converted 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 every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them, notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. 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 him 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 quantity 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.

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 1,900 years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion plant of the cross. Prophets found it in 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 at the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its breath 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 smelling savor of Christ, my Lord. His worth of 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 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 hillside. But the choicest fruits are kept 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. If they are not there then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowery sentimentality. It is a practical, life giving, healthful fruit, not posies, but apples.

"Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded!" Where did your asylums come from? And your hospitals? Christ planted every one of them; he planted them in his garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus, he laid the cornerstone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee, he laid the cornerstone 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 cornerstone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison and ye visited me," he laid the cornerstone of every prison reformatory 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 thrown away. I know there are some vines that ought to be cut down. I know there are some grapes that ought to be uprooted, but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fig? 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 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 as a sapling, 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 tree larger than the famous one of Eschol, 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.

Again, the church in my text is appropriately compared to 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 drought and barrenness, but there were pipes, aqueducts, reaching from this garden up the mountains, and through these aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains until every rock 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 the aqueducts. The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are aqueducts. Water to slake the thirst, water to wash the unclean, water to toss up into the light of the Sun of Righteousness, showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh, was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated?

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 scathe 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 to that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and lo! he is breaking off flowers, sharp and clean, from the stems, and I say, "Stop, Jesus! Do not 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 plant 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 thy garden, and thou hast a right to do what thou wilt 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 affection, and when she was sick she came to you had no faith in medicines. You know 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 mold. She was of the finest.

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 from your homes. I throw a kiss to the sweet darlings. They are 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 kirk's garden. The only glimpse you ever get of such gardens 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. Whoever will may come. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it was but 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 Shennong, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid those blossoms and said: "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry and envious and frantic and despicable 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 heartease. 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 5, 10, 20, 30 years, do you not feel as if now your honor of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? I mean, what grace hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved?

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one lifeboat. In the 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 kind 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 tail-rail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatmen: "Save me next! Save me next!" Oh, 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 hell ring with the cry "Save me next! Save me next!" Now is the day of salvation! Now! Now!

The Anecdotal Side of Phillips Brooks! A reminiscence article on Bishop Phillips Brooks will appear in The September Ladies' Home Journal. It is in the form of a series of anecdotes which accurately reflect the characteristics of the beloved Bishop. These anecdotes were gathered from his most confidential friends, are mostly new, and all are effectively told.

Cause of His Headache. "That hard-boiled egg gave me a headache." "You shouldn't eat hard-boiled eggs." "I didn't eat it. A fellow hit me with it behind the ear."

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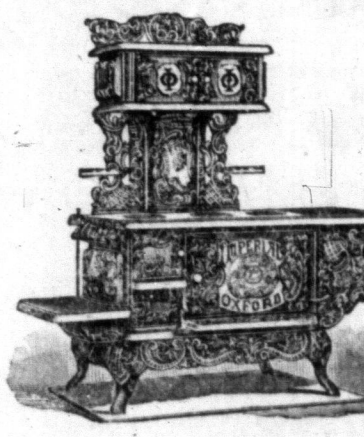
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