

SPRINGTIME FLOWERS

LESSON OF DIVINE ENCOURAGEMENT FOR HUMAN RACE.

TWO REVELATIONS TO MAN

The Natural World, So Bright and So Full of God's Purposes in Springtime, and the Internal World, the Bible, Which Both Work for the Same Purpose, the Revealing of God's Love and Care.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1902, by Frederick Dyer, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 23.—The flowers of the springtime furnish the theme of this sermon, and from them the preacher draws a lesson of divine encouragement for the human race. The text is Matt. vi., 28, "Consider the lilies of the field."

"Lilies! Consider the lilies of the field!" No one can understand what that command means unless that person has attended an Easter service in southern California, as I have done, said a dear friend to me many years ago. "Why, in Los Angeles and Pasadena they do not grow the spring lilies at hothouse plants, as they do in Chicago or New York. They do not look upon the little calla lily as though it were a pencil of gold and charge eight, or ten, or twelve, or even fifteen dollars per dozen for their ascension lilies. But there the lilies grow almost as plentifully as do the thistles on Scottish moors or the shamrocks on Ireland's hills. There all the ministers have to do to insure Easter decoration for their churches is to ask the members of their congregations to bring in their lilies the Saturday before Easter Sunday. And what is the result? The lilies are brought by the armful and in carriage loads. The only way I can describe their abundance is to compare them to the goldenrods, and the bluebells, and the daisies, and the dandelions growing in eastern fields in the summer time. The Easter pulpits are crowded with them. The organ lofts are crowded with them. They hang over the galleries. They entwine themselves about the church columns. The Sunday school rooms as well as the main auditoriums are filled with them. Lilies, lilies, lilies everywhere! Oh, you ought to go to southern California to see the churches decorated with lilies on Easter Sunday! Nowhere is another sight like it!"

When my friend spoke thus I was not a skeptic. I did not ridicule her statements. I had never been in southern California at that time, but I had traveled around the world, and I had seen the almost limitless wealth of the wild flora of the tropics. In Honolulu we were welcomed by friends who came down to greet us with thousands upon thousands of flowers. They entwined them in our horses' hair and harness. They covered our carriages with them. They placed them in our hands about our necks. They tossed them under our feet in the streets. But notwithstanding my experience in the East I was unable to realize the beauty of an Easter Sunday in southern California until I myself had participated in such a service. No man can appreciate the beauty of a Los Angeles church until he sees there a church building literally covered with pure white lilies. Not a red leaf there. Only the white leaf and the green leaf side by side. The lilies seemed not to be lilies, but great curtains and crosses and columns of white. On my first Easter service the people brought so many lilies for decorating purposes that the ladies could not use them all. Great piles of these white lilies had been thrown away as useless. Why did we not send some of these lilies to other churches? That would have been a foolish waste of time. All the other churches had just as many lilies on hand as we had.

Beautiful and abundant as are the lilies of southern California, appropriate as they are as symbols of Christ's resurrection, I would not limit our thoughts to them on this Easter morning. It was not of such flowers as these alone that Christ referred to when he bade us consider the lilies. "The lily of Christ's time was not, as many suppose, like the lily of the western world. It was not the calla lily, with its cornucopia leaf and long pistil of gold; not the lily of the valley, which looks like a string of bells, ready to ring out the Easter chimes; not the Bermuda lily, with its clapper of white, nor the water lily, lifting its head above the river

to be decapitated and pounded into flour as the modern husbandman makes his wheat. Nor was it the Hulch lily, which Dr. Thompson, the orientalist traveler, describes as of such velvety softness that the finest silk could not be softer. The New Testament lily was a name given comprehensively to all the wild flowers of Palestine, as the name "sparrow" embraced all the small birds that winged their way above the Judean hills. Thus, as my Easter text, "Consider the lilies," embraces all wild flowers, I shall not hem in and circumscribe my subject by the beautiful lilies which we find decorating our churches this Easter day. In the symbol of the growth of the wild flower I shall try to find some practical gospel lesson appropriate for this glorious service of Easter morn.

The wild flowers of Palestine, in the first place, teach us that man, insignificant though he is, is nurtured and protected by a divine Father's care, no matter where he may be. They teach us that if God takes the trouble to plant and develop a little wild flower God is certainly willing to care for and care for us. One day the great "wizard of Abbeotsford" was found in a Scottish ravine, down on his knees, with paper and pencil, drawing the construction of the leaf of a wild flower. Some one said to him, "Sir Walter, why are you spending your time thus?" "Ah," answered Sir Walter Scott, "I am studying the love of my Maker for me in his care for this little wild flower. If God is willing to take the time to color this little leaf and place it in veins and arteries as perfectly in construction as are the veins of my own body, if he is at pains to warm this leaf into life and feed it and give it drink, surely God is willing to care and does care for me, whom he has made in his own divine image."

Was not Walter Scott's answer right? Can we not find the love of God for man demonstrated in God's care for the wild flower of Palestine, which Christ called lilies? Indeed on this day I go further than this. I assert that no man fully realizes the love and tenderness of God unless he has seen them pictorialized on the leaves of the wild flowers. The poet preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, said, "I do not believe that any one can fully read the Bible, and I am satisfied that no one can read the Bible to the best advantage who does not read the natural world a great deal. These things are very much to be read, the blossom is to fruit and what germ is to blossom. One is not the cause of the other helps to produce it. And so these two revelations, the external and the internal, work together and both work for the same purpose."

Can you not see God's love and care for you in the looms which weave together a rose leaf? In the strength of the honey-suckle, which lifts itself above the ground, climbing over the sides of a wall or porch in order to reach the light of the sun? Can you not find God's protection hovering over you in the bristling thorns of the bush, which guard the wild flowers of the wilderness from an approaching foe? Can you not fathom God's care for you by studying the roots that suck up the strength out of the ground and the marvelous chemistry which can gather out of the same black soil the red and the white, the purple for the daffodil, the blue for the heliotrope, the pink for the hyacinth, the white for the lily? Though there are millions and millions of wild flowers every spring and summer, though the fields may be covered with dandelions and daisies and sunflowers and goldenrod, yet each individual flower shows God's tender care, whether it be the trailing arbutus hiding in the mountain or the sweet myrtle and the bluebells and the forget-me-nots and all the trillium and the beauties which are grown in the greenhouses of the horticulturists. If God cares for the insignificant things of this world, surely God does care for mortal man, for whom Christ was born and Christ died and Christ was resurrected on Easter day. Yes, God does care for you, though you have been an invalid for the last twenty years. He does care for you, though a widow, and seemingly facing a life of financial struggle, with a large brood of little ones at your back. He cares for you, enough to seem at this moment not to have a friend in all the wide, wide world. He cares for you, I know it. This Easter day Christ says: "Consider the wild flowers of the fields. As I have cared for the lilies, so I care for you, oh, ye of little faith!"

Christ loves the Easter lilies. Therefore he respects the work which these Easter lilies are doing. As he comes out of the tomb today, he does not bring over a little daisy or a forget-me-not and say, "Oh, insignificant flower, why are you not a chrysanthemum among the flowers or a cedar of Lebanon among the trees? Then the birds of the air could come and build their nests among your great branches. Then the great beams of my cross could have been cut out of the trunk of your tree. Then a house could have been erected from your wood near to my carpenter shop in Nazareth." Oh, no. Christ would not speak thus on this Easter day to a daisy. For if he did, the daisy would look up and say, "Oh, risen Lord, why are thou rebuking me? If thou didst want me to do the work of a cedar of Lebanon, why didst thou not make it possible for me to grow into a great tree?"

No, no. Christ honors the wild flower because it is willing to do the work of a wild flower, as we should be willing to do the work for which we were created and not for our attempting to do the work which it is impossible for us to do. And yet as I wander in and out among these Easter lilies how often do I find men trying to win the divine commendation. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," they teach us that if God takes the trouble to plant and develop a little wild flower God is certainly willing to care for and care for us. One day the great "wizard of Abbeotsford" was found in a Scottish ravine, down on his knees, with paper and pencil, drawing the construction of the leaf of a wild flower. Some one said to him, "Sir Walter, why are you spending your time thus?" "Ah," answered Sir Walter Scott, "I am studying the love of my Maker for me in his care for this little wild flower. If God is willing to take the time to color this little leaf and place it in veins and arteries as perfectly in construction as are the veins of my own body, if he is at pains to warm this leaf into life and feed it and give it drink, surely God is willing to care and does care for me, whom he has made in his own divine image."

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the resurrection life. At very long Christ was only thirty-three years of age when he was crucified. But Christ is to-day dwelling in heaven with our dear ones who have gone beyond Mother, by the grave of your little baby, I declare it. Husband, carry me Child, by the casket of your father and mother, welcome this resurrection truth. Our dear ones' earthly lives may have ended, but their heavenly lives have just begun. Oh, on this glorious Easter morn will you accept this truth? By placing your hope in Christ, who bids you trust him, as do the lilies of the field, will you not grasp the promise of heavenly rebirth? The promise of the resurrection with which to close this Easter service than the wild flowers of the east? "Men often make with pale or paste of gliding to make it beautiful," once wrote an unknown writer. "God never does so. You will find no sham on his works. The shape he gives to each creature is just that which is fitted for it, and the color with which he adorns it will never wash off. In his great workshop truth and beauty go together." May the beauty of the truth of the trusting short lived Easter lilies be to us the symbol by which we may learn to trust Christ while we are upon earth and live with him in the glorious Easter which shall be eternal and without end.

Treadmill as a Punishment. The treadmill is still in vogue at many English prisons. Within the walls is a little building, built of blue-grey stone, standing somewhat apart from the main prison and garden. On the chocolate-colored door is painted in white letters the two words "Wheel House." As the door opens the dull grinding sound that we hear in the street is heard inside. The door closes behind us with the inevitable clack and click of the returning wheel. The house is an apartment some 30 feet long and 15 feet wide. On the left hand side are the wheels, four of them, in two tiers, divided by a gallery running the whole length of the house and communicating with the floor by a staircase at the opposite end. On the right hand side there is another long narrow door, gallery, which stands the warden in charge. The wheels are separated by a section of brick wall.

Each wheel is divided into compartments, cutting off each prisoner from the others. The object of this is to prevent the prisoners from seeing and hearing one another, although conversation in a low voice, pitched in a different key to that of "the music of the wheel," is perfectly easy and intelligible.

THEY MADE THIS COUPLE HAPPY

Dodd's Kidney Pills Doing Good Work Around Port Arthur.

Mr. Dick Souvey and Wife Both Had Kidney Troubles, and the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy Cured Them.

Port Arthur, Ont., April 24.—(Special.)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the kidney ills of men and women alike has been proved time and again in this neighborhood, but it is only occasionally they get a chance to be double work in the same house. This has happened in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Souvey, a farmer, and his wife, living about seven miles from here. In an interview Mr. Souvey said:

"My wife and myself have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and have found them a big benefit to our health. We had La Grippe two winters and were exposed to much frost and cold. The result was broken on account of kidney troubles and pain in the kidneys. We each took six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now enjoy good health."

Paid For the Advice. Old Hunk (meeting a physician at the club)—Doc, what ought a man do when he has an all-overish feeling, as if he were going to have an attack of grip? Crusty M. D.—He ought to consult a good physician about it. Old Hunk—Well, that advice ought to be worth a dollar, anyhow. Here it is. I'll go and hunt him up.

COAL SETTLES IN THE BACK.

It hits people in a tender spot and makes it mighty hard to brace up. Nervine takes that kink out of your spinal column in short order; it soothes, that's why it's so good. So soon, Nervine penetrates, that's why it cures. Five times stronger than ordinary remedies, Nervine can't fail to cure back, lumbago, sciatica, and neuralgia. Nervine is instant death to all muscular pain. For nearly fifty years it has been the largest selling liniment in Canada. Better try it.

Sure. Mrs. Bunn—So your servant ran off. Don't you think she'll regret it? Mrs. Hinn—Yes, because my husband ran with her—Manchester (N. H.) Mirror and American.

Only as we love you we work beautifully, harmoniously, courageously. Courage comes with love; it is love alone that makes tasks easy and fingers fly fast.

DON'T SQUANDER YOUR MONEY.

On worthless cures for catarrh there is only one remedy that's successful—"Catarrhazone." It cures when the doctor says your case is hopeless. No drugs to take, no atomizer to bother with, you simply inhale the fragrant vapor of this unfailing cure and get well quickly. Relief is instant, cure is guaranteed, so you run no risk with Catarrhazone. Don't experiment, don't put off, get Catarrhazone from your druggist today.

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WEST RIDING OF KENT

LICENSE TRANSFER

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the License Commissioners of the West Riding of Kent, to allow a transfer of license of the Park House, city of Chatham, from Timothy and Joseph McQueen to Peter Toulouse, of the city of Chatham. And further, take notice, that a meeting of the commissioners will be held at my office, Harrison Hall, on Saturday, the 29th day of April, at 2 o'clock p.m., for hearing and considering the said transfer of license.

W. A. MILLS, Inspector.

Chatham, March 29th, 1905.

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