THE CHURCH GARDEN

A SEASONABLE SERMON PREACHED BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

A Gathering of God's People, a Place of Choice Flowers, Select Fruits and Thorough Irrigation—An Invitation to Enter.

Washington, May 3.—As the parks in Washington are abloom with hyacinths, and the gardens are being made, the simile dominant in this subject is very suggestive and practical. Dr. Talmage's text was Isaiah lviii, 11, "Thou shalt be like a watered garden."

The Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm, and bold imagery, and startling antithesis, and rapturous lyric, and sweet pastoral, and instructive narrative, and devotional psalm—thought 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 impassionated 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 Nabor filling the trough for the camels, from the fish pools of Heshbon up to the psalmist praising God with the diapason of storm and whirlwind and Job's imagery of 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 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 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 £300 for it; he sold it for £17,000. 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. 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! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted Him and let Him down! Tell me, thou sun 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 the 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 only 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 brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. 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 new window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are perhaps more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briers 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 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 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 sharpnesses. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it as even been through severe trial he has raised even the smallest crop 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 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 rash 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 the 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, Wyclifs, 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 Thermopylae. When they die, it is a martyrdom. 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 another, one.

In this garden of the church which Christ has planted I also find the snow-drops, 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 any thing 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 of all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a century plant, your emotions are startled. You say, "Why, this flavor has been 100 years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be 100 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 1900 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 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 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, and, if they are not there, then shame on the church.

Religion is not a mere sentimentality. It is a practical life, life-giving healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." In reply I ask, 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 cornerstone to every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demonica 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 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 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 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 glorious Christian men and women—noble, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander, nobler collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

There are Christian men and women 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. Hers has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has been fifteen years on his back, unable 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.

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 us were 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 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 tossed high up in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh, was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated! You know that the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great 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 potent with 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 it came 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.

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, shaking 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 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 His garden, and He has a right to do what He will with it. Thy will be done"—the hardest prayer 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, your 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 kindness 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 you 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 5, 10, 20, 30 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 life boat 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!" 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 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 forever. 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.

Protect the Farm Homes.

The worth of protection is too lightly estimated by the farmers whose homes are without protection. When a man can raise the temperature of his immediate surroundings ten or fifteen degrees when storms are raging, or when he can do the equivalent of this by planting around his home a protecting belt of trees, it is surely important that he should do so. When a tree is given half a chance it will grow, and it will grow quickly. It is not so, however, everywhere. Since such is the fact, let us grow them. We have simply to prepare the ground and plant them, and protect them, to have them grow. The process is very simple. Then let us all have the protection which they afford. I am of the opinion that a man is an enemy to himself, and he is, so far, an enemy to his family, if he does not plant trees to protect his home, if he owns the land which he tills. We have many kinds of trees to plant for protection, all of which will grow well. It is not so on the western prairie. Only a few kinds of trees will grow there. Some of the dwellers in those lands can only enjoy the protection of a cottonwood grove, even where the blizzards blow their fiercest, and in some instances they cannot have even that. But the farmer further east can have any kind of a tree to make his grove that he may desire to choose; that is to say, he can have any one of the many varieties that grow in his country. Even amid evergreens there is much variety from which to choose. The white pine grows sturdily, and shuts out the wind. The native spruce will form a close wall even though it may not grow so fast. But the Norway variety is probably better suited to the rapid and effectual protection of a home than any other variety of evergreen. Get the boys and girls of the home to help plant them.—Farming.

It Was a Fine Stream.

There is a "professional gentleman" in Portland who would make a successful horse swapper. Having a farm to sell recently, this descendant of the Pilgrims advertised it, and soon afterward a gentleman called on him to speak about it.

"Well, judge," said he, "I have been over that farm you advertised and find it all right, except the fine stream of water you mentioned."

"It runs through the piece of woods in the lowest part of the meadow," said the judge.

"What, that little brook? Why, it doesn't hold much more than a spoonful. I am sure if you would empty a bowl of water into it it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream, do you?"

"Well, if it were much finer you couldn't see it at all," said the judge blandly.—Portland Express.

A Smart and Fancy Hosiery.

Some very dainty hosiery are those with the old-fashioned clock instep. These are in cotton, lisle and silk, and are among the latest importations. They range in price from 60 cents to $2.25. Black or colored stockings, embroidered with tiny vines or single flowers scattered over the instep, and sometimes reaching over the top of the shoes, are very fetching. More elaborate stockings have a line of open-work resembling a hemstitched pattern alternating with a delicate, embroidered vine. These are expressly designed to wear indoors, with low shoes, and with indoor evening dress. Another new style is ornamented with diamond-shaped bits of open work at intervals extending from the ankle to half way to the knee. These are a novelty.

Pots and Plants in Harmony.

The decorated stone pots so largely in use in drawing rooms for growing plants need to be selected with care. They should not only be adapted in coloring to the plants they are to hold, but there should be a harmony in the jars themselves, as no matter how beautiful each individual one may be if there is incongruity in the coloring the whole effect will be unpleasing. Even an uneducated eye would detect the inharmonious effect without being able to discover the cause.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Dairymaid Princesses

The Princess of Wales has a dairy where she and her daughters sometimes make, with their own hands, delicious butter. The description of one of the rooms with its tiled walls, marble counters, silver pans and silver churns, almost turns one's head, but good, substantial butter comes from this very room when the Princess honors it with her working presence. In an adjoining room the usual family supply of butter is made by other than royal hands.

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TEACHING OF JESUS.

SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MAY 24.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xx, 9-19—Memory Verses, 15-16—Golden Text, Luke xx, 17—Commentary on the Lesson by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

9. "A certain man planted a vineyard and let it forth to husbandmen and went into a far country for a long time." Our last lesson seemed to have a special reference to the present age or the time between Israel's rejection of their King and His return to take the kingdom. This parable seems rather to cover the whole history of Israel, including their treatment of the prophets and their rejection of the King.

10-12. This account of the treatment of His servants will cover the whole period of the prophets. The fruit He desired was righteousness, and that Israel should make Him a name among the nations of the earth, that all nations might know Him for their good. But read the story in Isa. v, 7-25, and in Ezek. xiii, and see what they gave Him instead of righteousness. As to their beating and shamefully treating the servants, just listen to a few testimonies: "Asa was wroth with the seer and put him in a prison house." "Zedekiah came near and smote Micaiah upon the cheek." "And they conspired against him (Zechariah) and stoned him with stones at the commandment of the king in the court of the house of the Lord." "Then Pashur smote Jeremiah, the prophet, and put him in the stocks." "Then they took Jeremiah and cast him into the dungeon" (II. Chron. xvi, 10; xviii, 23; xxiv, 21; Jer. xx, 2; xxxviii, 6). No wonder that James by the Spirit writes, "Take my brethren, the prophets who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering and affliction and of patience (Jas. v, 10). The Lord is now looking for the fruit of the Spirit in those who have become branches in Him who is the True Vine, and through whom He desires to bear much fruit to the glory of God. Does He find it? If not, why? Let each answer for himself unto the Lord.

13. "Then said the lord of the vineyard: What shall I do? I will send my beloved son. It may be they will reverence him when they see him." In Isa. v, 4, He asks, What could have been done more to My vineyard that I have not done in it? And here at a much farther stage He asks, What shall I do? Then determines to send His Beloved Son, not to punish, as well He might, but to save and bless even such rebellious ones. God, who once spoke by the prophets, hath at last spoken by His Beloved Son, to whom He gave this title both at His baptism and at His transfiguration. Behold what manner of love, what long suffering, what forbearance, what yearning over His erring and rebellious ones. Hear Him, even through the prophets: "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel? (Hos. xi, 8).

14. "This is the heir; come, let us kill him, that the inheritance may be ours. Joseph's brethren said: "This dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him and cast him into some pit" (Gen. xxxvii, 19, 20). It seems impossible that human nature could be guilty of the baseness of Joseph's brethren and of the brethren of our Lord, the Jews, who treated Him as He here describes. Think of men enjoying property that cost them nothing, then of their refusing to thank the owner by rendering him some fruit, then of their actually conspiring to kill the owner and take the property into their own hands.

15. "So they cast him out of the vineyard and killed him. What, therefore, shal the lord of the vineyard do unto them?" Our Lord describes what He knew they would actually do, for He had often foretold it. What an illustration of the fact that the carnal mind is enmity against God. But, believer, let us apply it; let us search ourselves in this awful picture. The Lord Jesus has bought us for His peculiar property that He may be glorified in us. Now, is He enthroned in the heart that He has bought for Himself, or is He as good as cast out? Lest we be as guilty or more guilty than the Jews, let us give Him cheerfully the whole being for His pleasure (Rom. xii, 1, 2).

16. "He shall come and destroy these husbandmen and shall give the vineyard to others." In Math. xxi, 43, the words are, "The kingdom of God shall be taken from you and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." Israel, having failed to receive her King, has been for the present set aside as a nation, while God is gathering out of all nations a people for His name who shall be joined to Christ and return with Him when He shall come in glory for the restoration of Israel and of all things spoken by the prophets. The great question for the church and for every individual believer is, Am I bearing fruit unto God?

17. "What is this, then, that is written, the stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner?" This is from Ps. cxviii, 22, and points to the time when the nation shall say, "Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord" (Math. xxiii, 39; Ps. cxviii, 26). "It shall be said in that day: Lo, this is our God! We have waited for Him, and He will save us; this is the Lord. We have waited for Him. We will be glad and rejoice in His salvation" (Isa. xxv, 9). Our Lord was always calling attention to what was written. He had implicit confidence in the Scriptures. He always appealed to them. He made people answer their own questions by His. "What is written? How readest thou?"

18. "Whosoever shall fall upon that stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it shall grind him to powder." This takes us back to Isa. viii, 14, 15, where we read that He shall be to some a sanctuary, but to others a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. In Isa. xxviii, 16, we read that He is a sure and tried foundation stone as well as a precious corner. The whole is summed up in I. Pet. ii, 4-8. The grinding to powder probably refers to Dan. ii, 35, and the time of His coming to judge the nations. He is now a place of refuge and a sure foundation to all who receive Him. He is a rock of offense to all who will not have Him. But when He comes in glory He will surely crush all His enemies.

19. "And the chief priests and the scribes the same hour sought to lay hands on Him." They had long before determined to kill Him, but now their hour is drawing nigh, and yet they cannot lay a finger on Him until God's appointed time. Then He will let them take Him, that their wicked hands may accomplish that which the counsel of God determined before to be done (Acts iv, 27, 28). Not even satan himself can touch a child of God without [illegible] needs be for all that comes to every

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MONCTON.

Quite a Number of Property Sales Made so Far This Year.

Mrs. John Nugent Appointed a School Trustee —The Shortage in the City Treasury.

Moncton, May 7.—Quite a number of property sales have been reported this year. L. Higgins, shoe merchant, has purchased from Jas. McAllister a lot on Botsford street, 105 by 112, on which he will erect a substantial residence for himself this summer. The price paid for the lot was $2,000. It is understood that the Merchants' Bank of Halifax are also negotiating for a site upon which to erect banking offices. They have in view a lot on Main street belonging to the Dr. Baxter estate, the price, it is understood, being in the vicinity of $7,000, or over $100 per foot frontage.

St. Joseph's college students presented the drama La Tour de Nord to a fair audience in the Opera house here last evening. The young students acquitted themselves very creditably.

Mrs. John Nugent has been elected a trustee of the Moncton schools in accordance with the act of last winter. Mrs. H. Atkinson had previously been appointed by the government.

Thirty-six new helmets and seven new rubber coats are to be purchased for the fire department. Tenders are to be invited for the supply of 3,000 feet of 4 and 6 inch pipe for the extension of the water system.

Mr. Carmichael, the St. John accountant employed to make an audit of the city books has completed his work, but has not yet submitted his report. It is understood that he has discovered shortages aggregating over $4,000, extending over five years, in addition to the embezzlement of $9,000 first reported.

The people of Moncton do not allow the grass to grow under their feet when they start upon a new enterprise. Scarcely two months have elapsed since the stock list for the street railway was opened, and the track has already been laid from the Main street railway crossing to the foot of Weldon street. It is hoped to have the cars running in June. Some thirty or forty men are employed.

At the annual meeting of the Adogwaaswook Fishing club held here J. H. Abbott of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax was elected president; Capt. J. E. Masters, vice-president, and H. Walker, secretary-treasurer. The only share of the stock on the market was disposed of to E. Sinclair of Miramichi.

ST. ANDREWS.

The Funeral of the Late Mrs. W. D. Forster—General News.

St. Andrews, May 9.—W. D. Forster arrived yesterday by C. P. R. with the remains of the late Mrs. Forster, which were in a hermetically sealed casket. A large number of the residents of the town were assembled at the railway station, who followed the remains to All Saints church. The casket was placed in the main entrance to the church to await the hour appointed for the service, 3 o'clock p. m. At that hour the church contained a large congregation of people, who thus testified their regret for the memory of the deceased and sympathy with the bereaved family. Rev. Canon Ketchum read the service for the dead. The hymns sung by the choir were: No. 252, Weary of Earth and Laden with My Sins; No. 437, For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest, and the Nunc Dimittis. At the conclusion of the solemn service the casket containing the corpse was lifted by the bearers and carried to the hearse and conveyed to the cemetery, followed by a numerous cortege in carriages and on foot. At the cemetery the concluding portion of the service was read by the rector, after which the choir, under the leadership of Miss Algar, sang Hymn 231, For Ever with the Lord. The floral offering laid on the casket was very elegant, consisting of a cross of roses about fifteen inches high, on the base of which were the words "At rest." This was by W. D. Forster; a pillow of roses, with the word "Mother," by Percy and Ewan Forster, children of the deceased; a very pretty cross, from Mrs. Harrison and Miss Thorne of St. John; one by Mrs. N. G. D. Parker of St. Andrews, and a beautiful wreath of lilies from Mrs. E. Lee Street of Newcastle. F. H. Street, W. H. Thorne and Miss Thorne of St. John, and J. Black, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, St. Stephen, came to attend the funeral.

Mr. Carter is in town inspecting the public schools.

Messrs. Stevenson and McKenzie of St. Stephen were in town yesterday.

J. Gibson, representing Shelton Bros. of Montreal; Kent Foster, representing the Ames Holden Co. of the same city, and Geo. Simpson, representing Van Allen & Co., Hamilton, Ont.; were yesterday registered at Kennedy's.

Deputy Sheriff L. S. Chase left by C. P. R. this morning with George Buhot, committed to the Provincial Lunatic Asylum as a dangerous lunatic.

G. M. Nowell of Boston, son-in-law of ex-Governor Ames of Massachusetts has rented the Land Company's cottage for the season.

QUEENS CO.

Lower Jemseg, May 7.—The weather for the past few weeks has been very cold, with high winds. The water is falling quite rapidly at present, leaving considerable drift wood on the intervals. Farming has commenced on the high ground in earnest. Quite a sensation has been aroused in the village by the cure of two very bad cancers.

Mrs. F. A. Wright, who was ill during the winter and spring months in St. John, is at her parents, where she is improving in health and strength.

The union Sunday school was reorganized last Sunday and the following officers installed: Charles L. Slipp, superintendent; John W. Foshay, assistant superintendent; Fred C. Nevins, secretary; Whitfield Nevers, librarian.

The death of James Bates occurred last week. He was one of the oldest residents of the place.

A Paris mill makes 2,000 dolls a day.

China makes paper furniture.