DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

VOICES OF GARDENS AND FIELDS.

Text: "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi.'—Song of Solomon, i., 14.

Solomon's Song has been considered by many as fit only for moon-struck sentimentalists, written by a voluptuary, the story of a man crazed by a fair maiden, neither fit for family prayers nor for church. Indeed, we must admit that there were years in Solomon's life when he had several hundred more wives than he was entitled to, but he repented of his sin, and God chose him to write some of the best things about Christ that have ever been written. Beside that, I think the criticism of modern times upon the immodesty of the Bible comes with poor grace from a century in which the writings of George Sand came to their fortieth edition, and Christians cannot get to the prayer meeting because they have tickets for places of amusement so depraved that they make "The Black Crook" respectable. I think, however, as far as I can see in my stupidity, that there are things turned out upon the community to-day that bid fair to do more damage than the Song of Solomon.

Hear, now, one of his fresh and fair descriptions of Jesus. If I had twenty years to preach I would like to employ ten of them in bringing out to observation those representations of Christ that have as yet been passed by. I do not know why the pulpit should hover over a few types of Christ when there are so many symbols of Jesus that have never been d[illegible]. Why [illegible] On Wednesday night last Col. George [illegible] Wasson discussed the "industry of the colored people." The court house was [illegible] well filled [illegible] employ all our time in examining a few lilies when the Bible is a great garden filled with fuchsias, and with daffodils, and with amaranths, and evening primroses for the close of life's day, and crocuses at the foot of the snow bank of sorrow, and heartsease for the troubled, and passion-flowers planted at the foot of a cross, and morning glories spreading out under the splendors of the breaking day? Some years ago I discoursed to you about "the white hairs of Jesus," and some of the newspapers supposed it was a mere fancy of my own—the poor fools not knowing that in Revelations, the first and the fourteenth, the Bible speaks of Christ: "His head and His hairs were white like wool—as white as snow"—symbolizing the eternity of Jesus.

Terraced on the side of the mountain were the vineyards of Engedi. Oh, they are sweet places! From a shelving of the mountain, 400 feet high, waters came down in beautiful baptism on the faces of the leaves; the grapes intoxicate with their own wine; pomegranates with juices bursting from the rind; all fruits, and flowers, and aromatic woods—among the sweetest of these the camphire plant of the text. Its flowers are in clusters like our lilacs—graceful, fragrant, symbolical of Jesus; for "my beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of Engedi."

I will carry out the idea of my text, and in the first place show you that this camphire plant of the text was a symbol of Christ, because of his fragrance. If I had a branch of it, and should wave it in your midst, it would fill the house with its redolence. The camphire, as we have it, is offensive to some; but the camphire plant of the text has a fragrance gracious to all. The vineyards of Engedi bathed in it—the branches, the buds, the blossoms dripping with sweetness, typical of the sweetness of Christ.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

The name of Cæsar means power; the name of Herod means cruelty; the name of Alexander means conquest; the name of Demosthenes means eloquence; the name of Milton means poetry; the name of Benjamin West means painting; the name of Phidias means sculpture; the name of Beethoven means [illegible] and her face ligh[illegible] Howard means reform; [illegible]er that this car[illegible] is eleve[illegible] means love. It is the [illegible]hen, addressing her country mainly of [illegible] from lip or [illegible] [illegible]sy as though she h[illegible] that he [illegible] Here [illegible]ident's new bride, he a[illegible] is a specimen of the work done, in Mr. [illegible]t not help her into Smith's words: "One of the many [illegible]ked him and, puttin stupid expedients which the canal com[illegible]r her arms, he lifted pany adopted for holding the mud was [illegible]s, and placed her crutch to put up an ordinary wooden fence, [illegible] tipped his hat and the fastened with bamboo withes and stakes. [illegible] and conversation. Th[illegible] Of course, in a little while the pressure [illegible] was General Joe John[illegible] of the half-liquid mud became too great [illegible]ederate leader. for the weak barrier to withstand, and down came fence, mud and all into the canal again, to be once more dredged out at an enormous expense. A yet more curious state of things exists at places further in shore, where other cuts have been made by several different contractors. There have been no specifications in these contracts as to what shall be done with the earth after it has been excavated. What is the result of this omission? The contractors simply load it on hand-carts and run it back a little way in the cut which they have made and leave it there. The consequence is that all this earth, all these stumps and stones shall have to be excavated all over again, to the immense profit of the contractors.

rapturous experience. Christ to them has been the conquerer on the white horse, or the sun of righteousness, setting everything ablaze with light; or the bridegroom, coming with lantern and torches. To me it has been a very quiet and undemonstrative experience. It has been something very sweet, but very still. How shall I describe it? I have it now: "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of Engedi."

But I remark further: This camphire plant of the text was a symbol of Christ in the fact that it gives coloring. From the Mediterranean to the Ganges the people of the East gathered it, dried the leaves, pulverized them, and then used them as a dye for beautifying garments or their own persons. It was that fact that gave the camphire plant of the text its commercial value in the time of King Solomon—a type of my Lord Jesus, who beautifies and adorns and colors everything He touches. I have no faith in that man's conversion whose religion does not color his whole life. It was intended so to do. If a man has the grace of God in his heart it ought to show it elf in the life. There ought to be this "cluster of camphire" in the ledger, in the roll of government securities, in the medical prescription, in the law book. A religion is of no value to a merchant unless it keeps him from putting false labels on his goods; or to the plasterer, unless it keeps him from putting up a ceiling which he knows will crack in six months; or to the driver, unless it keeps him from lashing his horses to eight miles an hour when the thermometer is at ninety; or to the farmer, unless it keeps him from putting the only sound pippins on the top of the barrel; or to the shoemaker, unless it keeps him from substituting brown paper for good leather in the soles. In other words, the religion of Christ is good for everything or it is good for [illegible] The middle prairie [illegible] nothing. [illegible] piecemeal. If the heart is changed, the head is changed, and the liver is changed, and the spleen is changed, and the hands are changed, and the feet are changed, and the store is changed, and the house is changed, and everything over which man has any influence comes to a complete and radical change. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is not a pot of hyacinths, to be set in a parlor bay window for passers-by to look at and to be examined by ourselves only when we have company, but it is to be a perfume filling all the room of the heart as "a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of Engedi." The trouble is men do not take their religion with them. The merchant leaves it outside the counter, lest it disturb the goods. The housekeeper will not let her religion trail its robes in the kitchen on washing day. The philosopher will not let his religion come in amid the batteries, lest it get a galvanic shock. But I tell you unless your religion goes with you everywhere, it goes nowhere. That religion was intended to color all the heart and the life.

But, mark you, it was a bright color. For the most part it was an orange dye made of this camphire plant, one of the most brilliant of all the colors; and so the religion of Jesus Christ casts no blackness or gloom upon the soul. It brightens up life; it brightens up everything. There is no more religion in a funeral than there is in a wedding; no more religion in tears than in smiles. David was no better when he said he cried out of the depths of hell than he was when he said that his mouth was filled with laughter and his tongue with singing. The best men that I have ever known have laughed the loudest. Religion was intended to brighten up all our character. Take out the sprig of cypress from your coat and put in "a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of Engedi." Religion's "ways are ways pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." I have found it so. There are hundreds in this house who have found it so.

I remark again, that the camphire plant of the text was a symbol of Jesus Christ because it is a mighty restorative. You know that there is nothing that starts respiration as soon in one who has fainted as camphor, as we have it. Put upon a sponge or handkerchief, the effects are almost immediate. Well, this camphire plant of the text, though [illegible] different from that which we [illegible] against a sluggish current, in a portion of the river split into several channels by bars. I was ordered into the small boat, along with James Keys and William Price, sailor men, to sound a channel and pick out a berth for the night. While the schooner was being held by the yawl we forged ahead around a bend in the river, and the thick forest shut out the craft from our vision. It wasn't two minutes after we lost sight of the schooner before three canoes, each holding five natives, dashed out at us from the mouth of a creek. The black fellows made no noise, but paddled full at us. This put us in a fix, you understand. There had been no hostilities as yet, and it would not do to fire upon them, though, on the other hand, we couldn't understand why they were making for us in that manner. We didn't have more than four or five minutes to spare. I was sounding, while Keys and Price were rowing. Price dropped his oar and raised a musket, but we protested, and he laid it down again. Next moment, we were surrounded, and a dozen of the fellows had their hands on our boat. They were armed with bows and arrows and old British muskets. While offering us no violence, we could plainly understand from their gestures that we were prisoners. They took the oars and muskets from our boat, and in the course of five minutes we found ourselves in the [illegible] have held their consultation [illegible] to Texas was no hope and nothing more [illegible] done, and the soul brightened up [illegible] spiritual restorative. There is no [illegible]er, no malaria, no neuralgia, no consumption, no disease of the body that the [illegible]race of God will not help. I wish that over every bed of pain and through every hospital of distress we might swing this "cluster of camphire from the vineyards of Engedi." Christ's hand is the softest pillow, Christ's pardon is the strongest stimulus, Christ's comfort is the mightiest anodyne, Christ's salvation is the grandest restorative. It makes a man mightier than his physical distress.

Art thou weary? Art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed?
"Come with me," saith One—"and coming, be at rest."
If I ask Him to receive me, will he say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven pass away.
Finding, following, keeping, struggling, is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, answer—yes!

Nero tarred and put pitch upon the Christians of his day, and then set them on fire, that they might illuminate the night round about the palace, but, while they were burning, and the crowd beneath were jeering, louder than all the noise went up the song of praise and triumph from the dying martyrs. John Bradford came out in presence of the instrument of torture that was to put him to death and said: "I am a Christian now; I have never been before." And so again and again the lion of Judah's tribe has torn to pieces the wild beasts of martyrdom.

This grace is also a restorative for the backslider. Who do you mean by that? you say. I mean you who used to frequent the house of God, but seldom go there now; you who once used to pray, but never pray now; you who once sat at the holy communion, but take not the Lord's cup now; I mean you who once rejoiced in Christian society, but now sit among scoffers. Backslider! Oh what a sugge[illegible] cows can out-swim a [illegible] an alligator.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

upon life with a cry and leave it with a long sigh. If I could gather up the griefs of this audience and put them in one sentence and then utter it, it would make everything between here and the throne of God shudder and howl. The earth is gashed deep with graves. As at the close of the war, sometimes we saw a regiment of one hundred and fifty men, the fragments of the thousand men that went out, so, as I stand before you, I cannot but realize the fact that you are the fragments representing hundreds of regiments of joyful associations that have been broken up forever. Oh, this is a world of sorrow! But, blessed be God! there will be no sorrow in heaven. The undertaker will have to have some other business there. In the summer time our cities will have bills of mortality which are frightful—sometimes in New York a thousand deaths in a week; sometimes it has been two thousand in London; but in that great heavenly city there will not be a single case of sickness or death; not one black dress of mourning, but plenty of white robes of joy; handshaking of welcome, but none of separation. Why, if one trouble should attempt to enter Heaven, the shining police of the city would put it under everlasting arrest. If all the sorrows of life, mailed and sworded under Apollyon, should attempt to force that gate, one company from the tower would strike them back howling to the pit. Room in heaven for all the raptures that ever knocked at the gate, but no smallest annoyance, though slight as a summer insect. Doxology, but no dirge. Banqueting, but no "funeral baked meats."

No darkness at all, no grief at all, no sickness at all, no death at all. A soul winging up in that place will say: "Come it has at [illegible] here!" Sylvia began, bending over to comb his hair with her fingers.

His head rested—[illegible] been? Will my head never ache again? Shall I never stumble over a grave again? Will I never say goodbye to loved ones again? Can it be possible that the stream is past, that the bank is gained, that the glory is begun? Show me Jesus that I may kiss His feet." When the clock of Christian suffering has run down it will never be wound up again. Amid the vineyards of the heavenly Engedi, that will be restoration without any relapse. That will be day without any succeeding night. That will be "the saints' everlasting rest."

Sensitive About his Size.

Judge David Davis was quite sensitive as to his large proportions. Said a gentleman: "I had known the Judge, in a casual way, for many years, having been at his house in Bloomington and called on him at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago two or three times. One afternoon, some four years ago, I called on Wilbur F. Storey, of the *Times*, in his editorial rooms, and found him in conversation with Judge Davis, who greeted me cordially, but I was so struck with the great reduction in his size since I had last seen him that I made an involuntary observation upon it, intended to be a compliment. Instantly the Judge changed his manner and addressed himself to Mr. Storey, giving me to understand that he was offended.

"That evening I met Long John Wentworth and related the occurrence to him. 'You made a bad break,' said he. "Why, as well as I know Davis, I wouldn't think of alluding to his size. Two or three years ago I took him out to my farm at Summit. I have there a buggy with a pretty high seat, built expressly for me. Without thinking of the difference in the length of Davis's legs and mine, I seated him in the buggy beside me and we started out to drive over the farm. Presently I noticed that Davis was wobbling about uncomfortably, and that he was like a small schoolboy on a bench, his feet being several inches above the floor. Making some excuse I returned [illegible] looking [illegible] low. He had a droll and cunning look about his eyes, and he watched and listened attentively while we were speaking. Near him stood a native, who proved to be an interpreter. He had evidently been in the employ of the English, for he could speak fairly well. At a sign from the chief he asked of us:

"'You write?'

"Keys shook his head, while I said yes. He then placed before me paper, ink and pens, and after a confab with the chief he said:

"You write Captain. One of you dead. He buy others. Want muskets, powder, hatchets, beads and cloth. He buy you in two days. No buy you, you no get away. Write quick. Canoe take him down to Captain.'

"I caught the idea at once. We were to be held for ransom. Sailor men use the pen so little that none of them can boast of their scholarship in that direction, but at the end of half an hour I had finished a letter to the captain, telling him all the circumstances, and entreating him not to leave us to our fate. It was no sooner placed in an envelope and directed to him than a native seized it and hurried away, and Keys and myself were taken back to our separate huts. This was about 8 o'clock in the morning. By noon the fellow was back with an answer, which read:

"You must try to escape. I have no authority to trade off the goods. How much [illegible] fitted Davis, and he was comfo[illegible] state. it brought my knees up so near to my chin that I was miserable. Still I endured the torture without a word, and drove all over the farm. Then, to emphasize my success at self-control, when I got back to the stable I blamed the hostler for having forgotten my stool at first, and told him never to do it again.' Long John told me at this time that Judge Davis had been undergoing heroic treatment for obesity, and while he heartily congratulated himself on his success, he couldn't bear to have anybody else congratulate him."

The Sheep's Sense of Hearing.

It is said that so acute is the sheep's sense of hearing that she can distinguish the cry of her own lamb among as many as a thousand others all bleating at the same time; and the lamb, too, is able to recognize its mother's voice even though it be in the midst of a large flock. James Hogg, who was a shepherd as well as a poet, tells us that it was very amusing to watch the sheep and lambs during their shearing season. While the sheep were being shorn the lambs would be put into a fold by themselves, and the former would be sent to join their little ones as soon as the operation of shearing was over. The moment a lamb heard its mother's voice it would hasten from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding the "rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma" which it had left a short time before, it would meet a strange [illegible] moment to atttend the [illegible] of a dear friend."—*Siftings.*

Fortune shows her heels to the man who wooes her, but advertising is the gun that brings her down.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Pearl ball buttons are worn on summer dresses.

Some of the new combinations of color are startling.

Bonnets are for the most part small and close in shape.

Silver watches with decorated cases are carried by both sexes.

Grand Rapids, Mich., has four "lady" barbers, one of whom is colored.

A stylish English jacket is close-fitting at the back, with loose front.

Milwaukee has a cooking school with an attendance of 160 regular pupils.

White and black is a favorite combination both in dress goods and in millinery.

A new material has bands of drawn work alternating with stripes of satin, silk or grenadine.

The capital of the Third National Bank, of Cincinnatti, $1,000,000, is mostly owned by women.

The champion lawn tennis player of England is a Miss Dodd of Rochferry, who is only fifteen years of age.

Velvet is giving way to watered silk for dress trimming. The silk seems much less warm than the velvet.

"No. Please let me try," she [illegible] think they wuz fly legs, and kick."

Low-cut bodices are bordered about the neck with rolls of gauze or crepe finished at the shoulders by bows of ribbon.

In 1861 there were only 1,931 women employed in the civil service of Great Britain, and now there are more than 8,000.

The Assistant Press Commissioner of the prospective North, Central and South American Exposition is Mrs. N. B. Mead.

Some of the new bordered materials for costumes have rows of graduated insertion in colors; others have the stripes of tiny loops.

The Misses Austin, of Louisiana, who have a $150,000 claim against the United States, both hold departmental positions at the capital.

Black tulle fichus, embroidered with cut-glass beads of all colors resembling jewels, are worn about the open-necked bodices of evening dresses.

Bodices of double net, closely embroidered with crystal or steel, are very beautiful. They are quite plain, or are trimmed with frills of lace.

Some inquisitive person sent Sarah Bernhardt a set of printed questions to fill out. Among them was, "What's your favorite animal?" She answered, "Man."

Short mantles, fitting closely at the back, are covered with bead embroidery. The fronts are generally loose, and the ends are ornamented with beads, tassels or bows of ribbon.

Bandana aprons are made of bright-hued bandana handkerchiefs. Make a perfectly plain apron with pockets. Turn down the top and run in a bright red or yellow satin ribbon to tie.

Dog collars of beads have a deep point in front composed of a network of beads edged with pendants of cut glass. Other necklets are composed of discs of ham[illegible] [illegible] with garnets.

Dutch Guiana, [illegible] the camp of some Dutch milit[illegible] who were on a hunting exc[illegible] was months after this before [illegible] Georgetown, while Keys never got there at all, being carried off by jungle fever. I hunted up Captain Larkins, who had long ago given me up for dead, and I was rightly treated in the matter of wages and aided to secure a berth on a brig about to sail for Liverpool. He had refused to give the natives any ransom in advance, and after waiting for three days without hearing anything further from me, had begun the homeward voyage."—*New York Sun.*

A Unique Photograph Gallery.

The *Photographic Times* contains an interesting article about one of the most unique photographic galleries in existence. The gallery is a car built after the fashion of a Pullman coach. It can be attached to any express train, and in it the photographer travels all over the country, principally on the Northern Pacific Railroad, of which he is official photographer. M. F. Jay Haynes built the car built for him at a cost of $13,000, while the fitting cost $2,000 more. The landscapes he takes for the railroad are done by a camera, making pictures 20x24 inches. The car contains an operating room, storage rooms, dark rooms and all other appurtenances of a first-class gallery.

[illegible] dresses.

Mantles for warm summer days are of Chantilly, tulle lined, with some shimmering glace silk and trimmed with a profusion of Chantilly lace, or they are made of brocaded grenadine and trimmed with guipure lace.

The desire for color and enrichment with gems has called in use not only all the precious gems and semi-precious stones, the manufacture of which is familiar, but countless fancy stones as yet unnamed in the jeweler's vocabulary.

Small mantles corresponding to costumes of light wool just cover the shoulders. They have long scarf ends which are tied in a single knot across the chest. They are lined with some bright color, and have only a braided design on the ends for trimming.

Oatmeal water is admirable for improving the skin. Pour boiling water over a few spoonfuls of it and let it stand a few hours. On retiring wash the face and neck freely in the starchy water and dry without wiping. It is more conveniently used for a full bath when inclosed in a bag.

The robe worn by the Queen of Portugal on the occasion of the recent royal marriage was regally magnificent. The dress and immeasely long train were of pale blue velvet, exquisitely embroidered with silver and pearls. The royal [illegible] of dark blue velvet, with a [illegible] their foliage, there is not a bit of green to be seen. As the soil is a dark, heavy loam, the contrast is not pleasant, and one feels that the sacrifice of a half dozen orange trees in front of most of these houses and the planting of flowers in

The pain-banisher is a name applied to St. Jacob's Oil, by the millions who have been cured of rheumatism and neuralgia by its use.

A new cotton exchange is building at Savannah, Ga.

The proprietor of the Great Western Poultry Yard, Mr. James E. Goodkey, St. Louis, Mo., is enthusiastic in his praise of Red Star Cough Cure, which cured him after all other remedies failed. He says it neither constipates the bowels, nor causes sick headache.

An all-wise paper tells when the best time is to divide a bee colony. The best way is to wait until the colony is anxious to be divided. That will vent the friction and "pointed" arguments which are apt to follow when the division is premature.

Youthful Indulgence

in pernicious practices pursued in solitude, is a most startling cause of nervous and general debility, lack of self confidence and will power, impaired memory, despondency, and other attendants of wrecked manhood. Sufferers should address, with 10 cents in stamps, for large illustrated treatise, pointing out unfailing means of perfect cure, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A brick factory is to be erected near Milton, Fla.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough, prompt measures [illegible] be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York

There is to be a bridge over the Mississippi river at Memphis.

The farmers, in their swamps, we're sure,
Could find the roots and plants that cure;
If by their knowledge they only knew
For just the disease each one grew.
Take courage now and "Swamp-Root" try—
(for kidney, liver and bladder complaints),
As on this remedy you can rely.

Tampa, Fla., has a cabbage two feet a cross.

The Bilious,

dyspeptic, constipated, should address, with 10 cents in stamps for treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Greenland has only one newspaper." This is probably the reason they call it Greenland.

A Cure of Pneumonia.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering a permanent cure was affected.

[illegible] intact?" [illegible] d her chin. You procure a certain [illegible] house paste the note face dow[illegible] that of paper. Then you pa[illegible] of paper over the back [illegible]med, carefully pulling the tw[illegible] off the fibre of the note will [illegible] like a difficult trans[illegible] not [illegible] ished. Nothing, [illegible] nd [illegible] fined by the operation [illegible] h a bill were forwa[illegible] ption, we would re[illegible] one-half of its face v[illegible] ulge occasionally in a [illegible] consists of pieging [illegible] will make nine notes [illegible] being pieced once. [illegible] measure them you w[illegible] [illegible] precisely one-eig[illegible] [illegible]cy should be. Me[illegible] [illegible]luped by them, bnt ra[illegible] [illegible] t is the rule relative [illegible] [illegible] of mutilated currency [illegible] [illegible]deem nothing smaller t[illegible] [illegible] note, and we pay in pr[illegible] [illegible]antity of the note sent [illegible] [illegible] there is only one-tenth [illegible] In the latter case we pay the [illegible] value. If you were to send us [illegible] dollar note, one-quarter of whic[illegible] been torn away, we would gi[illegible] seventy-five cents for it. If w[illegible]

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[illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]