COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE RAIN.

The Wonderful Emagery of the Book of Job-How the Study of It Has Made Weak Men Into Infidels-Never Wade Into a Mystery Over Your Head.

BROOKLYN, Ju' .- Dr. Talmage's ser mon today is on a kind of gospel in which few people believe. The weather is a com-mon object of complaint and fault finding, but Dr. Talmage finds a gospel in it, which today he proclaims from the text. "Hath the rain a father?" Job xxxviii, 28.

This Book of Job has been the subject of bounded theological wrangle. Men have nade it the ring in which to display their esiastical pugilism. Some say that the Book of Job is a true history; others, that it is an allegory; others, that it is an epic poem; others, that it is a drams. Some any that Job lived eighteen hundred years before Christ, others say that be never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job; others, David; others, Solomon. The discussion has landed some in blank infidelity. Now, I have no trouble with the Books of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible-because of a rule I adopted some years ago.

I wade down into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot then I wade out. I used to wade in until it was over my head and then I got drowned. I study a passage of Scripture so long as it is a comfort and help to my soul, but when it becomes a perplexity and a spiritual upturning I quit. In other words, we ought to wade in up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No mas should ever expect to swim across this great ocean of divine truth. I go down into that ocean as I go down into the Atlantic ocean at East Hampton, Long Island, just far enough to bathe; then I come out. I never had any idea that with my weak hand and foot I could strike my way clear over to Liver-

GOD'S MYSTERIOUS GOVERNMENT. I suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know something about your parents, your grandparents, your great grandparents. Perhaps you know where they were born, or where they died. Have you ever studied the parentage of the shower, "Hath not the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the head of the uni-verse. To humble and to save Job God world's architecture, about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the tides about the anow crystal, about the lightnings, and arraigns him with the interrogation of the text, "Hath the rain a father?"

With the scientific wonders of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister gets through with that kind of sermons within the first three years, and if he has piety enough he gets through with it in the first three months. A sermon has come to me to mean one word of four letters, "help!" know that the rain is not an or-You know it is not cast out of the gates of heaven a foundling. You would answer the question of my text in the af-

Safely housed during the storm, you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices window sill. It first comes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the moun-tain torrents, and makes the traveler implore shelter. You know that the rain is at an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You w it was rocked in the cradle of the wind. You know it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know that it a flying evanthe storm. You know that it a flying evan-gel from heaven to earth You know it is but as soon as they put on that war horse, the gospel of the weather You know that Bucephalus, the saddle and the trappings

ouring at ut climatic changes. The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the week clear weather, but on the Sabbaths the old country meeting house looked like Noah's ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before a drenched pas tor; but most of the farmers stayed at e and thanked God that what was bad for the church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in denouncing the weather. Ministers of the Gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths, or hot Sabbaths, or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that the same God who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth his ministers to announce sa vation also ordained the weather the rain a father?" INCESSANT COMPLAINTS OF THE WEATHER.

Merchants, also, with their stores filled with new goods, and their clerks hanging: idly around the counters, commit the same transgression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the weather probabilities" with more interest than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of blue sky. They went com-plaining to the store and came complain ing home again. In all that season of wet feet and dripping garments and impassa-ble streets they never once asked the ques-tion, "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturists commit this sin. There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or hay all ready for the mow dashed of a shower, or wheat al most ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricul-tural disappointments. God has infinite resources, but I do not think he has capaoity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold; it is too wet, or it is too dry; it is household—why do too early, or it is too late. They forget that the God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, also ordained all the climatic changes. heat, also ordained all the climatic changes. ing everything on himself, continue to There is one question that ought to be prosper, while that man, who has been written on every barn, on every fence, on every haystack, on every parmhouse, "Hath the rain a father?"

If we only knew what a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate weather for this world we would not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts at ten years of age complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English chapel.
"Well," said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and and more exclamation points. Heaven is make bymns that are better." And he did the place for explanation. Earth is the go and make bymns that were better place for trust. If you cannot understand Now, I say to you if you do not like the weather get up a weather company and have a president, and a secretary, and a treasurer, and a board of directors, and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide rain of tears is of divine origin. Great treasurer, and a board of directors, and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit us all. There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot They are black, and they are gorged, and

Southampton and the star is coming to New York Provide weather that, while wind for the other. There is a farm that DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE is dried up for the lack of rain, and there is a pleasure party going out for a field ex-cursion. Provide weather that will suit the dry farm and the pleasure excursion. No, sirs, I will not take one dollar of stock in your weather company There is only one Being in the universe who knows enough to provide the right kind of weath er for this world. "Hath the rain a fa-

GOD IS INFINITE IN INFINITESIMALS. My text also suggests God's minute su pervisal. You see the divine Sonship in every drop of rain. The jewels of the shower are not flung away by a spend thrift who knows not how many he throws or where they fall. They are all shining princes of heaven. They all have an eternal lineage. They are all the children of a king, "Hath the rain a father?" Well, then, I say if God takes notice of every minute raindrop he will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that

We look up into the night heavens, and we say, "Worlds! worlds!" and how insig nificant we feel! We stand at the foot of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc, and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves, "Though the world is so large, the sun is one million four hun dred thousand times larger." "Oh!" we say, "it is no use, if God wheels that great machinery through immensity he will not take the trouble to look down at me." fidel conclusion. Saturn, Mercury and Jupiter are no more rounded and weighed and swung by the band of God than are the globules on a lilac bush the morning after a shower.

God is no more in magnitudes than he is in minuties. If he has scales to weigh the mountains, he has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can no more see him through the telescope than you can see him through the microscope; no more when you look up than when you look down. Are not the hairs of your head all numbered? And if Himalaya bas a God, "Hath not the rain a father?" I take this doctrine of a particular Providence, and I thrust it into the very midst of your everyday life. If God fathers a raindrop, is there anything so insignifi-cant in your affairs that God will not

When Druyse, the gunsmith, invented the needle gun, which decided the battle of Satiowa, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army np soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident? When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be affianced to Miss Millbank, was it a mere ac cident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Christian army was besieged at Beziers, and a drunken drummer came in at midnight and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment arriving, was it an accident?

When in one of the Irish wars a stary ing mother, flying with her starving child, sank down and fainted on the rocks in the night and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so? God is either in the affairs of men or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it away from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, give us a secular beek, and let, us, as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of parliament, in his last hour, cry out, "Read me the eighth book of Virgil"

Oh! my friends, let us rouse up to an ap preciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a king's command, and under a father's watch. Alexander's war horse, Bucephalus, would allow anybody of the conqueror he would allow n If this be true, then how wicked is our but Alexander to touch him. And if a his owner shall not we immortals exult in the fast that we are owned by a king?

"Heth the rain a father?" GOD'S WAYS ARE PAST PINDING OUT. Again my subject teaches me that God's dealings with us are inexplicable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand how the water get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or fall-ing, why it should come down in drops. Modern science comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temand they are charged with mois ture, and the one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water may no longer be held in vapor, and it falls. And they tell us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as a man's hand, and to be almost, quiet in the heavens, are great mountains of mist four thousand feet from base to top, and that they rush miles a

But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton, and Saussure, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the "If you cannot understand one drop of and I have surrendered my heart to get over that in ever can aged man, decrepit, beggared visions of the surrendered with you are inexplicable." Why does that get over that me name I never can aged man, decrepit, beggared visions of the surrendered my heart to get over that me name I never can aged man, decrepit, beggared visions of the surrendered my heart to get over that me name I never can aged man, decrepit, beggared visions of the surrendered my heart to get over that me name I never can age of the surrendered my heart to get over that me name I never can age of the surrendered my heart to get over that me name I never can age of the surrendered my heart to get over that my never can be surrendered my heart to get over that my never can be surrendered my heart to get over that my never can be surrendered my heart to get over that my never can be surrendered my heart to get over that my never can be surrendered my heart to get over that my never can be surrendered my heart to get over that my never can be surrendered my heart to get over that my never can be surrendered my heart to get over that my never can be surrendered my heart to get over that my never can be surrendered my heart to get over the surren of the world and the world sick of him. live on, while here is a man in mid life, consecrated to God, hard working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding along the street about everybody's business but her own, have such good health, while the Christian mother, with a flock of little ones about could not be spared an hour from that household-why does she lie down and

Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consumgiving ten per cent. of all his income to God and the church, goes into bank-ruptey? Before we make stark fools of ourselves, let us stop pressing this ever-lasting "why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question, "Why?" and follow it far enough, and push it, and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks

Again, my text makes me think that the million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit us all. There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the glara of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him.

I like the sunshine: I cannot live without plenty of sunlight, so you must always have enough light for me. Two ships meet in mid-Atlantic. The one is going to

"Oh," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lach-rymat gland—it is only a sign of weak eyes." Great mistake. It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world. There are people in Blackwell's Island sane asylum, and at Utica, and at all the asylums of this land, who were demented by the fact that they could not cry at the right time. Said a maniac in one of our public institutions, under a Gospel sermon that started the tears: "Do you see that tear? that is the first I have wept for twelve years. I think it will help my

There are a great many in the grave who could not stand any longer under the glacier of trouble. If that glacier had only melted into weeping they could have en dured it. There have been times in your life when you would have given the world. if you had possessed it, for one tear. You could shriek, you could blaspheme, but you could not cry. Have you never seen a man holding the hand of a dead wife, who had been all the world to him? The temples livid with excitement, the eye dry and frantic, no moisture on the upper or lower id. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud, but no rain. To your Christian comfort, he said, "Don't talk to me about God; there is no God, or if there is I hate him; don't talk to me about God; would he have left me and these motherless chil-

But a few hours or days after, coming across some lead pencil that she owned in life, or some letters which she wrote when he was away from home, with an outery that appals, there bursts the fountain of tears, and as the sunlight of God's consolation strikes that fountain of tears, you find out that it is a tender hearted, merciful, pitiful and all compassionate God who was the father of that rain. "Oh," you say, "it is absurd to think that God going to watch over tears." There are three or four kinds of them that God counts, bottles and eternizes. First, there are all parental tears, and there are more of these than of any other kind, because the most of the race die in infancy, and that keeps parents mourning all around the world. They never get over it. They may live to shout and sing afterward, but there is always a corridor in the soul that is silent, though it once re sounded.

My parents never mentioned the death of a child who died fifty years before without a tremor in the voice and a sigh, oh how deep fetched! It was better she should die. It was a mercy she should die. She would have been a lifelong invalid. But you cannot argue away a parent's grief. How often you hear the moan, "Oh, my child, my child?" Then there are the filial tears. Little children soon get over the loss of parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where is the man that has come to thirty or forty or fifty years of age, who can think of the old people without having all the fountains of his soul stirred up? You may have had to take care of her a good many years, but you never can forget bow she used to take

There have been many sea captains con verted in our church, and the peculiarity of them was that they were nearly all prayed ashore by their mothers, tho the mothers went into the dust soon, after they went to sea. Have you never heard an old man in delirium of some sickness call for his mother? The fact is we get so used to calling for her the first ten years of our life we never get over it, and when she goes away from us it makes deep sorrow. You sometimes, perhaps, in days of trouble and darkness, when the world would say, "You ought to be able to take care of yourself"—you wake up from your dreams finding yourself saying, "Oh, moththat ever beat in all lands, and in all ages, man in town but who is and put them together and their united the house to strangers at throb would be weak compared with the throb of God's eternal sympathy. Yes, God also is father of all that rain of re-

pent? I see people going around trying to repent. They cannot repent. Do you know no man can repent until God helps prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, it is a tremendous hour when one wakes up and says: "I am a bad man. asked me for my services and I haven't given those services. Oh, my sins; God forgive me." When that tear starts it thrills all heaven. An angel cannot keep his eye off it, and the church of God assem-

THE CRY OF A MOTHER'S HEART. In a religious assemblage a man arose and said: "I have been a very wicked man; I broke my mother's heart. I became an and I have surrendered my heart to God, but it is a grief that I never can get over that my parents should never have heard of my salvation; I don't know whether they are living or dead." While yet he was standing in the audience a voice from the gallery said, "Oh, my son, my son!" He looked up and he recognized her. It was his old mother. She had been praying for him a great many years, and son and the praying wother embraced each her whom she is preparing for usefulness other, there was a rain, a tremendous rain, and for heaven—the mother who you think of tears, and God was the Father of those tears. Oh, that God would break us down with a sense of our sin, and then lift us with an appreciation of his mercy. Tears over our wasted life. Tears over a grieved spirit. Tears over an injured father. Oh, that God would move upon this sudience

with a great wave of religious emotion!

The king of Carthage was dethroned.
His people rebelled against him. He was
driven into banishment. His wife and driven into banishment. His whe and children were outrageously abused. Years went by, and the king of Carthage made many friends. He gathered up a great army. He marched again toward Carthage. Reaching the gates of Carthage the best men of the place came out barefooted and bareheaded, and with ropes and more exchanation points. Heaven is around their necks, crying for mercy, the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a raindrop, how can you expect to understand God's dealings people from his chariot and said: "I came to bless, I didn't come to destroy. You drove me out, but this day I pronounce

Others follow, and after awhile there is a shower of tearful emotion. Yea, there is a rain of tears. "Hath that rain a father?" GOD SEES OUR TEARS.

"Oh," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lachryman gland—it is only a sign of weak and God will be the father of that rains? and God will be the father of that rain!

> A veritable literary curiosity is the invi-tation to the annual dinner of the Fort-nightly Shakespeare club in New York. It reads this way:

"Good friends, awest friends (Julius Cæsar), 'tis hot June (Henry IV), (but) there are sweet roses in the summer air (Love's Labor Lost), (which) sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle sen (Macbeth).

We hold a feast (Midsummer Night) It will be passing excellent (Taming of the Shrew). The beauty of the kingdom will be there (Henry VIII). Please grace us with your company (Macbeth). You shall be welcome (Pericles).

"Excuses shall not be admitted (Henry IV), and so fail not our feast (Mnobeth).
"That you do love me I am nothing jealous (Julius Cæsar), and so, I pray you, come, sit down and do your best (Winter's

Cressida). Let's take the instant by the foreward top (All's Well), frame our minds to mirth and merriment, which bars usand harms and lengthens life (Taming of the Shrew). (We'll e'en) be red with mirth (Winter's Tale), and fleet the time as carelessly as they did in the golden time (As You Like It).

"But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee (Two Gentlemen). Brief let me be (Hamlet). If 'twere done, when 'tis done were well it were done quickly (Mac

"Write it straight (As You Like It), a rare letter (Twelfth Night) (aye), a fine volley of works and quickly shot off (Cym-

"(Say) It is near dinner time (Two Gentlemen), I am as constant as the northern star (Midsummer Night) and will be there (Two Gentlemen).

"Pll drink the words you send as thank you for your pains (Cymbeline). "When all is done (Maobeth) (each guest shall say) night hath been too brief (Troilus and Cressida). I am yours forever (Winter's Tale). Adieu till we meet (Cymbeline).

"ANNA RANDALL DIEBL, "President of the Fortnightly Shakespeare.
"Yet here's a postscript (Twelfth Night).
Open thy purse that the money (for the dinner) may be at once delivered (Two Gentlemen). Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends (Henry VI).

A. R. D." -Philadelphia Enquirer.

As Strange as a Romance. These are days of great and surprising

Twelve years ago a young man lived in a Maine town. His parents were poor, so poor that they required belp from the The young man himself was erippled by rheumatism, was discouraged, and instead of hustling for the wherewithal spent his time in idleness and fishing. For several years he, too, was supported by contributions from relatives and the town fathers. The current belief was, "He will never amount to anything."

Well, did he? He cut loose from his home and associates, borrowed enough money to carry him to Massachusetts, and struck in for fame and fortune with all the vim and grit for which thoroughly awakened Maine boys are famous.

That was twelve years ago, Today he can draw his check for \$500,000, and unless indications are amiss will be a millionaire within five years. He is one of the leading shoe manufacturers in Brockton, Mass., and every dollar of his fortune was won by his own endeavors. He has made a pres-ent of a handsome new school house to his er! mother!" Have these tears no divine native town. He still owns and pays taxes origin! Why, take all the warm hearts on the old home place, and there isn't a man in town but who is proud to point out in the bustling world .- Lewiston Journal.

Did you ever see a rain of repentance? Do Germans began drinking water during you know what it is that makes a man rethe Seven Years' war (1756-63), stolidly scoffed at opposition to the practice, and hated Napoleon all the more for restricting it by his "Continental Blockade." Unihim to repent? How do I know? By this versal peace was accompanied by universal passage, "Him hath God exalted to be a indulgence in the exhilarating cup. Americans took kindly to its contents, and by ne constantly enlarging demand imparted
1 powerful impetus to coffee commercs and have not sinned against the laws of the culture. Rise in prices during the great land, but I have wasted my life; God civil war "diminished the consumption asked me for my services and I haven't about two hundred thousand tons." But for that it is asserted that "the world

would not have had coffee enough." Demand rose with every Union victory and fell with every Union defeat. Con bles around, and there is a commingling of tears, and God is the Father of that rain, the Lord, long suffering, merciful and gracious.

17.5 per cent. in 1865, 23.5 per cent. in 1867. Removal of duties and financial prosperity increased the call for the aromatic berry; and advance in price because of short crops or syndicate operations diminished it. The coffee cup is a business thermometer in the United States. - Richard Wheatley in Harper's Weekly.

> The Largest Gas Tank in the World. The erection of an immense gas holder-While said to be the largest in the world-is now under way for the East Greenwich station in London. Some idea of the magnitude of the structure may be obtained when it is stated that it will have a capacity of 12, 000,000 feet of gas; that it will be 300 feet in diameter, with an altitude of 180 feet when at its full beight; that its total weight will be 2,200 tons, of which 1,840 tons will be of wrought iron, 60 tons of cast iron and 830 tons of steel, and that it will require 1,200 tons of coal to fill it with gas. For the reception of the gigantic gas-ometer a concrete tank 303 feet in diameter and 31 feet 6 inches deep has been made, at a cost of \$75,000; the greater part of the work having been done by the stokers, who would otherwise have been discharged during the summer months. The cost of the hobier alone—its manufacture, erection and completion will be \$205,975.—New York Telegram.

> > Past Time Eating Eggs Edward Smith, a wood carver in the em-loy of the Gilbert Clock company, made a vager with one of the workmen that he wager with one of the working that he could cat twenty-four eggs in three minutes. The contest between Smith and the eggs came off Saturday afternoon, and was won by Smith. As the bet was for only one dollar it looks decidedly as though Smith had the worst of it.—Waterbury

> > Advantage of a Big Wedding.
> >
> > There is a certain frankness of tone in this sentence from a recent article by Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, "One advantage of a large wedding over a small one, and therefore, in most cases, of a church wedding, is that the bride is likely to receive a resident pumber of presents."

# The Dalles Chronicle

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