NO ADMITTANCE TO GOD'S BOUNTY UNLESS CHRIST GO WITH YOU.

The Famine That Was Sore in All Lands -The Condition Imposed That Benjamin Should Go Into Egypt with His Brethren-Benjamin a Type of Christ.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 30.—The cabled reports of meager harvests in Europe, and the memory of the vast crops of ripening grain which Dr. Talmage saw during his recent tour in the west, have combined to turn his thoughts back to that patriarchal time when all the world sent to Egypt to buy corn and to suggest a Gospel lesson. His text is Genesis xliii, 3, "Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you."
This summer, having crossed eighteen of

the United States-north, south, east and west-I have to report the mightiest harvests that this country or any other country ever reaped. If the grain gamblers do not somehow wreck these harvests we are about to enter upon the grandest scene of prosperity that America has ever witnessed. But while this is so in our own country, on the other side of the Atlantic there are nations threatened with famine, and the most dismal cry that is ever heard will, I fear, be uttered—the cry for bread.

I pray God that the contrast between our prosperity and their want may not be as sharp as in the lands referred to by my text. There was nothing to eat. Plenty of corn in Egypt, but ghastly famine in Canaan. The cattle mosning in the stall. Men, women and children awfully white with hunger. Not the failing of one crop for one summer, but the failing of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table and so little appreciated; the product of harvest field and grist mill and oven; the price of sweat and anxiety and struggle-bread! Jacob the father has the last report from the flour bin, and he finds that everything is out, and he says to his sons, "Boys, hook up the wagons and start for Egypt and get us something to cat."

The fact was there was a great cornerib in Egypt. The people of Egypt have been largely taxed in all ages, at the present-time paying between 70 and 80 per cent. of products to the government. No wonder in that time they had a large corn-crib, and it was full. To that crib they came from the regions round about-those who were famished-some paying for corn in money; when the money was exhausted, paying for the corn in sheep and cattle and horses and camels, and when they were exhausted, then selling their own bodies and their families into slavery.

THE SORROW OF JACOB. The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread has arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the elder sons start they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot and burst into tears. The fact was that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly. the lord of the corncrib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview, "Now, you need not come back here for any more corn unless you bring something better than money—even your younger brother Benjamin."

Ah! Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that son—a spirit coming and another spirit going—and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart break. The keeper of this corncrib, nevertheless, says to these older sons, "There is no need of your coming here any more for corn unless you bring Benjamin, your father's darling."
Now, Jacob and his family very much needed bread, but what a struggle it would be to give up this son. The orientals are very demonstrative in their grief, and I the outwailing of the father as these older sons keep relterating in his ears the announcement of the Egyptian lord, "Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you." "Why did you tell them you had a brother?" said the old man, complaining and chiding them. "Why, father." they wid, "he asked us all about our family, and we had no idea he would make any such demand upon us as he has made." "No use of asking me," said the father, "I cannot, I will not, give up Ben

The fact was that the old man had lost children; and when there has been bereave ment in a household, and a child taken, it makes the other children in the househole more precious. So the day for departure was adjourned and adjourned and adjourned. Still the horrors of the famine increased, and louder mouned the cattle and wider open cracked the earth and more pallid became the cheeks, until Jacob, in despair, cried out to his sons "Take Benjamin and be off." The older The older sons tried to cheer up their father. They said: "We have strong arms and a stou: heart, and no harm will come to Benjamin We'll see that he gets back again.". well!" said the young men to the father, in a tone of assumed good cheer. "F-a-re-w-e-l-!" said the old man, for that word has more quavers in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young.

Well, the bread party-the bread embassy drives up in front of the corncrib of Egypt These corneribs are filled with wheat and barley and corn in the husk, for those who have traveled in Canaan and Egypt know that there is corn there corresponding with our Indian maize. Huzza! the journey is ended. The lord of the corncrib, who is also the prime minister, comes down to these arrived travelers, and says: "Dine with me today. How is your father? Is this Ben the younger brother, whose pres ence I demanded!" The travelers are in-troduced into the palace. They are worm and bedusted of the way, and servants come in with a basin of water in one hand and a towel in the other, and kneel down before these newly arrived travelers, washing off the dust of the way. The butchers and poultorers and caterers of the prime minister prepare the repast.

The guests are seated in small groups, two or three at a table, the food on a tray; all the luxuries from imperial gardens and orchards and acquariums and aviaries are brought there, and are filling chalice and platter. Now is the time for this prime minister if he has a grudge against Benja min to show it. Will he kill him, now that he has him in his hands? Oh, no This lord of the cornerib is sented at his own table, and he looks over to the table of his guests, and he sends a portion to each of them, but sends a larger portion to Benjamin, or, as the Bible quaintly puts it, "Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs." Be quick and sond word back with the swiftest camel to Cansan to old Jacob that "Benjamin is well; all is well; he is faring sumptnously, the Egyptian lord did not mean murder and death; but he meant deliverance and life when he announced to us on that day, 'Ye shall not see my face unless your broth or be with you.'"

the second to be a second and the second second to the second sec Well, my friends, this world is famine struck of sin. It does not yield a single crop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It is hunger bitten. The fact that it does not, can not, feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of the English comedian. All the world honored him-did everything for him that the world could do. He was applauded in England and ap-plauded in the United States. He roused up nations into laughter. He had no up nations into langhter. He had no equal. And yet, although many people supposed him entirely happy, and that this world was completely satiating his soul, he sits down and writes: "I never in my life put on a new hat that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was rain in and thought all who had the choice. ing and thought all who had the choice would keep indoors that the sun did not burst forth in its strength and bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew and who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow bone broken, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I space of time—I think thirteen months—I earned for him twenty thousand pounds and for myself one. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a beggar, every one last moment he asks a friend to come and sit down by him and read, as most appro-priate to his case, the story of "The Bleed-ing Heart." Torrigiano, the sculptor, exe-cuted, after months of care and carving, "Madonna and the Child." The royal family came in and admired it. Every-

body that looked at it was in ecstacy. But one day, after it that toil and all that admiration, because he did not get as much compensation for his work as he had ex-pected, he took a mallet and dashed the exquisite sculpture into atoms. The world is poor compensation, poor satisfaction, poor solace. Famine, famine in all the earth; not for seven years, but for six thousand. But, blessed be God, there is a great cornerib. The Lord built it. It is in another land. It is a large place. An angel once measured it, and as far as I can calculate it in our phrase that corncrib is fifteen hundred miles long and fifteen hundred broad and fifteen hundred high, and it is full. Food for all nations. "Oh!" say the people, "we will start right away and get this supply for our soul." But stopa moment, for from the keeper of that corncrib there comes this word, saying, "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you." In other words, there is no such thing as getting from heaven pardon and comfort and eternal life unless we bring with us our Divine Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ. Coming without him we shall fall before we reach the cornerib, and our bodies shall be a portion for the jackals of the wilderness; but coming with the Divine Jesus, all the granaries of heaven will swing open before our soul and abundance shall be given us. We shall be invited to sit in the palace of the king and at the table; and while the Lord of heaven is apportioning from his own table to other tables, he will not forget

glory and power." NO ADMISSION WITHOUT CHRIST. I want to make three points. Every frank and common sense man will acknowledge himself to be a sinner. What are you going to do with your sins? Have them pardoned, you say. How? Through the mercy of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of a spect to character? Be not deceived. I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the cornerib of heavenly supply, and a voice from within says, "Are you alone?" The sinner replies, "All alone." The voice from within says, "You shall not see my pardoning face unless your Divine Brother, the Lord Jesus, be with you." Oh, that is the point at which so many are discomforted. There is no mercy from God except through Jesus mercy from God except through Jesus Christ. Coming with him we are accept. ed. Coming without him, we are rejected.

us; and then and there it will be found that our Benjamin's mess is larger than

all the others, for so it ought to be. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to re-

ceive blessing and riches and honor and

Peter put it right in his great sermon before the high priests when he thundered forth: "Neither is there salvation in any other. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby be saved," O anxious sinner! O dying sinner! O lost sinner! all you have got to do is to have this divine Benjamin along with you. Side by side, coming to the gate, all the storehouses of heaven will swing open before your anxious soul. I right in calling Jesus Benjamin? Oh, yes! Rachel lived only long enough to give a name to that child, and with a dying kiss she called him Benoni. Afterward Jacob changed his name, and he called him Benjamin. The meaning of the name she gave was "Son of my Pain." The meaning of the name the father gave was
"Son of My Right Hand." And was not
Christ the Son of Pain? All the sorrows of Rachel in that hour, when she gave her child over into the hands of trangers was nothing compared with the struggle of God when he gave up his only Son. The omnipotent God in a birth throe! And was not Christ appropriately called "Son of the Right Hand?" Did not Stephen look into heaven and see him standing at the right hand of God? And does not Paul speak of him as standing at the right hand of God making intercession for us? O Benjamin-Jesus! Son of pang! Son of victory! The deepest emotions of our souls ought to be stirred at the sound of that nomenclature. In your prayers plead his tears, his sufferings, his sorrows and his death. If you refuse to do it all the corn cribs and the palaces of heaven will be bolted and barred against your oul, and a voice from the throne shall stun you with the announcement, "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

THE WORLD'S SYMPATHY IS WEAK My text also suggests the reason why so many people do not get any real comfort. You meet ten people; nine of them are in need of some kind of condolence. There is something in their health, or in their state, or in their domestic condition that de mands sympathy. And yet the most of the world's sympathy amounts to abso-lutely nothing. People go to the wrong crib or they go in the wrong way. When the plague was in Rome a great many years ago, there were eighty men who chanted themselves to death with the litanies of Gregory the Great—literally chanted the to death, and yet it did not state ague. And all the music of this

I come to some one whose allments are chronic, and I say, "In beaven you will

not halt the plague of the human

never be sick." much comfort. What you want is a soothing power for your present distress. Lost children, have you? I come to you and tell you that in ten years perhaps you will meet those loved ones before the throne of God. But there is but little condolence in that. One day is a year without them, ten years is a small eternity. What you want is sympathy now-present help. I come to those of you who have lost dear friends, and say: "Try to forget them. Do not keep the departed always in your mind." How can you forget them when every figure in the carpet and every book and every picture and every room calls out

Suppose I come to you and say by way of condolence, "God is wise." "Oh," you say, "that gives me no help." Suppose I come to you and say, "God, from all eternity, has arranged this trouble." "Ah!" you say, "that does me no good." Then I say, "With the swift feet of prayer go direct to the corn crib for a heavenly supply."
You go. You say, "Lord, belp me, Lord, comfort me." But no help yet. No comfort yet. It is all dark. What is the matter? I have found. You ought to go to God and say: "Here, O Lord, are the wounds of my soul, and I bring with me thought was to make my fortune without the wounded Jesus. Let his wounds pay making his instead, than in an incredible for my wounds, his bereavements for my bereavements, his loneliness for my lone liness, his heartbreak for my heartbreak. O God! for the sake of the Lord Jesus in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread." That was the lament of the world's comedian and joker. All unhappy. The world did everything for Lord Byron that it could do, and yet in his last moment he asks a friend to ters, roll away the stone from the door of our grave." That is the kind of prayer that brings help; and yet how many of you are getting no help at all, for the reason that there is in your soul, perhaps, a secret trouble. You may never have mentioned it to a single human ear, or you may have mentioned it to some one who is now gone away, and that great sorrow is still in your soul. After Washington Irving was dead they found a little box that contained a braid of hair and a miniature and the name of Matilda Hoffman, and a memorandum of her death and a remark something like this: "The world after that was a blank to me. I went into the country, but found no peace in solitude. I tried to go into society, but I found no peace in so-ciety. There has been a horror hanging over me by night and by day, and I am afraid to be alone.'

FALSE AND POOLISH PROMISES How many unuttered troubles! No human ear has ever heard the sorrow. Oh, troubled soul, I want to tell you that there is one salve that can cure the wounds of the heart, and that is the salve made out of the tears of a sympathetic Jesus. And yet some of you will not take this solace; and you try chloral, and you try morphine, and you try strong drink, and you try change of scene, and you try new business associations, and anything and everything rather than take the Divine companionship and sympathy suggested by the words of my text when it says, "You shall not see my face again unless your brother be with you." Oh, that you might understand something of the height and depth and length and breadth and immensity and infinity of God's eternal consolations.

I go further, and find in my subject a hint as to the way heaven opens to the de-parting spirit. We are told that heaven has twelve gates, and some people infer from that fact that all the people will go in without reference to their past life; but what is the use of having a gate that is not sometimes to be shut? The swinging of a gate implies that our entrance into heaven is conditional. It is not a monetary condition. If we come to the door of an exquisite concert we are not surprised that we must pay a fee, for we know that fine Do you notice together-"Lord Jesus receive my spirit."

the closing moments of his life, "Do you God bless you. Goodby. Lord Jesus, re-ceive my spirit:" and he was gone. Oh, yes, in the closing moments of our life we must have a Christ to call upon. If Jacob's sons had gone toward Egypt, and had gone with the very finest equipage, and had not taken Benjamin along with them, and to the question they should have been obliged to answer: "Sir, we didn't bring bling as father could not let him go; we didn't want to be bothered with him," a for Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY.

THE DALLES, OREGON. away from us. You shall not have any of this supply. You shall not see my face because your brother is not with you

MAN'S EXTREMITY, GOD'S TIME And if we come up toward the door of heaven at last, though we come from all heaven at last, though we come from all juxuriance and br liancy of surroundings, and knock for admittance and it is found that Christ is not with us, the police of heaven will beat us back from the breadhouse, saying: "Depart, I never knew you." If Jacob's sons, coming toward Egypt, had lost everything on the way; if they had expended their last shekel; if they had come up utterly exhausted to the they had come up atterly exhausted to the corneribs of Egypt, and it had been found that Benjamin was with them, all the storehouses would have swung open be-

And so, though by fatal casualty we may be ushered into the eternal world; though we may be weak and exhausted by pro-tructed sickness-if, in that last moment, we can only just stagger and faint and fall into the gate of heaven—it seems that all the corneribs of heaven will open for our need and all the palaces will open for our need and all the Lord of that place, seated at his table, and all the angels of God scated at their table, and the martyrs scated at their table, and all our glorified kindred scated at our table, the king shall pass a portion from his table to ours, and there will then, while we think of the fact that it then, while we think of the fact that it was Jesus who started us on the road, and Jesus who kept us on the way, and Jesus who at last gained admittance for our soul, we shall be glad if he has seen of the travail of his soul and been satisfied, and not be at all Jesious if it be found that our divine Benjamin's mess is five times larger than all the rest. Hail! anointed of the Lord, thou art worthy.

My friends, you see it is either Christ or famine If there were two banquets spread, and to one of them only you might go, you might stand and think for a good while as to which invitation you had better accept; but here it is feasting or starvation. If it were a choice between starvation. If it were a choice between oratorios, you might say, "I prefer the "Creation,'" or "I prefer the "Messiah." But here it is a choice between narmony and everlasting discord. Oh, will you live or die? Will you start for the Expptian cornerib, or will you perish annul the empty barns of the Cannantitish famine? "Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

Amelie Rives and Her Husband I must mention a curious resemblance between the wooing of Chanler and the strange relationship which existed between Barbara and Jock. While at Castle Hill, and while Mr. Chanler was in New York awaiting the decision of his fate, Miss Rives did read in a newspaper a paragraph about an Archie Chandler being hurt in a runaway accident in the streets of New York. She did ride several miles across country, in a pelting rainstorm, through mad and over ditches and fences, to get to a telegraph office and place herself in com-munication with Mr. Chanler. This incident was afterward worked in the story of Barbara and Jock. It turned out to be a Chandler and not a Chanler who was hurt, and the wild ride was in vain; no, not in vain, for it had its influence in opening the eyes of Miss Rives to the hold her affection for Mr. Chanler had upon her heart, and it strengthened Chanler's courage, which had begun to droop, and led him to think he might after all win the prize which he was seeking. A month or two later he re-turned to Castle Hill, and before he left this time Miss Rives had put her hand in his and let it rest there.

Dynamite Experiments. A departure in firing dynamite or other high explosives in a shell and from an or dinary gun has met with great success in Manchester, England. Mr. J. E. Bott is the inventor. Instead of the cumbersome machinery necessary to furnish the compressed air to drive the projectile, Mr. Bott supplies a shell containing highly compressed air in its rear portion. The gun used is a breechloading smoothbore.

When the shell is entered the action of

When the shell is entered, the action o firing forces a pin inward at the base of the shell, thus tearing a hole in the retaining valve and liberating the compressed air. This drives the shell from the gun with wonderful force. It does not heat the gun, makes scarcely any noise, produces no smoke and has a great range, and the absence of fouling enables it to be used cor tinuously.

Such a combination of valuable qualities would seem to revolutionize all previous work in ordnance and the study of smoke less powder.-New York 'Recorder

How an Actress Showed Her Loyalty. How many women of today would be clever enough to show in their costume exactly their political feelings? Mile Ran court, the great French actress, remained loyal to the Bourbon as long as she lived, and her costume was a material protes against those who were in power.

It is said that on her spencer were eighteen buttons, as evincing her loyalty to Louis XVIII. Her fan when folded showed the outline of the face of Marie Antoinette, and when open formed the leaves of a weeping willow. She had a curious shawl, in which could be traced portraits of Louis, the queen and the dauphin.—New York Sun.

One Way Out of It. "The lawyers will not get rich fighting ver my will," remarked old Mr. Scadds. "Ah!"

"No, sir; I won't make any."-New York

CON STIPATION.

only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on earthly must is expensive; but all the ora-torios of heaven cost nothing. Heaven and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It re-pays nothing for its music. It is all free. lieves it in 24 hours, and an occasional dose There is nothing to be paid at that door for entrance; but the condition of getting fixed prevents return. Vereier by permission to C.E. Elkington, 125 Locust Avenue, San Francisco; into heaven is our bringing our divine J. H. Brown, Petaluma: H.S. Winn Geery Const. San Francisco, and hundreds of others who have how often dying people call upon Jesus? used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of it is the usual prayer offered—the prayer hundreds. Elkington, writes: "I have been for offered more than all the other prayers put years subject to billious acadaches and coustipation. Have been so bad for a year back have One of our congregation, when asked in had to take a physic every other night or else would have a headache. After taking one bottle know us?" said: "Oh, yes, I know you. of J. V. S., I am in splendid shape. It has done wonderful things for me. People similarly troubled should try it and be convinced."

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ect: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on exten-sively. Green tess, being in this country cially popular, are produced to meet the and by coloring cheaper black kinds by glasing or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, gypsum, and Indigo. This method is so genral that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale."

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