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## GOD'S MYSTERIOUS RULE.

THE RAIN USED BY DR. TALMAGE AS A COMMON ILLUSTRATION.

**God Is Infinity in Infinitesimals as Much as in Things Infinitely Great. In Our Everyday Sorrows as in the World's Erection.**

BROOKLYN, July 5.—Dr. Talmage's sermon today is on a kind of gospel in which few people believe. The weather is a common 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 unbounded theological wrangle. Men have made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical 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 drama. Some say that Job lived eighteen hundred years before Christ; others say that he 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 man 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 Liverpool.

SCIENCE IS NOT RELIGION.

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 the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the head of the universe. To humble and to save Job God asks him fourteen questions; about the world's architecture, about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the tides, about the snow crystal, about the lightnings, and then he 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!" You all know that the rain is not an orphan. You know that it is not cast out of the gates of heaven a foundling. You would answer the question of my text in the affirmative. Safely housed during the storm you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill.

It first comes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountain torrents, and makes the traveler implore shelter. You know that the rain is not an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the wind. You know it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know that it is a flying evangel from heaven to earth. You know it is the gospel of the weather. You know that God is its father.

If this be true, then, how wicked is our murmuring about climatic changes. The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the week it was 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 pastor, but most of the farmers stayed at home 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 salvation, also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father?"

COMPLAININGS OF SINFUL MEN.

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 complaining to the store and came complaining home again. In all that season of wet feet and dripping garments and impassable streets they never once asked the question, "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 almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricultural disappointments. God has infinite resources, but I do not think he has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold; it is too wet, or it it is too dry; it is 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. There is one question that ought to be written on every barn, on every fence, on every haystack, on every farmhouse, "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 make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. 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 weather that will suit all of us. There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the glare of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him.

I like 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 Southampton, and the other is coming to New York. Provide weather that, while it is abaft for one ship, it is not a head wind for the other. There is a farm that is dried up for the lack of rain, and here is a pleasure party going out for a field excursion. 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 weather for this world. "Hath the rain a father?"

GOD'S TENDER MERCIES OVER ALL.

My text also suggests God's minute supervisal. You see the divine Sonship in every drop of rain. The jewels of the shower are not flung away by a spendthrift 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 bothers me.

We look up into the night heavens and we say, "Worlds! worlds!" and how insignificant 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 hundred 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!" Infidel conclusion. Saturn, Mercury and Jupiter are no more rounded and weighed and swung by the hand 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 minutiæ. 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 has 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 any thing so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that? When Druyse, the gunsmith, invented the needle gun, which decided the battle of Sadowa, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army up 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 accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Christian army were 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?

NO ACCIDENTS IN THE DIVINE PLAN.

When, in one of the Irish wars, a starving 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 book, 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 appreciation 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 to mount him when he was unharnessed, but as soon as they put on that war horse Bucephalus the saddle and the trappings of the conquerer, he would allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a soulless horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult in the fact that we are owned by a King? "Hath the rain a father?"

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 should get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or falling, why it should come down in drops. Modern science comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, 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 minute.

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 unfathomable in every raindrop, and God says today as he said in the time of Job, "If you cannot understand one drop of rain, do not be surprised if my dealings with you are inexplicable." Why does that aged man, decrepit, beggared, vicious, sick of the world, and the world sick of him, live on, while here is a man in midlife, 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 her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother who you think could not be spared an hour from that household—why does she lie down and die with a cancer? Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, continue to prosper, while that man who has been giving ten per cent. of all his income to God and the church goes into bankruptcy?

Before we make stark fools of ourselves let us stop pressing this everlasting "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 and more exclamation points. Heaven is 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? "Hath the rain a father?"

JUDGE NOT BY FEEBLE SENSE.

Again, my text makes me think that the rain of tears is of divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black, and they are gorged, and they are thunderous. They are more portentous than Salvator or Claude ever painted—clouds of poverty or persecution or bereavement. They hover over us, and get darker and blacker, and after a while a tear starts, and we think by an extra pressure of the eyelid to stop it. Others follow, and after a while there is a shower of tearful emotion. Yea, there is a rain of tears. "Hath that rain a father?"

"Oh," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lachrymal gland—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 insane 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 brain."

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 endured 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 lid. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud but no rain.

To your Christian comfort he said, "Don't talk 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 children?" 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 outcry 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's absurd to think that God is going to watch over tears." No, my friends. 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 resounded.

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.

OUR GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

Little children soon get over the loss of parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where is the man who 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 how she used to take care of you. There have been many sea captains converted in our church, and the peculiarity of them was that they were nearly all prayed ashore by their mothers, though 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, mother! mother!" Have these tears no divine origin? Why, take all the warm hearts that ever beat in all lands and in all ages, and put them together, and their united throb would be weak compared with the throb of God's eternal sympathy. Yes, God also is Father of all that rain of repentance.

Did you ever see a rain of repentance? Do you know what it is that makes a man repent? I see people going around trying to repent. They cannot repent. Do you know no man can repent until God helps him to repent? How do I know? By this passage. "Him hath God exalted to be a prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh! it is a tremendous hour when one wakes up and says: "I am a bad man; I have not sinned against the laws of the land, but I have wasted my life. God 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 assembles around, and there is a commingling of tears, and God is the father of that rain, the Lord, long suffering, merciful and gracious. 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 infidel; but I have seen my evil way, and I have surrendered my heart to God. But it is a grief 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 for a great many years, and when at the foot of the cross the prodigal son and the praying mother embraced each other, there was a rain, a tremendous rain, 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 up 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 audience with a great wave of religious emotion.

THE GREAT KING PARDONS.

The king of Carthage was dethroned. His people rebelled against him. He was driven into banishment. His wife 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 around their necks, crying for mercy. They said, "We abused you and we abused your family; but we cry for mercy." The king of Carthage looked down upon the 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 pardon for all the people. Open the gate and let the army come in." The king marched in and took the throne, and the people all rounded, "Long live the king!"

My friends, you have driven the Lord Jesus Christ, the king of the church, away from your heart; you have been maltreating him all these years; but he comes back today. He stands in front of the gates of your soul. If you will only pray for his pardon, he will meet you with his gracious spirit and he will say: "Thy sins and thine iniquities I will remember no more. Open wide the gate; I will take the throne. My peace I give unto you." And then, all through the audience, from the young and from the old, there will be a rain of tears, and God will be the father of that rain!

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It is not very often that dining rooms are visited by wild animals of their own accord, but on Sunday a large, fat woodchuck made his way into the dining room of Mrs. Foster, on Front street, where he was captured, and he is now in a cage in their yard.—Lewiston Journal.


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HELLENBRAND'S
Eating Parlors & Candy Manufactory,
295 Commercial Street.
BILL OF FARE:

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| Ice Cream | 10c., 15c. and 25 cents |
| Coffee, Tea or Chocolate and Cake | 10 cents |
| Mush and Milk | 10 cents |
| Plate of Soup | 10 cents |
| Hot Cakes, Coffee or Tea | 10 cents |
| Beefsteak and Eggs | 25 cents |
| Pork Chop and Eggs | 25 cents |
| Mutton Chop and Eggs | 25 cents |
| Venison and Eggs | 25 cents |
| Sausage and Eggs | 25 cents |
| Ham and Eggs | 25 cents |
| Fresh Oysters any style | 25 cents |

25 Cent Regular Dinner Served From 11 to 3 O'Clock
A nice variety of vegetables, etc., etc. Also tea, coffee or milk with all 25 cent meals without extra charge.
Choice Cigars, Imported and Domestic, always on hand.

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| Porter House Steak and Eggs | 50 cents |
| Tender Loin Steak and Eggs | 50 cents |

$500 Reward!
WE will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, sick headache, indigestion, constipation or costiveness we cannot cure with west's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar coated. Large boxes, containing 50 pills, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by THE JOHN C. WEST Co, Chicago Ill.
Sold by Geo. E. Good, Druggist, 306 Com. street, Salem Or.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.
PENNYROYAL PILLS
Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper.
Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. Philada., Pa.

$500 Reward
FOR AN INCURABLE CASE.
HEALTH.
Le Richau's GOLDEN BALSAM
Le Richau's Golden Balsam No. 1 Cures Chancres, first and second stages Sores on the Legs and Body; Sore Eyes, Nose, etc., Copper-colored Blotches, Syphilitic Catarrh, diseased Scalp, and all primary forms of the disease known as Syphilis. Price, $5 00 per Bottle.
Le Richau's Golden Balsam No. 2 Cures—Tertiary, Mercurial Syphilitic Rheumatism, Pains in the Bones, Pains in the Head, back of the Neck, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Syphilitic Rash, Lumps and contracted Cords, Stiffness of the Limbs, and eradicates all disease from the system, whether caused by indiscretion or abuse of Mercury, leaving the blood pure and healthy. Price $5 00 per Bottle.
Le Richau's Golden Spanish Antidote for the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Irritation Gravel, and all Urinary or Genital disarrangements. Price $1 50 per Bottle.
Le Richau's Golden Spanish Injection, for severe cases of Gonorrhœa, Inflammatory Gleet, Stricture, &c. Price $1 50 per Bottle.
Le Richau's Golden Ointment for the effective healing of Syphilitic Sores and eruptions. Price $1 00 per Box.
Le Richau's Golden Pills—Nerve and Brain treatment; loss of physical power, excess or over-work, Prostration, etc. Price $3 00 per Box.
Tonic and Nervine,
Sent everywhere, C. O. D., securely packed per express.
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