EVENING CAPUTAL JOURNAL, MONDAY, JUNE 19, 1898.

THE STAFF AND ROD. REV. DR. TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SER-MON ON THE THRASHING PROCESS.

The Natures That Are Reulsed Because They Will Not Be Thrashed - Human Mistakes and Originations Accuracy - The Power of the Cristing Anodyne

BROOKLYN, Jene 11. Rev. Dr. Tel-page chose as the subject for biss error today "The Thrashing Machine," the text being from leafest xaviit, 27, 18, "For the fitches are not thrashed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cort wheel turned about upon the cummin. but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it."

There are three kinds of seed mentioned-fitches, cummin and corn. Of the last we all know. But it may be well to state that the fitches and the commin were small seeds like the carra-way or the chickpea. When these grains or herbs were to be thrashed, they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with staff or rod or fail and beat them until the seed would. be separated, but when the corn was to be thrashed that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten horses or oxen to a cart with iron dented That cart would be drawn wheels. around the thrashing floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of thrashing for different products. "The fitches are not thrashed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it."

THE THRASHING PROCESS.

The great thought that the text presse upon our souls is that we all go through some kind of thrashing process. The fact that you may be devoting your life to honorable and noble purposes will not win you any escape. Wilberforce, the Christian emancipator, was in his day derisively called "Dr. Cantwell." Thomas Babington Macanlay, the advocate of all that was good long before he became the most conspicuous histo-rian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "Babbletongue Macaulay." Norman McLeod, the great friend of the Scotch poor, was industri-ously maligned in all quarters, although on the day when he was carried out to his burial a workman stood and looked at the funeral procession and said, "If he had done nothing for anybody more than he has done for me, he should shine as the stars forever and ever." All the small wits of London had their fling at John Wesley, the father of Methodism.

If such men could not escape the ma-ligning of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the tribulum. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecu-tion. Besides that there are the sicknesses, and the bankruptcies, and the irnesses, and the bankruptcies, and the ir-ritations, and the disappointments which are ever putting a cup of alces to your lip. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphics which, if deciphered, would make out a thrilling story of two bla.

it. You trembled, and you swooned, but you got through. God will not take another as to grind! from your eyes one tear too many, nor So with money. W

you got through. God will not take from your eyes one tear too many, nor from your lungs one sigh too deep, nor from your temples one throb too sharp. The perplexities of your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate. You sometimes feel as if our world were full of bludgeons flying haphazard. Oh, no: they are thrashing instruments that God just suits to your case. There is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledge er, or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up, but that that you expected to go up, but that

have gone down, or a swindle of your business partner, or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of mainess that you are, but God intended to overrule for your immortal help. "Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me. I don't like to be cheated and outraged." Neither does the corn like the corn thrasher, but after it has been thrashed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion of winnowing mills and corn thrashers.

"Well," you say, "if I could choose my troubles I would be willing to be troubled." Ah, my brother, then it would not be trouble. You would choose some-thing that would not hurt, and unless fit hurts it does not get sanctified. Your trial perhaps may be childlessness. You are fond of children. You say, "Why does God send children to that other honschold, where they are unwelcome and are beaten and banged about, when I would have taken them in the arms of my affections?" You say, "Any other

trial but this." Your trial perhaps may be a disfigured countenance or a face that is easily caricatured, and you say, "Oh, I could endure anything if only I was good looking." And your trial perhaps is a violent temper, and you have to drive it like six unbroken horses amid the gunpowder explosions of a great holiday, and ever and anon it runs away with you. Your trial is the asthma. You say, "Oh, if it were rheumatism or neuralgia or erysipelas, but it is this asthma, and it is such an exhausting thing to breathe." Your trouble is a husband, short, sharp, snappy and cross about the house and raising a small riot because a button is off! How could you know the button is off?

Your trial is a wife ever in contest with the servants, and sho is a sloven. Though she was very careful about her appearance in your presence once, now she is carpless, because she said her fortune is made! Your trial is a hard school lesson you cannot learn, and you have bitten your finger nails until they are a sight to behold. Everybody has some vexation or annoyance or trial, and he or she thinks it is the one least adapted. "Anything but this." all say. "Any-thing but this."

Oh, my hearer, are you not ashamed to be complaining all this time against God? Who manages the affairs of this with the health of the eternal God in a world anyhow? Is it an infinite Modoc, climate like our June before the blosor a Sitting Bull savage, or an omnipo-tent Nana Sahib? No, it is the most fore the leaves scatt In that land the souls will talk over merciful and glorious and wise Being in the different modes of thrashing. all the universe. You cannot teach Omnipotence anything. You have fretted the story of the staff that struck the fitches, and the rod that beat the cum-min, and the iron wheel that went over the cornf Daniel will describe the lions, and worried almost enough. Do you not think so? Some of you are making yourselves ridiculous in the sight of the and Jonah leviathans, and Paul the elm Here is a naval architect, and he draws

Invasing you may always couclude the second star index of the grain.
Mow to man rite stores.
Next my text toaches he that God proportions our trials to what we can be made our graduating speech on cours to catastial anodyne to those to you as a charmed thing! This does it ment to make the court and another friend has the first of the second of it, it would eare sit your first has the did not know that you could been it. You trembled, and you swooned, but you got through. God will not take
We thought that friendship, and prime to you as a first has the second to you as a first has the bas the start of the second of it. You trembled, and you swooned, but you got through. God will not take

loosen our grip, but still we hold on. God smites us with a staff, but we hold on. And he strikes us with a rod, but we hold on. And he sends over us the flew them. Then the bodies of the

sin, and they hold on to the very last moment of life, drinking to their eternal damnation as they go over and go down. Oh, let go! Let go! The best fortunes are in heaven. There are no absconding cashiers from that bank, no failing in promises to pay. Set your affections on things above, not on thing on the earth. Let go! Depend npon it that God will keep upon you the staff, or the rod, or keep upon you the staff, or the rod, or

the iron wheel until you do let go. THE STAFF AND THE ROD. Another thing my text teaches us is

that Christian sorrow is going to have a sure terminus. My text says, "Bread corn is bruised because he will not be ever thrashing it." Blessed be God for that! Pound away, O flail, Turn on. O wheel! Your work will soon be done. "He will not be ever thrashing it." Now the Christian has almost as much use in the organ for the stop tremulant as he has for the trumpet. But after awhile he will put the last dirge into the portfolio forever. So much of us as is wheat will be separated from so much as is chaff, and there will be no more need of pounding.

They never cry in heaven because they have nothing to cry about. There are no tears of bereavement, for you shall have your friends all round about you. There are no tears of poverty because each one sits at the king's table and has his own chariot of salvation and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias on the air, and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life, and no crutch for the lame limb, and no splint for the

soms fall, or our gorgeous October be-

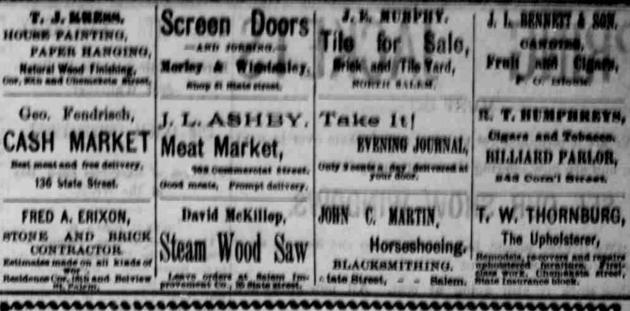
iron wheel of misfortune, but we hold on. There are men who keep their grip on well. As the English army constant to a this world until the last moment who suggest to me the condition and conduct of the poor Indian in the boat in the Ni-on the wall near the floor, showing that of the poor indian in the boat in the Ni-agara rapids coming on toward the fall. Seeing that he could not escape, a mo-ter ment or two before he got to the verge of the plunge he lifted a wine bottle and drank it off and then tossed the bot-tle into the air. So there are men who clutch the world, and they go down through the rapids of temptation and sin, and they hold on to the very last moment of life, dripking to their eternal.

the massacre, and the women were waitmid anguish untold, waiting in pain and starvation, but waiting heroically, when one day Havelock and Outram and Norman and Bir David Baird and Peel, the heroes of the English army-huzza for them!-broke in on that horrid scene. and while yet the guns were soun and while cheers were issuing from the

starving, dying people on the one side and from the travel worn and powder and from the travel worn and powder blackened soldiers on the other, right there in front of the king's palace there was such a scene of handshaking and embracing and boisterous joy as would utterly confound the pen of the post and the pencil of the painter.

And no wonder, when these emaciated women, who had suffered so heroically for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarcerations one wounded English sol-dier got up in his fatigue and wounds and leaned against the wall and threw his cap up and shouted, "Three cheers, my boys, for the brave women!"

Ob, that was an exciting scene! But a ladder and more triumphant scene will it be when you come up into heaven from it be when you come up into neaven from the conflicts and incarcerations of this world, streaming with the wounds of battle and wan with hunger. And while the hosts of God are cheering their great hosanna you will strike hands of con-gratulation and eternal deliverance in the presence of the throne. On that night there will be bonfires on every hill of heaven, and there will be illumination in every palace, and there will be a can for the lame limb, and no splint for the broken arm, but the pulses throbbing I forget. They will have no need of the II P. M. CARS. candle or of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hail, hail, sons and phers of the Lord God Almighty



This wonderful preparation is Purely Vegetable : compounded from the prescription of the Official Physician to the Court of Spain. "Espano" recreates Mental and Nerve Power in Man and Woman.

ESPANO"

An infallible remedy for Nervous and General Debility, Nervous Prostration, Creeping Paralysis, Weakness caused by Debilitating Losses, Excesses or Over-Indulgences, Incipient Softening of the Brain or Paresis, Dissiness, Loss of Memory, Confused Thoughts and all Brain, Nerve or Sexual Weaknesses. It has no equal in restoring the Stomach and Brain to its normal condition following the abuse of Alcoholio Beverages, or indulgence in the Opium, Morphine or Chloral habit.

GREAT SPANISH BRAIN AND NERVE REVIVER

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., U. S. A.

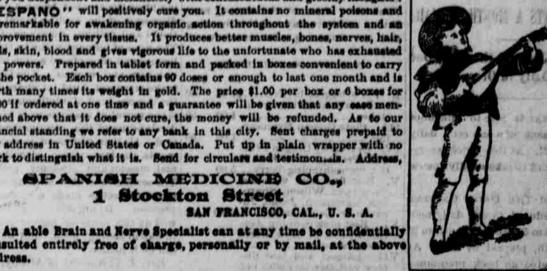
Concernment and the concernment of the concernment

Have you abused the laws of nature and injured your nervous system re you despondent and melancholy with confused ideas and gloomy thoughts ? ESPANO " will positively cure you. It contains no mineral poisons and is remarkable for awakening organic action throughout the system and an improvement in every tissue. It produces better muscles, bones, nerves, hair, nails, skin, blood and gives vigorous life to the unfortunate who has exhausted his powers. Prepared in tablet form and packed in boxes convenient to carry in the pocket. Each box contains 90 doses or enough to last one month and is worth many times its weight in gold. The price \$1.00 per box or 6 boxes for \$5.00 if ordered at one time and a guarantee will be given that any ease mentioned above that it does not cure, the money will be refunded. As to our financial standing we refer to any bank in this city. Sent charges prepaid to any address in United States or Canada. Put up in plain wrapper with no mark to distinguish what it is. Send for circulars and testimon...is. Address,

SPANISH MEDICINE CO.

1 Stockton Street

consulted entirely free of charge, personally or by mail, at the abov



trouble. The footstep of the rabbit is seen the next morning on the snow, and on the white hairs of the aged are footprints showing where swift trouble alighted.

Even amid the joys and hilarities of life trouble will sometimes break in. As when the people were assembled in the Charlestown theater during the Revolutionary war and while they were wit-nessing a farce and the audience was in great gratulation the guns of an ad-vancing army were heard and the sudience broke up in wild panic and ran for their lives, so ofttimes while you are scated amid the joys and festivities of this world you hear the cannonade of some great disaster. All the fitches, and the cummin, and the corn must come, down on the thrashing floor and be pounded.

My subject, in the first place, teaches us that it is no compliment to us if we escape great trial. The fitches and the cummin on the thrashing floor might look over to the corn on another thrashing floor and say: "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn. We have only been a little pounded, but that has been almost destroyed." Well, the corn, if it had lips, would answer and say: "Do you know the reason you have not been as much pounded as I have? It is be-

cause you are not of so much worth as I am. If you were, you would be as severely run over." Yet there are men who suppose they are the Lord's favorites simply because their barns are full, and their bank account is flush, and there are no funerals, in the house. It may be because they are fitches and cummin, while down at the end of the lane the poor widow may be the Lord's corn. You are but little pounded because you are but Httle worth, and she bruised and ground because she is the best part of the harvest.

or corn.

and beats us loose.

THE WHEAT AND THE CHAFF.

The heft of the thrashing machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been much thrashed in life, perhaps there is not much to thrash. If you have not been much shaken of trou-ble, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield. When there are plenty of blackberries, the gatherers go out with large baskets, but when the drought has almost consumed the fruit then a quart measure will do as well. It took the venomous snake on Panl's hand and the pounding of him with stones un-til he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates, and the Ephesian vociferation, and the skinned ankles of the painful stocks, and skinned ankles of the painful stocks, and the foundering of the Alexandrian corn ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his prop-er development.

in some of your estimations a very in-significant world, and it is depreciating all the time as a spiritual property. Ten per cent off, 50 per cent off, and there are those here who would not give 10 cents for this world—for the entire world them best. By the carefulness of the the state of the source of the

wood whips with which he was scourged, and Eve will tell how aromatic Eden was the day she left it, and John Rogers will tell of the smart of the flame, and Elijah of the dery team that wheeled him up the sky sleeps, and Christ of the numbress and paroxysm and hemor-rhages of the awful excitizion. There they are before the throne of God. On one elevation all those who were struck of the staff. On a higher elevation all those who were struck of the rod. On a highest elevation, and amid the highest altitudes of heaven, all those who were under the whoel. He will not ever be wood whips with which he was scourged out the plan of a ship of many thousand tons. Many workmen are engaged on it for a long while. The ship is done, and some day, with the flags up and the air gorgeous with bunting, that vessel is lounched for Southampton. At that time launched for Southampton. At that time a lad 6 years of age comes running down the dock with a toy boat which he has made with his own jackknife, and he says: "Here, my boat is better than yourn. Just look at this jibboom and these weather cross jack braces," and he drops his little boat beside the great ship. under the wheel. He will not ever and there is a roar of laughter on the

thrashing it. Oh, my hearers, is there not enough salve in this text to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds? When Ah, my friends, that great ship is your life as God planned it—vast, million tonned, ocean destined, eternity bound. a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say to it, "Now, it will soon feel better." And that is what God says when he un-That little boat is your life as you are trying to hew it out and fashion it and launch it. Ah, do not try to be a rival of the great Jehovah. God is always bosoms all the trouble in the hush of this right, and in nine cases out of ten you are wrong. He sends just the hardships, just the bankruptcies, just the cross that just the bankruptcies, just the cross that kerchief sopping wet with tears on your death pillow, but you will go up abso-intely sorrowless. They will wear black;

you will wear white. Cypresses for

you will wear white. Cypresses for them; palms for you. You will say: "Is it possible that I am here? Is this heaven? Am I so pure now I will never do anything wrong? Am I so well that I will never again be sick? Are these companionships so firm that they will never again be broken? Is that Mary? Is that John? Is that my loved one I put away into darkness? Can it be that these are the faces of those who lay so wan and emaciated in the back some horses as soon as the grain has dropped from the stalk. The farmer comes with his fork and tosses up the straw, and he sees that the straw has let go the grain and the grain is thoroughly thrashed. So God. Smiting rod and turning wheel both cease as more lat m. We so wan and emaciated in the back room ON on that awful night dying? Oh, how ra-diant they are! Look at them! How radiant they are!

So God. Smithing rod and turning wheel both cease as soon as we let go. We hold on to this world with its pleasures and riches and emoluments, and our knuckles are so firmly set that it seems as if we could hold on forever. God comes along with some thrashing trouble and heats up loose. "Why, how unlike this place is from what I thought when I left the world below! Ministers drew pictures of this land, but how tame compared with the reality! They told me on earth that We started under the delusion that this was a great world. We learned out of our geography that it was so many thousand miles in diameter and so many

reality! They told me on earth that death was sunset. No, no! It is sunrise! Glorious sunrise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds flame with the coming day." Then the gates of heaven will be opened, and the entranced soul, with the acuteness and power of the celestial vi-sion, will look ten thousands of miles down upon the bannered procession—a river of shimmering splendor—and will cry out, "Who are they?" And the an-gel of God standing close by will say, "Don't you know who they are?" "No," asys the entranced soul, "I cannot guess who they are." The angel will say: "I will tell you, then, who they are. These are they who came out of great tribulathousand miles in circumference, and we said. "Oh, my, what a world!" Troubles

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the deceased portion of the car. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed con-dition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets ioflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the re-suit, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be de-stroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarth, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Deafness Cannot be Cured

but an inflamed condition of the muccus surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Desfness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY, & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. TO CONSUMERS : DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUCHE quired. AND CROUP GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE ing a damily of aline sufficient, my off for forman, Conde and Crowy, was off the formation of the second second second to You any grandalitien the So-the You any grandalitien to the So-the Source of the Source Second second results of anise was an anised by the second sec Bold by Baskett & VanBiype. HEAVEN EARTH. LOVE AND BEAUTY MAKE HEAVEN. So let us have pure hearts, beautiful flowers, houses, birds may beautiful women. Every woman can be loved, can be beautiful.

ill tall you a'l abe

KRS. NETTIE HARRISON,

26 Geary HL, Han Fra



address.



HAW & DOWNING, Agonts