

THE STAFF AND ROD.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SERMON ON THE THRASHING PROCESS.

The Nature That Are Reaped Because They Will Not Be Thrashed...

BROOKLYN, June 18.—Rev. Dr. Talmage chose as the subject for his sermon today "The Thrashing Machine," the text being from Isaiah xxxvii, 35, 36.

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 cummin were small seeds like the carrot...

THE THRASHING PROCESS.

The great thought that the text presses 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.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good long before he became the most conspicuous historian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "Babbetongue Macaulay."

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...

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...

Again, my subject teaches us that God keeps trial on us until we let go. The farmer shouts "whoa!" to his horses as soon as the grain has dropped from the stalk.

The left 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 trouble, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield.

It was not because Robert Moffat and Lady Rachel Russell and Frederick Oberlin were worse than other people that they had to suffer; it was because they were better and God wanted to make them best.

Next my text teaches us that God proportions our trials to what we can bear. The staff for the fitches, the rod for the cummin, the iron wheel for the corn.

Oh, I can't bear it! But you did bear it. God would not have sent it upon you if he did not know that you could bear it. You troubled, and you weaned, but 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.

"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 something that would not hurt, and unless it hurts it does not get sanctified.

"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 unbroke horses amid the gunpowder explosions of a great holiday, and ever and anon it runs away with you.

Your trial is a wife ever in contest with the servants, and she is a sloven. Though she was very careful about her appearance in your presence once, now she is careless, because she said her fortune is made!

Oh, my hearer, are you not ashamed to be complaining all this time against God? Who manages the affairs of this world anyhow? Is it an infinite Modoc, or a Sitting Bull, or an omnipotent Nana Sahib?

Here is a naval architect, and he draws 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 gorged with bunting, that vessel is launched for Southampton.

Ah, my friends, that great ship is your life as God planned it—vast, million-tonned, ocean destined, eternity bound. That little boat is your life as you are trying to live it out and fashion it and launch it.

THE WHEAT AND THE CHAFF. Again, my subject teaches us that God keeps trial on us until we let go. The farmer shouts "whoa!" to his horses as soon as the grain has dropped from the stalk.

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 thousand miles in circumference, and we thought, "Oh, my, what a world!"

Oh, that I could administer some of these drops of celestial anodyne to those nervous and excited souls. If you would take enough of it, it would cure all your pangs.

So with money. We thought if a man had a competency he was safe for all the future, but we have learned that a mortgage may be defeated by an unknown previous incumbrance.

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."

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.

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.

In that land the souls will talk over the different modes of thrashing. Oh, the story of the staff that struck the fitches, and the rod that beat the cummin, and the iron wheel that went over the corn!

Oh, my hearers, is there not enough save in this text to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds? When a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say to it, "Now, it will soon feel better."

HEAVEN ON 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.

LOLA MONTEZ CREME THE KIKIN FOOD and TRINK BULLDOG makes ladies beautiful. Keep skin in best condition. Now for the best of the world, and this trouble allied came in after life, and this trouble allied came in after life, and this trouble allied came in after life.

Oh, that I could administer some of these drops of celestial anodyne to those nervous and excited souls.

History has no more gratulatory scene than the breaking in of the English army upon Lucknow, India. A few weeks before a massacre had occurred at Cawnpore, and 260 women and children had been put in a room.

Out in Lucknow they had heard of the massacre, and the women were waiting for the same awful death, waiting amid anguish untold, waiting in pain and starvation, but waiting heroically.

And no wonder, when those emaciated women, who had suffered so heroically for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarceration one wounded English soldier 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!"

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies.

DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUGHS COLDS AND CROUP. GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE. In raising a family of six children, my only remedy for Coughs, Colds and Croup was Gunn's Onion Syrup.

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