EVENING CAPITAL JOURNAL, MONDAY, JULY 10, 1898.

IN THE SILENT NIGHT , worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as

DR. TALMAGE ON THE MINISTRY OF SILENCE, GRIEF AND DEATH.

The Mysterious Law by Which God Warns Us of a Coming Change Compared With burden carrying, and an arm with which Which All Earthly Changes Ars as Naught-The Great Compensation.

BOOKLYN, July 9,-Rev. Dr. Talmage text, "At evening this it shall be light" (Zechariah xiv, 7).

While "night" in all languages is the the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impress-ive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above or allvered wave tossing up light from beneath-marky, hurtling, portentous-but such as you often see when the pourp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night parade, and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations and the sons

of God were shouting for joy. Such nights the sailor blesses from the forecastle, and the trapper on the vast prairie, and the belated traveler by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly, and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a-ringing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace; good will toward men."

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman campagna! Awful night among the cordilleras! Glorious night 'mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are lighthouses on the const toward which, I hope, we are all shifing, and blind mariners are we if with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us we cannot find our way into the harbor. My text may well suggest that as the natural evening is often luminous so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows-of old age-of the world's history -of the Christian life. "At eventime it shall be light."

This prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rides high. Innumerable activities go ahead with a thousand feet and work with a thousand arms, and the pickax struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its 20 per cent, and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the farm quadrupled in value, and sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and glowed in the wine and ate at the time it is light-light! banquet, and all the gods of music and ease and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so many thunderbolts of power.

But every sun must set, and the brightest day must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain dried up. The song hushed. The wolf

you now are, you once went coasting down the hilbide, or threw off your hat for the race, or sent the ball flying sky But youth will not always last.

stays only long enough to give us exu- near berant spirits, and broad shoulders for to battle our way through difficulties. Life's path if you follow it long enough will come under frowning crag and across trembling causeway. Blessed old age if you let it come naturally. You cannot hide it. You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old. Old mountains, old rivers, old seas, old stars and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old unless you are older than the mountains and older than the stars.

How men and women will lie! They say they are 40, but they are 60. They say they are 20, but they are 80. They say they are 60, but they are 80. How some people will lie! Glorious old age if found in the way of righteousness How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff, of John Quin-cy Adams falling with the harness on, of Washington Irving sitting per in Washington Irving sitting pen in hand amid the scenes himself had made classical, of John Angell James to the last proclaiming the gospel to the masses of Birmingham, of Theodore Frelinghuysen down to feebleness and emacia tion devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God. At eventide it was

Hght! See that you do honor to the aged. philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day saying to the pass-ersby: "You will be an old man. You will be an old man." "You will be an old woman. You will be an old woman. People thought he was crazy. I do not think that he was. Smooth the way for that mother's feet-they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs-they will soon be at rest. Plow not up that face with any more wrinkles. Trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart. It will soon cease to beat. "The eye that mocketh its father and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

The bright morning and hot noonday of life have passed with many. It is 4 o'clock! 5 o'clock! 6 o'clock! The a strange thrill of joy when the palsied shadows fall longer and thicker and faster. Seven o'clock! 8 o'clock! The sun has dipped below the horizon. The warmth has gone out of the air. Nine o'clock! 10 o'clock! The heavy dews are falling. The activities of life's day are all hushed. It is time to go to bed. such a great temple! Eleven o'clock! 19 o'clock! The patri-Hungry men no more to hunger; thirsty arch sleeps the blessed sleep, the cool

sleep, the long sleep. Heaven's messengers of light have kindled bonfires of victory all over the heavens. At even-

My text shall also find fulfillment in the latter days of the church. Only a few missionaries, a few churches, a few good men, compared with the institutions leprous and putrefied.

It is early yet in the history of every thing good. Civilization and Christian hath not seen it. Your ear has caught ity are just getting out of the cradle broke into the family fold and carried off The light of martyr stakes flashing all harmonies uncounted and indescribablethe best lamb. A deep howl of woe up and down the sky is but the flaming of the morning, but when the evening of sword clanging back in the scabbard; intemperance buried under 10,000 broken decanters; the world's impurity turning its brow heavenward for the bene diction, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" the last vestige of selfishness submerged in heaven descending charities; all China worshiping Dr. Abeel's Sav-iour; all India believing in Henry Martyn's Bible; aboriginal superstition acknowledging David Brainerd's piety; human bondage delivered through Thomas Clarkson's Christianity; vagrancy coming back from its pollution at the call of Elizabeth Fry's Redeemer; the mountains coming down; the valleys going up; "holiness" inscribed on horse's bell and silkworm's thread and brown thrasher's wing and shell's tinge and manufacturer's shuttle and chemist's laboratory and king's scepter and na-tion's Magna Charta. Not a hospital, for there are no wounds; not an asylum, for there are no orphans; not a prison, for there are no criminals; not an almshouse, for there are no paupers; not a tear, for there are no sorrows? The long dirge of earth's lamentation has ended in the triumphal march of redeemed empires, the forests harping it on vine strung branches, the water chanting it among the gorges, the thunders drum-ming it among the hills, the ocean giving it forth with its organs, trade winds touching the keys and enroclydon's foot on the pedal. I want to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed. I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last saber wound has stopped hurting. I want to see William Penn when the last Indian has been civilized. I want to see John Huss when the last flame of persecution has been extinguished. I want to see John Bunyan after the last pilgrim has come to the gate of the Celestial City. Above all, I want to see Jesus after the last mint has his throne and begun to sing halleluiah! You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The la-borers have come from the field. The heavens are glowing with an indescrib-able effulgence, as though the sun in deable entrigence, as though the sun in de-parting had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swims in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water-heaven above and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling, or a bee humming, or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadows silence among the hills. Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats and joy and peace. At eventime it is light-light! Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian's life. You

know how a short winter's day is, and Now, my how little work you can do. friends, life is a short winter's day. The mn rises at 8 and sets at 4. The birth angel and death angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle, and with the other she touches the grave. I went into the house of one of my parishioners on Thankagiving day. The little child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and down the hall. Christmas day came, and the light of that household had perished. We stood, with black book, reading over the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventime it shall be light! I have seen many Christians die. I nover saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girdle, who does not love to bathe? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glo ry swing open before us, and from myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces, there dash upon us, "Hosanna! Hosanna!" "Throw back the shutters and let the

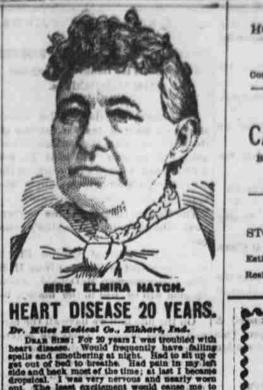
sun come in," said dying Scoville McCollum, one of my Sabbath school boys. You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims: "I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." Hugh McKail went to one side of the scaffold of martyrdom and cried: "Farewell sun, moon and stars! Farewell all earthly delights!" Then went to the other side of the scaffold and cried. "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant! Welcome death! Welcome

glory!" A minister of Christ in Philadelphia dying, said in his last moments, "I move into the light!" They did not go down doubting and fearing and shivering, but their battlecry rang through all the caverns of the sepulcher and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven: "O death! where is thy sting? Prices Current by Telegraph - Local

O gravel where is thy victory?" Sing, my soul, of joys to come. I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young. She touched the poor, and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being, wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What

Christian begins to use his arm again! When the blind Christian begins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to hear again! When the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement and joins in such company and has a free seat in

men no more to thirst; weeping men no more to weep; dying men no more to Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations. Bring them to me, and I will pour them upon this stupendous theme of the soul's disenthrallment! Oh, the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God shouting: Free! Free! Your eye has gazed upon the gar niture of earth and heaven, but the eye



THOUSANDS bled the future for the last floor years I could a to use on my left side or back until began taking our New News? Ower. I had not taken it very my until feit much better, and I can now along a sither side or back without the heast discom-rt. Lasy no pain, amothering, droppy, no wind a siomach or other disagresable symptoms. I amo let so de all my own housework without any outle and consider myself cured. trouble and consider myself cured. Ekinart, Inde, 1888. Mas. Elama Harce. It is now four years since 1 have taken any medicine. Aim in better health than I have been in 40 years. I honsetty be Eleve that Dr. Miles' New CURED Heard Geres saved my life I am now 69 years of sge, and am able to do a good day's work. May 59th, 1692. Mas. Elama Harce. BOLD ON A POSITIVE GUARANTEE.

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TODAY'S MARKETS.

and Portland Quotations.

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FAUIT. Peas-8 cents a gallon. Gooseberries -15 cts a gallon. Raspberries-red and black 5 cts. Cherries-3 to 6 cts a lb. Continue

scarce. BUTCHER STOCK. Veals-dressed 41 cts. Hogs-dressed 61 to 62. Live cattle-2 to 21.

Sheep-alive \$1.50 to \$2.00. Spring lambs-\$1.50 to \$2.00. MILL PRICES.

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54 cents HAY AND GRAIN. Oats-40 to 50 cents.

Hopa-15 to 17c.

50 cents.

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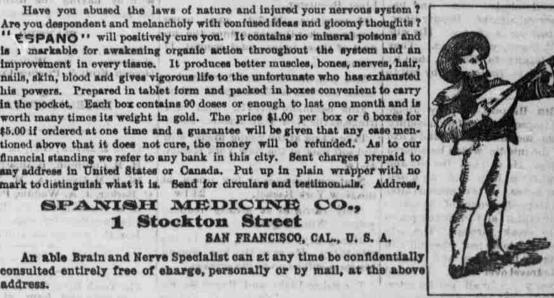
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symphonies. At one rough twang of the symphonies. At one rough twang of the hand of disaster the harp strings all conquering truth, it shall be light. War's broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long established credit! Up flew a flock of calumnies! The new book would not sell. A patent could not be secured for the invention. Stocks sank like lead. The insurance company exploded. "How much," says the sheriff, "will you bid for this piano?" "How much for this library?" "How much for this family picture?"

Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What have become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the fiail and crushed under the wheel and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth? When the rod of fatherly their teeth? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money vault and say, "All my treasures are gon?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead saying, "There never will be a resurrec-tion?"

Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down-would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, dark and howling, smothering and choking their life out? No! No! No? At eventime it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The eternal constellations from the circuit about God's throne poured down an infinite luster. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests and plumes of gold and jasper and amothyst and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer air of God's love. The night blooming assurances of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmosphere with heav-en. The soul at every step seemed to start up from its feet bright winged joys warbling heavenward. "It is good that I have been afflicted,"

cries David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," exclaims Job, "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," says St. Paul. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," exclaims John in apocalyptic vision. At eventime it was light. Light from the cross! Light from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, outgushing, everlasting light!

The text shall also find fulfillment in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young-to have the sight clear and the hearing acute and the stop elastic and all our pulses marghing on to the drumming of a stout heart. Midlife and old age will be denied many of ns, but of earthly conflict are cooled. The glory youth-we all know what that in. Those of heaven fills all the scene with Los wrinkles were not always on your brow. That show was not always on your head. That brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm. You have not always

caught them from harp's trill and bird's carol and waterfall's dash and ocean's doxology, but the ear hath not heard it. How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocks off their chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah, eternity is not long enough to tell it; seraphim have not capacity enough to realize it—the marvels of redeeming love! Let the palms wave; let the crowns glitter; let the anthems ascend; let the trees of Lebanon clap their hands-they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou failest! Sing on, praise on, ye hosts of the glorified. And if with your scepters you cannot reach it and with your songs you cannot express it, then let all the 10 cts; geese slow. myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" There will be a password at the gate There will be a password at the part of heaven. A great multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper aays, "The password." They say: "We have no password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great swers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeener in heaven." A voice from within an-\$10@13. knock. The gatekeeper says, "The pass-word." They say: "We have no pass-word. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges and took care of the poor." A voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God and deserved to die, but we heard the voice of Jesus. "Aye, aye," said the gatekeeper, "that is "Aye, aye, said the gatekeeper," that is the pasaword! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let these people come in." They go in and surround the throne, jubilant forever. Ah! do you wonder that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated of the Christian on earth are illuministed by thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may be heartrending. Yet light in the evening. As all the stars of hight sink their anchors of pearl in lake and visco and sea to the waves of Index 1660

sink their anchors of pears in insee and river and sea, so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down flash-ing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to light four and find to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Close the eyes of the departed one; earth would seem tame to its enchanted vision. Fold the hands; life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has been trans-fagured. Mr. Toplady in his dying hour sid, "Light." Coming nearer the arpir-ing moment, he exclaimed, with filumi-nated countenance, "Light." In the last instant of his breathing he ifted up his hands and cried: "Light" Thank Got for light in the evening.

