

SERMON.

From a Process Familiar to the Farmer Dr. Talmage Draws Lessons of Consolation and Encouragement For People in Sorrow and Adversity.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—From a process familiar to the farmer Dr. Talmage draws lessons of consolation and encouragement for people in sorrow and adversity. The text is Isaiah, xxxviii, 27, 28: "For 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."

Misfortunes of various kinds come upon various people, and in all times the great need of ninety-nine people out of a hundred is solace. Look, then, in this neglected allegory of my text. 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 are small seeds, like the caraway or the chickpea. When these grains or herbs were to be threshed, they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with a staff or rod or flail and beat them until the seed would be separated, but when the corn was to be threshed that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten horses or oxen to a cart with iron dented wheels; that cart would be drawn 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 the 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 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. Wilberforce, the Christian emancipator, was in his day derisively called "Doctor Cantwell." Thomas Babington Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good, long before he became the most conspicuous historian of his age, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "Babbetronne Macaulay." (Norman McLeod, the great friend of the Scotch poor, was industriously 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, "It is hard enough for me, he would 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 malting of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the tribulation. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Besides that, there are the sicknesses and the bankruptcies and the irritations and the disappointments which are ever putting a cup of aloes to your lip. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphics which, if deciphered, would make out a thrilling story of trouble. The footstep of the rabbit is seen the next morning on the snow, and the white hairs of the aged are the footprints showing where swift trouble alighted.

TROUBLES COME UNEXPECTED. Even amid the joys and hilarities of life trouble will sometimes break in. As when the people were assembled in the Charleston theatre during the revolutionary war, and while the were witnessing a race and the audience was in great gratulation the guns of an advancing army were heard and the audience broke up in wild panic and ran for their lives, so oftentimes, while you are seated 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 or one 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, and 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 because 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 that they are the Lord's favorites simply because their farms are full and their bank accounts are fresh 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 little worth and she is pounded and ground because she is the best part of the harvest. The best 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. Where 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 Paul's hands and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates, and the Ethiopian vociferation, and the snakes stung by the plating snakes, and the founding of the Alexandrian corn ship, and the beholding stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his proper destination. 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. By the carefulness

FRIENDSHIP TRIUMPHS.

We thought that friendship was a grand thing. In school we used to write compositions about friendship, and perhaps we made our grand speech on commencement day on friendship. Oh, it was a charming thing! But does it mean as much to you as it used to? You have gone on in life, and one friend has betrayed you, and another friend has mistreated you, and another friend has neglected you, and friendship comes now sometimes to mean to you merely another ex to grind to you 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; that signing your name on the back of a note may be your business death warrant; that a new tariff may change the current of trade; that a man may be rich today and poor tomorrow, and God, by all these misfortunes, is trying to loosen our grip, but we still hold on. And he strikes us with a rod, but we hold on. And he sends over us the iron wheel of misfortune, but we hold on. There are men who keep their grip on this world until the last moment, who suggest to me the condition and conduct of the poor Indian in the boat in the Niagara rapids, coming on toward the fall. Seeing that he could not escape, a moment or two before he got to the verge of the plunge he took a wine bottle and drank it off and then he broke the bottle 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 to life, drinking to their eternal doom as they go over and go down. Oh, let go the best fortunes are in heaven. There are men who are chafing against the bank, not falling in a promise to pay. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Let go! Depend upon it that God will keep upon you the staff or the rod or the iron wheel until you do let go.

Another thing my text teaches us is that Christian sorrow is going to be a sure thing. My text says, "Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it." Blessed be God for that! Pounded away, O flail! Turn on, O wheel! Your work will soon be done. "He will not ever be 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 three 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 chair of salvation, and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias in the air and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life and no crutch for the lame limb and no splint for the broken arm, but the pulses are thumping with the health of the eternal life, and his own chair of salvation, and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias in the air and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life and no crutch for the lame limb and no splint for the broken arm, but the pulses are thumping with the health of the eternal life, and his own chair of salvation, and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array.

COMPLAINING AGAINST GOD.

Everybody has some vexation or annoyance of trial, and he or she thinks it is the one that is adapted to him, but this, all say; "anything but this!" 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 Madoc or a sitting Bull savage or an omnipotent Nana Sahib? No; it is the most merciful and glorious and wise being in the universe. You cannot teach, and hence anything. You have fretted and worried almost enough. Do you not think so? Some of you are making yourselves ridiculous in the sight of the angels. Here is a naval architect, and he draws out the plan of a ship and many thousands of men 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 launched for Southampton. At that time a lad six weeks 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 yours. Just look at this jibboom and these weather crossjack braces." And he drops his little boat beside the great ship, and there is a roar of laughter on the decks! Ah, my friends, that great ship is your life as God planned it, vast, million-tonned, ocean-fested, and eternally bound! That little boat is your life as you were trying to heave it out and fashion it and launch it. Do not try to be a rival of the great Jehovah. God is always right, and in nine cases out of ten you are wrong. He sends just the hardships, just the bankruptcies, just the crosses that it is best for you to have. He knows what kind of grain you are, and he sends the right kind of thrashing machine. It will be rod or staff or iron wheel just according as you are fitches or cummin or corn.

Again, my subject teaches us that God keeps trial on us until we let go. The farmer about "whoa!" to his horses as soon as the grain is 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's smiting 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 beats us loose. 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 miles in circumference, and we said, "Oh, my, what a world!" Trouble came in after life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world and he has got to be a smaller world and so some estimations a very insignificant world, and it is despoiling all the time as a spiritual property. Ten per cent, off, fifty per cent, off, and there are those who would not give ten cents for this world—the entire world—as a soul possession.

What is CASTORIA?

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is 'the Children's Panacea'—The Mother's Friend.



Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children. Dr. G. C. Osceola, Lowell, Mass.

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF *Chas. H. Fletcher* APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Highlands, Smith, from Cape Town for New York via London, Durban, from Rio Janeiro, 12th, via Montreal, from Bahia. PORT TALBOT, March 23-Sid, str Brantford, from Halifax. GLASGOW, March 23-Sid, str Almorea, from St. John. PRESTON, March 23-Ard, str Hugin, from St. John. KINGSTON, March 23-Sid, str Peoria, from St. John. At Montreal, Feb 24, (sch Sea Gull, from Mobile and cleared 25th for Cuba). At Liverpool, Mar 27, str Lake Ontario, from St. John. Sailed. From Barbados, March 11, bark Antilla, from Montevideo for New York. From Auckland, N Z, Mar 26, bark Trinidad, from New York.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN. Arrived. March 25—Coastwise—Schs Magpie, 24, Scott, from Noel; Ocean Bird, 44, Ray, from Magalloway; Schs Exenia, 13, Barry, from Campbell; Harry Morris, 38, from Glasgow; tug Springhill, with cargo No. 1, from Farrisboro. ST. JOHN, March 25—Ard, str St. Croix, from Glasgow; tug R. W. Quinn, from Boston; Mar 27—Str Moutaq, 220, Gerrit, from Harry J. Scamell and Co., Ball, Westport, and old for return; schs Rowena, 96, Hall, from Quaco; Dora, 83, Canning, from Quaco; Mirasol, B. J. Trutis, from Quaco; tug Wm Murray, with cargo No. 2, from Farrisboro. Cleared. March 25—Str Parthena, Bolo, for Cape Town via London, Durban, from St. John; Schs Lotus, Granville, for Boston; Schs Maggie Miller, McLean, for Wareham; Schs Maudie, McLean, for Wareham; Schs Margaret, James W. Cousins, Sim, for Digby; R. D. Spears, Richardson, for Hillsboro. Mar 26—Str St. Croix, Pike, for Boston, W. G. Lee. Schs Western Commerce, Morton, for Manchester; Wm Thompson, for St. Dunmore Head, Burs, for Belfast; Wm Thompson and Co. Dixon, Rues, for Cart; Bear River, schs Selma, Seeley, for Point Wolfe; schs Harry Murray, for Quaco; Schs Maudie, for Farrisboro; Maggie Scott, for Windsor. Mar 27—Bark Cullison, Turnbull, for Las Palmas; A. Cushing and Co. Schs Canadian, Munser, for St. Pierre, Martinique, L. G. Crosby. Coastwise—Barge No. 1, Wadman, and No. 2, Sailer, for Farrisboro; schs Oppi, Pettis, for do; Exenia, Barry, for Campbell.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

Arrived. HALIFAX, N S, March 29—Ard, str Pro Patria, from Boston and cleared for St. Pierre, Miq. HALIFAX, March 22—Ard, strs Parisian, from Liverpool and sailed for St. John; Agula, from Shields; Glasgow, from West Indies and Demerara. Sailed, strs Hebe, for Preston; Et. Benjamin, from Liverpool; strs St. John, from St. John; Ulinda, from do; Silvia, from New York; Wyanette, do; St. John, N.B.; schs Madonna, from Gloucester for Banks (to land a sick man). Mar 23—Sid, strs Brantford, for St. John; Ulinda, from do; Demerara; schs Joseph Hay, from New York; Baden Powell, from Quebec Island Co. HALIFAX, NS, March 24—Ard, str Bonavia, from Boston; schs Rachel H. Boyd, from Farrisboro; FR, Valkyrie, Alice R. Lewis, Blue Jacket, Hens M. Stanley, W. E. Morris and Fernwood, all from Gloucester, Mass; for Boston, for ball. Cld, str Mackay-Bennett, for New York. Sid, strs Ionian, for Liverpool; Silvia, for St. John, N.F. HALIFAX, March 25—Ard, str Glencoe, from St. John, N.F. Sid, str Mackay-Bennett, for New York, for British Ports. PORT ELIZABETH, March 10—Sid, bark No. 1, Williams (of Yarmouth, N.S.), for Delaware. GLASGOW, March 25—Ard, str Kastalia, from St. John and Halifax. HALIFAX, March 25—Ard, str Manchester, from St. John for Manchester. Cleared. At Halifax, Mar 25, str Ulinda, for Liverpool. At Joggins, March 25, sch Two Sisters, with coal for St. John; 24th, sch Sam Slick, with coal for St. John.

BRITISH PORTS.

Arrived. LONDON, March 20—Ard, str Hurona, from Portland. LIVERPOOL, March 20—Sid, str Turco, from Portland. CALIF OF MAN, March 20—Pd, str Corvina, from St. John and Halifax for Liverpool. QUEENSTOWN, March 20—Sid, str Oceanic, from Liverpool for New York. At Barbados, March 24, bark Low Wood, Wyman, from Buenos Ayres for Mobile; Highlands, Smith, from Cape Town for New York via London, Durban, from Rio Janeiro, 12th, via Montreal, from Bahia. PORT TALBOT, March 23-Sid, str Brantford, from Halifax. GLASGOW, March 23-Sid, str Almorea, from St. John. PRESTON, March 23-Ard, str Hugin, from St. John. KINGSTON, March 23-Sid, str Peoria, from St. John. At Montreal, Feb 24, (sch Sea Gull, from Mobile and cleared 25th for Cuba). At Liverpool, Mar 27, str Lake Ontario, from St. John. Sailed. From Barbados, March 11, bark Antilla, from Montevideo for New York. From Auckland, N Z, Mar 26, bark Trinidad, from New York.

ST. JOHN MAN IN COLORADO.

The following paragraph is copied from the Pueblo, Colorado, Daily Chieftain of a recent date: The finest moving van ever seen on the streets of Pueblo was put in service yesterday by the Eyer Transfer and Storage Co. Its capacity is almost unlimited, as the gear which supports the padded and cushioned body is built of the best material and warranted to carry any load it may be taxed with. The workmanship and elaborate finish, drew forth words of praise and admiration, from all who saw it. The latter part of the sides which told the public it was built by the George Jackson Carriage and Implement Company was a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the vehicle, as the firm has a record for turning out nothing but first class work, and we congratulate the Eyer Transfer Co. on their good judgment in selecting this firm as their builder. George Jackson is a St. John man.

Advertisement for Thermo-Liquor, featuring an illustration of a bottle and the text "W. W. H. S. T." and "Thermo-Liquor".