



GOSPEL OF THE WEATHER.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE RAIN.

The Wonderful Imagery of the Book of Job—How the Study of It Has Made Weak Men into Infidels—Never Waded into a Mystery Over You: Head.

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 the 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 waded into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot then I wade out, and use a life preserver. I waded into the passage of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc, and we find that we are only insects, and that the world is as large, the sun is one million four hundred thousand times larger. "Oh!" we say, "it is no use, it is too large for me." I waded into the passage of the universe, and I found that I was only a speck of dust. I waded into the passage of the eternity, and I found that I was only a moment.

God is no more in magnitudes than he is in minutes. 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 how many are they? "Hath not the rain a father?" I take this doctrine of a particular Providence, and I trust it into the very midst of your everyday life. If God fathers a raindrop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that?

When Druse, the gunsmith, invented the needle gun, which decided the battle of Sedgwick, was it a mere accident? When the man who 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 was besieged at Bazer, 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?

When in one of the Irish was a starving mother, lying 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? Is either in the affairs of men or in the world a mere accident? No, it is a mere accident that you hand better take it a way from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, gives 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 rise 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 was a mere accident, but he would allow anybody to mount him when he was unharmed, but as soon as they put on that war horse Bucephalus, the saddle and the trappings of the conqueror 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 inexorable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand it. What the water would 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, "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 mid life, consecrated to God, hard working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding along the street, talking to everybody's business but her own, cease to prosper, 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 die down and die with a cancer?

Why does that man, selfish to the core, go out adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, counting time 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 about 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

million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit us all. 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 the sunshine; I cannot live without plenty of sunlight, so you use a life preserver. I like the sun; I cannot live without plenty of sunlight 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 will suit us all. 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.

AGIN, my text makes me think that that rain of tears is my divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black, and they are gored, and they are thunderous. They are more portentous than Salvo's or Claude ever painted. They are the rain of heaven. They are the rain of heaven, and they get darker and blacker, and after awhile a tear starts, and we think by an extra pressure of the eyelid to stop it. Others follow, and after awhile there is a shower, and we think by an extra pressure of the eyelid to stop it. "Hath the rain a father?"

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interrogation marks and more exclamations. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for prayer. 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?"

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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, but you came to destroy. You drove me out, but this day I pronounce pardon for all the people. Open the gates and let the army come in." The king marched in and took the throne, and the people all shouted, "Long live the king!"

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A RAILROAD MASSACRE.

AWFUL DESTRUCTION OF LIFE AT RAVENNA, OHIO.

A Passenger Train Ran Into from the Rear by a Freight Train, Train Freight-Wrecked and Set on Fire—Numbers of the Dead Rosted to a Crisp.

RAVENNA, Ohio, July 3.—The worst railroad accident ever occurring in this vicinity happened at 3 o'clock this morning. The horrible calamity has fairly appalled the town and neighborhood. Twenty people were killed and their bodies burned to a crisp. More than that number were injured. The charred remains of the dead were taken from the ruins of the demolished passenger train as fast as the flames could be subdued by the brave people who rallied to the rescue. Such terrible sights as were witnessed in the early morning hours made the people almost sick.

An express, loaded with sleeping passengers, was into a freight train while the express was at a standstill in this city. The wreck of the passenger train was terrible and complete. To add to the condition of the unfortunate passengers who were imprisoned in the debris of the train, a fire was kindled. It spread in this way that fairly swept through the wrecked train. By daylight twenty bodies, nearly all of them charred in a horrible manner, were taken out. Twenty-three injured had also been rescued. The bodies of the killed were glassed over who were on their way east from Findlay.

The freight train that telescoped the express the dressed meat express from Chicago, and was running about thirty miles an hour, and was on the Pennsylvania passenger train. The accident was due to carelessness in leaving a switch open. The passenger train, which was the vestibule express with eight coaches from Cincinnati to New York, on the top was cut, and the fall was our and a half feet, which did not suffice to break his neck. Death ensued in eleven minutes.

He was the seventh victim who has been hanged on the gallows of the crime. The man was cut, and the fall was our and a half feet, which did not suffice to break his neck. Death ensued in eleven minutes. The hanging caused much interest here through the brutality of the crime. In several cases which followed, and a conflict between whites and blacks in the neighborhood of the jail in which he was imprisoned. The fact that he has only recently made a desperate attack on Sheriff Smith with his hands cuffed, but for the interposition of that officer and the interference of Caldwell, a prisoner in jail for gambling, would have proved successful, added to the public interest in the affair.

There was no race feeling, however, the justice of the sentence having been acknowledged, quite a number of witnesses being negroes. A novel feature of the occasion was that tickets of admission to the jail, and the details of the crime, were sought, being peddled around at from 50 cents to \$2 each. The crime for which Brabham was executed was committed last April. He entered the small store of an Italian named Caputo, who had been a prisoner of that officer and the interference of Caldwell, a prisoner in jail for gambling, would have proved successful, added to the public interest in the affair.

The fire department of Ravenna was soon on the scene, and extinguished the flames, but not before terrible havoc had been wrought. The fire department of Ravenna was soon on the scene, and extinguished the flames, but not before terrible havoc had been wrought. The fire department of Ravenna was soon on the scene, and extinguished the flames, but not before terrible havoc had been wrought.

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HORRORS OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

Terrible Work of the Deadly Current on the Victims.

New York, July 8.—The Evening World, in its sporting edition, says: The body of murderer Harris A. Smiler was brought to this city this afternoon. The body had been claimed by Smiler's widow, the woman he married and deserted for the woman who he afterwards murdered. The body was taken to the train to the undertaking establishment at 265 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Three or four hundred people were gathered there to witness the arrival of the body. By a previous arrangement with the undertaker, an Evening World reporter was in waiting at the rooms to see the body of the executed murderer. The coffin was taken to the basement by the undertaker's assistants, and the lid was quickly taken off, exposing the dead man's face. The reporter stood close by, and was horrified at the sight that met his eyes. Smiler's face had been burned and seamed by the electric fluid until it presented the appearance of having been broiled. The hair on the front of the head, the moustache and eyebrows had been singed and the skin of the face was in a position of some of the most ghastly that could be seen. The marks were not those of a dissecting knife or scalpel. They were palpable burns. Pressing closer to see the dead man's face, the reporter attracted the attention of the undertaker's assistants, and they seized him by the shoulder and compelled him to leave the place before another portion of the body was exposed. In reply to repeated requests to be allowed to see the body, the reporter was informed that no one but the undertaker and his assistants would be permitted to see it until it had been fully prepared for burial. It was learned through one of the undertaker's assistants that Smiler's left leg was burned to the bone and the eyes were badly burned.

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SWEEP BY A CYCLONE.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN LOUISIANA'S CAPITAL CITY.

The Factory and Hospital of the Penitentiary Demolished—Ten Persons Killed and Twenty Injured—Damage in the City.

YEW ORLEANS, July 6.—A cyclone at Baton Rouge this morning brought death and destruction to that city. The steamboat Smoky City was blown to pieces there being nothing left of her but the hull. Several of her crew were badly injured. Two squares in the east side of Baton Rouge were destroyed. The cyclone passed over the lower portion of the town, unroofing houses, tearing up immense trees and carrying missiles along the streets for miles. The governor's mansion was directly in the path of the hurricane, which made a clean sweep of every chimney and cleared the front lawn of its large trees. The roof of a handsome residence belonging to Mr. Marsh, was carried away, and other damage done to the place. The boulevard is one mass of trees that have been torn up by the wind, and the street is covered up by a mass of logs and other timbers of almost every description.

The penitentiary walls were blown down and ten persons killed and thirty wounded. The factory building was demolished and the hospital of the penitentiary blown down. What household goods have not been carried away by the wind have been ruined by the water. Streets and cellars are flooded, and it is feared that some persons have been drowned in the lower part of the city.

At the penitentiary the scene was a terrible one. Without any warning the walls of the factory, in which 100 convicts were at work, were crushed in as if they had been mere pasteboard. The convicts were helpless, and as most of the men at work were either killed or wounded, little could be done toward extricating the unfortunate victims until help arrived from the main prison building.

To add to the horror of the situation, the ruins caught fire from the furnace in the engine room, but owing to the heavy rain which was falling the threatened holocaust was averted. The convicts were ordered to work and began the task of extricating the dead and dying from beneath the ruins. Of the force at work when the storm struck the building, it was discovered that ten had been killed and thirty seriously injured, and all the others more or less bruised.

This was not the worst. The hospital of the penitentiary in which was lying a sea of convicts, was blown down by the fury of the storm. The work of rescue from the factory building, where a larger number of lives were in danger, diverted attention from the unfortunates in the hospital, and it was not until most of the working force had been rescued that the prison officials were able to see to their attention in the hospital. Here the work was even more difficult than at the factory, owing to the weakness of the inmates, who were unable even to give the rescuers an indication of their presence in the debris by shouts. The work therefore, proceeds so slowly. Up to noon, however, it is believed that most of the patients have been rescued.

The rain is still falling in torrents and shows no signs of abating. The storm approached from a southwestern direction and swept a path three hundred feet or more in width diagonally across the city, leveling everything as it went. The southern portion of the city, styled "Catfish Town," suffered great loss and damage to property. It is the greatest loss Baton Rouge has ever sustained, whether from fire or cyclone. The total damage done will reach several hundred thousand dollars.