

ALL TROUBLES PAST.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Promises of the Rainbow.

The Brightest Time After the Storm—Glories of the Future World—A Brilliant Redemption After the Deluge of Sin.

The subject of a recent sermon preached by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage at Brooklyn was: "All Troubles Past," and the text Revelations iv. 3: "There was a rainbow round about the throne." Following is the sermon:

As after a night of fearful tempest at sea one ship, more staunch than another, rides on undamaged among the fragments of spars and bulkheads that float about so old Noah's ark at the close of the deluge floats on over the wreck of a dead world. Looking out of the window of the ark, you see the planks of houses, and the sheaves of wheat, and the carcasses of cattle, and the corpses of men. No tower is left to tell the burial; no mourners to form in the line of procession; no ground on which to bury the dead. Sinking a line twenty-seven feet long, you just touch the tops of the mountains. Chastisement and horror! The ark, instead of walking the sea, like a modern ship in majesty and beauty tosses helplessly; no helm to guide; no sail to set; no shore to steer for. Why protract the agony of the good people in such a craft, when they might in one dash of the wave have been put out of their misery?

But at yonder spot in the horizon we see colors gathering in the sky; at just the opposite point in the horizon other colors are gathering. I find that they are the two buttresses of an arched bridge. The yellow, the red, the orange, the blue, the indigo, the violet are mingled, and by invisible bands the whole structure is hung into the sky, and the ark has a triumphal arch to sail under. An angel of light swings his hand across the sky, and in the seven prismatic colors he paints with pencil of sunbeam the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature. God lifted up that great arched bridge, and set it over His own head in Heaven. John saw it, for he says: "There was a rainbow round about the throne."

I notice that none but the people who were in the ark saw the rainbow. It cast its shadow clear down into the water where the people were buried and lighted up the dead faces with a strange radiance, but they could not see it! No only those who are at last found in Christ, the Ark, will see the overspreading glory of the throne. Hence you had better get into the ark! As you call your family out at the close of the shower to show them the sign in Heaven, so I want you all at last to see the grander rainbow round about the throne! "Look thereto!" says Noah to his wife, "at that bow in the clouds; and, Sham and Japheth, look! look!—the green, the yellow, the red and the orange!" I should not wonder if some of your own children in the Good Land should after awhile cry out to you: "Look, father! look, mother! there is a rainbow round about the throne!" You had better get into the ark, with all your families, if you want to see it.

I notice also that the chief glory of God comes after the rain. No shower, no rainbow; no trouble, no brightness of Christian consolation. Weavers are sometimes, by reason of their work, dusty and rough in their apparel; and so it is the coarse-clad tempest, whose hand and foot swing the shuttle, that weaves the rainbow. Many Christians are dull and stupid, and useless because they have not had disaster enough to wake them up. The brightest scarf that Heaven makes is thrown over the shoulders of the storm. You can not make a thorough Christian life out of sunshine alone. There are some very dark hues in the ribbon of the rainbow; you must have in life the blue as well as the orange. Mingling all the colors of the former makes a white light; and it takes all the shades, and sadness, and vicissitudes of life to make the white luster of a pure Christian character.

Your child asks you: "Father, what makes the rainbow?" and you say: "It is the sunlight striking through the raindrops." Therefore, I wondered how there could be a rainbow in Heaven, since there are no storms there; but then I conclude that that rainbow must be formed by the striking of Heaven's sunlight through the falling tears of earthly sorrow. When we see a man overwhelmed with trouble, and his health goes, and his property goes, and his friends go, I say: "Now we shall see the glory of God in this good man's deliverance." Asst Niagara Falls I saw one day ten rainbows spanning the awful plunges of the cataract, so over the abyss of the Christian's trial hover the rich hued wings of all the promises.

I notice that the most beautiful things of this world are to be preserved in Heaven. When you see the last color fade out from the rainbow of earth you need not feel sad, for you will see the rainbow round about the throne. That story about the world burning up has given me many a pang. When I read that Paris was besieged, I said: "Now the pictures and statues in the Louvre and Luxembourg will be destroyed; all those faces of Rembrandt, and those enchantments of Raphael on canvas, and those statues of Canova." But it is not a more melancholy thought that ruin is to come upon this great glory of the earth in which the mountains are the chiseled sculptures and upon the sky, in which the "transfiguration" of sunrise and sunset is hung with loops and tassels of fire? I was relieved when I found that the pictures had been removed from the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and I am relieved now when I think that the best parts of this earth are either to be removed or pictured in the good land. The trees must twist in the last fire—the oaks and the cedars and the maples; but in Heaven there shall be the trees of life on the bank of the river, and the palm trees from which the conquerors shall pluck their branches.

The Hudson and the St. Lawrence and the Ohio shall boil in the last flame, but we shall have more than their beauty in the River of Life from under the throne. The daisies and the portulaca and the roses of earth will wither in the hot sirocco of the judgment, but John tells of the garlands which the glorified shall wear, and there must be flowers or there could be no garlands. The rainbow on our sky, which is only the pillow of the dying storm, must be removed; but then, glory be to God, "there is a rainbow round about the throne." I have but to look up to the radiant arch above the throne of God to assure myself that the most glorious things of earth are to be preserved in Heaven. Then let the world burn; all that is worth saving will be snatched out of the fire.

I see the same truth set forth in the twelve foundations of the wall of Heaven. St. John announces the twelve foundations of this wall to be, the first of jasper, yellow and red; the second of sapphires, a deep blue; the third a chalcedony, a varied beauty; the fourth, emerald, a bright green color; the fifth, sardonyx, a bluish white; the sixth, sardius, red and fiery; the seventh, chrysolite, golden hue; the eighth, beryl, a bluish green; the ninth, topaz, a pale green mixed with yellow; the tenth, chrysoprasus, a golden bluish tint; the eleventh, jacinth, fiery as the sunset; the twelfth, amethyst. But these precious stones are only the foundation of the wall of Heaven—the most inferior part of it. On the top of this foundation there rises a mighty wall of jasper—of brilliant yellow and gorgeous crimson. Stupendous cataract of color! Thrones of splendor and sublimity! You see that the beautiful colors which are the robes of glory to our earth are to be forever preserved in this wall of Heaven. Our skies of blue, which sometimes seem almost to drop with richness of color, shall be glorified and eternalized in the deep everlasting blue of that fiery stone which forms the second foundation of the heavenly wall.

The green that sleeps on the brook's bank and rides on the sea wave and spreads its banners on the mountain top shall be eternalized in the emerald that forms the fourth foundation of the heavenly wall. The fiery gush of the morning, the conflagration of the autumnal sunset, the electricity that shoots its forked tongue out of the thunder cloud, the flames at whose breath Moscow fell and Aetna burned shall be eternalized in the fiery jasper. It seems as if all earthly beauty were in one bower to be dashed up against the wall of Heaven so that the most beautiful things of earth may be kept either in the wall or the foundation or in the bower around about the throne.

I notice the unspeakable attractiveness of Heaven. In other places the Bible tells us of the floor of Heaven—the waters and the stones and the fruits; but now St. John tells us of the roof, the frescoed arch of eternity and the rainbow round about the throne. Open it and you will find all the treasures of Heaven. O, that our eyes may all look upon this bow of promise, lifted by Christ's own hand! We shall trace the separate lines of beauty across the firmament. In the line of red I shall see the blood of my Lord; in the blue the bruises that colored His cheek; in the green the freshness of His grace; in the violet His humility; in all that curve of beauty the bend of His right arm of love swung over all the redeemed.

But mind what I told you at the beginning and what I tell you at the close—that none but Noah's family in the ark saw the rainbow and that only those who are at last in Christ shall discover it and the glories of Heaven.

"Except a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God."

A SPENDTHRIFT'S END.

After Squandering Half a Million He Dies in a Poor-House.

John Egan, a second "Coal-oil Johnny," and an individual of many eccentricities, died at the Hillside poor-house not long ago. Egan was the only son of Patrick Egan, who located in the Lackawanna valley forty years ago. Lord, in one hour, with his two hands, twisted the tapestry, now swung above the throne, into a rainbow of infinite glory. O, what a place Heaven must be. You have heretofore looked at the floor; this morning take one glance at the ceiling.

I notice what must be the feeling of safety among the people of Heaven. Have you ever seen a cloud burst? There have been days when it rained as if it would never stop. You know if it kept on in that way long all the nations would be drowned; yet you had no apprehension, for you remembered the bow of promise painted on the cloud in Noah's time. So the glorified had but to look to the arch around the throne of the King to be reassured that the deluge of trial is forever past.

On earth the deluge of sin covers the tops of the highest mountains. I heard an Alpine guide, amid the most stupendous evidences of God's power, swear at his mule as he stumbled in the pass.

Yes, the deluge of sin dashes over the top of the highest mountain ranges.

Revenge, drunkenness, impurity, falsehood, blasphemy are but different waves of a flood that has whelmed nations.

New York is drowned in it, Brooklyn is drowned in it, London is drowned in it,

St. Petersburg is drowned in it—two great hemispheres are drowned in it.

But the redeemed, looking into the "rainbow round about the throne," see the pledge that all this is ended for them forever. They have committed their last sin and committed their last temptation. No suicide leaps into those bright waters; no profanity befools that pure air; no villain's torch shall fire those temples; no murderer's hand shall strike down those sons of God. They know that for them the deluge of sin is assuaged, for "there is a rainbow round about the throne."

Now the world is covered with a deluge of blood. The nations are all the time either using the sword or sharpening it.

The factories of the world are night and day manufacturing the weaponry of death. Throne against throne, empire against empire. The spirit of despotism and freedom at war in every land; despotic America against free America, despotic England against free England, despotic Germany against free Germany, despotic Austria against free Austria. The great battle of earth is being fought—the Armageddon of the nations. The song that unrolled from the sky on the first Christmas night, of "Peace and good will to men," is drowned in the booming of the great siege guns. Stand back and let the long line of ambulances pass. Groan to groan. Uncover and look upon the trenches of the dead. Blood! blood! a deluge of blood!

But the redeemed of Heaven, looking upon the glorious arch that spans the throne, shall see that the deluge is over.

No batteries are planted on those hills;

no barricades blocking those streets;

no hostile flag above those walls; no smoke of burning villages; no shrieks of butchered men; but peace! German and

Frenchman, who fell with arms interlocked in hate on the field of death, now through Christ in Heaven, stand with arms interlocked in love. Arms stacked forever; shields of battle hung up. The dove instead of the eagle; the lamb instead of the lion. There shall be no hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount, for there is a rainbow round about the throne.

The man who talks in his sleep has at least the happiness of knowing that he does not hear all the foolishness he utters.—Puck.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

FOLDING-COOP.

An Excellent Device for Shipping Poultry to Market—It Never Returns Freight Charges.

A serious drawback to the business of shipping live poultry is occasioned by the loss upon empty coops. They are bulky and clumsy to handle, and, with the rough treatment they are likely to receive, they arrive back in very broken condition, if at all. The accompanying illustrations represent an unpatented folding-coop, which may be built at a small advance above the cost of the old, plain coop. The most convenient size is for feet long, three feet wide and one foot high, with a hinged partition through the middle. The bottom is made of boards four feet long and three-eighths of an inch thick. Four cleats, each three feet long, two and a half inches wide,



FIG. 1. THE COOP IN POSITION.

and three-fourths inch thick, are fastened, one at each end, and two near the middle, with a space between the latter wide enough to admit the middle partition. The top and sides are open frames, made of hard-wood slats, two and a half inches wide and one inch thick, halved together at the intersections and the whole fastened with wire nails. One-eighth-of-an-inch holes are bored through the end and middle slats for the wires, which are slipped in as shown in the engraving. The top wires are close together, to keep the fowls from sticking their heads through.

When completed the sides are secured to the bottom by two pairs of strap hinges in each. One side is hinged to the inside of the coop, and the opposite one to the outside, as shown in the illustration. The ends are made of a piece of board, twelve inches wide, two feet ten inches long and three-eighths of an inch thick, hinged to the bottom by two pairs of wrought bolts screwed to the outside. Two screw-holes are bored through each end-piece of the top and the end-board, into which screws are inserted to hold every thing secure, when the coop is in transit. The middle cross partition is a piece of three-eighths inch board, twelve and three-fourths inch wide and three feet long, with cleats across the ends and middle. It is hinged to the bottom and may be temporarily fastened like

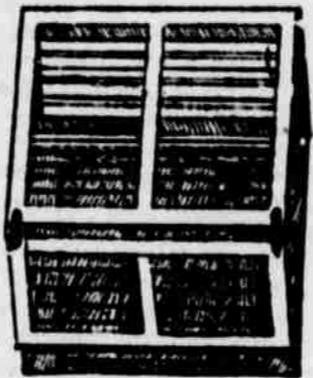


FIG. 2.—THE COOP FOLDED.

the ends. All the lumber, except the framed ends and top, is of pine or other soft wood.

Fig. 1 shows the coop set up ready for use. The ends may be let down to fill or empty the coop. When not in use the screws are removed from the top slats, the middle partition turned down, the ends folded backward under the bottom and the upper works folded down, as shown in Fig. 2. When two or more are to be shipped together, they are laid in a bundle with the bottom outward, and bound together. A bundle of five will occupy little more space than a single non-folding coop. When properly tied together the slats and wires are fully protected. The advantages of such a coop are obvious.—American Agriculturist.

BUGS AND ROT.

How to Prevent the Ravages of Both on the Potato Vines.

Potato bugs and potato rot can be prevented by spraying the vines with the bordeaux mixture, adding 1 pound of London purple or of Paris green to each 100 gallons of the mixture. This practice was followed by the Ohio experiment station last year, the vines being sprayed May 28, June 26, June 29, and July 16. Blight appeared about the middle of June and did serious damage for the next six weeks on such plants as were not sprayed. The sprayed vines showed much less injury, remaining green after the others were dead and yielded a profitable crop, while the blighted and unsprayed portion of the field was a practical failure. The tubers on the treated portions were also much more free from scab.

It will be seen that it is no more work to apply this preventive of potato rot than to spray on the usual solution to kill the bugs, as both operations can be done at one time. The bordeaux mixture is made as follows: Dissolve 6½ pounds of sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) in 2 quarts of water; slake 3½ pounds of lime in 2 quarts of water; add 2½ gallons of water to the slaked lime, and pour this into the vessel containing the copper solution, rejecting while doing so the undissolved lumps of lime. Another formula for the bordeaux mixture is to dissolve 6 pounds of copper sulphate in 16 gallons of water, and in another vessel slake 4 pounds of lime in 6 quarts of water, mixing the two after they are cool. This mixture is also the best preventive or remedy for rot and blight on all fruits and crops, especially the grapes. It should be applied with a brass force pump. If ordinary nozzles are used, they should be cleaned and oiled at once when through spraying.

A piece of farm work done in season is twice as valuable as the same work done out of season.

MAY NOTES.

Hints on New Grasses, Time to Cut, Turning and Putting Up.

Timothy and clover are our hay standards, says a writer in the Breeder's Gazette, and probably always will be and there are many good reasons why they should. In the first place, the seeds are cheap and easily sown; both grow readily when sown with grain; they mature at nearly the same time and can be cut together; they make as nearly a perfect ration as any two forage plants can; while timothy is rather hard on the soil, clover always bettered its condition; they will form a sod quicker than any others, and, taking every thing into consideration, I see no reason why we should try to introduce any other kinds to take their places. There are other grasses that are as useful as these; but not in the meadow; orchard grass, blue grass, red top and one or two others are useful in the pasture, but for hay they are not to be compared from the shelves of the shoe-dealer.

—Asparagus Sauce: Stew one pound

of tender asparagus heads, in barely

enough water to cover them. When

tender drain off the water and cover

them with sweet, rich cream, mashing

them up thoroughly. Add a large table-spoonful of fresh butter, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer gently for a few moments.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Wilted Lettuce: Stir together one

well-beaten egg, one-half cup of sour

cream, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half

cup of vinegar; melt one tablespoonful

of butter in a saucepan, stir in the mix-

ture and heat; when hot, add lettuce,

cover, steam only for a moment or two

and serve.—The Household.

—Jellied Apples: Peel ten or twelve

large apples, core, leaving them whole.

Pare them, cut them in two, and

boil them in a saucepan, stirring fre-

quently until they are tender.

—Beef Stew with Peas: Take three

pounds of beef, let it boil four hours in

salted water, remove the scum carefully

as it rises; when the meat is about half

done add one onion, one small carrot,

one-half a turnip, and two large potatoes

cubed in small pieces; cook one pint of

peas in a separate saucepan in liquor

taken from the meat; add them when

done to the meat and vegetables, with a

little parsley and white pepper. Cut

the meat into small pieces and serve it

in the stew.—Rural New Yorker.

—All ordinary china or earthenware

is porous, and the fine pores will fill up

with grease or fatty substance, which in

time becomes rancid will give an off-