WORLDLY TRIALS.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Threshing Process.

Great Trials of Value to the Soul—God Never Makes Troubles Too Heavy to Be Borne—Christian Sorrows' Happy Ending.

"The Threshing Machine" was the subject chosen by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage for a late sermon at Brooklyn, the text being Isaiah 28-27, 28: "For the fitches are not threshed with a threshing 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 threshing it." Dr. Talmage said:

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 cummin were small seeds, like the carraway or thick-pea. When these grains or herbs were to be threshed they were thrown on the floor and the workmen come around with 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 threshing floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of threshing for different products. "The fitches are not threshed with a threshing 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 threshing it."

The great thought that the text presses upon our souls is that we all go through some kind of threshing 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 "Dr. Cantwell." Thomas Babington Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good before he became the most conspicuous historian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "Babbletongue 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: "If he has done nothing for anybody more than he has done for me, he should 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 maligning of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the tribulum. 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 on the white hairs of the aged are seen the footprints showing where swift trouble alighted.

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, and while they were witnessing a farce, and the audience was in great gratulation, the guns of an advancing enemy were heard, and the audience broke up in a wild panic and ran for their lives, so oftimes while you are seated amid the joys and festivities of this world you hear the cannonade of some great disaster. All the fitches and cummin and the corn must come down on the threshing 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 on the threshing floor might look over to the corn on another floor and say: "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn. We have only been a little pounded, but 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 they are the Lord's favorites simply because their barns are full, and their bank account is flush, 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 bruised and pounded because she is the best part of the harvest.

The heft of the threshing machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been much threshed in life, perhaps there is not much to thresh! If you have not been much shaken of trouble, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield. When 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 hand and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates, and the Ephesian vociferation, and the skinned ankles of the painful stocks, and the foundering of the Alexandrian corn-ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his proper development.

It was not because Robert Moffat and Lady Rachael 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 of the threshing you may always conclude the value of the grain.

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. Sometimes people in great trouble say: "Oh, I can't bear it!" God would not have sent it upon you if he did not know that you could bear it. You trembled and you swooned; 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. The perplexities of your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate.

You sometimes feel as if our world were full of bludgeons flying haphazard. Oh, no; they are threshing instruments that God just suits to your case. There is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledger, or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up but that have gone down, or a swindle of your business partner, or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of business that you are, but God intended to overrule for immortal help. "Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me—I don't like to be cheated and outraged. Neither does the corn like the corn-thresher; but after it has been threshed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion of winnowing mills and corn-threshers.

Again: My subject teaches us that God keeps trial on us until 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 threshing trouble and beats us loose. We started under the delusion that this was a great world. Trouble came in after-life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world, and that trouble sliced off another part of the world, and it has got to be a smaller world, and, in some of your estimations, a very insignificant world; and it is depreciating all the time as a spiritual property. Ten per cent. off. Fifty per cent. off, and there are those here who would not give ten cents for this world—for the entire world—as a soul-possession.

"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 chose something that would not hurt, and unless it hurts it does not get sanctified. Everybody has some vexation or annoyance, or trial, and he or she thinks it is the one least adapted. "Anything but this," all say. "Anything but this."

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 savage? or an omnipotent Nana Sahib? No; it is the most merciful and glorious and wise Being in all the universe. You cannot teach Omnipotence 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. God is always right and in nine cases out of ten you are wrong. He sends just the hardships, just the bankruptcies, just the cross that is best for you to have. He knows what kind of grain you are, and he sends the right kind of threshing machine. It will be a rod, a staff, or iron wheel, just according as you are fitches, or cummin, or corn.

We thought that friendship was a great thing. In school we used to write compositions about friendship; and perhaps we made our graduating speech on commencement day on friendship. Oh! it was a charmed 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 misinterpreted you, and another friend has neglected you, and friendship comes now sometimes to mean to you merely another ax to grind!

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; 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 to-day and poor to-morrow. And God, by all these misfortunes, is trying to loosen our grip; but still we hold on. God smites us with a staff; but we 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.

Oh, let go! Let go! The best fortunes are in Heaven. There are no absconding cashiers from that bank, no failing in promises 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 have a sure terminus. My text says: "Bread corn is bruised, because he will not be ever threshing it." Blessed be God for that! Pound away, O flail! Turn on, O wheel! Your work will soon be done. "He will not be ever threshing 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 dirge 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 chariot of salvation and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias on 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 throbbing with the health of the eternal God in a climate like our June before the blossoms fall or our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter.

Oh! my hearers, is there not enough salve 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." And that is what God says when He unbosoms all the trouble in the hush of this great promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

You will say: "Is it possible I am here? Is this Heaven? Am I so pure now I will never do anything wrong? Am I so well that I will never again be sick? Are these companionships so firm that they will never again be broken? Is that Mary? Is that John? Is that my loved one I put away into darkness? Can it be that these are the faces of those who lay so wan and emaciated in the back room on that awful night dying? Oh, how radiant they are! Look at them! How radiant they are!

"Why, how unlike this place is from what I thought when I left the world below. Ministers drew pictures of this land, but how tame compared with the reality! They told me on earth that death was sunset. No, no! It is sunrise! Glorious sunrise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds aflame with the coming day."

Then the gates of Heaven will be opened, and the entranced soul, with the acuteness and the power of the celestial vision, will look ten thousands of miles down upon the bannered procession—a river of shimmering splendor—and will cry out: "Who are they?" And the angel of God, standing close by, will say: "Don't you know who they are?" "No," says the entranced soul, "I cannot guess who they are." The angel will say: "I will tell you, then, who they are. These are they who come out of great tribulation, or threshing, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

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. Then five professional butchers went in and slew them. Then the bodies of the slain were taken out and thrown into a well. As the English army came into Cawnpore they went into the room, and, oh, what a horrid scene. Sword strokes on the wall near the floor, showing that the poor things had crouched when they died; and they also saw that the floor was ankle deep in blood. The soldiers walked on their heels across it, lest their shoes be submerged of the carnage. And on that floor of blood there were flowing locks of hair and fragments of dresses.

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—when, one day, Havelock and Outram and Norman and Sir David Beard and Peel, the heroes of the English army, broke in on that horrid scene: and while yet the guns were sounding and while cheers were issuing from the starving, dying people on the one side and from the travel-worn and powder blackened soldiers on the other—right there, in front of the king's palace, there was such a scene of handshaking and embracing and boisterous joy as would utterly confound the pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter. And no wonder, when these emanciated 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 threw his cap up and shouted, "three cheers, my boys, for the brave women!"

Oh! that was an exciting scene. But a gladder and more triumphant scene will it be when you come up into Heaven from the conflicts and incarcerations of this world, streaming with the wounds of battle and wan with hunger; and while the hosts of God are cheering their great hosanna you will strike hands of congratulation and eternal deliverance in the presence of the throne. On that night there will be bonfires on every hill of Heaven, and there will be illumination in every palace, and there will be a candle in every window—ah! no; I forget, I forget; they will have no need of the candle or of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hail! hail! sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

THE CRISIS IN GERMANY.

A Bitter Partisan Feeling and a Chaotic Condition of Affairs.

BERLIN, June 13.—Germany is in the midst of a campaign now, but one could not tell it by the appearance of the streets, or even of the newspapers. To the American, used to banners, processions, the mass meetings of a political campaign, everything appears quiet and peaceful. But below the surface there is excitement, bitter feeling and an intense partisanship, such as not even the days before the civil war developed in America. Political quarrels in Germany are carried into the homes, the social and business relations with an intensity of hate and vindictiveness unknown to the chivalrous Anglo-Saxon, who is hail fellow well met with his antagonist in private life, after having fought him bitterly in public.

But if one wants to see political proscription carried out to the bitter end one must go to Germany. Whoever opposes the government in any way, be he ever so public spirited, ever so honest, is shut out of public office and is ostracised socially forever. Men like Virchow, and many others who have honored their country and benefited humanity the world over, are looked down upon by every official and every petty lieutenant, whose sole merit is their "loyalty" to the powers that be.

The chaos of political parties at present prevailing in Germany is unprecedented in history. More than twenty political parties are striving for supremacy at present. The large land owners, the small peasant proprietors, the merchants, the tradesmen, the mechanics, the laborers, the petty officials, the teachers, all and every one are dissatisfied, and they all look for salvation from some political party of their own. There are the conservatives, mostly noblemen and their retainers, who see their only salvation in the absolute monarchy and in protection of the German grain products. They are wroth upon the emperor and Caprivi and on account of the commercial treaties with Austria and Italy which admit the products of these countries at a reduced rate of duty. They are willing to support the government if the government will stop its negotiations for a commercial treaty with Russia. But if the government accedes to their wishes it will fall foul of the free conservatives, who desire a commercial treaty with Russia because most of them are manufacturers, men like the cannon king, Krupp, and iron king, Stumm, who have large interests within the domain of the czar.

There are the agrarians, who wish agriculture advanced at the cost of the bankers and brokers, whose support the government is very anxious to secure. Then there are the small tradesmen, who sigh for the "good old days," when a man had to be apprenticed to a trade and who wish to be formed again into guilds and to stop the use of capital in the large manufacturing exterprises. There are the anti-Semitists, who see salvation only in the disfranchisement and, possibly, the expulsion of the small number of Jews in Germany, who, so they claim, cause the hard times.

The emperor is much distressed at the political confusion, and feels very bitter against his erstwhile friend Bismarck, who has been very outspoken in his criticisms. Count Herbert is running as a candidate in a rural district. The chances for his election now seem extremely slight. Other prominent candidates are Eugene Richter, Prof. Virchow of the extreme radical party; Herr Eckert and Theodore Bath, moderate radicals; Herr Von Benningsen, of the national liberals; Count Von Preissing, hitherto a power of strength among the centrists, but now converted to agrarian doctrines; Dr. Lieber, the leader of the centrist and bitter opponent of the military bill. All of these, as well as Bedell and Liebknecht, of the socialist party, are sure of a relief.

A HEAVY FALLING OFF.

It is Shown in the Exports of Mineral, Oil, Cotton and Meat Products.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The bureau of statistics, in a comparative statement, reports to the treasury department the value of exports of mineral oils as follows: For the month ended May 31 last, $3,758,149, an increase over the month of May, 1892, of more than $500,000. For the eleven months ended May 31 last, $37,611,594, a decrease from the corresponding period of 1892 of more than $3,000,000.

The total values of the exports of cotton are reported as follows: For the month ended May 31 last, $11,251,126, an increase of nearly $500,000 over May of last year. For the nine months ended May 31 last, $174,779,878, a decrease of nearly $88,000,000 from the corresponding period of 1892.

The total values of beef, hog and dairy products as follows: For the month ended May 31 last, $10,400,410, a falling of nearly $700,000 as compared with the exports of a similar period of 1892; for the five months ended May 31 last, $45,245,092, a loss of a little more than $10,000,000 compared with the same months of 1892.

Sontag Killed.

VISALIA, Cal., June 13.—Another fight between Evans and Sontag, the most notorious train robbers and murderers of the west, and officers took place last evening, during which an officer was shot in the leg and John Sontag mortally wounded, if not killed. At the time the wounded officer left the scene Sontag was lying on the ground. Evans escaped to the hills, followed by a heavy fire, which, it is believed, did not injure him, as it was dark and his retreating form could not be seen.

STOCK ITEMS.

There will be no loss of growth if the change from dry to green food is made gradually.

Merino breeders claim that while all sheep are good in their places, the Merino stands at the head.

Those who have tried it claim that when the cow is groomed and cared for in the same manner as the horse she pays for the extra labor bestowed by an increased yield of milk.

The best way to feed any meal is to sprinkle and mix it over and through hay that has been cut fine, say one inch, and moistened. Every cow barn should have a mixing box in the feed room.

It has been demonstrated that as much lean pork can be put on the frame of a hog as cheaply as its equivalent of weight in fat, and this is done by the use of clover, skim milk and buttermilk, and using bran or shorts rather than corn or cornmeal.

The best way to regulate the quality of milk is through the body of the cow, for then she will not be restricted in food and will give a larger yield of milk. To get the solids into the milk feed on rich foods of a varied kind, in addition to that secured on the pasture. Above all give her an abundance of water.

If a farmer is unable to stock his farm with pure bred animals he can begin on the stock he has, and grade up with the use of some choice breed. If beef is desired, select the male from some beef-producing breed, but if the object is milk and butter the improvement of the stock should be made by the use of males from the best breeds for that purpose.

Young lambs, if in good condition now, will sell readily at good prices, and often will fetch more now than as matured sheep in the fall. Young stock, to sell well, needs to be in good condition, and if intended to be sold before hot, dry weather sets in should be fed liberally. A few days of heavy feeding will often add considerably to the weight and condition of young animals.

There are two seasons that are least favorable for securing a good gain in live stock at the lowest cost. These are during the coldest weather of winter and the hot, dry weather of midsummer. At these seasons while with good care it is easily possible to secure a steady gain in growth, it is only in exceptional cases that it can be considered good economy to attempt to fatten. With some kinds of stock, especially hogs, lambs and poultry, it will be more economical to sell earlier rather than to feed through these seasons.

FARM NOTES.

One of the essential items in bee management is to keep the bees strong all the time.

In the garden, and among the fruits especially, a piece of work done in good season will save many times its cost.

There is a time in early summer when even the best farmers are apt to get rushed, because the weeds grow so fast. Rather than let them get ahead of you it will pay to hire extra help for awhile. The crops will be enough better to pay the expense.

There is no piece of land upon the farm but can be put to some profitable use. If too rough to cultivate, rent it to a good flock of sheep. If you don't fancy that, plant it with forest trees. Don't let it remain idle, for then it is a tax and not a gain to own it.

With chickens and ducks, especially the latter, it is best to sell young. During the next month is the best time to sell young ducks, but it is essential if the best prices are realized to have them fat; feed them all that they will eat for a week or ten days before marketing to secure the best weight and condition.

It will usually be necessary to go over the pasture and other places two or three times during the growing season in order to do anything like thorough work in destroying the weeds. It is also a good plan to go through the cultivated crops and cut out any weeds that may have been left or that may have started up after the cultivation has been completed.

The sunflower is the best egg-producing food known for poultry, keeping them in thriving condition and largely increasing the production of eggs. Every poultry raiser, who tries, will find that this is the best food known for glossing the plumage of fowls, and is almost indispensable for those who want to fit their birds for exhibition to the best advantage.

The squash beetle is easily controlled by hand-picking. As soon as the plants appear above ground place a shingle or piece of board flat upon the ground close beside the plants at each hill. Examine these early each morning and if there are any squash beetles about they will be found clinging to the under side of the shingle and may be readily crushed. This plan will also aid materially in keeping the striped cucumber beetle in check.

Edwin Taylor, the greatest potato grower of Kansas, makes it a practice to plow his ground in the fall and again in the spring. For a green manuring crop he uses oats sown after the early potatoes are dug, and plowed under just as they are heading. Mr. Taylor says he would rather have such a covering of oats plowed under in the fall than unlimited quantities of commercial fertilizer free, to be used on ground not fall plowed in the spring.