

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

Ralph had invited a couple of young gentlemen with their sisters up from the city, and Miss Ireton came over to the Rock with a gay party of her own friends. Boating, picnicking, hunting, fishing and strolling in the woods filled up the days, and in the evening they had dancing and music and conversation. Miss Ireton professed a great attachment for Agnes, but toward Marina she was always frosty, though sufficiently gracious to avoid attracting attention.

Ralph saw plainly whether his mother was drifting. She had set her heart upon his making Imogene his wife. She had never told him so, in just so many words, but her every act spoke her desire. Ralph loved his mother, and he most devoutly wished to know whether she loved Miss Ireton. Sometimes when she sat beside him, her face drooped, her eyes downcast, her frail frame trembled warm on his face, he fancied she was all the world to him, and then a single tone of Marina's sweet voice would dispel even the memory of Imogene's presence.

One sunny afternoon the party at the Rock went for a ramble down the shore. Imogene, swinging her straw hat on her arm, walked by the side of Ralph. Growing far down in a cleft of a rock, she spied a bunch of purple flowers. She clasped her hands with childish glee.

"What lovely blossoms! Such a perfect shade of purple! How I wish I had them for my hair! My hairdrops are gloomily by comparison!" And she tore the odious things from her massive braids and crushed them in her hand.

Marina, too, was looking down at the coveted flowers. Ralph stepped toward them. Lynde Graham and Mr. Verstein both spoke together.

"Don't go, Trenholme! It looks dangerous!"

Ralph laughed.

"Gallant gentlemen, to think of danger when a lady's gratification is concerned! I count myself fortunate to be allowed the privilege of risking so little for so much!"

Miss Ireton blushed with triumph. Marina's eyes were downcast.

Ralph swung himself over the cliff. Both the girls advanced to look over. He gathered the blossoms, put them in his bosom, and prepared to return. But he placed his foot on an insecure stone; it gave way, and he was precipitated downward. A clump of spruce broke, somewhat, his fall, but those who looked over the brink hardly dared hope that there was anything but death beneath!

Miss Ireton fell back, pale and trembling. Agnes lost all consciousness in a swoon, but Marina leaned over, and called into the depths, with her clear, soft voice:

"Mr. Trenholme!"

She always called him so now. It was no longer Ralph, as of old. There was no reply. She rose up, pale as death, but there was no tremor in her voice as she said:

"Dr. Graham, we must get him up. There are ropes and a boat a few rods above."

Graham was off for them and back again in a moment. The gentlemen looked at each other inquiringly. There was no way to reach Trenholme, save by descending the face of the cliff. Marina took an end of the rope and made it fast around her waist.

They read her purpose in her eyes and strove to dissuade her, but she answered, calmly:

"No, I can go best of all. Your strength will be needed to draw us both up. And I have lived among these cliffs from childhood."

They offered no further resistance, but lowered her carefully down. She touched the hand of Ralph Trenholme—it was warm. Her heart gave a great bound. She knew that he lived. She disengaged the rope and put it about him, and in rapid succession both were drawn up to their friends.

Trenholme was only stunned, and the motion revived him. He rose to his feet, and took the flowers from his bosom. Some deep purpose glowed in his eyes. He turned to Marina, who stood a little apart.

"They are children of the salt spray, like yourself, Marina," he said. "Wear them and do me honor."

She colored slowly, bowed her graceful head, and fastened them in her curls. Imogene's eyes flashed dangerously, but her voice was cool as she said:

"Dear me, how pretty! But purple is hardly becoming to a blonde, though no one objects to purple and gold, I believe."

After that, Ralph devoted himself to Marina, and not all the blandishments of the black-eyed syren could win him from his allegiance. Once only, she tried palpably to bring him back. He had promised to teach Marina a new move in chess, that night, promised in the hearing of Imogene. As he was

passing the conservatory on his way to the little room occupied by the girls in common, he heard his name called: "Mr. Trenholme."

He knew the voice at once, and went to Imogene.

"Isn't it a perfect night?" she said, looking out into the clear moonlight. "It is so sweet, it makes me restless. I wish you would go and walk with me on the cliffs. Will you?" She put her hand on his arm and looked up at him with her matchless eyes.

He dropped her hand gently from his arm.

"Thank you," he said quietly. "It would afford me much pleasure, but I have engaged to play a game of chess with Marina. I will send Verstein or Dr. Graham to you."

What a look she flashed upon him! Her eyes fairly shot lightning, her face was like a thunder-cloud. She closed her small hand slowly; the action was significant, but the voice in which she replied was cool and even:

"Oh! of course I would not interfere with any previous engagement. You need not trouble either of the other gentlemen. On second thought, I must go to my room and finish a letter which ought to have gone this morning. Adieu."

And she swept away.

CHAPTER III.

THEIR game of chess over, Trenholme drew Marina out upon the western piazza, and from thence to the path leading to the cliffs. They walked on silently, as people do whose hearts beat as one—walked on, her hand in his, unheeding that the sweet night had changed, and that the cold wind was glooming the sky with black clouds.

They sat down together on a broken fragment of rock that seemed to lean out, listening to the murmur of the sea. Trenholme put his arm around Marina.

"My child," he said, "you have known me a long time. Do you trust me?"

She looked up into his face with the confidence of a child.

"Yes, Ralph, as I trust no other."

"I am glad. Because I want you for my wife. I love you. I have loved you, I think, ever since the sea cast you up at my feet, and now I want you wholly my own."

She did not reply, only looked at him, in a little tremulous flutter of wonder, her innocent heart shining through her eyes.

"Marina, I am waiting for you to speak."

"But, Ralph, I have no name," she sighed.

"I have given you mine once, now I offer it to you for all your life!"

"But your mother?"

"My mother is proud, but she loves me. And she will love my wife. Marina, answer me, dear."

"What shall I say?"

"Tell me if you love me—if you trust me enough to give yourself into my keeping?"

His face was bent to hers. She put her arm timidly around his neck.

"I do love you, Ralph," she said softly, "more than all the world! And I have been so wretched, thinking you cared for Miss Ireton!"

"My little Marina! Miss Ireton is magnificent, but I do not love her. You are my light. Nothing shall divide us."

He took her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers.

Just then the storm burst over them. The thunder crashed, the lightning gleamed blood-red athwart the heavens. Trenholme caught Marina up, and bounded lightly from rock to rock upon the circuitous path to the house. Just across the end of the piazza lay the fallen form of the old sycamore tree that had for years waved over the eastern gables, rent and riven into splinters by a fiery thunderbolt. Marina grew pale as death and shivered when she saw it.

"O Ralph! Ralph!" she cried, clinging to him, "it is an omen!"

He kissed her, to soothe her fears.

"My darling! it is nothing. The lightning strikes an old tree, and this has kept guard here for ages. Do not give it a thought. To-night I shall speak to my mother. Sleep well, dear; remember you belong to me."

He left her at the door of her chamber, which was in the east wing, on the second floor, and whose bay windows had always been shaded by the great tree now fallen.

Neither Ralph nor Marina had seen, crouching under the fallen trunk, the weird form that looked at them out of great, revengeful eyes, that clutched its white hand through the gloom, muttering hoarsely:

"My hour will come! and then beware!"

Marina crept into bed, trembling at the fierce raging of the storm, yet filled with a strange delight. Her lips yet thrilled with his kisses; she held her hands tenderly to her heart, because his fingers had pressed them.

She stared and grey pale as death. What she had so long dreaded had come.

"Well?" she said, a little haughtily. "I ask you to accept her as a daughter, and to love her, if not for her own sake, at least for mine. And she deserves even your love, in justice to her merits."

"Partiality may influence your opinion in regard to Marina's virtues; but I have nothing to urge against her character. I helped to form it myself. I am frank with you. I had set my heart on seeing you the husband of Imogene Ireton. She is beautiful, she is your equal in wealth and rank—and more, she loves you!"

"Mother?"

"I know you think, my son, that one woman should never betray another's secrets. And perhaps she should not. But I hoped this fact might have an influence with you."

"And it has not. I love only Marina—none other. And she loves me. Mother, will you accept her as I ask you?"

"Ralph, how can I? I am of a proud race. I believe in blood. And this girl has not even a name!"

"She will have mine. It is an honorable one. No fairer lady has ever borne it; and the world knows many noble and beautiful women have borne it worthily."

"Will nothing move you, Ralph?"

"Mother, words are useless. My mind is fixed. Forgive me if I seem undutiful, for in loving Marina I have not ceased to love my mother, but in marriage love should be first always."

He sank down on one knee before her, and put his head in her lap, just as he used to do, when a child he came to have his little troubles soothed away.

"Mother, dear, bless me, and promise to love Marina."

He looked up into her face, and the look conquered. His eyes were like those of his dead father. She bent over him and kissed his forehead, her face wet with tears. He understood the gesture, and went away from her content. The next day at dinner, the engagement was announced.

CHAPTER IV.

HE preparations for the wedding of the heir of Trenholme house were on a magnificent scale. Mr. s. Trenholme having once yielded, would do the generous thing, and Marina would be married with all the pomp and ceremony that she would have given to Agnes in the same case.

The gentle bride took very little interest in the preparation. She liked best to sit out on the cliffs with Ralph, her hand in his, her sweet eyes looking out to sea from whence she came to him. And so the blissful summer days went by, and brought nigh the twentieth of September, the time set apart for the bridal.

Miss Ireton had been profuse in her congratulations, and it was by Maria's own request that she came over to the Rock a week before the wedding day, to assist in various items of the bride's trousseau. And she was to be bridesmaid and remain until they had set forth on their wedding tour.

The twentieth arrived, clear and cloudless and bland. A large party had assembled at the Rock two or three days previously, and was made still larger by constantly arriving reinforcements. The ladies-in-waiting had dressed the bride and left her to herself. The hour-hand on the great clock in the hall pointed to ten. It was the hour set for the ceremony. The bishop came forward in his robes. Mrs. Trenholme spoke to the bridesmaids as they stood in a group before her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PREPARATION OF MEATS.

Method by Which the French Butchers Excel in Their Cutting.

Butchers' meat (in France) is prepared, divided and arranged in the shops in such a manner that it never suggests slaughter. It is a rare thing for one to see a stain on counter, bench or floor. The mode of killing the animals probably has something to do with this freedom from moisture and dripping. Maria Parola, in an article on "The Science of French Cooking," in the Ladies' Home Journal, says the animals are not bled before being killed, as might be inferred from the absence of moisture, but they are killed in such a manner that veins and arteries are emptied quickly and thoroughly. After this the animal is bouffé, that is, filled with wind. The large arteries are pressed open and the points of large bellows are inserted into them. While the bellows are being worked a man beats all parts of the carcass with a flat stick. This is to distribute the air in all parts of the flesh. All this work is done very rapidly. The inflating of the animal in this manner gives a fuller and firmer appearance to the meat, and, I fancy, empties the veins and arteries more effectually than they would otherwise be. The French use very little ice, and meats are kept only a few days at the most. The best of beef in France does not compare with American beef, but the veal is superior to anything we have. It is valued more highly than any other product of the butcher. But no matter what the viand when it comes to the hands of the cook it is so prepared that she has but little to do to it except to cook it.

Five chapters were asked of the A. R. U. last month in Ohio.

"THE PRODIGAL SON."

THE LATEST SERMON BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Golden Text: "Put a Ring on His Hand." — Luke xv: 22—Behold What Manner of Love the Lord Has Cast Upon Us That We May Be Called Sons.



WILL not rehearse the familiar story of the fast young man of the parable. You know what a splendid home he left. You know what a hard time he had. And you remember how after that season of vagabondage and prodigality he resolved to go and weep out his sorrows on the bosom of parental forgiveness. Well, there is great excitement one day in front of the door of the old farmhouse. The servants come rushing up and say: "What's the matter? What is the matter?" But before they quite arrive, the old man cries out: "Put a ring on his hand." What a seeming absurdity! What can such a wretched mendicant as this fellow that is tramping on toward the house want with a ring? Oh, he is the prodigal son. No more tending of the swine-trough. No more longing for the pods of the carob-tree. No more blistered feet. Off with the rags! On with the robe! Out with the ring! Even so does God receive every one of us when we come back. There are gold rings, and pearl rings, and emerald rings, and diamond rings; but the richest ring that ever flashed on the vision is that which our Father puts upon a forgiven soul.

I know that the impression is abroad among some people that religion begets and begettes a man; that it takes all the sparkle out of his soul; that he has to exchange a roistering independence for an ecclesiastical straight-jacket. Not so. When a man becomes a Christian, he does not go down, he starts upward. Religion multiplies one by ten thousand. Nay, the multiplier is in infinity. It is not a blotting-out—it is a polishing. It is an arborescence, it is efflorescence, it is an irradiation. When a man comes into the kingdom of God he is not sent into a menial service, but the Lord God Almighty from the palaces of heaven calls upon the messenger angels that wait upon the throne to fly and "put a ring on his hand." In Christ are the largest liberty, and brightest joy, and highest honor, and richest adornment. "Put a ring on his hand."

I remark, in the first place, that when Christ receives a soul into his love, he puts upon him the ring of adoption. While in my church in Philadelphia, there came the representative of the Howard Mission of New York. He brought with him eight or ten children of the street that he had picked up, and he was trying to find for them Christian homes; and as the little ones stood on the pulpit and sang, our hearts melted within us. At the close of the service a great-hearted wealthy man came up and said, "I'll take this little bright-eyed girl, and I'll adopt her as one of my own children," and he took her by the hand, lifted her into his carriage, and went away.

The next day, while we were in the church gathering up garments for the poor of New York, this little child came back with a bundle under her arm, and she said: "There's my old dress; perhaps some of the poor children would like to have it," while she herself was in bright and beautiful array, and those who more immediately examined her said she had a ring on her hand. It was a ring of adoption.

There are a great many persons who pride themselves on their ancestry, and they glory over the royal blood that pours through their arteries. In their line was a lord, or a duke, or a prime minister, or a king. But when the Lord, our Father, puts upon us the ring of his adoption, we become the children of the Ruler of all nations. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." It matters not how poor our garments may be in this world, or how scant our bread, or how mean the hut we live in, if we have the ring of Christ's adoption upon our hand we are assured of eternal defenses.

Adopted! Why, then, we are brothers and sisters to all the good of earth and heaven. We have the family name, the family dress, the family keys, the family wardrobe. The Father looks after us, robes us, defends us, blesses us. We have royal blood in our veins, and there are crowns in our line. If we are his children, then princes and princesses. It is only a question of time when we get our coronet. Adopted! Then we have the family secrets. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Adopted! Then we have the family inheritance, and in the day when our Father shall divide the riches of heaven we shall take our share of the mansions and palaces and temples. Henceforth let us boast no more of an earthly ancestry. The insignia of earthly glory is our coat-of-arms. This ring of adoption puts upon us all honor and all privilege. Now we can take the words of Charles Wesley, the prince of hymn-writers, and sing:

Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth, are one.

I have been told that when any of the members of any of the great secret societies of this country are in a distant city and are in any kind of trouble, and are set upon by enemies, they have only

to give a certain signal and the members of that organization will flock around for defense. And when any man belongs to this great Christian brotherhood, if he gets in trouble, in trial, in persecution, in temptation, he has only to show his ring of Christ's adoption, and all the armed cohorts of heaven will come to his rescue.

Still further, when Christ takes a soul into his love he puts upon it a marriage ring. Now, that is not a whim of mine; (Hosea ii: 19) "I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies." At the wedding-altar the bridegroom puts a ring upon the hand of the bride, signifying love and faithfulness. Trouble may come upon the household, and the carpets may go, the pictures may go, the piano may go—the last thing that goes is that marriage ring, for it is considered sacred. In the burial hour it is withdrawn from the hand and kept in a casket, and sometimes the box is opened on an anniversary day, and as you look at that ring you see under its arch a long procession of precious memories. Within the golden circle of that ring there is room for a thousand sweet recollections to revolve, and you think of the great contrast between the hour when, at the close of the "Wedding March," under the flashing lights and amid the aroma of orange blossoms, you set that ring on the round finger of the plump hand, and that hour when, at the close of the exhaustive watching, when you knew that the soul had fled, you took from the hand, which gave back no responsive clasp, from that emaciated finger, the ring that she had worn so long and worn so well.

On some anniversary day you take up that ring, and you polish it until all the old lustre comes back, and you can see in it the flash of eyes that long ago ceased to weep. Oh, it is not an unmeaning thing when I tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his keeping he puts on it a marriage ring. He endows you from that moment with all his wealth. You are one—Christ and the soul—one in sympathy, one in affection, one in hope.

There is no power on earth or hell to effect a divorce after Christ and the soul are united. Other kings have turned out their companions when they get weary of them, and sent them adrift from the palace gate. Ahasuerus banished Vashti; Napoleon forsook Josephine; but Christ is the husband that is true forever. Having loved you once, he loves you to the end. Did they not try to divorce Margaret, the Scotch girl, from Jesus? They said: "You must give up your religion." And so they took her down to the bench of the sea, and they drove in a stake at low water mark, and they fastened her to it, expecting that as the tide came up her faith would fail. The tide began to rise, and came up higher and higher, and to the girl's, and to the lip, and in the last moment, just as the wave was washing her soul into glory, she shouted the praises of Jesus.

Oh, no, you cannot separate a soul from Christ! It is an everlasting marriage. Battle and storm and darkness cannot do it. Is it too much exultation for a man, who is but dust and ashes like myself, to cry out this moment: "I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature shall separate me from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ my Lord?" Glory be to God that when Christ and the soul are married they are bound by a chain—a golden chain—if I might say so—a chain with one link, and that one link the golden ring of God's everlasting love.

I go a step further, and tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his love he puts on him the ring of festivity. You know that it has been the custom in all ages to bestow rings on every happy occasion. There is nothing more appropriate for a birthday gift than a ring. You delight to bestow such a gift upon your children at such a time. It means joy, hilarity, festivity. Well, when this old man of the text wanted to tell how glad he was that his boy had got back, he expressed it in this way. Actually, before he ordered sandals to be put on his bare feet; before he ordered the fatted calf to be killed to appease the boy's hunger, he commanded: "Put a ring on his hand."

Oh, it is a merry time when Christ and the soul are united. Joy of forgiveness! What a splendid thing it is to feel that all is right between my God and myself. What a glorious thing it is to have God just take up all the sins of my life and put them in one bundle, and then fling them into the depths of the sea, never to rise again, never to be talked of again. Pollution all gone. Darkness all illumined. God reconciled. The prodigal home. "Put a ring on his hand."

Every day I find happy Christian people. I find some of them with no second coat, some of them in huts and tented houses, not one earthly comfort afforded them; and yet they are as happy as happy can be. They sing "Rock of Ages" as no other people in the world sing it. They never wore any jewelry in their life but one gold ring, and that was the ring of God's undying affection. Oh, how happy religion makes us! Did it make you gloomy and sad? Did you go with your head cast down? I do not think you got religion, my brother. This is not the effect of religion. True religion is a joy. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths are peace."

Why, religion lightens all our burdens. It smooths all our ways. It interprets all our sorrows. It changes the jar of earthly discord for a peal of festal bells. In front of the flaming furnace of trial it sets the forge on which scepters are hammered out.

Would you not like this hour to come up from the swine-feeding and try this religion? All the joys of heaven would come out and meet you, and God would cry from the throne: "Put a ring on his hand."

You are not happy. I see it. There is no peace, and sometimes you laugh when you feel a great deal more like crying. The world is a cheat. It first wears you down with its follies, then it kicks you out into darkness. It comes back from the massacre of a million souls to attempt the destruction of your soul to-day. No peace out of God, but here is the fountain that can slake the thirst. Here is the harbor where you can drop safe anchorage.

Would you not like, I ask you—not perfunctorily, but as one brother might talk to another—would you not like to have a pillow of rest to put your head on? And would you not like when you retire at night to feel that all is well, whether you wake up to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock, or sleep the sleep that knows no waking? Would you not like to exchange this awful uncertainty about the future for a glorious assurance of heaven? Accept of the Lord Jesus to-day, and all is well. If on your way home some peril should cross the street and dash your life out, it would not hurt you. You would rise up immediately. You would stand in the celestial streets. You would be among the great throng that forever worship and are forever happy. If this night some sudden disease should come upon you, it would not frighten you. If you knew you were going you could give a calm farewell to your beautiful home on earth, and know that you are going right into the companionship of those who have already got beyond the tolling and the weeping.

You feel on Saturday night different from the way you feel any other night of the week. You come home from the bank, or the store, or the office, and you say: "Well, now my week's work is done, and to-morrow is Sunday." It is a pleasant thought. There is refreshment and reconstruction in the very idea. Oh, how pleasant it will be, if, when we get through the day of our life, and we go and lie down in our bed of dust, we can realize: "Well, now the work is all done, and to-morrow is Sunday—an everlasting Sunday."

Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations never break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

There are people in this house to-day who are very near the eternal world. If you are Christians, I bid you be of good cheer. Bear with you our congratulations to the bright city. Aged men, who will soon be gone, take with you our love for our kindred in the better land, and when you see them, tell them that we are soon coming. Only a few more sermons to preach and hear. Only a few more heartaches. Only a few more toils. Only a few more tears. And then—what an entrancing spectacle will open before us!

Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Savior's feet.

And so I approach you now with a general invitation, not picking out here and there a man, or here and there a woman, or here and there a child; but giving you an unlimited invitation, saying: "Come, for all things are now ready." We invite you to the warm heart of Christ, and the inclosure of the Christian church. I know that a great many think that the church does not amount to much—that it is obsolete; that it did its work and is gone now, so far as all usefulness is concerned. It is the happiest place I have ever been in except my own home.

God's spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist in love to grieve
May never hear his voice again.

May God Almighty this hour move
upon your soul and bring you back from
the husks of the wilderness to the
Father's house, and set you at the banquet,
and "put a ring on your hand."

Great Silver Nugget.
Attention has lately been called to a nugget of native silver weighing 695 ounces; one of the sixty that have been found at the "Greenwood" group of mines in the state of Michigan, Mexico. The other nuggets weighed from one to thirty-five pounds each. The large nugget is entirely worn, except in cavities, where some of the crystals are rounded and the form is still visible. It is almost pure silver, scarcely a trace of any gangue rock being discernible. This specimen was found on the surface, and in its original state it is said to have weighed twelve pounds more. It is one of the most remarkable nuggets of silver ever found. The geological formation is limestone with outcroppings of limonite.—Great Divide.

The Seventeenth.
It is a serious matter in Armenia should a maiden attain her seventeenth year with no prospect of marriage; for so surely as the festival of St. Sergius comes round she is obliged to fast three days and then eat salted fish, without the right to quench her thirst unless some kind swain be found who will promise to take her and be her "master."

An Abused Wife.
Married daughter—Oh, dear, such a time as I do have with that husband of mine! I don't have a minute's peace when he's in the house. He is always calling me to help him do something or other.
Mother—What does he want now?
Daughter—He wants me to trump way up-stairs just to thread a needle for him, so he can mend his clothes.—New York Weekly.

Thus far no one has had enough assurance to suggest that the new woman's bible be read in the public schools.