

BOUGHT WITHOUT PRICE.

Dr. Talmage Preaches to a Large London Audience.

A Thrilling Picture of the Price of Man's Redemption—The Great Cost Was Paid by the Suffering and Death of the Saviour.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the great Brooklyn divine, is taking a vacation in Europe. The first Sunday after his arrival in London he was greeted with an immense congregation and by invitation of Rev. Joseph Barker preached in his temple upon the subject, "The Immense Cost." His text was from I. Corinthians, vi, 20: "Ye are bought with a price." Dr. Talmage said:

Your friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the grass plots, the fish ponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer, and you say within yourself or you say aloud: "What did all this cost?" You see a costly diamond flashing in an earring or you hear a costly dress rustling across the drawing room, or you see a high mettled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value.

The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you all it is worth. He says: "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage—adding up in all making this aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much about our mansion in Heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth and what has actually been paid for it. I cannot complete in a month nor a year the magnificent calculation, but before I get through to-day I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

With some friends I went to your tower to look at the crown jewels. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them and being in the procession were compelled to pass out. I wish that I could take this audience into the tower of God's mercy and strength that you might walk around just once at least and see the crown jewels of eternity, behold their brilliance and estimate their value. "Ye are bought with a price."

Now if you have a large amount of money to pay, you do not pay it all at once, but you pay by installments—so much the first of January, so much the first of April, so much the first of July, so much the first of October, until the entire amount is paid, and I have to tell this audience that "you have been bought with a price," and that that price was paid in different installments.

The first installment paid for the clearance of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Though we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is carefully guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village on the side of the hill there was a very bedlam of uproar when Jesus was born. In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people, many thousand people were crowded; and amid hostlers and muleteers and camel drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden the Messiah appeared. No silence. No privacy. A better adapted place hath the eagle in the eyrie—hath the whelp in the lion's lair. The exile of Heaven leith down upon straw. The first night out from the palace of Heaven spent in an outhouse! One hour after laying aside the robes of Heaven, dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have made a more gradual descent, coming from Heaven first to a half way world of great magnitude, then to Caesar's palace, then to a merchant's castle in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethlehem, then to a fisherman's hut, and last of all to a stable. No! It was one leap from the top to the bottom.

Let us open the door of the caravanary of Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, O, Mary! no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What Mary, no food? "None," she says, "only that which was brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly attentions put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Uncover your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day—Monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of God. Omnipotence shined in that babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna! Glory be to God that Jesus came from throne to manger, that we might rise from a manger to throne, and that all the gates are open and that the door of Heaven, that once swung this way to let Jesus out, now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the bellmen of Heaven lay hold the rope and ring out the news: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for to-day is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"

The second installment paid for our soul's clearance was the scene in Quarantania, a mountainous region, full of caverns, where there are to this day pathos and wild beasts of all sorts, so that you must go there armed with knife or gun or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and to pray, and it was there that this monster of hell—more sly, more terrific than anything that prowled in that country—Satan himself, met Christ.

"The rose in the cheek of Christ—that Publius Lentulus, in his letter to the Roman senate, ascribed to Jesus—that rose had scattered its petals. Abstinence from food had thrown him into emacia-

tion. A long abstinence from food recorded in profane history is that of the crew of the ship Jano; for twenty-three days they had nothing to eat. But this sufferer had fasted a month and ten days before He broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fiber of the body, and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have thrilled the body with something like ferocity. Turn out a pack of men hungry as Christ was hungered, and if they had strength, with one yell they would devour you as a lion a kid. It was in the pangs of hunger that Jesus was accosted, and Satan said: "Now change those stones, which look like bread, into an actual supply of bread." Had the temptation come to you and me, under those circumstances we would have cried: "Bread it shall be!" and been almost impatient at the time taken for mastication, but Christ with one hand beat back the hunger and with the other hand beat back the monarch of darkness. O, ye tempted ones! Christ was tempted. We are told that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made, but he was not quite certain that it was impenetrable, so he said to the manufacturer of the coat of mail: "Put it on now yourself and let us try it," and with shot after shot from his own pistol the emperor found out that it was just what it pretended to be—a good coat of mail. Then the man received a large reward.

I bless God that the same coat of mail that struck back the weapons of temptation from the head of Christ we may all swear for Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted, and I know what it is to be tempted. Take this robe that defended me, and wear it for yourselves. I shall see you through all trials, and I shall see you through all temptation." "But," says Satan still further to Jesus, "come and I will show you something worth looking at," and after a half day's journey they came to Jerusalem, and to the top of the temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of Antwerp and look off upon Belgium, so Satan brought Christ to the top of the temple. Some people at a great height feel dizzy, and a strange disposition to jump; so Satan comes to Christ in that very crisis. Standing there at the top of the temple they looked off. A magnificent reach of country. Grain fields, vineyards, olive groves, forests and streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the hills, and villages and cities and realms. "Now," says Satan, "I'll make a bargain. Just jump off. I know it's a great way from the top of the temple to the valley, but if you are divine you can fly. Jump off. It won't hurt you. Angels will catch you. Your Father will hold you. Besides, I'll make you a large present if you will. I'll give you Ethiopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you Spain, I'll give you Germany, I'll give you Britain, I'll give you all the world." What a temptation it must have been!

Go to-morrow morning and get into an altercation with some wretch crawling up from a gin cellar in the lowest part of your city. "No," you say, "I would not demean myself by getting into such a contest." Then think of what the King of Heaven and earth endured when he came down and fought the great wretch of hell, and fought him in the wilderness and on top of the temple. But I bless God that in the triumph over temptation Christ gives us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having Himself been tempted, He is able to succor all those who are tempted.

In a violent storm at sea the mate told a boy—for the rigging had become entangled at the mast—to go up and right it. A gentleman standing on the deck said: "Don't send that boy up; he will be dashed to death." The mate said: "I know what I am about." The boy raised his hat in recognition of the order and then rose hand over hand and went to work, and as he swung in the storm the passengers wrung their hands and expected to see him fall. The work done he came down in safety, and a Christian man said to him: "Why did you go down in the forecastle before you went up?" "Ahi!" said the boy, "I went down to pray. My mother always taught me, before I undertook anything great, to pray." "What is that you have in your vest?" "That is the New Testament," he said. "I thought I would carry it with me if I really did go overboard." How well the boy was protected!

I care not how great the height or how vast the depth, with Christ within us and Christ beneath us and Christ above us and Christ all around us, nothing can befall us in the way of harm. Christ himself having been in the tempter will deliver all those who put their trust in Him. Blessed be His glorious name forever.

The third installment paid for our redemption was the Saviour's sham trial. I call it a sham trial—there has never been anything so indecent or unfair in any criminal court as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled Him into the court room at two o'clock in the morning. They gave Him no time for counsel. They gave Him no opportunity for subpoenaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the midnight, of course they saw the arrest and went into the court room. But Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, two o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the court room with the ruffians.

Oh, look at him! No one to speak a word for him. I lift the lantern until I can look into his face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had, himself now utterly friendless, an officer of the court room comes up and smites him in the mouth, and I see the blood stealing from gun and lip. Oh! it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for sentence. "Stop! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an adjournment of the court between condemnation and sentence; but what care the judge for the law?" "The man has no friends—let him die," says the judge; and the ruffians outside the rail cry: "Aha! that's what we want. Pass him out here to us. Away with him. Away with him."

Of I bless God that amid all the injustice that may have been inflicted upon us in this world we have a divine sympathizer. The world cannot lie about you nor abuse you so much as they did Christ, and Jesus stands to-day in every court room, in every house, in every store, and says: "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment and abuse, I will protect those who are trampled upon." And when Christ forgets that two o'clock morning scene, and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth, and the howling of the unwashed crowd, then he will forget you and me in the injustices of life that may be inflicted upon us.

Further I remark: The last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. Many summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at noon-day went to their perch, and we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height, and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank; but the darkest day since the creation of the world was when the carnage of Calvary was enacted.

It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming of a night that soothes and refreshes; it was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens. God hung it. As when there is a dead one in the house you bow the shutters or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so it was appropriate that everything should be somber that day as the great hearse of the earth rolled on, bearing the corpse of the King. A man's last hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying silence puts its hand on your lips, and you would have a loathing for a man who could stand by a deathbed making faces and scoffing. But Christ in His last hour was not left alone. What, pursuing Him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking His tears. Do you want to drink His blood? They come up closely, so that notwithstanding the darkness they can glut their revenge with the contortions of His countenance. They examine His feet. They want to feel for themselves whether those feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes and bring them back wet with blood and wipe them on their garments. Women stand there and weep but can do no good. It is no place for the tender hearted woman. It wants a heart that crime has tarnished into granite.

I lift the covering from the maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. O! when the nails went through Christ's right hand and through Christ's left hand, that bought both your hands with all their power to work, and lift, and write; when the nails went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot, that bought both your feet, with all their power to walk or run or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple, that bought your brain, with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side, that bought your heart, with all its powers to love and repent and pray.

O sinner, come, come back! If a man is in no pain, he is prospered, if he is well, and he asks you to come, you take your time and say: "I can't come now." "I'll come later," he says. "There is no haste." But if he is in want and trouble you say: "I must go right away. I must go now." To-day Jesus stands, and he begs you to come. Go and you live. Stay away and you die. O, that to him who bought us we might give all our time and all our prayers and all our successes. I would we could think of nothing else, but come to Christ. He is so fair. He is so loving. He is so sympathizing. He is so good. I wish we could put our arms around His neck and say: "Thine, Lord, will I be forever." O that you would begin to love Him. Would that I could take this audience and wreath it around the heart of my Lord Jesus Christ.

When the Atlantic cable was lost in 1865 do you remember that the Great Eastern and the Medway and the Albany went out to find it? Thirty times they sank the grapple two and a-half miles deep in water. After awhile they found the cable and brought it to the surface. No sooner had it been brought to the surface than they lifted a shout of exultation, but the cable slipped back again into the water and was lost. Then for two weeks more they swept the sea with the grappling hooks and at last they found the cable and they brought it up in silence. They fastened it this time. Then with great excitement they took one end of the cable to the electrician's room to see if there were really any life in it, and when they saw a spark and knew that a message could be sent, then every hat was lifted and the rockets flew and the guns sounded until all the vessels on the expedition knew the work was done and the continents were lashed together.

Well, my friends, Sabbath after Sabbath gospel messengers have come searching down for your souls. We have swept the sea with the grappling hook of Christ's gospel. Again and again we have thought that you were at the surface and we began to rejoice at your redemption, but at the moment of our gladness you sank back again into the world and back again into sin. To-day we come with this gospel searching for your soul. We apply the cross of Christ first to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand looking to see whether the work will be done and the angels of God bend down to witness, and, O, if now we could see only one spark of love and hope and faith we would send up a shout that would be heard on the battlements of Heaven and two worlds would keep jubilee because communication is open between Christ and the soul, and your nature that has been sunk in sin has been lifted into light and the joy of the gospel.

ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

From the British Isles to the Southern Ocean.

Madeira's Sunny Shores and Beggar Herds—Teneriffe and the Coups de Vents—St. Helena and Her Historical Reminiscences.

(Special Letter.)

"Visitors ashore, all come, now, look sharp, time's up!" cries the husky-voiced old quartermaster, as he rolls about the crowded quarter deck of the big steamer, gesticulating and pointing to the smart little steam launch now alongside the gangway for the purpose of conveying all not seaward bound back to the Plymouth docks. Silent little groups here and there suddenly become animated, hands are pressed, lip meets lip in silent farewell, and with a chorus of good-bys—some cheery, some sobbed—the throng of leave-takers are soon huddled together on the narrow deck of the little steam launch.

Now the shrill notes of the boat-swain's pipe pierce the air, over the bows a rattling and rumbling of chains and wheels are heard and the dripping anchors hang suspended from the cat-heads. From the depths, far down below, a jingling of bells is faintly heard, a deep, throbbing pulsation, felt but not heard, causes the ship to tremble and shake, the great screw propeller revolves, the water about the stern is suddenly disturbed and agitated—and we are off.

The red hills of old England dissolve into clouds Plymouth's tall church spire looks more and more like a speck of fingers pointing upward, grow thinner and thinner, and are lost in the hazy mist. The Needles, the mariner's unerring landmark to the English channel, loom up on our starboard quarter, soon grow less distinct and finally dissolve in the distance.

On the afternoon of the fourth day out "land ahead" is proclaimed by the man at the lookout, and presently we are able to distinguish what resembles a huge column rising out of the water, but ever changing in outline as we near it, till it resolves into a mass of lofty cliffs and shadowy canyons. This is the picturesque island of Porto Santo, situated a few leagues to the north of the island of Madeira. As we steam



THE BRIAS, ST. HELENA.

close under its lee the rays of the setting sun, reflecting upon the basaltic cliffs a thousand feet above, gives them a weird, plutonic glow. Steaming rapidly as we do, Porto Santo is still plainly in view when Madeira is dimly descried directly ahead, and a few hours later our anchors drop with a splash into the tranquil waters of the roadstead of Funchal, Madeira's capital.

Nature has done much for Madeira, but man, little. Its picturesque hills and shady valleys, sunny climate and incomparable flora are all the free gifts of nature; but the blight of imbecile Portuguese government is painfully manifest throughout this fairy island. It has become a colony of mendicants; and beyond its natural attractions before mentioned, is now only famous for its wicker-work and diving bays, its bullock-sleds and beggars. It is indeed the feeding ground for the lame and the halt, the maimed and the blind, each of whose name is legion and who demands his tribute from every stranger who touches the land, in tones and manner too earnest to be misunderstood. But, notwithstanding these sad circumstances, who is there who has ever visited Madeira who has forgotten its charming valleys, its cloud-capped mountains and the lovely views here obtained, unsurpassed, if equaled, elsewhere?

Once more the captain is on the bridge, the big screws again revolve and Madeira's white cliffs soon grow dim in the distance as we skim before the fresh northeast trades in the direction of the Canaries. Two days later, the first of these, the Isle of Palma, looms up on our starboard quarter; and soon after this, to the ecstasy of all on board, a rift appears in the driving clouds, and far up, 12,000 feet above sea-level, grandly towers the famous peak, the laboratory of regenerated sulphur, Teneriffe! With bated breath, and silence inspired by awe, all eyes are fixed upon this colossal freak of nature, when suddenly its giant cliffs again become hidden and obscured in haze.

But scarcely is Teneriffe out of view when the Isle of Ferro, famous for having once been the zero of longitude long before the observatories of Paris and Greenwich were built, shows its iron crown on our starboard beam. This view is also cut short by gathering mists and the rapid approach of night; and, as the now familiar twang of the gond announces dinner, all hasten below with appetites sharpened and spirits elevated by the exciting events of the day.

We are now well down in the tropics, lead drinks are much in demand, and passengers prefer the decks to the heated saloon and cabins below. All on board have acquired what they delight to call their "sea legs," everybody knows everybody, and the best of cheer and good fellowship prevail.

And thus we have gone on, day by day, have crossed the "line," and still the wide waste of water is as smooth and placid as a lady's looking-glass,

save when ruffled by the "plunk" of the ever restless flying fish or the sportive gambols of the dolphin. A full harvest moon invites late hours, promenading and mild flirtations on deck; the polar star has dipped out of sight in the frozen north, but Orion's glittering belt is resplendent in the zenith, and the matchless Southern Cross draws nearer and nearer each succeeding night.

Low down on the western horizon a dark outline is dimly seen, which, by the inexperienced eye, may easily be mistaken for a cloud; but the man at the lookout is not to be deceived, and he promptly sings out: "Land ahead!" The deck is once more the scene of animation and bustle, and all eyes are strained to view the now rapidly developing outlines of what appears to be a huge, barren boulder rising abruptly upon mid ocean.

"The old rock is still there," muses the captain, as he climbs up the steps to the bridge. And so it is; and the old rock means the historical island of St.



LONGWOOD HOUSE WHERE NAPOLEON DIED.

Helena. Its appearance, as we approach from the sea, is somber, sullen and uninviting in the extreme. The coast presents a rampart of weather-beaten, iron bound cliffs, varying from 500 to 3,500 feet in height. Scarce a trace of vegetation is visible; a line of low surf frets at the foot of the crags, and a few sea fowl skim the water or fly from the hollows of the rocks. Now the engine suddenly stops, the anchor chains rattle through the haul pipes, the ship veers, comes to a standstill, and we are moored close under the cliffs of a natural majestic fortress surrounded by an almost fathomless ocean.

To anchor off St. Helena for six hours and not go ashore to see the historical sights would be like going away from Mecca without looking at Mohammed's tomb. And so we soon find ourselves transferred from the steamer's deck to the back of a spirited pony, clattering up the one long, white street of Jamestown, seaport and capital of the island. The town is situated in a valley between two lofty, precipitous hills, about a mile in length, and contains about 3,000 inhabitants. The buildings are all of stone, and some are of a superior order. The town is well fortified, both by lines in front and batteries situated on the hills on either side.

All visitors to St. Helena experience a pleasant surprise on going inland. The green valleys and groves of wavy pine trees, beautiful cottages and farmhouses, surrounded with fruit orchards and flower and vegetable gardens, greet the eye in every direction, and one is

made to forget that he is on the barren, somber-looking rock which he first saw from the deck of a steamship. The place is full of Napoleonic reminiscences. Leaving the town and ascending the road, deep cut into the side of the hill, the first place of note that opens to the view is the Briars, the present residence of a prominent old citizen, but made famous by having been occupied by the great French emperor while Longwood was being prepared for his reception. The surrounding scenery is rocky and grand, and the Briars, situated on a plateau at the foot of the hills, with flower garden and shade trees, is rendered by contrast the more attractive. Proceeding along winding roadways for some three miles farther, we descend into a green shady valley, surrounded by vines, clothed in pines, intertwined with hills and ferns. Advancing to the center of this quiet nook we gaze, with bated breath, upon the marble slab beneath which rested all that was mortal of the great Napoleon Bonaparte, from 1821 to 1840.

From the tomb to Longwood house, where Napoleon breathed his last, requires a canter of but a few minutes, and we find ourselves roaming through



NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

the dark corridors and musty old rooms of the once abiding place of him— "Whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones. Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones."

Returning to Jamestown by a different road, we find much to please and entertain us. The inhabitants are ever courteous and hospitable to the visitor. But nowhere is the line of social distinction more tacitly drawn than here on this little island of the sea. But it is the custom and pleases everybody.

The steamer's whistle is calling passengers on board. Good-by, happy, much-to-be-remembered St. Helena. You have neither beggars nor politicians! J. W. SULLIVAN.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—A holder attached to a long double tape that may be looped around the apron band saves steps and burned fingers.

—Scalloped Fish.—Skin and cut in small pieces cod or haddock, lay in an earthen dish, dredge in one-half cup of flour, one teaspoon salt and pepper, one tablespoon butter; cut in small pieces and cover with milk. Bake forty minutes.

—Gold and Silver Cake.—Silver—One teaspoon of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, whites of four eggs, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonsful of baking powder, two cups of flour; flavoring. Gold—Same as above, using the yolks of the four eggs and one whole egg in addition.—Detroit Free Press.

—A New Silver Polish.—Put two-thirds of a pint of alcohol in a wide-mouthed bottle, with one-third of a pint of ammonia and a tablespoonful of whitening; shake thoroughly. Wet a small sponge with this mixture, and go over your silver or brass with it as quickly as possible, rubbing it off with a soft flannel before it has a chance to dry.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Rice Balls.—Boil one pint of rice in two quarts of boiling water, slightly salted. Turn into a colander to drain—do not use a spoon—and when it has been put in cups and become cold, turn into a dish. Make a boiled custard of the yolks of three eggs, one pint of sweet milk and one tablespoonful of corn starch. Sweeten and flavor to taste. Pour over the balls half an hour before serving. A delicate and inexpensive dessert.—Ohio Farmer.

—Tender pork chops done in this way are simply delicious: Fry them brown on both sides, pour off all the grease, adding about half a pint of Espagnole sauce and a tablespoonful of curry paste. Put the lid on the saucpan and simmer the chops on the fire very gently for ten minutes longer, then add a small piece of glaze. Turn the whole together, and dish them by arranging them in a circle and fill the center with curried rice, pour the sauce over the chops and serve.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Delmonico Pudding.—Heat a quart of milk to boiling and stir into it three tablespoonfuls cornstarch previously moistened; let it boil a few minutes, then add the yolks of five eggs beaten with six tablespoonfuls sugar and half a teaspoonful extract of vanilla. Place the whole in a pudding dish and bake. Beat the whites stiff, add two or three tablespoonfuls sugar and a few drops extract of lemon; spread this over the pudding as soon as done, or lay it on in spoonfuls; return to oven and bake to a nice yellow.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Rump Steak With Sharp Sauce.—Cut an onion very fine, place it in a stewpan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, let it fry gently for one minute, then place in the steak; let it fry a light brown on both sides, then add half a pint of mushrooms chopped fine, a tablespoonful of mixed mustard, a tablespoonful of vinegar, a little chopped parsley, dust all with flour, add one-half ounce of moist sugar, and some seasoning; let simmer together gently one hour, then add a little grated horseradish. Place the steak in the center of a dish, pour the sauce over it, garnish with slices of lemon, and serve very hot.—Housekeeper.

ON TERRA FIRMA.

Joy of the Mariner on Again Reaching Mother Earth.

An English clergyman, who had never before been off his "right little island," was on his way to Spain. After a week on shipboard, he landed in Lisbon. Till then, he says, he had never appreciated the feeling of freedom and joy so generally attributed to "Jack on shore." He recalled a scene, at which he had wondered at the time, on the quay of the repairing dock at Dover. Now he understood what was then a mystery.

A large Norwegian emigrant ship, damaged, had been towed in for repairs, and I beheld the delight of those homely emigrants as they were helped down the ladder to the place where I stood, and sauntered up toward the town. They seemed too full of joy to do anything but laugh, and prove their freedom by stepping to this side and that, or walking down this street and up that one.

The men were of the poorest class of laborers, and with most of them were wives and children. By permission I went on board the vessel with two huge bags of biscuit and sugar-plums for the children—about fifty—and I remember the grace and courtesy of the poor mothers, with children in arms or at their sides, in never pushing forward to get the little offerings for their darlings.

I remember, too, the dark, close-packed quarters, and the very savory but rough cooking below decks, of which the poor unintelligible people always offered me a share. I remember, too, the fair, flaxen hair, and the dresses, shapeless, but girdled around the waist, and the ruddy cheeks of these poor women.

All this I remember. But one thing I can never forget, namely, the joy with which, one and all, men, women and children, they crowded down the steps of the vessel, and streamed up to the town, to the sea-front, to the chief streets, to the barracks, to the country around, only to look about, to feel free, to pluck a daisy, to throw a stone. This was joy to them—joy so plainly expressed in their smiles and gestures, that one who saw could never forget it. And now, after my short seven days on board a steamer, I felt never joy at putting foot on shore, and I thought of and understood the joy of the Norwegian emigrants.—Youth's Companion.

Golden Advice.

Esculapian was idling in his garden one bright morning, when a young student, greeting him, said:

"Master, I have been experimenting during the dark hours of the night, with gold of divers karats for the purpose of making 10 karat gold look like 14 karat gold, but I have failed. I would fain seek thy advice."

"Youth," replied the wise man, "thy experience is green. Take the figures 1 and 4, and the letter K, from thy types, and with a mallet stamp them upon the gold." And the youth rejoicing went away.—Jewelers' Circular.