DR. TALMAGE IN PARIS.

SERMON OF THE BROOKLYN DIVINE PREACHED SUNDAY, JAN. 12.

The Text of the Discourse Was Found in Second Kings xi, 2, 3, and Here Is a Report in Full—"How a King's Life Was Saved."

PARIS, Jan. 12.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city today. He is making his way home, which he expects to reach in the early part of February. Dr. Talmage's text was: "Jehosheba, the daughter of King Joram, sister of Ahaziah, took Joash the son of Ahaziah, and stole him from among the king's sons which were slain; and they hid him, even him and his nurse, in the bedchamber from Athaliah, so that he was not slain. And he was with her hid in the house of the Lord six years."—II Kings, xi, 2, 3. He said:

Grandmothers are more lenient with their children's children than they were with their own. At forty years of age, if discipline be necessary, chastisement is used, but at seventy, the grandmother, looking upon the misbehavior of the grandchild, is apologetic and disposed to substitute confectionery for whip. There is nothing more beautiful than this mellowing of old age toward childhood. Grandmother takes out her pocket handkerchief and wipes her spectacles, and puts them on, and looks down into the face of her mischievous and rebellious descendant, and says: "I don't think he meant to do it; let him off this time; I'll be responsible for his behavior in the future." My mother, with the second generation around her—a boisterous crew—said one day: "I suppose they ought to be disciplined, but I can't do it. Grandmothers are not fit to bring up grandchildren." But here, in my text, we have a grandmother of a different hue.

I have within a few days been at Jerusalem, where the occurrence of the text took place, and the whole scene came vividly before me while I was going over the site of the ancient temple and climbing the towers of the king's palace. Here in the text it is old Athaliah, the queenly murderess. She ought to have been honorable. Her father was a king. Her husband was a king. Her son was a king. And yet we find her plotting for the extermination of the entire royal family, including her own grandchildren. The executioners' knives are sharpened. The palace is red with the blood of princes and princesses. On all sides are shrieks, and hands thrown up, and struggle, and death groan. No mercy! Kill! Kill! But while the ivory floors of the palace run with carnage, and the whole land is under the shadow of a great horror, a fleet footed woman, a clergyman's wife, Jehosheba by name, stealthily approaches the imperial nursery, seizes upon the grandchild that had somehow as yet escaped massacre, wraps it up tenderly but in haste, snuggles it against her, flies down the palace stairs, her heart in her throat lest she be discovered in this Christian abduction. Get her out of the way as quick as you can, for she carries a precious burden, even a young king. With this youthful prize she presses into the room of the ancient temple, the church of olden time, unwraps the young king and puts him down, sound asleep as he is, and unconscious of the peril that has been threatened; and there for six years he is secreted in that church apartment. Meanwhile old Athaliah smacks her lips with satisfaction, and thinks that all the royal family are dead.

But the six years expire, and it is time for young Joash to come forth and take the throne, and to push back into disgrace and death old Athaliah. The arrangements are all made for political revolution. The military come and take possession of the temple, swear loyalty to the boy Joash and stand around for his defense. See the sharpened swords and the burnished shields! Everything is ready. Now Joash, half affrighted at the armed tramp of his defenders, scared at the vociferation of his admirers, is brought forth in full regalia. The scroll of authority is put in his hands, the coronet of government is put on his brow, and the people clapped, and waved, and huzzaed, and trumpeted. "What is that?" said Athaliah. "What is that sound over in the temple?" And she flies to see, and on her way they meet her and say: "Why, haven't you heard? You thought you had slain all the royal family, but Joash has come to light." Then the queenly murderess, frantic with rage, grabbed her mantle and tore it to tatters, and cried until she foamed at the mouth: "You have no business to crown my grandson. You have no right to take the government from my shoulders. Treason! Treason!" While she stood there crying that, the military started for her arrest, and she took a short cut through a back door of the temple, and ran through the royal stables; but the battle axes of the military fell on her in the barn yard, and for many a day, when the horses were being unloosed from the chariot, after drawing out young Joash, the fiery steeds would snort and rear passing the place, as they smell the place of the carnage.

The first thought I hand you from this subject is that the extermination of righteousness is an impossibility. When a woman is good, she is apt to be very good, and when she is bad, she is apt to be very bad, and this Athaliah was one of the latter sort. She would exterminate the last scion of the house of David, through whom Jesus was to come. There was plenty of work for embalmers and undertakers. She would clear the land of all God fearing and God loving people. She would put an end to everything that could in anywise interfere with her imperial criminality. She folds her hands and says: "The work is done; it is completely done." Is it? In the swaddling clothes of that church apartment are wrapped the cause of God, and the cause of good government. That is the scion of the house of David; it is Joash, the Christian reformer; it is Joash, the friend of God; it is Joash, the demoralizer of Baalitish idolatry. Rock him tenderly; nurse him gently. Athaliah, you may kill all the other children, but you cannot kill him. Eternal defenses are thrown all around him, and this clergyman's wife, Jehosheba, will snatch him up from the palace nursery, and will run down with him into the house of the Lord, and there she will hide him for six years, and at the end of that time he will come forth for your dethronement and obliteration.

Well, my friends, just as poor a botch does the world always make of extinguishing righteousness. Superstition rises up and says: "I will just put an end to pure religion." Domitian slew forty thousand Christians. Diocletian slew eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians. And the scythe of persecution has been swung through all the ages, and the flames hissed, and the guillotine chopped, and the Bastile groaned; but did the foes of Christianity exterminate it? Did they exterminate Alban, the first British sacrifice; or Zuinglius, the Swiss reformer; or John Oldcastle, the Christian nobleman, or Atdallah, the Arabian martyr; or Anne Askew, or Sanders, or Cranmer? Great work of extermination they made of it. Just at the time when they thought they had slain all the royal family of Jesus, some Joash would spring up and out, and take the throne of power, and wield a very scepter of Christian dominion.

Infidelity says: "I'll just exterminate the Bible," and the Scriptures were thrown into the street for the mob to trample on, and they were piled up in the public squares and set on fire, and mountains of indignant contempt were hurled on them, and learned universities decreed the Bible out of existence. Thomas Paine said: "In my 'Age of Reason' I have annihilated the Scriptures. Your Washington is a pusillanimous Christian, but I am the foe of Bibles and of churches." O, how many assaults upon that Word! All the hostilities that have ever been created on earth are not to be compared with the hostilities against that one book. Said one man, in his infidel desperation, to his wife: "You must not be reading that Bible," and he snatched it away from her. And though in that Bible was a lock of hair of the dead child—the only child that God had ever given them—he pitched the book with its contents into the fire, and stirred it with the tongs, and spat on it, and cursed it, and said: "Susan, never have any more of that damnable stuff here!"

How many individual and organized attempts have been made to exterminate that Bible! Have they done it? Have they exterminated the American Bible society? Have they exterminated the British and Foreign Bible society? Have they exterminated the thousands of Christian institutions, whose only object it is to multiply copies of the Scriptures, and throw them broadcast around the world? They have exterminated until instead of one or two copies of the Bible in our houses we have eight or ten, and we pile them up in the corners of our Sabbath school rooms, and send great boxes of them everywhere. If they get on as well as they are now going on in the work of extermination, I do not know but that our children may live to see the millennium! Yes, if there should come a time of persecution in which all the known Bibles of the earth should be destroyed, all these lamps of life that blaze in our pulpits and in our families extinguished—in the very day that infidelity and sin should be holding jubilee over the universal extinction there would be in some closet of a backwoods church a secreted copy of the Bible, and this Joash of eternal literature would come out and come up and take the throne, and the Athaliah of infidelity and persecution would fly out the back door of the palace, and drop her miserable carcass under the hoofs of the horses of the king's stables. You cannot exterminate Christianity! You cannot kill Joash!

The second thought I hand you from my subject is, that there are opportunities in which we may save royal life. You know that profane history is replete with stories of strangled monarchs and of young princes who have been put out of the way. Here is the story of a young king saved. How Jehosheba, the clergyman's wife, must have trembled as she rushed into the imperial nursery and snatched up Joash. How she hushed him, lest by his cry he hinder the escape. Fly with him! Jehosheba, you hold in your arms the cause of God and good government. Fail, and he is slain. Succeed, and you turn the tide of the world's history in the right direction. It seems as if between that young king and his assassins there is nothing but the frail arm of a woman. But why should we spend our time in praising this bravery of expedition when God asks the same thing of you and me? All around us are the imperiled children of a great King.

They are born of Almighty parentage, and will come to a throne or a crown, if permitted. But sin, the old Athaliah, goes forth to the massacre. Murderous temptations are out for the assassination. Valens, the emperor, was told that there was somebody in his realm who would usurp his throne, and that the name of the man who should be the usurper would begin with the letters T. H. E. O. D., and the edict went forth from the emperor's throne: "Kill everybody whose name begins with T. H. E. O. D." And hundreds and thousands were slain, hoping by that massacre to put an end to that one usurper. But sin is more terrific in its denunciation. It matters not how you spell your name, you come under its knife, under its sword, under its doom, unless there be some omnipotent relief brought to the rescue. But blessed be God, there is such a thing as delivering a royal soul. Who will snatch away Joash?

This afternoon, in your Sabbath school class, there will be a prince of God—some one who may yet reign as king forever before the throne; there will be some one in your class who has a corrupt physical inheritance; there will be some one in your class who has a father and mother who do not know how to pray; there will be some one in your class who is destined to command in church or state—some Cromwell to dissolve a parliament, some Beethoven to touch the world's harp strings, some John Howard to pour fresh air into the lazaretto, some Florence Nightingale to bandage the battle wounds, some Miss Dix to soothe the crazed brain, some John Frederick Oberlin to educate the besotted, some David Brainard to change the Indian's war whoop to a Sabbath song, some John Wesley to marshal three-fourths of Christendom, some John Knox to make queens turn pale, some Joash to demolish idolatry and strike for the kingdom of heaven.

There are sleeping in your cradles by night, there are playing in your nurseries by day, imperial souls waiting for dominion, and whichever side the cradle they get out will decide the destiny of empires. For each one of those children sin and holiness contend—Athaliah on the one side, Jehosheba on the other. But I hear people say: "What's the use of bothering children with religious instruction? Let them grow up and choose for themselves. Don't interfere with their volition." Suppose some one had said to Jehosheba: "Don't interfere with that young Joash. Let him grow up and decide whether he likes the palace or not, whether he wants to be king or not. Don't disturb his volition." Jehosheba knew right well that unless that day the young king was rescued, he would never be rescued at all.

I tell you, my friends, the reason we don't reclaim all our children from worldliness is because we begin too late. Parents wait until their children lie before they teach them the value of truth. They wait until their children swear before they teach them the importance of righteous conversation. They wait until their children are all wrapped up in this world before they tell them of a better world. Too late with your prayers. Too late with your discipline. Too late with your benediction. You put all care upon your children between twelve and eighteen. Why do you not put the chief care between four and nine? It is too late to repair a vessel when it has got out of the dry docks. It is too late to save Joash after the executioners have broken in. May God arm us all for this work of snatching royal soul from death to coronation. Can you imagine any sublimer work than this soul saving? That was what flushed Paul's cheek with enthusiasm; that was what led Munson to risk his life amid Bornesian cannibals, that was what sent Dr. Abeel to preach under the consuming skies of China; that was what gave courage to Ulfemus in the Third century. When the military officers came to put him to death for Christ's sake, he put them to bed that they might rest while he himself went out, and in his own garden dug his grave, and then came back and said, "I am ready;" but they were shocked at the idea of taking the life of their host. He said, "It is the will of God that I should die," and he stood on the margin of his own grave and they beheaded him. You say it is a mania, a foolhardiness, a fanaticism. Rather would I call it a glorious self abnegation, the thrill of eternal satisfaction, the plucking of Joash from death, and raising him to coronation.

The third thought I hand to you from my text is that the church of God is a good hiding place. When Jehosheba rushes into the nursery of the king and picks up Joash, what shall she do with him? Shall she take him to some room in the palace? No; for the official desperadoes will hunt through every nook and corner of that building. Shall she take him to the residence of some wealthy citizen? No; that citizen would not dare to harbor the fugitive. But she has to take him somewhere. She hears the cry of the mob in the streets; she hears the shriek of the dying nobility; so she rushes with Joash unto the room of the temple, into the house of God, and then she puts him down. She knows that Athaliah and her wicked assassins will not bother the temple a great deal; they are not apt to go very much to church, and so she sets down Joash in the temple. There he will be hearing the songs of the worshipers year after year; there he will breathe the odor of the golden censers; in that sacred spot he will tarry, secreted until the six years have passed, and he come to enthronement.

Would God that we were all as wise as Jehosheba, and knew that the church of God is the best hiding place. Perhaps our parents took us there in early days; they snatched us away from the world and hid us behind the baptismal fonts and amid the Bibles and the psalm books. O, glorious inclosure! We have been breathing the breath of the golden censers all the time, and we have seen the lamb on the altar and we have handled the phials which are the prayers of all saints, and we have dwelt under the wings of the cherubim. Glorious inclosure! When my father and mother died, and the property was settled up, there was hardly anything left; but they endowed us with a property worth more than any earthly possession, because they hid us in the temple. And when days of temptation have come upon my soul I have gone there for shelter; and when assaulted of sorrows, I have gone there for comfort, and there I mean to live. I want, like Joash, to stay there until coronation. I mean to be buried out of the house of God.

O men of the world outside there, betrayed, caricatured and cheated of the world, why do you not come in through the broad, wide open door of Christian communion? I wish I could act the part of Jehosheba today, and steal you away from your perils and hide you in the temple. How few of us appreciate the fact that the church of God is a hiding place. There are many people who put the church at so low a mark that they begrudge it everything, even the few dollars they give toward it. They make no sacrifices. They dole a little out of their surplusage. They pay their butcher's bill, and they pay their doctor's bill, and they pay their landlord, and they pay everybody but the Lord, and they come in at the last to pay the Lord in his church, and frown as they say: "There, Lord, it is; if you will have it, take it—now take it, take it; send me a receipt in full, and don't bother me soon again!"

I tell you there is not more than one man out of a thousand that appreciates what the church is. Where are the souls that put aside one-tenth for Christian institutions—one-tenth of their income? Where are those who, having put aside that one-tenth, draw upon it cheerfully? Why, it is pull, and drag, and hold on, and grab, and clutch; and giving is an affliction to most people when it ought to be an exhilaration and a rapture. Oh, that God would remodel our souls on this subject, and that we might appreciate the house of God as the great refuge. If your children are to come up to lives of virtue and happiness, they will come up under the shadow of the church. If the church does not get them the world will.

Ah, when you pass away—and it will not be long before you do—when you pass away it will be a satisfaction to see your children in Christian society. You want to have them sitting at the holy sacraments. You want them mingling in Christian associations. You would like to have them die in the sacred precincts. When you are on your dying bed, and your little ones come up to take your last word, and you look into their bewildered faces, you will want to leave them under the church's benediction. I don't care how hard you are, that is so. I said to a man of the world: "Your son and daughter are going to join our church next Sunday. Have you any objections?" "Bless you," he said, "objections! I wish all my children belonged to the church. I don't attend to those matters myself—I know I am very wicked—but I am very glad they are going, and I shall be there to see them. I am very glad, sir; I am very glad. I want them there." And so, though you may have been wanderers from God, and though you may have sometimes caricatured the church of Jesus, it is your great desire that your sons and daughters should be standing all their lives within this sacred inclosure.

More than that, you yourself will want the church for a hiding place when the mortgage is foreclosed; when your daughter, just blooming into womanhood, suddenly clasps her hands in a slumber that knows no waking; when gaunt trouble walks through the parlor, and the sitting room, and the dining hall, and the nursery, you will want some shelter from the tempest. Ah, some of you have been run upon by misfortune and trial; why do you not come into the shelter? I said to a widowed mother after she had buried her only son—months after I said to her: "How do you get along nowadays?" "Oh," she replied, "I get along tolerably well except when the sun shines." I said: "What do you mean by that?" when she said; "I can't bear to see the sun shine; my heart is so dark that all the brightness of the natural world seems a mockery to me." O, darkened soul, O, broken hearted man, broken hearted woman, why do you not come into the shelter? I swing the door wide open. I swing it from wall to wall. Come in! Come in! You want a place where your troubles shall be interpreted, where your burdens shall be unstrapped, where your tears shall be wiped away.

Church of God, be a hiding place to all these people. Give them a seat where they can rest their weary souls. Flash some light from your chandeliers upon their darkness. With some soothing hymn hush their griefs. O, Church of God, gate of heaven, let me go through it! All other institutions are going to fail; but the Church of God—its foundation is the "Rock of Ages," its charter is for everlasting years, its keys are held by the universal proprietor, its dividend is salvation, its president is God!

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven

God grant that all this audience, the youngest, the eldest, the worst, the best, may find their safe and glorious hiding place where Joash found it—in the temple.

The police in Paris are beginning, it is announced, to take some steps to prevent the sale of indecent literature. The "censure," as at present exercised, is a mere sham, so far as the morals of new books are concerned, and the third republic can boast of having inaugurated an era of literary reform undreamed of under the second empire.

A WANDERER IDENTIFIED.

Mr. Chandler Recognizes the Supposed New Comet as That of Lexell.

News has been received at the Lick observatory of a remarkable and extremely important theoretical discovery in cometary astronomy made by S. C. Chandler, of Cambridge, an eminent mathematician and astronomer. Upon investigating some peculiarities in the orbit of the comet discovered last July by Mr. Brooks, and which is still under observation, Mr. Chandler found that it had made a remarkably close approach to the planet Jupiter in 1886, and that its path had then been entirely changed, the comet being thrown into its present small ellipse within a period of seven years.

Stimulated by this to find out what the path of the comet was previous to 1886 he was led to the discovery that it was identical with the famous Lexell's "lost comet" of 1770. The comet of 1770 was found by Lexell to be revolving in an orbit whose perihelion was near Venus and the aphelion near Jupiter, with a periodic time of five and a half years. The shortness of this period was singular, as the comet had never been seen previous to 1770, though in that year it was visible to the naked eye.

A further investigation, however, showed Lexell that in 1767 the comet had made a singularly close approach to Jupiter, at which time the great attraction of that planet caused a complete change in the comet's orbit, it being thrown into the small ellipse of 1770. Previous to this approach to Jupiter, in 1767, the comet was moving in a large orbit, with the perihelion near Jupiter and its aphelion beyond the orbit of Saturn. In this orbit the comet was always too distant to be seen from the earth.

In 1779 the comet again passed still closer to Jupiter, and the attraction of the planet, outweighing that of the sun by over 200 times, kept the comet under its influence for a number of months, and again completely transformed the orbit, the perihelion once more becoming so great that the comet could not be seen from the earth.

At its appearance in 1770 this comet approached within less than 1,500,000 miles of the earth—a remarkably close approach; so much so, indeed, that La Place calculated that if the comet's mass had been equal to that of the earth it would have seriously affected the motion of the earth, and would have lengthened our year by about three hours. As no sensible disturbance was experienced, La Place concluded that the mass of the comet must have been less than 1-3,000th part of the mass of the earth. It was doubtless vastly smaller than that.

The comet at its present return has attracted a widespread interest through the discovery at the Lick observatory of the small companion comets that attend it in its motion through space. Mr. Chandler suggests that these may owe their existence to the encounter with Jupiter in 1886, the unequal strain from the opposing attractions of the planet and its satellite system having probably caused a disruption of the cometary matter sufficient to produce the companions.

Carrying the investigation back to 1886, Mr. Chandler found that the comet remained under the influence of the planet for more than eight months, and that previous to then it was revolving about the sun in twenty-seven years' time in an orbit whose perihelion lay near Jupiter. He also deduced the path that the comet moved in about the planet at the appulse, and found it to be a hyperbola with an eccentricity slightly greater than unity, so that "the comet narrowly escaped being drawn into a closed orbit as a satellite of Jupiter." The nearest approach to the planet in this path was May 29, 1886, the distance being about 900,000 miles.

At present we cannot tell what have been the changes and vicissitudes of this comet since 1779, through the disturbing actions of Jupiter. It is now, however, free from the influence of that planet until 1921, when it will again suffer great perturbation that may once more whisk it out of sight for 100 years or more. It will in the meantime return under favorable circumstances of observation in 1896, 1903, 1910 and 1917.

It is hardly possible to estimate the importance of the discovery of Mr. Chandler, as it presents to us one of the greatest physical and mathematical problems that astronomers have had to deal with.—Mount Hamilton (Cal.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Christmas in England.

The English Christmas is, perhaps, the richest of all in that hearty hospitality and merriment, and that profusion of substantial good cheer which our people, like their British cousins, so closely associate with the occasion.

The "December liberties," as the wild gambols, pranks and masquerades of Christmas time were called, the famous Christmas dinner of the barons with its dish of boar's head borne upon a massive silver platter in great state the whole length of the immense banqueting hall by the major domo of the household, attended by a large number of servants and vassals, the "mumming" or masquerading, the singing of Christmas carols, the playing at snap dragon, hot cockles and all the other Christmas sports and games, presided over by a specially appointed officer of the household called the lord of misrule or the abbot of unreason—all these and countless other features of the old English Christmas, Scott, that wonderful "wizard of the north," has described as only he could do it.

The modern English Christmas found its apostle in Dickens, who, in his vivid word pictures, has most clearly and accurately portrayed its every light and shadow. The wild abandon of its predecessor of centuries ago has been somewhat restrained, but within the limit of becoming mirth there is still no merrier Christmas. It is a strange fact, however, that in England the day after Christmas, or "boxing day," as it is called, is an occasion of even greater festivity among the working classes than Christmas day itself. It derives its name from the "Christmas boxes" or donations of Christmas spending money which are collected on that day by letter carriers, milkmen, butchers' boys and other equally useful members of society.—Cor. Washington Star.

A City in the Sea.

A city at the bottom of the sea was seen toward the end of November, near Trepton, on the shores of the Baltic. For a week or ten days a powerful wind had been blowing from the south and on the day the wonderful sight was witnessed. It amounted to little less than a hurricane. The waters were pushed away from the shore in great mountains, uncovering a portion of ground usually hidden from sight by the waters. It was at this time that the ruins of the city of Regenwalde, once a flourishing commercial center, and swallowed up by the Baltic between five and six centuries ago, was revealed to the startled watchers in the lighthouse near the shore. The unusual spectacle was enjoyed only for a short time, when the storm abated and the waters came back and again hid from view what [illegible] been the abode of busy men and women.—St. Louis Republic.

Some one asked an old lady about a sermon, "Could you remember it?" "Remember it! La, no! The minister couldn't remember it himself. He had to have it written down."—Christian Advocate.

A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD.

History and Wonderful Wealth of a Mine in Central Queensland.

Such is the title which has been justly given to the great Mount Morgan gold mine, situated in Central Queensland, which is paying at the rate of over a million a year in dividends. The history of the mine, which has only been fully developed during the last year, is a curious one. The original selector of the freehold portion of this wonderfully rich property, consisting of 640 acres, was one Donald Gordon, who paid five shillings an acre for it, and utilized it as grazing land for his cattle.

A correspondent of The Sydney Morning Herald, who visited the mine some time ago, told the readers of that journal how, returning from the mountain, he stopped at a wayside inn, where "a tall, weather beaten, grizzled looking man" took his horse to a well to drink.

"This was the original holder of the freehold, who parted with it to the Morgans. He said he had always believed the mountains to be of ironstone, and never knew of the fortune that was so long within his grasp. In olden days he used to sell the pumicestone looking quartz in Rockhampton, to clean the hearths and doorsteps of the houses."

Gordon sold the freehold to the Messrs. Morgan for £640, or £1 an acre. They discovered gold in 1882, and in that year formed a partnership, in which they held half the mine, while Messrs. T. S. Hall, W. Hall, W. H. D'Arcy and W. Pattison, who are now four of the principal proprietors, held the second half. The Messrs. Morgan subsequently disposed of their share to these gentlemen for £93,000; and in 1886 the present company was formed with a capital of £1,000,000 in 1,000,000 shares of £1 each, of which 7s. 6d. per share is paid up.

Leaving Rockhampton soon after 6 o'clock in the morning, the traveler is deposited at a roadside station at about 7, and a rough breakfast is to be obtained at a country inn from which the coach starts for Mount Morgan. We were about to enter the principal room in which breakfast was laid out, when one of the assayers, who was employed at the mine, informed us in an awe struck voice that "the directors" were there; and as the directors of the Mount Morgan mine were evidently too great to be contaminated by the presence of ordinary mortals, we betook ourselves to a humbler apartment, where we enjoyed a poorer but cheaper fare. We then started in a light four-horse coach, holding eight people besides the driver, in which we were jolted along the roughest of roads through "paddocks of over 3,000 acres, with parrots and cockatoos shrieking among the branches of the gum trees overhead."

After a drive of between two and three hours through the bush, including the tremendously steep ascent of a hill known as the Razorback, up which every particle of machinery for Mount Morgan had to be brought, we reached the newly formed mining township. Scattered about among the trees were tents of various descriptions, bark huts, huts of corrugated iron, and wooden houses. In a central position were two hotels, some stores or general shops, a church in process of construction, a school, and an Odd Fellows' hall. There are already about 5,000 inhabitants, and the object which has attracted them all is a conical shaped hill about 500 feet in height above the water level, and with nothing, so far as outward appearances are concerned, to distinguish it from numerous other well wooded hills which surround it.

At the foot of the mountain is one set of works, which are duplicated about half way up it. Some 200 feet from the top a tunnel runs in for about 700 feet, when it is met by a shaft, down which the stone is sent. It is then brought through the tunnel in small trucks and shot down a slide to the upper works, while a cable tramway supplies the lower works. At the top of the mountain is a regular quarry, where some five dozen men are occupied in blasting and quarrying the stone. Fifty-two feet have already been cut away, and they are now working at a second bench.

The preponderating stone is a kind of black ironstone, with no appearance of gold whatever, yet it yields as much as five or six ounces to the ton. Some of the stone is reddish, and looks as if it might contain copper, while here and there is a bank of yellowish sand which yields eleven ounces to the ton. Formerly the ore was treated by the ordinary battery and quicksilver amalgamation process, but the gold is so finely distributed through the stone that most of it was lost, and the tailings are being treated with very satisfactory results by the chlorination process, which is now in use at the mine. Under this process the ore is first crushed by powerful machinery and reduced to fine sand. It is then roasted in furnaces, and when cooled is placed in the chlorination barrels and subjected to the action of chlorine gas, which dissolves the gold, and it flows out in a fluid, the color of sherry, into large vats.

It is then placed in charcoal filters, and the gold adheres to the charcoal beds, which are subsequently roasted in a reverberatory furnace until nothing is left but an ash containing 75 per cent. of metallic gold. The works, which are lit throughout by the electric light, are kept constantly going night and day. Nine hundred men are employed, and work in three shifts of eight hours each. The expenditure in wages is £100,000 per annum; 4,000 tons of firewood are burnt per month, and the output of gold is about a ton per month. If the works were stopped for a single day it would mean a loss to the shareholders of £4,000.—London Times.

As She Is Writ.

In Vienna they know how to write English. The Viennese are going to have an agricultural exhibition, or, as they call it in the English programme which has just been published, a "General Rural and Forest Exposition in the year 1890." The following are some of the exhibits as set forth in the programme: 1. Produces of agriculture and forest culture, of garden fruitvines, and hopculture, of chase and feshery, also of fowel, bees and silk breed, &c. 2. Beasts as: breed mart use, and luxury beasts—viz: horses, oxen, sheep, swine, fowl, dogs, game, fishes. The exhibition of hearts, of garden and fruit culture take place in several series, those of the latter being made known more lately. For all sorts of objects of exhibition prices of about v. A. flor. 60,000 mill be given, consisting in medals of honour, distributed honour prices, medals, in money and demorable acknowledgments. For special accomplishments of collaborators of the expositions special prices will be given."—St. James's Gazette.

The Summer Novel.

Alas, my summer novel! I mourn it with a sigh. Tuesday I rashly bought it as it was standing by. Fortunately the book is borrowed, to be returned that night, and since that fatal moment it never has blessed my sight. He lent it to his cousin, and she enjoyed it so she lent it to a neighbor, who kept it so long and lent it to her mother-in-law, who lent it to her girl, who lent it to her teacher, who with another whirl sent it unto a nephew, who lent it to a friend, who sent it to a room mate, and oh! where will it end? Throughout this mad career of madness one hope alone I see—one hope in all this leading it may be lost or stolen.—Detroit Free Press.

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