

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

subject: "One Thing Lacking."

TEXT: "One thing thou lackest."—Mark x, 21.

The young man of the text was a splendid nature. We fall in love with him at the first glance. He was amiable and frank and earnest and educated and refined and respectable and moral, and yet he was not a Christian. And so Christ addresses him in the words that I have read to you, "One thing thou lackest." I suppose that that text was no more applicable to the young man of whom I have spoken than it is appropriate to a large multitude of people in this audience. There are many things in which you are lacking. For instance, you are not lacking in a good home. It is perhaps no more than an hour ago that you closed the door, returning to see whether it was well fastened, of one of the best homes of this city. The younger children of the household asleep, the older ones, hearing your returning footsteps, will rush to the door to meet you. And in these long evenings the children at the stand with their games, the wife plying the needle and you reading the book or the paper, you feel that you have a good home.

Neither are you lacking in the refinements and courtesies of life. You understand the polite phraseology of invitation, regard and apology. You have an appropriate apparel. I shall wear no better dress at the wedding than when I come to the marriage of the king's son. If I am well clothed on other occasions I will be so in a religious audience. However reckless I may be about my personal appearance at other times, when I come into a consecrated assemblage I shall have on the best dress I have. We all understand the proprieties of every-day life and the proprieties of Sabbath life.

Neither are you lacking in worldly success. You have not made as much money as you would like to make, but you have an income. While others are false when they say they have no income, or are making no money, you have never told that falsehood. You have had a livelihood, or you have fallen upon old resources, which is just the same thing, for God is just as good to us when He takes care of us by a surplus of the past as by present success. While there are thousands of men with hanger tearing at the throat with the strength of a tiger's paw, not one of you is hungry. Neither are they lacking in pleasant friendship. You have real good friends. If the scarlet fever should come to-night to your house you know very well who would come in and sit up with the sick one; or, if death should come, you know who would come in and take your hand tight in theirs with that peculiar grip which means "I'll stand by you," and, after the life is fled from the loved one, take you by the arm and lead you into the next room, and while you are gone to Greenwood they would stay in the house and put aside the garments and the playthings that might bring to your mind too severely your great loss. Friends? You all have friends.

Neither are you lacking in your admiration of the Christian religion. There is nothing that makes you so angry as to have a man malign Christ. You get red in the face, and you say, "Sir, I want you to understand though I am not myself a Christian, I don't like such things said as that in my store," and the man goes off, giving you a parting salutation, but you hardly answer him. You are provoked beyond all bounds. Many of you have been supporters of religion and have given more to the cause of Christ than some who profess His faith. There is nothing that would please you more than to see your son or daughter standing at the altar of Christ, taking the vows of the Christian.

It might be a little hard on you, and might make you nervous and agitated for a little while, but you would be man enough to say: "My child, that is right. Go on. I am glad you haven't been kept back by my example. I hope some day to join you." You believe all the doctrines of religion. A man out yonder says, "I am a sinner." You respond, "So am I." Some one says, "I believe that Christ came to save the world." You say, "So do I." Looking at your character, at your surroundings, I find a thousand things, about which to congratulate you, and yet I must tell you in the love and fear of God, and with reference to my last account, "One thing thou lackest."

You need, my friends, in the first place, the element of happiness. Some day you feel wretched. You do not know what the matter with you. You say, "I did not sleep last night. I think that must be the reason of my restlessness," or, "I have eaten something that did not agree with me, and I think that must be the reason." And you are unhappy. Oh, my friends, happiness does not depend upon physical condition. Some of the happiest people I have ever known have been those who have been wrapped in consumption, or stung with neuralgia, or burning with the slow fire of some fever.

I shall never forget one man in my first parish, who in excommunication of body cried out: "Mr. Talmage, I forget all my pain in the love and joy of Jesus Christ. I can't think of my sufferings when I think of Christ." Why, his face was illumined. There are young men in this house who would give testimony to show that there is no happiness outside of Christ, while there is great joy in His service. There are young men who have not been Christians more than six months who would stand up to-night, if I should ask them, and say in those six months they have had more joy and satisfaction than in all the years of their frivolity and dissipation. Go to the door of that gin shop to-night, and when the gang of young men come out ask them whether they are happy. They laugh along the street, and they cheer and they shout, but nobody has any idea they are happy.

I could call upon the aged men in this house to give testimony. There are aged men here who tried the world, and they tried religion, and they are willing to testify on our side. It was not long ago that an aged man arose in a praying circle and said: "Brethren, I lost my son just as he graduated from college, and it broke my heart; but I am glad now he is gone. He is at rest, escaped from all sorrow and from all trouble. And then, in 1857, I lost all my property, and you see I am getting old, and it is rather hard upon me; but I am sure God will not let me suffer. He has not taken care of me for seventy-five years now to let me drop out of His hands."

I went into the room of an aged man—his eyesight nearly gone, his hearing nearly gone—and what do you suppose he was talking about? The goodness of God and the joys of religion. He said: "I would like to go over and join my wife on the other side of the flood, and I am waiting until the Lord calls me. I am happy now. I shall be happy there." What is it that gave that aged man so much satisfaction and peace? Physical exuberance? No, it has all gone. Sunshine? He cannot see it. The voices of friends? He cannot hear them. It is the grace of God, that is brighter than sunshine and that is sweeter than music. If a harpist takes a harp and find that all the strings are broken but one string, he does not try to play upon it. Yet here I will show you an aged man

the strings of whose joy are all broken save one, and yet he thrums it with such satisfaction, such melody that the angels of God stop the swift stroke of their wings and hover about the place until the music ceases. Oh, religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And if you have not the satisfaction that is to be found in Jesus Christ, I must tell you, with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul: "One thing thou lackest."

I remark, again, that you lack the elements of usefulness. Where is your business? You say it is No. 45 such a street, or No. 283 such a street, or No. 300 such a street. My friend immortal, your business is wherever there is a tear to be wiped away or a soul to be saved. You may, before coming to Christ, do a great many noble things. You take a loaf of bread to that starving man in the alley, but he wants immortal bread. You take a pound of candles to that dark shanty. They want the light that springs from the throne of God, and you cannot take it because you have it not in your own heart. You know that the flight of an arrow depends very much upon the strength of the bow, and I have to tell you that the best bow that was ever made was made out of the cross of Christ; and when religion takes a soul and puts it on that, and pulls it back and lets it fly, every time it brings down a Saul or Goliath.

There are people here of high social position, and large means, and cultured minds, who, if they would come into the kingdom of God, would set the city on fire with religious awakening. Oh, hear you not the more than million voices of those in these two cities who are unconverted? Voices of those who in these two cities are dying in their sins? They want light. They want bread. They want Christ. They want heaven. Oh, that the Lord would make you a flaming evangelist! As for myself, I have sworn before high heaven that I will preach this gospel as well as I can, in all its fullness, until every fiber of my body, and every faculty of my mind, and every expression of my soul is exhausted. But we all have work to do. I cannot do your work, nor can you do my work. God points us out the places where we are to serve, and yet are there no people in this house who are thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years of age, and yet have not begun the great work for which they were created? With every worldly equipment, "One thing thou lackest."

Again, you lack the element of personal safety. Where are those people who associated with you twenty years ago? Where are those people that fifteen years ago used to cross South ferry or Fulton ferry with you to New York? Walk down the street where you were in business fifteen years ago and see how all the signs have changed. Where are the people gone? How many of them are landed in eternity I cannot say, but many, many, I went to the village of my boyhood. The houses were all changed. I passed one house in which once resided a man who had lived an earnest, useful life, and he is in glory now. In the next house a miser lived. He devoured widows' houses, and spent his whole life in trying to make the world worse and worse. And he is gone—the good man and the miser both gone to the same place. Ah, did they go to the same place? It is an infinite absurdity to suppose them both in the same place. If the miser had a harp, what tune did he play on it?

Oh, my friends, I commend you to this religion as the only personal safety! When you die, where are you going to? When we leave all these scenes, upon what scenes will we enter? When we were on shipboard, and we all felt that we must all go to the bottom, was I right in saying to one next me: "I wonder if we will reach heaven if we do go down to-night?" Was I wise or unwise in asking that question? I tell you that man is a fool who never thinks of the great future.

If you pay your money you take a receipt. If you buy land you record the deed. Why? Because everything is so uncertain, you want it down in black and white, you say. For a house and lot twenty-five feet front by one hundred feet deep, all security; but for a soul vast as eternity nothing, nothing! If some man or woman standing in some of these aisles should drop down, where would you go? Which your destiny? Suppose a man is prepared for the future world, what difference does it make to him whether he goes to his home to-day or goes into glory? Only this difference—If he dies he is better off. Where he had one joy on earth he will have a million in heaven. When he has a small sphere here he will have a grand sphere there. Perhaps it would cost you sixty, or one hundred, or one hundred and fifty dollars to have your physical life insured, and yet free of charge I offer you insurance on your immortal life, payable not at your decease, but now and to-morrow and every day and always.

My hope in Christ is not so bright as many Christians, I know, but I would not give it up for the whole universe, in one cash payment, if it were offered me. It has been so much comfort to me in time of trouble, it has been so much strength to me when I have been assailed, it has been so much rest to me when I have been perplexed, and it is around my heart such an incense of satisfaction and blessedness that I can stand here before God and say: "Take away my health, take away my life, take everything rather than rob me of this hope, this plain, simple hope which I have in Jesus Christ, my Lord. I must have this robe when the last chill strikes through me. I must have this light when all other lights go out in the blast that comes up from the cold Jordan. I must have this sword with which to fight my way through all those foes on my way heavenward."

When I was in London I saw there the wonderful armor of Henry VIII, and Edward III. And yet I have to tell you that there is nothing in chain mail or brass plate or gauntlet or halberd that makes a man so safe as the armor in which the Lord God clothes His dear children. On there is a safety in religion! You will ride down all your foes. Look out for that man who has the strength of the Lord God with him. In olden times the horsemen used to ride into battle with lifted lances, and the enemy fled the field. The Lord on the white horse of victory and with lifted lances of divine strength rides into the battle, and down goes the spiritual foe, while the victor shouts the triumph through the Lord Jesus Christ. As a matter of personal safety, my dear friends, you must have this religion.

I apply my subject to several classes of people before me. First, to that great multitude of young people in this house. Some of these young men are in boarding houses. They have but few social advantages. They think that no one cares for their souls. Many of them are on small salaries, and they are cramped and bothered perpetually, and sometimes their heart fails them. Young man, to-night at your bedroom door on the third floor you will hear a knock. It will be the hand of Jesus Christ, the young man's friend, saying, "Oh, young man, let me come in; I will help thee. I will comfort thee. I will deliver thee." Take the Bible out of the trunk if it has been hidden away. If you have not the courage to lay it on the shelf or table, take the Bible that was given to you by some loved one, take it out of the trunk and lay it down on the bottom of the chair, then kneel down beside it, and read and pray and pray and read until all your disturbance is gone and you feel that peace which neither earth nor hell can rob you of. Thy father's God, thy mother's God, waits for thee, O young man. "Escape for thy life." Escape now! "One thing thou lackest."

But I apply this subject to the aged—not many here—not many in any assemblage. People do not live to get old. That is the general rule. Here and there an aged man in the house, I tell you the truth. You have lived long enough in this world to know that it cannot satisfy an immortal nature. I must talk to you more reverentially than I do to these other people, while at the same time I speak with great plainness. Oh, father of the weary step, Oh, mother bent down under the ailments of life, has thy God ever forsaken thee? Through all these years who has been your best friend? Seventy years of mercies! Seventy years of food and clothing! Oh, how many bright mornings! How many glorious evening hours you have seen! Oh, father, mother, God has been very good to you. Do you feel it? Some of you have children and grandchildren; the former cheered your young life, the latter twine your gray locks in their tiny fingers. Has all the goodness that thy God has been making pass before you produced no change in your feelings, and must it be said of you, notwithstanding all this, "One thing thou lackest?"

Oh, if you could only feel the hand of Christ smoothing the cares out of wrinkled faces! Oh, if you could only feel the warm arm of Christ steadying your tottering steps! I lift my voice loud enough to break through the deafness of the ear while I cry out, "One thing thou lackest." It was an important appeal a young man made in a prayer meeting when he rose up and said: "Pray for my old father. He is seventy years of age, and he don't love Christ." That father passed a few more steps on in life, and then he went down. He never gave any intimation that he had chosen Jesus. It is a very hard thing for an old man to become a Christian. I know it is. It is so hard a thing that it cannot be done by any human work; but God Almighty can do it by His omnipotent grace! He can bring you at the eleventh hour—at half-past eleven—at one minute of twelve He can bring you to the peace and the joys of the glorious gospel.

I must make application of this subject also to those who are prospered. Have you, my friends, found that dollars and cents are no permanent consolation to the soul? You have large worldly resources, but have you no treasures, no heaven? Is an embroidered pillow all that you want to put your dying head on? You have heard people all last week talk about earthly values. Hear a plain man talk about the heavenly. Do you not know it will be worse for you, O prospered man, if you reject Christ, and reject Him finally—that it will be worse for you than those who had it hard in this world, because the contrast will make the discomfiture so much more appalling? As the hart bounds down the hillside, speed thou to Christ. "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed."

I must make my application to another class of persons—the poor. If you cannot pay your rent when it is due, have you nobody but the landlord to talk to? When the flour has gone out of the barrel, and you have not ten cents with which to go to the baker, and your children are tugging at your dress for something to eat, have you nothing but the world's charities to appeal to? When winter comes, and there are no coals, and the ash barrels have no more cinders, who takes care of you? Have you nobody but the overseer of the poor? But I preach to you a poor man's Christ. If you do not have in the winter blankets enough to cover you in the night, I want to tell you of Him who had not where to lay His head. If you lie on the bare floor, I want to tell you of Him who had for a pillow a hard cross, and whose foot bath was the streaming blood of His own flesh.

Oh, you poor man! Oh, you poor woman! Jesus understands your case altogether. Talk it right out to Him to-night. Get down on your poor and say: "Lord Jesus Christ, Thou wast poor and I am poor. Help me. Thou art rich now, and bring me up to Thy riches." Do you think God would cast you off? Will He? You might as well think that a mother would take the child that feeds on her breast and dash its life out, as to think that God would put aside roughly those who have fled to Him for pity and compassion. Yea, the prophet says, "A woman may forget her sucking child, that she would not have compassion on the son of her womb, but I will not forget thee."

If you have ever been on the sea you have been surprised in the first voyage to find there are so few sails in sight. Sometimes you go along two, three, four, five, six and seven days, and do not see a single sail, but when a vessel does come in sight the sea glasses are lifted to the eye, the vessel is watched, and if it come very near then the captain, through the trumpet, cries loudly across the water, "Whither bound?" So you and I meet on the sea of life. We come and we go. Some of us have never met before. Some of us will never meet again. But I hail you across the sea, and with reference to the two great worlds, I cry across the water: "Whither bound? whither bound?"

What service that craft was made for, but hast thou thrown overboard the compass? Is there no helm to guide it? Is the ship at the mercy of the tempest? Is there no gun of distress booming through the storm? With priceless treasures—with treasures aboard worth more than all the Indies—wilt thou never come up out of the trough of the sea? O Lord God, lay hold of that man! Son of God, if thou wert ever needed anywhere, thou art needed here. There are so many sins to be pardoned. There are so many wounds to be healed. There are so many souls to be saved. Help, Jesus! Help, Holy Ghost! Help, ministering angels from the throne! Help, all sweet memories of the past! Help, all prayers for our future deliverance! Oh, that now, in this the accepted time and the day of salvation, you would hear the voice of mercy and live! Taste and see that the Lord is gracious.

In this closing moment of the service, when everything in the house is so favorable, when everything is so still, when God is so loving and heaven is so near, drop your sins and take Jesus. Do not cheat yourself out of heaven. Do not do that. God forbid that at the last, when it is too late to correct the mistake, a voice should rise from the pillow or drop from the throne, uttering just four words—four sad, annihilating words, "One thing thou lackest."

LOOKING FORWARD.
Tommy is very hard on shoes and trousers. His mother understands this, and governs herself accordingly when she goes shopping.
One day, while out with another lady, she was buying cloth for a pair of pantaloons for Tommy, and ordered a good deal more than she needed.
"Why do you get so much?" asked her friend.
"Oh," was the reply, "this is for reserved seats!"—Youth's Companion.

HAD GRADUATED.
Crabapple—Don't you believe, Miss Sweete, that I could teach you to love me?
Miss Sweete—Possibly; but as I have made my debut it is rather late to go back to a tutor.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 22.

Lesson Text: "Elijah's Successor." I Kings ii., 12-22.—Golden Text: Zech. iv., 6.—Commentary on the Lesson.

12. "And Elisha saw it." He had asked for a double portion of the spirit of Elijah, and the reply was, "If thou see me taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee" (vs. 10). Now we are told that he saw the chariot and horses of fire, and the whirlwind which took Elijah to heaven, and we will expect, therefore, to see in him the spirit of Elijah.

"And he cried, My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." When Israel went down to Egypt to Joseph his son, we read that wagons were sent from Egypt to bring him and his household, and that Joseph went out in a chariot to meet him; but these are the horses and chariots of heaven, sent down to meet the servant of God and carry him to glory.

"And he saw him no more." Separated for the present, one gone out to walk with God in glory, and the other left to continue as a witness for God on earth. How often is it so still? And though we may have to lay away the bodies of our loved ones, as Elisha's was laid away, we may be sure that the messengers of God have welcomed them home (Luke xvi., 22).

13. "And he took hold of his own clothes and rent them in two pieces. He took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back and stood by the bank of Jordan." Thus he discards himself, puts himself off and puts on Elijah. Jesus our Master has ascended, and has left on earth many who believe in Him to be His witnesses. He has also sent down the Holy Spirit to live in us, and be in us the power for service and testimony, and the work can be done only as our golden text tells us (Zech. iv., 6).

14. "And he took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters and said: Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" He now acts in the name of Elijah, using the mantle of Elijah, and looking to the Lord God of Elijah. So did Peter and John when they said to the lame man: "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk" (Acts iii., 6). Or to take an older illustration, so did David when he said to Goliath: "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel" (I Sam. xvii., 45).

"And when he also had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither, and Elisha went over." The same power that had been manifested on behalf of millions, and so recently on behalf of two men, is now put forth on behalf of Elisha only. God will lavish His omnipotence on one man who will stand for Him; but it was not simply for the sake of one man, but for the sake of many that He might be glorified.

15. "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha." Thus testified the sons of the prophets who from Jericho had witnessed the dividing of the waters. When the priest came out from ministering in the holy place, the odor of the incense ever burning there, and which would cling to his garments, would quickly tell where he had been.

And they came to meet him, and bowed themselves to the ground before him. They worshipped God in Elisha, or, as Paul says, "They glorified God in me" (Gal. i., 24). Thus Potiphar saw God in Joseph, and so also did the keeper of the prison and Pharaoh the king (Gen. xxxix., 2, 3, 23; xli., 8).

16. "Let them go, we pray thee, and seek thy master; lest peradventure the Spirit of the Lord hath taken him up and cast him upon some mountain or into some valley." The sons of the prophets request that fifty strong men should go and rescue Elijah from possible difficulties in which the Spirit of the Lord might have left him. How little those who live afar off (vs. 7) understand the ways and wonders of the love of God.

17. "They sent, therefore, fifty men; and they sought three days, but found him not." At first Elisha refused to allow them to go, but when they insisted he finally consented, and this is the result. In Heb. xi., 5 it is written that Enoch "was not found," from which we would naturally infer that he too was sought for, but in vain. There will be many searching parties for missing ones in that day when I Cor. xv., 51, 52; I Thess. iv., 16, 17, shall have been fulfilled, but they will not be found any more than Enoch and Elijah were found, for they shall have gone to meet the Lord in the air to be forever with Him.

18. "And when they came again to him (for he tarried at Jericho) he said unto them, Did I not say unto you, Go not?" The energy of the flesh can only be shown its folly by allowing it to prove its helplessness. These fifty were sure that they knew better than Elisha, but their vain efforts have now done for them what they would not let his words do, that is, convince them of their folly. They had wasted their days' time and strength and accomplished nothing. Many Christian workers are wasting much time and strength and accomplishing little or nothing because they live far off from God and know not the power of His holy spirit. Elisha had three days' rest from the company of such prophets, which must have been a great relief to him, and afforded him time for quiet communion with God.

19. "Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my Lord seeth; but the water is naught and the ground barren." Pleasant to the eyes, but unfruitfulness and death was in it; how like the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in the garden of Eden. There is only life and fruitfulness where the Spirit of God is, and however pleasant or attractive a person or a work may appear, without the Spirit all is death and barrenness.

20. "And he said, Bring me a new crust, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him." In Deut. xxxii., 23; Jer. xvii., 6; Zeph. ii., 9, salt is associated with desolation and barrenness, and every Bible reader is familiar with the Salt Sea (Gen. xiv., 3; Josh. iii., 16, etc.) in which it is said nothing can live. But in Lev. ii., 13, we read that every offering to the Lord required salt; in Num. xviii., 19, we read of a covenant of salt, and in Matt. v., 13, believers are called the salt of the earth, while in Col. iv., 6, we are told that our conversation should be seasoned with salt. We need not stumble over these seeming contradictions when we remember that Jesus Himself is to some a savor of life unto death and to others a savor of life unto life (II Cor. ii., 15, 16).

21. "And he went forth unto the spring of the waters and cast the salt in there." Not only the waters and cast the salt in there, the stream must be healed. The sinner cannot be healed by any mere reformation of conduct; he must be born again, or have placed in him an entirely new fountain, born from above (John iii., 7, margin). And even after that we may find that there seems to come from the same fountain both sweet water and bitter (Jas. iii., 10, 14), but we must learn that his need is to be filled with the Spirit of God, and only then shall the old nature which gives bitter water be effectually sealed up and prevented from flowing.

Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters. Not Elisha, not the salt, but Jehovah that healeth thee" (Ex. xv., 26).

The salt was the symbol, Elisha the instrument, but the worker, the healer, the power, was Jehovah Himself. From the throng of God and of the Lamb flows the river of the water of life (Rev. xxii., 1).
21, 22. (They shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed.) All earthly streams produce only barrenness and death, but when the waters issue forth from the sanctuary then everything shall live whether the river cometh (Ex. xvii., 9, 12). Happy the soul that can say, "All my springs are in Thee" (Ps. lxxxvii., 7). Remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, "He that abeth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without Me ye can do nothing" (John xv., 5). If the fruit of the Spirit abound in us we shall neither be barren nor unfruitful (II Pet. i., 8.—Lesson Helper.

"Nell Came Singing."

The train was running at a high rate of speed across the country, with everything apparently going well, when the speed suddenly slackened and presently we came to a dead stop. There had been an accident by which the engine had been terribly hurt, and he was brought back to the baggage car and one of the train men sent forward.

"How bad is it, Jim?" asked the conductor, as we were trying to do what we could for the poor fellow.

"So bad that I shan't pull through, Tom."

"Don't say that! You'll be home in twenty minutes, and the doctor won't find it so bad."

At the end of the time specified we stopped at a small country station, and as the wheels ceased to roll the suffering man looked up at the conductor and said:

"Nell will be coming, Tom."

"Yes."

"Make it as light as you can. Poor Nell!"

And as we were lifting the burned and bleeding body out of the side door of the car a bit of a woman wearing the whitest of aprons and the cutest of straw hats, came up the platform, singing "Annie Laurie." She had some flowers in her hand, culled from the front doorway for her Jim, and she had almost passed us on her way to the engine when she caught sight of our burden, cried out in her fear and agony, and fell as one dead.

"Poor Nell, she came singing," moaned the engineer.

"Poor Nell!" whispered every one gathered about, and for long hours as we sped forward each signal whistle from the hand of the man who had looked upon that picture of woe and misery seemed to shriek out the words, "Poor—poor Nell!"—[New York Sun.

Boats of the Vikings.

Centuries have passed since the ships of the Vikings floated on the water, and yet it is known, almost as if they had been launched yesterday, their model and their build. They are found delineated on rocks in Norway, and their remains are still dug up from beneath the ground. One of them was unearthed lately from a mound in blue clay at Sandefjord, in Norway, at a point now half a mile from the sea, and it had plainly been used as the burial-place of its owner. The sepulchral chamber in which the body of the Viking had been deposited was built amidships, being ten-like in shape, and made of logs placed side by side, leaning against a ridge-pole. In this chamber were found human bones and feathers of a peacock, some fishhooks and several bronze and lead ornaments for belts and harness. Round about the ship were found the bones of nine or ten horses and dogs, which had probably been sacrificed at the time of the burial. The vessel was 77 feet 11 inches at the greatest length, and 16 feet 11 inches at this greatest width, and from the top of the keel to the gunwale amidships she was 5 feet 9 inches deep. She had twenty ribs, and would draw less than four feet of water. She was clinker-built—that is, had plates slightly overlapped, like the shingles on the side of a house. The planks and timbers of the frame were fastened together with withes made of roots, but the oaken boards of the side were united by iron rivets firmly clinched. The bow and stern were similar in shape and must have risen high out of the water, but were so broken that it was impossible to tell how they originally ended. The keel was deep, and made of thick oak beams, and there was no trace of any metallic sheathing, but an iron anchor was found almost rusted to pieces.—[New York Sun.

"Human Vanity to Human Misery."

Doctor Stellweg, the famous oculist, while lecturing to his students at Vienna recently told a pretty story of Dom Pedro of Brazil. He said that he had had many opportunities of conversing with the ex-Emperor, a man of the highest character and of great culture, whose heart and mind were always filled with plans for improving the condition of his people. It was one of his dearest wishes to have a big hospital in Rio, but he lacked the money wherewith to build it, and the wealthy could not be induced to subscribe. Then an idea came to him, and he began to bestow titles. Any man who was willing to give a good round sum to the hospital could call himself "count," "viscount" or "baron." The patent of nobility was not hereditary, and if the children wished to inherit the father's title, they had to pay over again. Rio was suddenly peopled with nobles, and the hospital was built on a grand scale. When it was completed the Emperor placed over its gates, "Human Vanity to Human Misery."

Two miners of Colorado had the good fortune to discover \$6000 worth of gold while prospecting, and later the misfortune to be "held up" near Salina and robbed of the whole sum.