

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Prime Minister.

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." Genesis 41:41.

You cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain elevation to which he must attain. He will bring him through, though it cost him a thousand worlds. There are men constantly in trouble lest they shall not be appreciated. Every man comes in the end to be valued at just what he is worth. How often you see men turn out all their forces to crush one man or set of men. How do they succeed? No better than did the government that tried to crush Joseph, a Scripture character upon which we speak to-day. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH;

now his jealous brothers threw him into the pit, but, seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants moving along on their camels, with spices and gums that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; how Joseph was sold to Potiphar, man of influence and office; how by his integrity he raised himself to high position in the household, until under the false charge of a vile wretch he was hurled into the penitentiary; how in prison he commanded respect and confidence; how by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed and became the chief man in government.

THE BISMARCK OF EGYPT;

how in time of famine Joseph had the control of a storehouse which he had filled during the seven years of plenty; how when his brothers who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity applied for corn, he sent them home with their beasts borne down under the heft of the corn sacks; how the sin against their brother which had so long been hidden came out at last, and was returned by that brother's forgiveness and kindness, an illustrious triumph of Christian principle.

Learn from this story, in the first place, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From this servant no honors or confidences were withheld. When Joseph was in prison he soon won the heart of the keeper, and, though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and, released from close confinement, he became a general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar or a prisoner in the penitentiary, he became

THE FIRST MAN EVERYWHERE,

and is an illustration of the truth I lay down, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. There are those who affect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phlebotomy by which a man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has become himself. They pretend to be no more confidence in him since his conversion than before his conversion. But all that is hypocrisy. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a Christian who shows that he has really become a child of God and is what he professes to be. You cannot despise a son or a daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Of course half and half religious character wins no approbation.

Redwald, the king of the Saxons, after Christian baptism had two altars, one for the worship of God and the other for the sacrifice of devils. You may have a contempt for such men, for mere pretension of religion, but when you behold the excellency of Jesus Christ come out in the life of one of his disciples, all that there is good and noble in your soul rises up into admiration. Though that Christian be as far beneath you in estate as the Egyptian slave of whom we are discussing, by an irrevocable law of our nature Potiphar and Pharaoh will always esteem Joseph, Christendom will threaten with death by Eudoxia, the empress, sent word to her saying, "Go tell her that

I FEAR NOTHING BUT SIN."

Such nobility of character will always be applauded. There was something in Agrippa and Felix which demanded their respect for Paul, the rebel against government. I doubt not they would willingly have yielded their office and dignity for the thousandth part of that true heroism which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of the unconquerable apostle. The infidel and worldly are compelled to honor in their hearts, though they may not eulogize with their lips, a Christian firm in persecution, cheerful in poverty, truthful in losses, triumphant in death. I find Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected, and honored and successful. John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress, John Howard passing from dungeon to lazaretto with healing for the body and the soul, Elizabeth Fry coming to the profligate of Newgate prison to shake down their obduracy as the angel came to the prison at Philipp, driving open the doors and snapping locks and chains as well as the lives of thousands of the followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race, are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts.

A man in the cars said: "I would like to become a Christian if I only knew what religion is. But if this lying and cheating and bad behavior among men who profess to be good is religion, I want none of it." But, my friends, if I am an artist in Rome and a man comes to me and asks what the art of painting is, I must not show him the daub of some mere pretender. I will take him to the Raphael and the Michael Angelo. It is most unfair and dishonest to take the ignominious failures in Christian profession instead of the glorious successes. The Bible and the Church are great picture-galleries filled with masterpieces.

Furthermore: we learn from this story of Joseph that

THE RESULT OF PERSECUTION

is alleviation. Had it not been for his being sold into Egyptian bondage by his malicious brothers, and his false imprisonment, Joseph would never have become Prime Minister. Everybody accepts the promise: "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," but they do not realize the fact that this principle applies to every man in all departments. Had it not been for Eschines who brought impeachment against Demosthenes, the immortal orator, De Corona, would never have been delivered. Men rise to high political positions through misrepresentation and the assault of the public. Public abuse is all that some of our public men have had to rely upon for their elevation. It has brought to them what talent and executive force could never have achieved. Many of those who are making great effort for place and power will never succeed just because they are not of enough importance to be abused. It is the nature of man to gather about those who are persecuted and defend them, and they are apt to forget the faults of those who are the subjects of attack while attempting to drive back the slanders. Helen Kirk, a Scotch martyr, condemned with her husband to death, for Christ's sake, said to her husband: "Rejoice; we have lived together many joyful days, but this day, wherein we must die together, ought to be most joyful to us both. Therefore, I will not bid you good night, for soon we shall meet in the heavenly kingdom." By the flash of the furnace best Christian character is demonstrated.

I go into another department, and I find that these great denominations of CHRISTIANS WHICH HAVE BEEN ABUSED

most have spread the most rapidly. No good man was ever more vilely maltreated than John Wesley. His followers were hoisted at and maligned, and called by every detestable name that infernal ingenuity could invent, but the hotter the persecution the more rapid the spread of that denomination, until you know what a great host they have become, and what a tremendous force for God and the truth they are wielding all the world over. It was persecution that gave Scotland to Presbyterianism. It was persecution which gave our own land first to civil liberty, and afterward to religious freedom. Yes, I may go further back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the Gospel. The ribald mockery, the hounding and thirsting, the unjust trial and ignominious death, where all the force of hell's fury was hurled against the Cross, was the introduction of that religion which is yet to be the earth's deliverance from guilt and suffering, and her everlasting enthronement among the principalities of heaven.

PATRONAGE AND PERSECUTION.

The State has sometimes said to the Church, "Come let me take your hand, and I will help you." What has been the result? The church has gone back and lost its estate of holiness and become ineffective. At other times the State has said to the church, "I will crush you." What has been the result? After the storms have spent their fury, the Church, so far from having lost any of its force, has increased and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before it. The Church is far more indebted to the opposition of civil government than to its approval. The fires of the stake have only been the torches which Christ held in His hand by the light of which the Church has marched to her present position. In the sound of racks and implements of torture I hear the rumbling of the wheels of the Gospel chariot. Scaffolds of martyrdom have been the stairs by which the Church has ascended. *Aqua fortis is the best test of pure gold.*

Furthermore: Our story impresses us that

SINS WILL COME TO EXPOSURE.

Long, long ago had these brothers sold Joseph into Egypt. They had suppressed the crime, and it was a profound secret well kept by the brothers. But suddenly the secret is out. The old father hears that his son is in Egypt, having been sold there by the malice of his own brothers. How their cheeks must have burned and their hearts sunk at the flaming out of this suppressed crime. The smallest iniquity has a thousand tongues, and they will blab out an exposure. Saul was sent to destroy the Canaanites, their sheep and their oxen. But when he got down there among the pastures he saw some fine sheep and oxen too fat to kill, and so he thought he would steal them. He drove them towards home, but stopped to report to the prophet how well he had executed his commission, when in the distance the sheep began to bleat and the oxen to bellow. The secret was out, and Samuel said to the blushing and confounded Saul: "What means this bleating of the sheep that I hear and the lowing of the cattle?" Aye, my hearers, you cannot keep an iniquity quiet. At just the wrong time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow. Achan cannot steal the Babylonish garment without getting stoned to death, nor Benedict Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched.

LOOK OVER THE POLICE ARRESTS,

these thieves, these burglars, these adulterers, these counterfeiters, these highwaymen, these assassins. They all thought they could bury their iniquity so deep down that it would never come to resurrection. But there was some shoe that answered to the print in the sand, some false keys found in possession, some bloody knife that whispered of the deed, and the public indignation, and the anathema of outraged law hurled him into the toms or hoisted him on the gallows. At the close of the battle between the Dauphin of France and the Helvetians, Burchard Monk was so elated with the victory that he lifted his helmet to look off upon the field, when a wounded soldier hurled a stone that struck his uncovered forehead and he fell. Sin always leaves some point exposed; there is

NO SAFETY IN INIQUITY.

Francis, the first king of France, was discussing how it was best to get his army into Italy. Amaril, the court fool, sprang out from the corner and said to the king and his staff-officers: "You had better be thinking how you will get your army back out of Italy after once you have entered." In other

words, it is easier for us to get into sin than to get out of it. Whitefield was riding on horseback in a lonely way with some missionary money in a sack fastened to the saddle-bags. A highwayman sprang out from the thicket and put his hand out toward the gold, when Whitefield turned upon him and said: "That belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ; touch it if you dare," and the villain fell back empty-handed into the thicket. O, the power of conscience! It offended, it became God's avenging minister. Do not think that you can hide any great and protracted sin in your hearts. In an unguarded moment it will slip off the lip, or some slight occasion may for the moment set ajar that door of hell that you wanted to keep closed. But suppose that in this life you hide it, and you get along with that transgression burning in your heart as a ship on fire within for days may hinder the flame from bursting out by keeping down the hatchways, yet at last, in the judgment, that iniquity will blaze out before God and the universe.

Furthermore: learn from this subject the inseparable

CONNECTION BETWEEN ALL EVENTS, however remote. Lord Hastings was beheaded one year after he had caused the death of the Queen's children, in the very month, very day, the very hour, the very moment. There is wonderful precision in the Divine judgments. The things which seem fragmentary and isolated are only different parts of that one great thought. How far apart seemed these two events—Joseph sold to the Arabian merchants, and the rulership of Egypt. Yet you see in what a mysterious way God connected the two in one plan. So all events are linked together. You who are aged can look back and group together a thousand things in your life that once seemed isolated. One undivided chain of events reached from the Garden of Eden to the Cross of Cavalry, and thus up to heaven.

THE ANCESTRAL LINE.

There is a relation between the smallest insect that hums in the summer air and the archangel on his throne. God can trace a direct ancestral line from the blue-jay that last spring built its nest in a tree behind the house, to some one of that flock of birds which, when Noah and a dash of bright wings went out to sin over Mount Ararat. The wagons that bloomed this summer in the tulips that bloomed last winter's snow-flakes. The furthest star on one side of the universe could not look to the furthest star on the other side and say, "You are no relation to me," for, from that bright orb, a voice of light would ring across the heavens, responding, "Yes, yes; we are sisters."

Sir Sidney Smith in prison was playing lawn tennis in the yard, and the ball flew over the wall. Another ball, containing letters, was thrown back, and so communication was opened with the outside world, and Sidney Smith escaped in time to defeat Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition. What a small accident, connected with what vast results! Sir Robert Peel, from a pattern he drew on the back of a pewter dinner plate, got suggestions of that which led to the important invention by which calico is printed. Nothing in God's universe swings at loose ends. Accidents are only

God's WAY OF TURNING A LEAF

in the book of His external decrees. From our cradle to our grave there is a path all marked out. Each event in our life is connected with every other event in our life. Our loss may be the most direct road to our gain. Our defeats and victories are twin brothers. The whole direction of your life was changed by something which at the time seemed to you a trifle, while some occurrence, which seemed tremendous, affected you but little. The Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Basking Ridge, New Jersey, went into his pulpit one Sabbath, and by

A STRANGE FREAK OF MEMORY,

forgot his subject and forgot his text; and, in great embarrassment, rose before his audience and announced the circumstance, and declared himself entirely unable to preach; then launched forth in a few earnest words of entreaty and warning which resulted in the out-breaking of the mightiest revival of religion ever known in that State—a revival of religion that resulted in churches still standing, and in the conversion of a large number of men who entered the Gospel ministry, who have brought their thousands into the kingdom of God.

God's plans are magnificent beyond all comprehension. He molds us, turns and directs us, and we know it not. Thousands of years are to Him but as the flight of a shuttle. The most terrific occurrence does not make God tremble, and the most triumphant achievement does not lift Him into rapture. That one great thought of God goes on through the centuries, and nations rise and fall, and eras pass, and the world itself changes, but God still keeps the undivided mastery, linking event to event, and century to century. To God they are all one event, one history, one plan, one development, one system. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!

Furthermore: we learn from this story

THE PROPRIETY OF LAYING UP

for the future. During seven years of plenty Joseph prepared for the famine, and when it came he could not be a storehouse. The life of most men, in a worldly respect, is divided into years of plenty and famine. It is seldom that any man passes through life without at least seven years of plenty. During these seven prosperous years your business bears a rich harvest. You hardly know where all the money comes from, it comes so fast. Every bargain you make seems to turn into gold. You contract few bad debts. You are astounded with large dividends. You invest more and more capital. You would not care to be content with only a small business, gathering in only a hundred dollars where you reap your thousands. These are the seven years of plenty. Now, Joseph, is the time to prepare for famine; for to almost every man there do come seven years of famine. You will be sick, you will be unfortunate, you will be defrauded, you will be disappointed, you will be old, and if you have no storehouse upon

which to fall back, you may be famine-struck.

We have no admiration for this denying one's self of all present comfort and luxury for the mere pleasure of hoarding up, this grasping for the mere pleasure of seeing how large a pile you can get, this always being poor and cramped because as soon as a dollar comes in it is sent out to see if it can't find another dollar to carry home on its back; but there is an intelligent and noble-minded fore-caste which we love to see in men who have families and kindred dependent upon them for the blessings of education and home. God sends us to the insects for a lesson, which while they do not stink themselves in the present, do not forget their duty to forestall the future. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise, which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." Now there are

TWO WAYS OF LAYING UP MONEY; the one by investing it in stock and depositing it in banks and loaning it on bond and mortgage. The other way of laying up money is giving it away. He is the safest who makes both of these investments. But the man who devotes none of his gain to the cause of Christ and thinks only of his own comfort and luxury, is not safe. I don't care how his money is invested. But above all lay up treasures in heaven. They never depreciate in value. They never are at a discount. They are always available. You may feel safe now with your present yearly income, but what will such an income be worth after you are dead? Others will quarrel about it before you are buried. They will be right that you are dead. They are only waiting for you to die. What then will all your accumulation be worth if you could gather it all into your bosom and walk up with it to heaven's gate? It would not purchase your admission; or, if allowed to enter, it could not buy you a crown or a robe, and the poorest saint in heaven would look down and say, "Where did that pauper come from?"

Finally: learn from this subject that there is

A STOREHOUSE IN EVERY FAMINE.

Up the long row of buildings, piled to the very roofs with corn, the hungry multitudes, and Joseph commanded that their sacks and their wagons be filled. The world has been blessed. Every green thing has withered under the touch of sin. From all continents and islands and zones comes up the groan of dying millions. Over tropical spice-jungle and Siberian ice-hut and Hindoo jungle the blight has fallen. The famine is universal. But, glory be to God! there is a great storehouse. Jesus Christ, our elder brother, this day bids us come in our hunger and beggary, and obtain infinite supplies of grace enough to make us rich forever. Many of you have for a long while been smitten of the famine. The world has not stilled the throbbing of your spirit. Your conscience sometimes rouses you up with such suddenness and strength that it requires the most gigantic determination to quell the disturbance. Your courage quakes at the thought of the future. Oh, why will you tarry amid the blasting of the famine when such a glorious storehouse is open in God's mercy?

In Cadiz.

In the course of my wanderings I came upon a cavernous old doorway, wide and low; at one side of it sat a blind beggar, at the other, behind a little table, a public letter writer plied his trade. He was writing a letter for a black-eyed girl dressed in a gay print bala or morning gown; she wore a strip of black gauze over her head, and stood behind the *escribiente*, one hand on her hip, the other gathering the folds of her headgear on her breast, while with her eyes she followed every movement of the writer's pen. The scene struck me; framed in the dark old archway it made so characteristic a picture that I lingered and looked about to see whether there was any convenient spot from which I could make a sketch. I was in a very small square of court; one side was formed by the building to which the old archway belonged. Opposite was a similar arch, and inside it a large stone; this was just what I wanted, so down I sat and took out my sketch book. It was very quiet in this nook; the blind beggar strummed away on an old guitar, and crooned out a plaintive minor air which blended well enough with the surroundings, otherwise all was still. I sketched as quickly as I could, trying to get the group in before the *escribiente* finished the letter. Suddenly a deep-drawn sigh, which sounded just behind my shoulder, made me give a start and look quickly round into the gloomy depths of the arch behind me. My eyes were now used to the dim light, and I perceived what had escaped me on taking my seat, that I was not the only occupant of the gateway. Back in the shadow leaned a man, wrapped so closely in a large *capa* that even had there been more light I could not have distinguished his features. He took no notice of me, and after one look I turned and went on with my drawing. A few minutes more and the girl took her letter, put some money into the *escribiente's* hand, and tripped away. The scribe stretched himself, and looked all round the court, then coming to the conclusion that no more customers were coming at present, he climbed up a tumble-down little flight of steps, which led to a sort of den in the thickness of the wall, and there squatted like a huge spider on the lookout for flies. The blind beggar also rose and moved slowly off, and the archway was deserted.

Snail Racing in France.

Small races were invented as a new form of sport last season. The snails were placed side by side on a smooth board in a darkened room, with only a solitary candle at one end of the board. They naturally crawled toward the light, and that was the race. There were hurdles, and even a water jump. Heavy bets were laid on the result, and sometimes as much money changed hands as at Longchamps. One advantage of this sport is that the snails are fit for the table when they have finished their racing career.

THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

An Entertaining Account of Dr. Junker's Journey—Incidents of the Trip.

The natives of the Uganda district believe in a supreme being, but they do not worship Him, considering him so infinitely superior that the worship of insignificant mortals would not be recognized by Him; but they worship inferior deities, especially the god of the lake, and on a voyage make libations to Him. They have also a god of war—in fact, they have their Jupiter, Neptune and Mars. Warrior chiefs, too, who have died in battle are worshipped as demi-gods. This is very much like the Homeric mythology. The government of Uganda is based on the feudal system. The chiefs own land and fulfill the duties of magistrates; but there is a right of appeal, and important cases come before a chief or chiefs of the highest order. The kingdom is really a limited monarchy; it is governed by a council consisting of the king and some chiefs of the highest order, including the chief butler, baker, and, above all, the chief de cuisine, the cook. Without the sanction of these august personages the king can do nothing. When this parliament is dissolved—it sits for three months—the members, like our M. P.'s, retire to their country seats. The king keeps an enormous harem, and polygamy is an institution. Children and girls are sold for guns, ammunition, etc. In the court there are dwarfs and buffoons, as there were at European courts in the olden times. Baker writes that needles are in great demand—the natives being exceedingly clever tailors and furriers—a handsome girl may be purchased for thirteen needles, to be exchanged in Unyoro for an elephant tusk, which would be worth £20 or £30 in England. In Unyoro there is an established value for a healthy young girl—such a person is equal to a single elephant's tusk of the first class or a new shirt. Thus a girl might be purchased for a shirt, and subsequently exchanged for a large elephant's tusk. Slavery is a national institution of the country. In Unyoro the girls are purchased for various commodities, such as brass coil, bracelets, bark, clothes, cotton, shirts, ivory, etc. The Unyoro country lies at the south-east bank of the Albert Nyanza.

Dr. Junker was allowed to proceed on his journey in a boat belonging to the mission after he had made some handsome presents to the king. This place is at the south of Victoria Nyanza. He remained here four days. Toward the southwest the banks lose the appearance of fertility which they had on the north; and rocky hills without verdure, or merely covered with stunted mimosa or coarse grass, run to the margin of the lake, where they end in naked rocks. In the narrow bays formed by these ridges are here and there villages nesting among banana groves. Dr. Junker now got to Ukumhi. Here the hills recede again, and beds of amambach are found growing in the water. The natives construct boats from this weed, which is so extremely buoyant that a boat ten feet long and four feet wide made of it will support at least twelve men. The lowest point at which this pithy weed is found is about latitude 12. Other parts of the coast are often fringed with waterlilies, and the islands at the south of the lake are as beautiful as fairy-land. It is an ever-changing kaleidoscope—at one spot purple convolvulus and the graceful papri abound, around which innumerable quantities of water fowl of every description hover and swim; while here and there huge hippopotami are seen floundering, and crocodiles basking where there happens to be sandbanks or grassy creeks. In the middle distance are seen plantain groves and grassy plains of a vivid emerald, while in the background stand gigantic trees with branches twisted most fantastically. From Ukumhi Dr. Junker went on to U Salala, where there is a church mission station. Thence he went with his porters and donkeys to Uyu. Uyu may almost be called a town. It is one of the largest collections of huts in Africa. Here and there are places shaded by immense fig trees, under which the natives sit. This is a prosperous station. It is ten miles north-east from Tabora, the great center of Arab trade.

The doctor then continued his journey over the Ugodo country, through the Rubal pass to Mpwaya. Mpwaya lies on the western slopes of the Usagara mountains, adjoining the vast tract of forest which separates it from the table land of Ungodo. Clusters of villages are scattered all over the plains, their inhabitants supporting themselves on the product of the soil and by breeding cattle. The country is fertile, and produces large crops of dhurra, Indian corn and other cereals. The natives dwell in mud huts, built square, with a large court house in the center, into which (as is common in the Sudan) the cattle are driven at night to prevent their being "jumped," as the Cape expression runs; the doors are strongly built of wood. The inhabitants are a mixed race of Wagogo and Wassagara and other tribes. Toward the west stretches an immense plain; to the north are fields of dhurra, and to the south and east vast forests—a paradise for a sportsman, as all kinds of game—lions, leopards, antelopes and buffaloes rove there. In a southerly direction tower lofty mountains; indeed, it were difficult to conceive a more romantic spot than that where our traveler rested.

A Little Hustler Gets a Job.

A lawyer friend tells me he advertised for an office boy a few days ago and as usual got a big bundle of answers. He got fairly well tired reading the various creditable things the young aspirants for the place had to say of themselves, but finally he struck a letter that really rested him. It was written on a very much soiled and crumpled piece of paper that had never been very white and read about as follows: "I am 12 years old. I hain't got no father nor mother. I'm an orphan and I've got to hustle. It betes hel how hard times is." My legal friend read no more of the letters, but immediately sent for the writer of this one and gave him the job. The urchin has settled down to "hustling" in earnest and doesn't complain any more about the hard times

THE BEACH AT LIDO.

Music, and a Dip of Old Ocean.

I find Venice far more fascinating than Florence. It is a relief to be free from the noisy streets, with their harsh sounding rinders and loud braying donkeys, and the all penetrating lime dust, and gently to float past palaces and picturesque houses, half reclining in a gondola, propelled by the strong un-seen arm behind one. I find here plenty of amusement in studying these people, who are seen to advantage when unrestrainedly enjoying themselves.

Sunday is the great day for an excursion to the Lido, a strip of sandy beach on the Adriatic, having a music pavilion and bathing houses, built close to that tranquil little sea. We take a small steamer near the Bridge of Sighs, and in a quarter of an hour land on the island of Lido, where a train, car drawn by two horses (the only ones to be found so near Venice), awaits us to take us a short distance, under a double row of trees, to the bathing establishments. On the steamer we notice an instance of the politeness of the natives. The boat is crowded for it is a lovely day, and many have to stand. A peasant woman neatly attired and looking quite pretty with her black veil artistically draped over her black hair, offers her place to a Venetian lady who, with her husband, is going to pass the lovely afternoon by the sea. She accepts the seat with such a pretty bow and sweet "grazie" that it makes one wish he had a place to offer to some one if only for the pleasure of being thanked in such a charming voice. There was no need of the peasant woman offering her seat to the lady, for the latter was equally able to stand, but it was an act of pure politeness, or possibly of deference to her social superior.

MUSICAL LANGUAGE.

The voices of the peasants and gondoliers that one hears constantly are not pleasant, and the Italian language as spoken by them is not musical. The conversation of the gondoliers resembles somewhat the jargon one hears in Chinatown, though it is not quite so disagreeable to the ear. It is only the cultivated people who speak Italian musically.

In making the regular tour through Italy little Italian is heard, except on the streets, for the hotels are full of English and Americans, and in visiting churches, art galleries, etc., one meets few, save tourists, with their red covered guide books. French is universally spoken in the hotels and principal stores, as well as English in all the large cities; so one really does not need to know Italian in order to travel the beaten track in Italy.

The fussy little steamer whistles shrilly, awakening the horses on shore from their afternoon nap. The company of happy natives fill the two open cars and are soon transported to the pavilion, where a band of excellent musicians vie with the ever restless sea in making sweet sounds, and one hardly knows which to admire more, the lovely selections from Verdi or the soothing sound of the waves slowly beating their eternal requiem on the sands at our feet.

The seats in the cafe are nearly all taken and the natives are listening to the music and sipping their wine. There are few English or Americans present, for in general it is not considered proper by them to pass the Sabbath in quiet enjoyment at the Lido, but the natives see no objection to doing so after having attended church in the morning.

The spectator sees a number of very pretty girls among the Venetians, some with large blue eyes and beautiful Titian hair, which in the sunlight resembles molten gold, and other with raven locks and with eyes that look like black, shining beads. They know how to artistically drape their faces with their black lace veils, thus enhancing the fine effect of their clear cut features, fine eyes and lovely hair. Unfortunately, they often spoil it all by too much rouge and powder.

SPORTING IN THE WATER.

A number of Venetian belles are sporting in the warm salt water, which already has attained a temperature of seventy degrees, while their friends look admiringly on from the pavilion, and two boatmen in their gondola, with life preservers, watch to see that they do not venture out beyond the ropes, and are ready to lend assistance if necessary. At 6 o'clock the band finishes the last piece on the programme and nearly all return to Venice, which, at that hour, and seen from a distance, looks indeed like a fairy city.

For three years past the Grand canal has been disturbed by noisy little steamers, which carry passengers for any distance on it for two sous. They not only interfere with the trade of the gondoliers, but by the waves they make are slowly undermining the foundations of the houses. Nevertheless the gondolas still float along the Grand canal, for every one prefers them to the steamers, except those who are in a hurry and must reach their destination quickly.

The gondolas and steamers well personify the past and present respectively. The former canly and slowly moving along, regardless of time, as if life were a dream and there were no need of haste. The motion is much less jerky than in a rowboat and more agreeable than in a carriage. The speed is not great, but, then, why need we always rush along? The steamers—those modern time saving transporters—hurry on with much puffing and noise from station to station, leaving a long line of swashing waves behind, which wake the gondolier from his reverie and make his boat rock unduly, reminding him that this is no age for dreams, but that he must be up and doing if he does not wish to be left far behind by modern progress.

A recent computation makes the velocity of the solar system in space only about 10,000,000 miles a year. By a different method another computer has determined the rate to be about 625,000,000 miles a year.

Bricks are now made of corks, refuse, and cement. They are used in building owing to their lightness and insulating properties, and as a covering for boilers to prevent the radiation of heat.