

answered, "not one. How many words of vigorous exhortation and blame? About ten thousand. The whole lot, type-setter, foreman, editorial writer, publisher and reporter are in the same box, but the reporter, perhaps, finds matters warmest. Plenty of abuse, no sympathy. Compelled by the nature of his profession to see all the shams (Mr. Talmage was perfectly serious), he is subjected to a sort of moral case-hardening operation which is not for his good." A particular terror to him, Mr. Talmage thought, must be the lot of "humbugs with stories as long as their hair, and finger-nails in mourning because they are bereft of soap;" and taking it all in all, the preacher believed that unless the reporter "threw himself upon the mercy of Divine Providence he would be plunged into eternal moral shipwreck."

There are no harder worked men in the world, he continued, than the newspaper men of this country. Their greatest trial is a diseased appetite in the matter of what they will spread before the world. "But do you suppose," Mr. Talmage demanded, "that you would have these things if people didn't want them? If there were no runaway matches or murders or bigamies, everybody would cry out that the paper was dull and insipid. People want moral slush, and that's the reason they get it. Why, here are three or four columns of splendid editorials, written with literary eloquence and precision, upon subjects moral, scientific, social, political, and next to it is a miserable, dirty divorce case. Which do you read first? You give a glance at the editorial, yawningly ascertaining that it is well written, and then you go to work and read every word of the divorce case from the primer heading down through the solid nonpareil to the last line at the bottom, and then you turn to your wife and ask her if she's read it. Newspaper men are not fools; they give you what you want. And if you demanded what was high and pure you may be sure you would get it."

Mr. Talmage went on to specify the arduous labors of the reporters, how they must fashion and rectify the speeches of men "whose every word is a catastrophe to the English language;" how they must have a good mastication and irregular hours; how they must be up late and early, and frequent with crime, and lurk in damp, bad-smelling alleys; how they must be as fresh and bright at midnight and write as well under a flaring gas-light, and in a carbonated atmosphere, as at noonday, and how all this was cal-

culated to fog reporters exceedingly and incline them to the reception of ardent spirits. "They take alcohol to enable them to keep out the winter's damp," said he, "and after a scant sleep, to begin vigorously the work of a new day. But it's wrong, and God doesn't want us to do any thing that requires artificial stimulus. But who cares for reporters? Who preaches to them? They come from Christian homes and wander about the great metropolis heart-sick, and nobody takes any heed of them."

"He was found in the river at the foot of Canal street," said Mr. Talmage, very abruptly. "The contour of his forehead showed great mental capacity; a reporter's badge was on his breast and pencil and note-book were in his pocket. The world looked through the window of the Morgue and said it was nothing but a poor Bohemian, but God said it was a gigantic soul that perished, for the world would give him no chance." And then Mr. Talmage called death the "period" and eternity the "peroration."

Again, abruptly: "Have you heard the news? Put it in double-leaded columns and send it by submarine telegraph to all nations," and Mr. Talmage announced the haven of Faith to journalists, and called upon them to anchor.

And, oh, if any one should say
 "What's the news, what's the news?"
 Tell him you've begun to pray—
 That's the news, that's the news.
 Tell him you have joined the band—
 That's the news, that's the news,
 Marching to a better land—
 That's the news, that's the news.

Stenochromy.—A New Art.

A recent number of the *Journal of the Society of Arts* contains a lecture read before the society by Mr. Meyerstein, in which he describes the new art of color printing, termed "stenochromy." This consists in producing pictures composed of many different colors, by one impression, on paper. The making of pictures by setting together a great variety of differently shaded bits of stone, known as mosaic work, has been practised for several hundred years, and many most valuable and remarkable specimens of this style of ornamentation exist. Some of the most precious works of this kind, from Italy, were shown at the Centennial, one of which, a mosaic table top, was valued at fifty thousand dollars. If now a print on paper from such a mosaic work could be taken, showing all its multitudinous colors, that substantially