The Omemee Mirror.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

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THE RUSHING OF TEARS.

DR. TALMAGE AND THE SERMON TO THE ISRAELITES.

Christ Appears in the Form of an Angel—Reason for a Good Deal of Mourning—Danger of Neglecting Religion—The Great Responsibility of Parents.

A Washington despatch says:—The Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the words: "And they called the name of that place Bochim."—Judges ii. 5.

Jesus preached at least one sermon to the ancient Israelites in the wilderness. He appeared not with the look that Leonardo de Vinci ascribes to Him in the Milan fresco, nor that which Tiberius gives Him in the emerald intaglio, nor as Paul de la Roche and Albrecht Durer sketch Him, but in the shape of an angel. There was a great audience in the open air. The surrounding galleries of the mountains were filled with the people. Christ, in the form of an angel, preaches to these Israelites about how He had brought them out from Egypt into Canaan; and while he is preaching they can hear again the snapping of their chains, and see the crystallization of the Red Sea into towers of triumph for them, and into a sarcophagus of death for their pursuers. And again they saw quails all around about when they wanted meat; and again the rock seems to break into water as they wanted drink; and again they see the cloudy pillar that beckoned them when they wanted a supernatural commander-in-chief; and they think of how Canaan put clusters in their lap and song in their mouth, and the trees dropped with honey, and the fulluddered cattle, coming up from the pastures, yielding delicious supply. Oh, what a change between the dusty brick-kilns of Egypt, where they had toiled under a task-master and this land of Canaan, full of music and mirth, and gardens, and sunshine. But Jesus, in the form of an angel, goes on, and in the second head of His discourse He tells them how they had wickedly made an alliance with the Canaanites, and as He displays the height and depth of their ingratitude, they hang their heads, and one deep sigh after another is heard. Here, an aged man, overwhelmed with memories, groans aloud; and yonder, a young man responds to it in like exclamation. Soon the tears start in all the eyes of that great audience—tears of sorrow, tears of contrition, tears of peril—and the whole congregation breaks down into sobbing and wailing, and wring their hands, and make outcry that pierces the heavens. Alas, what a spectacle! Hundreds of thousands of people in lamentation. "And they called the name of that place Bochim," or the place of weeping.

If this hour we could realize God's goodness toward us, and our conduct toward Him, a great grief would seize upon this audience, and on these aisles repentance would meet remorse, and remorse would meet ingratitude, and memories of the past would jostle the fears of the future, and the silence of this occasion would be broken by sobs, and groans, and shrieks, and the place would be called a Bochim. Oh, may God's Omnipotent Spirit now shake this audience with arousal and conviction, as though it were the heart of one man. Amen! So let it be, Lord Jesus.

I have, in the first place to remark, that many of these Christian people have reason for a good deal of mourning.

What have you been doing these ten, twenty, thirty, forty years? Did not God lead you out of Egypt? Did He not part for you the Red Sea of trouble, and has He not rained manna all around about your camp? Did He not divide the Jordan of death for your loved ones, until they went through dry-shod, not wetting even the soles of their feet? Has He not put clusters of blessings upon your table, and fed you with the finest of the wheat? Mercies above you. Mercies beneath you. Mercies on the right hand, and mercies on the left hand. Mercies before you. Mercies behind you. Mercies within you. And yet, we must confess, we have, like the Israelites, made a league with the world. Three-fourths of our Christian life has been wasted. Opportunities for usefulness gone for ever. Golden sickles placed in our hand, yet no harvest reaped. Silken nets of the Gospel at our disposal, yet no fish caught. Going along toward heaven, while there are a thousand millions of the race unwarned, unblessed, unsaved. Our path toward heaven a zig-zag path, now on the Lord's side, now on the world's side—"hale fellows well met" with men who despise God. The beach strewn with vessels breaking on the rocks, and we too cowardly to wade down waist deep, or even ankle deep, and give a hand to those who are struggling in the surf lying across the path toward heaven, until men have come up to where we are, and stumbled over us, and fallen, never to rise. Has not this been the history of many here? The robes of our Christain profession spattered with the blood of lost souls; God holding us responsible for sorrows that we did not appease, and for ruin that we did not avert. Oh, that God would to-night break our hearts with the fact of our inconsistencies as professors of religion, and rouse us up to self-scrutiny, and an imploration, and a lamentation, that would make this place a Bochim, a place of weeping. I believe that there are souls in hell that would not have been there if you and I had done our duty. Oh, weep for our dereliections! weep for our wanderings! weep for our lost opportunities that will never return!

There is great reason for sadness on the part of some of these parents when they look over their families. You know that there must be a mighty change in your household before you can all live together in eternity. A few years at the most, and the separation must take place. Your common sense teaches you that, if there be two paths, and they diverge, and after the point of divergence they keep on in a straight line, they go farther and farther off from each other; and, as by inexorable mathematical law, as well as by moral law, if one goes to the right, in a religious sense, and the other to the left, they cannot come together. Can you sit to-night placidly and contemplate an eternal separation from any of your loved ones? Things are looking that way. Their opportunities of salvation less and less. Your opportunities of plying them with religious motives less and less. The prospect that God's invitation will continue to them, less and less. The day of their mercy almost gone, yet they have not put up one earnest prayer, or repented of one sin, and not given one hopeful sign and death coming to snap the conjugal bond, and break up the fraternal and filial tie. Oh, sister, canst thou bear to think of being for eternity away from thy brother? Oh, wife, for unending ages away from thy husband? Christian mother, is your daughter on the wrong side? Christian father, will you be on the right hand of the Judge at last, and see your son on the left hand, far away, chained and captive trudging off?

Are you ready for such a farewell word? Is there anything that can pay you for it? The comforts of your present home, your domestic reunions? No, no. There is nothing on earth that can pay for that. I announce what I believe will be the history of some families represented in this house to-night: part of the family will spend eternity in heaven, and part of the family will spend an eternity in hell! Oh, if that thought could come with its overwhelming power upon you, as it ought, there would be a shudder through this audience, and you would sweat as though it were great drops of blood. Parents would cry out to God and cry out to the people: "Save my children!" The wife would cry out: "Save my husband!" The sister would cry out: "Save my brother!" And this audience would be struck with a wild tempest of agony and this place would be a Bochim, for weeping. Oh, there has been a very great change in some of the families in my Church during the last two or three weeks. Some of them have come into the kingdom, but left others outside. There have been cases where the husband has chosen Christ, and the wife has resisted Divine mercy. Last Sabbath night, in the adjoining room, an aged woman came in. I said: "Are you seeking the salvation of your soul?" She said: "No, I have sought and found. I came in to ask your prayers for my sons. They are on the wrong road." O Lord Jesus are we to be parted from any we have loved? Will some of us be saved, and some of us be lost? Which one will it be missing, missing, missing for eternity? Oh, bow your head in silent prayer, and ask God for the redemption of all the loved ones of the household. Lay hold of God in an importunate petition now. Hush! Let it be a moment of silent prayer all through the audience.

I say farther: there are impenitent souls here who ought to be sad from the fact that there are sins they have committed that cannot be corrected either in this world or the world to come. I am not speaking of the unpardonable sin; but I will illustrate what I mean. Suppose there is a man in this audience to-night, at fifty years of age, becomes a Christian, but he has been all his life on the other side. He is a father. He comes to Christ to-night, but can he arrest the fact that for twenty or thirty years, over his children, he was wielding a wrong influence, and they have started in the wrong direction? Suppose a company of shipowners started a sea captain with an imperfect chart and with an unseaworthy vessel, and after the vessel has been gone five days they feel sorry about it, and wish they had not let the vessel go out in that way. Does that make any difference to those who have gone out? No! In the first storm the captain and the crew go down. And if you come to God in the latter part of your life, when you have given your children an impulse in the wrong direction, those, ten, or fifteen, or twenty years of example in the wrong direction will be mightier than the few words you can utter now in the right direction. So it is with the influence you have had anywhere in community. If you have all these years given countenance to those who are neglecting religion, can you correct that? Your common sense says so. Here is an engineer on a locomotive; He is taking a long train of cars loaded with passengers. He comes on and sees a red flag. He says: "What do I care for the red flag?" He pushes on the train, and comes to another red flag. He says: "I don't care for the red flag." After a while he sees that the bridge is down; but he is by a marsh, and he leaps and is not damaged. Does that stop the train? No! It goes on crash! crash! crash! That is the history of some men who have been converted to-night. I congratulate them, but I cannot hide the fact that they started a train of influences in the wrong direction; and though in the afternoon of their life, they may leap off the train, the train goes on. A man said to me during the week: "I am fifty-three years of age, and I have made up my mind that it is time for me to become a Christian." I congratulated him in coming; but, I must say to all those who come in the afternoon of life your best chances go—there is no hiding that—your best talents gone, your best opportunities of usefulness gone. You cannot hide the fact that you have only one life to live on earth, and you have thrown the most of it away. It is enough to make one weep most bitter tears; it is enough to make this house a very Bochim.

So, also, there is occasion for sadness in the peril that surrounds every unforgiven soul: "Oh," you say: "it is a starlight night. The wind is blowing from the west. All is fair. There is no danger." I am not speaking of temporal, but of spiritual danger. You say: "I don't see any spiritual danger." Then I remember that summer before last, on shipboard at evening time, we were romping up and down the decks with laughter, and shout, and song. We were a very merry party at eventime; but in a few hours there were between seven hundred and eight hundred people groaning and crying and shrieking at what seemed the foundering of the ship. Sails all gone. Booms lost. Life-boats crushed to kindling-wood on the side of the vessel. On the blanched cheeks of the captain, crew and passengers, one word written: "Shipwreck!" And so you may go on placidly, smoothly, gaily for awhile in your sin, but the hurricane will swoop upon your souls. Perils from above and perils from beneath push you to the abyss. Out of Christ not one moment's safety. Without God, without hope. Oh, what an orphanage, what an exile, what a desolation! Who will go your bail? Who will help out your immortal spirit? Moan! moan! for thy lost estate.

Have you not had a chance for heaven? "Ah," you say: "that is the worst of it. That is what makes me weep." Was your father bad? Was your mother wicked? "No," you say. "Say nothing against my mother. If there was ever a good woman, she was one; and I remember how, in her old days, and when bent with years, and in her plain frock, she knelt down and prayed for my soul, and with her apron wiped away the tears. I can never forget it. She is gone now, and I gave her no intimation that I would ever meet her again. Oh, I have trampled on her broken heart. I am a wretch undone. Who will pray for me? I am so sick of sin. I am so weary of the world!" No wonder you weep, for the greatest condemnation of the last day will be for those who had pious parents and who resisted their admonition. Oh! to go through a lost eternity carrying the remembrance of a family altar at which you were taught to kneel, and the "Now I lay me down to sleep," that you were taught to pray, and the death-bed of father and mother where with their last words they importuned you to do your duty! Oh! that memory will be heavier than the chain; that will be hotter than the fire. May God Almighty keep us from the overwhelming woe that comes down upon that man's head that tramples on a father's counsel and on an old mother's prayer.

But what is a sadder thought is, that some of these people not only stay out of the kingdom of God themselves, but they will not let their children come in. I have to charge some parents who are here with the fact that they hinder their loved ones from coming into the kingdom. If you would only give them one encouraging word, if you would only get out of the way with your worldly example, they would have some chance. But no; you stay back from Christ and the Church, yourselves, and you keep them back. Oh! father, mother, if you are determined to go down to death, do not take your children with you. If you will not stand back, say: "I am going to take the plunge, but don't you do it." You sound no alarm. They are in the same boat with you. You are rowing on towards an eternal Niagara. You have almost come to the plunge, and yet you drop not the oars, you clutch not the side of the boat. You cry not out to the shore for help. You trip them up. You know it is an easy thing to trip one up, especially if he comes at a bounding gait; and you see your loved ones coming on towards heaven, and you put out your foot and they fall over it into a sinful life here, and after twenty, thirty, forty years have passed will fall deeper down, and it will be known for ever that you tripped them up. Oh! by the solemn birth-hour when your life was spared and another given, by the memories of the family hearth, by the account which you must give at the last day for your performance of your duty in regard to those children, I implore you not to hinder them. "But," you say, "I do not hinder them." You do. Your children feel it. Christians feel it. Angels of God feel it. The Lord Jesus Christ feels it. That father and mother who stay away from Christ themselves are bringing on all controlling and potential influence to keep their children back. There are parents here, all wrapped up in worldliness and fashion, who are actually blocking up the way to heaven for the entire family. They think more of the trimmings on their hats and the jewels on their fingers than of the souls of the immortals for which they must answer when the world is on fire. Oh, that the prophet's rod would strike the rock to-night and make it weep, and that this place might be a Bochim—parents praying for their children, children praying for their parents, the husband praying for the wife, the wife praying for the husband, the pastor praying for the people, the people praying for the pastor, this whole audience whelmed with one wave of penitence and pardon! Oh parent! coming up at the last day, how will you stand it if these children grow up into lives of sin, living to old age in impenitence, and then meeting you in the judgment, deliberately charge you with the ruin of their souls, saying: "You never invited me to Christ. You stood in my way. You gave a wrong example. Father, mother, you ruined my soul?"

But I remember that there are tears of joy as well as tears of sorrow, and how the foundations of the deep would break up to-night if one hundred or one thousand souls in this audience would march up and take the kingdom of heaven! This place has been a Bochim. It was last Sabbath here and in the adjoining room. It was last Monday. It was last Wednesday. It was last Friday. It was this morning. It is now a Bochim for weeping for joy. Right here, on this very seat, last Sabbath night, there sat a sea-captain. He seemed very restless un-Jesus. Then the man who said he was offended, and would go out. When the service was closed he came into the adjoining room, his face shining with joy, and he told us that on that night, He had found Christ and then he told how, during the gale at sea, he vowed to be a Christian, but when the sea went down and the storm was past he forgot his vow. "Now," he says, "I start for heaven." He could not keep the story to himself. He was telling to those who were around about him in the room what a joyful thing it was to follow Christ. Oh! it was a Bochim all around about where the man stood, and he said as he passed out of the door: "Pray for me. I sail to-morrow for San Domingo." The same night there came a child, her face radiant with gladness, holding her father by the hand. She had found the Saviour the week before. Now she was bringing her father. He also found Jesus. Then the man who said he was "past feeling" asked us to pray for him. And then there were aged ones who came in the eleventh hour and got Divine pardon; and there were altars set up in families where there had never been any prayer; and lips that had never spoken the name of Jesus, save in blasphemy, have been all this week singing: "There's none like Jesus. Oh, hallelujah!" And the place has been a Bochim.

But there are some who have not come. They will not come. They will not repent. They will not pray. They will not ask any one else to pray for them. Their hearts are too proud. With a stout grip they seize the door of God's mercy and shut it against their souls. They lay hold of the rope of [illegible] that they may strike the [illegible] on immortal [illegible]st, the sum[illegible] say[illegible] [illegible]

one last farewell, and I feel helpless when I stand before them. I think of no other argument drawn from death, judgment or eternity, or the cross of the Son of God, and I feel very much as the people did on Long Island coasts some years ago when a vessel was driving on the rocks. The people on shore could do nothing. They saw the danger and knew the shipwreck was coming, and ran up and down the beach wringing their hands. So to-night I see these vessels coming for the rocks. I cannot help them. I run up and down the shore crying; "Stand off. Put back! Stop, stop!" But it seems to do no good.

I rejoice that there will be whole families to-night that will come to Jesus. In Georgia, some years ago, there were two men who had broken their mother's heart by lives of dissipation. They went home to see her. It came the time for them to go back, and they said: "Now, mother, we go back to-night at nine o'clock." "Well,' she said, "boys," however old they may get they are never anything but boys to a mother, she said: "Boys, go to church; they're going to have religious service there." Her heart was aching for their salvation, but she did not want to tell them. "Oh!" they said, "we're going off at nine o'clock." "Well,' she said, "you will hear the stage-horn blow, and you can then go out and take the stage." So they went; but before the stage-horn blew they heard a different sound. It was that which pealed forth from the silver trumpet of the Gospel, and their souls quaked under the sound. They did not go away that night, and on the following night, when, at the close of the service, the minister of Christ asked that all those who were seeking their soul's salvation should come up and kneel at the altar, the first that started were these two men; and they knelt there asking for salvation; and while they were kneeling there, there was an aged woman who arose in the midst of the audience, her face all saturated with tears, and the people said: "Who is she? Who is she? Why does she stand up and disturb the assembly? All the rest are sitting." Oh, she had a right to stand up. She was the Christian mother of these two young men. She had prayed for their salvation so long, she had a right to stand and look as they knelt down at the foot of Divine mercy. She had sown in tears—she had a right to reap in tearful joy. And to-night, if the prodigals would only come and kneel down at the foot of the cross, there would be others standing up to watch. The world might stand up and scoff, but there would be others standing up with different motives—parents standing up to watch as the prodigals came. They would be glad with an infinite gladness, if their children were saved. And there would be companions in life who would rejoice as their companion came. They would say: "Now, we are one for ever. Married on earth to be married in heaven." The angels of God would stand, harp in hand, watching, and ready to strike the symphony. The Lord Jesus Christ Himself would stand watching—Him of the crushed foot, and the mingled brow, and the cleft heart, saying: "My soul is satisfied. I have loved thee with an everlasting love." There would be tears of joy mingling with tears of sorrow, and it would be told in the ages to come that on this Sabbath night, between these walls, because of the weeping over sin, and the weeping over pardon the place was a Bochim.

75,000 MORE MEN.

McKinley's Second Call for United States Volunteers.

A despatch from Washington, says:—The President's proclamation, issued on Wednesday calling for 75,000 additional volunteers, reads in part as follows:—"Now, therefore, I, William McKinley, President of the United States, by virtue of the power vested in me, by the constitution and the laws, and deeming sufficient occasion to exist, have thought fit to call forth, and do hereby call forth, volunteers to the aggregate number of 75,000 in addition to the volunteers called forth by my proclamation of the 23rd of April, in the present year; the same to be apportioned, as far as practicable, among the several States and Territories and the District of Columbia, according to population, and to serve for two years, unless sooner discharged. The proportion of each arm and the details of enlistment and organization will be made known through the War Department."

One hundred and twelve thousand men have now been mustered into the volunteer army of the United States, and the official reports show that the greater number of these are ready to move to the front. Over two-thirds of the States have entirely completed their musters. The failure of some of the States, notably four or five in the South, to furnish the men called for up to this time is ascribed to a belief, probably shared by many of the National Guardsmen, who had home ties and connections which they could not well afford to give up, that plenty of other persons not so encumbered would readily be found to take their places. Should any of the States default, the probability is that the fact will be reported to Congress for action by the Secretary of War.

WANT TO END THE WAR.

Spain Is Looking for Some Means of Honourable Peace.

The Madrid correspondent of the London Times says:—"The dominant note of public opinion here is a desire to find some way to honourable peace, as Spain has nothing to gain by an indefinite prolongation of hostilities. All idea that France will intervene, however, is now abandoned, and hopes are fixed upon the possibility that Duke Almodovar de Rio, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, will find some fitting occasion on which to take the initiative."

MINISTERS' STATEMENT.

The Madrid correspondent of the London Daily Mail says:—"The political outlook is brighter, and the Minister[illegible] alists believe that a Cabi[illegible] crisis to be avoided. Captain [illegible] of Marine, declar[illegible] Thursday, that [illegible]

HUNDREDS FELL VICTIMS.

In Addition to the White Missionaries a Number of Native Preachers Were Murdered.

A despatch from London says:—The American missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Burtner, Mr. and Mrs. Minshall, Mr. Ward and Miss Mullen, members of the United Brotherhood of Christ, who survived the recent massacres in the Sherboro district of Sierra Leone, west coast of Africa, arrived at Liverpool on Friday from Freetown, Sierra Leone. They give thrilling accounts of their escape at the time the mission house at Shanghe was destroyed in the riotings that grew out of the dissatisfaction of the natives with the hut tax.

The Governor of Sierra Leone, Col. Frederick Cardew, advised them to return to America, believing, they say, that it would be impossible to do any further effective work for a year or two. Mr. Burtner says that in addition to the white missionaries, a number of native missionaries, some educated in the United States, were massacred, including Mr. A. R. Wilberforce and his entire family; a brother-in-law of Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Cole; and Prof. Clements, who was from the United States, all of whom were stationed at Danville, and the entire Hughes family, who were stationed at Avery. In the opinion of Mr. Burtner several hundreds fell victims to the wrath of the natives. The entire party return to the United States by the Etruria.

SAMPSON'S EXPLANATION.

Admiral Tells Why He Bombarded San Juan de Porto Rico.

2nd Edition

A despatch from Washington says:—The following bulletin was posted at the Navy Department on Friday:—The following is a copy of a report made by Rear-Admiral Sampson concerning the action of San Juan de Porto Rico:—

"Upon approaching San Juan it was seen that none of the Spanish vessels were in the harbour. I was, therefore, considerably in doubt whether they had reached San Juan and again departed for some unknown destination, or whether they had not arrived. As their capture was the object of the expedition, and as it was essential that they should not pass to the westward, I determined to attack the batteries defending the port, in order to develop their position and strength, and then, without waiting to reduce the city or subject it to regular bombardment—which would require due notice—turn to the westward.

"I commenced the attack as soon as it was good daylight. This lasted about three hours, then the signal was made to discontinue the firing and the squadron stood to the north-east until out of sight of Juan, when the course was laid to the westward, with the view of communicating with the department at Port Plata, and learn if the department had obtained information as to the movements of the Spanish vessels. At Cape Haytien I received word from the department that the Spanish vessels had been sighted off Curacao on the 14th inst. As stated in my telegram, no serious injury was done to any of the ships, and only one man was killed and seven wounded slightly."

FRANCE IS PREPARING.

Ministers Arranging the Best Methods of Defence.

A despatch from Paris, says:—The Matin says on Friday morning:—"In view of the eventualities of the Spanish-American war, M. Lebon, Minister of the Colonies, Admiral Besnard, Minister of Marine, and General Billot, Minister of War, met in council on Thursday, under the presidency of M. Faure, to decide upon their respective spheres of responsibility.

"It was decided that General Billot should be exclusively charged with the defence of France, Corsica, Algeria, and Tunis, and that Admiral Besnard should undertake the protection of the coasts of France and of all the colonies.

"M. Lebon accepted the necessity of military preponderance in colonial matters, and decrees to carry out these decisions will be promugalted immediately."

THAT RAG OF A FLAG.

Stars and Stripes Referred to Uncomplimentarily in the Cortes.

A despatch from Madrid says:—In the Senate on Friday, Marshal Primo de Rivera, former Captain-General of the Philippines, defended his administration of the colony. He said he could not believe his ears when he was told of the disaster at Cayite, adding:—"That rag called the American flag shall never float over the walls of Manila." The Philippines, he continued, had not had adequate means of defence. He appealed to the Government to supply them, but the Government answered that the Pope had intervened, and that there was no fear of a rupture. The Naval Committee at Manila examined into the position carefully and reached the conclusion that it was quite impossible to offer battle to the American squadron.

"The Yankees are deceiving themselves," Marshal de Rivera declared, "as to the situation at the Philippines."

LARGE FRENCH LOANS.

Spain Said to Have Given the Canaries as Security.

The London Chronicle says, under reserve, that France has loaned Spain 400,000,000 francs, of which amount 40,000,000 francs have already been furnished. The paper suggests that Spain has possibly given the Canary Islands as security.

It is impossible to verify the story, but it seems to be a re-echo of the report th[illegible]e Bank of Paris and the Net[illegible] had advanced a large sum [illegible]sury

THE U. S. ARMY.

One Hundred and Three Thousand Volunteers Mustered In.

A despatch from Washington, D. C., says:—One hundred and three thousand volunteers have been mustered into the service of the United States, according to the reports which have reached General Corbin, and by the end of this week the official hope every man of the 125,000 called for will have taken the oath and sworn allegiance. The mustering in of the regular army branch with a view to increasing it to 60,000 men, the war strength authorized by law, continues satisfactory in all directions, though reports of the officers engaged in the work are not yet to hand to indicate the precise number of recruits which have been secured. Arrangements are making for the recruiting of the "immune" regiments in the Gulf States. Owing to the great rush of business, the probability is that a week will elapse before anything final can be done in this direction. Six colonels for these volunteer immune regiments were nominated by the President yesterday, and it would not be surprising if some of the remaining colonelcies were given to coloured men, who have been pressed for appointment.

53 DROWNED IN COLLISION.

British Steamer Mecca Sunk by the Lindula.

A despatch from Calcutta says:—On Tuesday, while the British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer Mecca was towing her sister ship Lindula, whose shaft was broken, the hawser parted. The two vessels came into collision and the Mecca was sunk, her captain and 52 others being drowned.

Further particulars regarding the disastrous collision between the British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer Mecca and her sister ship, the Lindula, show the former had 300 persons on board. The passengers were mostly Asiatics. The Lindula brought the survivors to this port.

RUSSIA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

Opposed to U. S., Great Britain, or Germany Getting Them.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says:—The public and press here are evincing great interest in the future of the Philippine islands. Much hostility is manifested towards any scheme by which the United States, Great Britain, or Germany, individually or jointly, are to retain possession of the islands, and some of the newspapers urge the Russian Government to endeavor to obtain from Spain a lease of some of the Philippine islands, in order that they may serve as a Russian food base in the Pacific.

POWDER FACTORY DESTROYED.

Explosion at the Hammond, Ind., Factory the Latest on the List.

A despatch from Hammond, Ind., says:—Three thousand pounds of powder at the plant of the Economical Smokeless Powder Co., about four and a half miles from here, blew up on Saturday afternoon, killing one man, injuring three others, and demolishing the building in which was located the mixing-room. The explosion occurred about 1 o'clock. The plant has been running only three days, and was about to begin work on a Government order for 35,000,000 cartridges. The officers of the company have been unable to discover the cause of the explosion.

AUSTRALIANS FAVOR IT.

Anxious That Anglo-American Alliance Should be Consummated.

Advices brought to Vancouver by the mail steamer Aorangi state that the feeling in both Australasia and Hawaii is strongly in favor of an Anglo-American alliance. The Sydney papers express the hope that this will be the ultimate result of the war. Many Australians are offering their services to the U. S. Council at Sydney.

When the Aorangi left Honolulu the U. S. cruiser Remington was preparing to leave and join the Pacific fleet. A British cruiser was expected to take the place of the Remington in affording protection to the British, American, and French residents in case of trouble.

SLATIN PASHA.

Will Return to Khartoum as Governor General of the Soudan.

A despatch from Berlin to the London Standard says it is declar[illegible] Slatin Pasha will be appoint[illegible] nor General of the Soud[illegible] capture of Omdurman[illegible] dervish power, by the [illegible] expedition. The official[illegible] Governor-General will

BRITAIN'S [illegible]

Has Put 100,000 T[illegible] nition t[illegible]

The Madrid [illegible] London Dail[illegible] ish corresp[illegible] has receiv[illegible] tons of [illegible] ammuni[illegible]

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THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

Mr. John Hendrie of Hamilton is dead.

Henrietta Reeves, aged 81, was burnt to death at Montreal.

John Jenkins, a six-year-old boy, was run over and killed in Toronto on Wednesday.

A young man named Oakley, supposed to belong to Toronto, was seriously injured on the C. P. R. at Souris.

Mary Ann Blackwell, 9 years old, lost the sight of her right eye at London through contact with a firecracker.

Water meters are to be placed in Hamilton saloons, livery stables and other places where much water is used.

The Kingston Board of Trade has requested the Government to close the canals on Sunday only from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m.

At Montreal Francis Donnelly climbed an electric light pole to look at the river. He touched a live wire and was electrocuted.

At London the little child of Mr. Thos. Copeland, who accidentally drank a quantity of carbolic acid on Saturday, died from the effects.

The actor Thomas W. Keene was so ill at Hamilton that he had to cancel his engagements and go to New York, where an operation for appendicitis will be performed.

Some of the peach trees in the Niagara district are affected with curled leaf, the leaves curling up and finally dropping off. It is feared the crop may be injured thereby.

The St. John medical men, who some months ago had one Harry Roberts, of St. George, Bermuda, sent to Tracadie as a suspected leper, have received word of his arrival home, the Tracadie authorities finding that the man was not afflicted with leprosy. During Roberts' detention at Tracadie he was not an inmate of the Lazaretto, the medical officer there having suspicions that his was not a genuine case.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Queen has granted a royal charter to the Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada.

The Irish Local Government bill passed the committee stage in the House of Commons on Tuesday.

UNITED STATES.

The United States Supreme Court has decided convictions under the oleomargerine laws of Pennsylvania and New Hampshire to be invalid, thus holding the laws unconstitutional.

Rev. Daniel L. R. Libbey, of Watertown, who has been confined to the St. Lawrence State Hospital, at Ogdensburg, committed suicide on Sunday, hanging himself in his room with a sheet.

Hon. John Sherman, until recently United States Secretary of State, will leave Washington this week in company with Mrs. Sherman for a tour of the West. They expect to travel as far north as Sitka, Alaska, and return about the last of August through Canada.

The consolidation is announced of the Cramp Shipbuilding Company of Philadelphia and Vickers' Sons & Maxim of Barrow on Furness, Eng., into one great shipbuilding concern. This alliance, if perfected, will make one of the most powerful corporations of its kind on either continent.

GENERAL.

Thirty bodies have been recov[illegible] from the Zollern mine disaster in [illegible]sia.

The Republic of Hawaii has [illegible] herself unconditionally to the [illegible] States.

Benedetto Brin, Italy's In[illegible] General of Naval Engineering [illegible]ister of Marine is dead.

HAMMOND FOUN[illegible]

MURDERE[illegible]