THE MIRROR

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

VOL II. NO 48. OMEMEE, ONT. THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1895. CHAS. W. RICHARDS Publisher & Proprietor

NEW FIELD OF WORK.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S FIRST SERMON AS A WASHINGTON PASTOR.

Preached Before a Vast Multitude—An Eloquent and Picturesque Discourse on "All Heaven Looking On"—Paul Standing in the Amphitheatre.

Washington, Oct. 27.—Those who know that no church in this or foreign countries has been able to hold audiences that have assembled when it was announced that Dr. Talmage would preach will not be surprised that vast multitudes attempted in vain to hear his first sermon as pastor in Washington. The subject of his opening sermon at the national capital was "All Heaven Looking On," the text selected being the famous passage from Hebrews xii. 1, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

In this my opening sermon in the national capital I give you heartiest Christian salutation. I bethink myself of the privilege of standing in this historic church so long presided over by one of the most remarkable men of the century. There are plenty of good ministers besides Dr. Sunderland, but I do not know of any man except himself with enough brain to have stood successfully and triumphantly 43 years in this conspicuous pulpit. Long distant be the year when that gospel chieftain shall put down the silver trumpet with which he has marshaled the hosts of Israel or sheathed the sword with which he has struck such mighty blows for God and righteousness. I come to you with the same gospel that he has preached and to join you in all kinds of work for making the world better, and I hope to see you in all your homes and have you all come and see me, but don't all come at once, and with out any preliminary discourses as to what I propose to do I begin here and now to cheer you with the thought that all Heaven is sympathetically looking on. "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass, or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world—the amphitheatre. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count 40 elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food, until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, —all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip in his right hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half-starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and, with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with fierce eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke until the monster is dead at his feet, and the 25,000 people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race, sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To an amphitheatrical audience Paul refers when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

The fact is that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul.

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it for 20 years, but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon sharp and keen, reach up and get it from God's armory—the sword of the spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer.

But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him I have offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think when they contend against an evil habit that they have to fight it all alone. No. They stand in the centre of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through, I will show you that you fight in an arena around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheatre, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in the great arena of spectators that watch your struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our king, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns! The Roman Emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our king hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman Emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat, but our king's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard of condescensions! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of my power!"

They gave to the men in the arena in the olden time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our king has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood.

In all the anguish of our heart,
The Man of Sorrows bore a part.

Once in the ancient amphitheatre, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair, the lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame, shame!" at such meanness. But the king, in this case, is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The king is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in him!"

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are—the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child; that one has been pulling a soul out of temptations. All these are messengers of light. Those drove the Spanish armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of 185,000 corpses. Those yonder chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem until the chant awoke the shepherds. These at creation stood in the balcony of Heaven and serenaded the newborn world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity, but this one is leader of the 20,000 chariots of God and of the 10,000 times 10,000 angels.

I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command and go forth on the high behest.

Now, bring on your lions. Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shall thou trample underfoot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of God and leap on their fallen carcasses. Oh, bending throng of bright angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot, I hail you to-day from the dust and struggle of the arena!

I look again and I see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark, and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide; and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return, and John of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon. They have been in the fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre, the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out, "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and hallelujahs.

I look again, and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached, and so he died, the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of 6,666? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—884,000—who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group, Felicitas of Rome and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns; another was flung from a rock; another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are, together—a family group in heaven! Yonder is John Brandford, who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night!" Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died "If I had ten heads, they should fall off for Christ!" The great throng of martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands and other horses to their feet and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by redhot pinchers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals, and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances they would make the midnight all the world over bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardships, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation: They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage, down there in the arena!"

What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give, and cry, "Hail, sons and daughters of the fire!"

I look again, and I see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There I see Martin Luther, and beside him a Roman Catholic who looked beyond the superstitions of his church and is saved! There is Albert Barnes, and around him the presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there are John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There are George Whitfield and the bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there the band of missionaries—David Abeel, talking of China redeemed, and John Scudder of India saved, and David Brainerd of the aborigines evangelized, and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by violence. All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions, I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?

Toplady shouts in his old hymn:

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take.
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied:

A charge to keep you have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky!

I look again, and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of, but these we knew. Oh, how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life? Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children, do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay. I see that child running his hand over your brow and saying, "Father, do not fret; mother, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay, I see them rise up and lean over and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion they expect the king to call us, saying, "Come up higher." Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown."

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and joy of the scene. Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circle of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us, shall we give up the fight and die? No, Son of God, who didst die to save us! No, ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us! No, ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us! No, ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us! No, we will never surrender!

Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Be faithful to my Lord.

And bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die,
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies
The glory shall be thine.

My hearers, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier dying in the hospital rose up in bed the last moment and cried: "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on the pillow and asked him why he shouted "Here!" "Oh, I heard the roll call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name." I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls we shall cry, "Here! Here!"

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

The vegetarian restaurant that was opened in West 23rd street, New York, last winter, has been closed up on account of a lack of sufficient patronage to pay expenses.

Instead of 5,000,000 boxes of oranges which is Florida's usual crop, only 100,000 boxes will be shipped. These will come chiefly from the Manatee region on the Gulf of Mexico.

A Philadelphia paper the other day printed the following advertisement: "Wanted—to form the acquaintance of a consecrated Christian gentleman who can sing and play banjo and mandolin."

W. T. Davis, of Plymouth, Mass., has returned from his mission to Scrooby, England, where he went to set up a tablet to mark the site of old Scrooby Manor where the pilgrims held their first meetings.

Extended tests made with the pine trees of the South prove that the timber bled for turpentine is in no way inferior to the unbled. By this means $2,000,000 is added to the value of the turpentine orchards.

Mrs. St. John, wife of the former Governor of Kansas, is actively engaged in directing the engineering and construction of an extensive tunnel in a large gold mine at Cripple Creek, of which her husband owns a controlling interest.

Anthony Caa, who died in an Indiana poorhouse the other day, was a carpenter, who swore during the campaign of 1860 that if Lincoln were elected he would never do another day's work. He stuck to his vow with the result stated.

Hugh McGuire of Goodland, Kas., sulked because his dead uncle's will left him only an old fiddle, but later when his wife found $1,800 in money and a deed for 160 acres of Virgina land stowed away in the strument, a change came over his spirits, and he called in the neighbours.

With the death of Mrs. Azenath Turner at Manchester, N. Y., the last Revolutionary war pension of the Empire State ceases. She received a pension of $12 a month, but this amount was subsequently increased by a special act of Congress to $30. At the time of her death Mrs. Turner was 89 years old.

Senator Frye, of Maine, deplores the advance of the alien population in his own State. He says that the town government of Lewiston, Me., has been at times in the hands of men who were strangers to him, although he had lived in the place twenty-five years. The men were elected by the foreigners working in the mills.

Isabella and Sallie Broadbent, two Florida girls who gave valuable assistance in rescuing the crew of the wrecked Norwegian ship Catherine last August, have received silver lockets and chains from King Oscar of Norway and Sweden in recognition. The lockets are inscribed with the crown and monogram of the King and the words, "For a Noble Deed."

FATAL GUN ACCIDENT.

A Cornwall Baker Shot by His Companion While Hunting Ducks—Particulars of the Tragedy.

A despatch from Cornwall, Ont., says: Mr. Frank J. Nicholson, a well-known baker of Cornwall, was accidentally killed by his companion, Mr. H. Yates, general merchant, of this place, while on a duck-hunting expedition on Lake St. Francis. Both men left here on Wednesday, intending to spend a couple of days duck shooting. Thursday morning between ten and eleven o'clock they were about four miles south of Lancaster, and were moving from one blind to another, when a couple of ducks flew towards them. Mr. Nicholson was rowing and Mr. Yates, standing up, was endeavouring to get a shot at the ducks. He thinks that the lurching of the boat, there being a heavy swell at the time, caused the gun to go off just when Mr. Nicholson was in line with it. The whole charge took effect in his left side, about three inches below the heart. Mr. Yates rowed to Lancaster, a distance of about four miles.

Mr. Nicholson, realizing that his injuries were fatal, prepared himself for death. About a half mile from shore he spoke for the last time, and breathed his last as he was lifted from the boat. Deceased was about 35 years of age, and was a native of Lancaster, being a son of the late Wm. Nicholson, sr. He has been in business in Cornwall for a number of years. He leaves a widow. The remains were taken to Cornwall. The deceased was a member of the local lodge of the A.O.U.W.

Fatness, Leanness and Longevity.

In some countries fat men live longer than their more meager brethren, but in warm latitudes the fatter the man the shorter his life. In the far north a fat man's chance of life is better than a thin one's. In Great Britain temperate fat men have a good chance of living to a fairly old age, but the man who lives longest of all is the wiry man of somewhat above middle height. It is a curious fact that, while short women often live a long while, one rarely sees extremely old short men.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

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

CANADA.

Thomas Lindsay, who was injured in the Loon Lake fire, is recovering.

The Norwegian ship Reciprocity is wrecked on the New Brunswick coast.

Two electric cars collided at Hamilton. A motorman was badly injured.

Mr. William Wainwright will sever his connection with Grand Trunk in March.

Two American schooners have been seized at Cape Breton for violating the fishing laws.

At Chatham, N. B., Joseph Doherty shot and killed Arthur Luke. The shooting was the result of a street row.

The Ottawa Board of Trade has expressed a strong opinion in favor of two Aldermen for each ward instead of three.

The St. Lawrence at Montreal is at the lowest point ever known—three feet one inch below average low water mark.

Capt. Smith, R. N., has been commissioned by the Diminion Government to enquire into the wreck of the Mariposa in the Straits of Belle Isle.

It is reported that the projectors of the Toronto, Hamilton, and Buffalo railway will ask for a bonus from Hamilton of $150,000 to build the Toronto branch.

The Bank of Montreal has received from the gold mines in British Columbia a gold pyramid and brick valued at seventy thousand dollars.

Mr. J. W. Lowndes, of London, Eng., is in Ottawa to urge upon the Dominion Government the desirableness of adopting the Imperial penny postage scheme.

Mr. J. N. Ladouceur, of Keewatin, Rainy River district, has disposed of four mining locations in that district to three Ottawa gentlemen, who propose to work them.

Mrs. W. C. Macleod, of Woodstock, Ont., has presented two thousand five hundred dollars to Chalmers' Presbyterian church, of that place, and one thousand dollars to the Woodstock General hospital.

George Cyr of Hull was sentenced to five years in penitentiary for setting fire to Gilmour & Hughson's lumber piles. Mrs. Lalonde will serve an eighteen months' sentence for burning her residence.

Commander Spain, of the Canadian fisheries protective service, who seized the United States fishing schooner Sherman for selling supplies purchased in a Canadian port to an unlicensed American schooner within the three-mile limit, has been ordered by the Department of Marine and Fisheries to release the vessel, which held a Canadian license and was acting within her rights.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Belfast and Glasgow shipbuilders have conceded the demands of their employees for increased pay.

By the finding of the Admiralty Court the British steamer Turkestan is held responsible for the sinking of the Edam in September last.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have received congratulations on the betrothal of Princess Maud to Prince Charles of Denmark.

Edward Stockquelin, a street chalk artist, died in London recently. Stockquelin was a grandson of Mrs. Sarah Siddons, the famous actress.

The importance to English trade of the Nicaragua Canal was pointed out by Mr. Colquhoun in a paper read before the London Chamber of Commerce.

The Duke of Cambridge, upon his retirement from the post of commander-in-chief of the forces, has been gazetted chief personal aide-de-camp to the Queen and honorary colonel-in-chief to the forces.

In a speech at Dublin Mr. Wm. Redmond said the Irish question would never be settled until England was unable to resist or ignore it. He quoted the old saying, "England's danger is Ireland's opportunity."

The Dublin Independent publishes an address, issued by the Amnesty Association, addressed to Irishmen in the United States and Canada, making an appeal for aid in continuing the agitation for the release of the Portland prisoners.

The Prince of Wales, wearing a Russian uniform, Prince Nicholas of Greece, and the majority of the members of the diplomatic corps in London, were present Friday morning at the requiem mass on the anniversary of the death of the late Czar of Russia.

It is stated in London that investigations have been made of the operation for ten years past of Germany's law for the insurance of laborers against sickness, accidents, and old age, with the view, possibly, of adopting something similar in Great Britain.

Referring to Senator Chandler's predictions of war between the United States and Great Britain, the London Standard says Senator Chandler may excite enthusiasm among the riff-raff of the great towns, but his prophecies will be received with indignation and disgust by the great bulk of the people of the United States.

UNITED STATES.

California has produced a sweet-scented violet the size of a large pansy.

Mgr. Satolli, Papal delegate to the United States, has been made a Cardinal.

A prairie fire burned over a tract of country twenty miles long by two broad near Yorkton.

Theodore Durant, of San Francisco, charged with the murder of Blanche Lamont was found guilty on Friday of murder in the first degree.

Mrs. Elizabeth Graham of Buffalo has recovered $2,000 from the Niagara Falls (Ontario) Park Commissioners for injuries received through a defective railing.

Mrs. Harriet Kellar has been found guilty, at Oswego, of murdering Albert Kempthorne, a Canadian, in August last, and was sentenced to Auburn prison for life.

Ex-Senator Dolph, in an address at Portland, Ore., on Monday night, said that the United States must either abandon the Monroe doctrine or enforce it, with the sword, if necessary.

Miss Flagler, of Washington, daughter of General Flagler, whose shooting and killing of a negro boy who was stealing fruit, several months ago, created a sensation, has been indicted for manslaughter.

The Masons of Mississippi have made a rule that "no Mason, either as principal, agent, employee, or in any other capacity, shall sell intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage, and the penalty thereof shall be expulsion."

Senator Morgan said in an interview on Friday that if Russia and China have made the treaty reported in the London papers, the United States, whose interests are antagonistic to those of Great Britain, should not interfere.

Horace Manvill, of Woodbury, is probably the oldest Church member in Connecticut or in the United States, he having been received into the Church at Middlebury, December 3, 1815, eighty years ago. Mr. Manvill is nearly 101 years old.

It is arranged that Miss Vanderbilt's dot on her marriage with the Duke of Marlborough will be ten million dollars, but so settled on her that she has only the use of the income during her life, and at her death the principal will descend to her issue.

Commander Heiermann, of the United States navy died on the Havel at sea, at 4 p.m., October 27. Commander Heiermann was in command of the Kearsarge when she was wrecked on the Roncador Reef. For that he was suspended from duty, and recently went on the retired list.

Senator Stephen B. Elkins and ex-Senator H. G. Davis have renewed the proposition made by them four years ago to the Presbytery of Lexington, W.Va. The proposition, which has been accepted, contemplates the founding of a Presbyterian College at Elkins, W.Va., to which Messrs. Elkins and Davis will give $30,000 in cash and land for the site, provided the Presbytery raises a like sum.

Advices from the two chief commercial agencies in New York as to the condition of trade in the United States indicate no decided change either way. If anything, the volume of general business has been rather smaller, though there is better demand for many manufactured products, and the retail demand is fair. The report of works in different parts of the United States closing is by no means unusual at this season of the year, which in trade is always a time of comparative uncertainty. Cotton has made another decided advance, and the mills are reported to contain only moderate stocks. There is increased activity in iron and steel, though some grades are weak in price. Minor metals are also a shade lower. Some shoe factories are closing.

GENERAL.

A little rebellion is reported in Hayti.

The King of Corea has chosen another Queen to replace his murdered wife.

The German Asiatic fleet has been ordered to concentrate at Sevalon and Amoy.

The ex-Queen of Hawaii is reported to have purchased winter and summer residences in Italy.

Gen. de Campos has decided to suspend military operations in Western Cuba while the rain lasts.

Mr. J. B. Patterson, formerly Prime Minister of Victoria, is dead. His Ministry resigned September 25th, 1894.

An extensive anti-foreign outbreak is expected at Canton. Four hundred braves, enlisted at Hong Kong by the Viceroy, have gone to Canton.

Travellers arriving at New York report that all is quiet in Venezuela, and the feeling is that the boundary dispute will be settled without trouble.

The Turkish Government demands the immediate withdrawal of the American missionaries from Sassoun, on the ground that if they remain they may be massacred.

Dr. Lueger, leader of the anti-Semites in Vienna, has been elected burgomaster of that city. Vienna is the first of the capitals of Europe to be administered by an anti-Semite.

The King of Ashanti has rejected the British ultimatum. He says he will fight and that he is prepared for the struggle. A British expedition will be sent against him in the middle of December.

There is a strong feeling against the rule of the Sultan in many parts of Turkey, and it is believed that there will be a fusion of the Mussulmans and Armenians to overthrow the present ruler.

It is learned that Lord Salisbury is dissatisfied with the Sultan's verbal guarantee of Armenian reforms, and the four great powers favour an early European conference on the Turkish question.

The condition of the Czarewitch is steadily growing worse. He is now continuously confined to his bed, and remains in a comatose state, not even recognizing members of the Royal family.

News has been received that the Japanese have captured the inland town of Katchi, in the Island of Formosa. The position of the Blackflags is said to be desperate, and the Japanese demand their unconditional surrender.

The south of France has suffered from a huge railway job, and as the attitude of the Government was regarded as attempting to shield the guilty, the Ribot Ministry has been defeated in the Chamber of Deputies.

Another terrible massacre of Armenians, accompanied by the outraging of women, is reported to have taken place quite recently in the district of Baiburt. The Turkish authorities say the Armenians provoked the outbreak.

The Mohammedan insurgents in China have captured Lau-Tcheon-Fu, the capital of the Province of Kau-Soo, on the Yellow River. They are defeating the Chinese troops in every direction, and they intend to form an independent kingdom.

Gen. de Campos says that a policy of leniency towards the Cuban insurgents must prevail or one hundred and fifty thousand troops will be necessary, and even then seventy-five thousand of them would perish. He thinks the United States would recognize the insurgents as belligerents before they could be conquered.

The St. Petersburg Novoe Vremya publishes a despatch saying that the British squadron of warships in the far east has been concentrated at Foo-Chow, and adds that Great Britain is zealously seeking a pretext for declaring war upon China in order to counteract the success of Russia and restore her shattered prestige in the Pacific.

MEDICAL PROGRESS.

A Claim That It Has Been Unusually Rapid Of Late Years.

In no vocation has there been a more rapid advance than in medicine, during the last half century, and it is significant that the major part of this advance has been due, not to the observation and experience of the routine practitioner, but to the researches of scientific men who have been sneered at as theorists, and who have brought to bear on their professional work the results of scholastic training, entirely foreign to the scope of instruction in medical schools a generation ago.

What, for example, could seem farther removed from the domain of practical surgery than the investigation of little moving plants that are found in decomposing animal and vegetable matter? Yet the study of the habits of growth of these microscopic weeds, of the soils on which they thrive, and the poisons which prevent their development, has revolutionized surgery, and has almost banished from the operating room the fear of suppuration, of gangrene, of erysipelas and other forms of blood-poisoning. The recognition of the role of vegetable germs in the production of these untoward results of surgical interference, and the development of antiseptic methods of surgery have rendered it possible to operate on the brain, spinal cord, stomach, intestine and other abdominal and pelvic viscera, and even the heart.

Fourteen years ago the best medical and surgical skill could not save President Garfield from death by blood-poisoning. To-day the most unpretending surgeon, treating the poorest laborer would be severely condemned, if not actually accounted

GUILTY OF MALPRACTICE,

if he used the same methods. Thousands of women who would have been doomed to chronic invalidism a generation ago are now restored to health by operations attended by an average mortality of about 2 per cent., whereas the same operations undertaken without antiseptic precautions would result in the death of nine-tenths of the victims. Thanks to the enforcement of rules of health, based on the same study of bacteriology, we no longer witness the devastation of such epidemics as were common even ten years ago, while for the first time in medical history cholera has been checked in its onward march to the West.

A very gratifying tendency has marked the development of the medical profession in the last generation. The slough of mannerisms, the formal dress, the owl-like solemnity, have been thrown off, and the physician by his own choice, is being judged more by his actual attainments than by external appearances. Thirty years ago a bald head, a white beard, and a long frock coat were as much a part of the physician's equipment as his diploma. Now, on the other hand, it is no infrequent occurrence for an elderly man of real ability, and modern in his methods of practice, to lose a patient through the fear that he may not be fully abreast of the times. What can be further from the old traditions than a leading surgeon lounging about in an outing shirt and blue belt, or a distinguished physician playing polo? Yet these amusements are simply a relaxation from the tension of professional study. One of the best indications that people are learning to judge their medical advisers by their merits is the fact that the advertising physicians are being driven to the wall, despite the most specious extrinsic evidences of success that the shrewdest business methods can produce.

SERGEANT COLBROOKE SHOT.

Mounted Police Officer Killed by an Escaping Indian.

A Despatch from Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, reads: "Last Tuesday an Indian, with a companion, was arrested on One Arrow's reserve, on a charge of cattle-killing. They were arrested and brought into Duck Lake during the night. While Constable Dickson was on guard one of the prisoners, a tough character, effected his escape. Surmising that he would take a south-easterly direction, Sergt. Colbrooke, who had made the arrest, started in pursuit. He was joined by Police Scout J. McKay, and they soon were on the trail, which led in the direction of Touchwood Hills. On the second day, however, they found the culprit had gone towards Fort Lacoone, and they followed this trail. Wednesday night the news reached here that Sergt. Colbrooke had been shot and killed by the escaped prisoner the following morning. No details can be obtained owing to the impossibility of crossing the river. Deceased is a married man, and leaves a wife and one child. The murderer has not yet been arrested. Colbrooke had served with the mounted police since 1883, having served during the rebellion with the column against Big Bear.

"A Kiss or Your Life."

Good-looking women recently passing through the main street of Montreuil, outside Paris, were subjected to unpleasant attentions by an amorous lunatic. This person went about brandishing a dagger and when he saw a pretty woman he asked her for a kiss or her life. Some of the astonished females so addressed complied with the madman's request, and were allowed to go on their way without further molestation. A few strong-minded ladies, taking the lunatic to be a practical joker, told him in emphatic language to go away, and they had narrow escapes from being stabbed. The maniac, whose antics drew a large crowd, was finally captured by means of a heavy coal sack, which was thrown over his head by a shopman.