THE MIRROR

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

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THE UNAPPRECIATED.

REV. DR. TALMAGE SPEAKS IN BEHALF OF HUMBLE EFFORTS.

A Sermon Showing That God Rewards According to Effort and Not According to Opportunity—The Disabled in Life's Battles—Inconspicuous Spheres.

Washington, Nov. 3.—Dr. Talmage to-day preached his second sermon since coming to the national capital. If possible the audience was even larger than last Sunday. The subject was "The Disabled," the text selected being I. Samuel xxx, 24, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

If you have never seen an army change quarters you have no idea of the amount of baggage 20 loads, 50 loads, 100 loads of baggage. David and his army were about to start on a double quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they left by the brook Besor their blankets, their knapsacks, their baggage and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch this stuff? There are sick soldiers, and wounded soldiers, and aged soldiers, who are not able to go on swift military expeditions, but who are able to do some work, and so they are detailed to watch the baggage. There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march 30 miles in a day and then plunge into a ten hours' fight, who is able with drawn sword lifted against his shoulder to pace up and down as a sentinel to keep off an enemy who might put the torch to the baggage. There are 200 of these crippled and aged and wounded soldiers detailed to watch the baggage. Some of them, I suppose, had bandages across the brow, and some of them had their arms in a sling, and some of them walked on crutches. They were not cowards shirking duty. They had fought in many a fierce battle for their country and their God. They are now part of the time in the hospital and part of the time on garrison duty. They almost cry because they cannot go with the other troops to the front. While these sentinels watch the baggage, the Lord watches the sentinels.

There is quite a different scene being enacted in the distance. The Amalekites, having ravaged and ransacked and robbed whole countries are celebrating their success in a roaring carousal. Some of them are dancing on the lawn with wonderful gyration of heel and toe and some of them are examining the spoils of victory—the finger rings and earrings, the necklaces, the wristlets and the coffers with coronets and carnelians and pearls and sapphires and emeralds and all the wealth of plate and jewels and decanters, and the silver and the gold banked up on the earth in princely profusion, and the embroideries, and the robes, and the turbans, and the cloaks of an imperial wardrobe. The banquet had gone on until the banqueters are maudlin and weak and stupid and indecent and loathsomely drunk. What a time it is now for David and his men to swoop on them! So the English lost the battle of Bannockburn, because the night before they were in wassail and bibulous celebration while the Scotch were in prayer. So the Syrians were overthrown in their carousal by the Israelites. So Chedorlamer and his army were overthrown in their carousal by Abraham and his men. So in our civil war more than once the battle was lost because one of the generals was drunk. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop upon those carousing Amalekites. Some of the Amalekitees are hacked to pieces on the spot, some of them are just able to go staggering and hiccoughing off the field, some of them crawl on camels and speed off in the distance. David and his men gather together the wardrobes, the jewels and put them upon the backs of camels and into wagons, and they gather together the wardrobes, the jewels had been stolen and start back toward the garrison. Yonder they come! Yonder they come! The limping men of the garrison come out and greet them with wild huzza. The Bible says David saluted them—that is, he asked them how they all were. "How is your broken arm?" "How is your fractured jaw?" "Has the stiffened limb been unlimbered?" "Have you had another chill?" "Are you getting better?" He saluted them.

But now same a very difficult thing, the distribution of the spoils of victory. Drive up those laden camels now. Who shall have the spoils? Well, some selfish soul suggests that these treasures ought all to belong to those who had been out in active service. "We did all the fighting while these men staid at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures." But David looked into the worn faces of these veterans who had staid in the garrison and he looked round and saw how cleanly everything had been kept and he saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew that these wounded and crippled men would gladly enough have been at the front if they had been able, and the little general looks up from under his helmet and says: "No, no, let us have fair play," and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together," and the hands are held together, and he fills them with silver. And he rushes up to another man who was sitting away back and had no idea of getting any of the spoils, and throws a Babylonish garment over him and fills his hand with gold. And he rushes up to another man, who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and he drives up some of the cattle and some of the sheep that they had brought back from the Amalekites and he gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man, so he shall always be fed and clothed. He sees a man so emaciated and worn and sick he needs stimulants and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for the rough rations of the army, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekitish banquet, and the 200 crippled and maimed and aged soldiers who tarried on garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the 200 men that went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The impression is abroad that the Christian rewards are for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great patriots, great preachers, great philanthropists. But my text sets forth the idea that there is just as much reward for the man who stays at home and minds his own business and who, crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements and in the high places of the earth, does his whole duty just where he is. Garrison duty is as important and as remunerative as service at the front. "As his part that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The Earl of Kintore said to me in an English railway, "Mr. Talmage, when you get back to America, I want you to preach a sermon on the discharge of ordinary duty in ordinary places, and then send me a copy of it." Afterward an English clergyman coming to this land brought from the Earl of Kintore the same request. Alas that before I got ready to do what he asked me to do the good Earl of Kintore had departed this life! But that man, surrounded by all palatial surroundings, and in a distinguished sphere, felt sympathetic with those who had ordinary duties to perform in ordinary places and in ordinary ways. A great many people are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses, and of Joshua, and of David, and of Lusher, and of John Knox, and of Deborah, and of Florence Nightingale. They say: "Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai, I shall never be called to command the sun and moon to stand still, I shall never preach on Mars Hill, I shall never defy the Diet of Worms, I shall never be called to make a Queen tremble for her crimes, I shall never preside over a hospital." There are women who say: "If I had as brilliant a sphere as those people had, I should be as brave and as grand, but my business is to get children off to school and to hunt up things when they are lost, and to see that dinner is ready, and to keep account of the household expenses, and to hinder the children from being strangulated by the whooping cough, and to go through all the annoyances and vexations of housekeeping. Oh, my sphere is so infinitesimal and so insignificant I am clean discouraged." Woman, God places you on garrison duty, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who, moving so often night by night, with a light in her hand through hospitals, was called by the wounded the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will be just as great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who built and endowed theological seminary buildings. Your reward will be just as great as that of Hannah More, who by her excellent books won for her admirers Garrick and Edmund Burke and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards are not to be given according to the amount of noise you make in the world, nor even according to the amount of good you do, but according to whether you work to your full capacity, according to whether or not you do your duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

Suppose you give to two of your children errands and they are to go off to make purchases, and to one you give $1 and to the other you give $20. Do you reward the boy that you gave $20 to for purchasing more with that amount of money than the other boy purchased with $1? Of course not. If God give wealth or social position or eloquence or 20 times the faculties to a man that he gives to the ordinary man, is he going to give to the favored man a reward because he has more power and more influence? Oh, no. In other words, if you and I were to do our whole duty and you have 20 times more talent than I have, you will get no more divine reward than I will. Is God going to reward you because he gave you more? That would not be fair; that would not be right. These 200 men of the text who fainted by the brook Besor did their whole duty; they watched the baggage, they took care of the stuff, and they got as much of the spoils of victory as the men who went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this for all who have great responsibility and little credit for what they do. You know the names of the great commercial houses of these cities. Do you know the names of the confidential clerks—the men who have the key to the safe, the men who know the combination lock? A distinguished merchant that goes forth at the summer watering place and he flashes past and you say, "Who is that?" "Oh," replies some one, "don't you know? That is the great importer, that is the great banker, that is the great manufacturer."

The confidential clerk has his week off. Nobody notices whether he comes or goes. Nobody knows him, and after awhile his week is done, and he sits down again at his desk. But God will reward his fidelity just as much as he recognizes the work of the merchant philanthropist, whose investments this unknown clerk so carefully guarded. Hudson River railroad, Pennsylvania railroad, Erie railroad, New York & New Haven railroad—business men know the names of the presidents of these roads and of the prominent directors, but they do not know the names of the engineers, the names of the switchmen, the names of the flagmen, the names of the brakemen. These men have awful responsibilities, and sometimes, through the recklessness of an engineer, or the unfaithfulness of a switchman, it has brought to mind the faithfulness of nearly all the rest of them. Some men do not have recognition of their services. They have small wages and much complaint. I very often ride upon locomotives and I very often ask the question, as we shoot around some curve or under some ledge of rocks, "How much wages do you get?" And I am always surprised to find how little for such vast responsibility. Do you suppose God is not going to recognize that fidelity? Thomas Scott, the president of the Pennsylvania railroad, going up at death to receive from God his destiny, was no better known in that hour than was known last night the brakeman who, on the Erie railroad, was jammed to death amid the car couplings. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Once for 36 hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship, and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time, but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge, we came out of the cyclone and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Capt. Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Capt. Andrews, and when, years after, I heard of his death, I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Capt. Andrews, but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness, amid the hissing furnaces, doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism, and his continuance, and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight as the captain the midst of the howling tempest. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every eventide, and the neighborhood in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

Shall there be no reward for such unpretending yet everlasting service?

Clear back in the country there is a boy who wants to go to college and get an education. They call him a bookworm. Wherever you find him—in the barn or in the house—he is reading a book. "What a pity it is," they say, "that Ed cannot get an education." His father, work as hard as he will, can no more than support the family by the product of the farm. One night Ed had retired to his room and there is a family conference about him. The sisters say: "Father, I wish you would send Ed to college. If you will, we will work harder than we ever did, and we will make our old dresses do." The mother says: "Yes, I will get along without any hired help, although I am not as strong as I used to be. I think I can get along without any hired help. The father says: "Well, I think by husking corn nights I can get along without any assistance." Sugar is banished from the table, butter is banished from the place. That family is put down on rigid—yes, suffering—economy that the boy may go to college. Time passes on. Commencement day has come. Think not that I am in this an imaginary case. God knows it happened. Commencement day has come and the professors walk in on the stage in their long gowns. The interest of the occasion is passing on, and after awhile it comes to a climax of interest as the valedictorian is to be introduced. Ed has studied so hard and worked so well that he has had the honor conferred upon him. There are rounds of applause, sometimes breaking into vociferation. It is a great day for Ed. But away back in the galleries are his sisters in their plain hats and their faded shawls, and the old-fashioned father and mother—dear me, she has not had a new hat for six years, he has not had a new coat for six years—and they get up and look over on the platform and they laugh and they cry, and they sit down, and they look pale and then they are very much flushed. Ed gets the garlands, and the old-fashioned group in the gallery have their full share of the triumph. They have made that scene possible, and in the day when God shall more fully reward self sacrifices made for others, he will give grand and glorious recognitions. "As his part is that goeth down to battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this subject, also, for those who once wrought mightily for Christ and the church, but through sickness or collapse of tortune or advanced years cannot now go to the front. These 200 men of the text were veterans. Let that man bare his arm and show how the muscles were torn. Let him pull aside the turban and see the mark of a battle axe. Pull aside the coat and see where the spear thrust him. Would it have been fair for those men, crippled, weak and old, by the brook Besor, to have no share in the spoils of triumph? I was in the Soldiers' Hospital in Paris, and I saw there some of the men of the first Napoleon, and I asked them where they had fought under their great commander. One man said, "I was at Austerlitz." Another man said, "I was at the Pyramids." Another man said, "I was in the awful retreat from Moscow." Another man said, "I was at the bridge of Lodi." Some of them were lame; they were all aged. Did the French Government turn off those old soldiers to die in want? No; their last days were spent like princes. Do you think my Lord can no more than support the family by the product of the farm. Are they going to get no part of the spoils of the victory? Just look at them. Do you think those crevices in the faces are wrinkles? No; they are battle scars. They fought against sickness, they fought against trouble, they fought against sin, they fought for God, they fought for the church, they fought for the truth, they fought for heaven. When they had plenty of money, their names were always on the subscription list. When there was any hard work to be done for God, they were ready to take the heaviest part of it. When there came a great revival, they were ready to pray all night for the anxious and the sin struck. They were ready to do any work, endure any sacrifice, do the most unpopular thing that God demanded of them. But now they cannot go farther. Now they have physical infirmities. Now their head troubles them. They are weak and faint by the brook Besor. Are they to have no share in the triumph? Are they to get none of the treasures, none of the spoils of conquest? You must think that Christ has a very short memory if you think he has forgotten their services.

Fret not, ye aged ones. Just tarry by the stuff and wait for your share of the spoils. Yonder they are coming. I hear the bleating of the fat lambs and I see the jewels glisten in the sun. It makes me laugh to think how you will be surprised when they throw a chain of gold over your neck and tell you to go in and dine with the king. I see you backing out because you feel unworthy. The shining ones come up on the one side, and the shining ones come up on the other side, and they push you on and they push you up and they say, "Here is an old soldier of Jesus Christ," and the shining ones will rush out toward you and say, "Yes, that man saved my soul," or they will rush out and say, "Oh, yes, she was with me in the last sickness." And then the cry will go round the circle, "Come in, come in, come in, come up. We saw you away down there, old and sick and decrepit and discouraged because you could not go to the front, but "As his part is that goeth down to battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high consolation, also, in this for aged ministers. I see some of them here to-day. They sit in pews in our churches. They used to stand in pulpits. Their hair is white with the blossoms of the tree of life. Their names marked on the roll of the general assembly, or of the consociation, "Emeritus." They sometimes hear a text announced which brings to mind a sermon they preached 50 years ago on the same subject. They preached more gospel on $400 a year than some of their successors preach on $4,000. Some Sunday the old minister is in a church and near by in another pew there is a husband and wife and a row of children. And after the benediction, the lady comes up and says, "Doctor, you don't know me, do you?" "Well," he says, "your face is familiar, but I cannot call you by name." "Why," she says, "you baptized me and you married me and you buried my father and mother and sisters." "Oh, yes," he says, "my eyesight isn't as good as it used to be." There are in all our churches—the heroes of 1820, the heroes of 1832, the heroes of 1857. By the long grave trench that cuts through half a century, they have stood sounding the resurrection. They have been in more Balaklavas and have taken more Sebastopols than you ever heard of. Sometimes they get a little fretful because they cannot be at the front. They hear the sound of the batle and the old war horse champs his bit. But the 60,000 ministers of religion this day standing in the brunt of the fray shall have no more reward than those retired veterans. "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Cheer up men and women of unappreciated services. You will get your reward, if not here, hereafter. When Charles Wesley comes up to judgment, and the thousands of souls which were wafted in to glory through his songs shall be enumerated, he will take his throne. Then John Wesley will come up to judgment, and after his name has been mentioned in connection with the salvation of the millions of souls brought to God through the Methodism which he founded, he will take his throne. But between the two thrones of Charles Wesley and John Wesley there will be a throne higher than either, on which shall sit Susannah Wesley, who, with maternal consecration in Epworth rectory, Lincolnshire, started those two souls on their triumphant mission of sermon and song through all following ages. Oh, what a day that will be for many who rocked Christian cradles with weary foot, and who patched worn-out garments and darned socks, and out of a small income made the children comfortable for the winter. What a day that will be for those to whom the world gave the cold shoulder, and called them nobodies, and begrudged them the least recognition, and who, weary and worn, and sick, fainted by the brook Besor. Oh, that will be a mighty day when the son of David shall distribute among them the garlands, the crowns, the scepters, the chariots, the thrones. And then it shall be found out that all who on earth served God in inconspicuous spheres receive just as much reward as those who filled the earth with uproar of achievement. Then they shall understand the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the pillared and domed magnificence of my text. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

BICYCLE AS FAST AS A TRAIN.

At Last We Have An Electric "Safety," With Its Own Motor, Driving It Over 30 Miles an Hour.

The electric bicycle is among the probabilities. A inventor has fashioned one and claims for it a speed of thirty miles an hour. A wheelman is very skilful who can cover seventeen miles an hour over an ordinary road. The petroleum bicycle had a trial in the road races for motor vehicles in France, but it was never in the race.

The electrical bicycle weighs about sixty-four pounds. The motor is directly under the seat. The battery-box is the cumbersome feature. It rests on a small arm, which stands out from the frame, directly over the rear wheel. The box is about thirty-six inches long and seven in depth. From the battery run two wires to the motor. A narrow leather belt connects the motor with the rear axle. Wires from the motor run along the upper bar of the frame to a graduating switch, near the handlebar. A lamp, throwing a reflection twenty feet, is connected with the motor, the electricity serving the twofold purpose of light and power.

The inventor is not sure but that over thirty miles an hour can be made over a good road. This speed would be accompanied by great danger, of course, should the rider fall off.

The inventor says that he borrowed a friend's safety, fitted the invention to it, and asked the owner to give it a trial. The wheel was tried on the boulevard one morning at daybreak. The result was astonishing. The inventor says the speed did not exceed twenty miles an hour. The man who rode the wheel is willing to swear that it was nearer two hundred miles. He didn't want to try it again. The inventor purchased the machine from him and has since improved it.

Pencil Point Pierced His Heart.

John Dripps, a nine-year-old boy residing in Mt. Washington, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Penn., was almost instantly killed the other afternoon by falling on a slate pencil in his pocket, which pierced his heart. After school he started home on a run. He slipped and fell to the sidewalk. The driver of a laundry wagon went to his assistance. The boy was trying to pull the pencil from his body. The laundryman, seeing the boy was badly hurt, carried him to a doctor's office. Before the doctor could examine him the boy died.

In the Alpine Country.

Guide—Zee zhentleman vill pay eet in advance, m'sieur?

Tourist—What's that?

Guide—Pardon, m'sieur, but so ver' many zhentlemen fall and ees kill't on zee rocks!

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.

Detective Dubois of Peoria, Ill., was robbed of a gold watch, diamonds and $300 at Hamilton.

Fire damaged the contents of J. W. Hill's storage warehouse in Montreal to the extent of $100,000.

The issue of $50,000 Hamilton school debentures has been purchased by the Bank of Hamilton at 102 3-8.

Mr. W. White, Q.C., of Sherbrooke, has been appointed Judge of the Superior Court in Quebec.

A number of Canadian horses were sold recently in London. The prices realized were not as good as expected.

After a delay of upwards of three and a half months La Banque du Peuple has again opened for business in Montreal.

Shortis, who is under sentence of death for the Valleyfield murder, is reported to be suffering from extreme nervousness.

Mr. Herbert Morris, of Niagara Falls, shot and seriously wounded himself because he failed to pass a dental examination.

C. Olsen, a Norwegian settler in Manitoba, will shortly return to his native land for the purpose of bringing out a large party to Canada.

A true bill was found at Winnipeg against Farr, the C.P.R. engineer, on a charge of attempting to burn his wife and family in their beds.

It is rumored that the Dominion Government intends putting two hundred thousand dollars in the next estimates for a new Custom house in Ottawa.

The annual statement of the Mont-Street Railway Company shows a net profit for the past year of $351,349 as against $214,021 for the previous year.

In the Kingston penitentiary are two men, father and son, each under sentence of seven years, the former for killing a man, and the latter for killing a cow.

A petition will be forwarded to Sir Charles H. Tupper, Minister of Justice, praying that the death sentence in the Shortis case be commuted to imprisonment for life.

The improvement in the finances of the Dominion is becoming more marked. For October the revenue was $3,177,401, against $2,805,552, for the corresponding month last year.

J. A. Martin, of Fort Erie, Ont., was sandbagged in Buffalo on Tuesday night. It is supposed he was attacked by robbers, who were frightened away before they had robbed him.

Postmasters have been notified that a direct parcel post service between Canada and Hong Kong has gone into effect via Vancouver. The rates are sixteen cents per pound.

A deputation from St. John, N. B., is in Ottawa applying for an annual subsidy of $25,000 for a line of fast freight steamers between St. John and England in winter.

Alderman Hurteau, chairman of the Civic Finance Committee, and the leading figure in municipal politics in Montreal, died on Friday morning from consumption. He was forty-nine years of age.

According to the report of the Controller of Inland Revenue, which has just been issued, Canadians are drinking less spirits and beer and more wine, and smoking less tobacco than they did a year ago.

A deputation representing the administration of the Boston Police Department arrived in Montreal on Friday morning to investigate the police system, with special reference to the patrol and police alarm service.

The water in the St. Lawrence canals between Cardinal and Cornwall is so low that grain en route for Montreal is delayed. Unless the water rises within ten days this grain will be too late for shipment from Montreal.

The number of emigrants from Great Britain to the Dominion of Canada during the month of October, according to the official returns, was 1,768. The number emigrating to Canada during the ten months ended October 31 was 21,215.

Father Dumortier, the venerable priest connected with the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, Ont., died at eight o'clock on Friday night. A few months ago the jubilee of Father Dumortier's priesthood was celebrated with great ceremony.

From a report which was received by the Department of Trade and Commerce in Ottawa from Trinidad, the prospects of reciprocal trade arrangements between Canada and the West Indies are becomming more favorable.

It is likely that the site for the proposed national sanitarium for consumptives will be on the Robinson property, in Muskoka township, nearly two miles from Gravenhurst. It is composed of about fifty acres of very choice bush land.

Major-General Gascoigne, who has returned to Ottawa after inspecting the volunteers at Montreal, Toronto, and Quebec, expresses himself as highly pleased. He has been agreeably surprised to find such excellent corps under his command.

Mr. J. Arthur Maguire, Consul-General at Montreal for the Argentine Republic, is endeavouring to induce a number of capitalists to join him in introducing trolley cars into Buenos Ayres, which has a population of more than seven hundred thousand.

The statement recently sent out from Utah, that Mormons in Alberta, North-West Territories, were, by agreement with the Dominion Government, permitted to practise polygamy, is entirely false. The Mormon settlers neither in spirit nor letter violate the law in this respect.

Lieu. C. H. McLean, of Pennycross, an officer of the 48 Highlanders, has passed the examination for a commission in the British army. This is the first instance of an officer of the Canadian militia securing a commission in the British service under the new rules governing the commissioning of officers.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Don Carlos, King of Portugal, has arrived in England.

Clyde shipbuilders are paying off and suspending their workmen.

An expedition to Ashantee has been arranged for by the British War Office in consequence of the King's disregard of the ultimatum.

The Irish National League of Great Britain has removed Mr. Timothy Healy's name from the Executive and substituted in its place Mr. Michael Davitt's.

Mr. Chamberlain has received a petition from the planters of British Guiana, pointing out that they are suffering from a serious decline in the sugar industry, and asking for protection.

It is announced that the programme of the British Government, now being prepared is to include a bill permanently excluding all imported live stock except for slaughter at a British port. This bill will finally close the market to live Canadian cattle.

United States Ambassador Bayard delivered the inaugural lecture on Thursday evening before the Edinburgh Philosophical Society on "Individual Liberty, the Germ of National Progress and Permanency," in the course of which he denounced Socialism and protection.

Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., presiding over a meeting of the Associated Chambers of Agriculture, declared that vivisection in the only practical relief for the present depression. A resolution was passed demanding total prohibition of the importation of foreign live cattle.

UNITED STATES.

Thursday, Nov. 28, will be observed as Thanksgiving Day in the United States.

The clothing strike in Rochester, which has lasted for nearly three months, is now ended.

The union job printers of Minneapolis, 200 in number, are on strike for thirty cents an hour and a nine-hour day.

Eugene Field, the American poet, died suddenly of heart failure on Monday morning at Buena Park, Ill. He was forty-five years of age.

The composition of the next United States Senate will be as follows:—Republicans, 44; Democrats, 39; Populists, 6; vacant (Delaware), 1.

The sentence of W.H.T. Durrant at San Francisco for the murder of Blanche Lamont was postponed for two weeks to allow his counsel time to pare a motion for a new trial.

A San Francisco paper says that the celebrated Fair will case has been settled out of court, and what promised to be a bitter contest over an estate valued at forty million dollars has been abandoned.

Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, has sent a long communication to the Council favouring the abrogation of that portion of the treaty between Great Britain and the United States which prevents the building of warships on the lakes.

The Spanish colony of New York city has purchased a large ocean-going tug, which will be turned into a gunboat, and presented to the Spanish Government to guard the Cuban coast against the landing of filibustering parties.

In the United States business has been to a certain extent interfered with by the election fever. At this time of year the trade movement has comparatively little significance in regard to the immediate future. There is a fair seasonable movement in the principal commercial centres, but low prices generally prevail. Still, the immediate outlook is encouraging, and orders for Christmas and New Year specialties are assuming satisfactory proportions. Several woolen mills have closed, though there is by no means a poor demand for seasonable dress goods; stocks of foreign wool are large.

GENERAL.

The revolutionary movement in Turkey is growing stronger, and has adherents in both army and navy.

Spanish officials will go to England to arrange for the immediate building of two torpedo catchers of great speed.

The Turkish Government has again instructed the Governor of Bitlis to protect the American missionaries at that place.

Judgment has been given by the Marine Court at Rotterdam against the British steamer Crathie in connection with the Elbe disaster.

The Berlin police have confiscated the issue of the Socialistic newspaper, the Vorwaerts, on the ground that it contained matter that was calculated to do harm by its publication.

In an interview recently General de Campos declared that he is not disposed to agree to the independence of Cuba, but he thinks that reforms should be applied in a more liberal manner.

A despatch to St. Petersburg from Vladivostock says that the Russian warship Yakut has captured seventeen foreign sealers in the Sea of Okhotsk, all with slughtered seals on board.

A diplomat, whose name is not given, suggests a possible combination of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan as a protest against the encroachments of Russia and a guarantee of peace in the far East.

Harbor Grace Island, on which is situated one of the principal lighthouses of Newfoundland, partly foundered on Saturday. It is expected that the lighthouse will collapse in the next northwest gale.

L'Intransigeant, of Paris, asserts that the Government is about to reopen the question of the Panama canal scandal, and that it will prosecute a prominent member of the Chamber of Deputies in connection with them.

At Prenzlow, in Germany, Herman Springstein, and his married sister, Augusta Book, were yesterday found guilty of a series of murders committed for the purpose of obtaining the insurance money placed upon the murdered people's lives.

Col von Hannekin, the German officer who was military assistant to Viceroy Li-Hung-Chang, has arrived in Berlin from China, charged with a special mission, and fully empowered to arrange for the reorganization of the Chinese army on the Russian, French, or German model.

A despatch received in Rome from Constantinople says, that owing to the recurring disturbances in various parts of the Turkish Empire, the Ambassadors of the powers went to the Porte separately and urged that immediate and adequate measures for the restoration of order be taken, declaring that otherwise the powers, acting in concert, would take their own steps in the matter.

FORTY PEOPLE KILLED.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION OF A BATTERY OF BOILERS.

Twenty-Six Persons Wounded—A Property Loss of Sixty Thousand Dollars Caused—The Detroit Evening Journal Shattered and Other Buildings Ruined.

A despatch from Detroit says:—The battery of boilers in the building of The Evening Journal exploded at 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning, wrecking the building. Nos. 45 and 47 West Larned-street, killing at least 40 persons, wounding 20 others, more or less seriously, and causing a loss of $60,000.

THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

The Detroit Journal was located at Shelby and Larned-streets, occupying for its main offices a 70-foot front in Larned-street. Next east of its building and in part of the same block, were two 20-foot fronts, which constituted the scene of the disaster. One of these, No. 45, was wholly occupied by John Davis & Co., saleratus manufacturers and dealers in grocers' supplies, while in the basement of the other were the two boilers which exploded.

Just above the boiler room on the first floor was The Journal mailing room. The second floor was occupied by the Kohlbrandt Engraving Co., and W. W. Dunlap's agency for Rogers Typograph supplies.

On the third and fourth floors were J. George Hiller's bookbindery, and the top floor was The Journal's stereotyping room. There were three stereotypers at work in The Journal's floor, about 30 girls in the bookbindery, besides the proprietor, a machinist and several others in the typograph shop, several engravers and assistants in the Kohlbrandt Co.'s rooms and a force of clerks on the ground floor in the main room.

There were six persons in the Davis building. In the basement were the engineer, fireman and several pressmen.

The first intimation the neighborhood got of the disaster was a tremendous report, followed by a blinding cloud of dust, smoke and steam, and before this had cleared away the whole five floors and the people working on them were in an inextricable mass of wreckage.

FIREMEN ON HAND.

Firemen were there in a minute from the next corner. The whole downtown divisions of the department, followed by volunteers from the crowd that collected, started to dig into the ruins.

The scenes attending the digging among the debris were of the most ghastly character. Here a head protruded, there an arm, and there a leg, and as the work proceeded the sights were sickening.

A WATERY BED.

Suicide in the Rapids Above Niagara Falls—The Body Caught on a Rock—It Can be Seen by the Moonlight.

A despatch from Niagara Falls, Ont., says:—"There's my bed," said an elderly man, a stranger, attired in a long military overcoat, to Peter Muldoon, the well-known hack driver on Monday afternoon, pointing to the whirling, seething rapids of the Niagara above the American falls. This remark was brought out by a number of hackmen soliciting the man to hire a hack. He told them that he was penniless, and had no place to go, and wound up his short history by his dramatic utterance, and pointing to the wild rushing waters. The hackmen reported the matter to State Reservation Officer Jacob Anthony, who followed the man and apprehended him. The stranger laughed, and explained his statements by saying he was just joking with the hackmen who were soliciting him. He gave his name as James Hodges, and his home as Philadelphia, where he was a member of the Fourth Battalion. He claimed to have been stopping in the city several days, and was registered at the Hotel Imperial. Under the representations Officer Anthony permitted the man to go, but kept him under surveillance. He was evidently an old Grand Army man, as he gave John Barlow, the old guide, the Grand Army salute, and they had a short talk about the scenery and points of interest.

Hodges, or whatever his name is, sauntered out on to Bath Island bridge. Officer Anthony stood at the end of the bridge, when, suddenly looking back, the man put one foot on the railing of the bridge and jumped over. He went down head first, with his hands extended, striking the water with a splash. The rushing waters carried his body along towards the American Falls. By a turn in the current it was carried over towards Chapin Island, just above Luna Island, where it caught fast in a rock. There is little doubt that if the body could have been secured then the man could have been resuscitated, but it was death to anyone to venture out to the rock. There the body rests, and can be distinctly seen under the moonlight to-night. It is liable to slip off any moment or remain until the next west wind raises the water in the river, and it is washed over the falls.

"Tommy Atkins."

Did you ever hear an explanation of the origin of the term "Tommy Atkins" as applied to all British soldiers? It originated in this way: About 40 years ago the Queen caused a little ledger to be published and distributed to every individual in her army and navy. In this book the soldier was expected to enter his name, age, date of enlistment, length of service, description of medals received, etc. In the back of the ledger, by way of instruction, a filled-out leaf was inserted. The name used in the blank was "Thomas Atkins," just as we use the names "John Doe" and "Richard Roe" in legal patterns. Soon after some wag gave the name of "Tommy Atkins" to the book, and it has since become common to apply it to the soldiers themselves