THE WEEKS' NEWS

CANADIAN.

Joseph Paguet of Ste. Blondine County, Quebec, was run over and killed on the Intercolonial on Tuesday.

Three brothers, sons of Farmer Pomerleau, of the parish of St. Victor de Tring, Quebec, have just married three sisters, daughters of Farmer Fortin, of the same locality.

Two lepers who arrived in Vancouver, with the intention of proceeding to China, but were refused passage on the City of Japan, have been isolated, and will be sent back to New York.

The trouble in the church of Ascension, Hamilton, continues. The latest move is a resolution to cut off from the church the coal, gas, water and other supplies. The rector's party propose to hold the fort.

It is feared that the steam tug Lady Ellen with a crew of six men, has been lost off Long Point in Lake Winnipeg.

Alexander M. Liddell, a well-known traveller in wholesale groceries, was found dead with his throat cut at Windsor Junction, N. S., on Sunday morning.

Mr. George A. Burnham, of Toronto, has been appointed Postal Inspector at Hamilton.

The great St. Clair tunnel was auspiciously opened on Saturday. The tunnel has cost $1,460,000.

W. A. Miller, late of Stratford, was killed while braking on the Montana Central Railroad.

Jerome Rancour fell from a church spire at St. Coine, Que., a few days ago and broke his neck.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen will not visit Toronto and Hamilton until after their return from the Pacific coast.

Captain W. Power, of Kingston, has completed designs for a grain-carrying steamer which is claimed to be an improvement on the whaleback.

Simeon Gunyou, while being drawn from a well by means of a rope the other day at Tamworth, was overcome by gas, loosed his hold and fell 25 feet, breaking his neck.

Mr. Clarke, G. T. R. baggageman, whose family reside in London, went in bathing at Kincardine last week and was drowned.

At noon on Saturday while the bookeeper was at lunch the office door of Burr Bros.' furniture factory, in Guelph, was broken open and $1,100, intended for payment of wages, stolen.

Dr. Wells, for 21 years pastor of the American Presbyterian church in Montreal, has announced his intention of accepting a call from the Plymouth Congregational church at Minneapolis. Stipend $5,000.

Burglars armed with axes broke into the residence of Noble Tufford, a farmer living 15 miles from St. Thomas, the other night. They took $50 from his pants pocket. When ch se1 one of the burglars fired an axe through the window at the inmates.

Mrs. Thomas Donkin, aged about 45, while going along Nelson street in Stratford one day, last week, walked abstractedly on the railway crossing and was struck by the locomotive of the Goderich express. There is little hope of her recovery, as her skull is fractured.

Finley Clark, son of Gilbert Clark, of South Maryborough, slipped when stepping from a mow on Thursday, and his right leg went into the cylinder of a threshing machine. The leg was pulverized up to the groin. Amputation was resorted to, but the man died.

A correspondent of the *Marine Review* says that during the month of August 2,200,000 bushels of grain were transhipped at Kingston, Ont., by the two forwarding companies. Notwithstanding the rush, there was little complaint and vessels had little or no delay. Kingston's importance as a transhipping point is growing.

E. Messett, of Seaforth, a man 73 years of age, was tried at Goderich on Saturday, charged with the abduction of Catherine Kennedy, a girl of twelve, and was allowed to go on suspended sentence. The prisoner intended marrying the girl.

The tramp cattle ship Mondego, which left Montreal September 10 for Dundee with 501 head of cattle, is reported to be a total wreck on the banks of Newfoundland. The crew and cattlemen were, it is said, saved. The vessel was chartered by the Reford line, and her cattle and cargo were insured in English companies for $120,000.

GREAT BRITAIN.

England has selected a site at the World's Fair.

A furious gale has done great damage to shipping and seriously injured crops in North Britain.

Sir James Fergusson, political secretary of the Foreign Office, has been appointed to succeed the late Mr. Raikes as Postmaster-General of Great Britain.

A very large amount of money has been stolen from the London and Westminster Bank, and London banking circles are startled. The sum is placed at $750,000, but the police officers and bank officials are very reticent.

UNITED STATES.

Twenty horses were burnt to death in Chicago on Monday night.

Owing to the intense heat in St. Paul, Minn., the city schools, including the High school, have been closed.

The recent fire on the Sioux reservation in Minnesota made a clean sweep of the crops, and the reservation is now a blackened waste.

Scientists at Galesburg, Ill., are excited over a find of elephants' teeth, tusks and vertebræ, The largest tooth is ten inches long and weighs six pounds.

S. V. White & Co., of New York, have assigned. They say their assignment is due to the "corner" in the corn deal, and their interest in the stock or board market is very limited.

Fully 40,000 people were engaged in the mad scramble for town lots and claims at Guthrie, Oklahoma, on Tuesday. There was some fighting and several persons were killed. Many ladies secured claims. Whiskey flowed freely.

Lewis York, an anarchist of Logansport, Ind., had several young ladies visiting at his house and the other evening two young men called to see the ladies. York did not like this and went into his cellar, lighted a fuse and exploded a jug of dynamite, which blew up the house but killed no one. York's premises was a headquarters for anarchists and will be searched for bombs.

Ralph B. Stanley was killed at a baseball game in Carson, Nevada, on Sunday, by being struck on the neck by a ball.

The rain-makers in Texas have failed to induce showers in the El Paso district of Texas.

Five person were drowned at Low Point on the Hudson river, near Newburgh, N, Y., on Monday through the upsetting of a row boat.

Rev. Father Mullaney, pastor of the Roman Catholic church at Granville, N. Y., dropped dead on the altar while saying mass on Sunday.

Fred Kammerer, a wife murderer, overcome with remorse, and goaded on by the certainty that he would be hung, took his own life in the county jail at Cleveland on Monday.

Col. Frederick A. Conklin, brother of the late Roscoe Conklin, died in New York last week of cancer of the stomach.

A Virginia City, Nev., despatch says a cave-in occurred at the Alta mine last week and five men were imprisoned. Their fate is unknown.

United States Secretary Rusk feels confident that within a short time England will admit American cattle on the same terms Canadian cattle are now admitted.

The *American Agriculturalist* has been studying up the world's food supply, and calculates that there will be a deficit of 200,000,000 bushels of wheat and rye.

Folger A. Bigelow, a young artist, was instantly killed in his father's residence in Chicago, Wednesday evening by the accidental discharge of a revolver in the hands of Anthony Courtney, a companion.

John Tongasg, of Celina, Ohio, who was given a life sentence two years ago for the supposed murder of a boy, has been proved innocent by the reappearance of the boy, who had run away and knew nothing of the trial.

A special from St. Paul says rumors current there point to a combination into one system of the Great Northern, the Canadian Pacific and the Soo railroads.

A prominent vine-grower of California, who recently visited the grape countries of Europe, is of opinion that, owing to the ravages of phylloxera in Europe, within ten years the Old World will have to rely upon America almost entirely for its supply of first-class wine.

C. T. Jenkins, a middle-aged and prominent member of the First Presbyterian church in St. Louis, has been arrested, charged with embezzling nearly $14,000 from his employers, Armstrong, Gilbert & Co., cork manufacturers, whose trusted cashier and bookkeeper he has been for seven years. Jenkins speculated in mining stocks, and this caused his ruin.

IN GENERAL.

A French mission in Portuguese Guinea has been attacked by natives and ten attaches killed.

General Booth of the Salvation Army, addressed a meeting of 15,000 persons in Melbourne, Australia, on Sunday night.

The Austrian Cabinet has decided to increase the military budget by 6,000,000 florins, and to strengthen the peace effective force of the Empire.

An analysis of the bread sold in many parts of Russia shows a mixture of seventy per cent. of earth and sand and thirty per cent. of refuse of farinaceous products.

Lord Lansdowne is creating much discontent in India by interfering with native customs.

Azop Pasha, formerly Turkish Minister of Finance, was thrown from a horse last week and killed.

Thirty-five cases of cholera and eighteen deaths are reported on board British men-of-war in Bombay harbor.

Emperor William has offered a German squadron, with or without the aid of British or French vessels, to enforce a diplomatic representation on the Chinese Government.

A riot occurred at a Marseilles bull fight on Sunday and great destruction of property resulted.

Further damage was done in the flooded districts of Spain on Sunday by a severe hurricane. An epidemic of influenza has broken out.

A man was killed in a fierce fight between Parnellites and anti-Parnellites at Nenagh, Ireland, on Saturday.

The steamer Fuerst Bismarck, from New York to Hamburg, arrived last week at Southampton, breaking the record by a passage performed in six days twelve hours and fifty-eight minutes.

Owing to the rise in the price of flour, the bakers of Segierz, Poland, increased the price of bread one kopek a loaf; but the next morning soldiers headed by a drummer paraded the town and warned the bakers that anyone charging the extra price would be imprisoned.

Climatic Influence of Trees.

The climate of a country is undoubtedly greatly influenced by trees, by their abundance or scarcity. A densely wooded country is almost invariably a wet country, while those portions of the earth's surface wholly devoid of trees are usually arid deserts. The treeless and desert regions of the earth are found in Africa, Arabia, Persia, and North America. The sultry atmosphere and dreadful droughts experienced in the Cape de Verde Islands are attributed to the destruction of trees on them; whilst a remarkable improvement has taken place in the climate of the Island of Ascension since trees have been planted on it. The heat of the day is more evenly distributed in countries which are moderately covered with vegetation than in those which are not. The climates of Italy and Germany have been immensely improved in late years by the removal of the superabundance of trees and the cutting down of some of the dense forests of those countries. In several districts of Sweden, where large tracts of forest have been cut down, the spring commences about fifteen days later than was formerly the case. When the land is cultivated, the forests partially cleared away, and the soil broken up and exposed to the sun and the wind, the diminution in the excessive number of trees raises the temperature and improves the climate. That is why many parts of Europe now enjoy a milder climate than they did in the time of the Romans, or even at periods more recent.

WHAT MEEKNESS MEANS.

BY PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.—*Mathew v., 5.*

"Among the questions which composed the Christian child's catechism fifty years ago flourished this inquiry, 'Who was the meekest man?' The honor of the answer fell upon Moses. This reply rested upon the remark made in the book of Numbers that 'the man Moses was very meek, even above all the men which were upon the face of the earth.'

Our book-making fathers ought to have remembered that many great and noble persons have lived in this world since that estimate was made of earth's meekest men, and that the fact of Christ and His apostles and of millions of St. John's and St. Mark's and similar worthies and martyrs ought to have justified some later estimate and appraisement of such moral worth, The meekness of Moses now seems quite eclipsed by that of Jesus or St. John or St. Paul. The entire Mosaic age, with all its manhood, womanhood and childhood, stands related to the Christian era much as the moonlight ranks with the great outpouring from the sun. But it was the misfortune of our fathers that they could not find any important difference between the book of Numbers and the sermon on the mount, nor find in Christ and St. John any moral beauty which they might not find in the battle fields of Moses and Joshua. There was many a moral charm in Moses; but it would be doing a great injustice to Christianity were he declared meeker than Sir Isaac Newton George Fox, or more soft of footstep than Henry Bergh. We are all bound to confess that Christ has crossed our world; and that after Him there has sprung up a moral excellence which did not flow widely or deeply before He came. Think what each may of the nature of Christ, all seem compelled to confess that He gave a wonderful impulse to a very high type of human character.

Here and there has come some genius who has created a new era of painting or sculpture; or some genius under whose touch music has become a thousand fold more rich and sweet; or some mind which has driven forward the golden chariot of poetry and of literature; or some mind which has assembled words and thoughts into eloquence; and into a planet liable to be thus storm-tossed. Christ came to set new fashions for the soul, and to make art and eloquence find a rivalry in human character. Against a beautiful statue or a beautiful picture or a beautiful poem there came a genius who could delineate an attractive soul.

"Whoever would appreciate this single utterance must repudiate the word 'meek.' It no longer tells us what Christ said or meant. It probably never did contain more than a small part of the Palestine import. In the days when the Bible was rendered into English the ideal Christian was described as a stoop-shouldered, melancholy, complaining creature always wondering that he was permitted to exist, always confessing that by right he ought to be suffering punishment for both natural and acquired depravity.

All this self-debasement was called 'meekness.' It certainly was not the intention of Christ to glorify such a quality of mind and to proclaim a time when such a dullness would inherit the earth. The oldest manuscript of the text is written in Greek and it says: 'Blessed are the mild-mannered, the gentle.' Plato and Xenophon both use the term to express the softening of a character or an age. It is used by Xenophon to express music when it sinks into its lowest and sweetest tones. The term was used to express the calmness of a heart which had conquered passion. It implied halcyon days—days not of self-reproach but of a serenity in both the world and in God. The Latin equivalent which for centuries lay alongside the Greek term stood for all that was gentler in not only the mind but also in nature; stood for nations which were becoming more refined, and for grapes which were sweetening in the autumn, and for an orator whose bitter words were changing into sympathy and pathos. This is the term which in our century finds no translation in the word 'meekness.' The word 'meek' is only a prison in which the bird from Greece and Palestine dies without plumage and without song. Oftentimes a translation is only the transfer of a leaf instead of the tree, as girls visiting a prairie bring back with them some flower or fern pressed in a book. These white, jeweled hands are kind, but they can not translate for us the immensity of the West. A pressed flower will not say much of that vast arena where the sun has poured out its heat and color for a million years.

If we would read perfectly this beatitude it would be necessary for us to use all those English terms which have slowly risen up among their classic original. As the single grain of wheat when sown in rich ground produces not a single stalk but a cluster, so each great classic term has in the deep soil of Europe and England become a cluster of ideas. The single plant which once grew at the feet of Christ has become a garden full of fruits and beauty. When the words "Blessed the meek" are pronounced there should rise up before the imagination all those who have carried in their hearts the highest wisdom, the tenderest justice, the deepest love, the kindest voices known to our race. The memory may recall, if it chooses, a multitude of minds all colored with one tint of character, and the roll need not end with the Fenelons and the Cowpers, but it may admit into its grouping such beings as Helen Hunt and Emerson and Longfellow and the Lowell whose grave is still fresh.

The roll must not admit only perfection, for admitting only the perfect it would contain but one name. It must claim all those who have pointed society toward all the glories of humanity. Blessed all those who in all their years stand by the great river of human being to purify and sweeten it as it flows. Some affirm that in his later days Mr. Lowell did not walk as lovingly among men as he had strolled along in his early manhood; that he became dazzled by the externalities of wealth and rank; but if such charges were true they would leave the name still wonderfully blessed on account of that long period of National cloud and toil through which his harp sounded only mercy, love, and justice.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide
In the strife of truth and falsehood for the good or evil side.

This hour came to Mr. Lowell, and his decision assumed an eloquence more powerful than guns. More nobly than Lord Byron he "Touched his harp and nations heard entranced."

"Old as the world is, and active as it has been, it has not produced a good average human character. The only consolation is found in the thought that the great and gifted workman is still toiling over the task. It is comforting to know that the human heart is more attractive now than it was when the centuries began the tremendous work of making something good out of man. It is wonderful that when the ancients sat down to invent twelve great labors for Hercules to perform they did not conceive the idea of asking the giant to make somewhere a perfect town, or village, or hamlet for all the passing and future ages to behold in dumb wonderment, a place where the mind should be broad and honest and the heart gentle. Great reforms were dreamed of, for when the lions closed their mouths in the presence of Daniel, when the wild beasts and even the trees were inspired by the music of Orpheus, when the dog Cerberus grew mild and gentle over the honeyed cake flung to him by the daring traveler, each story hinted at the existence of a power of mildness and love before which brute force would turn into weakness. The burden of each legend was that gentleness will be blessed forever.

"But while all these stories contained a dream of better things little effort was made in the direction of developing and perfecting the human character. Often art and cruelty ran along side by side for a thousand years. It seemed impossible for beauty to pass over from marble and bronze to the spirit. The Phœnicians led the old world in commerce, art and all genius, but they sold their own children into slavery as the moderns sell the horse or the ox. With the Spartans tears were a weakness; with the Hebrews, revenge and deep curses were worked up into poetry and song as fitting elements in the worship of God. To create a good manhood seemed a hopeless task.

It is estimated that the Niagara River was a certain number of ages in cutting its channel from Lake Ontario to the present cataract; it is conjectured that our planet was certain millions of years in elaborating its soil, its rainfall, its climate, its trees, and its birds, but it is not known how long it has taken man to eliminate the tons of iron and brass from his character, nor is it conjectured how long it will yet be before he will reach the end of his historic meanness. The mind may well infer from the general progress of the earth that man also is advancing. In that awful forward movement which astronomers detect man's heart is involved. If the universe advances it must take man along. If the terrific animals have died to make room for the birds of song, if the lark makes her nest in the blossoming grasses where serpents once hissed, if sweet apples fall where sour, bitter fruit once covered the September ground, the inference ought to be that the human race is moving away from its own hissing serpent and is being changed by and along with the changing scene.

To this argument of inference one may add the argument of fact. The spectacle of the times is that of a softening heart. Humanity has not become reformed, but it has been touched. It has not become colored with great deep, red love like that which Christ wore; but it has become tinted. The modern character is not black. Often it reveals many traces of beauty. Each republic ruling where despots once ruled is a triumph of kindness; each new law enacted in the name of justice and benevolence is a new blush of color on the human face. Each new institution to promote happiness is a smile on the lips—a tear of sympathy.

If any one will read the satires of the classics the reader will find them less true than they were in old Rome and Athens. Character has risen above them. Juvenal assailed even the scholars and statesmen of his day and painted pictures which would be false in all the great nations of our times. No modern poet would perhaps take the pains to write or publish a 'Tristia' like that of Ovid. Such 'Sad Thoughts' have been made false by the amenities of a higher civilization. In Ovid's lament come these words:

"While you are in prosperity you will be able to count many friends, but if sad days come, you will be alone. See how the doves build in the new towers, while the old roof has not a single bird. You will never see the ants filing along to a ampty storehouse nor friendship journeying toward one who has lost his wealth. As the shadow attends only when the sun is shining brightly and goes away at the coming of a cloud, thus the crowd will follow while one's day is bright, but when clouds come they will disappear.

Except upon a small scale these words are true no longer, for our whole age is moved deeply by the desire to bless those upon whose sky some cloud has come. The burden of all the modern thought of the state, the chuch, and the press is the welfare of those who have long been unhappy. Many of our great men are poor in money, but they are rich in honors and friends. There is indeed still too much of rock in the human character, but a great change for the better has come since Ovid and Dante poured out their tears in bitter and unjust exile. There is a slow drifting toward the idea: Blessed are the mild and merciful.

"The greatest problem which has ever been before our race or which is now before it is how to create the best and most universal human character. It has always been desirable to know how to produce the most wheat to the acre, how to exact the most heat from the least fuel and how to make a small salary meet the most wants, but the most tremendous problem of all has been how to create the greatest society. This problem has not been the most seen or the best known. It has been hidden behind the field of wheat and the gallery of art, but is has been on hand in all times, and here it is to-day in all its measurelessness. The question how to create great men and great women belittles all other inquiries.

"We should all die of despair could we not look back and see a time when the dead man was only a warrior, valuable on account of his bow and arrow and club, and when woman was valuable because she could take care of the fighter's food and clothes. Woman had no value of her own. Her reason of existence was found in her ability to cook for a being which could fight. A single glance backward makes us all love the nineteenth century, for in its fairer fields we can see man and woman alike great in mental and moral nature, each a distinct soul, neither soul being greater because each is infinite.

But the problem how to create a better public is still weighing heavily upon all thoughtful minds. It is probable that our public ideals are still too low. It is almost certain that we do not see clearly enough the intellectual and moral side of the universe. We may be as material as those ants of Ovid which traveled only toward granaries full of corn. Our eyes are not spiritual enough to be able to see the stores of learning, wisdom, love and beauty which stand along every path. To this blindness both the church and the state have contributed, for while the church has denounced the idea of being saved by a noble character, the state has educated its youth for only a career of business. Salvation and education have both been purely "business transactions."

The moral power of man has escaped notice. Such an aphorism as 'blessed are the meek' was suffered to sink in import until it became able to recall only that kind of 'umble' person who figures in a most popular novel. Thus a contemptible Uriah Heep illustrates a text which in fact contains the outlines of a most noble manhood. Only a matchless geatness can interpret the words of Jesus: 'Blessed are they who step softly upon the great planet made by a God, who feel the presence of other besides self, who confess the rights which encompass all life from that of man to that of the beast of the field. Blessed the gentle!' A little utterance; but the eighteen Christian centuries have failed to fathom its depth.

It can not be doubted that our public schools ought to educate the heart as well as the intellect. How far have all the great names of the world wandered away from the school-house? The Whittiers, the Holmeses, the Tennysons, the Max Mullers went from the school-house back to God's great world of sentiment and reread society, not through text-books alone but through human smiles and human tears. If the Bible shall not go back into the schools, at least the human heart should be invited to some banquet spread for its divine appetite. Religion is making some advance, for one must not esteem lightly an age which is placing the word *Amo* above the word *Credo*, for all history illustrates the fact that to love is better than to believe.

Education and religion might so live and so act as to cause human character to part with much of its iron and flint in the years just before us. They must first abandon the idea that hardness is power. In the realm of metals and stones hardness is ability, but in the kingdom of the mind the phenomenon is reversed, and the softness of the soul has been the most titanic force known to our race.

This power of love and refinement must have been assumed in the declaration that the meek would inherit the earth. What will inherit this great domain of man? Will bloody war ever wear a perpetual crown? Is cruelty ever to become a noble end of being? Is an ironlike selfishness ever to become the chief end of humanity? No one of these names is worthy of a final empire. The coming conqueror is a much gentler spirit. What spirit is that which has made the literature and wisdom and art and learning of all times? Mark well the hand which has touched the harp of letters. See it in Athens or Rome, in Italy or Germany or France or England. It has always been a kind hand. Philosophy has always been kind as a woman. Confucius and Plato wrote as kindly as wrote the Nazarene; Newton and Sir William Hamilton and Stuart Mill made philosophy as gentle as a song. The greatest kindness has always been the greatest power.

There is a kind of meekness which will surely inherit the earth. It will take possession in the name of the highest right. When an explorer discovers an island or a continent he raises upon its shore the flag of his nation. His nation found it, reclaimed it from solitude and from monsters and thus owns it. This is the law which shall give the earth to the gentle souls. They have discovered our world; they have sailed to its shores; they have made the earth with their own tender but creative hands; they found it a wild region, they have covered it with their music, with thought, with sentiment, with art, with philosophy, with friendship, with piety; and now in justice and beauty their flag waves over it. Meekness ought to own the world it creates.

In the blazing light of these things we should easily see that society is waiting for a better character to come—is waiting for the human heart to be freed from its old iron and rock In these years of waiting all who can must run on in advance of their day. It is well to be fully up to one's age when one thinks of the shame found in being behind it, but when one thinks of the power and splendor possible to man it is almost disgraceful to be only up to one's country. The best soul must run far ahead of its period, because the age must walk but the soul can fly.

When the slaves were set free the most eloquent of the old abolitionists said: 'Thirty years ago I threw my heart forward to this hour. To-day I have caught up with it.' Thus must all those who read most deeply the needs and powers of man fling their hearts toward the future and then enjoy the happiness of seeing society creep along toward the new goal. The greatest Greek dramatist said: 'I do not write plays for man as he is but for man as he should be. Out of this principle came his sublimity, and there remains a sublimity still for all those who will Christ-like leave the age far behind and drag it onward by running along in beauty before it. Fling your hearts forward thirty years and you will in great joy overtake them here or else in heaven.

Meaning of the Term "High Seas."

The term "high seas," so frequently made use of in nautical parlance, means the open sea, or that part of it which is free to all, and includes, therefore, the whole extent of every ocean so far as it is not the exclusive property of any particular country. The rule of international law is that every country bordering on the sea has the exclusive sovereignty over such sea to the extent of three miles from its shores; but all beyond, and not within three miles of the coast of any other country, is open or common to all countries. The part of the sea within the three miles' distance is generally called the territorial sea of the particular country whose coasts it borders, or *mare clausum*. The distinction has little effect on the rights of navigation, but with fishermen it is different; foreign fishermen have no right to fish within three miles of the British coast without a license from the Crown, unless some special treaty has laid down some other arrangements. High seas, like high-ways, means for the public use, and all the sea, therefore, that is so open to the public generally comes within the meaning of the term. The limit of territorial waters was fixed at three miles, because that was supposed to be the utmost distance to which a cannon shot could reach.