Subscribers who do not receive their paper promptly will please notify us at once.
Advertising rates on application.

MARKDALE STANDARD.

THURSDAY, DEC. 6, 1894.

Week's Commercial Summary.

The preliminary official estimate of the Russian wheat crop is 48,000,000 bushels less and rye 40,000,000 more than in 1893.

J. S. Playfair & Co. have purchased the large sawmills at Midland, Ont., and signed a contract for ten years to supply to Arthur Hill, of Saginaw, Mich., 20,000,000 feet of lumber annually. The planing and box factories will, it is believed, be opened almost immediately.

A further slight decrease in the number of failures in the Dominion last week, when they numbered only 31, as against 33 the previous week and 35 the corresponding week of a year ago. Ontario heads the list with 16, a decrease of 4, none of which were of any importance, only one having a rating of over $5,000. In Quebec there were 8, an increase of 1. New Brunswick had 1, Manitoba 4 and British Columbia 2. Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island had no bankrupts last week.

R. G. Dun's weekly review of trade in the United States for the past week says: There are some changes for the better. The gain is slow and in some directions not very distinct, but the signs of it are a little more definite than last week. The most important of them is larger employment of labor, answering a better demand on the whole for manufactured products. Prices of farm products in the aggregate do not improve, but the prevailing hopefulness is felt in somewhat larger transactions.

The foreign trade of Canada is in a most satisfactory condition. The returns for October show that the exports increased in value $900,000 as compared with the same month of last year, the figures being $14,603,666, as against $13,706,603. The decrease for the four months of the fiscal year is three and a half millions as compared with the corresponding period of last year, but some allowance must be made for the lower prices of exportable produce this year. But while there is this decrease in the total exports, it is gratifying to note that the exports for four months in goods the produce of Canada increased $61,867. Turning to the other side of the account, we find that Canada's dependence on foreign manufactured goods is less than formerly. This indicates economy, and the outlook is lower rates of exchange with the balance of trade in our favor. Canada's imports of goods from foreign countries for October are valued at $1,500,000 less than in the same month of 1893, while the imports for the past four months aggregate only $89,297,189 as compared with $44,063,242 during the corresponding four months of last year.

The financial situation, although showing little or no change, is considered on the mend. The late issues of Government and municipal bonds have been satisfactorily floated at rates favorable to the community. The leading money markets of the world are a trifle firmer this week for long-time loans in consequence of a little better demand. Locally, banks and large financial institutions are handicapped by the high rates paid for deposits, but a move is being instituted in the direction of lowering the rates. If this results in the withdrawal of deposits to any extent, the business and industrial classes are likely to gain some benefit. General trade in Toronto this week, is not marked by any special prominence. A moderate sorting-up business is reported, and the more seasonable weather has had beneficial effect on sales of heavy dry goods, furs and the like. The trade outlook seems a little brighter owing partly to the better prices of wheat, and partly to the caution exercised by wholesale dealers in not purchasing large stocks of merchandise. With colder weather it is expected that general trade will improve; at least the hopeful feeling continues. The number of failures throughout the province shows a decrease, an encouraging feature in the situation.

OUR MARKET REPORT.

Things are certainly coming our way this week again as the markets have slowly but very surely firmed up until at the close, and the outlook for wheat growers is now brighter than it has been for many months. The English markets have steadily grown stronger on wheat and at the close show an advance of from 6d. to 1s. according to the quality of the offerings. Notwithstanding the fact that there was an increase of 600,000 bushels of wheat on passage from this continent to the foreign markets there was not the slightest weakness developed, and when this was followed by the report that the visible supply had increased by another million it did not make even an impression on the solid front of the advance. In the west there was a great deal more activity than has been exhibited for a considerable time, as the better prices brought out a lot of wheat held by those who had been waiting for the rise.

A leading western journal thus speaks of the feeding of wheat to animals: "The consumption by animals is one of those silent factors, however, that draws directly from farm bins, with none of the noise that accompanies the market, but yet through the usual channels. It gather quite to the visible supplies nor shows in terminal receipts, but noiselessly drops out of sight." The supply of wheat in the Northwest at the close of the week was 30,264,812 bushels, against 22,021,731 bushels last year. Farmers are not selling so fast now as they did last year. Their sales up to two weeks ago were much larger than they were a year ago, but they have dropped off to a large extent since that time.

In New York the export trade was small and clearances were light. Reports in regard to the crop in Argentina indicates a larger crop than was anticipated, and this was a factor which caused at least a temporary slackness in the demand for shipment.

On the local market wheat was quiet but very firm, and we note that Ontario wheat was in good demand at one cent advance at the close. Red winter wheat brought 56 cents standard and white wheat 58 on the Toronto market. Looking over the situation as a whole, we are inclined to have more faith in the future for wheat than at any time for a long time past and we are of opinion that there will be better things yet in this cereal.

On the local market it was quiet and the demand was not so good as a week ago although as high as 43 cents was paid for exceptionally good lots which went for shipment. The range of prices was from 42 to 45 cents and from 37 to 41 cents outside.

Corn is not in nearly so favorably a position as at our last writing and has declined a trifle on all the world's markets.

Oats are almost featureless and are steady and are selling at from 30½ to 31 cents on this market. In common with other feed grain there is almost nothing to note concerning them.

Peas are reported higher on the English markets and are a trifle firmer here. The feeling seems to be for firm or slightly better markets.

Quotations for peas on Toronto market at the close were about 55 cents with very small offerings.

Potatoes were a little better this week on account of the comparatively small quantity which came by rail from outside points and the market closed at from 45 on track to 55 cents out of store. There have been a number of reports about rot in the potatoes in store and we are inclined to think that with the present prices so fair that there would be little use in holding if they can be sold to advantage from the field.

Butter is still borne down by the weight of the poor and common stock which has overloaded this market for so long. The demand for these grades is very poor and the prices range from 10 to 13 for poor and from 12 to 17 for dairy tubs. Rolls larger than pounds sold at the same price as dairy tubs. Creamery and extra choice brought from 22 to 25 cents.

Eggs are in better demand than at our last as the supply of those which can be classed as strictly fresh has fallen off to a large extent and the great mass of old and stale stock has at least for a time disappeared. Prices ranged from 14 cts. for packed eggs, and fresh eggs from 15 to 16 cents.

The live stock shipping season is at an end and there will be very little more sent across the ocean now. All the shipping space on the outgoing steamers has been taken at high rates. Things are looking much better on the local markets and animals in good condition which are not too heavy or coarse are fetching better prices, but there is no improvement to note in the heavy shipping grades.

Pork was dull and very little offered, sales were slow, and prices poor. What little was offered on this market were sold at $5, and we are of opinion that the colder weather will not serve to stiffen the market a little bit.

Selling marks this week Potatoes, wheat and barley.

NOVEMBER CROP BULLETIN.

FIELD CROPS.—The quality of the grain crops harvested in 1894 may be briefly stated thus: Fall wheat is in general reported as being of good quality, some being extra heavy; spring wheat, light in weight and shrunken in many districts; barley, of good color, but inclined to be under weight; oats, variable, on the whole under the average in quality; rye, very good, but very little reported; peas, very "buggy" all through the western counties—some say "more bugs than peas," quality therefore not so good as was expected. In addition to the pea bug grasshoppers were most destructive in the western half of Ontario. The drouth was the principal cause of falling off in crops.

The corn suffered very severely from the drouth and growth during the summer was slow, but after September 1 the recovery was rapid and most marked. The crop has varied greatly.

Hops are reported to be under the average; millet, variable, poor to very good; flax, on the whole a good crop; rape, only fair; sorghum, not so extensively grown as formerly owing to inadequate means of extracting the syrup, but a fair crop in the southwest.

CLOVER.—Red clover suffered much from winter killing. The drouth affected it as much as most other crops, causing a short crop. Owing to lack of fodder much red clover was pastured that would otherwise have been allowed to form seed. The crop of clover seed as a consequence is short this year in all parts.

POTATOES.—The yield of potatoes will be considerably below the average, chiefly owing to the drouth, although many correspondents in the counties east of Peel and along the St. Lawrence speak of a good return.

ROOTS.—Turnips have suffered from various causes. Early in the season the drouth was trying to the crop and in many counties, but more especially in Huron, Grey and Perth, much injury was done by grasshoppers. With the fall rains the crop revived to an encouraging extent and the growing season of October was most favorable to improvement. Mangels did not suffer so much from drouth as turnips and made a good deal of late growth. The yield in some quarters has been very fair. Carrots were set back by the drouth, but revived considerably with timely rains in September. Where well cultivated the crop will be much better than was expected in August.

FRUIT.—The supply of marketable apples is not as large as that of the average year, except in some of the Bay of Quinte and St. Lawrence counties, although there is more than enough for home supply in most sections. Large quantities of apples were blown down before ripening and much of what remained was spotted and wormy. Pears, although not free from blight in a few local sections, have yielded well, and the peach crop has also been large and on the whole satisfactory. Where the curculio was destroyed or prevented plums gave good returns, but the ravages of the black knot amongst both plum and cherry trees is referred to by correspondents in tones of regret. References to grapes are less than usual, but vineyards appear to be in good condition, and so also are fruit trees except in the cases cited above. Several correspondents speak well of the effects of applying Paris green, kerosene emulsion and the Bordeaux mixture. Our fruit growers are becoming more alert to the importance of both preventive and remedial methods.

BEES AND HONEY.—There is very little to say regarding bees beyond what was contained in the August bulletin. The surplus honey has been chiefly from alsike and basswood. What little white clover was extracted is described as of rather poor quality.

POULTRY.—The keeping of poultry on the farm is regarded by correspondents from a variety of standpoints. Some claim that there is more loss than profit in fowls as ordinarily kept, as they do more injury than benefit to the growing crops and eat more than they return. Others hold that the destruction of insects by fowl is of great benefit to agriculture and that they can be fed largely upon scraps and poor grain that otherwise would be wasted. It is also pointed out that the product of the henpery pays the grocery bill and that poultry also gives a much needed variety to the home table. The great abundance of grasshoppers furnished turkeys with choice food, and these birds are said to be in particularly good condition on that account.

PASTURES AND LIVE STOCK.—The long drouth of summer left pastures in a rather bare condition, but fall rains revived them to a wonderful extent, and live stock in general had a splendid chance to pull up. The supply of cattle was greater than the demand, and although few fat stock were offering they were in good general condition. Sheep also were in a healthy and vigorous state, but the demand for lambs was light, except at such low prices that few holders cared to sell. An immense number of hogs were sold when corn speculants wrote, being disposed of chiefly on foot.

THE DAIRY.—This branch of agriculture is more than holding its own. While there was a great falling off in the milk flow in several counties in Western Ontario owing to the midsummer drouth, the returns from that half of the province are still encouraging, while the reports from the dairy counties along the St. Lawrence are even more satisfactory. A most decided improvement is reported in the quality of butter, and most of that product has been disposed of at a paying price.

Seize the Opportunity at Once.

When the opportunity occurs to escape from death only lunatics will refuse to do it. But there are many consumptive people lying on death beds who can escape the threatened doom if they will take Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Some are not aware of such a preparation, and if they die it will be the result of ignorance. Those who know that Miller's Emulsion makes new blood and enables the consumptive to get strength to overcome the disease are self-destroyers if they still neglect to obtain the life-giving remedy. Miller's Emulsion is the great nerve-strengthener and blood-maker, and cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Scrofula, and all Lung affections. In Big Bottles, 50c. and $1. at all Drug Stores.

The first meerschaum pipe was made and smoked by Kaval Kowatsch, a shoemaker, in 1828, in Pesth, Hungary. It is still in a museum there.

NEWSY CANADIAN ITEMS

THE WEEKS' HAPPENINGS.

Interesting Items and Incidents, Important and Not Instructive, Gathered from the Various Provinces.

Ailsa Craig has a glee club.

Petrolea has a minstrel club.

Brighton wants a water system.

Grimsby has the curfew by-law.

Merriton is to have a new bakery.

Milton delights itself in buttermilk.

Newboro' wants a telephone service.

Many cheese factories closed last week.

The Leamington gas well is down 550 feet.

Carleton Place has a curfew bell regulation.

Portsmouth's youth play football on Sundays.

Hamilton refuses to reduce market stall rents.

The Brampton foundry has been sold for $6,000.

The St. Thomas night school is not a success.

An Akron thief is accused of stealing seventy-five ale bottles.

There is diphtheria in the county jail of Pembroke.

A new Oddfellow's hall has been opened in Winnipeg.

Cardwell postoffice is to be re-opened in a week or two.

Petrolea's new M. C. R. station is progressing rapidly.

The woods at Dunnville are said to be swarming with rabbits.

Napanee is talking about the revival of its brush factory.

An epidemic of scarlet fever is reported at Souris, Man.

The pig mill at Portage la Prairie runs twenty-four hours a day.

Coburg wants a steamer to run exclusively for its benefit.

Seaforth is exporting large quantities of eggs to England.

London has whooping cough and mumps pretty extensively.

The Ringsville Evaporating works are running night and day.

A movement is on foot to build a Masonic temple in Winnipeg.

G. T. R. employes do not like the system of payment by cheques.

A Carleton Place gunner got 175 ducks on the Mississippi River.

The new Oddfellows' hall in Winnipeg was opened last week.

New Masonic lodge rooms will be opened in Chatham next week.

Comber farmers have organized to build a cheese factory there.

Last week the West Lorne canning factory paid out $4,000 in wages.

London claims a population of 33,427 under the new assessment.

Last year Kingston paid more than 17,000 for its fire department.

A. C. Freshman is the new leader of the 7th Battalion band, London.

Now wells are being put down on the oil territory, 2nd con. Plympton.

A Canadian thistle imbedded in growing potato is a curiosity seen in Galt.

C. Evans, of Bosanquet, has harvested 3,000 bushels of mangles this fall.

The vertical system of writing is to be adopted in the Stratford schools.

Cannington had 12 applications for the principalship of its Public school.

Sarnia complains of Port Huron people who shoot ducks in its bay on Sunday.

The old carriage works of Brockville will be converted into a summer hotel.

Berlin will give a land roller factory ten years exemption if it locates there.

C. H. Wood, proprietor of a cheese factory at Maxville, was robbed of $6,000.

Anti-toxine was successfully tried on a diphtheria patient in the Hamilton Hospital.

Wyoming's new Masonic temple is expected to be ready for occupancy by next month.

A charge of shot was fired through a C.P.R. car between Tecumseh and Glenannan.

The Erin village Public school closed on account of diphtheria, has been reopened.

The Provincial Fat Stock show will take place in Guelph on December 11, 12 and 13.

A Barrie man cut a dog's ear off with a cleaver and then paid $8.75 for his cruelty.

The assessment on the Hamilton Gas Company's mains has been reduced by $40,000.

The falling off of Ontario's field crops last summer is attributable to the drought.

Canada's exports for October show an increase of $900,000 over the same month last year.

Sixty-one thousand bushels of wheat were shipped from Neepawa during the last week.

The Protestant Public school in Montreal contains 500 more pupils this year than last.

It is said that a great many large bucks were killed this year, but only a few fawns.

The Winnipeg Collegiate Institute has abandoned the University course and the free system.

It is said in Collingwood that the White and Black line of steamers will amalgamate.

Between Cainsville and Hamilton 600 men and 400 teams are at work on the T. H. & B. railway.

The Hamilton Radial Electric Railway Company intends to establish its car shops in Hamilton.

A. Hanley and W. P. Fenwick, Kingston, will be presented with Royal Humane Society medals.

Dr. Smith, late of Plympton, was robbed lately of fifty cents by a gang of Port Huron footpads.

Geo. Ordish, of St. Thomas, was fined $50 and costs for allowing liquor to be consumed in his shop.

The Congregational church at Portage la Prairie has been abandoned and the property bought by the Anglicans.

Levi Carroll, Berlin's centenarian, has moved down south. Mr. Carroll is 120 years old and was born in slavery.

The deposits in the Government Savings Banks for October amounted to $278,205 and the withdrawals to $328,816.

The Canadian cruiser Petrel took to Rondeau this week over a hundred United States gill nets seized near Pelee Island.

A leather shoe was set on fire in a North Bay shop from the concentration of the sun's rays through a lamp reflector.

Robertson Bros., of Leamington, claim to have made 242 pounds of butter from the milk of four Jersey cows in four days.

A human skeleton has been found at Portage la Prairie, supposed to be that of an Englishman who disappeared last year.

The Provincial Government has obtained judgment against Quebec City for a portion of the fines at the Recorder's Court.

New postoffices have been opened in Ontario at Orrville, Muskoka; Fruitland, South Wentworth; and Glenwood Station, Kent.

One or two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery will purify the blood, remove Dyspepsia, and drive away that extreme tired feeling which causes so much distress to the industrious and persons of sedentary habits. Mr. W. E. Ellis, Druggist, Fenelon's Falls, writes: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well and giving good satisfaction."

COLD BATHS.

A Rare Aid to Health and Beauty.

Cold water applied externally is a matchless tonic.

Like every other medical agent, it is not adapted to every case. There are conditions of health as well as diseases, when a cold bath might be fatal in effect. Peculiarities of temperament and disposition and individual susceptibilities must be considered in water cures. Generally it is a wholesome habit to acquire and one that is rarely carried to excess.

A cold bath is most beneficial taken when the system is relaxed by indolence, sleepiness or mental unrest. During convalescence its cautious use is productive of the happiest results. A cold shock from a shower is often beneficial for constipation, while in catarrhal and liver troubles cold water is an essential in the treatment. Of course, attention to details is of the greatest importance. Done in five minutes in a comfortable temperature and whole body rubbed or brushed into a glow of warmth the desired results should be obtained, whereas delay, negligence in making the toilet, and ignorant exposure to chill will make the bath hurtful instead of beneficial.

People who take cold easily will find a daily cold bath an effectual prevention. For those unfortunates designated as nerve prostrated, habitual cold dips before breakfast or after any great strain upon the nerves or social intercourse, promises the best results.

Bilious, dyspeptic, and corpulent women need the tonic effect of cold water at least once in twenty-four hours.

First Strike on Record.

Livy, in his famous book, "The Annals" ix., 36, relates in the following suggestive words the story of a singular strike which occurred in Rome in the year 300 B.C., and was probably the first strike ever known:

"That year occurred an event little worthy of being related, and which I would pass in silence had it not appeared as involving religion. The flute players, dissatisfied because the latest censors had forbidden them to take part in the banquet in Jupiter's Temple, according to the ancient custom, withdrew, every one of them, to Tibur, so that notedy was left at Rome to play during the sacrifices. This incident shocked the religious sentiment of the Senate, and the Senators sent messengers to invite the inhabitants of Tibur to make every effort in order that the players should be restored to the Romans. The Tiburtines, having promised not to neglect anything necessary for that purpose, caused the flute players to come to the place where the Senate met and exhorted them to go back to Rome. Seeing that they could not prevail upon them to do so, they employed a strategem in keeping with their character. A day of festival, under the pretext that music would increase the joy of the feast, every citizen invited the flute players individually to his house, and wine, of which people of that profession are usually fond, was given to them in such quantities that they fell into a deep sleep. They were then thrown into wagons and transported to Rome. They only became aware of what had happened on the day after when dawn surprised them laying on the carts, which had been left in the Forum. A large crowd had assembled, and they were induced to promise that they would remain at Rome. The right of attending the banquets was restored to these flute players."

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

Coldest Kind of a Cold Wave.

"I see," said the grocer thoughtlessly, for he had forgotten that the man with the ginger beard was sitting behind the stove, "I see that the temperature dropped twenty degrees in fifteen minutes down in Texas the other day."

"I don't call that nothing," said the man with the ginger beard. "I remember when there was a party of us campin' in the Black Hills that the temperature dropped so sudden that one of the mules in the outfit, which was in the act of kickin', was caught an' froze that way, an' stood with his heels in the air two days. We had a thermometer along, but the cussed thing went back on us, so I can't exactly say just how much of a drop it was."

"Oh, yes," said the school-teacher, "it is a well-known fact that at a temperature of about forty degrees below zero the mercury freezes and hence cannot register."

"That wasn't it at all, young man," said the man with the ginger beard, with fine scorn. "The durn mercury dropped so quick that the friction made it red hot and busted the glass."

The man from Potato Creek began to snicker, but the man with the ginger beard stopped his mirth with a stony stare.

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles, and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago was cured by using DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Eclectric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

A Rochester dispatch says it is now believed that Jacob S. Kerngood, the traveller who disappeared from a Michigan Central train between St. Thomas and Buffalo some days ago, is hiding somewhere in order that his relatives may collect $40,000 insurance on his life.

It may be only a trifling cold but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs to your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

A Well Posted Woman.

"Mandy," said Farmer Corntossel, "I'm thinkin' 'bout gettin' into politics."

"For massy sakes! Air you crazy?" replied Mandy.

"Nope. I'm talkin' right in my sober senses. I could run for Congress jest ez well ez lots of others. I might even git to be a Senator."

"You kin run to the spring fur a bucket of water—that's what you kin run fur. The idea of you bein' a Senator. You don't know no more 'bout sugar speculation 'n whiskey trusts 'n a baby. Yo'd get outchered the fust time yo cut the yeards. No, sirree, jestar. I won't flow no such notions as them. You'll let Congress, an' Wall street, an' Monte Carlo alone, an' plant corn. That's what you'll do."

Mother Graves's Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

The Latest Invention.

Fakir—Here you are, gentlemen, the greatest invention of the age.

Passerby (stopping to listen)—What is it?

Fakir—A magnetized keyhole plate for front doors. It will attract an ordinary street key from a distance of two feet. All you have to do to find the keyhole is to take out the key and hang on to it.

(Three men were injured in the crowd that gathered to buy.)

THE SICK GENERAL.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE DWELLS ON THE LEPROSY OF SIN.

Suffering Seems to the World to Show the Way to Higher Joys—Spiritual Happiness Attained Through a Humble Spirit—Moral Lepers.

Rev. Dr. Talmage has chosen as the subject of to-day's sermon through the press, "The Sick General" the text selected being II. Kings—5 1—"He was a leper."

Here we have a warrior sick; not with pleurisies or rheumatisms or consumptions, but with a disease worse than all these put together. A red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete disfigurement and dissolution. I have something awful to tell you. General Naaman, the commander-in-chief of all the Syrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his feet, on his entire person. The leprosy! Get out of the way of the pestilence! If his breath strike you you are a dead man. The commander-in-chief of all the forces in Syria! And yet he would be glad to exchange conditions with the boy at his stirrup, or the hostler that blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they cry out, "Is it possible that our great hero here, who slew Ahab, and around whom we came with such vociferation when he returned from victorious battle—can it be possible that our grand and glorious Naaman has the leprosy? Yes. Everybody has something he wishes he had not. David an Absolom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn to sting him; Job, carbuncles to plague him; Samson, a Delilah to shear him; Ahab, a Jezebel to deny him; Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Washington, child losses to afflict him; John Wesley, a termagant wife to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back; Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister; and you, and you, and you, something which you never bargained for, and would like to get rid of. The reason of this is that God does not want this world to be too bright otherwise, we would always want to stay and eat these fruits, and lie on these lounges, and shake hands in this pleasant society.

If God dashes out one of your pictures, it is only to show you a brighter one. If he sting your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an inextinguishable thirst, it is only because he is preparing to substitute a better body than you ever dreamed of, when the mortal shall put on immortality. It is to push you on, and to push you up toward something grander and better that God sends upon you, as he did upon General Naaman, something you did not want. Seated in his Syrian mansion—all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle; the corridors crowded with admiring visitors who just wanted to see him once; music and mirth, and banqueting filling all the mansion, from tessellated floor to picture-ceiling—Naaman would have forgotten that there was anything better, and would have been glad to stay there ten thousand years. But O, how the shields dim, and how the visitors fly the hall; and how the music drops dead from the string, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with sepulchral bang, as you read the closing words of the eulogium—"He was a leper! He was a leper!"

There was one person more sympathetic with General Naaman than any other person. Naaman's wife walks the floor, wringing her hands, and trying to think what she can do to alleviate her husband's suffering. All remedies have failed. The surgeon-general, and the doctors of the royal staff, have met, and have shaken their heads, as much to say, "No cure, no cure." I think that the office-seekers had all folded up their recommendations and gone home. Probably, most of the employes of the establishment had dropped their work and were thinking of looking for some other situation. What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a servant girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story; as sometimes, when overborne by the sorrows of the world, and finding no sympathy anywhere else, you have gone out and found in the sympathy of some humble domestic—Rose, or Dinah, or Bridget—a help which the world could not give you.

What a scene it was; one of the grandest women in all Syria in cabinet council with her waiting-maid over the declining health of the mighty general! "I know something," says the little captive maid, "I know something," as she bounds to her bare feet. "In the land from which I was stolen there is a certain prophet known by the name of Elisha, who can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him right away." "O, hush!" you say. "If the highest medical talent in all the land cannot cure that leper, there is no need of your listening to any talk of a servant girl." But do not scoff do not sneer. The finger of that little captive maid is pointing in the right direction.

And how often it is that the finger of childhood has pointed grown person in the right direction. O Christian soul, how long is it since you got rid of the leprosy of sin? You say, "Let me see. It must be five years now?" Five years. Who was it pointed you to the Divine Physician? "O!" you say, "it was my little Annie, or Fred, or Charley, that clambered up on my knees, and looked into my face, and asked me why I didn't become a Christian, and all the time stroking my cheek, so I couldn't get angry, insisted upon knowing why I didn't have family prayers." There are grandparents who have been brought to Christ by their little grandchildren. There are hundreds of Christian mothers who had their attention first called to Jesus by their little children. How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the Divine Physician? "O!" you say, "my child—my dying child, with wan and wasted finger, pointed that way. Oh, I never shall forget," you say, "that scene at the cradle and the crib that awful night. It was hard, hard, very hard; but if that little one on its dying bed had not pointed me to Christ, I don't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy." Go into the Sabbath school any Sunday and you will find hundreds of little fingers pointing in the same direction, toward Jesus Christ and toward Heaven.

Years ago the astronomers calculated that there must be a world hanging at a certain point in the heavens, and a large prize was offered for someone who could discover that world. The telescope from the great observatories were pointed in vain; but a girl of Nantucket, Mass., fashioned a telescope, and looking through it discovered that star and won the prize and admiration of all the astronomical world, that stood amazed at her genius. And so it is often the case that grown people cannot see the light, while some little child beholds the star of pardon, the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Bethlehem, the morning star of Jesus. "Not many mighty men, not many wise men are called; but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are." O, do not despise the prattle of little children when they are speaking about God and Christ and Heaven. You see the way your child is pointing; will you take that pointing, or wait until, in the wrench of some awful bereavement, God shall lift that child to another world, and then it will beckon you upward? Will you take the pointing, or will you wait for the beckoning? Blessed be God that the little Hebrew captive pointed in the right direction. Blessed be God for the saving ministry of Christian children.

No wonder the advice of this little Jewish captive threw all Naaman's mansion and Benhadad's palace into excitement. Good-by, Naaman! With face scarified and red, and inflamed by the pestilence, and aided by those who supported him on either side, he staggers out to the chariot. Hold fast the fiery coursers of the royal stable while the poor sick man lifts his swollen feet and pain-struck limbs into the vehicle. Bolster him up with the pillows, and let him take a lingering look at his bright apartment, for perhaps the Hebrew captive may be mistaken, and the next time Naaman comes to that place he may be a dead weight on the shoulders of those who carry him—an expiring chieftain seeking sepulture, amid the lamentations of an admiring nation. Good-by, Naaman! Let the charioteer drive gently over the hills of Hermon, lest he jolt the invalid. Here goes the bravest man of all his day, a captive of a horrible disease. As the ambulance winds through the streets of Damascus, the tears and prayers of all the people go after the world-renowned invalid.

Perhaps you have had an invalid go out from your house on a health excursion. You know how the neighbors stood around and said, "Ah, he will never come back again alive." Oh, it is a solemn moment, I tell you, when the invalid had departed and you went into the room to make the bed, and to remove the medicine phials from the shelf, and to throw open the shutters, so that the fresh air might rush into the long-closed room. Good-bye, Naaman!

How the countrymen gaped as the procession passed! They had seen Naaman go past like a whirlwind in days gone by, and had stood aghast at the clank of his war equipments; but now they commiserate him. They say, "Poor man, he will never get home alive; poor man!"

General Naaman wakes up from a restless sleep in the chariot, and he says to the charioteer, "How long before we shall reach the Prophet Elisha?" The charioteer says to a wayside, "How far is it to Elisha's house?" He says, "Two miles." "Two miles!" Then they whip up the fathered and fagged-out horses. The whole procession brightens up at the prospect of speedy arrival. They drive up to the door of the prophet. The charioteers shout "Whoa!" to the horses, and tramping hoofs and grinding wheels cease shaking the earth. Come out, Elisha, come out; you have company; the grandest company that ever came to your house has come to it now. No stir inside Elisha's house. The fact was the Lord has informed Elisha that the sick captain was coming, and just how to treat him. Indeed, when you are sick, and the Lord wants you to get well, he always tells the doctor how to treat you; and the reason why we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their own strength and instructions, and not on the Lord God, and that always makes malpractice. Come out, Elisha, and attend to your business. General Naaman and his retinue waited, and waited, and waited. The fact was, Naaman had two diseases—pride and leprosy; the one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly in his house, and does not go out. After awhile, when he thinks he has humbled this proud man, he sends a servant, "Go out and tell General Naaman to bathe seven times in the River Jordan, out yonder five miles, and he will get entirely well." The message comes out, "What!" says the commander-in-chief of the Syrian forces, his eye kindling with an animation which it had not shown for weeks, and his swollen foot stamping on the bottom of the chariot, regardless of pain. "What! Isn't he coming out to see me? Why, I thought certainly he would come and utter some cabalistic words over me, or make some enigmatical passes over my wounds. Why, I don't think he knows who I am. Isn't he coming out? Why, when the Shunamite woman came to him, he rushed out and said, 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child?' and will he treat a poor unknown woman like that and let me, a titled personage, sit here in my chariot and wait, and wait? I won't endure it any longer. Charioteer, drive on! Wash in the Jordan! Ha! ha! The slimy Jordan—the muddy Jordan—the monotonous Jordan! Wouldn't be seen washing in such a river as that. Why, we watered our horses in a better river than that on our way here—the beautiful river, the jewel-paved river of Pharpar. Besides that we have in our country another Damascene river, Abana, with foliaged bank, and torrent ever swift and ever clear, under the flickering shadows of sycamore and oleander. Are not Abana and Pharpar rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

The fact was that haughty Naaman needed to learn what every Englishman and every American needs to learn—that when God tells you to do a thing you must go and do it, whether you understand the reason or not. Take the prescription, whether you like it or not. Our thing is certain, unless haughty Naaman does as Elisha commands him, he will die of his awful sickness. And unless you do as Christ commands you, you will be seized upon by an overlasting wasting away. Obey and live—disobey and die. Thrilling, over-arching, undergirding, stupendous alternative!

Well, Gen. Naaman could not stand the test. The charioteer gives a jerk to the right line till the bit snaps in the horse's mouth, and the whirr of the wheels and the flying of the dust shows the indignation of the great commander. "He turned and went away in a rage." So people often now get mad at religion. They vituperate against ministers, against churches, against Christian people. One would think from their irate behavior that God had been studying how to annoy and exasperate and demolish them. What has He been doing? Only trying to cure their death-dealing leprosy. That is all! Yet they whip up their horses, dig in their spurs, and they go away in a rage.

So, after all, it seems that this health excursion of Gen. Naaman is to be a dead failure. That little Hebrew captive might as well have not told him of the Prophet, and this long journey might as well not have been taken. Poor, sick, dying Naaman! Are you going away in high dudgeon, and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment his servants clamber up in it and coax him to do as Elisha said. They say: "It's easy. If the Prophet had told you to walk for a mile on sharp spikes in order to get rid of this awful disease you would have done it. It is easy. Come, my lord, just get down and wash in the Jordan. You take a bath every day, anyhow, and in this climate it is so hot that it will do you good."

The retinue drive to the brink of the Jordan. The horses paw, and neigh to get into the stream themselves and cool their hot flanks. Gen. Naaman, assisted by his attendants, gets down out of his chariot and painfully comes to the brink of the river, and steps in until the water comes to the ankle, and goes on deeper until the water comes to the girdle, and now standing so far down in the stream, just a little inclination of the head will thoroughly immerse it. He bows once into the flood, and comes up and shakes the water out of nostril and eye; and his attendants look at him and say, "Why, General, how much better you do look." And he bows a second time into the flood and comes up and the wild stare is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time into the flood and comes up, and the shrivelled flesh has got smooth again. He bows the fourth time in the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored in thick locks again all over the brow. He bows the fifth time into the flood and comes up, and the horseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and anguish have gone out of the limbs. "Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will take a complete cure," and he bows the seventh time into the flood and he comes up, and not so much as a foster, or a scale, or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him. He steps out on the bank and says: "Is it possible?" And the attendants look and say: "Is it possible?" And he, with the health of an athlete, he bounds back into the chariot and drives on, there goes up from all his wards.

attendants a wild "Hurrah! hurrah!" Of course they go back to say and thank the man of God for his counsel so fraught with wisdom. When they left the prophet's house, they went out mad; they have come back glad. People always think better of a minister after they are converted than they do before conversion. Now we are to them nuisance, because we tell them to do things that go against the grain; but some of us have a great many letters from those who tell us that once they were angry at what we preached, but afterward gladly received the Gospel at our hands. They once called us fanatics, now they call us fanatics, or terrorists, or enemies; now they call us friends. Yonder is a man who said he would never come into the church again. He said that two years ago. He said, "My family shall never come here again if such doctrines as that are preached." But he came again and his family came again. He is a Christian, his wife a Christian, all his children Christians, the whole household Christians, and you shall dwell with them in the house of the Lord forever. Our dying conquerors are those who once heard the Gospel, and "went away in a rage."

I suppose that was a great time at Damascus when General Naaman got back. The charioteers did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid; but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus, I think the people rushed out to hail back their chief-tain. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband; he was so wonderfully changed she had to look at him two or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out, clapping her hands and shouting, "Did he cure you? Did he cure you?" Then music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away, that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and the feet went up and down in the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and rechoed with the news: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!" But a gladder time than that he will be to your soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swiftest white horses hitched to the King's chariot would crush the news into the Eternal City: Our loved ones before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your children on earth, with more emotion than the little Hebrew captive would notice the change in your look and the change in your manner, and would put their arms around your neck and say: "Mother, I guess you have become a Christian, for I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O, Lord, God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

How a Prize was Won.

Mr. James Payne tells an amusing story of the way in which Tennyson's "Timbuctoo" won its prize at the University. The examiners for the year, he says, were three—the Vice-Chancellor, who had a great reputation, but a violent temper, and who did not write very well; a classical professor, who knew no poetry; that was not in a dead language, and a mathematical professor. It was agreed that each should signify by the letters "G" and "B" for "good" and "bad" what he thought of the poems, and the Vice had the manuscript first. When the mathematical professor got them he found "Timbuctoo" scored all over with "G's" and though he could not understand why, nor indeed the poem itself, did not think it worth while, as he afterwards said (although the fact was he was afraid to ask the Vice his reasons) so he wrote "G" on the poem also. The classical master thought it funny that both his predecessors should admire so unintelligible a production; but, as he said, "he did not care anything about the matter," and so wrote "G" on it also; and as no other poem had three "G's" the prize was unanimously awarded to the author of "Timbuctoo." After all was over the three examiners happened to meet one day, and the Vice, in his absolute fashion, fell to abusing the other two for admiring the poem. They replied very naturally, and with some indignation, that they could never have d