

WERE SLAIN.

Tchchou in Which Allies successful.

The allies won a victory at Tchchou and that Prince Tuan was killed in the battle. The Chinese loss was 1,500 men. The Japanese drove the remainder of the enemy into Chihli. It is reported that Li-Hung-Chang, finding the allies obdurate, has sent to the Dowager Empress a memorial to be favored whenever she is found, asking her to appoint Prince Ching-Lung in Prince Chan-Chi-Tung, and Vice-Roy Sukwang joint peacemakers to treat with the powers.

According to a military general order issued at Ottawa yesterday, Mr. Daniel Ford, proprietor of the Theatre Francaise at Montreal, is suing Mr. W. Phillips, lessee, for \$30,000 for the carelessness in allowing the theatre to be burned.

At Montreal from the West Indies, says Canada concerning about half of the sugar cane crop of Barbadoes. He hopes a refinery will be built up.

The Department of Justice has asked the evidence of outside doctors upon the physical condition of James Bayley of Bank Ville Marie fame, now confined in the hospital at St. Vincent, St. Paul Penitentiary.

A case of anthrax bacillus caught from a sheep, has caused a sensation in medical circles in Berlin.

A belated despatch from Peking, dated August 11, says Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister, is ill.

The British steamer Indra, from Paterson for the United States, is a wreck off Cape Guardafui, Northern Africa. Most of the crew were rescued.

Swedish Ruffian, a Swede, is said to have committed nine murders in Stockholm, and after serving twelve years in prison, was deported from that country. Hanfu, boarded the Spanish steamer, but on her arrival at Havana the night was prevented from landing by Dominion officers.

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LAST GREAT SCRUTINY.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Subject.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."—Daniel 5: 27.

Babylon was the paradise of architecture. Driven out from thence, the most elaborate structures of modern times are only the evidence of her fall. After the site of Babylon had been selected, two million of men were employed for the construction of the wall and principal works. The walls of the city were sixty miles in circumference. They were surrounded by a trench out of which had been dug the material for the construction of the city. There were twenty-five gates of solid brass on each side of the square city. Between every two gates a great watch-tower sprang up into the heavens. From each of the twenty-five gates, on either side, a street ran straight through to the gate on the other side, so that there were fifty streets, each fifteen miles long, which gave to the city an appearance of wonderful regularity. The houses did not join each other on the ground, and between them were gardens and shrubbery. From house-top to house-top bridges were erected, over which the inhabitants were accustomed to pass. A branch of the Euphrates went through the city over which a bridge of marvelous structure was thrown, and under which a tunnel ran. To keep the city from overflowing the city in times of freshet a great lake was arranged to catch the surplus in which the water was kept as in a reservoir until times of drought, when it was sent streaming down over the thirsty land. A palace stood at each end of the Euphrates bridge; one palace a mile and three quarters in compass, and the other palace seven and a half miles in circumference. The wife of Nebuchadnezzar, having been brought up among the mountains of Media, could not stand it in this flat country of Babylon, and so, to please her, Nebuchadnezzar had a mountain, four hundred feet high, built in the midst of the city. This mountain was surrounded by terraces, for the support of which great arches were lifted. On the top of these arches flat stones were laid; then a layer of reeds and beams; then two rows of bricks, closely cemented; then thick sheets of lead, upon which the soil was placed. The earth there deposited was so deep that the largest trees had room to anchor their roots. All the glory of the flowery tropics was spread out at that tremendous height, until it must have seemed to one below as though the clouds were all in blossom and the very sky leaned on the shoulder of the cedar. At the top an engine was constructed, which drew the water from the Euphrates, far below, and made it spout up amid the garden of the skies. All this to please his wife. I think she must have been pleased.

In the midst of this city stood also the temple of Belus. One of its towers was one eighth of a mile high, and on the top of it an observatory, which gave the astronomers great advantage, as, being, at so great a height, one could easily talk with the stars. This temple was full of cups, and statues, and censers, all of gold. One image weighed a thousand Babylonian talents, which would be equal to fifty-two million dollars. But why enlarge? This city is besieged and doomed. Though provisioned for twenty years, it shall fall to-night. See the gold and silver plate flash on the king's table. Pour out the rich wine from the tankards into the cups. Drink, my lords, to the health of the king. Drink to the glory of Babylon. Drink to the defenders of the city. Drink to a glorious future. Startle not at the splashed wine on the table as though it were blood. Turn not pale at the clink of the cups, as though it were the clink of arms. On with the shield! A thousand lords reel on their chairs, and quarrel and curse. The besotted king sinks back on his chair, and stares vacantly on the wall. But that vacant look takes on lunacy. It is an affrighted look. As he gazes, the lords gaze. Every eye is turned to the wall. Darkness falls upon the room. The blize of the gold plate goes out. Out of the black-beve of the darkness a finger of fiery terror trembles through the air and comes to the wall, circling about as though it would write, and then, with sharp tip of flame, and engravings on the plastering of the doom of the king. "Weighed in the balance, and found wanting!"

The bang of heavy fists against the pinnace gates is followed by the crushing in of the doors. A thousand gleaming daggers strike through a thousand quivering hearts. And now death is the King, and his throne a heap of corpses. An unseen balance had been set up in the festal hall. God swung it. Balthazar's opportunity on one side of the balance, and his sins on the other. Down

went his sin; up went his opportunities. "Weighed, and found wanting." There has been a great deal of cheating in this country by false weights and measures. Government appointed commissioners to stamp the weights and measures. Much of the wrong has been righted. I speak of another kind of scales. We all have been in the habit of making mistakes in our weighing of man and things. There is, indeed, only one pair of balances absolutely perfect, and that is suspended from the throne of God Almighty. Other balances get out of order. The chain breaks, or the metal is clipped, or the equilibrium in some other way is broken; and a pound does not always mean a pound; and you pay for one thing and get another. But the balances of God never lose their adjustment. With them a pound is a pound, and right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity. God has a bushel measure, a peck measure, and a gallon measure. Whenever a merchant measures a bushel of wheat, or salt, or corn, God weighs it immediately after him. The merchant measure may be wrong, but God's measure is just right.

But I am not now to speak of the weighing of coffee and sugars, but of the weighing of principles, of individuals, of churches, and of worlds. Many suppose that sin is imponderable; but it is heavy enough to crush a world. Yea, our earth itself is to be put in scales, with all its mountains, and valleys, and seas. You would think that the Alps, and Pyrenees, and Himalayas, and Mount Washington, and all the cities of the earth, on one side of the scale, would crush it. No! God will at last see what opportunities this world had, and what opportunities it neglected, and he will sit down on the white throne to see the old world weighed, and will see it rise in the balance lighter than a feather; and he will cry out to his messengers who carry the torch, "Burn that world. Weighed, and found wanting!"

God is every day estimating churches. He puts a great church into the scales. He puts the minister, and the choir, and the grand structure, that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, on the same side. On the other side of the scales he puts the life of spiritual life that the Church ought to possess, or brotherly love, or faith, or sympathy for the poor. Up goes the grand meeting-house, with its minister and choir; God says that a Church is of much worth only as it saves souls; and it, with all your magnificent machinery, you save but a handful of men when you might save a multitude, he will spew you out of his mouth. Weighed, and found wanting!

But I want to become more personal. I have heard persons say that ministers ought to deal with things in the abstract, and not be personal. What success would a hunter have if he went out to shoot deer in the abstract file puts the butt of the gun to his breast; lays his eye along the barrel; takes sure aim; draws the trigger, and crash go the antlers on the rocks! What if a physician, called into your house, should treat your ailments in the abstract? How long before the inflammation would heal, or the pain be assuaged? What folly to talk about sin in the abstract, when you and I have in our souls a malady that must be cured, or it will kill us, miserably and for ever!

On the other side I put this one weight. "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." Down goes the weight; up go your works. "Weighed in the balance, and found wanting!"

But I must go on faster and look at the last great scrutiny. We are passing on, heedless of the most astounding considerations. In a moment the ground may break through and let you fall into the grave. The pulses of life, now so regularly drumming in the march any moment may cry Halt! On a hair-hung bridge we walk over bottomless chasms. When we go to bed at night we know not that we shall see the day dawn. When we go forth from our homes we know not that we shall return again. Dangers lurk about your path, and are ready to break upon you from ambush. In a moment the door of eternity may swing open, and invisible ushers conduct you in for reward or for retribution. A crown of glory is being furnished for your brow, or bolts are being forged for your prison. Angels of light are making ready to shout over your deliverance, or fiends of darkness reaching up their skeletal hands to pull you down into ruin consummate. Suddenly the Judgment will be here. The angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, will swear by him that liveth for ever that Time shall be no longer! Hark! I hear the jarring of the mountains. It is the settling down of the balances. Look! there is something like a flash from the cloud. It is the glitter of the shining balances. All the unforgiven souls of earth must get into the scales. They may struggle to keep out but God will put them in. Let the universe look on and see the last great weighing. The world may have weighed them and pronounced them moral. They may have weighed themselves, and given a self-gratulatory decision; but now God weighs them in unmistakable balances. On this side of the scales are placed the souls of the unrepentant—their wealth all gone, their crowns all gone, their titles all gone; Nothing remains but the naked souls of the unforgiven. On the other side of the scales are placed wasted Sabbaths, misimproved privileges, disregarded sermons, innumerable opportunities of garden. Hark! how the scales come down on this side, loud as thunder! God, looking at the balance, shall announce, in the presence of men and devils, and cherubim and archangel, while groaning earthquake, and crackling conflagration, and judgment trumpet, and everlasting storm shall repeat it, "Weighed in the balance, and found wanting!"

"But," you say, "how, if we repent to-night and come to God, will we at last be weighed?" Yes! Yes! There is no escape from the scrutiny. The wicked have been tested and driven away in their wickedness. Now let the righteous get on to the balances. "Oh!" you say, "let me off; I cannot stand the test. Get in, ye righteous!" "What with all your sins?" No time to discuss that matter. The bell of judgment is tolling. The balances are adjusted—get in you must. All your opportunities of being better and doing more good are placed on one side of the scales, and you get in on the other. You are too light to budgo the balances in your favour. On your side are spread all the kind words you ever spoke, and all the Christian deeds you ever did. Too light yet! On your side are put all your prayers, all your repentance, all your faith. Too light yet! Come and get on this side—Paul, Luther, Baxter, Payson, and Doddridge—and help the Christian bear down the scale. Too light yet! Get on this side, all ye martyrs who went through fire and flood—Wickliffe, Ridley, and Latimer. Too light yet! Come, angels of God, and get on the scales, and see if ye cannot turn the balances in favour of the saints; for the judgment is ending, and let not the righteous be banished with the wicked. Too light yet! Place on this side all the sceptres of light, and all the palm-branches of triumph, and all the throned of glory. Too light yet! But at this point Jesus, the Son of God, steps up to the balances. He puts one scared foot on the Christian's side of the scales, and they tremble and quiver from top to bottom. He puts both feet on; and down go the scales on the Christian's side with a stroke that sets all the Bells of heaven a-chiming! This Rock of Ages is heavier than any other weight.

But, Oh Christian! you may not get off so easily. I place on the opposite scale all the sins that you ever committed, and all the envies, and hates, and inconsistencies of a lifetime, but altogether they do not budgo the scales. Christ, on your side, has set the balances for ever. There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Go free! Go free! Sins all pardoned, shackles all broken, prison doors all opened. Go free! Go free! Weighed in the balance and nothing wanting!

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THE 'SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, SEPT. 9.

The Good Samaritan, Luke 10: 25, 37. Golden Text, "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself."

PRactical NOTES.

Verse 25. A certain lawyer. As has often been explained in these columns, a "lawyer" was not a legal practitioner, but a student of the sacred law—a scribe, a specialist in just such questions as he now asked the Lord. Stood up. An incidental phrase pointing to the elaborate formality which is characteristic of the oriental. As each person addressed the rabbi he arose. Tempted him. Tested him. With more or less of sincerity sought to find out what there was of him. Master. A recognition of his rabbinical authority. What shall I do to inherit eternal life? On the surface this question would seem to imply a belief in conditional immortality; on the surface, it would seem to imply the belief that the Jew merely as a Jew was not to live forever. Our Lord, as was his custom, did not stop to specify all the faultiness in the belief of the inquirer, but gave a strong truth which when thoroughly taken into the mind would inevitably clear it of error. To inherit. To inherit the Greek word does not carry the narrow meaning that we give to the English word. It is used for goods which one receives by virtue of birth, or by special gift, or by allotment of any sort. Eternal life. A life which is not measured by time.

26. What is written in the law. This throwing of the man back on his own teachings was much more than a stroke of wit; it was a statement that Jesus came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it—that the roots of all he had to teach grew in the law given by Moses. How readest thou? What interpretation do you give? The reading refers to public reading in the synagogue, when the roll of the law was taken from the ark, and its case and wrappings reverently removed, and some worshiper called upon to read and expound. This lawyer was what we would call a preacher. It had been the habit of his life on Sabbath days to read and expound in the synagogue. He comes to Jesus with a question about the attainment of eternal life, and Jesus practically says, "How have you answered that question yourself?"

27. The heart was regarded as the center of human life, physical, moral, spiritual, and intellectual. The affections were enthroned there, and every force which works in harmony with human affections, and out of this whole heart, with the completeness of our complex being, this lawyer says, we are to love the Lord, as the first condition of inheritance of eternal life. Next, we are to love him with all our soul, which might be interpreted "with all our individuality." We are to love him also with all our strength, with zeal, and ardor, and energy. Lastly, with all our mind, our faculty of thought, our moral understanding. Thy neighbor as thyself. Both in the Greek and in the English the word for neighbor means, originally, the nearest person; nearness, proximity. Our Lord expanded and raised the meaning to include the whole brotherhood of man, and love for man as man everywhere. See this thought dwelt upon in the Thoughts for Young People on "Who is My Neighbor?"

28. He said unto him. Jesus said to the lawyer. Thou hast answered right. Time answer has been straight and correct. This do and thou shalt live. Compare Lev. 18: 5.

29. He, willing to justify himself. Determined to justify himself. He desires some interpretation of the word "neighbor" which will narrow its application so as to include those only whom he recognizes as brethren—that is, Hebrews as distinguished from heathen and Samaritans. Indeed, we do not know whether this lawyer would even include every Hebrew. Our Lord's parable bids him not so much to inquire who are his neighbors as to learn the spirit of love.

30. A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. The road passes through a rocky solitude, then, as now, infested by robbers, and called the "Red" or "Bloody Way." It is emphatically down for Jerusalem is on the mountain summit, Jericho is in the flat lands of the Jordan valley, below the sea level. Fell among thieves. They surrounded him everywhere. As the original intimates, the thieves of the Jericho road were not stealers merely, but men of violence, murderous bandits. In spite of the fact that the Romans had built and garrisoned a fort on the way, these robbers abounded. Not even the Roman soldiers could free the district. Stripped him of his raiment. Took everything he had, goods and money, and even his clothing. Wounded him. Beat him. Leaving him half dead. The phrase has been turned literally into English, "Happening to be half dead," or, "Leaving him half dead as it chanced," which shows that this condition was a matter of no concern to the robbers.

QUEER CUSTOMS.

By chance. By a coincidence.

There is no chance in this world; there is none in our Lord's theology. The came down. Was going down in and trepidation because of the bers. A certain priest. Who certainly to have exemplified the and the prophets, Exod. 23: 4, 5; I. 22: 1-4; Isa. 53: 7. It is said in Talmud that there were almost many priests at Jericho as at Jerusalem. Passed by on the other side. Walked away from the case that needed his sympathy and help. But Lord has no words of reproach for priest, and is not here sitting in judgment on his meanness, or selfishness, or cowardice, as most of our Sunday school teachers and scholars do day. He is telling a story for the purpose of finding out. Who is my neighbor?

32. A Levite. . . . came looking on him. Horror or curiosity budding sympathy brought nearer to the wounded man than priest had come, but he also passed by on the other side.

33. A certain Samaritan, as journeyed, came where he was. There is a striking contrast between man and the others. The Levite came to the place, he came to have compassion on him. Others had looked with curiosity, without deep or broad pity or sympathy. Compassion was the essential difference between the good Samaritan and the others. It was a ferocious between heart and spirit which the outward acts were but expression.

34. Went to him and bound his wounds. On the edges of civilization all men are compelled to be simple in their necessities—amateur tailors, and physicians. Pour oil and wine. Remedies then prescribed by physicians; were cleansed the wound, oil to assuage the smart. Dr. Vincent quotes Hippocrates as prescribing for ulcers "Bismuth with soft wool, and sprinkle with wine and oil." A much misused passage in James' 5, 14, on which has been based many an erratic practice in the Christian Church, from the extreme unction of the Roman Catholic Church, to the formal anointing with oil of many Protestant healers, probably else it may have included, probably means that the best prevalent medical means should be taken for the recovery of the sufferer. Anointing with oil, became as colloquial an expression in the ancient world as "taking medicine" is with us. See him on his own beast. The artist usually give the Samaritan a donkey, but bring the Levite and the priest and the Samaritan down to Jericho foot; but if the priest and the Levite are to receive no gentler judgment than is accorded them (they should be equipped quite as well as the Samaritan, in point of fact, most travelers at that time would bestride a donkey as they passed through the dangerous defiles of the "Bloody Way.") An inn. Ruins of two old inns are not to be found between Jericho and Jerusalem, one of which, described by Porter, is a caravansary. Took care of him. Gently, ministered to his wants.

35. On the morrow, when he departed. Business called him to Jericho, and the comfort of the wounded man could not be spared by taking him with him. Two pence. A sufficient sum to defray expenses until his return.

36. Which now of these three thinkest thou, was neighbor? became a neighbor; did the duty of a neighbor; or, as the Revised version, "proved neighbor." Dr. Vincent thinks that the thought in this "The neighbor" Jew, he became a stranger to the wounded traveler; Samaritan had become neighbor.

37. He that showed mercy of him that dealt with him as a brother." Most comment, that the lawyer failed in this regard as a stranger who can be helped by any help of ours. He did not likewise. When this exhortation was first uttered, emphasis was needed on the word "wise," because the sentiment of the world was against true Christian neighborhood. But nineteen hundred years of Christianity have modified the world's sentiment, and now they approve of the good Samaritan and even warmly philosophize on the "altruistic" doctrine he exemplified. In the present day, and especially, the emphasis should be placed on the "thou." Don't say sentimental philanthropy and weep over misery and bless other good Samaritans. Go, you, and do something.

DID YOU KNOW THIS? January and October of the same year always begin with the same day. So do April and July, also September and December, February, March and November also begin with the same day.

The custom of "selling by candle" is an ancient ceremony—still prevails in several towns in England, notably at Alington. It is letting land, not selling, however, and the property is a piece of meadow, the "church acre," which was bequeathed some centuries ago to the church. The custom of ceremony is as follows: A candle, lighted, and 1 inch below the flame is duly measured off, at which point a pin is inserted. The bidding then commences and continues until the inch of candle is consumed and the pin drops out. To the one who is bidding as the pin drops out the land belongs. Every three years this ceremony is performed.

At Alington the church acre is let every twenty-one years by this means and a week's place every year. At Warton the grazing rights upon the roads have been annually let by the same means, a custom which has been served since the time of George III. The one who presides at the auction produces the old book containing the record of the annual lettings since 1815. An ordinary candle is cut into five equal portions, about one-half inch long, one for a lot. At the last auction, attention was drawn to the fact that the bidding rights over an old gravel pit were included in lot 1, but unfortunately there were no fish in the pond. "Get on, gentlemen please; the lot's burning" was a frequent exclamation.

At Alington in some parts of Wales there is a curious custom. A poor person is hired—a long, lean, ugly, miserable "rasht"—to perform the duties of a sin-eater. Bread and beer are served to the man over the corpse, or on it, these he consumes, and by this process he is supposed to take upon himself all the sins of the deceased and free the person from walking after death. When a sin-eater is not employed, glasses of wine and funeral biscuits are given to each bereaved person. The people believe that every drop of wine drunk at a funeral is a sin committed by the deceased, but that by drinking the wine the soul of the dead is released from the burden of the sin.

In some places it is the custom to give the friends of a family, after a death, a bag of biscuit with a portion of the deceased. These funeral biscuits—often small, round sponges—were known as arvel bread—meaning "able. When arvel bread is passed around at a funeral, each guest is expected to put a shilling in the plate.

GLADSTONE'S INDISCRETION.

Probably no more ideal relations existed between a married pair and those of the late Mrs. Gladstone. Her distinguished husband, throughout his long career in public life was his confidential and trusted secretary of government. It is said that when Mr. Gladstone was a Cabinet Minister he said to his wife, "Now, my dear, shall we have that I shall tell you nothing so you can say nothing, or shall I tell you everything and you agree to nothing?" Mrs. Gladstone chose the latter alternative. Thereafter her husband related to her everything that went on in the Cabinet and she told anything except once.

One time two ministers were dining at Hewardston, and some reference was made to a Cabinet matter. Mrs. Gladstone started to say something, but she revealed the fact that she knew secrets. In an instant there was a red upon her from the habit of her husband of one of those indiscreet glances which gave to his very innocent face, a truly confounding mien.

Mrs. Gladstone was so agitated by a momentary slip that her usual poise deserted her. When the matter was over she went up to the dining room and had a good old-fashioned cry. Then she wrote a note of apology and sent it down to her husband and "the incident was closed," to quote the language of diplomacy.

SHORT WAISTS IN AFRICA.

Helen Gaddick, one of the few white women who have ventured into the interior of Africa, has recently written about her trip from Zombosi to the interior as a trip for pleasure. She carried her baggage in baskets which were washed and "framed" by her native "boy," and the process was extraordinary. The laundryman first spread a mat on the ground. Next the clothes to be washed were placed on it, and soaped out as well as possible. Then, pinning a towel or some large cloth over the garment, he rubbed the mat back and forth over it until he thought it was smooth enough.

Young Lady—Oh, you wicked boy! I'm blaming the poor bird of its young ones. Do you never consider how sad you make their mother? Oh, replied the boy, their mither ma care, for that's her you've got in her hat.