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Chronicle is the most wide spread newspaper published in county of Grey.
TEACHES THEOLOGY.
 Max of Saxony has accepted as professor of canon law the Dominican school in Freising, Switzerland.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on Our Transition to the Life Elysian.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage took as his text "We all do fade as a leaf,"—Isaiah lxiv. 6.

It is so hard for us to understand religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the schoolmaster takes a black-board, and puts upon it figures and diagrams, so that the scholar may not only get his lesson through the ear, but also through the eye, so God takes all the truths of His Bible, and draws them out in diagram, on the natural world. Champollion, the famous Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on monuments and temples. After much labour he deciphered them, and announced to the learned world the result of his investigations. The wisdom, goodness, and power of God are written in hieroglyphics all over the earth and all over the heaven. God grant that we may have understanding enough to decipher them!

Those know but little of the meaning of the natural world who have looked at it through the eyes of others, and from book or canvas taken their impression. The face of Nature has such a faith, and sparkle, and life, that no human description can gather them. There is to-day more glory in one branch of sumach than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the men and the man looking upon the mountain.

One autumn about this time I saw that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of skillful pencils, but then I saw a pageant two thousand miles long. Let artists stand back when God stretches his canvas. A grander spectacle was never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down the sides of the great hills, and by the banks of the lakes, there was an indescribable mingling of gold, and orange, and crimson, and saffron, now flaming into drab and maroon, now flaming into solferino and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of colour in a lowly sprig; then they rushed up from branch to branch, until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if bathed in liquid fire. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataracts of fire, tossed up, and down, and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepared to follow. If God's urn of colours were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Moumees would have exhausted it for ever. It seemed as if the sea of divine glory had dashed its surf to the tip top of the Alleghanies, and then it had come dripping down to lowest leaf and deepest cavern.

Most persons preaching from this text find only in it a vein of sadness. I find, that I have two strings to this Gospel harp—a string of sadness, and a string of joy infinite.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

First, like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which, week before last, felt the frost, have day by day, been changing in tint, and will for many days yet cling to the bough, waiting for the wind to strike them. Suppose you that this leaf I hold in my hand took on its colour in an hour or in a day or in a week? No. Deeper and deeper the flush, till all the veins of its life now seemed opened and bleeding away. After a while, leaf after leaf, they fall. Now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last spark of the gleaming forge shall have been quenched.

So gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of over-fatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not so clear. Ear not so alert. After a while we take a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding into a vehicle, we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of

FORMAL ENTRY OF PEKIN.

ROMANTIC PAGEANT PARTICIPATED IN BY THE ALLIED FORCES.

Seeing the Sights of the Forbidden City—Grass-grown Marble Stairways—Increase to plover gods—Desecration of the Palace.

The formal entry of the foreign armies was one of those demonstrations intended to be simple, but through its simplicity one of those imposing occurrences which leave its mark.

The gathering of the clans took place at 8 o'clock before the south gate known as the second gate of the series leading into the Imperial City.

The space in which the column gathered was a big letter T formed by three long avenues leading to the second gate. The Generals, their aides and their staff officers gathered at the joining point just opposite the gate, while their respective commands came up the long paved roadway and manoeuvred out of the way into the weeds at either side. There was band music, bugle music, drum music and bagpipe music as each organization arrived and took its station. The Ministers, their secretaries, and attaches all the guests of the Generals on this occasion, straggled up afoot or on ponies.

The commencement of a salute of twenty-one guns was the signal for the procession to start, so while the booming went on the Ministers and their secretaries singled themselves out from the throng of Generals and staff officers and fell in behind a Russian band. The Russians were the marshals of the day. They saw to the opening of the Forbidden City gates and when the Ministers had started forward the Russian General Linovitch and his staff fell in behind. The Russian troops followed. All the general officers in the column rode their horses through the several outer gates to the inside of the Forbidden City and there turned them over to the care of the orderlies, proceeding on foot.

The Russian soldiers who participated in the procession had evidently just had a busy wash day, for their uniforms were whiter than any before seen on these soldiers in the field. The baggy white trousers were tucked away in heavy knee boots, and the shirt-like blouses were gathered in at the waist by straps, making many of them set with all the fulness and frills of a woman's basque. The sea of white wide-topped caps bobbed in a pleasing unity as the Russians crossed the massive marble bridge and disappeared through the gate.

The Japanese Generals Yamaguchi, Fukushima, and Manabe, in their tight white riding breeches, shiny top boots and black coats, now took the roadway with the gentlemanly looking members of their staff. There was a great volley of words which came from an important-looking little officer on foot and the three hundred Jit-warriors of Japan, all looking as if chipped off the same block, swung into the column headed by a cute little bugle corps. The force was representative of the mighty little dwarfs who have won from the armies such praise in the campaign.

The British, with representatives, from their native India regiments, and the Welsh fusiliers led off with a corps of Rajput bagpipers, and drummers in their head fiercely piping "The Campbells Are Coming."

Next in line came the troops of the United States with a handsome silk flag waving above them.

The French marines from Saigon followed the United States forces. They marched with a high step and proud air, but could not equal in appearance the battalion of Kaiser Wilhelm's big sons following behind, stamping the broad paving stones with their heavy boots as they pounded out the stately "goose step" to the strains of music sent up by the band which marched in a compact squad at their head. The German marines who did such yeoman service in the recent siege also had a place in the column.

Italy was represented by a bunch of half a hundred bluejackets, nearly all of whom saw siege duty. Last in the line were the Austrian bluejackets from the cruiser Zenta.

Inside the Imperial city of Peking is a walled rectangular space half a mile long, east and west, and a quarter of a mile broad. A moat and three walls surround the collection of yellow-tiled pagodas and buildings, it contains, and this collection of buildings forms the royal palace of the Chinese Empire. If the outer precincts of the Imperial city are sacred to the tread of none but nobles of the palace this inner city is doubly sacred. Only in recent years have any foreigners been admitted there and these only the foreign Ministers and their attaches when they came to announce formally their arrival or their final departure from Peking. There is the reception room where the Ministers are received, the throne room, the living apartments of the royal family, the apartments of the servants and various summer gardens, temples and pagodas, to say nothing of many barnlike structures which are apparently of no use at all.

In a large enclosure just inside the

main gate the officers abandoned their horses and proceeded afoot across a handsomely covered marble bridge and up flights of marble stairs from the crevices of which grew weeds and grasses, and indeed from between the paving stones of the whole court there grew rank weeds. The doors of the large building at the summit of the marble stairs had been thrown open. The place was in a direct line with the gate so the column marched straight through, tramping over a heavy Brussels carpet full of the dusts of months and even covered with bits of straw and debris. Faded grandeur was everywhere. A huge platform, with elaborate carvings, was covered with dirt and dust, as was the throne upon it. The bronze pillars were cracked and dusty. This was the reception hall for foreign Ministers, but evidently no Ministers had called in recent months.

Here and there stood solemn groups of eunuchs, passively horrified at the spectacle of foreign troops marching through the sacred grounds without so much as a bow. Almost hidden behind a stone column was a Chinaman of some rank and an officer, as his clothing indicated. He was deeply moved, apparently, for he looked straight ahead and now and then brushed big tears from his eyes.

Diverging at last from the straight line it had been following the column made diagonally across a huge paved court to a gate, where a eunuch stood with outstretched hand pointing the way like a statue. This gate led down to a long, narrow passageway, which seemed to be the main street of the inhabited portion of the royal city. Through open doors on our left we could see courts similar to those we had left and closed buildings on top of the various little hills reached by the sets of marble stairs. There was one feature of each of these stairways, by the way, which made one linger, admire and wonder. The centre of each stairway was occupied by an immense marble slab, extending from the top landing to the foot, the steps being located at either side of this slab. The piece in each instance was covered with the most remarkable carving. Great dragons and serpents in bas relief extended from one corner to the other, and besides these there were representations of mountains, flowers and animals. One of these remarkable stair slabs was fully thirty feet long and a dozen feet in width.

Many of these stairways were further decorated at their tops by immense urns of solid brass. These held nothing but slimy water left by the recent rains.

As we neared the end of the narrow passageway, the natural beauties of the palace grounds came into view. We were marching on clean stone walks and passing through a beautiful grove. One tree of this grove was evidently of great renown. It was dead, but its scraggly branches still reached into the air, for it was carefully propped up by many strong supports.

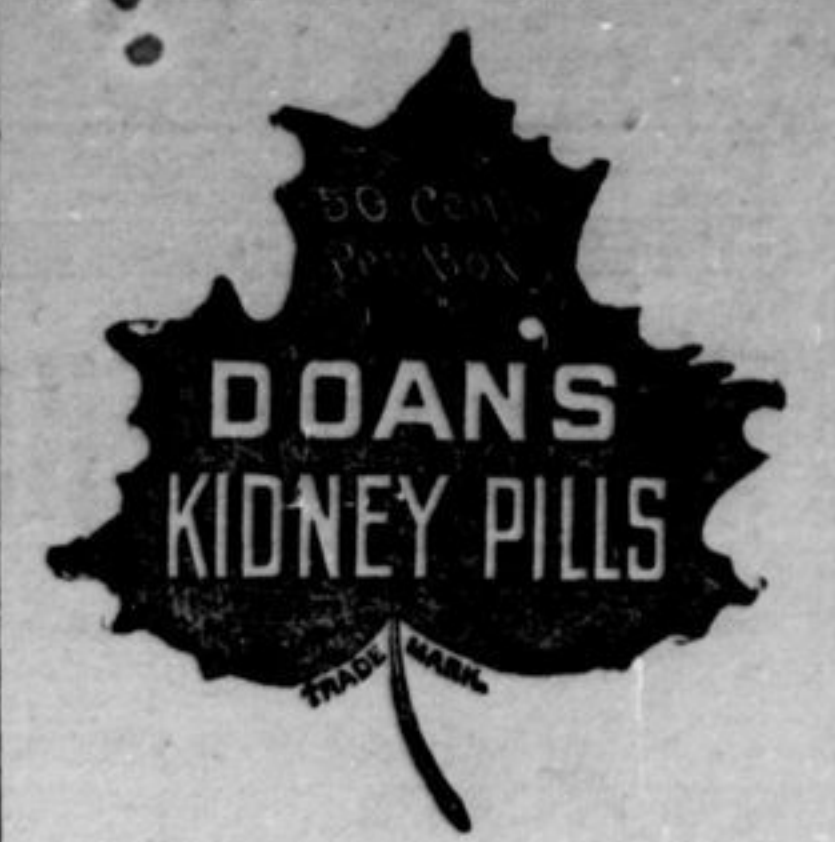
A few paces further along, at the point where the route turned westward, and back to the centre line stood what at one-time had evidently been a solid boulder of huge proportions. As if eaten out by the elements and the ravages of time, this rock bore the appearance of an immense mass of coral. It had been hollowed out, and through a little door one could pass into the dark interior and discern a little altar, and through the gloom see incense burning before great pewter gods.

No opportunity was given during the march to continue along the romantic pathway to the west and view the apartments of the Empress Dowager and the other royal personages, who so unfortunately were not at home to receive their callers, but some persons turned back after the parade was over and seized the opportunity to peer into this corner of the royal city. Indeed, after the demonstration was over some of the most unpardonable desecrations the palace could sustain, according to Chinese beliefs, took place. One was the entrance of foreign ones, and the other the taking of horses through the grounds. The wife of one of the Ministers and some women missionaries, each with an escort of gentlemen got in during the general confusion about the outside of the north gate where troops were sending up cheers and Generals were going through the courtesies of the day.

The servants and a high official wrung their hands at seeing these women enter and forever leave their course in so doing on the apartments of their royal master. There were rich things to see in the royal apartments but for those who had stolen in they must be seen hastily for already the gates of the Forbidden City were being locked. Some before leaving had a good look at the richly jewelled clock; some saw the table of solid cloisonne and others had a squint at a little German made piano.

The horses that visited the palace grounds were those of officers who had sent their orderlies back to lead them through, that they might not suffer the inconvenience of walking around the walls to the point where they had left them.

It was an enthusiastic reception



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