

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

A "Life of Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, U.S.A., with a History of the Tabernacle, Specimens of his Pulpit Oratory, and a new Portrait," has been published in London.

DURING May, the missionaries of the American Sabbath-school Union in the North-west organized and aided 167 Sabbath-schools, with 617 teachers and 4,543 scholars.

BETWEEN fifteen and sixteen thousand Sabbath-school children took part in the procession at this year's Lancashire Festival in Manchester, England. The festival continued a week.

THE Rev. Neil D. MacLachlan, has been chosen to fill temporarily the chair in Aberdeen College from which Prof. Robertson Smith has been suspended. He is a B.D. recently licensed by the Greenock Presbytery.

THE new work on which Canon Farrar has been engaged for some years will be published at once by E. P. Dutton & Co. It is entitled "The Life and Work of St. Paul." There will be two editions; one in two volumes, uniform with the "Life of Christ," the other in one volume.

THE municipality of Paris has seen fit to expunge from the prize catalogue of school books an edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," prepared by French Catholics, with notes in which slavery is held to be consistent with Divine intention, and more conducive to the happiness of the negro race than liberty.

PRINCIPALS having been given to an announcement that the Prince of Wales had remitted portions of the rents of his tenants, the "Western Morning News" has been authorised to state that a general remission with very few exceptions, has been made to all the Prince's tenants of lands or farms, in most cases of 20 per cent. for three years, and in other cases 15 per cent. for two years.

GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, the writer of sensational novels, died in London last week. He was the author of half a hundred romances, and for many years the editor of a weekly magazine devoted to fiction of a trivial sort. His stories possessed a fleeting interest with a large portion of the novel-reading public, and many of them are still to be found in the circulating libraries.

AT a picnic held in the suburbs of Chicago, in which a company of young German socialists, armed, participated, a quarrel arose, the crowd outside the grounds attacked the picnic with stones and clubs, injuring several persons quite severely, and then were attacked by the company with fixed bayonets. Several volleys were fired into the crowd and a number of persons were mortally wounded. The company were put in custody charged with murder.

MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, the writer of religious verse and prose, died, after a short and severe illness, at Caswell Bay, Swansea, England, June 3rd. She was one of the editors of a hymn and tune-book, entitled "Songs of Grace and Glory," to which she contributed many hymns and tunes. She also published two small volumes of religious and miscellaneous poetry—"The Ministry of Song" and "Under the Surface." These, with her devotional meditations—"My King," "The Royal Commandments," "The Royal Bounty," etc.—have obtained a very wide circulation.

THE Pope has addressed a letter to some Italian prelates in reference to the civil marriage laws in the Italian Parliament, in which he says: "The Government designs to separate the contract from the sacrament, and to permit the Church no other share in the marriage rite than that of a liturgical benediction. The principle upon which Italian marriage legislation is founded destroys the fundamental idea of Christian marriage. The state has taken on itself the melancholy work of forming a matrimonial morality of its own, purely human in its character, altogether civil in its forms and guarantees, substitutes it for the sacrament, without which marriage among Christians is neither permissible nor durable, and imposes it on the public conscience by force."

THE first real Indian Pandit who has ever visited England has, says Professor Monier Williams, just been admitted a member of Oxford University. He is scarcely twenty-three years of age. Professor Williams says: "We have had others here who have borne the name; but no real Sanskrit scholar has ever before had the courage to break the rules of caste, give offense to his own family, incur the odium and contempt of the whole fraternity of his brother Pandits, and expose himself to the certainty of excommunication on his return to India." Mr. Williams regards his arrival in England as a remarkable sign of the times. It proves, he says, that the educated classes of India are beginning to be intolerant of caste prohibitions. "They are beginning to find out that caste was made for man, and not man for caste; and that it is better to make caste their slave, retaining all that is good and useful in its rules, than be themselves the slaves of caste."

SOME weeks ago we stated that several teachers of the London Missionary Society had been poisoned by the savages of New Guinea. There are now at hand details of the sad affair. The Rev. J. Chalmers visited the eastern shore of New Guinea shortly after the poisoning, and examined the natives at the place, Isuisu. The natives were very shy, and denied that they had poisoned the teachers; but they were ready to give compensation for their deaths. The people said that the poisoning was done by a sorcerer, named Nanagere, at the request of some natives of Isuisu, who wanted the goods of the teachers. Mr. Chalmers found that the boxes had been broken open and the goods stolen. He was urged to lead an expedition against Nanagere and take revenge on him. "Let us," said the people, "go and take Nanagere. We should like to eat him." This proposal Mr. Chalmers, of course, declined. At other stations along the coast, "some amidst fierce cannibals, the teachers are working with every encouragement; and, with the missionaries, are rapidly gaining the confidence of natives for miles inland."

slumber which generally subsided in death. In answer to his inquiries as to how he had been found, he heard about the intended drive to church, and discovered the self-denial Hugo had practised in giving up the expedition to take care of him.

"I owe you thanks, young man. You have preferred remaining with an old pedlar in difficulties to accompanying your betrothed. It is a dull exchange."

"Indeed," said Hugo, "I am quite repaid by seeing you all right again. I was afraid at first, it was all over. What a narrow escape! Another half-hour and we should have been too late."

"Yes, another lease of life," said the hawker, gently; "spared a little longer by the Heavenly Friend who has stood by my side in many dangers during a long life of wandering."

"Let me hear your experiences. How much you must have seen! It will be hours before my friends are back. Talking them over will help while away the time."

The sketch Eric Peterman gave of his life was indeed remarkable. He was one of those pious men not unfrequently met with in Norway, who while earning their livelihood by hawking are at the same time humble missionaries. Bible and tract colporteurs holding prayer-meetings in the villages when they can get a congregation, and in an unobtrusive way often doing a great deal of good. Like most of his brethren, he was a man of few advantages of education, but well versed in the Scriptures, and possessing native eloquence, combined with the unflinching attraction of a soul thoroughly in earnest, ennobled by the pursuit of a lofty and disinterested aim. He had been a disciple of the celebrated Hauge, the John Wesley of the north, and had shared some of his imprisonments at a time when little about religious tolerance was known in Norway. Many times he had traversed the country, and even penetrated far into Russian Lapland. One whole winter he had been weather-bound on one of the Lofodens. Strange stories could he tell of perils by land, and perils by water, ship-wrecks and hair-breadth escapes from robbers who coveted his pack. The time passed quickly in listening to such narratives. The record of the good man's life was like a living sermon to Hugo, the exposition of Gospel truth in a most inviting form, the example of one who had practised all he taught. After a pause, during which they had been partaking of the contents of Dame Ingeborg's basket, Eric said, rather abruptly:

"By-the-by, I heard some unpleasant news at the farm I was at yesterday. They say a large pack of wolves has come down from the fields to the northward; the early and severe winter this season is supposed to have driven them down. Some hunters out on a bear-chase a few days back had a very narrow escape; they report the wolves as going to the south."

"I hope not," said Hugo; "they had heard nothing about it at Ravensdal. No more had I; but then I came from the contrary direction. I hope not, though I should like it above everything if we could muster a strong party and have a good hunt; but wolves are fearful foes to meet unprepared."

Undelined apprehensions he could not shake off filled the young man's mind; and after trying to talk of other things he came back to the wolves, and to speculations as to their position and movements. So time sped on, and he paced up and down with a growing uneasiness he in vain told himself was ungrounded and absurd, and he longed for the return of the sleigh, to terminate these secret fears. Eric had been listening intently for some minutes, and all at once exclaimed: "There, now, I hear a howl."

Hugo threw himself on the snow to hear better, and ere long heard the same sound.

"I fear—I fear it so. It is far, but oh, in the same direction they have taken."

After some moments of intense attention both men satisfied themselves that it was not the howl of a solitary wolf, and that it was steadily advancing.

"Oh, tell me what can we do," cried Hugo; "it is on the track which leads from the town, just the time when they would be on the road. My poor Ella, what can I do?"

"Unarmed as we are, it is only by remaining here we can be of any service, and this is a position we can easily defend. With that amount of firewood at our back, I would defy an army of wolves. Look! the chalet stands in a recess of rock; from point to point we can make a rampart of fire." So saying he began to arrange faggots in a line, from one point of rock to the other, leaving an open space in the centre. "I think with you, young man, that your friends are on that road, and that the wolves are pursuing them, else we could not hear that continuous howling nearer and nearer. I am leaving this space for the sledge to pass; the wolves would never dare to attempt to follow through such a wall of flame as we can raise."

"Hist, I hear the gallop of horses," said Hugo; kneeling on the snow.

"Then set fire to the barrier. It may be a beacon to them, and show them where we are."

This was done, and the bright pine wood flame was ere long streaming into the sky.

"Now," said Eric, "get more faggots ready, for you and I must be prepared to close up the passage immediately the sleigh is safe."

"But the horses," said Hugo, "will they pass between two such fires as we have here?"

"No fear; they are terrified enough to leap over a precipice if it came in their way—anything, everything—to escape those that are after them."

A few minutes passed in breathless suspense, during which the noise of horses and wolves became louder and louder.

"Ah! there they are," cried Hugo, "and the whole pack close behind. They see us; Andreas is flogging the horses. Oh, God! there is a great wolf close upon them. I would give ten years of my life for a rifle for one instant. Andreas dares not leave the reins. Ella is standing up; she has the rifle. Good heavens! the wolf will spring at her. No, she has fired—shot him down! My brave Ella—my own dear girl!"

Another second passed and the sledge was in the haven of

refuge provided by the forethought of the pedlar, safe from the ruthless wolves, behind the barrier of flames. The exhausted horses had stopped of themselves; the Jansens were beneath the shelter of the chalet, half fainting, scarcely crediting their preservation. As soon as he could speak the farmer said in a tremulous tone: "Wife, children, let us thank God," and kneeling with the tears rolling down his hoary cheeks, in a few words of heart-warm thankfulness he returned thanks for their deliverance from a bloody death.

It was some time before sufficient composure returned to relate all that had passed, and when that had been done Andreas said: "Our pastor might well say, 'It shall in no wise lose its reward.' It you"—turning to the pedlar—"had not required assistance, if Hugo had not remained, we must all have perished."

The Jansens had to stay in the chalet that night, but when the next morning dawned, the wolves had all dispersed, and they reached home with ease and safety. A few days later, Andreas and Hugo had the satisfaction of exhibiting some wolf-skins as trophies of the vanquished enemies.

FALSE SENTIMENT AS TO WORK FOR YOUNG LADIES.

A false sentiment has rendered it derogatory for a woman to be a business woman, for a girl to earn or appreciate dollars and cents, if she can possibly find a father, brother, or uncle to support her. The noble army of working women, who of all women best demonstrate their *raison d'être* in general a despised army; and while society applauds the woman who is an artist, an editor, an author, it does so by calling her a genius, and setting her out of that grand corps where she legitimately belongs. Families with three, four or five daughters, whether there are sons or not, if the father can possibly support them, are brought up to do nothing but help mother a little! This helping is not generally really learning housekeeping and seamstress' work in all its varieties, but skimming the surface of things, making cake, dusting a room, trimming a gown, and leaving those weightier matters of the law, as shirt-making, ironing, bread-making and beef-cooking to some one else. Girls speak of it as a hardship, if they are obliged by stress of circumstances to earn a support. "Anna thinks it so hard; all her friends have their time to themselves, and she is forced to teach, poor child!" The whole training of the girl is aside from knowing anything about business; she reads stories and fashion magazines, not newspapers, and works on science and architecture, and practical every-day life. She does not learn telegraphy or carving, or furniture decorating, or gardening, or book-keeping, nor does she go into her father's business and learn it as her brother would if she had one; bless you, it would make her a *working woman*! Thus out of this army of working women are kept, so far as possible, all women of education, means, refinement, cultured taste. These organized into a society make no end of blunders in business, and regard them as creditable rather than otherwise, as a Chinese lady cherishes the deformity of a cramped foot. If they read common law and medicine so as to be as well informed upon these points as ordinary men, bless you, 'they are very odd,' at the least. These good ladies with the very best intentions undertake to handle the working-woman question; they are thrown into contact with the poor, and knowing absolutely nothing of what it is to earn a living, or what it costs to earn a dollar, or what a dollar can be made to bring, they have only the most general and no particular sympathies; on the one hand, they will be deceived and kill by over kindness, on the other, they will misunderstand and kill by hardness. It needs working women to understand and help working women; then they know that being bread-winners does not forfeit for them their position as wives and mothers; that while they earn daily wages they have the affections of the hearth; that the poor mother, left a widow, wants to keep her children in a home, not to sow them broadcast in orphan asylums; that the poor couple who have passed their married fifty years, unhonoured it is true by a golden wedding, do not want to be thrust one into an Old Man's Home, the other into an Old Woman's Home, or put in the separate wards of an almshouse, or one go to one Blind Asylum and the other to another. There is a fine kind of charity in England, where endowments have been left so that decent destitute old couples, or single people, can have a nice three-roomed cottage, with fuel, water and lights, and a certain number of shillings weekly on which to subsist; and they can take in an orphan grandchild, or feeble child, living as in their own home, subject only to certain regulations of sobriety, cleanliness, and good order.—*Sunday Afternoon for July.*

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