

12,015 immigrants arrived in the United States last month, of which 3,500 were German. The arrivals for the seven months ending January 31, 1884, were 250,000, as against 288,000 for the corresponding period of the previous year.

A snowslide near the Ontario mine, Park City, Utah, destroyed the house of Wm. Rich, killing his three children and wounding his wife, who is reported to be now dying. The slide struck the house of John Harris, killing his wife and wounding him.

An explosion occurred in a West Leisering, Pa., shaft, resulting in terrible loss of life. Seventy-five men were at work in the mine, and out of that number 29 are known to have been killed. Twelve more were rescued, but so badly injured they will die.

James Fagin, of Occuma, Pa., took home some liquor on Saturday, which his wife helped him to drink. In a quarrel, it is alleged, he beat her about the head, from the effects of which she died.

Rheuben Hart and his wife (colored), living near Crocket, went to church and left six children at home asleep. They locked the door and took the key with them. At ten o'clock the house was discovered on fire, and all were burned to death.

On Saturday morning Fanny Scott, a colored cook employed by Judge Hilton, Petersburg, Va., told the family to eat a hearty breakfast as she would be dead before dinner-time. Two hours afterwards she died. When her invalid husband was told of the circumstances he said he would die on Sunday at the same hour as his wife died. The prediction was fulfilled.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Seven persons out in a pleasure boat at Dundee were drowned.

At Cork the Nationalists have unanimously nominated John Deasy as candidate for Parliament for Cork City. Conservative opposition is expected.

The strike of weavers in East Lancashire is ended.

Bradlaugh was elected again in Northampton for the fourth time, receiving a larger vote than ever before.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, has been fined in London for shutting up the bar of a theatre rented by him.

Wife-beating has been very much on the increase lately among the miners in the Midland districts in England. Baron de Worms has given notice of a motion in Parliament that a penalty for the future be a severe flogging.

A circular has been read to the battalions of Aldershot, informing them that non-commissioned officers may volunteer for service in the Egyptian army for a period of two years. Numerous volunteers have already offered themselves.

Mr. Leonard H. Courtney, financial secretary of the Treasury, has refused the editorship of the *Times*. Mr. Buckle, assistant editor of the paper, is temporarily appointed to the post. Mr. Buckle is thirty years old, and is unknown outside the *Times* office.

The Parliamentary election at Paisley to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of William Holmes, Liberal, resulted in the choice of Stewart Clark, a thread manufacturer of Paisley.

The commercial convention between Spain and the United States goes into effect March 1st.

The Upper House of the Hungarian Diet reconsidered the bill legalising marriage between Jews and Christians. On a division the bill was again rejected by 200 votes against 191.

The governors of the various provinces of West and South Russia have appealed for reinforcements of troops, as the peasants are threatening the landlords.

Torpedoes have been placed in the river at Pekin. If Bacninh is attacked the members of the French embassy will receive their passports. The approaches to Bacninh are guarded with dynamite.

Sufficient troops, and enough material of war to accomplish the objects of France will arrive at Tonquin before the end of February.

Advices from Hayti show that hundreds of rebels and merchants who incited the rebellion have been barbarously slaughtered. Some of the victims were tied to fences and shot from the ankles to the knees, from the knees to the thighs, and so on until a vital part was reached. They displayed extraordinary courage.

Advices from St. Paul de Loanda give particulars of a fight between whites and natives at Meulla. The fight arose through the agent of a Dutch factory employing Krooboyas, to which the natives objected. Eight hundred natives attacked the factory, which the agent defended with four

cannon and 100 men. Large numbers of natives took shelter behind the powder magazine. The whites fired into the magazine, exploding it, and 40 natives were killed.

Tales and Sketches.

A CHRIST-LIKE DEED.

The following touching incident, which drew tears from my eyes, was related to me a short time since, by a dear friend who had it from an eye-witness of the same. It occurred in the great city of New York, on one of the coldest of days in February last.

A little boy about ten years old was standing before a shoe store in Broadway, barefooted, peering through the window and shivering with cold.

A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by horses finely caparisoned, observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition, and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady richly dressed in silk, alighted from her carriage, went quietly to the boy, and said: "My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?" "I was just asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was his reply. The lady took him by the hand and went into the store and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy half a dozen pairs of stockings for the boy. He readily assented. She then asked him if he could give her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied, "Certainly," and quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the stove, and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed those little feet and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings. Placing a pair on his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings gave them to him, and patting him on the head said: "I hope, my little fellow, that you now feel more comfortable."

As she turned to go, the astonished lad caught her hand, and looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words: "Are you God's wife?"—*Parish Register*.

THE OLD WOMAN'S APPEAL.

The inhabitants of a thriving town having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number (if any) of spirit licenses the town should petition from the County Court, there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided and upon the platform were seated, among others, the pastor of the village, one of his deacons, and the physician.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens rose, and after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licenses. They had better license good men, and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favour. The president was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction. It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose care-worn countenance was the painful index of no light sufferings. And yet there was something in the flash of her bright eye that told she had once been what she then was not. She addressed the president, and said she had come because she had heard that they were to decide the license question. "You," said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me mistress of one of the best estates in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons, and woman never had a kinder husband, mother never had finer better or more affectionate sons. But where are they now? Doctor, I ask where are they now?"

"In yonder burying ground there are six graves, filled by that husband and those five sons, and oh! they are all drunkards' graves!"

"Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that temperate drinking would do them no harm."

"And you too, Sir, (addressing the parson), would come and drink with my husband, and my sons thought they might drink with safety, and follow your religious example."

"Deacon, you sold them rum, which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and you got it all by the drink."

"And now (she said) I have done my errand. I go back to the poor-house, for that is my home. You, Rev. Sir—you, doctor, and you, deacon, I shall never meet again until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined husband and those five sons, who, through your means and influence, fill the drunkard's graves."

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting,—"Shall we petition the court to issue licenses for the ensuing year?" and the one unbroken "No!" which made the very walls re-echo with the sound told the result of the old woman's appeal.

Dear Reader! while your heart is still heaving with deep emotion, and your eyes are suffused with generous tears, resolve (if you have not previously done so) immediately to take up, with regard to the curse of intoxicating drink, the only safe Christian position—to abstain from all appearance of evil.

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