Huron Signal.

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"Canada and Her Future."

No discourse was received with more cordial greetings than Dr. Wild, on his return from vacation, by his congregation last week. In this the members of Rim Place Church did credit to themselves and showed their appreciation of a live, useful and instructive pastor. The floral present which awaited him on the platform of the church on Sunday were very profuse and handsome.—*New York Observer.*

It may be added that Dr. Wild preached an eloquent sermon upon "Canada and her Future." In the course of his discourse which dealt with the "Lost Ten Tribes of Israel," the preacher said:

"The Dominion of Canada is, without doubt, the most loyal to the Queen and the English Government of any of the colonial possessions of Great Britain. As an evidence of this I may say that during my vacation I lectured at a certain place for a church and in a church. At the close I asked the audience to please stay while the doxology and benediction by a Presbyterian minister, who was present. Immediately rose the audience and sang 'God Save the Queen,' tune and hymns. They meant no disrespect either to me or their Creator. They are loyal folks. This loyal and loyesuk position of Canada the English Government has not been slow to discern and trust, hence the foremost statesmen have been sent to govern, and even royalty itself is entrusted to their honor and use in the present Governor-General and his beautiful and accomplished wife, who is a daughter of Victoria, and consequently a lineal descendant of David. Providence has a grand work for Canada to do in the near future, and it were manifest, in view of the future, that this vast country should belong to England. Canada can neither be absorbed nor absorb so far as she and the United States are concerned. This country and Canada are destined to live in peace with each other in spite of the threats of the Philistines and Fenian agitators; yes, against the odds of the priests' inflammatory oration in Brooklyn Academy of Music on St. Patrick's eve. Some of these St. Patrick's orators speak loudly when they talk of this country swallowing up Canada, for if we were all mouth then we wouldn't be able, for a million square miles would still remain. They talk of assaulting England through Canada, and declare Canada to be a weak point. In this calculation they are greatly astray. Canada is not set there for Israel's weakness by a good Providence. Israel and Manasseh are one on the line of providential intention. Manasseh asks no better neighbor than the Dominion. The famous Monroe doctrine has nothing to say against Canada, but on the other hand this same doctrine pledges the identity and preservation of that country. Unity and preservation are reciprocal between the two. Canada is there as much for the good of the United States as the States are for Canada. When England comes to fight the great and final battle of Armageddon, Canada will find her in man and means. The hardy Canuck will not be behind. Her sons are being well schooled. Now the lower provinces are a fine recruiting ground for sailors. Her marine is already the fourth in size. Canada will be of great service to England in the future, not only in directly aiding her, but in giving to her purpose and steadiness to this country. Our mixed population, Jesuitical influence and the unreasonable prejudice of many of our good and great men against England tend to alienate Manasseh from Israel. This alienation is being wisely offset by the close proximity, free intercourse and commercial interests of the two countries. It will take more than the learned and eloquent Dr. Storrs and the New York *Herald* to swing this country from her providential moorings and make us enemies of England. The will of Heaven is that the tribes of Israel be one in aim and work. At heart this country is not pro-Russian, nor never can be. Russia is too tyrannical and despotic for the children of this republic to approve, and Turkey was too oppressive and unholy for us to desire her continuance. When they disappear humanity and religion will lose nothing worth retaining. The finger of God is pointing out the way so clearly that leading men, yes, and nations, too, will see eye to eye ere long."

A Remarkable Trip West.

Mr. Robert Patterson, of the G. W. R., Paris, Ont., has just completed an astonishingly quick trip with freight and live stock from Paris to Emerson and Winnipeg. A train consisting of seventeen cars of freight and live stock, under the charge of L. D. Kneeland of the Chicago & North Western R. R., left Paris Monday night, 8th inst., at 10.30 and arrived in St. Vincent Saturday morning, Sept. 10th, at 8 o'clock, and was unloaded and delivered at Emerson during the same day—a total of only 105 hours for the entire distance, including stoppages. This is by far the quickest time yet made on freight and stock between Ontario and Manitoba. The route taken was via Great Western, Michigan Central, Chicago & North Western, and St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, and Canada Pacific Railways.—*Winnipeg Free Press.*

His Green Melon.

At the Central Market yesterday Elder Toots, of the Lime Kiln, was noticed chewing away at a large hunk of green water melon—so green that there wasn't even one black seed in sight. Some one who knew the old gent called out in surprise:

"Why, old man, that melon's green as grass!"

"I believes ye, boss—indeed I does!" replied the Elder as he forced some more of it into his mouth.

"But it will make you sick."

"Well, I 'spect it may, sah, but I'se got to take my chances. Dis am de to'th water melyon dat has turned green on me, an' I'se either gwine to blunt my taste for melyons altogeder or a-quire a taste for green ones. Can't a-lord to throw away any melyons dis time o' y'ar."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A good but simple man residing in a village of Dumfries-shire stuck up an intimacy with a neighbor recently arrived in the locality. This latter appeared a very godly sort of person, whose fragrant intercourse and conversation afforded no small degree of pleasure and edification to his newly acquired friend. The new comer had at last risen so high in the confidence and esteem of the other that he believed him to be a saint, if there was one in the world. One night, however, hearing some disturbance in the hen-roost, he went out with a light to discover the cause, when, lo! there was his pious friend very deliberately twisting the necks of the chickens, preparatory to carrying them off. The good man, more aghast at the flagrant hypocrisy of his neighbor than concerned for his own loss, exclaimed, more in sorrow than in anger: "Oh, David, David, David man, little did I expect to meet wi' you here!" "Troth," said David, with apparent unconcern, "just as little did I expect to meet wi' you here!"

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND POETRY.—This stream of "poetry" still keeps pouring in upon the devoted head of the Governor-General and his royal lady. As it flows along it increases in force and volume, and will in a short time sweep everything before it. The address of welcome was bad enough, but so long as it was confined to prose it was at least bearable. Now, however, that the thing has assumed a poetic aspect it becomes serious, and the law should step in. The Act in force against the Welsh and Irish bards of yore has, we are credibly informed, not yet been repealed, although it is obsolete, and lies fading on the statute book. Let us revive it and cut off the heads of all our bards, and thus allow our too good-natured ruler to live and move in peace as well as other folks.—*Montreal Post.*

Mr. Labouchere tells a good story of Lord Lyons, the bachelor Minister of Great Britain at Washington during the Presidency of Mr. Lincoln. On the birth of Prince Albert Victor of Wales His Lordship called on the President to announce the auspicious event. Lincoln listened rather abstractedly to the official statement and was so rude as to glance at some papers before him as though he had business of a more pressing kind on hand. When Lord Lyons had left off speaking, "Old Abe" looked up as if starting out of a dose, chucked the English Minister under the ribs and exclaimed, "Go thou and do likewise." The disgust of Lord Lyons was unutterable, but he wisely decided that it was best to take no notice of the President's conduct. What, indeed, could he say, or do, or write?

Immense quantities of opium are dealt out to the young children of the United States in the shape of soothing syrups, and there is little or no doubt that hundreds of babies are consigned yearly to the grave, poisoned unwittingly by their parents. No mother should under any circumstances admit any of these sleep causing poisons, however disguised, whether as a cordial or a syrup, into her house, if she value her children's well being.—*N. Y. Witness.*

Dr. Petersen, German tourist, lately reached the highest point of the Jungfrau, 13,838 feet. He was rewarded by an hour of clear sky. He declares that he could see the whole chain of the Alps, from the furthest Tyrol to Dauphine, including Mont Blanc and the other southern giants.

Leaving the Old House.

There's sunshine on the meadow,
And sunshine on the road,
And through the brightness bells the horse
Beneath a weary load;
And as I stand beside the door, with hand before
My eyes,
I hear the children laugh to see the household goods I prize.

There was a time when this old home
Was full of mirth and glee,
But one by one the household went
And left it all to me—
A quiet house of vacant rooms, each made a
sacred place
By echo of a missing voice, or dream of vanished
face.

My new room is a pleasant place,
But you'll grieve me now;
The small conveniences seems to say
My world is narrow now;
'Tis far too small for any one with festivals to
keep,
But for my funeral large enough, since few will
come to weep.

Good bye, old house—a long good-bye!
My hand is on your gate;
Though tears are gathering in my eyes,
I must not longer wait.
Good-bye, old home! and, after all, the love
which makes you dear
Awaits me in the Heavenly home to which I'm
drawing near.

BELLE'S DIARY.

(Harper's Magazine, Oct.)

June 1, 1877—Sunday.—We had such a stirring preacher to day—a home missionary. He set the whole business before us in a new light; he urged upon us the necessity of action. It never duties detained us, we ought to give tithes of our income, he said. Mr. Andover added a few remarks to emphasize the missionary's, and then the box was passed. Of course I hadn't any money. I thought somewhat of putting in the ring Aunt Holyoke left me, but didn't dare. Afterward Mr. Andover said if any one had come to church unprepared, she could leave her mite in his hands at any time, to be forwarded for the good cause. I told Philip, who overtook me on the way from church, how much I was interested, and how much I wished I were rich enough to contribute; and he only laughed and pooh-poohed, and called me a religious enthusiast. Mother says she wishes Philip wouldn't haunt me so much; that since he has broken our engagement because we were too poor to marry, and no likelihood of growing richer, as his father had just failed, he ought not to act as if I belonged to him still. I suppose she thinks it diminishes my chances; but I don't want any more "chances." I don't believe I shall ever marry now; neither will Philip; neither why should we not be friends? Old Mrs. Abernethy told me, directly after the engagement was off, that she always knew Philip Devereaux was selfish and mercenary. I should have given her a piece of my mind if she hadn't been old enough to be my grandmother, and hadn't meant it kindly. How unhappy I was when Nell Williams set upon with me and said she didn't believe that Philip ever meant to marry me, and would never marry any girl without a fortune! That ended our friendship.

Thursday.—Philip is going away! It is like a thunder-bolt. He is going into business in New York. Perhaps he will make a fortune—who knows? Not that I care for money. Mr. Andover brought me a book to read to mother, and a bunch of scarlet columbines. How I wish she could see their rich color and grace! I told him that I had grown a sudden interest in home missions, and wished there was something I could do for the poor people the Rev. Mr. Gurrish told us about. "Your mission is already marked out for you," he said. "You are eyes to the blind, and sunshine to those who sit in shadow." I always think Mr. Andover is a plain man till he smiles.

Tuesday.—Philip is gone! He bade me good bye at the gate last night, under the stars. He is going to write often. It is horribly lonesome to-day; what would a lifetime be without him! I've beguiled myself thinking over a plan for raising money for the home missions. I've sold Aunt Holyoke's ring. It was a pretty ring, but the jeweller only gave me two dollars for it, with which I have bought a lottery ticket. It doesn't draw till the 1st of July, and then how proud I should be to take a thousand dollars over to the parsonage for the cause, and how surprised Mr. Andover would be!

Wednesday.—Very dull. Read "Paradise Lost" to mother.

Thursday, 30.—Mr. Andover called; asked if I had heard from Mr. Devereaux. I'm afraid something has happened to him.

June 30.—A short but delightful letter from Philip. He is too busy to write much or often. Mr. Andover is going to give me German lessons.

July 5.—The lottery ticket drew nothing. I could have cried. I built so many castles. The very next number to mine drew five hundred dollars. I painted a little horseshoe—German forget-me-nots on a gold ground—and Mr. Ashley, the stationer, sold it for me for five dollars. I was thunder-struck. Who *could* have thought it worth so much? I mean to buy a ticket in the Royal Havanan Lottery this time. Perhaps this is the beginning of luck.

July 11.—Wrote to Philip. Mr. Andover came to give me a German lesson, and afterward read to mother and me from the German authors. I told him, just as he was leaving, that I had heard from Philip, because he asked before. Thought he looked displeased or something; perhaps he thinks I'm wasting his time, I'm afraid not to correspond with Philip, since our engagement is broken.

August.—Philip is so busy that he can't find time to write often. I've had only three letters since he left, but he says that mine make sunshine in a shady place for him. Squire Cutts told Nell Williams that his daughter Annette, who is visiting at Conway Island, met Philip there at a hop. "I'm glad the poor fellow has some diversions," I said, but I was very sorry she mentioned it before Mr. Andover and mother. Of course a man cannot work day and night.

August 11.—Such weather is too splendid to enjoy alone. Mr. Andover rowed me up to the Artichoke River. It was like fairyland, all the boughs of the trees leaning across from shore to shore, and the moonlight and stars sifting through, and painting weird shadows upon the still water. Resting upon his oars, he sang to me a gondelied which he learned abroad, that seemed just a part of the moonlight, the smooth river and the summer. When they were to the eye, his song was to the ear. I wish Philip could sing.

August 12.—The most astonishing thing has happened. I can hardly believe it. I have been in a state of supreme excitement ever since the mail came in. What *will* Philip say? I have never been so happy since he told me he had made up his mind that he was selfishly standing in my light and our engagement must be broken till he should see his way clear to a fortune. Nothing I urged could change his noble resolve. But now there is no longer any need of separation. His way is clear to a fortune. I have drawn a prize in the Royal Havana Lottery! Good luck under a horseshoe.

August 13.—Mr. Andover came to give my lesson. He said I looked as if I had heard good news. I wrote Philip all about it, and how happy I am to know that our days of separation are ended—that he must feel it as much his money as mine, and that now he will not need to slave himself to death, and that though we will not be very, very rich—not nearly as rich as Squire Cutts—yet we can live in comfort and happiness, unhampered by debt or poverty. How surprised, how happy, he will be!

August 14.—Philip has received my good news by this, and is in the seventh heaven.

16.—No letter from Philip. Perhaps it is too early to look for one.

20.—I shall never have the happiness of expecting a letter from Philip again. Perhaps I am only punished for my selfishness. I bought the lottery ticket, to be sure, in order to benefit the home missions, but the temptation to benefit Philip and myself was too great. When I drew the prize I doubted at the time whether I did not owe it all to the home mission, but as I had only hoped to draw a thousand dollars at most for that cause, my scruples were overruled by selfishness. My religious enthusiasm, as Philip once called it, died out when it came into competition with my own happiness. I am punished indeed. I was so happy, too, when I started under Mr. Andover's convoy for the church pic nic. I had no doubt but Philip was on his way to meet me and make arrangements for our marriage, because he had not written. Perhaps he would be at home waiting for me when I returned, talking it over with mother. I was so sure of his love. By-and-by I got tired strolling in the woods and hunting for maiden-hair fern with Mr. Andover, and sat down by some trees, a little apart from the others, to think and enjoy. And presently I heard Miss Anne Cutts reading a letter aloud to Miss Blair, and her dreaming voice was lushing me off to sleep.

Our wedding is fixed for October. I wanted to wait till Christmas, but my lord and master objected. My gown is already ordered of Worth. I shall be married in church by Mr. Andover.

Your affectionate Annie.

Gentleman Curtis.

Was Miss Anne Cutts still reading aloud, or had I dreamed this about the wedding and Mr. Andover? I opened my eyes, and saw a little bird sitting on a spray, and immediately Mrs. Blair broke the spell by saying, "Bless me, Anne! It's a good match for Philip Devereaux, now isn't it? A lucky day for him when he broke off with Bessie Reed!" And I heard no more; the trees and the bird seemed to swim before me in a cloud of mist. I stood up and steadied myself against a bowlder, and Mr. Andover came and put my arm in his and took me home. And this is the end.

Philip mature; Philip the lover of another! It is unreal. I cannot seem to grasp it.

August 2d.—A letter from Philip Devereaux. After all, I thought, maybe it was gossip and hearsay. The sight of the familiar handwriting sent the blood spinning through my veins. He congratulated me on my good luck, and added: "Having broken our engagement when we were both beggars, how could I renew it now because you have become rich? Would not the world—your world—have the right to point the finger of scorn at me? I cannot accept such generosity, Belle, even for your sake, but must still plod on." Once I should have thought these sentiments so noble. Whereas I was blind, now I see. He thinks that I know nothing about the effect of Annette Cutts, or he would encourage it to break it to me.

September 16.—I have resumed my German studies, to divert my mind. Everybody is talking of the approaching marriage. I told Mr. Andover about the prize, and asked if he would take it for home missions.

"Have you the money in hand?" he asked.

"No; I have not even sent on my ticket. I have merely been notified that I had drawn the amount."

"My dear Miss Belle," he said, "pardon me—but I do not approve of lotteries."

"Neither do I, any longer."

"It may be a foolish scruple," he pursued; "most people would laugh at it; but it seems to me that money obtained in that way does more harm than good—will not be blessed in the use."

"Perhaps not," I said; "but what shall I do with it? I feel like the man who drew the elephant."

"Suppose you destroy the ticket and do nothing about it?"

"Very well," I returned. "I wish I had never bought it." And so I held it in the gas jet and reduced the fortune that was to have made me happy to a pinch of ashes.

October 1.—A dreadful thing has happened. Squire Cutts has died insolvent. It will postpone Annette's wedding. I hear that the order for her wedding gown has been countermanded. But if Philip loves her, she is still rich. All the kingdoms of the earth cannot buy love.

June, 1878.—It is more than a year since I began this diary, and how much has occurred! I have often wondered how Philip Devereaux have himself after Annette Cutts married old General Battles, with his millions and his gout, preferring a palace without love to love in a cottage. Yesterday I wandered into the pine woods alone. Mr. Andover and I have been there so often that all its treasures of shade and sunlight, of soaring pines and humble mosses, seemed to belong to us. Its winding ways are like enchantment, luring us on to more beauty and serenity. It is like walking through dim cathedral aisles as we tread upon the carpet of pine needles and hear the wind fluting through the branches, while spicy incense is wafted about and sweet thoughts come like a benediction. You scarcely hear an approaching footstep, and I was gathering some ferns, when some one close beside me said, "Isabelle! Isabelle!"—a voice that sounded strangely familiar, but was not Mr. Andover's; a voice that seemed to conjure a vision of starry summer nights, and sweet scents, and tender words, in an instant before I could turn. I never once thought of Philip Devereaux, but there he stood, smiling and *debonair*, as if we had only parted an hour ago. "Your mother told me I should find you here," he said, taking my unwilling hand. "See, I picked a four-leaved clover as I came across the meadow; that means luck. Isabelle, can you forgive me?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered heartily, "and thank you too."

"I was a fool, Isabelle."

"And so was I."

"Isabelle, don't turn away your head. I never loved Annette. I love you. You have no cause for jealousy. I have come back to marry you, Isabelle.

"I wouldn't mind your marry you, Philip," I said. "I do not love you any longer."

"Not love me?" he cried. "Oh, I understand; you have some natural resentment—"

"But no love." And then he fell to protesting and expostulating, while we walked out of the pine woods together; and just as we emerged into the road we met Mr. Andover. He bowed and passed on. I knew he had come to look for me. I parted with Philip at the gate, where we parted once before, and to-day it is all over town that our engagement is renewed.

June 16.—Mr. Andover has not been to see me since the day I met him coming out of the pine woods with Philip. Philip called, but I declined the interview.

June 18.—Met Mr. Andover walking on the causeway by the river. He turned and joined me. An old woman came out of a fishing-hut presently, and begged for money. As he opened his purse something glittering fell out at his feet. It was Aunt Holyoke's ring. He picked it up. "You used to wear this," he said; "think was why I bought it."

"You were very good. Did you mean to give it to me?" I asked.

"If you will take my heart with it, Belle."

How to Cure Ivy Poison.

It is now the season when boys and girls in the country give their mothers sad nights by coming home in the miseries of poisoning by ivy. The irritation by this poisoning is acute, but the speedy cure for it is a weak oxalic acid, a teaspoonful of the salt to a pint of water, with which the poisoned spots are bathed as often as they grow troublesome. The lotion smarts severely for a few minutes, but is followed by a cessation of the poison pain, which itches as if one could tear the part to pieces. The above may need reducing for young children. Make it weak at first, and add grains of the salt until it is strong enough to give relief. A dessert spoonful of sweet oil taken daily is said to drive the poison out of the blood, but three severe cases were cured without it by the acid alone. It should not be put in tin or anything metallic, as it corrodes, and may form poisonous compound.

Old Madame Rothschild, mother of the mighty capitalists, attained the age of ninety-eight; her wit, which was remarkable, and her intellectual faculties, which were of no common order, were preserved to the end. In her last illness, when surrounded by her family, her physician being present, she said in a suppliant tone to the latter, "Dear doctor, try to do something for me." "Madame, what can I do? I can't make you young again." "No, doctor, i don't want to be young again, but I want to continue to grow old."

A late London *Echo* says—"Poor Talmage, seen through years and years ago by all men of sense, is only beginning to be found out by some people here. The *Eastern Post* (London) tells the story of a demented committee of an East End church who, wishing to raise a sum of money, thought they would try aloud to Talmage. They did, and were of course directed to his secular (and military) agent, who, to their amazement, asked 100 guineas for one hour's use of Talmage's brazen throat and lungs. They put on a long face and a sharp screw, and brought the agent down to sixty guineas, which were paid. The lecture was a failure, perhaps because it was delivered a day or two before at the Crystal Palace at the reduced price of forty guineas. Talmage's vocalization seems to improve, like cheese, by keeping. Proofs, forty guineas; common prints, for simplicitous who care to buy them, sixty guineas."

RELIGIOUS COLUMN.

The New Haven Journal says that the Rev. Mr. Ross, pastor of the Webster Street Baptist Church, in that city, received by letter last Sunday into his church a man 103 years of age. He has been a member of a church for eighty years, and has children of the age of eighty years.

Rev. J. K. Falconer, a popular preacher in London, is an expert bicyclist, and on Sunday mornings rolls to church on one of these vehicles, followed by a crowd of friends similarly mounted.

Father Curci is on the eve of publishing a new translation of the Bible, with prolegomena and annotations. The translation is expected to be an improvement on those by Martini and Diodati, while the preliminary matter will touch on many politico-social topics. The translation, revised by Mgr. Salzano and beautifully printed, has been approved by the Pope.

Rev. Moses. R. Lord, of Stanford, Ky., rebuked his congregation's propensity for turning round every time the door opened to admit a worshipper, by saying, "If you will give me your undivided attention I will keep a look out on that door, and if anything worse than a man enters I will warn you in time to make your escape."

Elder Ellis, presiding over a camp meeting at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, ordered that there be no smoking on the ground. A party of roughs persistently enjoyed their tobacco, and Ellis, being both athletic and resolute, went down from the platform and pulled the cigars from their mouths. That night they dared the minister out of town and broke up the camp.

The *Sandwich Island Friend* contains an account of the organization of the first Chinese Church on the Hawaiian islands. The Rev. M. Kanea, pastor of the Kaumakapili Church, having led in prayer, the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," was sung in Chinese and English.

The authorities of the Catholic Church in Mexico have lately given their sanction to the selling and circulation of a Spanish translation of the New Testament in that country.

The late Bishop Ames of Baltimore, who has been criticised for alleged miserly habits, said, just before his death, that he gave to the Methodist Episcopal Church all he received from it in the way of salary.

The *Presbyterian Banner* noting, in reference to the case of Mr. Macrae, that for many years the United Presbyterians of Great Britain have been regarded as the most lax of all the Presbyterian bodies of that country in the matter of doctrine, is happy to add: "But they seemed to have awakened to the need of protecting themselves from the encroachments of error."

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., in his recent trip to Alaska, made a canoe voyage of 250 miles along the coast in order to visit some of the mission stations.

The best known of the recent hymns of Sankey, Bliss and others are being translated into the vernacular by the Rev. Isaac Fieldbrave, native pastor of the Hindoostani Church at Lucknow, India. The boys and girls in the mission schools are already singing about fifty of them.

Five Maori children and those of five white settlers in New Zealand were recently examined together. The white triumphed in writing from dictation and reading aloud, the natives in grammar and in writing, and solved twenty-two out of thirty arithmetical problems, whilst the others worked only fourteen.

The case of Professor Robertson Smith has again engaged the attention of the Aberdeen Free Presbytery. After the reading of the libel served upon him he offered a lengthy explanatory statement, in which he pointed out that there were difficulties connected with the authorship of the book of Deuteronomy which could not be solved by the arguments used by Sir Henry Moncrieff and others, although he was himself far from denying the inspiration of the book. In consideration of the new matter introduced it was resolved that the Presbytery stay the procedure, and report the matter to the Superior Court. Thus another point has been gained by Prof. Smith.

Principal Tulloch has resigned his position of editor of the *Missionary Record*, of the Church of Scotland, which he held eighteen years. In his valedictory he advocates Broad Church principles. He pleads for "room for intellectual, theological, esthetic growth—room for all who are willing to serve the Church in the spirit of its constitution, or to advocate any changes whatever, consistent with its essential principles." He doubts whether any but national churches can give such freedom.

Dr. Blodget, of Peking, writes to the *Missionary Herald* some cheering news from that city. He says eleven persons have just been received by baptism, including a family of six from Ho-kain-fu, who were relieved last year as famine sufferers. One of the baptized was a Buddhist priest, surnamed Mang, who surrendered his certificate of priesthood, his sacred bowl and his sacred garments, and lost withal a very comfortable income.

A Fatal Field.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, with the army headquarters, will reach Intanjaneni on the 7th. Brigadier-General Clarke's brigade is there, and will advance with the General to Ulundi on the 8th or 9th inst. Sir Garnet Wolseley and staff yesterday passed over the Isandlana battle field. All the bodies of the English have been buried, but there were here and there grim corpses of native warriors produced to skeletons. Many small objects were still lying about on the site of the different camps; parts of books, pocket ledgers, prayer-books and Bibles, ammunition-boxes broken open and emptied by the Zulus, boot and horse brushes in numbers, especially in the artillery camp. Hardly any books had any writing in them discernible. The Bibles and prayer books appeared to be regimental ones, and were in fair preservation. A troop of the King's Dragoon Guards, escorting Sir Garnet Wolseley, marched in advance of the General from Rorke's Drift and waited at the camp for him. On the road, about three miles beyond Isandlana, a patrol sent to the hills on the right came on a party of some forty Zulus, who came out of the caves and shouted, brandishing their assegais. A single shot fired at a long distance dispersed them. These men are among those who are waiting the end in uncertainty. They will not submit for fear of the revenge of a revivified Zulu monarchy, and will not fight us unless in a supreme effort at Cetewayo's call.—*South African Correspondence London Times.*

The *Evening Telegram* of to day has the following: "It is more than probable that Hanlan will not go to Chautauqua Lake to row Courtney." He is in anything but good health, and it will be impossible to get him into proper shape in time for the race. This has been patent for sometime back to every one conversant with rowing, and, we believe, has become a conviction with Hanlan himself. Only those who were with the champion in England when he was preparing for his race with Hawdon know what had been taken out of his strength and stamina by the sea voyage. It required the most judicious handling to get him fit for the Elliott race, and the voyage back again threw him on his beam ends. The process of becoming reclimatized has been dreadfully slow, and even now Hanlan is far below his healthy weight. The fact of the matter is that he has nothing to train upon, and until he has to undergo the heavy work necessary for such a match would not only prove worse than useless for the occasion, but might result in a permanent and irremediable injury. Should Hanlan decide not to go to meet Courtney much adverse criticism may be expected both at home and abroad, but the sympathy of intelligent men will be with the champion for he clearly needs rest and time to recuperate. If Courtney's condition be as it is represented to be, he cannot be averse to postponing the race until the spring, more especially as the onus of avoiding the second test will be thrown on Hanlan's shoulders. Indeed, no one will be injured by such a postponement and it will result in a race more satisfactory in every respect.

Several Hamilton athletes are expected to take part in the games at Montreal, on Saturday, 4th Oct.

IRISH COLUMN.

Mr. E. T. Lalor, a well known journalist in Dublin, died on the 1st inst.

It is rumored that Lord Napier of Magdala will probably be Sir John Michel's successor in command of the forces in Ireland.

Dr. James A. McCullagh, of Newry, has been appointed dispensary doctor for the City of Londonderry.

The post of Registrar-General in Ireland, vacant by the death of Dr. M. Burke, has been conferred upon Dr. Grimshaw.

On August 24 the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, consecrated the new cemetery of Kilmainham.

The Mulranny Hotel, near Newport, Mayo, was totally destroyed by fire on Aug. 25. It is alleged to be the work of an incendiary.

On August 26th a new mortuary chapel was dedicated at Glasnevin Cemetery by the Most Rev. Dr. McCabe.

Sir John Power, Bart., Edermine, Enniscorthy, will, it is said, be called upon to stand for Wexford, his native county, at the next election.

The Rev. John Brady, C. C. Cavan, has been appointed parish priest of Dean, in the room of the Rev. John O'Connor, P.P., translated to Ballieborough.

On August 27, a poor woman named Nancy Flynn was drowned in a pool of water a few inches deep, which remained after a heavy rain, a short distance from Glanworth, Cork.

Major Lolly Kenny, J.P., has made an abatement of rent to the tenantry on his Fortane estates, County Clare. The abatement is from 25 to 30 per cent., according to the merits of each particular case.

The Local Government Board have appointed the Rev. Philip Carbery, P.P., Roman Catholic Chaplain of the Rathdrum Workhouse, Dublin, vacated by the death of the Rev. R. Galvin.

George Walter Gray, third son of the late Sir John Gray, M. P., died on August 27th, at the residence of Lady Gray, Ballybrack, Dublin. Mr. Gray was about thirty years of age.

Templeboy new Catholic Church, Sligo, was dedicated to its sacred uses on Sunday, Aug. 17, the celebrant Bishop being the Most Rev. Dr. Conway, Bishop of Killala, who was assisted by the Bishops of Ashroy and Elphin, and a large number of the priests of the diocese.

The question of a re-distribution of seats in Ireland is being discussed in Dublin with a view to securing additional members for the more populous parts of the country. The principal claimants to representation are the 9,000 graduates of the Queen's University and inhabitants of the suburbs of Dublin.

In consequence of an intimation that the Hon. Fitzwilliam Dick, M. P., does not intend to seek re-election for the County of Wicklow, the Home Rule party have determined to put forward a second candidate as a colleague to Mr. O'Byrne, M. P., the present representative for the county.

The death is announced of the Hon. Richard Gilbert Talbot, of Ballinalee, county Dublin. The deceased, who was elder brother of Lord Talbot de Malahide, was born in 1810, and married in October, 1847, Anne Cunliffe-Lister, daughter of the late Mr. Ellis Cunliffe-Lister Kaye, who survives him.

Lord William Beresford, of Waterford, received the Victoria Cross at Osborne on August 25th. He was recommended for the distinction for saving the life of a sergeant during one of Col. Buller's reconnaissances previous to the battle of Ulundi. He is to be promoted to a brevet majority, in addition to receiving the Victoria Cross, in recognition of his distinguished gallantry at the battle of Ulundi.

While the funeral of a Roman Catholic, named Wales, was on the way from the workhouse on the 2nd inst., a number of the opposite party gathered and stoned the procession. For sometime the scene was of a wild and uproarious character, and it was not without some difficulty that the *cortege* got to the graveyard. The deceased during life had the reputation of being a Fenian; hence the manifestation.

The great Irish pilgrimage is to Lough Derg Island. The penitential exercises are very severe and repeated thrice a day, and the pilgrims spend the night in what is known as "the prison." When morning has fairly dawned, they leave the prison, and wash head and feet in the lake, and are allowed to take a little water in the hollow of the hand. This refreshment is stated to be much needed, in view of the heat of the prison, watching all night, and reciting so many prayers. Formerly in the night an exhortation was given on the great truths of eternity, but the cries of the contrite disturbed the neighborhood so sorely that the practice was abandoned. The priests hear confessions all day and all night.

QUEEN CUSTOMS IN CHINA.—The Emperor of China is allowed three wives, the chief of whom is the Empress, while the other two are Queens. He has the right, under certain restrictions, of choosing his own successor. When the Emperor Hien Fung died, in 1861, he left the throne to his son Toung-che, who was only five years old. The Empress and the boy's mother, one of the two queens, were made co regents. They reigned very prosperously until 1873, when Toung-che took the Government into his own hands, and removed them from power. In 1875 he died of small-pox, without naming a successor. His wife was a feeble girl, with a young baby, for whose rights she had not the strength of character to fight. She soon died, and the old Empress and Queen seized the opportunity to get back upon the throne. They chose a three-year-old nephew of Hien Fung, and appointed themselves to reign until he became a man. The scheme was carried out, and the two women are now seemingly firmly re-established. Among the first statesman of the empire was Wo Ko-tu, at the head of the Civil Service Department. He brooded over the wrong done to the infant son of Toung-che, and at last resolved to speak out against it. This was a serious matter, for ancient usage in China decrees that whoever utters treason shall at once commit suicide. Wo Ko-tu wrote and published, in the most respectful language, a demand that the Empress and Queen should abdicate. Then he killed himself with a knife.

COTTON IN TEXAS.—Texans seem to have learned the lesson which the Georgians and other people of the older cotton States have just now comprehended, namely, that it "pays" to alternate crops, and that no lasting prosperity can be reared upon a single and exclusive staple. Cotton will always hold a chief place in the agriculturist's affections, because it is the only product which will command ready cash at its market value in the nearest town. The stranger who has crossed the large open square, or plaza, which is found in every Texan town, at an early hour in the day, will marvel at the change of a few hours. Before midday the cotton teams have arrived from the surrounding country, clustering upon every available space in the square and along the adjacent streets. It would be impossible to portray a more animated or varied scene. Clumsy waggons, drawn by little compact oxen, or possibly by an ox and a mule, are constantly arriving—the men, women and children mounted high upon the roughly bound cotton bales; the expert in cotton staple, who jumps nimbly, note book in hand, from waggon to waggon, buying here, rejecting there, and bartering everywhere; the itinerant Hebrews, who press their cheap but showy goods upon the rustics—these and hundreds who have each his own little bargain to drive—and, above all, the great Babel of purchase and sale. The journey to town on market day is an event in the monotone of life with most of these cotton growers. They throng the stores, the walks, and patronize the grotesque fakire, the side shows, and all the wandering brotherhood of minstrelsy, sure to be there when trade is lively.—*Harper's Magazine for October.*

The official certificate of Daniel Drew's death passed through the U. S. Bureau of Vital Statistics on Saturday. The cause of death was cerebral apoplexy. The time from the first attack to the fatal issue was thirty minutes.

It is said by a London correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* that cigarettes are in common use by English ladies. Emily Faithfull, and Elizabeth Thompson, and the Duchess of Edinburgh are mentioned as great smokers.

TELEGRAPHIC.

GENERAL GRANT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Handsome Reception and Good Conduct of the People.

SAN FRANCISCO, California.—The steamer City of Tokio arrived here from China last evening with General Grant on board. He was met outside the harbor with an immense fleet, crowded with people bent on doing honor to the ex-President. The hills overlooking the harbor were black with people, and the booming of cannon, the screaming of whistles and the shouts of the multitude showed how genuine was the enthusiasm over his return. On reaching the dock he addressed the Reception Committee and consented to become the guest of the city during his stay.

SAN FRANCISCO, California.—During Gen. Grant's stay in his apartments to day he received calls from a number of distinguished citizens. Gen. and Mrs. Grant expressed their appreciation of the handsome reception accorded them, and were particularly impressed with the good conduct of the people throughout the demonstration and the entire absence of rude crowding. A series of entertainments has been prepared for every day and evening during the coming week.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The *Herald's* San Francisco correspondent, referring to Grant's reception, says the enterprising business men are taking advantage of the occasion. Grant hats, neck-ties and cigars, are seen on every side. On Friday Grant goes to the Yosemite Valley and is to be absent some days. On his return he will be banqueted by Senator Sharon, Senator Flood and Gov. Stanford.

SAN FRANCISCO, California.—The California Theatre was filled to overflowing last evening at the performance of the military spectacle of "Color Guard," in honor of General Grant. The boxes reserved for the General and his party were handsomely draped, the play was magnificently put on the stage and three full companies of the National Guard added to the scenic effect. When the party made their appearance the whole audience rose to their feet *en masse*, cheering and applauding continuously, while the curtain was run down until the uproar had subsided. After the performance Grant and party were serenaded at the hotel by a band. A great number of the officers of the National Guard were present.

AN INDIAN DUEL.

Sitting Bull Accepts a Challenge and Kills his Man—Bravery of the Great Sioux Chief.

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, Can.—The Marquette *Review* publishes an interesting account of a duel between Sitting Bull and a Crow warrior, which occurred after the fight on the 20th June between 200 lodges of the Sioux, who were south of the border after buffalo, and two companies of United States soldiers, and 150 Cheyenne and Crows. Sitting Bull accepted the challenge and succeeded the first time, the result being that he shot the Crow, carrying him and taking possession of his horse. In the retreat across the Milk River into Canada, Sitting Bull personally commanded the rear guard of the light warriors, covering the movement and was himself the last to cross.

A SCHOOL BOY'S REVENGE.

Attempted Assassination of a Christian Brother.

CHICAGO, Illinois.—An attempt was made to assassinate Brother Joseph Mathew, of St. Joseph's reform school, last night. As he was seated near the window reading, he saw the flash and heard the report of a pistol. The ball passed through his cap, grazed his head, and buried itself in a post near by. On Sunday last as the Brother was walking outside the corridor, he was fired at, the ball grazing his face. The police are looking for a sixteen year old lad named John Sexton, who was recently punished by the Brother. This boy swore revenge, and threatened to burn the school, and he is supposed to be the would-be assassin.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A Man Falls Forty-Five Feet and Breaks No Bones.

CORONIA, Ont.—One morning lately Harry Jamieson, of the firm of Grieve & Jamieson, met with a severe and painful accident. He was working on the new roof of Victoria Hall, south side, and was sitting on a board near a derrick when the board canted and he slipped off. He had presence of mind enough to clutch the derrick, but he could not on. Further down he clutched the rope, but it slipped through his fingers, and he fell with a heavy thud to the ground on a pile of bricks and tin eavetroughing. The latter material being flexible, helped to break his fall. He struck on his shoulders and head, but, wonderful to relate, after falling forty-five feet, about the average four-storey building height, he was picked up sensible and no bones broken. He received a severe shaking and a cut on the back of the head.

STRATFORD & HURON RAILWAY.

Contracts Awarded