

THE HURON SIGNAL

FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1881.

THE DEAD STATESMAN.

The cable despatch of last Tuesday morning, which brought the news of the death of Earl Beaconsfield, was not a thing altogether unexpected, for although the reports of the previous few days were such as to give hope that the late ex-premier was to be spared yet awhile, his great age and the extreme state of weakness to which his malady was said to have reduced him, pointed only too directly to the probability of the release into which he fell and out of which he was not to emerge. On Monday evening a change for the worse was exhibited, and he continued gradually to sink, until four o'clock the following morning, when the soul of that man who for so long a time has been so brilliant a political and literary ymnose of the nation—of the world—passed to its reward. He was conscious to the end, and his passing away was quiet and untroubled.

Of purely Jewish descent, Lord Beaconsfield—Benjamin Disraeli—was born in 1804, and consequently at the time of his decease, was in his 77th year. His grandfather, Benjamin Disraeli, towards the end of the 18th century, fleeing from the persecutions of his race in other lands, settled in England, and betaking himself to the pursuit of business, amassed a fortune, which, added to the wealth which he had brought with him, placed him in the most opulent circumstances. His son Isaac, father of the late Earl, unlike his progenitor, was a man of unglorious instincts, a veritable book-worm, and has left us a record of his extraordinary literary researches in the "Aménities" and the "Curiosities" of literature.

"Born in a library," as he expressed himself to be, Benjamin Disraeli had scarcely attained his twenty-third year, when he produced the first offspring of a wonderfully fertile mind, in "Vivian Grey," which at once drew attention to its author, and set "society" talking about the new hero-maker. Since that time, during the intervening half-century, until the publication of his "Endymion" a few months ago, the eyes of Englishmen and of English speaking people everywhere have been constantly directed to the oft-recurring emanations from the pen of the dead novelist. Possessed of an amazingly exalted imagination, and a fund of language equally amazing, he ever threw about his hero-characters that oriental warmth and vividness of coloring, which charms, and, indeed, at times, amuses the reader, and which has placed his style among the unique things of our literature.

Benjamin Disraeli entered parliament in 1837, at the age of 32 years, being elected as junior member for Maidstone. He had previously been twice defeated, and his political notions and principles at that time do not appear to have been very clearly defined; indeed, Justin McCarthy, in the "History of Our Own Times," thinks it probable that Mr. Disraeli had then no particular notions of a political nature at all, and that he was casting about for some party or persuasion to which to lash himself. Be this as it may, he certainly was not in the House long till he was heard from, for before he was there three weeks, he had made his celebrated "maiden" speech, of which almost every body has heard. Dressed in a style that was considered to be the extreme of coxcombry, and assuming an attitude of lofty defiance, the stolid House was not prepared calmly to hear him out, and proceeded to interrupt until he was forced to sit down before he had finished. His words on resuming his seat were: "I have begun several times many times, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now; but the time will come when you will hear me." He first held office for a few months, in 1852, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the Commons, under Lord Derby. His rise and progress in political life from that time were rapid and brilliant. He held the Chancellorship during three administrations, and in 1868 was made Prime Minister of England. Since that time till his death a few days ago, his acts are too familiar to require such a recapitulation as our limited space would permit us to make here.

Just exactly in what position of importance the future historian will place the departed statesman, of course it is impossible to determine; but a character so marked, a career so extraordinary, a genius so brilliant, will always attract the attention of the reader, even though the good he has been enabled to do be proven to be comparatively little. That he loved his country, cannot be doubted; that he loved power and its splendour more, there will be those who will affirm; but the nation mourns him as she ever mourns the loss of the patriot, the statesman, the benefactor of her people.

The Baroness Ashmead-Bartlett-Burdett-Coutts, like the fond and dotting wife that she is, has nominally leased to her "hubby" for ninety-nine years the immense revenues of the entitled St. Alban's estate, worth £100,000, per annum. The lease contains the proviso that Ashmead is not to remarry after his spouse's death.

FORMOSA.

Description of the Work Done on the Island in the Interest of Christianity—Discourses by Rev. Dr. McKay.

On Sunday last, Rev. Dr. McKay, the widely known Formosa missionary, whose labors have been so signally fruitful of results, occupied Knox Church pulpit, both morning and evening. In appearance there is nothing in Rev. Dr. McKay to suggest the hero, the intrepid explorer of uncharted paths, or the indomitable spirit which must overcome after obstacles only to overcome them. Rather under the medium height, spare of person, sallow complexioned, with a full black beard, there is nothing to distinguish him from many whom we meet on the street daily, but he has a sharp, piercing eye, a forehead broad and high, and strongly developed perceptives, which indicate that the owner is always on the alert. He is at present convalescent, and suffers apparently from a cold on the chest or from some bronchial affection, and his voice betrayed weakness except when he warmed with his subject and made a supreme effort. Then it rang out clearly and distinctly, and resounding through and through the edifice, gave unmistakable evidence of the invincible spirit which guided its utterance, and clearly proved that the outward appearance of the speaker did not do justice to the courageous heart within. The following is a report of

HIS DISCOURSE IN THE MORNING.

Formosa is an island 300 miles in length, and 70 to 90 miles in breadth, between 70 and 100 miles from the mainland. The tropic of cancer runs through the northern part of the island, and the word Formosa means "beautiful," and was given to the island by the Portuguese sailors who visited it 250 years ago. There were mountains of high altitude running from north to south, and there was a large plain on the west, and smaller one, were toward the east. 300 years ago the island was a jungle, dark, deep and almost impenetrable, and the first historical knowledge we have of it was in the 14th century. It was inhabited by a species of Malay, similar in their manners customs and pursuits to the aborigines of this country. The island was of a volcanic nature, and earthquakes were of so common occurrence that little notice was taken of them, except the great shock of 1875, of which the speaker was an eyewitness, and which almost totally destroyed one of the large towns of the island. Great storms occasionally swept over Formosa; they were called typhoons and did much damage. The present inhabitants consisted principally of two classes—the aborigines, who resemble the natives of the American Indians, and the Chinese who have colonized it. The former were inferior to our Mohawks and Chippewas, but superior to the red-faced denizens of the far west. They traded with the Chinese and other nations and thus got an insight into the manner of war. The Spaniards had been to Formosa, and had left traces of their presence in the shape of two forts. The Dutch also took possession about 200 years ago. Their oldest and largest fort was now occupied by the British Government agent. A change of dynasty occurred in China when the Dutch had possession, for the Tartars overran that Empire, and it was known that the present Emperor was of Tartar extraction. At the time he spoke of, a Chinese pirate roved the seas, and chanced to come upon Formosa. The Dutch garrison defied him to capture the harbor, which was commanded by their fort. In the darkness of the night he fired a shot, and the Tartars fled from the harbor, thereby creating a conflagration, and the next morning the dragon-flag floated over Formosa. This was in 1698, and the island has been under Chinese influence ever since. As the Europeans cleared the forests on this continent and gained land from the Indians, so did the Chinese drive back the aborigines and reclaim what had previously been a dense jungle. The west and north, where the Chinese settled, is now good arable land, but about half the island is still in jungle. Let Canadians respect the Chinese, for the latter are among the progressive nations, despite their heathenism. We had our Indian reserves in Canada, and the Chinese had their reservations for the aborigines, and the just manner in which they treated the natives would put to the blush our neighbors across the line, if compared with their treatment of the red men out west. Circles of bamboo were grown 50, 60 and 80 feet high, and inside of these were found to be inhabited by from 100 to 150 people; and then you would proceed a short distance and you would find another grove, and yet another, and so on, as you went. If you would still further pursue your journey you would come to a long street, with houses on either side, with shops and temples at intervals. The temple was the largest building and much money labor were expended upon it, and no matter where you went the temple spire, pointing upward, could be observed. Merchants, tradesmen, tailors, silk vendors, lawyers, doctors, and school-masters could be seen in large numbers. Schools were boys were taught flourished in Formosa, but the education of the girls was entirely neglected. In a town of 5,000 inhabitants you might count 20 temples, each with tier upon tier of idols, and each temple was dedicated to its own particular idol. Walk along further, and you would find a great wall of solid masonry, with battlements on top, and soldiers on guard thereon. Go inside or ascend a flight of stone steps and walk around, and you were inside a walled city of Formosa, with four gates of entrance from the North, the South, the East and the West. Much rubbish has been penned about the Chinese, the people of the oldest and largest nation of the world, concerning the fact that women received no place among them, and mixed with the men in their daily avocation, in business or in trade. The fact is, they went in and out just as freely as did the women in Canada, at least they did so in Canton, Ningpo, Foochoo, and other cities where the speaker had been. The worship of the Chinese was fanatical in the extreme, and with the exception of Jerusalem he had in no other section of the world where he had been, seen such an exhibition of bigotry, superstition, and fanaticism. The cities of Formosa

varied in size from 2,000 up to 60,000 inhabitants, with all classes and grades of population. If you entered the woods you would find naked savages living in wigwams. Ten years ago he had no idea of the work in which he was destined to engage. When he landed at Hong-kong his mind was made up as to his ultimate destination, but he went as straight to Formosa as if he had been directed so to do by the Presbyterian Assembly at Quebec. The work lay before him and the Lord God opened up the way for the carrying out of His work. He landed on the west coast, and when he landed he was hated. He was hated because he was a foreigner, and because he did not bow down to idols, but worshipped the true God. He began his labors with the Chinese element, because he did not think it wise to work with scattered tribes. He believed it to be the bountiful duty of all to unfurl the blood-stained banner of Christ among all nations, but he was also of opinion that much more progress could be made in the work, by laboring among the nations which were destined to advance. The soul of the savage was beyond doubt as precious in the eyes of the Master, as the soul of the most gifted intellectually, but the speaker believed we should work in such a manner, and among those with whom the effects of our labors would prove most beneficial, as the spreading of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. Then the convert was anxious to go on the street and preach, and after he did so, an impetus was given to the work. In three months he learned to write phonetically, and in a similar period of time he was enabled to read the Bible in Romanized colloquial. The first convert was now in the ministry, and a most successful worker amongst his countrymen. After reading a letter from an European colleague in Formosa, in which a flattering tribute was paid to this first convert, the speaker proceeded to describe their first tour through the island. He had been asked to write a book, recounting their adventures and escapes, but had declined to do so. No mortals but two would ever know of their trials and privations; God knew what they had suffered, and He had brought them safely through. No matter where they went they were followed by Chinese soldiers, and when they entered the woods and visited the savages, did the soldiers leave them, and then it was because they were afraid they would lose their heads if they came in contact with the aborigines. Not knowing a single person, but having an implicit confidence in the Divine Power to protect and keep them, they first entered the woods. They met the savages at the base of a high mountain, but the number of 1,500 men, each savage armed with a large knife, two feet long, a musket, and a lighted coil of rope to act as a fuse to the pan of the old-fashioned firearm. They came up to, and surrounded them, whooping and dancing their war dance, and eagerly anxious for the word to the chief to shoot and cut off the heads of the intruders. But the chief when he noticed that one of the two did not wear a cue, and was not a Chinese, stepped forward, and striking the speaker a blow on the breast with his clenched hand, repeating the operation on his own breast, thereby signifying that he was his friend and under his protection. The action of the speaker was then turned to the convert, whom they recognized as a Chinese, and for a moment his fate was in the balance, but the chief again came forward, and looking the convert severely in the face, smote him on the breast with his open hand, in token that although he was a Chinese, being in company with one whom the chief had extended protection, he would share that protection. After spending three weeks among the savages they returned once more to the civilized portion of the island.

The speaker here closed his remarks, but resumed

HIS DISCOURSE IN THE EVENING.

He referred this morning to the first convert made in Formosa, and to their first visit to the natives of the woods. Returning to the Chinese quarter, they began their missionary work. Standing by a light they would begin a hymn, and the people would congregate around them. At this time there were only himself and a high convert, but the latter was a faithful and true servant of the Lord Jesus. He (the speaker) held in his hand a letter from a noble missionary of the Presbyterian Assembly of Scotland, who had recently returned to his native land, had since gone back to his labors in the East, and in it strong testimony was given of the steadfastness and earnestness and Christian integrity of the first convert. No one to this day had accepted the gospel of Christ could fill his place. Very genial, kind, fruitful of common sense, devoted and faithful, he seemed specially chosen of God for the work in which he was engaged, and most suitable for the position which he occupied as a native missionary. He was not a man strong intellectually and weak physically, or weak intellectually and strong physically, but was physically strong, intellectually strong, and spiritually strong. They used to begin their meetings by opening wide the door of their house, singing aloud

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.

Or to defend His cause.

The crowd would gather outside throwing stones and dirt, and point their fingers at them, which by the Chinese is considered a most scornful action. After a time nine or ten would venture in and look at the hymnbooks, and make use of insulting expressions, such as, "The foreign dog knows our language," "The foreign devil has two eyes," etc. There was one man who was particularly offensive. He was an artist of no mean merit, and when it was known that it was he who painted the house shown at the Berlin exhibition, as a specimen of Chinese architecture, it will be seen that he was a man of parts. He used to jerk the first convert by his cue, spit at and revile him. One day, however, he dropped in, and the first convert made tea for him. He was astonished at such treatment at the hands of the person whom he had so cruelly ill-used. He came again, however, and was convinced of the truth of Christianity, but was afraid to confess his belief, lest he would be sent to prison. The prisons of China were out of comparison with our goals or penitentiaries, and are more in accord with the dark ages of

"foreign dog." The reply to their threats was, "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth, even for ever." A Chinese boy six years old could easily kill an adult foreigner, but the Lord had cared for His servant, and kept him from harm, because he trusted in Him. Couriers were running all over the country with exaggerated reports of his doings. No matter where he went the magistrates and the mandarins kept watching him, and sending word of his whereabouts, and many a poor Chinaman suffered for having spoken to him. When things were at the highest state of excitement an intelligent, sharp, active young man, visited him one evening, and requested him to leave the island at once and forever. But he had not gone there to be driven out of it so easily. The command was upon him, "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel." They had 59 hymns translated into Chinese, and the speaker read to his admirer the 11th hymn of the series: "A Day's March Nearer Home." The Chinaman asked if that was what the missionary believed in the event of his being put to death, and being told that it was, he marvelled and went away. He came again and again, and always with objections, sometimes verbal, sometimes written on paper, and at these were gradually explained away, he finally adopted the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. Then the convert was anxious to go on the street and preach, and after he did so, an impetus was given to the work. In three months he learned to write phonetically, and in a similar period of time he was enabled to read the Bible in Romanized colloquial. The first convert was now in the ministry, and a most successful worker amongst his countrymen. After reading a letter from an European colleague in Formosa, in which a flattering tribute was paid to this first convert, the speaker proceeded to describe their first tour through the island. He had been asked to write a book, recounting their adventures and escapes, but had declined to do so. No mortals but two would ever know of their trials and privations; God knew what they had suffered, and He had brought them safely through. No matter where they went they were followed by Chinese soldiers, and when they entered the woods and visited the savages, did the soldiers leave them, and then it was because they were afraid they would lose their heads if they came in contact with the aborigines. Not knowing a single person, but having an implicit confidence in the Divine Power to protect and keep them, they first entered the woods. They met the savages at the base of a high mountain, but the number of 1,500 men, each savage armed with a large knife, two feet long, a musket, and a lighted coil of rope to act as a fuse to the pan of the old-fashioned firearm. They came up to, and surrounded them, whooping and dancing their war dance, and eagerly anxious for the word to the chief to shoot and cut off the heads of the intruders. But the chief when he noticed that one of the two did not wear a cue, and was not a Chinese, stepped forward, and striking the speaker a blow on the breast with his clenched hand, repeating the operation on his own breast, thereby signifying that he was his friend and under his protection. The action of the speaker was then turned to the convert, whom they recognized as a Chinese, and for a moment his fate was in the balance, but the chief again came forward, and looking the convert severely in the face, smote him on the breast with his open hand, in token that although he was a Chinese, being in company with one whom the chief had extended protection, he would share that protection. After spending three weeks among the savages they returned once more to the civilized portion of the island.

European history, so let none wonder that the artist quailed at the thought of laying himself liable to arrest. Finally he made up his mind, and determined to confess Christ. For this he was subjected to persecution and even his own mother would have killed him when he acknowledged Jesus, had it not been for the timely action of the first convert in wresting from her a heavy potato-pounder with which she struck at him when she heard he had confessed Christianity. Two months afterward, and the mother stood beside the son, a humble follower of the Lord Jesus, and a few weeks later, and the whole family was safely in the fold of Christ. The converted artist also travelled with the speaker, as well as the first convert, over hills and down valleys, making many sacrifices, suffering much and doing work for the cause of God, and to-day he was one of the best preachers ever known in Formosa. He was now compared to Christ's side, now compared to strengthen the hands of the new converts, but then the bitterest persecution had to be withstood. A carpenter, a most original person, was the next convert. For his devotion to Christianity this man was refused work, and could rarely get more than a few pennies for one place. He would often walk fifteen or twenty miles to attend Christian worship. Think of that, ye so-called Christians, who are kept from worshipping God sometimes by a slight sprinkling of rain. This carpenter would not work on the Sabbath. He once worked for an Englishman who told the speaker that he had John Chinaman people, he was the reason what it may be working for him, who professed to be a Christian, and would not labor on the Sabbath. "But," said he, "as all Chinamen are liars, I suppose this fellow is not telling the truth." Being assured that the carpenter was truly earnest and devoted to God, he said he would not ask him to work on Sunday, and would allow his wages to run on just as if he were working. "God bless that Englishman, wherever he may be, for he did a good action indeed." A foreigner, although he may not preach, can do a great deal towards furthering or marred the work of God in a heathen land. The carpenter spoken of afterward went to visit his father on the mainland, and although some of his relations turned upon him with scorn, his father told him he could worship whatever God he pleased. For three years this carpenter went with the speaker, during 1874, '75 and '76, and travelled on foot from place to place, swam rivers where they could not be forded, carried the glad tidings to his countrymen. There was another young man who was destined to play an important part in the missionary labors in Formosa. This was a young student who had been studying since he was five years of age. In accordance with the custom of the Chinese literati his nails had not been cut, to show that he was of the higher grade, and had to do no manual labor for a living. This young man often passed the speaker by like a dog, because he was a foreigner and a preacher of the gospel of Christ. His father was a vaccinator, of the better class of Chinese, and reviled the Christians more than any other fifty. In the evening when they were gathered around the light he would always stand and during the day while going from place to place he would circulate all manner of lies against them, as he afterward confessed. But a change came over the scene. The young man was stricken with malarial fever, and the aid of their gods was invoked; a sorcerer was sent for, who put spikes through his cheeks, and smeared his face with blood, and native medical men were summoned; but all in vain. One night, at midnight, the speaker heard an uproar outside of his door, and opening it, found the vaccinator who had come in person—not waiting to send a servant—to ask him to visit his son. He went, and fortunately the son recovered. Afterward the vaccinator sent his son to college to study, but after a trial of two weeks the latter refused to attend the institute of Chinese learning any longer. This was an act which required a strong exercise of will on the part of the son, for in China the relations from a father to a son are not so much of the paternal as they are of the tyrannical order. The father was a man of wealth and influence, used every effort in his power to force his son to accede to his wishes, and great excitement prevailed for several days. The son, although only 19 years of age, never flinched, but came out as a thorough disciple of Jesus. Somehow the long nails disappeared from the young student's hands, for it seemed they could not stand gospel influence. And so it was always with evidences of indolence when Christian light was made visible. This young man travelled as a native missionary for many years, and was never heard to complain, though the road was long, and the toil irksome. He was now one of the ablest preachers in Formosa, his early educational training specially adapting him to the work. By God's grace, we had now got a number of excellent converts; the next thing to do was to teach them and train them for the Gospel work. They would go down by the seaside and study, then they would enter a boat, then one of them would dive into the water beneath, and bring up a piece of soft coral, or a sea-weed, or something else from nature's store. Rocks, coal, mosses, &c., were also critically examined so that the works of Nature might testify to Nature's God, and that the students might be brought to see sermons in stones, books in running brooks and good in everything. The goodness of God was seen in the hue and odor of flowers, and the sun, moon and stars testified to the existence of the Great Creator, the Father and Maker of all. They thus became thoroughly interested in the work, and could look upon the landscape, the water and the sky, the mountain and the valley, the island and the continent, with an eye that knew and understood. A pamphlet was published at Shanghai, which dealt with religion, science, biography, and general intelligence from China, England and America. This was closely studied by the students. They were also taught anatomy, physiology, astronomy, geology, botany, and kindred subjects, which would have a tendency to open their minds. The speaker travelled with them from place

to place, teaching them and spreading the word. They would enter a town, start a lyman, gather a crowd, extort teeth, dispense medicines, and preach the gospel, but sometimes they passed through places ten or twelve times without preaching, because the circumstances did not admit of doing so. They slept where night found them, in town or country, on the hill or in the valley, and grew accustomed to privation. Sometimes they put up at the village inn, but even there the accommodation was not of the best. In this way every town and city in the island was visited, and even the remote sections and jungles. They had now a church in the valley where he and the first convert met the savages, to be alluded in the morning's discourse. The manner in which they invited the savages was to light a fire, and they would be attracted to the place. At times they were overlaid at meeting the Christians and would fire volleys in their honor, but at other periods they were morose, sullen and bloodthirsty. But when they were around, God was also around and about His own. After some progress had been made in preaching to the savages a church was built in this section, and when all was tranquil, as he thought, he left the mission in charge of a native convert and two assistants. But the savages descended almost as soon as he had gone, shot the convert and his assistants, and cut off their heads. Word of the catastrophe was brought to him, and he hastened back to the report, alas, too true. But he buried the heads, and there on a mountain range 17,000 feet high, planted a stone in their memory, bearing the inscription:—"Blessed art, the dead who die in the Lord." The son of the chief abandoned Christianity and they tied his hands behind his back, shot him, cut off his head, and placed it to adorn one of their houses. On one occasion the savages very nearly surprised a party of marines and blue jackets who were out for recreation, and who undoubtedly would have been slaughtered, but for being alarmed in a timely manner by the speaker. Other circumstances were also detailed to show the bitter, sullen, and vindictive nature of the savages. The result of constant and steadfast adherence to the work was now observable in the fact that they had twenty churches on the island with 200 members, and were teaching during the week. After detailing some length the circumstances connected with the bringing of the word to Banca city of 60,000, where every effort had been made by the mob and the majesty of the law to keep the Christians out, the speaker proceeded to state that they effected their purpose through the power of God, and through Bradlaugh and Ingersoll, and the followers denied the existence of a Deity, he could testify the God lived, and added His people. When going to school, we were taught that the earth was round, and we believed it because we were so taught, but he, of his own experience, could testify that the earth was round, because he had been around it, in like manner he could give testimony regarding the living God whose hand had not yet been lifted against those who had believed in all these years, and though sceptics might sneer, he could truthfully and earnestly state from a thorough knowledge of the fact, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." There had been 323 persons baptized in Formosa during the period of his labors there, there were also many who although not baptized had renounced idolatry for the past three years, and although fifteen converts had died and passed to glory, not one had failed to give testimony to the sufficiency of the Lord Jesus. The testimony of one who died from injuries received because of his faith was, "I die trusting in Jesus; if I perish Jesus will perish with me." In concluding the rev. speaker said: "What are you doing to be saved? 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' To you, who are outside of the ark of safety, if any there be, I would say, don't waver, don't fear, don't doubt, but come to Jesus, trust in the living God, and say, at once, 'God is my refuge and my strength, in Him will I trust.' To you who are inside the ark with Christ in God, I would say, fight the good fight, and you will eventually enter into His kingdom. May the Lord God of Israel, the Son and the Holy Ghost guide, bless and save every hearer of the word, and to Him will we ascribe all the glory."

For the SIGNAL.

The clouds break, light through the darkness
And the sun shines long, and the angels sing;
And from on high soft Alleluia's float,
Like angels' whisperings—full of hope
To the hopeless mortal whose soul is lost—
Both warp and weft—are spun of sin;
But now the God man, who died to save,
And bring sinners to repentance
Is risen to-day—as he said;
And in their faces are illumined,
And their souls once more purified;
The old leaves are purged away,
And the tarsh on their armor
Is removed—may it keep burnished
With constant use in God's army.
This world—which Satan strives to rule,
And at the final Resurrection
May we all swell the grand chorus
"Resurrected saints"—Amen.

Godolphin East Monday, 1881.

What an Agnostic is.

A cotemporary has been writing for a whole year trying to make clear to its readers who or what an agnostic is, and the clever editor of the Protestant declares that the only result is to make confusion worse confounded. The New York Sun says what it knows of the subject in one sentence. An agnostic, says the Sun, is a man who doesn't know whether there is a God or not; doesn't know whether he has a soul or not; doesn't know whether there is a future life or not; doesn't believe that any one else knows any more about these matters than he does; and thinks it a waste of time to find out. That is about what an agnostic is, and anybody who reads this much may congratulate himself that he has not missed anything if he has skipped over the learned disquisitions of a cotemporary.

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