REV. DR. TALMAGE ON RESURRECTION GLORIES

Easter Day Means Joy and Peace---The Dignity of Private and Unpretending Obsequies.

A Washington report says: The sermon of Dr. Talmage rings all the bells of gladness, especially appropriate at this season, when all Christendom is celebrating Christ's resurrection. Text John xix., 41: "In the garden a new sepulcher."

Looking around the churches this morning, seeing flowers in wreaths and flowers in stars and flowers in crosses and flowers in crowns, billows of beauty, conflagration of beauty, you feel as if you stood in a small heaven.

You say these flowers will fade. Yes, but perhaps you may see them again. They may be immortal. The fragrance of the flower may be the spirit of the flower; the body of the flower dying on earth, its spirit may appear in better worlds. I do not say it will be so. I say it may be so. The ancestors of those tube roses and camellias and japonicas and jasmines and heliotropes were born in paradise. These apostles of beauty came down in the regular line of apostolic succession. Their ancestors during the flood, underground, afterward appeared.

The world started with Eden; it will end with Eden. Heaven is called a paradise of God. Paradise means flowers. While theological geniuses in this day are trying to blot out everything material from their idea of heaven, and, so far as I can tell, their future state is to be a-floating around somewhere between the Great Bear and Cassiopeia, I should not be surprised if at last I can pick up a daisy on the everlasting hills and hear it say: "I am one of the glorified flowers of earth. Don't you remember me? I worshipped with you on Easter morning in 1900."

My text introduces us into a garden. It is a manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He belonged to the court of seventy who had condemned Christ, but who had voted in the negative, or, being a timid man, had absented himself when the vote was taken. At great expense he laid out the garden. It being a hot climate, I suppose there were trees broad branched, and there were paths winding under these trees, and here and there waters dripping down over the rocks into fish ponds, and there were vines and flowers blooming from the wall, and all around the beauties of kiosk and aboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem courtroom, how refreshing to come into this suburban retreat, botanical and pomological.

Wandering in the garden, I behold some rocks which have on them the marks of the sculptor's chisel. I come nearer and find there is a subterranean recess. I came down the marble steps, and I come to a portico, over which there is an architrave, by the chisel cut into representations of fruits and flowers. I enter the portico. On either side there are rooms—two or four or six rooms of rock, the walls of these rooms having niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. Here is one room that is especially wealthy of sculpture.

The fact is that Joseph realises he cannot always walk this garden, and he has provided this place for his last slumber. Oh, what a beautiful spot in which to wait for the resurrection! Mark well this tomb, for it is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages. Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ has just been murdered, and his body will be thrown to the dogs and the ravens, like other crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and efficient hindrance. Joseph, the owner of this mausoleum in the rocks, begs for the body of Christ. He washes the poor, mutilated frame from the dust and blood, shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think that regular embalmment was omitted. When in olden time a body was to be embalmed, the priest, with some pretension of medical skill, would point out the place between the ribs where the incision must be made, and then the operator, having made the incision, ran lest he be slain for a violation of the dead. Then the other priests would come with salt of niter and cassia and wine of palm tree and complete the embalmment. But I think this embalmment of the body of Christ was omitted. It would have raised another contention and another riot.

The funeral hastens on. Present, I think, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, the wealthy man who had brought the spices, and the two Marys. No organ dirge, no plumes, no catafalque. Heavy burden for two men as they carry Christ's body down the marble stairs and into the portico and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting place it ever had. Coming forth from the portico, they close the door of rock against the recess.

The government, afraid that the disciples may steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, order the seal of the sanhedrin to be put upon the door of the tomb, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the government of the United States or Great Britain, to be followed with great punishment. A company of soldiers from the tower of Antonia is detailed to stand guard.

At the door of the mausoleum a fight takes place which decides the question for all graveyards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel against military. No seal of letter war ever more easily broken than that seal of the sanhedrin on the door of the tomb. The dead body in the niche in the rock begins to move in its shroud of fine linen, slides down upon the pavement, moves out of the portico, appears in the doorway, advances into the open air, comes up the marble steps. Having left this mortuary attire behind him, he comes forth in workman's garb, as I take it from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener.

That day the grave received such shattering it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry can never mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death, taking side with the military in that fight, received a terrible cut from the angel's spear of flame, so that he himself shall go down after awhile under it. The king of terrors retiring before the king of grace! The Lord is risen! Let earth and heaven keep Easter to-day! Hosanna!

Some things strike my observation while standing in this garden with a new sepulcher. And, first, post-mortem honors in contrast with ante-mortem ignominies. If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulcher, why could they not have given Him an earthly residence? Will they give this piece of marble to a dead Christ instead of a soft pillar for the living Jesus? If they had expended half the value of that tomb to make Christ comfortable, it would not have been so sad a story. He asked bread; they gave Him a stone.

Christ, like most of the world's benefactors, was appreciated better after He was dead. Westminster abbey and monumental Greenwood are the world's attempt to atone by honors to the dead for wrongs to the living. Poet's corner in Westminster abbey attempts to pay for the sufferings of Grub street.

Go through that Poet's corner in Westminster abbey. There is Handel, the great musician, from whose music you hear to-day; but while I look at his statue I cannot help but think of the discords with which his fellow musicians tried to destroy him. There is the tomb of John Dryden, a beautiful monument; but I cannot help but think at 70 years of age he wrote of his being oppressed in fortune and of the contract that he had just made for a thousand verses at sixpence a line. And there, too, you find the monument of Samuel Butler, the author of Hudibras; but while I look at his monument in Poet's corner I cannot but ask myself where he died. In a garret. There I see the costly tablet in the Poet's corner—the costly tablet to one of whom the celebrated Waller once wrote: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, has just issued a tedious poem on the fall of man. If the length of it be no virtue, it has none." There is a beautiful monument to Sheridan. Poor Sheridan! If he could have only discounted that monument for a mutton chop!

Oh, you unfilial children, do not give your parents so much tombstone, but a few more blankets—less funeral and more bedroom! If 5 per cent of the money we now spend on Burns' banquets could have been expended in making the living Scotch poet comfortable, he would not have been harried with the drudgery of an excisman. Horace Greeley, outrageously abused while living, when dead is followed toward Greenwood by the president of the United States and the leading men of the army and navy. Massachusetts tries to atone at the grave of Charles Sumner for the ignominious resolutions with which her legislature denounced the living senator. Do you think the tomb at Springfield can pay for Booth's bullet?

Oh, do justice to the living! All the justice you can do them you must do this side of the gates of the Necropolis. They cannot wake up to count the number of carriages at the obsequies or to notice the polish of the Aberdeen granite or to read epitaphal commemoration. Gentleman's mausoleum in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot pay for Bethlehem manger and Calvarean cross and Pilate's ruffian judiciary. Post-mortem honors cannot atone for ante-mortem ignominies.

Again, standing in this garden of the sepulcher, I am impressed with the fact that floral and arborescent decorations are appropriate for the place of the dead. We are glad that among flowers and sepulchral adornments Christ spent the short time of his inhumation.

I cannot understand what I sometimes see in the newspapers where the obsequies are announced and the friends say in connection with it, "Send no flowers." Rather, if the means allow—I say if the means allow—strew the casket with flowers, the hearse with flowers, the grave with flowers. Put them on the brow—it will suggest coronation; in their hand—it will mean victory.

Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers mean resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arboretum contribute to its alleviation. The harebell will ring the victory; the passion flower will express sympathy; the daffodil will kindle its lamp and illumine the darkness. The cluster of asters will be the consteliation. Your little child loved flowers when she was living. Put them in her hand now that she can go forth no more and pluck them for herself. On sunshiny days take a fresh garland and put it over the still heart.

Brooklyn has no grander glory than its Greenwood, nor Boston than its Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than its Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than its Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than its Lone Mountain. But what shall we say to those country graveyards, with the vines broken down and the slab aslant and the mound caved in and the grass a pasture ground for the sexton's cattle? Indeed, were your father and mother of so little worth that you cannot afford to take care of their ashes? Some day turn out all hands and straighten the slab and bank up the mound and cut away the weeds and plant the shrubs and flowers. Some day you will want to lie down to your last slumber. You cannot expect any respect for your bones if you have no deference for your ancestry. Do you think these relics are of no importance? You will see of how much importance they are in the day when the archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all your cemeteries into gardens.

Again, standing in this garden of the new sepulcher, I am impressed with the dignity of private and unpretending obsequies.

Joseph was mourner, sexton, liveryman—had entire charge of everything. Only four people at the burial of the King of the Universe! Oh, let this be consolatory to those who through large acquaintance have but little demonstration of grief at the graves of their loved ones. Long line of glittering equipage, two rows of silver handles, casket of richest wood, pallbearers gloved and scarfed, are not necessary. If there be six at the grave, Christ looks down from heaven and remembers that is two more than were at his obsequies.

Not recognising this idea, how many small properties are scattered and widowhood and orphanage go forth into cold charity! The departed left a small property, which would have been enough to keep the family together until they could take care of themselves, but the funeral expenses absorbed everything. That went for crape which ought to have gone for bread. A man of moderate means can hardly afford to die in any of our great cities. By all means, do honor to the departed, but do not consider funeral pageant as necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put away to sepulcher than Christ our Lord, but there were only four people in the procession.

Again, standing in this garden with a new sepulcher, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down.

Seal of sanhedrin, company of soldiers from the tower of Antonia, floor of rock, roof of rock, walls of rock, door of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypts: Come out and come up he must. Come out and come up he did. Prefiguration. First fruits of them that slept. Just as certainly as we come down into the dust, just so certainly we will come up again. Though all the granite of the mountains were piled on us we will rise. Though buried amid the corals of the deepest cavern of the Atlantic ocean, we will come to the surface.

With these eyes we may not look into the face of the noonday sun, but we shall have stronger vision, because the tamest thing in the land to which we go will be brighter than the sun. We shall have bodies with the speed of the lightning. Our bodies improved, energised, swiftened, clarified—mortality, immortality. The door of the grave taken off its hinges and flung flat into the dust.

Oh, my brethren, death and the grave are not so much as they used to be; for while wandering in this garden with the new sepulcher I find that the vines and flowers of the garden have completely covered up the tomb. Instead of one garden there are four gardens, opening into each other—garden of Eden, garden of the world's sepulcher, garden of the earth's regeneration, garden of heaven. Four gardens. Bloom, O earth! Bloom, O heaven! Oh, my friends, wake up to gladness on this Easter morning! This day, if I interpret it right, means joy—it means peace with heaven, and it means peace with all the world.

Oh, bring more flowers! Wreathe them around the brazen throat of the cannon; plant them in the desert, that it may blossom like the rose; braid them into the mane of the returned war charger. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilacs of peace. All round the earth strew Easter flowers. And soon the rough voyage of the church militant will be ended, and she will sail up the heavenly harbor, scarred with many a conflict, but the flag of triumph floating from her topgallants. All heaven will come out to greet her into port, and with a long reverberating shout of welcome will say: "There she comes up the bay, the glorious old ship Zion! After tempestuous voyage she drops anchor within the veil."

CONDITION OF THE GATES.

St. Catharines report says: Small streams of turbid water are tumbling through the head and foot gates of lock 24 of the new canal to-night, but the heavy wings of the gates are firm and staunch, and they are holding back the immense lake which stretches through Thorold township for a mile above. Although maimed and disabled, they are protecting the country below them, and the people in the gorge which runs down the mountain side are resting easier to-night than they have rested since the attempt to smash the floodgates was made. They are now realizing, however, the danger which hung over them when the dynamiters of Saturday night placed their explosives beneath the gates of lock 24. Far above the town of Thorold the stretch of water level ceases. From lock 24 to lock 25, the last lock between Thorold and Port Colborne, the distance is something more than a mile. At no place has the water a less depth than 14 feet, and in spots the sheet of water is 200 feet wide. It is the duty of lock 24, which is from ten to twelve feet below lock 25, to hold back this great flood, and for this reason the lock is one of the strongest links in the chain between Port Dalhousie and Colborne. Its headgates rest on the stone road which runs between Hamilton and Niagara Falls, and its length parallels the Village of Thorold. Below it lies the tracks of the Welland Railway, the Thorold station of that line, and still further away the low-lying flats strewn with cottages of the factory and canal employees and the mills and factories and residences of the village of Merritton. Dividing the canal and the Welland Railway is a narrow clay embankment protected on the canal side by a stone abutment, and the railway line runs in a groove which runs side by side with that made by the canal itself. This is the district upon which the pent-up flood of the reach above Thorold would have been thrown had not the gates of lock 24 held true on Saturday night. Had the plans of the conspirators been successful there is little doubt that lives would have been sacrificed, and none whatever that thousands of dollars in property would have been lost and navigation suspended perhaps for months. The water would have rushed through the ruined gates of the lock with irresistible force, swamped the bank between the canal and the Welland Railway station, swept the next lock gates out of existence and spread over the country, after that its force, happily, can only be estimated.

DUPLICATE GATES READY.

Ottawa report: Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, has received a report from Superintendent Thompson, of the Welland Canal, stating that the damage done to lock 24 by the dynamite explosion is of a slight nature and that the opening will not be postponed. The department has at every lock duplicate gates which can speedily be placed in position if the regular gates are damaged.

Law Respected Here.

People are asking, "What would have been done to three Canadians if they should attempt to blow up the Erie Canal in New York State?" The consensus of the answers is that the perpetrators would never live to realize what arrest for such a crime would mean. The activity and fearlessness of the local police are matters of praise on all sides, and it is conceded that their determined efforts put an end to the machinations of one of the vilest bands of ruthless criminals that ever infested even temporarily this portion of the country.

Judge Adams, of the United States Circuit Court, St. Louis, has made the important ruling that when a suit is merely pending and the evidence has not been submitted to the court, a witness without being in contempt may refuse to answer any question propounded.

A life spent worthily should be measured by deeds, not years.—Sheridan.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. VI MAY 6, 1900.

Jesus Warning and Inviting.—Matt. 11: 20-30.

Supt.—What is the Golden Text? School.—Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Matt. xi. 28.

What is the Central Truth? Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required. Luke xii. 48.

What is the Topic? The doom of the impenitent.

What is the Outline? "I. Guilt and danger of rejecting light. II. Spiritual knowledge a revelation. III. Invitation to Jesus for rest."

When was the time? July or August, A. D. 28.

Where was the Place? In southern Galilee.

Who were the Persons? Jesus. The people.

What are the Special Readings? Luke x. 13-15; Heb. vi. 4-8; x. 26-31; xxiii.

Commentary.—This lesson is a part of the discourse delivered to the people after the disciples of John returned to John, at Macherus. See last lesson.

20. Then began he—After he had spoken the words recorded in the first part of the chapter. To upbraid—Rebuke and pronounce judgments against them. The more God does for men the less excuse have they for continuing in their sins. Jesus had done all He could for these cities, or He could not have reproached them for their impenitence. Because they repented not—The only way to find peace and favor with God is by repenting of our sins. Christ did not upbraid them because of their sins, but because they did not repent. The impenitent heart treasureth up wrath: Rom. ii. 5.

21. Woe unto thee—It would be better to translate these words, "Alas for thee!" This is an exclamation of pity, and it is evident that our Lord used the words in this sense.—Clarke. Chorazin—A town on the northwest shore of the sea of Galilee. Its location is not definitely known, but it was near Capernaum. Bethsaida—On the northwest shore of the sea of Galilee, north of Capernaum. It was the birthplace of Philip, Andrew and Peter. If the mighty works—the great miracles. A miracle is a sign, a wonder, and a mighty deed. Acts ii. 22; II. Cor. xii.12; Heb. ii. 4. Which were done in you—According to this passage, most of the miracles of Christ were done in these cities of Galilee, and yet not one is recorded in the gospels as having been done in Chorazin and Bethsaida. This a confirmation of John xxi. 25.—Schaff. Had been done in Tyre and Sidon—Tyre and Sidon were heathen cities situated on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. Their wickedness was proverbial. "Christ went near them, but it does not appear that he ever visited them." They would have repented long ago—Clarke thinks that "long ago" should be rendered "formerly," and says: "This seems to refer to the time of Ezekiel, who denounced destruction against Tyre and Sidon. In sackcloth and ashes—In the East it was common for mourners to put on a black garment which resembled a sack, with holes for the arms, and to put ashes upon the head.—Lange.

22. More tolerable—"The degree of your misery will be greater than even that of Tyre and Sidon." "Everything will help to overwhelm the impenitent at the bar of God—the benefits and favors which they have received, as well as the sins which they have committed." At the day of judgment—The final judgment.

23. Thou, Capernaum... exalted unto Heaven—A Hebrew metaphor, expressive of the utmost prosperity, and the enjoyment of the greatest privileges. Shalt be brought down to hell—"Unto hades." R. V. Temporal judgments soon after came upon all of these impenitent cities, and they were so completely destroyed that their exact location has since been in doubt. Capernaum was to be brought down to a state of utter ruin and desolation. This was one of the "cities of the plain" that was destroyed by God with fire because of its great wickedness.

24. It shall be more tolerable—The destruction of Sodom occurred nearly 2,000 years before Christ, and Jude (verse 7) tells us that these people are suffering the vengeance of eternal fire, and yet it will be more tolerable for them at the judgment day than for those who live and die infidels under the gospel.—Clarke.

25. At that time—It would seem that at this point some communication was made that pleased Jesus, and he broke forth into thanksgiving.—Geikie. I thank thee—I fully confess, fully acknowledge the justice of thy doings.—Schaff. Thou hast hid these things—Gospel truth—the things that pertain to his kingdom were not perceived by the wise and prudent—by the scribes and Pharisees, who were vainly puffed up, and who rejected the true light. Hast revealed them unto babes—Unto those "who feel their dependence on God and seek His aid."

26. Seemed good in thy sight—God has "ordained strength" "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings." Psa. viii. 2. He "hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise." I. Cor. i. 27.

27. All things are delivered unto me—"As if He had said, Do not be led by the example of your great and learned men to slight and despise me, for, humble as I appear to be, all things relating to the salvation of mankind are delivered into my hands, even all authority, power, and judgment." No man knoweth the Son—No man can fully comprehend the mystery of the incarnation, the character and the attributes of the Son, and the great work He has done and is to do in saving the world. But the Father—God only can understand Himself. Save the Son—No man can understand or comprehend the Father in His nature, His attributes and His providences, save the Son. Will reveal Him—Those who desire an acquaintance with God must come to Christ. Christ is the light of the world.

28. Come unto me—"This implies simply believing in Christ and becoming His follower, or disciple." "This is one of the most precious Gospel invitations to salvation in the New Testament." All ye that labor and are heavy-laden—Those laboring under a sense of sin and laden with the guilt and remorse of a wicked life—such are invited to Christ; not merely to the church, but to Christ. I will give you rest—Every word in this promise is important. 1. Rest is promised; soul rest; rest from sin and cankering care; rest from the fear of death and the judgment. 2. This rest is promised to you. Weak though you may be, and unworthy and sinful, yet to you Jesus speaks. 3. It is promised freely, "without money and without price." It is the gift of God. 4. It is promised with certainty, I will. If you will only "come unto me," nothing—no power on earth shall stop me, I will give you rest. 5. Who promises this? Is He able to perform? Yes, it is the eternal "I" who speaks the word, and He alone is able to save "unto the uttermost." It is the Son of God who says, I will give you rest.

29. Take My yoke upon you—Accept Me and the gospel I bring. "Christ's yoke is, 1. His will. Our study is to know what He wills for me. 2. His rule. Liberty in Christ does not mean liberty from control, that would be lawlessness. The best way to be free from sin's dominion is to be well under the control of Christ. 3. His discipline. We are under His correction and instruction; we are in His school."—E. H. Hopkins. And learn of Me—He is the great teacher, and He teaches humility. We are to be humble and lowly in heart as He was.

30. Yoke easy...burden light—The commandments of God are not grievous to the one who accepts Christ fully. "It is light because it is borne in love, with a good conscience, by the help of the Spirit of God."

Thoughts.—The yoke of Christ implies. 1. Humility. 2. Submission. 3. Obedience. 4. Service. The weary may take Christ's yoke and find rest; the heavy-laden will lose their burden when they take Christ's burden.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

It is a sad thing to be upbraided by one so gentle and merciful as the Saviour—one who knows unerringly the facts and guilt involved, and who has done so much to deliver, comfort and bless.

At Capernaum Jesus lived first with His mother and family, and afterwards with Peter. "Here He healed the centurion's slave and raised the daughter of Jairus; called Matthew from the booth where he took the customs dues and healed the mother-in-law of Peter. From a boat near the shore close by, he preached to the crowds, and it was in the waters near the town that He vouchsafed to Peter and his brother the miraculous draught of fishes."

Tyre and Sidon, with the same privileges, would have repented. Their inhabitants may have appeared worse, may have been externally more grossly wicked, but were not so hard-hearted, nor guilty—sinned not against so great light and goodness. "Sodom" was a proverb for great wickedness and profligacy.

God is Lord and heaven and earth. Not of Jews or Christians only (Isa. liv. 5), not alone of Christian nations; but of Turkey, Persia, Thibet, India, China, Africa, etc. Christ is Mediator. As such He receives authority and power from the Father. All things in heaven and earth are delivered unto Him, and hence He is to be obeyed and worshipped as God.

WILLIE WARREN WRITES

Interesting Budget of News From Bloemfontein.

Bloemfontein, March 23, 1900.

Dear Sis.,—I suppose you'll think yourself forgotten because I have not answered your bright and newsy letters of last month, but I hope you have considered the letters home for all, for you well know that we have not been having the snap during the past few weeks that we had at Belmont. There we had time to write; here, we have something else more important, perhaps, to engage our attention; so if the letters fail to arrive regularly, just put me down as "being engaged." See?

You have no idea how hard it is to write and get a letter away, especially when we are on the move, but I expect it won't be long before we are settled down again, either on the line of communication with Litthe Bobs, or perhaps in Bobsfontein, as we have re-christened this place. Just to think, last Sunday morning we heard the sound of the first church bells for months. This has been a week that will go down in history. The first train to arrive in Bloemfontein from the Cape since hostilities commenced, came in last Friday. I got letters from home, C. Kidner, Bert Hooper, and several others. They also came in the first mail to arrive, since the British took possession of the show.

Band concerts are given every day, but the hot and dry weather has damaged the instruments considerably. Quite a number of wheels are ridden, mostly American and English, but the price is too high, so I guess I won't buy, £25 10s. being the price for '98 high frame Clevelands. This is a very pretty place, lying as it does at the foot of a small chain of kopjes. I was out on pass yesterday, so I had quite a chance to see the place.

There is hardly a bit of grub to be had at the stores, nearly all sold, but many have large signs hung outside, such as "We have no sugar, bread, jam, butter, treacle or oatmeal left." It looks odd to go into a shop and see nearly all the store shelves empty, but if you only knew how hungry we were when we got here, you would not be a bit surprised.

Bread sold for 1 shilling per loaf; butter 2s. 6d. per lb.; biscuits 3s. per lb.; jam, 1s. per lb.; pickle, 1s. 6d. per bottle; sugar 2s. per lb.; canned fish, 1s. 6d. per can; treacle, 1s. 9d.; tomatoes 3s. per can, etc., for several days, and I tell you we were glad to get it at any price.

We have about three parades every day, viz., 8 a. m., 11 a. m. and 2 p. m., lasting about four hours altogether.

The rainy season is on just now. We have been living out on the open veldt since Feb. 12th, with no protection whatever from the weather except what a blanket and a great coat affords us; but we are nearly used to it by this time. It's raining to beat records just now, so I am writing this sitting in the mud under a wagon. You should just see it rain; no little shower, but whole clouds at a time. Often we have to walk around all night because we can't get any comfort from lying in the mud, very disagreeable, I'll admit, but it's no use of kicking, so we just make the best of it. I got the papers with the socks, lemon tablets and needles in all right and thanks for the same. All are well except Sutton. We left him at this side of Paardeberg. Warwick wishes to be remembered. Hope mother, Walter and the rest are well, love to all, Will.

Market Reports —OF— The Week.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.

April 28.—On the street market here to-day one load of oats sold 1c higher at 34½c and 5 loads of hay steady at $12 to $13. No other grain nor straw offered.

Dressed Calves—Receipts fairly large and demand moderate at $6 to $9 a head.

Dressed Hogs—Light receipts sold unchanged at $7.40 to $7.60 per cwt.

Butter—Small offerings met a slow demand at 15c to 17c for dairy pound rolls.

Eggs—Not many offered. Prices steady at 12c to 13c.

Poultry—Large offerings of chickens met a slow demand at 60c to 90c a pair.

SEEDS.

In Chicago to-day timothy seed closed steady at $2.45 nominal for April and clover steady at $7 nominal for April, all per 100 lbs. In Toledo old prime clover closed 5c higher at $4.75, and April steady at $5 per bush.

NOTES.

Increasing firmness has been displayed in the money market this week. Call loans are quoted by the banks at 6 per cent.

Bankers are independent. Security is being scrutinized more keenly. Everything but the gilt-edged collateral is turned down by the banks. The banks are only paying 3 per cent. on public deposits. They are now lending no money under 6 per cent. They are thus making double the amount of interest they pay on all the deposit money they are loaning. But for two months the public deposits have been decreasing. This is significant.

According to R. G. Dun & Co. failures in Canada the past week totalled 22, against 17 the previous week, and 23 the corresponding week of 1899. By Provinces the failures were: Ontario 11, Quebec 8, British Columbia 2 and Manitoba 1.

Bradstreets' on Trade.

Montreal wholesale houses report improvement in business this week. There is also an improvement in country remittances, especially from nearby points in the Province, in the East and in Ontario. Large quantities of freight are waiting at Montreal for shipment. The general prospects for trade are exceedingly promising. There is a good demand for money and rates are being well maintained.

Trade at the coast is moderately good. At the larger cities there has been improvement in some departments, but in some of the mining centres it is reported to be a little slow.

At Winnipeg business has been fairly active. A large amount of building is now going on in this city and labor is well employed. Settlers are coming into the Province in considerable numbers. Seeding is general. Payments are fair, but might be better.

Trade at London has been improving with the better country roads. There is a good demand for labor. Country remittances are reported by the wholesale trade to be better.

At Hamilton this week there has been a very fair business done. There is a better inquiry for all staple goods usually inquired for in the spring. Shipments continue large. There is a good demand for labor the workmen are well employed and wages are satisfactory. Prices of staple goods continue firm.

Toronto wholesale trade is fair for this season. Travellers' orders have been coming forward more freely. Values for all goods continue very firm. Prices the whole season have been remarkably well maintained. Country remittances are satisfactory.

WE EAT BUTTER,

And Chemists Throw Big Names at Its Constituents.

What is true butter made of? Well, it contains Butyric, Caproic, Caprylic, Capric, Myristic, Palmetic, Stearic, and Oleic acids, these being in combination with a glycerin radical, in the form of Olein, Stearin, Palmitin, etc. Then it contains Casein, Water, Lactochrome, a little Lactose and a good deal of Sodium Chloride. It contains also small amounts of Phosphoric and Hydrochloric acids in combination with Lime, Magnesia and Potassium. So much for pure butter. How about the cheap butter, the butter that comes in competition with the artificial product? Here we find, in addition, Annato, Carotin, Fustic, Turmetic, Marigold, Saffron, Victoria Yellow, Martin's Yellow, Lead Chromate, Gelatin, phosphoric acid, Lard, Gypsum, Barium, Sulphate, Borax and Sugar. Also if the sale be too long delayed, Formic, Acetic, Butyric, Valerianic and Lactic acids, a little Glycerin and Acrolein. And yet there is no legislation against the cow!—Philadelphia Record.

Smallpox at Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, April 26.—There is an outbreak of smallpox at the Winnipeg General Hospital here, and the building, with all patients and nurses, has been quarantined. The disease was brought to the hospital by a tourist from Australia named Hector McKenzie Finlay, who was taken sick on the train and died of the disease April 11, forty-eight hours after reaching the hospital. There was no suspicion that death was from smallpox, and many have been exposed.

Woodstock Lady Found Dead.

Woodstock, April 27.—At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the body of Mrs. H. J. Davis was found dead upon the floor of the barn on the 15th line of East Zorra, near Woodstock. She is supposed to have been in the hay loft gathering eggs when she fell to the lower floor, through a hole used for putting down hay. When found life was extinct. She was about 33 years of age.

Vivian Clerise Drowned.

New Haven, Conn., April 27.—J. W. Cardownie, a Scottish dancer, and Vivian Clerise, one of the "Clerise Sisters," musical sketch artists, were drowned by the upsetting of a canoe on Lake Whitney yesterday morning. Ethel Clerise, who was also in the canoe, was saved by a Yale student who was rowing in the vicinity.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO