

Some Good Work is Being Done in England by Er. W. A. Hickman, New Brunswick Government Commissioner--A Long Interview With Him.

The following is taken from the Bristol (Eng.) Daily Press: Much has been heard during the last few months of the object-lesson Canada affords in a system of colonial self-government...

taken by the people in winter sports in this part of Canada. The spring is usually rather wet, as is also the case during the month of November, April and November...

Turning to other aspects of the country, Mr. Hickman pointed out that it has an excellent school system, which is absolutely free; taxes are low, railway facilities are good, the people are for the most part of English, Scotch and Irish descent...

Mr. Hickman then gave our representative a pictorial idea of portions of the country by showing him some of the many hundreds of lantern slides prepared for the purposes of his lecture...

"We feel in the province," said the gentleman, "that nothing is needed more than an influx of the quality of the British farmer. The country presents many advantages for the British farmer, more perhaps than any other country in the world...

Mr. Hickman having concluded reading these extracts, said: "I give this as a simple instance of what may be done in simple raising alone in the province. Dairy farming is a flourishing industry; butter factories under government inspection increased from 14 in 1886 to 25 in 1899...

"Our Lady of the Snows has," Mr. Hickman went on, "done something to appreciate an idea, which, although perfectly true of one season of the year, has no effect on the agricultural capabilities of an advantageous one. This fact, in view of the ideas generally held, cannot be too strongly impressed."

The interviewer asked if late spring frosts ever cut off young crops as occasionally happened in another part of Canada. Mr. Hickman replied: "We have lost nothing by spring frosts. Such a thing as drought is unknown, and growth is rapid when after the winter it begins."

A Force Was Sent to Cut the Famous Boer General off Before He Knew He Was Going in That Direction--Easterly Combinations Resulted in his Capture.

Charles E. Hands, correspondent of the London Daily Mail, gives an interesting description of the "herding of Cronje." In Cape Town, 600 miles away, and ages ago, I had seen the heads of the firm of Roberts, Kitchener and Co. (limited) organizing a coup...

By this time Cronje at Magerfontein knew what was happening, and hurriedly departed for home before the doors were locked, so that on February 14 Kimberley, Enslin, and Koenig slightly on the outside curve of French, struck eastward to get in the way of the course for Bloemfontein, which was supposed Cronje would try to take...

At Orange River, further north, were still more enormous accumulations. "What regiments do they belong to?" I asked, pointing to a half-acre of boxes. "Regiments!" was told. "Why there's enough to last all the regiments here forever."

I had to wait at Orange River for permission to go towards Modder River, where Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener and the headquarters staff had gone. In the Orange River depot everything that was happening on the other side of the big railway span was the unknown business of another world. But by strings, lumbars, long army wagons, drawn by teams of 16 oxen, were continually going out loaded up and continually coming in empty...

At Wittepoort, the first station out, was a town of white tents and the blanketed forms of soldiers covering the ground. This was where Lord Roberts' army was stationed, and this the place for which the enormous transport was making. But I had been told to go to Enslin, and I went on to find the headquarters of the transport...

And when I got to Enslin the early light of dawn had seen the columns of stores and regiments of soldiers rolling up their blankets before marching away. Lord Roberts had gone the day before and was somewhere out in the unknown expanse and tom each of the camps I had passed regiments had already started for somewhere or other over the Free State boundary...

It is only now that I begin to understand why the transport was Kitchenered and what the centralizing of it accomplished. I do not quite know it yet--probably no one except Lord Kitchener does. But I begin to understand what the great coup was that was being mapped out on paper in Cape Town, 600 miles away, and as it seems, ages ago...

Well, they did know that they were going to do, and they did know how they were going to do it. For see what they have done and how they have done it. Kimberley has been relieved without a blow having been struck. Cronje has been bottled. The menace of the western colony has been removed; the pressure on the Coleridge side has been relaxed.

The Hold on Ladysmith has been loosened, and all by a movement of troops and an organization of transport that left the regiments free to move. Now for facts--as nearly as I have been able to collect them, for no one was eye-witness of it all. First of all, the railway skirting the western boundary of the Free State, which was the boundary, for South Africa, is fairly open, was between Orange River and Modder River, in one of the best of his hill-festivals of Magerfontein...

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches on Christ's Resurrection. A Significant Text: "In the Garden a New Sepulcher."

Washington, April 15.--This sermon of Dr. Talmage rings all the bells of gladness, especially appropriate at this season, when all Christendom is celebrating Christ's resurrection. The text is 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, do not say it will be so. I say it may be so.

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 that makes them think of heaven, and so far as I can tell, their future state is to be a floating island 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: "an 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 Herod, but he 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 was a hot climate, I suppose, and the trees broad-brimmed, and they were paths winding under these trees, and here and there waters dripping down over the rocks into fish ponds...

There was a man named Joseph, who was a member of the Sanhedrin, and he was a man of great wealth. He had a garden in the suburbs of Jerusalem, and he was a man of great wealth. He had a garden in the suburbs of Jerusalem, and he was a man of great wealth.

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A SEASON FOR JOY.

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 through the open air, comes up the marble steps. Having left his mournful 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 light, reared a terrible cut from the angel's spear of flame, so that he himself shall go down after a while 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 not they give him an earthly residence? 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, 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 attempts to atone for howling 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 that makes them think of heaven, and so far as I can tell, their future state is to be a floating island 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: "an one of the glorified flowers of earth. Don't you remember me? I worshipped with you on Easter morning in 1900."

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