

THE GREAT CONQUEROR.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Resurrection.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "The hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."—John v. 28.

Philosophic speculation has gone through heaven, and told us that there is no gold there; and through hell, and told us that there is no fire there; and through Christ, and told us that there is no God there; and through the grave, and told us that there is no resurrection; and has left hanging over all the future, one great, thick London fog.

If I were to call on you to give the names of the world's great conquerors, you would say, Caesar, Alexander, Philip, and the first Napoleon. You have missed the greatest. The conqueror is Death. He carries a black flag and takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the hemispheres and fills it with carcasses. Had not God kept creating new men, the world, fifty times over, would have swung lifeless through the air; not a foot stirring in the cities, not a heart beating—a depopulated world—a ship without a helmsman at the wheel, or a captain on deck, or a crew in the rigging. Herod of old slew only those of two years old and under, but this monster strikes all ages. Genghis Khan sent five millions in the dust; but this, hundreds of thousands of millions. Other kings sometimes fall back and surrender territory once gained; but this king has kept all he won save Lazarus and Christ. The last one escaped by Omnipotent power, while Lazarus was again captured and went into the dust. What a cruel conqueror! What a bloody king! His palace is a huge sepulchre; his flowers the faded garlands that lie on coffin lids; his music the cry of desolated households; the chalice of his banquet a skull; his pleasure-fountains the falling tears of a world.

HEATHEN PHILOSOPHERS.

Heathen philosophers guessed at the immortality of the soul, but never dreamed that the body would get up and join it. This idea is exclusively scriptural, and beyond reasoning. Indeed all analogies fail. You say, as the wheat is put into the ground and comes up, so will our bodies. I reply, if the wheat entirely dies, as in the case of long protracted wet weather, there is no resurrection of it. So the analogy fails. You say that the caterpillar becomes a butterfly, and so our dead bodies may at last take on a splendid exaltation. I reply that there is no interregnum of life between the caterpillar and the butterfly; and, therefore, the analogy fails. You say that there is a perfect type of the resurrection in the trees in spring-time. I reply that the tree does not die in winter. It is simply dormant; and, therefore, the analogy fails. The body though cut up by dissecting knives, and burned in a furnace, shall come together.

The objector says, Suppose a man be eaten up by cannibals, how can his body be brought back? I answer, there is no proof that the earthly part of the human body ever can be absorbed in another body. I suppose God has power to keep these bodies everlastingly distinct. But suppose that a part of the body was absorbed in another body—could not God make a substitute for the part that had been absorbed in another body? The resurrected part of a good man would rather have a substituted portion of body given it than that part of the body which a cannibal had eaten and digested.

But come, let us get out of this. I stood on the top of the Catskills one bright morning. On the top of the mountain was a crown of rolling gold, while all beneath was flashing, writhing, contorted cloud. But after a while the arrows of light shot from heaven, began to make the glooms of the valley strike tent. The mists went skurrying up and down like horsemen in wild retreat. The fogs were lifted, and dashed, and whirled. Then the whole valley became one grand illumination; and there were horses of fire, and chariots of fire, and thrones of fire, and the flapping wings of angels of fire. Gradually, without sound of trumpet or roll of wheel, they moved off. The green valleys looked up. Then the long flash of the Hudson unsheshted itself, and there were the white flocks of villages lying amid the rick pastures, golden grain-fields, and the soft, radiant cradle of the valley, in which a young empire might sleep.

Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave-breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from heaven such as has never

INCIDENTS OF THE WARS.

LIVING SOLDIERS WHO HAVE BEEN REPORTED DEAD.

They Have Turned Up After Long Absence to Assist Their Friends—The Present War in South Africa Has Its Surprises Also.

The recent incident of the reappearance of about two score Highlanders, who had been reported among the killed, recalls several similar instances of such times in our life. The appearance among his friends of a man supposed to be dead is not very uncommon, but the vicissitudes of warfare render such cases very much more frequent among soldiers.

During the war between Russia and Turkey in 1877-8 several resurrections of the kind were reported from both countries, but the most singular was that of a Russian nobleman, a young man of about twenty-five—who had distinguished himself in several engagements, and notably in Skobelev's attack on Plevna.

He led a party of men to the attack at a point which had seemed vulnerable, and he appeared to bear a charmed life, remaining unscathed in the midst of a hail of bullets while his men were dropping around him.

ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE

During the Napoleonic war such instances, as may be imagined, were frequent. During the ill-starred attack on the Turkish soldiers and kept in Plevna; on the capitulation of the place he had marched out with the Turks and had fallen into the hands of the Roumanians, who had held him as a prisoner.

STRAGGLED BACK INTO FRANCE

to turn the grief of their relatives into joy.

The reunion of feeling caused by seeing the forms of the loved ones darkened the doors of their homes in some cases so great that death resulted, and it became the soldier's turn to grieve.

It is not generally known that the great Napoleon himself was once reported dead. During a sanguinary engagement with the Russians the great commander was suddenly missed by the officers of his staff. Night fell, and the fighting continued intermittently, but Napoleon was still nowhere to be found. The officers kept the matter secret, as they knew that the effect would be demoralising to the soldiers, but they dreaded the result if he did not reappear before dawn, when there was no doubt that the fighting would have become fierce again. As the night wore on their conjectures that he had been killed by a stray bullet while indulging in his habit of walking to another part of the field by himself settled into conviction. With the help of trustworthy men, they made a search for his body, but without success. In this state of mind the staff officers passed the night, and anxiously awaited the dawn.

THE EMPEROR APPEARED

on his white charger; it seemed that he had wandered away by himself to make a survey and had lost himself. He had been obliged to keep quiet during the night lest he should fall into the hands of the enemy.

A British officer engaged in the Peninsula War had a strange experience. He was wounded and taken prisoner by the French at Vimiera; he was taken into France and imprisoned there, and for reasons which it is difficult to understand, he remained in prison for five years, not being liberated until after Napoleon had been sent to St. Helena. Of course his relatives believed him dead, and when he arrived in England he found that his mother had died during his confinement, and that his property had been divided. It was no easy matter for him to establish his identity, especially as his outward appearance had been considerably altered by his long imprisonment, but after a time he was able to prove beyond a doubt that he was himself and not an impostor. He was welcomed as a hero, and his property was returned to him.

THE BLOOD STAINED BODY.

At the conclusion of the war, he appeared in the Prussian village where his parents lived, and so great was the shock to his mother that she fell ill and her life was despaired of for several months, but after a few days she was discovered that the sergeant had been taken prisoner, and that the man who was killed was a sergeant in another company, and that there was a striking resemblance between the two. But joy for one family meant sorrow for another, for the dead man's family believed him to be a prisoner, and were eagerly looking forward to his return.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Sue. Do I talk in my sleep, John? He. No. Not when you are asleep, Maria—thank heaven!

HOW IT WAS.

Briggs—I hope you have not been worrying about that five love you? Griggs—Not a bit, old man. If I had, I never would have let you have it.

The dew that is annually deposited on the surface of England is equal to five inches of rain.

On the Farm.

DIDN'T FIGURE.

I have recently attended a sale in my town where the farm and personal property were sold to satisfy the claims of the mortgagee, writes a correspondent. About five years before the farmer had received money from his father's estate to buy this property, which is worth several thousand dollars. This man's failure in dairy farming, the loss of his whole property in so short a time, if we can learn the reason, should have some lessons for us.

This young man had been brought up on his father's farm, and has lived on a farm all his life, so the reason of his failure was not a lack of experience in farming. The mortgage on the personal property was owned by the grain dealer in our village, who had sold him grain on credit until the debt had become so large that the farmer was unable to pay it, so was obliged to give the mortgage.

The farm was a good grass farm, and yielded good crops of hay, and but little grain or soiling crops were grown on the farm. Grain was purchased for the cows nearly the whole year, except two or three months in the summer, and the milk was sold at a creamery where the price in the summer sometimes dropped to about one cent per quart, and during the winter months it did not average over two cents per quart. We know that making milk for two cents per quart in the winter on a hay and grain ration, under ordinary conditions, gives the farmer but little margin if he must buy all the grain fed, and that to buy grain in summer to keep up the flow of milk when the pastures become dry and short, and then sell the milk at one and one-half cents per quart, does not pay. I think that about 30 cows were kept on this farm, and that they were fed a liberal grain ration for about 10 months of the year and that the price of milk for the year was less than two cents per quart. It will be understood how that the profits from this kind of farming were very small and how that they would be insufficient to pay the running expenses of the farm, and for the farmer's living. In this instance, the running expenses of the farm were unusually large. To do the farm work, three double teams were sometimes kept, and for all of these grain had to be purchased, and then the farmer hired two or three men to do his work, and he made very frequent visits to the village. With this management the income from the farm did not pay his expenses, and the result was that he got in debt to such an extent that he was obliged to mortgage his property. We may say that the two main reasons of failure in this instance were buying too much grain, instead of growing a part of it on the farm, or soiling crops to take its place in supplementing short pastures, and in not being economical in the matter of running expenses, or, in a word, we may say this young man did not have good judgment.

SHALLOW CULTURE OF CORN.

Deep cultivation cuts the roots, and frequently, as when it is close to the plant, by cutting one primary root it destroys a large root growth. The secondary roots near the severed end make a larger growth than if the primary root had not been cut, but this extra growth is at the expense of energy and material, and the live, available growth of a severed root does not equal its growth if not severed. Instead of deep cultivation increasing the feeding capacity of the plant, it has the opposite effect.

When there is sufficient moisture in the upper strata of the soil, which also contain the most available plant food, the roots of the corn remain near the surface. But as soon as there is a lack of moisture near the surface, the roots go almost directly downward. If the moisture in the upper strata is increased, the roots will turn upward. Hence the course of the root is sometimes a series of curves. In the case of protracted drouth, the course of the roots is steadily downward, until some reach a depth of several feet. Usually, during the first half of the corn's season of growth, the soil near the surface is moist and the roots do not penetrate deep. If cultivation is close and deep, many roots are destroyed, and some have been led to believe that this induces the roots to go deeper. The error is easy, for as all the roots near the surface are destroyed, after a time the only roots are the deeper ones; and also as the season progresses, the surface of the soil becomes dried, especially when there is deep cultivation, and the roots go deeper to get moisture. Many of these roots will be cut by deep, close, cultivation and the effect is at once apparent.

Such is the usual character of our seasons that proper cultivation has in view the conservation of the moisture of the soil, especially of its upper strata. This can be accomplished by a mulch, and it has been found that fine earth is a good mulch—few better in fact. If the surface, say to a depth of three inches, is frequently stirred and fined, thus breaking up the capillarity, the moisture of the soil is effectually conserved and evaporation from the surface of the soil is reduced to the minimum. This does not affect the capillary rise of the water from the subsoil into the soil, or disturb the roots. Such cultivation can be done with broad shovels or sweeps, instead of pointed, narrow shovels or blades, and as these shovels may be made wide enough to include all the space between the rows, such cultivation very thoroughly accomplishes the other purpose of corn cultivation at this time—the destruction of weeds and grass. Every rule has its exceptions, and circumstances may make it advisable to depart from the cultivation suggested above. In general, however, taking it for granted that the ground has been properly prepared for the reception of seed, the objects of cultivation are a mulch of fine surface soil and the destruction of unprofitable growths. There is no need to stir the soil deep, to allow the roots to go deep, or to put the soil in condition to yield food.

THINNING PEARS.

This work should be done in the early part of the growing season, and wherever a tree is over-crowded a sufficient amount of the fruit should be removed to thoroughly relieve it. The money expended in thinning is amply repaid in the protection of the trees, and the superior quality of the fruit. If overbearing is prevented, annual crops will result. Nearly all kinds of pears should be gathered at least one week before they naturally ripen on the trees. The fruit should be handled with the utmost care, as a pear bruised or with a broken skin will rapidly decay and is a detriment to the rest of the package.

FOR HAPPINESS.

Help some one with a kind thought, a kind deed, a smile, a bright look, a kind word. Look on the bright side. Do your duty. Live your best. Repeat the dose daily.

QUALIFIED.

Do you know anything at all about drilling? asked the Sergeant. Faith, I know all about it, replied the raw recruit. I worked in a quarry for monny years before I joined th' army.

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