THE FUNERAL OF GORDON.

Martial Requiem Amid the Ruins of Khartoum.

"Under the Conquering Ensign of His Own People."

(By W. W. Steevens, in London Mail.)

The steamers — screws, paddles, stern wheelers — plug-plugged their steady way up the full Nile. Past the northern fringe of Omdurman, where the sheikh came out with the white flag, past the breach where we went in to the Khalifa's stronghold, past the choked embrasures and the lacerated Mahdi's tomb, past the swamp-rooted palms of Tuti Island. We looked at it all with a dispassionate, impersonal curiosity. It was Sunday morning, and that furious Friday seemed already half a lifetime behind us. The volleys had dwindled out of our ears, and the smoke out of our nostrils; and today we were going to the funeral of Gordon. After nearly fourteen years the Christian soldier was to have Christian burial.

On the steamers there was a detachment of every corps, white, or black, or yellow, that had taken part in the vengeance. Every white officer that could be spared from duty was there, fifty men picked from each British battalion, one or two from each unit of the Egyptian army. That we were going up to Khartoum at all was evidence of our triumph; yet, if you looked about you, triumph was not the note. The most reckless subaltern, the most barbarous black, was touched with gravity. We were going to perform a necessary duty, which had been put off far, far too long.

Fourteen years next January—yet even through that humiliating thought there ran a whisper of triumph. We may be slow; but in that very slowness we show that we do not forget. Soon or late, we give our own their due. Here were

MEN THAT FOUGHT FOR GORDON'S LIFE

while he lived—Kitchener, who went disguised and alone among furious enemies to get news of him; Wauchope, who poured out his blood like water at Tamai and Kirbekan; Stuart-Wortley, who missed by but two days the chance of dying at his side. And here, too, were boys who could hardly lisp when their mothers told them that Gordon was dead, grown up now, and appearing in the fulness of time to exact ten thousand lives for one. Gordon may die—other Gordons may die in the future—but the same clean-limbed brood will grow up and avenge them.

The boats stopped plugging and there was silence. We were tying up opposite a grove of tall palms; on the bank was a crowd of natives curiously like the backsheesh hunters who gather to greet the Nile steamers. They stared at us; but we looked beyond them to a large building rising from a crumbling quay. You could see that it had once been a handsome building of the type you know in Cairo or Alexandria—all stone and stucco, two storied, faced with tall regular windows. Now the upper story was clean gone; the blind windows were filled up with bricks; the stucco was all scars, and you could walk up to the roof on rubble. In front was an acacia, such as grow in Ismalia on the Ghezireh at Cairo, only unpruned—deep luscious green, only drooping like a weeping willow. At that most ordinary sight everybody grew very solemn. For it was a piece of a new world, or rather of an old world, utterly different from the squalid mud, the baking barrenness of Omdurman. A facade with tall windows, a tree with green leaves—the facade battered and blind, the tree drooping to earth—there was no need to tell us we were at a grave. In that forlorn ruin, and that disconsolate acacia,

THE BONES OF MURDERED CIVILIZATION

lay before us.

The troops formed up before the palace in three sides of a rectangle—Egyptians to our left as we looked from the river, British to the right. The Sirdar, the generals of division and brigade, and the staff stood in the open space facing the palace. Then, on the roof—almost on the very spot where Gordon fell, though the steps by which the butchers mounted have long since vanished—we were aware of two flagstaves. By the right-hand halliards stood Lieut. Staveley, R. N., and Capt. Watson, K.R.R.; by the left hand Bimbashi Mitford and two other officers.

The Sirdar raised his hand. A pull on the halliards, up ran, out flew the Union Jack, tugging eagerly at his reins, dazzling gloriously in the sun, rejoicing in his strength and his freedom. "Bang!" went the Melik's 12 1-2 pounder, and the boat quivered to her backbone. "God Save our Gracious Queen" hymned the Guards' band—"bang!" from the Melik—and Sirdar and private stood stiff—"bang!"—to attention, every hand at the helmet peak—"bang!"—in salute. The Egyptian flag had gone up at the same instant; and now, the same ear-smashing, soul-uplifting bangs marking time, the band of the 11th Soudanese was playing the Khedival hymn, "Three cheers for the Queen!" cried the Sirdar; helmets leaped in the air, and the melancholy ruins woke to the first wholesome shout of all these years. Then the same for the Khedive. The comrade flags stretched themselves lustily, enjoying their own again; the bands pealed forth the pride of country; the twenty-one guns banged forth the strength of war. Thus, white men and black, Christian and Moslem, Anglo-Egypt set her seal once more, for ever, on Khartoum.

Before we had time to think such thoughts over to ourselves the bands were

PLAYING THE DEAD MARCH

in "Saul." Then the black band was playing the march from Handel's "Scipio," which in England generally goes with "Toll for the Brave"; this was in memory of those level men among the khedive's subjects who could have saved themselves by treachery, but preferred to die with Gordon. Next fell a deeper hush than ever, except for the solemn minute guns that had followed the fierce salute. Four chaplains—Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist—came slowly forward and ranged themselves, with their backs to the palace, just before the sirdar. The Presbyterian read the Fifteenth Psalm. The Anglican led the rustling whisper of the Lord's Prayer. Snow-haired Father Brindle, best beloved of priests, laid his helmet at his feet, and read a memorial prayer bare-headed in the sun. Then came forward the pipers and wailed a dirge, and the Sudanese played "Abide with me." Perhaps lips did twitch just a little to see the ebony heathens blowing out Gordon's favorite hymn; but the most irresistible incongruity would hardly have made us laugh at that moment. And there were those who said the cold sirdar himself could hardly speak or see, as General Hunter and the rest stepped out according to their rank and shook his hand. What wonder! He had trodden this road to Khartoum for fourteen years, and he stood at the goal at last.

Thus with Maxim-Nordenfelt and Bible we buried Gordon after the manner of his race. The parade was over, the troops were dismissed, and for a short space we walked

IN GORDON'S GARDEN.

Gordon has become a legend with his countrymen, and they all but deify him dead who would never have heard of him had he lived. But in this garden you somehow came to know Gordon the man, not the myth, and to feel near to him. Here was an Englishman doing his duty, alone, and at the instant peril of his life; yet still he loved his garden. The garden was a yet more pathetic ruin than the palace. The palace accepted its doom mutely; the garden strove against it. Untrimmed, unwasted, the oranges and citrons still struggled to bear their little hard green knobs, as if they had been full ripe fruit. The pomegranades put out their vermilion starflowers, but the fruit was small and woody and juiceless. The figs are better, but they, too, were small and without vigor. Rankly overgrown with dkurra, a vine still trained over a low roof its dwarfed leaves and limp tendrils, but yielded not a sign of grapes. It was all green, and so far vivid and refreshing after Omdurman. But it was the green of nature, not of cultivation; leaves grew large and fruit grew small, and dwindled away. Reluctantly, despairingly, Gordon's garden was dropping back to wilderness. And in the middle of the defeated fruit trees grew rankly the hateful Sudan apple, the poisonous herald of desolation.

The bugle broke in upon us; we went back to the boats. We were quicker steaming back than steaming up. We were not a whit less chastened, but every man felt lighter. We came with a sigh of shame; we went away with a sigh of relief. The long-delayed duty was done. The bones of our countrymen were shattered and scattered abroad, and no man knows their place. None the less Gordon had this due burial at last. So we steamed away to the roaring camp, and left him alone again. Yet not one nor two looked back at the mouldering palace and the tangled garden with a new and a great contentment. We left Gordon alone again—but alone in majesty under the conquering ensign of his own people.

G. W. STEEVENS.

SUSSEX BAPTISTS.

Gratifying Growth and Progress of the Denomination.

Interesting Historical Sketch Read by Clerk Trites at Twenty-seventh Anniversary of the Church.

SUSSEX, Oct. 10.—The Sussex Church avenue Baptist church yesterday celebrated the twenty-seventh anniversary of the church. The pastor in the morning preached an able thanksgiving sermon from Psalm 89 and 1, and was very attentively listened to.

In the afternoon he preached at the church on Ward's Creek road, to a house unable to hold all present, and baptised one convert.

In the evening the church in Sussex was well filled, when the history of the church was read. This was followed by a roll call of all the members of the church, when eighty-six members answered to their names. At the three different services a thanksgiving offering was taken, which amounted to sixty dollars, which will no doubt be largely increased. During the collecting of the offering in the morning Mrs. Charles T. White and Mrs. Andrew Price sang a duet very pleasingly. In the evening Mrs. C. T. White sang a solo, entitled The Modern Church, the execution of which was very much admired. In the evening the right hand of fellowship was given on Mrs. Melbourne Scott, and W.A. Alward, the principal of the Sussex Grammar school. This brought to an end a day very interesting, one which will be long remembered by those having the privilege of being present.

HISTORY OF SUSSEX BAPTIST CHURCH, 1871-98.

In 1865, a number of people in Sussex and vicinity, feeling anxious to have Baptist preaching, obtained the services of J. E. Hopper, licentiate, for one half the time, with the assistance of the N. B. Home Missionary Society. Bro. Hopper preached acceptably for six months, when he was called to the charge of the N. B. Seminary at Fredericton. A few months later the services of Rev. W. A. Corey were obtained for quarter of the time, services being held in Mechanics' Hall. In 1866 steps were taken to erect a church building, which was completed and dedicated in October, 1870, with a debt of $1,000. George H. White largely contributed to the funds for building purposes. Two persons were soon after baptized by Pastor Corey. On July 1, 1871, after the entire debt had been provided for, a council to organize a Baptist church was convened. Rev. I. E. Bill, chairman; Rev. E. C. Cody, sec.-treas.; Rev. Geo. Miles, the dedicatory prayer; Rev. E. C. Cody, charge of the church; Rev. W. A. Corey, the hand of fellowship. The following by letter and experience were organized as a regular Baptist church: Jas. Titus and E. White, deacons; S. Wilbur, clerk; Mrs. Mary A. White, Sarah Titus, Mrs. S. Wilbur, Mrs. Maria Sinnett, Mrs. C. Chestnut, Mrs. Mary A. Willigar, Mrs. Joana W. Stubbs and Shepard Dryden. In January, 1872, the pastor resigned, to give his whole time to the Springfield church, and Rev. E. C. Corey was then called to the pastorate for half the time, and he was succeeded in May 1873 by Rev. Thos. Todd, when the Sunday school was organized with Rev. T. Todd superintendent, and Jas. Titus, Chas. H. Stubbs, E. H. White and Sisters Sarah Titus, Hattie Stubbs and Mrs. Mary A. Willigar as teachers. There were 35 scholars present the first Sunday and the school increased till it had a membership of 120. Several were added to the church during Mr. Todd's pastorate, which lasted until July, 1875, when Rev. J. F. Kempton was called. Under his ministry the church flourished still more gloriously. Sister Kempton took a deep interest in home and foreign missions, and the pastor held regular cottage meetings at Ward's Creek. In the winter of 1876 Evangelist Earl held special services that were abundantly blessed. During Rev. Mr. Kempton's charge, which terminated Sept. 29, 1876, some 70 persons were added to the church. On Dec. 5th following, Rev. R. D. Burgess accepted a call and remained till June, 1878. His preaching was much appreciated, our congregations were good and the interest kept up. The baptismal waters were frequently visited. Our pastor continued his labors till June, 1878, and resigned his charge. During the year 1877 the church building at Ward's Creek was erected and dedicated to the worship of God in November of that year.

Again our pulpit was supplied for four months, when Rev. W. A. Corey assumed the charge of the church, much to the delight of church and people. Large congregations greeted our pastor. On Sunday, Oct. 6, at close of the evening's service, the Lord's Supper was administered, there being some forty-five members present. Our pastor's labors were highly appreciated and abundantly blessed. The number of members at this time was 142. Our pastor continued his labors till April 2nd, 1880, and resigned, much against the wish of the church.

Rev. J. E. Hopper, D. H. Simpson and others supplied our pulpit most of the time for two months. These seemed to be days of discouragement, but brighter days soon dawned upon us. On Sunday, May 2nd, we had a visit from Rev. J. H. Foshay, who supplied our pulpit and preached to large congregations. An invitation was extended to him, which he accepted, and took up the work on June 6th. His preaching had the good gospel ring in it and the work prospered under his pastorate. During the year 1882 our vestry was built, which added very much to our convenience for social meetings and Sunday school services. Our Sunday school at this time was large and deeply interesting. Our pastor's labors were much appreciated and the church was strengthened and largely increased in numbers by baptism and by letter. He continued his labors till March 25th, 1883, and resigned.

Again we depended on supplies for our pulpit for several weeks, and Rev. S. Welton was asked to supply our pulpit for one month. He was then called to the pastorate of the church. His preaching seemed to please the church and people. The congregations continued good and the general interest in the work of the church was well sustained. He labored for nearly five years, during which time there was quite a large number added to the church. Our pastor closed his labors on May 1st, 1888. On June 17, 1887, our hearts were made sad when our brother, Gilbert White, was called away from us to the mansions above. He was a brother beloved by all, and always manifested a deep interest in the cause of God. Our dear brother very generously donated our church a valuable lot of land and a parsonage. This gift was highly appreciated by the church.

Rev. A. F. Brown was then called to the pastorate and entered upon the work on June 17th. His preaching drew large congregations, and quite an interest was maintained. The interest in our S. school was kept up, and we had a good attendance. Our pastor continued his services with us till Aug. 2nd, 1889 and resigned.

Our pulpit was supplied till Nov. 1stt, when Rev. E. J. Grant accepted the call of the church. His preaching was full of gospel teaching and doctrine. He continued sowing the good seed, and we believe that many were pointed to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." During the year 1892 our church building was very much improved by putting in new pews, a baptistry and inside decorations, painting outside, etc., at an expense of about $1,000. The church was re-dedicated on Sunday, Sept. 25th. The Rev. Mr. Martin preached the dedicatory sermon in the morning, Rev. Dr. Saunders in the afternoon and Rev. George Howard in the evening. All the services were very largely attended. It was a grand day for our Lord, our church and the community. Our pastor continued his faithful labors till June 1st, 1895, and tendered his resignation.

Rev. J. B. Champion, having accepted a call, began his labors with our church on July 1st, 1895. He took quite an interest in the young people, and after a few weeks organized our B. Y. P. U. with 14 active and 9 associate members. The members of the union became quite interested in the work, and their numbers soon began to increase. During November special meetings were held, and several came forward for baptism. In February, 1896, Brother Gale, the evangelist, came to Sussex and held union services in our school. Great crowds attended these services, and a gracious revival followed. A great many came out on the "Lord's side," some 32 being added to our church by baptism. During this year our church list was revised, and some forty-one names of non-residents were dropped.

Brother Champion continued his services with us till Nov. 1st and tendered his resignation. For five months we were without a pastor.

During this period our pulpit was supplied by Rev. E. J. Grant and others. Rev. W. Camp having accepted a call, came to us on the first Sunday in April. His preaching has been very acceptable, and he has gained the esteem of the church and people. We trust he may be spared many years to labor with us in our Master's service. Since our pastor came to us there has been two added to our number by letter and one by baptism.

At the Ward's creek branch S. school there are sixteen scholars enrolled, with Bro. Josiah Anderson and two teachers to assist him. They have had quite an interesting school there this summer. In concluding our history of these 27 years it is fitting for us to record the fact that from our membership two have gone out to proclaim the blessed gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, viz., Rev. J. H. Jenner, who, while attending our S. school, was brought under the influence of the gospel and gave his life to the service of God. We are glad to know that God has so abundantly blessed his labors. The Rev. G. J. C. White also felt that God spoke to him and called him into the ministry. He is devoting his life to the Lord's service in proclaiming the good news with much acceptance, and God has blessed his efforts.

We desire to express our gratitude to God, who has inclined the hearts of several friends to aid us so liberally towards improvements of the church building on various occasions. During this year G. H. White has at a large expense put a stone foundation under our church and vestry. C. T. White and Bro. W. H. White have also contributed very liberally to our church improvements and support, and we feel deeply indebted to these friends for their many acts of kindness shown to our church.

STATISTICAL.

The officers for the present year, 1898, are: Pastor, Rev. W. Camp; deacons, Bros. W. H. White, Josiah Anderson, T. W. Foster, C. Davis, F. S. Trites; treasurer, G. Mills; clerk, F. S. Trites; trustees, G. H. White, Joshua Prescott, Jas. Barnes, T. W. Foster, C. Davis, G. Mills and F. S. Trites; S. school officers, C. Davis, superintendent; R. Hunter, assistant superintendent and treasurer; Burpee Gillespie, librarian; teachers, C. H. Perry, W. Alward, Mrs. H. Friars, Miss Annie Dryden, Miss Lucinda Friars, F. S. Trites. Our present membership is 163. Number of scolars on roll, 72.

In reviewing this history of our church we surely have abundant reasons for gratitude and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for such gracious manifestations of His mercy and loving kindness which have attended us during all these years of church life. For the faithful preaching of the Word by the several pastors; for the privilege of attending the prayer and conference meetings, where we so often have felt the manifest presence of our Lord and Master; for the Christian fellowships that have been so largely ours to enjoy; for the privilege of uniting our efforts with our dear Saviour in winning souls who have been brought out of darkness into His marvellous light, and for the large number who have found Jesus precious. We desire to acknowledge God's goodness, love and mercy and to praise Him for all the blessings and privileges we are still spared to enjoy.

What an inspiration is afforded us to seek to consecrate our lives and our efforts the more earnestly in promoting the cause of God in our midst. May we all gird on the "whole armor of the Lord and go forth to the battle to do more earnestly the Lord's work." Let us "lift up our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help, and go forward in the name of the Lord," ever bearing in mind that it is not by power nor by might but my spirit, saith the Lord.

F. S. TRITES, Clerk.

Sussex, Oct. 9th, 1898.

UP IN AROOSTOOK.

The Thrifty Bluenose v. the Shortsighted Yankee.

Editor of the Bangor Commercial:

Mixed farming, as opposed to potato raising, is the great issue in this region. Our provincial neighbors seem to be wiser than we are upon this point. A gentleman from Carleton county, N. B., recently in Fort Fairfield, informed the writer that one butter factory and seven cheese factories are now in successful operation in that county, and that they average the payment of over $3,000 each per season, among their farmer patrons. These same farmers are now shipping to the St. John markets two carloads of fat hogs every week. They are thus receiving safe and steady returns from their farms almost throughout the year, are utilizing much that would otherwise be wasted, and are all the time enriching their land.

And yet some of us Yankees wonder why it is that so many New Brunswick farmers thrive. Many of our own people instead of engaging in mixed farming—safe and steady, if it does seem a little slow—gamble on a single crop. The prosperity during high prices for this crop increases their desires and ruins their judgment, so that, when a season of low prices clutches them in its cold, bony fingers, these farmers, so apparently flourishing a few months before, are easy marks for the bankruptcy law.

I am aware that, with some, the temptation is almost irresistible to plant largely to one crop, which may, perhaps, if all conditions are favorable, yield a very large profit; for too many of our farmers are so deeply in debt that ordinary safe and small profits, year in and year out, will not pay interest and save them. But gambling—for exclusive potato raising is little else—is certainly too risky a business for poor people.

When will our farmers heed the warning? Can they not read the handwriting on the wall? Aroostook soil is not everlasting, notwithstanding some of the popular ideas. Potatoes do not yield as they did a dozen or twenty years ago, by any means. During the summer the tops may look well and everyone will begin to predict an enormous crop, but when the digging commences the great, old-fashioned yields will be found not to be there.

To make matters worse, farmers nowadays use so much "phosphate" that they have to sweat drops of blood trying to pay for it, whereas in "the good old days" they used none. Under this system of "potatoing" the soil so unmercifully the ground has to be tickled a little more emphatically each year before it will give its accustomed smile.

Where is all this to end? There can be but one of two answers. The Aroostook farmer must soon learn to raise most of what he desires to consume, keeping considerable live stock of various kinds, and being content to make haste slowly; or he must before many years be planting and digging potatoes in a soil whose pitiful returns will be a mournful contrast to what they were in days gone by, ere the over-ambitious tiller had farmed it to death on a single exhausting crop.

OBSERVER.

Fort Fairfield, Oct. 4.

QUEEN'S HEALTH UNSATISFACTORY.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—Letters from Balmoral refer to the unsatisfactory state of the health of Queen Victoria. Her Majesty, it appears, is troubled with languor and drowsiness.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

An important department in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, a weekly magazine founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728.

It will give the story of important current events the world over in a condensed form. It will explain and interpret; it will throw light on many puzzling questions, on the meaning and relations of events that come to the general reader. The newspapers do not usually tell the beginnings of national and international troubles—there are usually "missing links" in their story. These lapses the *Post* will fill out.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST as it is To-day

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Ask your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

CANADIAN FRUIT IN ENGLAND.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

Favorable reports continued to be received of the market in England for Canadian fruits. Yesterday Prof. Robertson got a cablegram which spoke well of the last sale of pears. They brought five shillings and sixpence per case of 25 to 27 pounds. A case is equivalent to about 1¼ baskets of the description used in Canada. The Bristol Daily Press of Sept. 26th says: "We have received from the Hon. S. A. Fisher and Prof. Jas. Robinson, of the department of agriculture, Ottawa (per Elder, Dempster and Co.), some samples of Canadian fruit. These boxes indicate what possibilities there are in the Canadian fruit trade, which Elder, Dempster and Co.'s line is opening out. The samples consist of peaches and pears in splendid condition, showing that the voyage across the Atlantic does not deteriorate the most delicate of ripe fruit. That there is a great future for this trade is evident, and the agricultural department of the dominion appear resolved to give it every encouragement."

The Elder-Dempster company's line makes weekly sailings between Montreal and Bristol; and the company also has a large fruit department in Bristol and other cities throughout the west and midland counties of England. These were first started for the purpose of marketing tomatoes brought from the Canary Islands, and have subsequently landed and disposed of cargoes of bananas brought in the company's ships from their own plantations on the coast of Africa. In fact, it was the Elder-Dempster people who introduced the banana into England.

The steamships sailing from British ports are fitted up with special ventilating devices designed under Prof. Robertson's direction, with a view to the transportation of Canadian apples in prime condition. The device consists of a ventilator from the main deck, which carries pure dry air into the compartment, from which the ventilated air is carried by means of an electric fan. All the steamship people approve of the plan, and will equip cargo holds of their vessels with it.

BIG FARES OF FISH.

(Lunenburg Argus.)

Ritcey's Cove has presented a lively scene during the past fortnight. The many schooners discharging their fares has made a scene of unusual activity. The Minnie J. Heckman is the only schooner at time of writing that has not arrived. The following is the fares of the whole fleet: Lorana Maud, 1,900 qtls.; Citizen, 1,900 qtls.; Uruguay, 1,650 qtls.; Barcelona, 1,500 qtls.; Leopold, 1,500 qtls.; Jeanie Myrtle, 1,450 qtls.; Carlaine, 1,400 qtls.; Glad Tidings, 1,400 qtls.; Glyndon, 1,300 qtls.; Majestic, 1,250 qtls.; Minnie Mace, 1,250 qtls.; Joseph McGill, 1,250 qtls.; Volunteer, 1,250 qtls.; Torridon, 1,200 qtls.; Alaska, 1,100 qtls.; Eureka, 1,000 qtls.; Carrie, 1,000 qtls.; Purdan, 950 qtls.; Minnie Maud, 750 qtls.; total, 25,050 quintals.

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