

# THE FRIENDS OF LAZARUS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Rich and Poor.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table; moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented."—Luke xvi. 19-25.

We stand in one of the finest private houses of olden times. Every room is luxurious. The floor, made of stones, gypsum, coal, and chalk, pounded together, is hard and beautiful. From the roof, surrounded by a balustrade, you take in all the beauty of the landscape. The porch is cool and refreshing, where sit the people who have come in to look at the building, and are waiting for the usher. In this place you hear the crystal plash of the fountains. The windows, reaching down to the floor, and adorned, are quiet places to lounge in, and we sit here listening to the stamp of the blanketed horses in the princely stables. Venison and partridge, delicate morsels of fatted calf, and honey, and figs, and dates, and pomegranates, and fish that only two hours ago glided in the lake, and bowls of sherbet from Egypt, make up the feast, accompanied with riddles, and jests that evoke roaring laughter, with occasional outbursts of music, on which harps thrum, and cymbals clasp, and shepherd's pipe whistles. What a place to sit in!

The lord of the place has been receiving visitors to-day as the doorkeeper introduced them. After a while there is a visitor who waits not for the porter to open the gate, or for the doorkeeper to introduce him. Who is it coming? Stop him there at the door! How dare he come in unheralded! He walks into the room, and the lord cries, with terror struck face, "This is Death. Away with him!" There is a hard thump on the floor. Is it a pitcher which has fallen, or an ottoman which has upset? No. Dives has fallen.

## DIVES IS DEAD!

The day of burial has arrived. He is carried down out of his splendid room, and through the porch into the street. The undertaker will make a big job of it, for there is plenty to pay. There will be high eulogies of him pronounced, although the text represents him as chiefly distinguished by his enormous appetite and his fine shirt.

The long procession moves on, amid the accustomed weeping and howling of Oriental obsequies. The sepulchre is reached. Six persons carrying the body go carefully down the steps leading to the door of the dead. The weight of the body on those ahead is heavy, and they hold back. The relics are left in the sepulchre, and the people return. But Dives is not buried there. That which is buried is only the shell in which he lived. Dives is down yonder in a deeper grave. He who had all the wine he could drink asks for a plainer beverage. He wants water. He does not ask for a cupful, or a teaspoonful, but "just one drop," and he cannot get it. He looks up and sees Lazarus, the very man whom he set his dogs on, and wants him to put his finger in water and let him lick it off. Once Lazarus wanted just the crumbs from Dives's feast; now Dives wants just a drop from Lazarus's banquet. Poor as poor can be. He has eaten the last quail's wing. He has broken the rind of the last pomegranate. Dives the lord has become Dives the pauper. The dogs of remorse and despair come not with healing tongue to lick, but with relentless muzzle to tear. Now Dives sits at the gate in everlasting beggary, while Lazarus, amid the festivities of heaven, fares sumptuously every day.

Well, you see a man may be beggared for this life, but be a prince in eternity. A cluster of old rags was the entire property of Lazarus. His bare feet and ulcered legs were an invitation to the brutes—his food the broken victuals that were pitched out by the housekeeper, half-chewed crusts, rinds, peelings, bones, gristle

You are quite mistaken. I can frighten you half to death in five minutes. As you are walking along the streets, let me pull down the house-scaffolding, weighing two or three tons, about your head, and you will look as white as a sheet, while your heart will thump like a trip-hammer. Now, if it is not ignoble to be affrighted about a falling scaffold, is it ignoble to be affrighted by a threat from the omnipotent God, who with one stroke of his right hand could crush the universe? You ask how God, being a father, could let us suffer in the future world? I answer your question by asking how God, being a father, can let suffering be in this world? Tell me why he allowed that woman to whom I administered the holy sacrament this afternoon to have a cancer; tell me why children suffer such pains in teething, the lancet striking such torture in the swollen gums. You fail to explain to me suffering in the present time; be not surprised if I fail to explain to you suffering in the future. On the way to reject the doctrine of future punishment, men begin by rejecting the idea of material fire. In a few years, while they admit future punishment, they deny that it is eternal. A few years after that they cast out the whole idea of future punishment, and let all the thieves, pickpockets, and debauchees of the universe go into glory. As far as I can understand the modern popular theory of future punishment, it is that a man goes down and sits on a hard-bottomed chair for a little while, and after he gets tired of roughing it, goes up to sit on cushions in glory. I will give you my idea of future suffering. I do not ask you to take my theory. I am not your pope; I am your pastor. I believe that there is an eternal hell, and I believe that there is literal fire.

Would not a common-sense man not be prejudiced in the case take this to be fire? literal fire? an all-sweeping fire? an eternal fire? Let us should dispute it, it tells what the fire is to keep in.

## IT IS A FURNACE OF FIRE.

Let us should say that it is a different kind of fire from that which we know about it, it says, "Its smoke ascendeth up for ever." Ah! your father and mother who adopted this literalism, were not such big fools as you make out. They studied their Bibles more than we do, and read less of the human criticisms that have stopped over on the pure page. All the engines of the nineteenth century have turned their hose towards putting out this fire. But still, it has burned on, and will burn for ever. It is a great stubborn, overwhelming fact that all the ingenuity of men and devils may war against, but cannot destroy. There is not so much evidence that there was a raging fire a few weeks ago in Chicago as that there is to-night a fire in hell; for the one information we have on human authority, the other by the mouths of evangelists and of prophets, and of the Lord Jesus the Son of God.

God deals with this world in two ways—by treaty and by cannonade; by treaty, in which, for the sake of Jesus Christ, and by the surrender of our hearts to him, he will be at peace with us, or by the opening of the smoking batteries of hell fire, by which he will hurl upon his enemies a horrible tempest; and he who will not be drawn by love shall be crushed under his wrath.

See also, from this subject, that heaven is not a myth or an abstraction, but a place of warm personal intercourse. Lazarus was carried up to the bosom of Abraham, one of the glorious old patriarchs. I suppose Abraham happened to meet him at the gate. And so, after death, we will be greeted into glory. Our departed friends will be at the door. They have been waiting for our coming. Count up their number if you can. Your father is there. Your mother is there. Your children are there. Your old neighbours are there. Many of the friends with whom you used to attend church, or do business, are there. They have been dead these five, ten, or twenty years, and have been waiting within the veil. There is no clock in heaven, because it is an everlasting day; yet they keep an account of the passing years, because they are all the time hearing from our world. The angels flying through heaven report how many times the earth has turned on its axis, and in that way the angels can keep a diary; and they say it is almost time now for father to come up, or for mother to come up. Some day they see a cohort leaving heaven, and they say, "Whither bound?" and the answer is, "To bring up a soul from earth;" and the question is asked, "What soul?" And a family circle in heaven find that it is one of their own number that is to be brought up, and they come out to watch, as on the beach we now watch for the sail of a ship that is to bring our friends home. After a while, the cohort will leave in sight, flying nearer and nearer, until with a great clang the gates hoist, and with an embrace, wild with the ecstasy of heaven,

OLD FRIENDS MEET AGAIN. I see a mother and her child meet-

ing at the foot of the throne after some years absence. The child died twenty years ago, but it is a child yet. I think the little ones who die will remain children through all eternity. It would be no heaven without the little darlings. I do not want those that are in heaven to grow up. We need their infant voices in the great song. And when we walk out in the fields of light, we want them to run ahead, and clap their hands, and pick out the brightest of the field flowers. Yes, here is a child and its mother meeting. The child long in glory, the mother just arrived. "How changed you are my darling!" says the mother. "Yes," says the child, "this is such a happy place; and Jesus has taken such care of me, and heaven is so kind, I got right over the fever with which I died. The skies are so fair, mother! The flowers are so sweet, mother! The Temple is so beautiful, mother! Come take me up in your arms as you used to do."

Thus I have set before you light and darkness, joy and sorrow, victory and defeat, the rewards of Lazarus, and the overthrow of Dives.

Choose ye between the angelic escort and the parched tongue, between the fountains of God and the waterless desert, between a glorious heaven and a burning hell.

In the name of my God, and with reference to my last account, I have set before you two words. CHOOSE YE!

## NICKNAMES OF REGIMENTS.

Origin of Some of the Peculiar Names British Corps Are Called.

Human nature shows itself in a variety of ways, according to the disposition of the individual, but there is one form of expression which is apparently common to us all, namely, the love of bestowing nicknames upon everybody and everything. Hence it need not surprise us to find that most of our British regiments are known by names which do not figure on the official lists.

Some of these nicknames are well known, others are familiar to a comparatively small number of persons. The 17th Lancers, for example, are known as "Death or Glory Boys." They have another designation not so familiar, "Bingham's Dandies," from a remark made by William IV. concerning the perfect fit of their uniforms.

Who are the "Piccadilly Butchers?" The 1st Life Guards are hardly recognizable under that appellation, which has stuck to them since the early part of the century when they were engaged in quelling a riot. The "Oxford Blues" are not so difficult to guess at; the Horse Guards received this name partly from the color of their uniform, and partly from the fact that their first commander was the Earl of Oxford.

The 11th Hussars are known to all boys as the "Cherry Pickers" or "Cherubims." The regiment owes its nickname to the color of the men's trousers.

"HAMILTON'S RUNAWAYS" is not a title to be proud of, but, like all bad names, it sticks; the present 14th Hussars, the successors of the Light Dragoon regiment which earned it, certainly do not deserve it.

The Royal Scots, the oldest infantry corps in the army, are known as "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard." The origin of this nickname is said to be the following:—In the year 1637, when in the French service, a dispute arose between this corps, then called Regiment de Douglas, and the Picardy Regiment as to which was the older. The latter asserted that they had been on duty the night after the Crucifixion, whereupon the former retorted, "Had we been there we should not have slept at our post!"

The Norfolk Regiment are called the "Holy Boys," because, as the story goes, they sold their Bibles in the Peninsula to purchase drink. The men of the Yorkshire Regiment are known as "Snappers" because in the American War they continued to snap their muskets after they had used all their ammunition.

The "Haver-Cake Lads" are the men of the First Battalion of the West Riding Regiment; it was customary in bygone times for sergeants to beat up recruits with a haver, kind of oat cake, on their swords. The second battalion are the "Pigs," from the peculiarly shaped elephant on the colors.

The First Battalion of the South Staffordshire regiment is known as the "Pump and Tortoise," because the men were so fond of cold water and so slow in drill when at Malta. The 101st Foot, the First Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, earned the name of the "Dirty Shirts," through fighting in their shirt sleeves at Delhi.

## KIND OF HER.

May—The girls were crazy to know whether you are engaged.

Marion—But you didn't tell them did you?

May—Oh, no. I said that when the time came you wanted to announce it yourself.

## CITY OF JOHANNESBURG.

PHENOMENAL RISE AND GROWTH OF THE GOLDEN TOWN.

The Annual Output Has Reached \$100,000,000—Its Gold Estimated at \$6,250,000,000—Many Other Gold Fields in the Transvaal.

The famous city of Johannesburg is at once both the largest and, previous to the outbreak of the war, contained the greatest population of any other city in South Africa. It is situated on the southern slope of the Witwatersrand range of mountains, from the summit of which it is only a couple of miles. It is 1,014 miles distant from Cape Town, 483 from Durban, 396 from Delagoa Bay, and 32 miles from Pretoria. As may be imagined, the city is well above the level of the sea, its elevation being 5,683 feet. Its altitude is greater than that of any other town in South Africa. Out of a population of over a hundred thousand that Johannesburg possesses previous to the outbreak of the war over fifty thousand were whites, sixty-seven per cent. of which were of British origin, there being but about six thousand Transvaal citizens amongst them.

The growth of Johannesburg has been something marvellous and forms a record in the history of the cities of the world. Other cities have possibly arisen as quickly, but few are there that can show such evidences of substantiality as Johannesburg, with its palatial hotels and stately business blocks, its handsome public buildings and its suburbs with their comfortable villas and pretty gardens.

## FOURTEEN YEARS AGO

Johannesburg was not. One year ago it was full of commercial life, its streets were full of people, business activity was rampant and all its industries, especially the chief of all, the mines, were in full operation. For months past it has been a silent and deserted city in comparison, its trade dead and the streets empty, save for a few natives and "Zaps," or Transvaal police, merely living in the city to prevent incendiarism and disorder. It is now lively, however, that with the advent of the British army Johannesburg will in a very brief space of time become itself again. Johannesburg dates from September, 1886, when a few struggling shanties began to rise along the line of gold reefs now forming the Wemmer and Ferreira companies' ground. The existence of the reef at this point was not then known, but on its being discovered, steps were at once taken to secure a more suitable locality, and in December, 1886, the nucleus of the present city was laid out. The land around was previously considered of so little value that not long ago, farms had changed hands for the value of a team of oxen. In January, 1895, two stands in Commissioner street sold for twenty-two thousand pounds, and one on Pritchard street at forty thousand pounds. All around the undulating country is dotted in all directions with battery houses and other buildings connected with the working of the mines.

## THE ANNUAL OUTPUT

of the Johannesburg mines has reached over a hundred million dollars. The general consensus of opinion of the mining community has of late years favored the expectations of increased value of ore with increased depth of working, and so far as the results of one boring may be trusted, this theory does not seem unfounded. The average return from nearly three and a half millions of tons treated in 1895 was 13.18 dwts., and it may reasonably be inferred that this yield will not diminish within a mile of the out-crop.

In January, 1893, Mr. Hamilton Smith, assuming a working depth of 5,200 feet on the slope, a thickness of five feet and a yield of twelve and a half dwts. per ton, computed the hidden wealth of only eleven miles of the central and northern portions of the main reef series at three hundred and twenty-five million pounds, figures which he confirmed in February, 1895.

In 1894, Mr. Theodore Reunert, basing his calculations on a minimum length of reef of thirty miles, a workable inclined depth of one mile, an average thickness of five feet, and yield of only eight dwts. per ton, estimated the ore in sight as worth four hundred and fifty million pounds. In 1895, Messrs. Hatch and Chalmers reckoned that the whole of the reefs being worked, together with their deep levels, should give a total yield of

## SEVEN HUNDRED MILLION POUNDS.

Going a step further, and adopting as probable a length of fifty miles of reef, five feet thick, workable at an inclined depth of one mile, and yielding the same average as the three and a half millions of tons mined in 1895, the value of the ore within this area would amount to more than \$6,250,000,000, or six times the entire production of the State of California between 1849 and 1893. Gigantic as this estimate may seem, it will appear

least irrational to those who are best acquainted with the probable resources of these fields, and it is possible that the feature may see even this figure largely exceeded.

Besides the Witwatersrand region, there are in the Transvaal many other gold fields, such as the Venterskroon, the De Kaap, the Steynsdorp and the Sontpausberg, the latter of enormous area.

The city itself extends over an area of some six square miles, and there are over eighty miles of roads and streets. In the course of the last few years many outlying suburbs have been created for the benefit of those wishing to live a little away from the centre of the town. The streets are regularly laid out and several open squares exist, among which is the market square, which is the largest in South Africa.

## IN THE BUILDINGS

the city is peculiarly rich considering its youth. They include the public offices, the Stock Exchange, the market buildings, the public library, the hospital and a number of churches and theatres, besides several fine hotels and business houses. St. Mary's Anglican Church is the largest in the city, but a still larger one, to meet increasing need, was about to be built. The city is well provided with public parks, including Kruger's Park, Joubert's Park, the Hospital Gardens and other breathing spaces. The transportation facilities are very good, including several lines of street cars and the railway, which runs through to Pretoria, to the north, and to Cape Town on the south. The lighting system, both gas and electric, is good but the water supply is poor both in quantity and in quality. The scarcity of water is owing mainly to the undermining of the earth for the mining industries, but it is expected that in the future measures will be taken to successfully cope with the difficulty of obtaining a copious supply of pure fresh water.

## "SAINT" BOBS.

"Bobs" in a Stained Glass Window at Woolwich.

There is a stained glass window at Woolwich which is exciting a great deal of interest just now, because it contains a remarkable portrait in glass of Lord Roberts. "Bobs" is humorously alluded to in this connection as "Saint" Roberts, because saints are supposed to have the monopoly of figuring in stained glass.

The window in question is to be seen at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and is one of eight placed in the institution as memorial of the Jubilee. Oddly enough, all the eight windows have figures of living people, which in itself is a startling departure, for the portraits of living people are rarely put in such memorials.

"Bobs" appears in his full dress as Field Marshal, and as a background the window has a view of Kandahar, in memory of Lord Roberts's greatest achievement up to the time of the Diamond Jubilee. Perhaps at the close of the war the authorities may want to substitute Pretoria for Kandahar.

It is an open secret that Lord Roberts was greatly amused at the idea of appearing in a stained glass window, "Bobs," who is thorough in everything, after giving his consent to appear in this capacity, insisted upon improving the design and gave his opinion on the other windows. In one case the designers for the sake of artistic merit made a Ghurka the same stature as a Highlander. "That must be altered," said "Bobs," "never mind the pictures, que effect. We must be correct in military matters, for everybody knows a Ghurka is not nearly so big a fellow as a Highlander."

## SAVED BY HIS CARDS.

Remarkable Escape of a Gunner in South Africa.

A gunner of the 44th Battery, Royal Field Artillery owes his life to having a pack of cards in his pocket. In a letter just received at Colchester a member of Nesbit's Horse states that at Prieska the gunner was struck in the left breast by a bullet. It lodged in a pack of cards that he had in the pocket of his khaki jacket, and passed through the whole pack with the exception of the last card,—the ace of spades. He was unhurt.

## A PHOTOGRAPHIC CHECKING CLOCK.

An apparatus that has at least the merit of novelty is on exhibition in London. It is designed as a checking clock to record the hour of the arrival of employees at their places of work. The novelty consists in a sensitized photographic ribbon attached to clockwork. Each employee, as he or she arrives, presses the button of the machine and immediately his or her photograph, together with a photograph of the clock showing the moment of arrival is impressed on the movable ribbon. It is said that the photographs can be made at the rate of 40 a minute.

## HIS CONTRADICTIONARY CONDITION.

Well, Digby, I'm surprised! You're getting gray.

Yes—yes, I've got lots of gray hairs and precious few of them.

## sh Railroad

to be the great through-east and the west, the east up-to-date railroad

est on the fast mail, afternoon. The shortest the west.

ve free reclining chair-wide vestibule from form.

n any R. R. Agent, n. District Passenger ser King and Yonge st. Thomas, Ont.

CALLUM, Agent.

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## STRACHAN.

rd con, Township of balance well timbered, go. 2 bearing orchard, to church, blacksmith, ke a small payment to suit purchaser, Land Agent, Aylmer, a 25

IGAIN—100 acres of nd, being the south-east quarter of 36, part of the township of 18, North of Michigan, adjoining township of 18, North of Michigan, good ches, and on easy EARN, Real Estate &c. Aylmer, Ont.

ANCE—40 acres of land clear of stumps, go. 2 bearing orchard, to church, blacksmith, ke a small payment to suit purchaser, Land Agent, Aylmer, a 25

GE—That beautiful fairer home, on the streets in the Town, plan improvement in fact, it is wide private residence and for a handsome place, Real Estate &c. Aylmer, Ont.

IE—90 acres of choice land, situated in being the north part of township of 18, North of Michigan, good ches, and on easy EARN, Real Estate &c. Aylmer, Ont.

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